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VOL. I.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
who am smart and chipper, for all the year
I've told, As many another woman that's only half as

Over the hill to the poor-house-I can't quite make it clear!

Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken a-toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?

Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?

True, I'm not so supple, nor yet so awful stout; But charity aln't no favor, if one can live with-

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round. Once I was young an' han'some-I was, upon my soul— Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal; And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say, For any kind of a reason, that I was in their

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over free But many a house an' home was open then to me; Many a han'some offer I had from likely men, And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own i done my part; Fer life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong, And I worked the best that I could in tryin'

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay, With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way; Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat, An' went to school like others, an' had enough

So we worked for the child'rn, and raised 'em every one; Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as

we ought to 've done; Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn, But every couple's child'rns a heap the best to

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!— I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons; And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to
work the other way.

girls was grown, when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be, The Lord of hosts he come one day an' took

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to eringe or fall— Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all; And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap of style; But it ever I tried to be friends, I did with her I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an education, an' that was good for her; But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was bi
enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye, An' it made me independent, and then I didn't But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow, When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small, And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all; And what with her husband's sisters, and what

with child'rn three, 'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got, For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an

But all the child'rn was on me—I couldn't And Thomas said I needn't think I was com-An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who

lives out West, And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old, And t'other had an opinion the cilmate was So they have shirked and slighted me, an

shifted me about—
So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out; But still I've bore up pretty well, an' wasn't much put dows went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house-my child'rn dear, good-by!
Many a night I've watched you when only
God was nigh; And God 'll judge between us; but I will al-'ays pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do today, —Harper's Weckly.

THE POET OF SIERRA FLAT.

As the enterprising editor of the Sierra Flat Record stood at his case setting type for his next week's paper, he could not help hearing the woodpeckers who were busy on the roof above his head. It occurred to him that possibly the birds had not yet learned to recognize in the rude structure any improvement on na-ture, and this idea pleased him so much that he incorporated it in the editorial article which he was then doubly composing. For the editor was also printer of the Record; and although that remarkable journal was reputed to exert a power felt through all Calaveras, and

a greater part of Tuolumne county, strict economy was one of the conditions of its beneficent existence.

Thus preoccupied, he was startled by the sudden irruption of a small roll of manuscript, which was thrown through the open door and fell at his feet. He walked quickly to the threshold, and looked down the tangled trail which led to the high-road. But there was nothing to suggest the presence of his mysterious contributor. A hare limped slowly away, a green-and-gold lizard paused upon a pine stump, the wood-peckers ceased their work. So complete had been his sylvan seclusion that he found it difficult to connect any human agency with the act; rather the hare seemed to have an inexpressibly guilty look, the woodpecker to maintain a significant silence, and the lizard to be conscience-stricken into stone.

An examination of the manuscript, however, corrected this injustice to defenceless Nature. It was evidently of human origin, being verse, and of exceeding bad quality. The editor laid it aside. As he did so he thought he saw a face at the window. Sallying out in some indignation, he penetrated the surrounding thicket in every direction, but his search was as fruitless as before.

The poet, if it were he, was gone.

A few days after this the editorial seclusion was invaded by voices of alternate expostulation and entreaty. Stepping to the door, the editor was amazed at beholding Mr. Morgan McCorkle, a well-known citizen of Angelo, and a subscriber to the Record, in the act of urging, partly by force and partly by argument, an awkward young man toward the building. When he had fi-nally effected his object, and, as it were, safely landed his prize in a chair, Mr. McCorkle took off his hat, carefully wiped the narrow isthmus of forehead which divided his black brows from his stubby hair, and, with an explanatory wave of his hand toward his reluctant companion, said: "A borned poet, and

A companion, said: A borned poet, and the cussedest fool you ever seed!"

