VOL. I.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1872.

HARVEST IN THE HILL COUNTRY. BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER

The dew lies heavy on the uncut grass, And drips in bright drops from the bending And from the vines through which the respers

with trampling feet along the cool, wet lane, The amaranth lifts its faint, sweet finsh again ; Some Indian crosses flourish in the hedge ;

The poison-sumae lets its shame be seen In scarlet letters, where the wood's brown edge Is brightened with the hemlock's tender

These late red currants glow like ruby beads
In clusters tempting to the robin's taste;
The yellow mustard sows its fine brown sceds
Along the sod in rare excess of waste.
Meanwhile, the reapers to their work make And through the pasture, where the red-oak

The Brawl goes wimpling 'mid the grass and ferns, Where the tired field-boy laves his sun-burnt hands, Or in the shade a line of Homer learns,

Here, thou and I, O friend of earlier days! May sit and listen while the reapers sing; About our feet the cardinal flowers blaze, And honey bees go by on shining wing. Out of our listening, music seems to spring And, floating softly on the clear sunshine, These sweet and allen voices in the corn Recall old tunes that echoed by the Rhine, And jodels heard upon the Matternorn.

Not much like these, dear friend, were those first days Of freedom, when the wide world seemed

our own, And we went wandering long bewildering ways, From Grutli meadow to the Bois Boulogne.

Now all that sad, sweet folly is outgrown: Our work is done. Not much—was it?—for Who were so strong, who saw so much to do, Who felt so brave to right a whole world's

woes, And tear the mask of vain conceit in two. The reapers sing; the saddened hours creep

The grain is garnered, sweet and clean and The long, straight sun-shafts flicker faint and

wan, And primrose clouds slip down the western sky, We talk of common things-the corn, the

rye: You stand betwixt the sunlight, dear, and me, With shaded eyes (a pensive, New-World

Ruth), And, oh, your face grows beautiful to see, Crossed with these memories of our vanished youth!

THE BACHELOR'S MISTAKE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Squire Popham was short and stout, with a shining bald head, and a nose into be the French for pug. All heroes can't be tall, Greek featured, and named Montmorenci; and our hero was moulded after an exceedingly every-day sort of pattern; nevertheless, there was no inconsiderable spark of romance in his

Forty-five years had the squire dwelt, mateless and forlorn, in the world; and now, as he entered upon the forty-sixth, it struck him that he was following up a wrong theory. Some people wake to the great mystery of their lives through the glance of a soft eye, a beam of moonlight, a half-open rose-bud, a bit of ribbon. Squire Popham was aroused through the instrumentality of a tooth-

"It's all very well for a man to be an old bachelor as long as he's well and sound," grumbled the squire, dolefully regarding the cold mustard-draughts and clammy hop-plasters that his landlady had sent up after innumerable de-lays and excuses, "but when you begin to get achy and shaky, a married man has the best of it. I'll be a married man! Ugh! how cold these confounded puddings are! why couldn't she have warmed 'em a little? Now the tooth begins to jump—why the deuce ain't I a married man, with a little, soft, peachy cheek to lay mine against, and hands that know how to hold a hop-plaster without losing three-fourths out of the other end, right on to a fellow's black velvet vest. I'll go to some wateringplace or other and get married, as soon as this swelling goes down—I will, as sure as my name is Paul Popham!" And that was the way our squire came

to contemplate matrimony. The Seaweed hotel was crowded full that season, with old girls, young girls, middle-aged girls, widows, matrons, and old maids; in fact, the very multiplicity of the article puzzled Squire Popham in

making his selection. "For I can't marry 'em all," argued the squire; "and what between waltzing and crequet, and the German, they don't any of 'em stand still long enough for me to make up my mind. Perpetual

woman !' Now the Seawced hotel was a huge brick building, with a colossal wing exbuilding, looking directly into those of and soft-something decidedly alive! adoxical felicity.

