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MY WIFE AND CHILD.

BY HENRY B. JACKSON.

The tattoo beats, the lights are gone,
The camp around in slumber lies,
The night in solemn peace moves on,
The shadows thicken o'er the skies;
But sleep my weary eyes hath found,
And sad, uneasy thoughts arise.

I think of thee, my dearest one,
Whose love my early life hath blessed—
Of thee and him, our father's son,
Who slumbers on his gentle breast.
Of the tender, frail and lone,
Oh, guard the tender sleeper's rest!

And how gently, how near
To her, whose watchful eye is wet—
To mother, wife—the doubly dear,
In whose young heart have I found a nest
Two streams of love so deep and clear—
And cheer her drooping spirits yet.

Now, while she kneels before Thy throne,
O teach her, Ruler of the skies,
That while, at Thy behest alone,
Earth's mightiest powers fall and rise,
No tear is wept to Thee unknown,
No hair is lost, no sparrow dies;

That Thou canst stay the ruthless hand
Of dark disease, and soothe its pain;
That only by Thy stroke we are saved,
The battle's lost, the soldier's slain;
That from the distant sea or land
Thou bring'st the wanderer home again.

And when upon her pillow lone
Her tear-wet cheek is sadly pressed,
May happier visions beam upon
The brightening forehead of her breast:
No frowning look or angry tone
Disturb the Sabbath of her rest.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day, by night, in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child!

HAMILTON BROTHERS.

We did not think it worth while to light the gas, as we were going out again. So we sat and talked in the firelight, Frank and I, just as we had sat and talked a hundred times before in the busy, backward years which we two brothers had spent together. But this evening, for the first time, we talked without dropping into that utterly restful silence, which only those who can enjoy and understand each other well; perhaps, indeed, only those who love each other deeply. It had been a busy day, but for me it had been light, in anticipation of the pleasure the evening was to bring. It was Lettice Oldfield's birthday, and we were to keep it tonight at the Dome House. I had been walking all day, yet when the penciled cross was put against the last name on my list of town patients, I entered our quiet sitting room, feeling nothing of fatigue or hunger; feeling only that, after an hour's rest, the chief joy which the world held for me would be mine—I should be with Lettice. But while I sat opposite Frank, and watched the firelight playing on his face, slowly there crept into my heart something that was far deeper than fatigue or hunger or hunger; something more deeper than the idle words we spoke—a feeling which I vaguely knew must be pity—but whether for myself or Frank I could not tell.

Suddenly looking up, Frank met my eyes fixed upon his moody face, and running his fingers lazily through his curly hair, he laughed; but his laugh had not its old warm, careless ring.

"How well Bent seems to be getting on out in Melbourne, Max," he said. "His letter to you is filled with his own prosperity."

"It seems to me merely written to ask if we could send him out an assistant," I answered, speaking lightly; for I did not want to-night to hear Frank complaining of our lot. He had lately got into the way of seeming discontented with the struggle of his life, and I had failed in every argument with him. Half our time and attention was taken up by our dispensary duties, which brought us in just eighty pounds a year; and only very slowly and gradually could we make our own practice in Redbury. So, knowing Frank loved the old life so dearly, and had chosen his own profession, I felt there was nothing for us to do but to struggle on; and he was weary of hearing me tell him that.

"Of course you do not know any assistant to send out to Bent," Frank said, turning his eyes to the fire again, and speaking with slow petulance. "The poorest young surgeon of your acquaintance are Hamilton Brothers, and thank Heaven, we have not yet fallen quite so low as to exile ourselves voluntarily as drug mixers to Bent. I would not change quarters with him for any consideration, but I fear I envy his success. You must own, Max, that it is hard fighting here."

"So it is everywhere, in any profession, just at first," I answered, quietly. "There is but one thing we can do. However small our income, we can live down to it, and work hard to increase it. That, I take it, is the secret of success, Frank. Now, do not let us think about these things to-night. Why should we take gloomy faces to the Dome House, to greet Lettice on her birthday?"

