VOL. IV.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1874.

NO. 38.

The Wedding Vell.

Dear Anna, when I bought her veil, Her white veil on her wedding night Threw o'er my thin brown bair its f'alds, And, laughing, turned me to the light.

"See, Bessie, see! you wear at last The bridal veil, foreswarn for years!" She saw my face-her taugh was hushed. Her happy eyes were filled with tears. With kindly 'aste and trembling hand

" For give, dear heart !" her sweet voice said Her loving lips my forehead kissed. We passed from out the searching light; The summer night was calm and fair :

She dre, o away the gauzy mist;

I did not see her pitying eyes, I felt her soft hand smooth my hair Her tender love unlocked my heart ;

Mid falling tears, at last I said.

"Foresworn indeed to me that veil

Because I only love the dead !" She stood one moment statue-still. And, musing, spake in undertone, " The living love may colder grow ; The dead is saf a with God alone !"

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

-O. W. HOLMES

At a fort in Florida, during the Semi-nole war, a man named Richard Blount lay wounded and dying. A keen observer might have discerned in the emaciated features, well covered au iron-gray, untrimmed beard, traces of refinement-almost effaced, it is true, by the unmistaxable marks of a turbu-

lent, and perhaps criminal, career. The surgeon in charge of the stock-ade seemed a man of warm heart and tender sympathies, which had not been blunted by familiarity with suffering. He carefully tended the dying soldier, doing all in his power, by words and actions, to soothe his last hours, This kindness was not without results. Impressed by attentions to which he had been unaccustomed, Richard Blount-taciturn and reserved by habit, if not by nature—grew more communicative, and, at last, made certain revelations concerning transactions of which no other living man had any

knowledge. One afternoon, as the sun was setting red and broad in a burning heze behind the motionless painettoes, and the mocking-bird was pouring forth his wealth of music by the still bayous where the alligator basked numolested, Richard, who was feeling stronger than usual, after a period of silence and mental strue gle with himself, said :

"Doeto', you've been mighty good to me. You are the first person who has poken a kind word to me for many years. I've led a hard life of it, and very likely don't deserve any betboth poor and forsaken, yet believe me when I say that it is in my power to make you as wealthy as your wildest fancies could desire.

"I was born in England; I have not a single relation now living, and to you it can be of no consequence what were the early circumstances of my life. It is enough to say that I was the younger son of a good family, and was destined to the church, for which I was totally ansitted. I was sent to Oxford, but an insatiable thirst for adventure caused me to run away. After various fortunes in many parts of the world, in which the cards were generally against me, it was at last my luck to find myself shipped with the crew of a pirate schooner, and a motley set we were-Spaniards, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Yankees, Greeks-men of all Two or three years I sailed in her, boarding and burning vessels in the Spanish main. At length a rumor reached the nest of pirates to which I belonged that the English government was about to take vigorous measures to capture our vessels and destroy our rendezvous. As we had for a long time been very successful, without any serious molestation, there was all the more reason to believe the report. A council of war was called, in which words ran high. But it was decided that, as our rendezvous was well known and would most likely be attacked first, and we should be unable to defend ourselves successfully against such forces as could be sent against us, we ought at once to remove our possessions and conceal them for awhile in some unknown hiding-place. With us to decide was to act, and without further delay the treasure, which was enorbeing the accumulated spoil of many hard fights and scuttled ships, was stowed in the holds of our vessels. A little water, surgeon, if you'll be so

"So immense," continued Richard, after a moment, "was the stock of doilars and doubloons and jewelry that no other ballast was needed for the schooners. When everything was on board we set fire to the cabins on shore, and by the glare of the burning houses dropped down the lagoon and made an offing. We headed for the coast of Florida, and, the moon being at the full, shoved the schooners into an inlet, whose whereabouts was known to one of our captains, a native of Florida, born at Key West, son of a wrecker, I think. It was a very quiet part of the country, without so many people as there are about it now; and they aren't over thick even now. We had sent some men ashore in a boat in the morning to find the exact entrance, and after dark they lit a fire on the beach; so we knew where to put the schooners. At daylight we sailed a long way up the bayou, winding about from bend to bend, with sweeps or tacking along the shore, and blazing the trees as we went along, until we came to a clearing in the woods, where the trees seemed to have been felled by a hurricane. It was gloomy and silent enough-a solitude which we disturbed perhaps for the first time. Here we made the vessels fast to the trees, and all hands went We made tents of old sails, and in a few hours, to see the smoke streaming up among the trees, and see the boys capering after squirrels and climbing after birds' nests, or flinging sticks at the alligators, you would have thought it was an old settlement."

went on: "When the provisions and everything else had been taken out of olerably deep in the ground, and every

"After we had secured our valuables, as considerable time had been lost in doing all this, it was decided that the schooners should go off on another ex-pedition at once, and they put to sea, leaving a few men under my charge to look after the camp and the treasure. Several weeks went by, and no news came from the absent schooners. Our stock of provisions began to run low, and it was impossible to get anything in that desolate maze of a morass, overgrown with tangled forests and cut up by muddy streams and bayous, especially as we had planted nothing in the clearing, and had not cleared any more of the land, as we expected that, of course, the schooners would soon re-turn with a fresh stock. We had always been so lucky that not a soul of us dreamed of any trouble. Anyhow, the schoorers never came back, nor did I ever afterward get any clue to their fate. They were probably captured and burned, or more likely foundered

in a hurricane. "The rainy season was coming on, and before long several of our number had fallen off with starvation and disease. My comrades and I talked over the situation, and finally concluded to look out for number one, and leave the treasure to take care of itself.