Mrs. Martin was a widow-a plump, rosy widow, with red cheeks, pearly teeth, and big blue eyes, full of wicked glances—a widow who liked a joke, and howling at the top of its voice. had, at the same time, an exquisite ap-preciation for a bit of whispered sentiway in which the charming widow mixed some salad dressing at the din-

"I like that widow," thought the squire, holding his knife and fork admiringly in mid air as he watched the skillful operation. "I'll marry that widow -if she'll let me."

So that evening the squire sat at his window with the newspaper for a flimsy excuse, and looking unutterable things

dainty frills, or read small volumes in

to himself. "I must be in love! I in her closet like a caged bear!" in her closet like a caged bear!" He shuffled half way across the groom with the crinoline clinging round his get it up better at Delmonico's. Then again a widow has had experience—she's not like one of those girls who know nothing but the waltz and a pack of Italian songs. I dare say she could make a delightful mustard-plaster; and as for water-gruel and milk-punch, I see 'em in her eyes! Yes, I'm undoubtedly in love."

The moon-a full harvest shield of mellow silver-rose. The squire still smoked his cigar and ruminated on the delicious possibilities in store for him, until the Widow Martin's kerosene lamp glowed into brightness on the table. Through the descitful screen of the fluttering muslin curtain he could see her moving to and fro like a fair vision of a

"I wish I was a good hand at poetry," soliloquized the squire. "I know I could get in something about a star behind a cloud. Crowd—proud—loud— "Do you mean that bald-headed old bachelor. I'm sure I don't know, nor hang it, they don't hitch at all. 'Star behind the cloud;' but it isn't midnight. Shroud-shroud-might as well say skeleton at once and done with it. Vowed-how could a fellow lug in vowed? 'Star behind a midnight cloud, to worship thee I have vowed'-somehow that seems to go limpety-catch. Shades of the Nine muses! I hadn't any idea poetry put one into such a per-spiration. I think perhaps I wasn't in-tended for a poet; but that idea of the star behind the cloud was a pretty one, if I could only have hit upon a rhyme that didn't hobble on three legs! Hallo!

hallo! what's that she has in her arms? For through the floating muslin drapery which the squire's fancy had invested with the poetic fullness of a cloud, he could see the bewitching little widow pacing up and down the floor, her brown ringlets drooping above her face, and her dulcet tones murmuring

some sweet lullaby.
"'Pon-my-word!" ejiculated the puzzled squire. "It isn't her second husband—unless he's a smaller mau* than the average; it must be-a baby Deceitful enchantress, false as fair! does she intend to pass berself off as possessing no incumbrance? Does she mean to keep the existence of her child a se-Good Capid, how fortunate I am to have penetrated her treachery before -before the fatal word was spoken Fancy me, Paul Popham, married to a woman with a baby! I'd rather live on cold mustard-plasters and stewed hops for the rest of my life! Hush-sh-sh! it is asleep now! what's that she is calling it! 'Her precious darling, sweetest pet!' Aha! little does she know who listens to her honeyed accents Now she's putting it in its crib-a deuced unhealthy place to keep a child, that unventilated closet; but I suppose it would be discovered anywhere She must dose it with Duffy's Elixir and Soething Syrup all day, and it comes out, like a bat, at night Heavens; what cold-blooded heartlessness! Now she has gone out with a pitcher in her hand—the opportunity is here; I'll investigate this thing, or my name isn't Paul Popham! Ah, Melissa Martin! who could ever have dreamed

Squire Popham waited until the rustle of the widow's half-mourning muslins had died away in the hall, and then crept softly across the threshold of his own apartment, entering hers with noiseless, slippered tread.

The light burned with soft, steady flame on the table; the dainty, halfhemmed frilling lay beside it, with a tiny pink Bohemian vase, in which Squire Popham recognized a bouquet of white roses he had that afternoon presented with a pretty speech to the widow. And close beside the big arm chair lay a pair of tiny slippers, rosetted and buckled, and a white cambric peignoir, enough to melt the heart of any bachelor into whose nature suspicion had not entered with its poisoned dart. -

But Paul Popham, being forewarned, was consequently forearmed. He paused not to finger round the bewitching insignia of the female presence, but stole on tiptoe, with hushed breath and lips apart, to the closet, where lay perdu the ecret of the Widow Martin's inner life.