"You never will think seriously about our poverty," Frank replied, without offering to move; his head bent in the careless firelight, his gaze deep in among the ruddy coals. "But I think of it seriously—aye, and hopelessly, too—day and night. How am I to—marry on such a pittance as we possess now?"

Very slowly the burning crimson rose to my face, though no eyes could see it.

"We can talk of that," I said, as gently as I could, "when you want to marry."

"You speak as if we were boys," he answered impatiently. "I am more than five-and-twenty now, and Lettice is eighteen to-day. Isn't she?"

"Yes. Eighteen to-day."

The words were uttered clearly in the silence, but my own voice sounded unfamiliar to me. I tried to read his face, but my eyes ached so sadly in their eagerness that I raised my hand and covered them.

"You see, Max, if I had a good practice," Frank went on, still without looking up, "I could propose to Lettice at once; and we might be married in a year, say, at latest. But as matters stand the thing is impossible. Now, isn't it hard to know this, longing as I do to win Lettice for my wife?"

"To win Lettice for your wife? That is your hope, Frank?"

"Yes. How oddly you speak! I suppose you feel at last that it is hard to wait and struggle?"

"I could wait very patiently, and struggle very hard with such a hope as that."

"But I cannot," he answered, peevishly. "I love her so sincerely and so eagerly that waiting is a fearful trial."

The firelight flickered and faded a little. Frank lay back in his low chair, his head still bent, his eyes still tracing out his thoughts among the coals. With a heavy pain at my heart I watched his face, and tried to grasp the great, intangible sorrow which surrounded me.

"Frank, do you feel that the waiting is a trial, too, for—her?"

"I know what you mean," he answered, slightly pausing. "Yes, Max, I think so."

"Do you know it?" I questioned, in a low voice, whose sadness touched my ears, though he answered, with no pause at all:

"Yes, Max, I know it."

"Again it was I who broke the long silence, and again my own voice almost startled me.

"We have so little time to-night that we will not begin to talk of this. Another day we can look at your chances of marrying Lettice."

"So precious little they are," he muttered, rising as I did, "that looking at them won't take us long."

Frank was standing in the gauntlet at the door when I joined him. At the sound of my step, he turned his bright, handsome face, and laughed.

"You have been longer dressing, Max, than I ever knew you; yet—by Jove! how white and—odd you look!"

"I haven't been quite all this time dressing," I answered lightly. "I have been doing a little book-keeping, and reading over Bent's letter again, and making up my mind."

"An elaborate process, evidently," he laughed, as we walked through the quiet streets together. "To what fashion have you made it up to-night?"

"I have made up my mind to go out to Bent."

"TO—WHAT?"

Frank was standing still upon the pavement, his one detaining hand upon my arm. His eyes filled with a great incredulous astonishment.

"What are you saying, Max?"

"Simply what I mean, old fellow. Come along, and walk off your surplus. I want a change, and a change holding out some prospect of success. Why should I not take this opportunity?"

"But—you take me so fearfully by surprise," stammered Frank. "Why, you are a far cleverer surgeon than Bent; you are good and his servant. You must be mad."

"Then all the more need of change for me," I said, laughing slightly.

"But how is it? You have always been fond of this town. Your friends are all here."

"I will try to make others there."

"I say again the proposal seems mad, Max. What on earth has made you form this strange, sudden resolution?"

"Many thoughts," I answered, a little wearily. "I feel it is the best thing for me."

"But I believed you never faint-hearted," Frank persisted. "Where is your favorite axiom that 'Each unto himself his life can fortinize'?"

"More than ever in my heart to-night, dear fellow. I fancy the fortinizing will be easier to me than it can be here. Now, let us forget business for a few hours. Here we are at the Dome House."

We stood under the bare old lime-tree, which in summer shaded the doorway, and my hand was on the bell, when Frank stayed it, and spoke a few words in unusual earnestness. "Tell me one thing, Max, before we go in. You do not decide to leave here for my sake—because I have so often complained that our practice is not sufficient for two; and because you know I want to marry, and cannot do so as we are? You would not leave your home, and your friends and me, and go out to drudgery for that reason, Max? I shall not be comfortable unless you tell me that you do it for your own sake."