Accepting the editor's smile as a recognition of the introduction, Mr. McCorkle panted and went on: "Didn't want to come! 'Mr. Editor don't want to see me, Morg, sez he. 'Milt, sez I, 'he do; a borned poet like you and a gifted genius like he oughter come together sociable! And I fetched him. Ah, will yer?" The born poet had, after exhibiting signs of great distress, started to run. But Mr. McCorkle was down upon him instantly, seizing him by his long linen coat, and settled him back in his chair. "'Taint no use stampeding. Yer ye are and yer ye stays. For yer borned poet—ef ye are as shy as a jack-ass rabbit. Look at 'im now!" He certainly was not an attractive

picture. There was hardly a notable

feature in his weak face except his eyes, which were moist and shy, and not un like the animal to which Mr. McCorkle had compared him. It was the face that the editor had seen at the window. "Knowed him for fower year—since he war a boy," continued Mr. McCorkle in a loud whisper. "Allers the same, bless you! Can jerk a rhyme as easy as turnin' jack. Never had any eddica-tion; lived out in Missooray all his life. But he's chock full o' poetry. On'y this mornin' sez I to him—he camps along o' me-' Milt,' sez I, 'are breakfast ready ? and he up and answers back quite peart and chipper, 'The breakfast it is ready and the birds is singing free, and it's risin' in the dawnin' light is happiness to me? When a man," said Mr. Mc Corkle, dropping his voice with deep solemnity, "gets off things like them,

time—that man's a borned poet." There was an awkward pause. Mr. McCorkle beamed patronizingly on his protege. The born poet looked as if he was meditating another flight-not a metaphorical one. The editor asked if he could do anything for them. "In course you can," responded Mr.

without any call to do it, and handlin'

flapjacks over a cook-stove at the same

McCorkle, "that's jest it. Milt, where's that poetry ?" The editor's countenance fell as the poet produced from his pocket a roll of manuscript. He, however, took it mechanically and glauced over it. It was evidently a duplicate of the former

mysterious contribution.

The editor then spoke briefly but earnestly. I regret that I cannot recall his exact words, but it appeared that never before, in the history of the Record, had the pressure been so great upon its columns. Matters of para-mount importance, deeply affecting the material progress of Sierra, questions touching the absolute integrity of Calaveras and Tuolumne as social communities were even now waiting expression. Weeks, nay, months, must elapse before that pressure would be removed, and the Record could grapple with any but the sternest of topics. Again, the editor had noticed with pain the absolute decline of poetry in the foothills of the Sierras. Even the works of Byron bair carefully ciled and curled, and beand Moore attracted no attention in Dutch Flat, and a prejudice seemed to exist against Tennyson in Grass Valley. But the editor was not without hope for the future. In the course of four or

five years when the country was settledyer?" interrupted Mr. McCorkle quietly. "About \$50, as an advertisement, responded the editor with cheerful

Mr. McCorkle placed the sum in the editer's hand. "Yer see that's what I

The editor here suggested that there had been another poet of that

"Milt might be took for him? Thet's bad," reflected Mr. McCorkle with simple gravity. "Well, put down his hull name-Milton Chubbuck."

The editor made a note of the fact.
"I'll set it up now," he said. This was also a hint that the interview was ended. The poet and patron, arm in arm, drew toward the door. "In next week's paper," said the editor, smilingly, in answer to the child-like look of inquiry in the eyes of the poet, and in another

moment they were gone.

The editor was as good as his word.
He straightway betook himself to his case, and, unrolling the manuscript, began his task. The woodpeckers on the roof recommenced theirs, and in a few moments the former sylvan seclusion was restored. There was no sound in the barren, barn-like rooms but the birds above, and below the click of the composing-rule as the editor marshaled the ypes into lines in his stick, and arrayed them in solid column on his galley. Whatever might have been his opinion of the copy before him, there was no indication of it in his face, which wore the stolid indifference of his craft. Perhaps this was unfortunate, for as the day wore on, and the level rays of the sun began to pierce the adjacent thicket, they sought out and discovered an anxious ambushed figure drawn up beside the editor's window,—a figure that had sat there motionless for hours. Within,

him as waiting its decree.

The effect of the poem on Sierra Flat was remarkable and unprecedented.
The absolute vileness of its doggerel, the gratuitous imbecility of its thought, and above all the crowning audacity of the fact that it was the work of a citizen, and published in the county paper, brought it instantly into popularity. For many months Calaveras had languished for a sensation; since the last vigilance committee nothing had traneported; at present the paper was in such demand that the edition was speedily exhausted. In brief, the poem of Mr. Milton Chubbuck came like a special providence to Sierra Flat. It was read by camp-fires, in lonely cabins, in flarng bar-rooms and noisy saloons, and s. It was sung in Poker Flat, with the addition of a chorus, and danced as an unhallowed rythmic dance by the Phyrric phalanx of One Horse Gulch, known as "The Festive Stags of Calaveras." Some unhappy ambiguities of expresion gave rise to many new readings, notes, and commentaries, which, I regret to state, were more often marked by ingenuity than delicacy of thought or expres-