Well, there were dresses, and shawls, and round hats with saucy birds' wings in them, and crinolines, and snowy rust ling skirts, and even a twin pair of India rubber boots hanging to a peg-but no crip.

" Is there a trap door through which the-the baby has vanished?" the squire asked himself, staring vaguely about the closet. Halloo! there comes the widow's crinoline down on my head! and by all motion, indeed! it's nothing to a live the powers, I've kicked over a saucer of milk! A queer way she has of provis-

ioning her garrison, and-The squire uttered a short, sharp ejactending out at right angles and enclos- ulation; in groping round the floor to ing a sort of court; and the window of replace the overturned saucer, his hand Mr. Popham's room, the last in the main | came in contact with something warm

Mrs. Martin, who occupied the first adjoining, in the wing. So that, if there ed, making a rush at it, but the next inis such a thing as having your next door stant a short, shrill bark and the agonneighbor opposite to you, Squire Pop-ham and Mrs. Martin enjoyed that par-gether over his epidermis dispelled the brief dream of triumph, and a plump little poodle, abandoning the invaded fastness of the basket, rushed past him out of the room and down the stairs,

"Only a puppy-dog!" reflected the discomfited squire, rubbing his wounded ment. And one day the business was hand; "but it is just the season for hyfinished for Squire Popham by the deft drophobia, and there's no knowing what may happen. Serves me right for not attending to my own business. But I'm glad it wasn't a baby, and that Me-lissa isn't a siren after all. I'll propose to that widow to-morrow morning-I'm not running on all fours and bark-

ing with hydrophobia !" As Squire Popham formed this men-

at the widow, who, pretending to be entirely unconscious, hemmed away at her the same moment the sound of footsteps reached the car.

red and gold, sending now and then an electric ray of her blue eyes to keep up the flames in the squire's heart.

"I think I'm in love," said the squire more wildly than ever, "and here I am

tin was almost on the threshold, and he staggered back, just regaining the friend-ly shelter of the closet as she entered with the villainous little poodle in her arms, and a young lady following her.

" Come in, Laura," chirped the widow, and then buried her plump cheeks in the dog's woolly hair. "Poor 'ittle Pet-sy, did it get frightened and run away? Never mind, its own, own mistress has come back, so she has. There, he still on the cushion, like a darling mousey-kins as it was, and be good. Here are the poems, Laure," she added, changing her tone.

"O, thank you," said Miss Vernon, whose voice Popham recognized from his stifling retreat. "By the way, Me-

on the piazza to-night."
"Do you mean that bald-headed old bachelor. I'm sure I don't know, nor

perspiration, notwithstanding the fever heat of his hiding place. "Fat adorer!"
"Bald-headed old bachelor!" It was enough to set any man's blood circulating to hear himself miscalled in that ridicalons manner.

"The idea of his presuming to admire you, Melissa!" laughed Miss Vernen. "Do contrive to secrete me somewhere when he makes his declarationit will be such fun. How Harry will laugh when he hears of it. By the way, have you written to Harry to-night?" "Harry, indeed!" gasped Squire Pop-um. "No, I don't think be will laugh

-not if I know it." Here the bachelor changed his cramp-

"Mercy upon us, what is that?"— shricked the widow.

" It's Popsy," soothed Miss Vernon. "No indeed, it's not Popsy, for he's here on his cushion."

Then it's a ghost !" screamed Laura. "It's a burglar!" shricked Mrs. Marin, and Popsey added to the tumult by barking furiously at the closet door.
"Help! Murder! Help! Thieves shouted Laura at the top of her voice, while the widow clung round her

neck cachinnating hysterically.
"Ladies, allow me to explain," began the squire, opening the door threequarters of an inch, whereupon Popsey redoubled his barks and the widow

Villain! stand back!" commanded Laura, dragging two rocking-chairs and an embroidered foot-stool in front of the door. "Oh, thank goodness, here is belp at last. There, there !" she waved her hand tragically toward the closet door, the band of desperadoes is secreted there!