"Knowing that my going would spare me one great pain which, in my cowardice, I shrank from, I answered him with the quick 'Yes,' pulling the handle of the bell sharply as I spoke, that he might not have time to reply. But before we entered, he laid his hand softly on my shoulder, and whispered, "I always trust implicitly to your better judgment, Max, and I always will." And from that moment I felt that the way lay straight and smooth before my brother, and that even he himself could see no shadow on it.

How distinctly, through a long, dark vista of lonely years, do I see the dainty white-clad figure of the dear, bright little friend who was my hostess on that last night! How distinctly could I afterwards recall every word and smile of the pain to me to watch her and listen to her, as it was upon that birthday night.

We drank her health in true old-fashioned style, and after Frank's impetuous loving speech, my words were cold and slow. And yet—and yet the unacknowledged and unreturned love that filled my heart was stronger and deeper far than his. I felt it was so, even then, while she thanked us both so shyly, with the soft, bright blush upon her cheek. I knew and felt it even more surely still through the long years when the bright young face was only a memory.

Frank and I soon followed Lettice from the dining room, leaving Mr. Oldfield there alone, as we always did, with the tacit understanding that he could enjoy his forty winks just as comfortably as if he had no guests.

Before the fire, in the pretty gas-lit drawing room, knelt Lettice, watching laughing, and yet I thought a little wistfully, a row of nuts placed on the lower bar of the grate. Her little sister, a pretty, spoilt child of eleven or twelve, was holding her there, and laughing gleefully as the nuts cracked or blazed.

"That's me!" she cried, after a small explosion, looking mischievously up at Frank, who had hastened forward, and was kneeling now upon the rug beside the girls. "You love me better than you love Lettice, Frank: and I and Lettice love you just about the same."

"Amy," I anxiously inquired, bending my head over hers, that I might not see the eager, impassioned contradiction of Frank's eyes as they met Lettice's, "which of these martyrs at the stake represents me?"

"This one, Max," the child replied, delightedly. "You burn so coldly and so slowly. You don't care about either of us. Does he, Lettice?"

"No," answered Lettice, quietly, looking up in her sister's face, but not beyond.

"Then if that other martyr represents Lettice," said Frank, bending eagerly to watch the nuts, "how does she burn, Amy?"

"O, very oddly, indeed," answered Amy, with important deliberation. "She burns just the same for every one of us. It's a most tiresome thing when a nut does that. There's no fun in it, is there, Max?"

"This ceremony is a mystery to me," I laughed, as I kissed her lips; "but I know why Lettice's nut burns in that unsatisfactory manner. Of course, as she does not believe in its prophecy, it does not prophesy truly for her."

"But they do prophesy truly," replied Amy, "if you burn them quite properly, as I was taught in Scotland, two together. Shall we do it now, Lettice? I'll burn you with Max or Frank, whichever you choose. You chose Frank before; you may choose him this time too, and I'll be with Max."

"I could not help a swift, intent glance into her face, and while I did so, her eyes, pure and clear, met mine without dropping. Then she answered Frank's joyful, entreating question, with her pretty low laugh.

"I think I have been martyred sufficiently, considering that it is my birthday, Amy, and I ought to be treated well. Amy, ring for tea. Max," she said to me, as she rose, "do you know you are reading too hard? I see it in your face, to-night." She was standing close beside me, and as she raised her bright young face to me, so earnest in its kindred quest, looking in this so little, my heart beat with a great keen pain at every throb.

"So I tell him," put in Frank, "but he is determined to do it. He has made up his mind to be a great man, and I feel it only kind to remind him constantly that his ambition is fated never to be realized. Look in this is necessary as skill, and we Hamiltons never had a stroke of luck in our lives."

"In that case, why do you trouble yourself to aim so high?" asked Lettice, waiting with quaint gravity for my answer.

"I don't know," I answered, my words coming with an effort. "Who aims at the sky shoots higher far than he that means a tree."