"Well, we had a ship's boat with us, and one day, after putting a few mouldy biscuits in our pockets, we took to our boat and followed the bayon until we came to the sea. Then we skirted the coast until we reached a settlement, and after that separated in different directions, for there was no tie of friendship to bind us, and we each had a sort of dread that the others might some way betray him. For years after I wandered about the countrysometimes on the frontiers-until I enlisted in the army, not earing much what became of me, but half hoping that perhaps I should be sent to Florida, as turned out to be the case, to fight these Seminoles, and so per-haps catch a chance to look up the treasure we had buried in the forest. and very likely don't deserve any perfer than I've received, yet I can't forget that I was once a better man and used to kind words from those who had now although I am I never had had the ready money, not, not sending these children to school, and each time a small this shot in the leg, and here I am, and the treasure has done me! see, that all that money and treasure should be buried there and be of no use to anybody, and as you are the first me these many years, I'll trust to you to see that I have decent burial, will tell you just how to go to find the treasure. It's all trnth I've been telling you, and you needn't be afraid I'm inning you a forecastle yarn, just do as I direct you to do, and it'll make you the richest man in the country; and I don't know who deserves it

Richard Blount, after this, gave the surgeon very minute directions as to how to go in quest of the treasure. On the next day the pirate died. As soon after this as the surgeon could get leave of absence, he made arrangements with a friend to go after the supposed mine of wealth concealed in the forests of Southern Florida. He could not quite believe the story, but the circumstances under which it had been disclosed, and the fact that money had often been concealed by the freebooters of the sea, made it sufficiently probable to warrant chartering a small, lightdraught schooner and engaging a crew of blacks able to work the vessel and willing to dig in the mud after gold. It was only by a very close and tedions observation of the coast that the mouth of the bayon was found. On entering it from the sea, the line of trees which had been blazed was also discovered with some difficulty and traced from bend to bend in the dusky light of the

primeval forest. Guided by this clew, often but faintly distinguishable, the treasure-seekers, after slowly sailing along the devious mazes of the silent waters of the wilderness until they almost despaired of reaching the end in view, at last burst suddenly upon a sort of clearing in the dense mass of vegetation, overgrown with trees of younger growth, srising from which a circle of larger trees could be distinctly traced, with a central shaft lifting its feathery tuft of foliage far up into the blue sky. Tent stakes and other relics of extinct life were also visible amid the rank grass

which overgrew the soil. Everything, thus far, had proved exactly as described by Richard Blount, and it was reasonable to suppose that, as the story had been found to tally in the minutest details with facts, it would continue consistent throughout. It was, therefore, with renewed zest and with the burning impatience which tortures the soul when one is confident of the result and sees the desired object almost in his grasp, that the doctor seized a pick-ax, and ordering his men to follow suit, broke ground in the last stage of the quest after a treasure which his fevered fancy pictured as more and more colossal as the rapturous moment approached when it would be opened to view. Such was his impa-tience that he was the first to make a discovery. The point of the pick, after turning up the soft soil almost noiselessly for some anxious minutes, at last struck something hard with a most decided click. The next stroke the sound was repeated, and at the same time a bit of red pottery was thrown up. The doctor, perspiring with excitement, flung aside the pick-ax and, falling on his knees, began to draw out the earth with his hands, while every one stopped his work and looked on with breathless

After a brief interval of rest, Richard expectation. It took but a minute to oring to light an earthen jar, but on trying to raise it they found it was the schooners we hove out the ballast cracked in several pieces, and that the (you remember, it was dollars), and bottom had fallen out. What was more carried it into the middle of the clear- important, the jar was empty! Here ing. Each man put his chare into an earthern pot; his name, written on a bit of parchment, was placed inside, and his initials were scratched on the one was only a "blind." But jar after outside, and it was then sealed up care- jar was turned up and all were found fully. The pots of gold and silver were more or less broken, and not a dollar then buried in a circle in holes dug did one of them contain. Last of all, the searchers cut down the central tree man planted a small tree over his treasure. Our common stock of treasures we next sealed up in a large jar, pointment of all, was in the same conures we next sealed up in a large jar, pointment of all, was in the same con-and buried this in the center of the dition and contained only earth-worms. circle and planted a good-sized tree over this also.

"After we had secured our valuables.

"Bailled, but not quite disheartened, the treasure-seekers, as a last resort, dug several feet below where the central jar had been. They did not find the treasure they sought, but they ascertained where it had gone.