The gentleman boarders gathered round with all the pokers, tongs, pistols, croquet-mallets and rulers they had been able to collect at such short notice-the

ladies stood back, shrieking in chorous. "I'll open the door, Jenks," said the to the head waiter, "and you andiord be ready to collar the first one that rushes out. One-two-three-and here

But to the surprise-and to confess the truth, disappointment-of the assembled boarders, nobody appeared save | civil to Squire Popham, in a flowered dressing- that the lords of creation are void of de-"Why, bless my soul!" exclaimed the

landlord, "it's Mr. Popham! How came you here, sir?" "It's -- it's a mistake," stuttered the

miserable bachelor, creeping out with sheepish countenance. "It's a confounded queer-looking mis-

belligerently inclined boarders. But mine host good-naturedly interfered in Mr. Popham's behalf.

"I am quite sure Mr. Popham is no burglar," he said. "Mrs. Martin, you'll of singing "with the spirit and the un-bear witness to it's being a mistake, I derstanding also!" We like to see young am sure."

And Mrs. Martin, with "Popsey" still barking irrepressibly in her arms, de- ball of chewing gum-it looks so ladyclared that "she was so sorry such a misunderstanding had taken place." the old bachelor, stiffly bowing as he

and amazed spectators.
"My dear," whispered Laura Vernon, you may depend he has heard every word we said !"

"But how on earth do you suppose he came in there?" "I am sure I haven't the least idea,

said the puzzled young lady. Nor did they ever discover a clue to the mystery. Squire Popham resolutely kept at bay the curiosity of the whole hotel by obstinately reiterating his first statement, "that it was a mistake," and nothing more. And the next morning he packed his valise and left the Seaweed House.

We are sorry to record the fact that he is an old bachelor still, and likely to remain so, his first adventure in the service of the little god having proved se disastrous that he will never pluck up courage to hazard another! Perhaps Leap year may do something for him; but it is a forlorn hope, at best!

This is the era of, taxing luxuries, and the constant demand is to raise the tax on articles of this nature and abolish it on others. The province of Quebec responds nobly to this demand. Heretofore the cost of a marriage license in that region has been six dollars, but it is now intended to increase the revenue from this tax by making it two dollars higher, and the additional sum

Strange Sights at the Mormon Tabernacle.

The San Francisco Chronicle says What a dense mass of humanity is to be seen at the great Mormon Tabernacle on Sabbath morning! The congregations vary from three to ten thousand, according to the bill of fare offered. If Brigham is advertised to speak there is certain to be a full house, and if the times are lively and exciting, standing room will be scarce. Next to Brigham, Elder John Taylor, the best of the Twelve Apostles, draws the best, and then comes George Q. Cannon, another of the Aposties. Orson Hyde and the Pratts were formerly big guns; but of late they do not take a very active part in discussions at the Tabernacle. The earnest saints in attendance never know who is going to preach, except in the case of Brigham, and any other brother present may be called upon to make remarks, which constitute the latter Day Saints' sermon. The old elders and fathers in Israel sit upon the ample platform specially built for them, and it is form specially built for them, and it is from their ranks that ecclesisstical ora-tors mostly come. The Mormon preach-ers never use notes, as they consider that "preaching from paper" is a sure sign that a man's religion is his profes-sion, not his life. In taking their texts, which they seldom do, the Old and New Testament, the Book of Mormon and the Squire Popham broke into a chill Doctrine and Covenants are the sources of inspiration. They open them at any given page by chance, and the text read, they construe it in a material sense. The listener, not knowing their style, will be eager to know according to the text, what the preacher's views are regarding the resurrection of the dead, the immortality of the soul, the attributes of God and the angels, or some other hair-splitting theological problem. But the listener is most gloriously fooled when his ears are burdened with "remarks" about building good roads, and best mode of irrigation, how to herd stock and run saw mills, the prospects of the cotton and silk trade of Utan, the beauties of pologamy in household economy, ed position, and two or three pairs of gaiters rattled about his ears, down on the floor.