"Yes, I know," she said, once more raising her warm, happy eyes to my cold stern face.

"And wins his aim always, shooting as Herbert meant."

"How was that?" asked Frank.

"Picking his behavior low, his projects high," quoted Lettice, softly.

"Don't you think, Max, that the first is far harder to do than the second?"

"I certainly don't see how hard reading is to help him in either," put in Frank, before I had time to answer.

"Nor do I," she replied, with a bright sudden laugh, as she turned to him again, and I appreciate your motive in trying the opposite course. You do not read hard, do you, Frank?"

"No. Very easily—when I read at all. But then I do not want to be a great man. I merely want to win a happy, useful home, and—my wife."

"I do not know how he could have said it: his eager eyes forcing their tale of love upon her as she stood there beside him in the pitiless glare. I spoke hurriedly, in a light, cool tone, which told nothing of the strange pain I felt in every word.

"The fact is, Lettice, Frank can't understand my last new whim—which is to go out to Melbourne to join an old friend of ours."

"And yet it is a long good-bye," added Lettice, jestingly; "you are not coming home for a long, long time; are you, Max?"

"Frank and I have made an important arrangement about that," I answered, trying to jest too, because I fancied she would understand what he had asked me to do. "I am going to stay ten years unless he wants me."

"He does not want you, you prefer staying out there?"

"Yes. What prospect is there of any one else wanting me?"

"I suppose none," she answered, quietly, "as you say so; but we shall all be glad to see you when you return. Not that you will care for that either, for you care for nothing, you know, except fortinizing your life."

Her words, in their quiet, simple scorn, stabbed me to the heart.

"This is a wide world, Lettice," I said, "and a world which even yet I have not fathomed."

"But you expect to do so in Melbourne?"

"I hope so."

With an odd little laugh she changed the subject, and very soon Frank drove up to the gate. Mr. Oldfield and Amy went out and stood beside the dog cart, talking to him, while I followed more slowly. Lettice came with me, and stood a minute under the bare old lime tree, with the winter sunshine on her bright young face. And I—looking down upon her—knew that this picture would dwell in my heart through all my lonely life.

Her jesting scorn was all gone now; only her eyes were a little puzzled, and a little sad.

"You will be quite happy, Max," she said, "with that happiness which makes others happy too."

"Tell me how, Lettice," I cried, the strong and passionate love of my heart trembling in my voice. "Tell me how to win this happiness."

"I cannot," she answered softly. "I cannot teach you what you know so well."

"Lettice," I said, "my one dearest friend, this is the last moment. Give me some few words of help to take with me—as a sister would have given them to me."

Very softly, while her clear sweet eyes looked bravely into mine, she whispered the little verse which has been ever with me since, and has helped me often, as her voice could help me in those far-off days:

"There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need of prayer;
But a happy heart that leans on God,
Is happy everywhere."

From the gate I looked back wistfully to where she still stood under the winter branches, and she smiled one bright, quick smile, and ran in.

Then I sat down beside Frank, and Amy sprang up, and gave me, with tear-filled eyes, the only kiss among all my sad good-byes.

Later on, in the frosty winter morning, we two brothers, who had been together all our lives, parted on the deck of the great waiting vessel, with only a few broken words, and one long, close, lingering hand-grasp.

"The ten years are passing, and you must keep your promise, Max, and come." I read the words over and over again. It was not ten yet, but over seven years since I had set my foot in Melbourne, and in every letter Frank had sent me through those long years, I had expected him to tell me what he had told me at last. Yet now that he had told me the words seemed to swim before my eyes, and my fingers would not write the glad and congratulatory words I wished to send him.

"Now that my reward is come," he wrote, "I claim your promise. We only delay our marriage for your arrival. Max, old fellow, you would have felt happy for me indeed, if you had seen how willingly Mr. Oldfield gave my darling to me. I had been a son to him for years, he said; I could hardly be nearer when I was his daughter's husband. And now my cup of happiness will be full when you come. How soon can you be home?"