Never before did poet acquire such sudden local reputation. From the se-clusion of McCorkle's cabin and the obcurity of culinary labors, he was haled forth into the glowing sunshine of fame. The name of Chubbuck was written in letters of chalk on unpainted walls, and carved with a pick on the sides of tun-A drink known variously as "The Chubbuck Tranquilizer," or "The Chubbuck Exalter," was dispensed at the bars. For some weeks a rude design for Chubbuck statue, made up of illustrations from circus and melodeon posters, representing the genius of Calaveras in brief skirts on a flying steed in the act of crowning the poet Chubbuck, was visible at Keeler's Ferry. The poet him-self was overborne with invitations to drink and extravagant congratulations. The meeting between Colonel Starbot-tle, of Siskyion, and Chubbuck, as previously arranged by our "Boston," late of Roaring Camp, is said to have been indescribably affecting. The Colonel embraced him unsteadily. "I could not return to my constituents at Siskyion, sir, if this hand which has grasped that of the gifted Prentice and the lamented Poe should not have been honored by the touch of the godlike Chubbuck Gentlemen, American literature is looking up. Thank you, I will take sugar in mine." It was "Boston" who indited letters of congratulations from H. W. Longfellow, Tennyson and Browning to Mr. Chubbuck, deposited them in the Sierra Flat Post-office, and obligingly

consented to dictate the replies. The simple faith and unaffected de were received by the poet and his patron might have touched the hearts of these grim masters of irony, but for the sudden and equal development in both of the variety of weak natures. Mr. Mc-Corkle basked in the popularity of his decked with cheap jewelry and flaunting neck-handkerchief, paraded himself be-fore the single hotel. As may be imagined, this new disclosure of weakness afforded intense satisfaction to Sierra Flat, gave another lease of popularity What would be the cost to print this to the poet, and suggested another idea

to the facetious " Boston.' At that time a young lady popularly and professionally known as the "California Pet" was performing to enthusias-tic audiences in the interior. Her spetic audiences in the interior. Her spe-ciality lay in the personification of followed the act. "Cut and run while

no call to write, but doin' it free and spontaneous like, in course you pays. Thet's why Mister Editor never printed your poetry."

"What name shall I put to it?" asked the editor.

"Milton."

It was the first word that the born poet had spoken during the interview, and his voice was so very sweet and musical that the editor looked at him curiously, and wondered if he had a sister.

"Milton; is that all?"

"Milton; is that all?"

"Thet's his furst name," explained Mr. McCorkle.

"McCorkle.

"McCorkle.

"McCorkle.

"McCorkle.

"McCorkle.

"McCorkle.

"Milton; is that all?"

"Thet's his furst name," explained spontaneous like, in course you pays. heart by storm. A saucy, pretty bruncette a wonderful moral reputation even under the Jovelike advances of showers of gold that greeted her appearance on the stage at Sierra Flat. A prominent and delighted member of that audience was Milton Chubbuck. He attended every night. Every day he lingered at the Union Hotel for aglimpse of the "California Pet." It was not long before he received a note from her—in "Boston's" most popular and approved female hand—acknowledging his admiration. It was not long before he received a note from her—in "Boston's" most popular and approved female hand—acknowledging his admiration. It was not long before he received a note from her—in "Boston's" most popular and approved female hand—acknowledging his admiration. It was not long before he received a note from her—in "Boston's" most popular and prove the sudience. But even as she spoke the poet tottered and sank fainting upon the stage. Then she threw a despairing whisper behind the scenes, "Ring down the curtain."

There was a slight movement of opposition in the audience, but among the threw a despairing whisper behind the scenes, "Ring down the curtain."

There was a slight movement of opposition in the audience, but among the hard—acknowledging his admiration. It was not long before he received a note from her—in "Boston's" most popular acknowledging his admiration. It was not long befor fore "Boston" was called upon to indite fore "Boston" was called upon to indite a suitable reply. At last, in further-ance of his facetious design, it became necessary for "Boston" to call upon the young actress herself and secure her personal participation. To her he un-folded a plan, the successful carrying out of which he felt would secure his

fame to posterity as a practical humorist. The "California Pet's" black eyes sparkled approvingly and mischievously. She only stipulated that she should see the man first-a concession to her feminine weakness which years of dancing gone. Juba and wearing trousers and boots had not wholly eradicated from her will-ful breast. By all means, it should be

done. And the interview was arranged for the next week.