"Mercy upon us, what is that?"—

The sea of upturned faces is a remarkable sight. Anglo-Saxon physiognomies of all shapes and sizes, and expressions, solemn and stolid looking, handsome and homely, young and old, green and withered, are to be seen. All nationalities are represented—the English, Welsh and Danes predominating. Nor-way and Sweden come next. An occasional wandering Jew or renegade Celt may be seen here and there by way of variety. The men are mostly clad in homespun, and the women, some in fine silk and others in coarse garments. The costumes of the European lower classes, which have not changed in centuries, are to be seen here in all their primitive beauty. Many of the Mormon women are dressed richly, and some of the young saintesses looks as pretty as peaches. The old elders, who sit on the platform are a grave, earnest, solid-looking class of men, whose countenances are stamped with the mysterious force of fanati-

Things We Like to Sec. We like to see young ladies who are bitter enemies kiss each other very affectionately when they meet. It reminds us of a man named Judas who lived several years ago. We like to see a fashionably dressed lady promenading the streets wearing a blue silk dress, trailing a yard behind her in the mud-it cleans the streets so nicely. We like to see young men very polite and obliging to other young ladies, who are scarcely their sisters at home-it prove gown and a very red face, shrinking ception. We like to see little boys come back among the widow's silk dresses. to church in the evening, and amuse themselves by sticking pins in their sleepy neighbors—it shows that they are not burying their talents in the earth! We like to see a man invariably throw his newspaper, boots and hat on the floor for his tired wife to pick up-it is evidence that he remembers the promise take," muttered two or three of the more to "cherish her!" We like to see the choir spend their time during the divine service in whispering and telling stories -it helps us to appreciate the sermon, and convinces us that they are capable ladies keep their jaws in constant motion, endeavoring to masticate a huge like! We like to see a man sporting fast horses, while he owes the printer "And I am sorry too, madam," said and gives nothing to the minister-it looks honorable! There are many other marched out between the lines of silent things which we would like to see, but

we forbear.

Death of Two Singular Characters. The Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel narrates the life and death lately of Archibald Leroy, who lived a hermit's life for nearly half a century in a rude log to her marriage she begged him to release her from her pledge, because she did not love him. He complied, and she wedded a blase man of the world, whose money was his only recommendation, and whose reputation was that of a roue. Archibald Leroy thereupon with drew from society, built the house where he lived, and across whose threshold he was carried on the 9th inst., in

He was a great student. The walls of his cabin are lined with standard works, and all these bear the evidence of frequent use. He was also an artist, and in his portfolio were found a number of exquisite sketches of the beauti ful scenery which surrounds his late home. He was in many respects a remarkable man, with excellent traits of character, as his neighbors testify, and with a wonderful store of information on every subject, no matter how obstruse

"Hermit of Wanhall River," in that State. He died from the effects of exposure last week, at the foot of Stratton mountain, where he has lived for thirty years in a hole dug in the hill, with no companion save his dogs and hens. When a young man he resided in Con-necticut, and was driven to this strange life by the death of the woman whom he loved and was to marry. He had many weathy and influential relatives in that State—among them a member of Congress—who have often tried to induce him to abandon his singular habits, but without avail.

Surface Movement of the Earth. The old geological theory that from time to time the surface of our earth has been changed by grand catastrophes, which destroying plants and animals, were, on an immense scale, similar to the local catastrophes produced by volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, has been abandoned by reason of our more cor-rect knowledge, founded on careful ob-servations which investigators have been making for many years. These observations have proved that sudden catastrophes are always merely lecal; but that all the great changes in the surface of our earth, as the upheaval of mountain ranges and the depression of val-leys and their ultimate change into lakes and oceans, are gradual and go always on, even at the present day. The moun-tains bordering the Pacific Ocean—in fact, the whole coast of California-are perpetually rising, and have probably been doing so far half a million of years, while all the land containing in its bosom our great American lakes is slowly sinking, with a probable correspond-ing upheaving of the state of Kentucky, of southern Indiana and the surrounding countries. Geological investigations prove that once our lakes had their outlets south, till by depression at the north a new outlet was first formed, about forty thousand years ago, through Niagara to the St. Lawrence River. The division line of the watershed of the lakes and the Mississippi valley has been slowly travelling southward since that time; and when the city of Chicago re-cently turned the waters of Lake Michigan up the Chicago River into the Mississippi valley, she simply re-established the old state of affairs, which, if the motion in question continues, will be more difficult to maintain in the future that it is now. Fortunately this motion is very slow, and only a very remote posterity, some thousands of years hence, will meet with the difficulties we now foresee, when the bed of the Chicago Jersey is sinking, and this is even parof some sixteen or seventeen inches per century. This is insignificant, to be sure: but let it only go on for a thousand years and it is some fifteen feet, so that the new stone docks now commenced in New York city at that time will be toprobably not last so long, and the soil of the lower part of the city may be very easily raised half a foot every thirty years. It is evident that the most correct date may be obtained at the seashore, as the main height of the ocean ossesses a perfect stability. This main height is, of course, obtained by con-tinual observation of the tides under different circumstances, and if anywhere the highest tides reach a higher level than they did one hundred or two hun-