I broke off once more—going back and back; hardly brave enough even yet to look beyond that going home. "Why should I go?" I thought; leaning my head upon my hands above the untouched paper. "They are happy without me. They have all they need; a full home, and I have been going only to return again alone, bearing the old hunger in my heart. Why should I suffer that pain again—now when he has slept so long? Must I see him again, and open the old aching wound? I hoped that the struggle was passing when we stood together in the frosty sunshine, and she whispered her parting words. Yet I promised—and I will go."

So upon a bright spring morning, Frank and I met once more in England; and tired with a tiredness which I had never felt before in all my life, I rested that evening in my own old chair beside the cheery home fire; striving to look joyfully into my brother's beaming face. It hardly looked older for the seven years we had spent apart, but it was changed wonderfully by the happiness which seemed to overflow his life. How could it have been otherwise? I thought. What might my own lifetime face have been if—

"You are very tired, Max," said Frank, in his quick, glad tones.

"A little; but I was not thinking of that. I was thinking how utterly content you look, Frank."

"So I ought to, ought I not? because I am so utterly content. Do I look changed in any other way?"

"No, none."

"You do, Max," he continued, a little thoughtfully. "You look—I can hardly tell how—as if you had been living much longer than I have, and yet I don't mean that you look much older. You are just as you always were, I think; and yet you look as if you had lived a great deal in those seven years—if you can understand. But indeed you must have been working to some purpose to have won yourself a name as you have done. What will Bent do now, without you? for you are never going back, Max, never. I suppose he has earned a fortune by now, as he said he would; if he has not, he ought to have done with such a partner; and he must keep up his practice alone. Mine has increased so greatly that it can only now be carried on by Hamilton Brothers. Max, old fellow, does not the old name sound more winning to you than that of the new firm out in exile? But I will not urge this to-night," he added, almost as if he could read what pain the thought gave me. "So I look utterly content, do I? yet I have had trouble, too. You ought to say you see the traces, Max."

"What trouble has it been?" I asked.

"A trouble of five years ago, Max," he answered, quietly; "a trouble I never felt that I could tell you in a letter. When I first asked Lettice to be my wife she refused me, Max."

"I feared so, Frank," I said, so low that he stooped forward to catch the words. "I feared so from your silence at that time. But never mind, dear fellow, as it has ended so brightly. You have ended so brightly, as you say. You are too tired to go out this evening of course, Max; but as I promised to run in, and tell them all of your arrival as soon as I had brought you safely to Redbury, I will just go across for a minute or two, if you don't mind."

"I will come with you," I said, and rose at once. It would be less hard now than it could ever be again.

It seemed like a dream to be walking once more at Frank's side, along the shadowy streets; and still more like a dream to be entering unannounced the pretty familiar room, where Lettice sat alone at the window, sewing in the twilight.

"Lettice," cried Frank in gay eagerness, "here's Max."

I was standing opposite her, looking down upon her with still, calm eyes; the

grave elder brother of her affianced husband. She dropped her work, and put her two hands into mine in quick, glad greeting; and I spoke to her just as I knew Frank would wish me to speak to her; watching all the while his face as well as hers. She was changed more than he was. The face that had been almost childlike in its sunny beauty was a woman's face now; deeper and graver, but infinitely more beautiful, I thought, as I saw its old bright, sunny smile still there. She looked up at Frank, a wonderful light shining in her eyes.

"Now you have all you wish, Frank," she said. And I felt that she was as happy in his love as he was in hers. I stood beside them, talking in laughing, genial tones; hoping that she could never guess how hardly I had schooled myself to this.

Presently Frank passed out through the open window, and Lettice, looking after him, raised her eyes questioningly to me.

"You think us all changed, I suppose, Max, even Frank?"

"Yes," I answered, absently.

"But you have not seen Amy yet," she went on, smiling. "She of course is most changed of all. Frank is gone to fetch her, I fancy. He says she is like what I was at her age, but that is only his pleasant flattery, for she is very, very pretty."

I followed her words dreamily, wondering whether it could really be seven years since Lettice and I had stood talking to each other last; while I felt how impossible it was that the little one whom we had all combined to pet and spoil could be all what Lettice was in these old sweet days.