It must not be supposed that during this interval of popularity Mr. Chub-buck had been unmindful of his poetic qualities. A certain portion of each day he was absent from town—"a commun-in' with uatur'," as Mr. McCorkle expressed it, and actually wandering in the mountain trails, or lying on his it'll all come out right yet." On the back under the trees, or gathering fragather herbs and the bright-colored berries of the Marzanita. These and his ries of the Marzanita. These and his ed pluck and gallantry, but deplored company he generally brought to the editor's office late in the afternoon, often to that enterprising journalist's infinite lover the despised and ridiculed vagrant weariness. Quiet and uncommunicative, of Sierra Flat, who had not even the he would sit there patiently watching him at his work until the hour for closing the office arrived, when he would as quietly depart. There was something so humble and unobtrusive in the se visits, it only another instance of the extreme that the editor could not find it in his frailty of the sex; he had known similar the editor worked on as steadily and impassively as Fate. And without, the born-poet of Sierra Flat sat and watched him as waiting its decree.

him as waiting its decree.

within, the deny them, and accepting them heart to deny them, and accepting them heart to deny them, and accepting them heart to deny them, and accepting them his presence. Once or twice moved by his presence. some beauty of expression in the moist, shy eyes, he felt like seriously admonishing his visitor of his idle folly; but his glance falling upon the oiled hair and the georgeous neck-tie, he invariably thought better of it. The case was evi-

dently hopeless.

The interview between Mr. Chubbuck and the " California Pet," took place in a private room of the Union Hotel, provigilance committee nothing had transpired to dispel the listless ennui begotten of stagnant business and growing priety being respected by the presence of that arch-humorist, "Boston." To this gentleman we are indebted for the civilization. In more prosperous mo-ments the office of the Record would ever reticent Mr. Chubbuck might have ever reticent Mr. Chubbuck might have elaborate joke had been even more dehave been simply gutted and the editor been in the presence of his own sex, towas, like most poets, exceedingly voluble. Accustomed as the "California Pet" had been to excessive compliment, she was fairly embarrassed by the extravagant praises of her visiter. Her personation of boy characters, her dancing of declaimed from the boxes of stage-coach- the "Champion Jig," were particularly dwelt upon with fervid but unmis takable admiration. At last, recovering her audacity, and emboldened by the presence of "Boston," the "California Pet" electrified her hearers by demanding, half jestingly, half viciously, if it were as a boy or girl that she was the subject of his flattering admiration.

"That knocked him out o' time," said the delighted "Boston," in his subsequent account of the interview. "But do you believe the d-1 fool actually asked her to take him with her; wanted

to engage in the company."

The plan, as briefly unfolded by "Boston," was to prevail upon Mr. Chubbuck make his appearance in costume (already designed and prepared by the inventor) before a Sierra Flat audience, and recite an original poem at the Hall immediately on the conclusion of the "California Pet's" performance. At a given signal the audience were to rise and deliver a volley of unsavory articles (previously provided by the originator of the scheme); then a select few were to rush on the stage, seize the poet, and, after marching him in triumphal procession through town, were to deposit him beyond its uttermost limits, with strict injunctions never to enter it again. To the first part of the plan the poet was committed, for the latter portion it was easy enough to find partici-

pants. The eventful night came, and with it an audience that packed the long, narrow room with one dense mass of human beings. The "California Pet" had never been so joyous, so reckless, so fascinating and audacious before. plause was tame and weak, compared to the ironical outburst that greeted the second rising of the curtain, and the entrance of the born poet of Sierra Flat. Then there was a hush of expectancy, and the poet stepped to the foot-lights, and stood with his manuscript in his hand.

His face was deadly pale. Either there was some suggestion of his fate in light with which these manifestations the faces of his audience, or some mysterious instinct told him of his danger.