dred years ago, it is a proof of depression or sinking of the land. This depression is going on along the oast of Northern France, Belgium, Holland, and northwest Germany, while

slowly rising, including the capital of sweden, the city of Stockholm. The latest scientific journals report two very striking contemporary upheavals in Spain, entirely authentic. M. de Botello describes them in detail, and the most curious fact is that the condition. In the province of Jamora, t is observed that from the village of Villar don Diego, it is now possible to to save her, which, on the condition that see the upper half of the church-steeple | she would behave well, he promised her of Ransfarzes, in the province of Valia- to do. lolid; whereas, twenty-three years ago, the summit of this steeple could only just be perceived. The same thing occurs to the same degree and under the same circumstances in the province of Alva, where, from the village of Salvatierra, the whole of the village of Salduende can now be seen, while in 1847 the vane of the church steeple could hardly be perceived. These four points are on a line parallel to the system of the Sanserrois Mountains, while the extreme points are one hundred and forty

miles apart. All the movements we speak of here have nothing to do with volcanic eruptions; they are, of course, caused by changed conditions of the inteior of the earth's mass, which by these facts is proved not to be solid, the opinion of some modern geologists notwithstand-ing; the earth, if not liquid inside, must at least be soft and plastic, in order to make depressions in one placewith simultaneous elevations in another.

One other interesting fact we must mention in this connection; it is that the highest mountains are not the oldest, as one would naturally suppose, but belong to the systems last elevated; so the high Swiss Alps are much younger than the lower Jurs, and the Catskills younger than the lower Shawangunk mountains .- The Manufacturer and Buil-

A substance called "Xylonite," coming into use as a substitute for wood, ivory and tin, and is composed of oxide of zinc, kneaded up with collodion and camphor, and then forced in a strong press between hot metallic plates, into or profound its character.

The Manchester (Vt.) Journal announces the death of Oliver Elmore, the stance, as it is extremely inflammable. the desired form. Caution is, however,

Romance of American History. HRISTINE OTIS AND HER COMPANION.

In the valley of the Merrimac dwelt in early times the Pennacook Indians, who generally cultivated a friendly intercourse with the whites, even amid troubles which appealed strongly to their feelings as Indians. In Major Waldron, of Cocheco, they had great confidence—a confidence which he abused cruelly, for, in September, 1676, four hundred men, women, and children, of the Eastern tribes, assembled at Cocheco to sign a treaty, but were seized, several of the number hanged, the rest furried off to Boston, and sold into foreign slavery, sent to toil and die beneath a West India sun, far from their

native home. The Indians smothered their resentment, and awaited the hour when they

could punish the treacherous act. In 1688, Andres seized and plundered the establishment of Baron de St. Castin, a French nobleman, who had settled on the Penobsoot, and by marrying a daughter of the Chief Madockawando, identified himself with the Indians of Maine. The tribes in Maine flew to arms, but before the news spread some squaws, one stormy night, asked admission into the garrison houses at Cocheco. They were admitted without distrust; but at midnight they opened the doors to the braves, and the slaughter com-

menced. Waldron himself lodged in an inner room, and, wakened by the noise, he leaped out of bed, crying, "What now! what now!" and seizing only his sword, met the Indians, and, old as he was, with his white wrath blazing loftily over the flerce devils, he drove them before him from door to door, till he had passed the tilird. As he sprang back then for other weapons, the Indians rushed up behind him and stunned him with their hatchets, felled him, and dragged him to the hall, where they seated him in an arm-chair, placed on the top of a table, and, tauntingly ask-ing him, "Who shall judge Indians now?" left him to recover his senses while they compelled such of the family as they had spared to prepare them some