"Frank seemed to know exactly where she would be," Lettice went on, a little nervously I fancied in my silence. "You remember the low seat of under the lilacs, Max? Amy is fond of sitting there—as I used to be when I was her age. You used to say too that you loved to rest there on a summer evening; but you have been away so long, doing so much, that those old memories will be all buried now?"

"Yes. They are all buried," I answered, feeling the scarlet mount into my face to contradict the coolness of my words.

She smiled, a little wistful smile, which had a strange, brave tenderness in it.

"I too have lived seven years since then," she said; "but the old memories are dear to me, Max; and I would not bury them for all the world."

"Because it is so different with you and me," I faltered. "I—I think I have no courage left. How long Frank stays?"

"I see them in the lower garden now," she answered, gently, looking away from me as I struggled with my pain.

"How quickly Amy would have run in to greet me in the old times," I said, speaking once more as I had schooled myself to do; only that a little bitterness would creep into the tone.

"Yes," laughed Lettice, softly, "but she will not come this evening without Frank. She has been quite timid about your return. She asked me to-day if you would think Frank had chosen unwisely because she is so much younger than he is; so ignorant and untried, she said."

In the bewildered, breathless silence which followed Lettice's words, she looked up at me; deep shadows gathering in her eyes as if she too felt the agony of the doubt and hope which stirred me.

"Do you think Frank has chosen wisely, Max, in taking my little sister?" she asked, speaking plainly the truth, which she knew now that I had never heard.

"Lettice—Lettice, is it so?" I stammered, my fingers tight upon the chair below me, and my heart beating wildly.

"Yes, Max," she answered, "it is so. And I knew that she could read the whole story in my quivering face."

"And you, Lettice?"

"I," she answered, in a bright, low tone—"I have waited."

Then I covered my face hurriedly; for boyish tears had overflowed my eyes in the untold joy of this surprise.

"Max," she whispered, her gentle touch upon my arm, "I thought that you knew this, and had come for their sakes."

"No; not for their sakes, Lettice; for Frank's and yours."

"Why for my sake?" she asked, tears shining in her own eyes as she looked brightly into mine.

Then, low and brokenly, I told her of my love; the long, hopeless love which would not die. And at last she answered, with her little gentle hands on mine, and a deep, true gladness shining behind the tears.

"Max, dear Max, I am very glad I waited."

"Max," said Frank that night after we got home, "may I have the old plate put back upon the door?"

We both laughed at the idea, for Frank was Dr. Hamilton now, and I had half-a-dozen letters after my name; but we took a candle and went off at once to find it. Frank—sitting down and taking it upon his knee—brushed the thick dust from it quite tenderly; while, leaning over his shoulder, I read the letters as he cleared them.

"Hamilton Brothers! It does not do, Frank, and yet thank God for the truth it tells. We are brothers still; we will be brothers to the end."

Three persons, a woman and her two daughters, were poisoned recently at Lockport, Ohio, by drinking buttermilk which had lain for some time in a patent composition pressed pan, which has been very generally adopted by the people throughout that region. The pan is a composition of tin, lead and zinc, and it has no joints, being pressed from a single sheet of this composition. The physician in attendance declared that the patients were poisoned by the buttermilk drunk from one of these pans, the action of sour milk upon which creates a deadly poison, although sweet milk may be placed in them with safety. The doctors seem to agree in this decision. The persons poisoned have recovered.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

In speaking of the canker worm the Worcester *Spy* says: "As printer's ink sticks and kills the wriggling politicians, so printer's ink sticks and destroys the wriggling and squirming crawlers upon our trees."

A Virginian who put his faith in a fortune-teller, chopped up a valuable calf to find a ring supposed to have been swallowed by the animal. The family have since lived on veal at a cost of about \$3.50 a pound.

A Maine girl being bantered one day by some of her female friends in regard to her lover, who had the misfortune to have but one leg, replied: "Pooh, I wouldn't have a man with two legs—they're too common."