He attempted to speak, but faltered, tot-tered, and staggered to the wings. Fearful of losing his prey, "Boston" gave the signal and leaped upon the stage. But at the same moment a light figure darted from behind the scenes, and delivering a kick that sent the discomfited humorist back among the musicians, cut a pigeon-wing, executed a double-shuffle, and then advancing to the foot-lights with that inimitable look. that audacious swagger and utter aban-don which had so thrilled and fascinated them a moment before, uttered the characteristic speech: "Wot are you goin' to hit a man fur, when he's down, s-a-a-y?"
The look, the drawl, the action, the

readiness, and above all the downright courage of the little woman, had its efsez to Milt; 'Milt,' sez I, 'pay as you youthful masculine character; as a gamin you can," she whispered hurrindly over go, for you are a borned poet. Hevin' of the street she was irresistible, as a ne-

beside the prostrate poet. "Bring me some water. Run for a doctor. Stop! CLEAR OUT, ALL OF YOU!" She had unloosed the gaudy cravat and opened the shirt-collar of the insensible figure before her. Then she burst into an hysterical laugh. "Manuela!"

Her tiring-woman, a Mexican halfbreed, came toward her.
"Help me with him to my dressingroom, quick; then stand outside and wait. If any one questions you, tell them he's gone. Do you hear? He's

The old woman did as she was bade. In a few moments the audience had departed. Before morning so also had the "California Pet," Manuela, and—the poet of Sierra Flat.

But, alas! with them also had departed the fair fame of the "California Pet." Only a few, and these it is to be feared of not the best moral character themselves, still had faith in the stainless honor of their favorite actress. manliness to stand up in his own defense, was not only evidence of inherent cases; and remembered distinctly, Sir, how a well-known Philadelphia heiress, one of the finest women that ever rode in her kerridge, that, gad, Sir, had thrown over a Southern member of Congress to consort with a d-d nigger.
The Colonel had also noticed a singular look in the dog's eye which he did not entirely fancy. He would not say anything against the lady, Sir, but he had noticed—and here happily the Colonel became so mysterious and darkly confidential as to be appropriately said. dential as to be unintelligible and in-audible to the bystanders.

Mr. Chubbuck a singular report reached Sierra Flat, and it was noticed that pressed in spirits than is habitual with left the carriage at the table and went reat humorists, suddenly found that his presence was required in San Fran-But as yet nothing but the vaguest surmises were affoat, and nothing definite was known.

It was a pleasant afternoon when the editor of the Sierra Flat Record looked up from his case and beheld the figure of Mr. Morgan McCorkle standing in toward the middle of the room.

" As a man as has allers borne a fair reputation," began Mr. McCorkle, slow-ly, "I should like, if so be as I could, Mister Editor, to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper." Mr. Editor begged him to proceed.

Ye may not disremember that about menth ago I fetched here what so be as we'll call a young man, whose name might be as it were Milton-Milton Chubback." Mr. Editor remembered perfectly.

"That same party I'd knowed better nor fower year, two on 'em campin' out together. Not that I'd know him all the time, fur he war shy and strange at spells, and had odd ways that I took war nat'ral to the borned poet. Ye may remember that I said he was a borned

The editor distinctly did. "I picked this same party up in St. and kinder calklating he'd runn'd away from home—for I'm a married man, Mr. Editor, and hev children of my own and thinkin' belike he was a borned

"Well?" said the editor. "And as I said before, I should like now to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper."

"What correction ?" asked the editor. "I said, ef you remember my words, is how he was a borned poet.'

"From statements in this yer letter, seems as how I war wrong.

"Well?" "She war a woman." BRET HARTE. -Atlantic Monthly.

The Vendome Column. The Vendome Column, lately destroy-

ed at Paris by the crazy Commune, was one of the noblest monuments in the world. It was erected by the first Napoleon, its exterior being covered with magnificent historical bas reliefs, commagnificent historical bas reliefs, com-memorative of French military achieve-manage the mind and direct the imagi-by the smell arising from the accumulaments. It was made from the bronze nings of his patient than on his skill in tion of its dead. The insects have a of 1,200 cannon, captured from the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians. It was of 1,200 cannon, captured from the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians. It was begun on the 25th of August, 1806, and entirely finished in 1810. Total weight of the bronze, 600,000 pounds. The express for the contraction of the property of the contraction of the property penses for the construction were as follows: Melting the bronze, 154,837 fr.; weighing same, 450 fr.; chiseling, 267, weighing same, 450 fr.; chiseling, 267, the statue, by Chaudet, 13,000 fr.; sculptured cornices, 39,115 fr.; general designs, 11,400 fr.; masons, lock-miths carrenters, and plumbers 601. ooo fr.; sculptured cornices, 39,115 fr.; the prescribed number, not of the pills general designs, 11,400 fr.; masons, locksmiths, carpenters, and plumbers, 601,- the box was gone she was entirely cured the box was gone she was entirely cured the complaint. smiths, carpenters, and plumbers, 601,979 fr.; architects. 50,000 fr.; 251,367
kilog. of bronze, at 4 fr., 1,005,468 fr.;
total, 2,352.458 fr., or about \$470,500.