Their hunger being appeased, they one of these wires the horses are unreturned to Major Waldron, had his hitched and the stable doors thrown books, in which their trade had been registered, and as each Indian's turn came, he stepped up, crying, "I cross out my account!" and with his knife in their places at the pole of the engine drew a deep gash across the breast of before any of the firemen can reach the the old man.

It is not recorded that Waldron uttered a cry of pain or an entreaty for River becomes lower and lower at its junction with Lake Michigan. It appears, further, that the state of New loss of blood from the shocking mutilation to which he was further subjected, ticipated in by the city of New York, Brooklyn, Long Island, &c, at the rate of the tormentors held ready to receive him, and the vengeance that had brooded thirteen years was satisfied

After setting fire to the mills and louses, the Indians, having killed twenty-two persons, and made prisoners of twenty-nine, retreated by the light tally submerged; but then they will of the blaze, so rapidly as to be beyond danger before any other settlers aroused to a sense of what had been

Among the captives of that night was a little granddaughter of Major Waldron's, who, having been sent by the Indians, while at their dark work in the garrison-house, to bid forth those hiding in another room, had crept into a bed and drawn the clothes about her; she had been found again, though, and had been forced to undertake the march with them, half-elad and on her little bare feet. She was only seven years old, and her trials were bitter. At one time her master made her stand against a tree while he charged his gun and took aim the cost of Sweden, along the Baltic, is at her; again, an Indian girl pushed her off a precipice into the river, and, having clambered out, she dare not tell, when questioned, the reason of her being so wet; once the Indians stole off in the morning and left her, covered by the snow, alone in the woods with the wild beasts and hunger, and, tracing short time of scarcely a quarter of a cen- them by their foot-prints, the poor little tury was sufficient to produce an effect thing went crying after them through which has surprised every inhabitant the wilderness; and at another time, who observed the circumstances former- building a great fire, they told her she ly, and compared them with the present | was to be roasted, whereupon, bursting into tears, she ran and threw her arms round her master's neck, begging him

> Another capture of more subsequent importance was the wife of Richard Otis, the ancestress of Honorable John Wentworth, of Illinois, and of Mr. Charles Tuttle, late of the Cambridge Observatory. The unhappy Mrs. Otis had seen her husband killed as he rose in bed, a son share his father's fate, a daughter's brains beaten out against the stairs, and with her little daughter Judith, who was subsequently rescued, and her baby of three months old, she was led up through the White Mountain Notch to Canada. This infant of three months became a personage of great interest in her day. Baptized by the French as Christine, on reaching maturity, she was married to a Frenchman by the name of Le Beau, who only

lived a few years.

Upon her husband's death an inextinguishable desire to see her native land took control of her, and not being permitted to carry her children with her, she left them in the hands of friends, upon the liberation of prisoners, and at the loss of all her estate, which was not disputed. At any rate an illustration of inconsiderable, as she herself says, journeyed back to Dover. A few years af- good dame of a citizen of that place terward she returned to Canada, where she appears to have been greatly valued, made an unsuccessful effort to recover her children, and again underwent the hardships of the perilous pilgrimage

A large Arctic owl, quite a curiosity, came into the hen-house of a gentleman in Sidney, Mc., in broad daylight last week, and, after killing a hen or two was shot dead. The owl measured five feet three inches from tip to tip of wings, and was larger and altogether unlike

NO. 44.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS. A new style of shoes for ladies' house

wear, are a sort of half-high slipper, and are called the Louis Quinze tie. The dreariest prelude to pleasure in human life, it is said, is the interval of

waiting before dinner is announced. An uncle of George Francis Train has made oath that Francis is a lunstic, and as asked to be appointed guardian over

There are 30,000 head of cattle in Solomon Valley, Kansas, and there is not hay enough to winter 10,000. The loss must be very heavy.