A brakeman lately fell from a freight train at Schenectady, but hung to the truck rigging with great presence of mind, and was dragged and bumped a quarter of a mile over the ties before he was rescued. But he saved his life.

Among the death notices in a recent number of the Chicago *Tribune* appeared a statement that a lady (the name was given) whose remains were taken to Rochester, N. Y., for burial had waked from her trance-sleep, and would return to her home in Osaque, Wis. July 1.

A Philadelphia physician writes to the *Post* to correct an impression that blackberries are useful or harmless in cases where children are convalescing from diarrhoea or cholera infantum. He says that from close observation during several years, meantime enjoying a large practice, he is forced to believe that there is no other cause so fatal to life in these complaints as eating blackberries.

A gentleman in Canada gives a history of a battle between two swarms of bees a few days ago. One swarm, he says, took forcible possession of their neighbors' barracks, and as the attacked defended their rights, a furious fight commenced, and the battle raged from 4:30 to 9 p. m. Next morning, as the sun appeared, the battle was resumed, the marauders appearing not in good condition, but showing great pluck. The carnage continued without intermission till 10 A. M., when hundreds of dead bodies lay on the plain. At 11 the battle ended, when there was not one of the attacking party left to tell the tale.

A Chinaman who was murdered in San Francisco recently, was given a grand funeral, some fifty carriages of Celestial sympathizers parading in a long procession, headed by a discordant band of Chinese music. The murdered man had been laid out in a new suit of clothes, with a quantity of feathers around his head. In his hands were placed a dirk-knife and other weapons, with which he is expected to pitch into his murderers when they arrive in another world—if he can find them. From the shoes the soles were removed, the uppers being left. This was done so that he might step softly and reverently into the presence of his Joss.

An interesting application of electricity, in connection with a tank for supplying locomotives with water, is now in operation at Buda Station, on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. The steam pump which supplies the tank is on the bank of a small stream half a mile distant, and entirely out of sight. A float is arranged so that if the water is drawn off to a level more than two or three inches below the top of the tank a circuit is closed, connecting by wires with the pump house. This sets an alarm bell ringing within hearing of the engineer, who then starts his pump, and runs it till the tank is full, of which due notice is given by the cessation of the alarm.

A young Prussian officer, who doubted the love of his affianced bride, requested, after the battle of Gravelotte, one of his friends at home to inform the young lady that he (the officer) was among the killed, and to report to him how she would receive the news. The friend complied with the officer's request, but the letter which was to convey the report of the young lady's demeanor brought to the officer the terrible news of her death, the young girl having committed suicide the night after his friend's sad communication. The young officer was so impressed with the catastrophe and felt so much aggrieved at the death of his fair young betrothed, that he went mad. He is now in a Berlin lunatic asylum, and his case is pronounced hopeless.

Experiments are being made in India on a new form of single rail tramway. The vehicles, in addition to the ordinary description of wheels, have a pair of flanged wheels, one behind the other, running on the single rail, which is laid at the centre of the track. The flanged wheels are adjusted by a screw so as to take all the weight of the ordinary wheels without lifting them much above the roadway. An experimental line has been laid, in part an incline of one in forty, and along this a pair of bullocks draw a load of three tons. The advantages claimed for this system are: First, a very great diminution of power expended in hauling, as compared with traction on common roads; second, that the cost of construction is only one-half that of an ordinary tramway with two lines of rails.

Charleston as a commercial city is gradually rising to its old place among exporters. It has always been the great rice market of the country. In 1869-70 its crops amounted to 41,172 tons, and this year it shows an increase of 6,000 tons over last year. The last crop gathered before the war was 161,615 tons. Previous to the rebellion the finest quality of Carolina rice was exported to Havre for manufacture into rice-stones, a beautiful imitation of Parian marble, used for statuettes, and other ornaments. Copenhagen, Bremen, and Amsterdam, and other ports of Continental Europe, imported largely of our American rice. Now our home demand would absorb fully 100,000 tons. Endeavors are being made to introduce Chinese labor into the rice swamps, but the best judges say that only negro labor can be employed there profitably.