The box was gold she was entirely cured is comparatively a harmless one. Young fruit nurseries suffer more than anything else from its visitations.—Exchange,

A HORRIBLE MYSTERY SOLVED.

The Story of the Stolen Carriage and Team of 1864, and the Matliated Body in the River-A Prince Street Murder Confessed.

In October, 1864, five different packages, containing the mutilated remains of a human body, were found floating in the East River and the bay at different times and in different places, the first having been found on the 3d of October and the last on the 13th. All these fragments were wrapped in heavy brown Manila paper, enclosed in enamelled cloth used in the construction of furniture and carriages, the whole having been tied together with strong cord technically known as a "cod-line."

These discoveries created a great deal of excitement at the time, not only because of the horrible nature of the murder, but also on account of the story of the carriage stolen on Mercer street on the night of the murder, and of the cer-tainty in the public mind that the thieves were the murderers, and the mystery which subsequently surrounded the case, defying the utmost exertions of the police to unravel it.

The dismembered limbs were carefully put together by surgeons, and were found to correspond in every particular, nothing being wanting save the arms, which were never found. The murdered man had evidently been healthy and vigorous, and about thirty-five years old, but no clue whatever could be discovered as to his identity. That a horrible murder had been committed was certain, first because the body had been cut up by inexperienced hands, thus proving that the dismemberment was not a freak exhibition in a glass case in the Morgue | tent to-morrow?"

the house two men came up, leaped on ton slept." A traveller was under escort the box of his carriage, and drove furiously away. Several hours later, as a severe storm was abating, the carriage was driven into a livery stable on Fulton avenue, near Navy street, in Brooklyn, was hung there once." "What general was hung there once." "What general dential as to be unintelligible and inaudible to the bystanders.

A few days after the disappearance of
Mr. Chubbuck a singular report reached

Sierra Flat, and it many street, in Brooklyn, by a man who was c'osely wrapped in a thick gray shawl, under which he wore a velvet coat, broadcloth pantaloons, patent leather boots, white linen, all new, and a large diamond via "That and it member exactly, but I believe a general was hung there once." "What did they hang him for?" "Well, he captured somebody, I believe." I don't remember exactly, but I believe a general was hung there once." "What general was hung there once." "What was hung there o and a large diamond pin. The horses were recking with perspiration, and had a they hung him for capturing Andre. I Boston," who since the failure of his evidently been driven furiously, one of them having been lamed. The stranger

that day he was not seen. After seven years this horrible mystery has been apparently solved thus: According to a letter recently received by friend of the murdered man in March last, three men quarrelled at Sidney, Australia. A fight ensued, in which one man was fatally stabbed, the second shot the doorway. There was a distressed look on the face of that worthy gentleman that at once enlisted the editor's arrested, and the third man in prison sympathizing attention. He held an made a confession, implicating himself open letter in his hand, as he advanced and his companions in many crimes, and among others in the murder of one Joseph Smith, a deserter from the Twentieth Connecticut Regiment, in this city in October, 1864.

From his story it appears that he, with his two companions and Smith, on the night of the 2d of October, were engaged in a debauch, they having made a large sum of money by "bounty jump-ing." Smith had \$900 in his possession, and his villainous comp mions resolving to get this at all hazards, induced him to leave the saloon where they were drinking, in Prince street, and enter a large carpenter's shop, or carriage factory, in Prince street, where Smith lay down on a bench, and soon fell into a drunken sleep. One of the men then shot him through the head, after which they cut up the body with the tools in the place, and tied up the fragments in the manner described above Two of the men then went out to look for a wagon, leaving, it is supposed, the third to clear away the traces of their crime. Then followed the theft of Flood's carriage, in which the ghastly parcels were driven to a lonely wharf in Williams ourg and then thrown into the river. The murderers immediately shipped for Australia, and have since remained in that country, leading riotous and vicious lives until their arrest in

The photograph of the murdered man has been shown to the widow of Joseph Smith, who is still living at Danbury, Conn., and has been partly identified by her, although the features were terribly distorted. Other persons, however, who knew Smith intimately, are convinced of his identity with the murdered man, and that this dark riddle has at last been

largely on the imagination of the patient, is a fact well known among the faculty and utilized by skillful sicians. In fact it may be doubted whether the success of a good doctor does not depend more on his ability to

MISCELLANEOUS FIRMS.