Miss Eliza Lyman has contracted to furnish all the lumber of the water-tanks and depot-building of a Vermont railroad. She will "boss" the job her-

The latest London announcement is nose machine, by which homely noses are pressed into the most fashionable shape, according to the taste of the

A secret organization of thieves and desperadoes is said to exist in the west-ern part of Wright County, Minnesota, along the line of the St. Paul and Pacific

In the Tennessee House of Representatives last week, a bill was introduced providing that "attorneys shall not be sllowed to charge in accordance with amounts involved in suits, but be gov-

erned by services rendered.' The New Haven Palladiam mentions this incident: A student in Yale who is just now passing the term examination, a few nights since dreamed that he should be called up the next day upon a certain passage, the dream pointing dis-tinctly to the chapter and section. He hought nothing of the dream until he entered the examination room, and was surprised to find that the passage given him to render was the same precisely as that indicated by the dream. All Yale

is now vigorously engaged in dreaming. At Boston, at one of the engine house wires like bell pulls are placed in various parts of the building, upstairs and downstairs, connecting with the stabl . When an alarm is sounded, by pulling open. As the horses are trained to start

machine Railroad companies are likely to learn after a while that the travelling public have some rights that they are bound to respect, and that they will not be permitted to confiscate the tickets of passengers who neglect to obey all the restrictions they undertake to impose upon travel. A woman travelling on the Grand Trunk Railroad had a ticket on which was printed, "good train and the day received. Not good to stop over." But she did stop over, and when she attempted to resume her journey she was put off the cars. For this the railroad company has paid \$600

and costs. The latest manifestation of lunacy is Spiritual Postoffice, established by a fellow named Flint, in New York. Letters from lunatics in the flesh directed to spirits in heaven or hell as the case may be, are forward to Mr. Flint's postoffice in New York, and he sends them by express to their destination, and receives the answer. The postage is rather binding, being two dollars per letter; but it must be remembered that the department is new and the expenses By and by a movement will probably be made in the direction of cheap postage, as the facilities for intercommunication between the celestial, infernal, and terrestial kingdoms are

It is common belief that "ballooning s an exceedingly dangerous business Perhaps this is partly due to the fact that many ascents are "unheralded and unknown," but every accident is recorded and spread abroad with amazing At any rate the London rapidity. Telegraph having asserted that one-half of the number of professional aeronauts had been killed in the exercise of their vocation, Mr Coxwell, an aeronaut, replied, and denied the fact, asserting that of the thirty-five hundred ascents made in Europe and America, fifteen deaths only have been recorded. This exhibit is certainly a more favorable one than the kerosene mortality list.

A gentleman visited New York, went to one of the largest hotels, and took a room. On going to bed at night, he locked his door and placed his watch and money under his pillow. It is probable that nine out of every ten strangers who visit New York would do the same thing under like circumstances. On waking in the morning, he discovered that both watch and money had been stolen. Thereupon he sued the proprietor of the hotel for fifty dollars, being the amount of money lost, and for the value of the watch, about three hundred and fifty dollars. On the trial, evidence was of-fered in behalf of the defendant to show that the notice had been given which the law required. The plaintiff obtained a verdict in his favor for the full amount demanded, and an appeal was taken from the judgment.

When a woman makes up her mind to have anything she is pretty sure to get it. Probably that assertion will not be its truth comes from Cincinnati The could not persuade her spouse to get her a patent clothes-dryer. So she took the pole out from her old-fashioned line the other evening, and crouching down behind the fence screamed "murder." In an instant her startled lord came flying out of the house, was caught across the throat by the clothes-line, and before he could recover himself it had nearly sawed his head off. The next morning a sombre-looking individual, with his neck all done up in cloths and bandages, was seen putting up a patent clothes-dryer in that yard. How many divorce suits might be saved by a like simple ex-