There is no better remedy for cold feet than to slap the leg briskly just above the knee after raising the toot. The in-creased circulation produces immediate

A Chinese photographer in San Francisco, being upbraided by a lady customer because the pictures didn't suit her, briefly replied: "No half handsome; how can?"

The "drummer" system has been abandoned by several of the largest wholesale houses of Chicago, which propose hereafter to employ the newspapers in communicating with their customers. A very sensible conclusion.

Commissioner Pleasonton, of the In-ternal Revenue Bureau, is greatly praised for giving the women clerks a chance at the higher grade of clerkships. One lady in his bureau, after sustaining a thorough and most difficult examina-tion, has been made a first-class clerk, and three other ladies have successfully passed the examination for second-class clerkships.

A lady writes to a Chicago paper that you might as well attempt to go up a garret without a stairway as to ascend into higher circles of California society without estentations wealth. As for dress, San Francisco ladies surpass all. I have seen handsomer women, and more elegantly arrayed in that city than I ever saw in any other. Velvet dresses, laces, and diamonds, with furs that queens might envy, complete the sum of life's ambition there.'

After Susan B. Anthony ketured at that the dismemberment was not a freak on the part of medical students, and and amusement, so she took a walk on secondly because two bullet wounds were Suncay around the graveyard there. found in the skull. The police, both of this city and Brooklyn, left no plan untried by which the perpetrator of this city and be detected; but their labors were in vain. The head was a combatone, she heard a lot of little boys saying, "That's her," and she thought, their labors were in vain. The head was a combatographic detailed by the company of the land knew that even the children of the land knew t photographed, and copies were sent to all police stations throughout the country. The head itself was long kept on that walks up the wire on the circus

in Brooklyn.

On the night preceding the finding of the first package Patrick Flood, a Brooklyn hackman, drove three soldiers to 97 Mercer street, in this city, and entered with them to drink. While he was in the landscape, and, as a local memorial, helps to break the monotonous refrain of the "house in which Weshing-

remember now." A silver mountain has been discovered known as Georgetown. The ore was first discovered in the "slide," and afterward several valuable lodes were struck. A correspondent of the Denver News was shown pieces of mineral, averaging from two hundred to three hundred pounds each, taken from this mountain, which, when assayed gave a return of from 1,500 to 2,000 ounces per ton. As the mountain was near a village, the discovery could not be long kept a secret; and as soon as the news got out there was such a general rush to the place of old and young amateur and professional miners, that at a little distance it resembled a mammoth ant hill.

A citizen of Detroit, after two months' sojourn in Colorado Territory, confirms the statement of the health-giving qualities of that region, in respect to lung and throat diseases. It is not inaptly called the summit of the continent, ranging from four thousand to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the bed of the Platte Valley, at Denver, a mile higher than New York or Philadelphia. Partly owing to this great elevation, and partly owing to other causes, the air is exceedingly rare and pure, and the consequence is one breathes fuller and faster, and soon increases the breathing capacity. Of this there can be no doubt, if it be true, as stated, that the chest of a well-proportioned man by actual measurement has been known to expand three inches in as many weeks after arriving in that country. A tem-porary visit, however, it is admitted, can afford only temporary relief, and the invalid who seeks permanent restoration and "length of days," must make the Territory his permanent home. It is announced that the seventeen-

year locusts have made their appearance in various parts of the country, and great apprehensions have been expressed that they would work serious injury upon the growing crops. There are several misapprehensions in vogue in regard to the seventeen-year locusts. In the first place, the insect known by that name is not a locust at all, and is no more like the Asiatic locust, which is so destructive to vegetation, than a humming bird is like a flying-fish. It cannot devour grain or other vegetable growths, for the excellent reason that it has no jaws to devour with. It lives only two or three weeks, and during its That the efficacy of medicine depends | brief life takes all the nutriment it requires, which is very little, by suction. But it often appears in great numbers, and renders a large extent of territory alive and vocal with its murmuring, humming noise, and frequently causes real harm. The seventeen-year locust, so called, is not an agreeable visitor, but is comparatively a harmless one. Young