They came to water, and thus disovered the solution of the mystery, and what had robbed them of the gold. They stood on a mere alluvial crust of oozy soil, under which the water percolated at some depth below. moisture of the earth had softened the jars, and the weight of the treasure had carried away the bottoms and caused it gradually to sink lower and lower, es in quick and, until it had dropped into he water and, of course, out of sight. There was nothing more to be done

but to abandon further operations for the time, as such a result had not been foreseen and the means for raising the the money were not at hand. But following year the doctor returned to the bayou with a pumping machine and ample apparatus for his purpose, and after much labor was partially rewarded for his trouble.

Doubloons and guineas, vases and caskets of precious metals elaborately chased, the handiwork of skilled artisans of various races and ages, and gems of price, which had long lain concealed in the slime of the forest, again flashed in the supbeams. But all the lost treasure was not regained; some of it eluded the closest scrutiny of avarice and enterprise, and still lies buried forever under the waters and the sod of Florida.

Compulsory Education in England.

The effort in England to secure comulsory education does not meet with access, or rather, it meets with many obstacles. A woman brought her two boys, aged respectively nine and eleven, before one of the sitting magistrates, and charged them with being "of such a disposition that their parents could not control them." On the next day another woman appeared, with a similar charge against her son, aged eight. It appeared that in both cases the mother had been summoned two or But it don't seem quite the thing, you could not make them go, and naturally enough they did not like being repeat edly punished for their children's willfulness, so they took the rather inand the last person that's been kind to genious device of trying to throw some of the responsibility onto the magis-trates who had fined them. But the law had taken no cognizance of any such offense as that of which these juveniles were accused. It was a crime altogether new to the criminal courts, aud the magistrate seems to have been a little puzzled how to act. To dismiss the complaint would have been to render the compulsory clauses of the Edn cation act nugatory, and also, if the school board still insisted on acting on them, to inflict a palpable injustice upon the parents of such boys. A happy thought, however, appears to have oc curred to the magistrate, and he ordered the children to be sent to the work house for a week, and to be brought pefore him again at the expiration of that time. It was a fortunate way out of a difficulty, for it was the discovery of a means of dealing with a case that had to be dealt with somehow, and yet one for which the law had made no provision. But it is not likely that can often be repeated, since the puisn authorities must soon begin to object to have the union houses converted into reformatories. The question then arises, How are such children to be treated?

The Introduction of Rice.

The story of the first introduction of rice into the United States is thus told : A governor of South Carolina, it is related, had been in Madagascar, and seen the plant cultivated in its hot swamps. He lived in Charleston, on the bay, and it struck him that a marshy spot in his garden might well serve for a plantation of rice. Just then (1694) a vessel put in from Madagascar in distress, whose commander the governor had formerly known. Her wants were liberally relieved. In gratitude for the kindness he received the master gave the governor a bag of rice. It was sown, and produced abundantly. The soil proved singularly favorable for its culture. The marshes of Georgia 1724, 100,000 barrels were sent out from South Carolina alone. In 1761, the value of its rice crop was more than \$1,-

A Bridal Dress.

The bridal dress of Miss Honore, the bride of Col. Fred Grant, was white satin with point lace overskirt made to order, and beautifully looped with blossoms. It is quite high in the neck, has long sleeves, and is to be covered with an illusion veil. A point lace jacket and a set of delicate Valenciennes, a coat of black mantilasse, mounted with velvet, an all black toilet of silk velvet and jet, were noted and deserve more special attention than there is now time to give them. There was also a plain walking skirt of velvet, with camels' hair polonaise, mounted with velvet, which was exceedingly novel, original and stylish; the traveling dress of camels' hair, color of seal skin; three black silks, one with

Love on the Yellowstone.

One of Galiatin's fair daughters, says a Montana paper, while returning from Wonderland, stopped with her com-panions at Yellowstone ranch. They had been there scarcely an hour when one of the proprietors gained the ear of our heroine, and informed her that hard by was one of the finest, largest, and best raspberry patches he ever saw or heard of. "Why, they could just scoop them up," etc. He urged upon her the necessity of the berries being plucked immediately, as they were dead ripe, millions of them. She was de-lighted at the prospect of going for the berries, but when she ascertained that our hero was bent on acting as guide, then her ardor became damp-ened. However, they started. We bid adieu to any further description of this novel love scene, as now follows the conversation in which mountaineer wooed a former city belle whom two hours before he had never seen, showing the absurdity of the old "faint heart" and "fair lady"

'Say, do you see them fences ?" "Oh, yes; they are nice fences."
"Well, them fences is ourn." Whose?

"My pard's and mine-half is min and half is his'n, and those fields is ourn, too, and the house, and stock, and chickens, and mortgage, and all on the ranch is ourn—half is mine and

half is his'n."
"Ah, indeed!" "Yes—and you don't know how much we got in the bank besides, and if I was to get a wife you bet I'd get more than half. And I suppose you don't know that I am the best hunter and guide in the Rocky Mountains? Well, I am, and what is more I have enough quartz to buy out all the post-offices in Montana and pay for running them besides. Why, I have a fortune just in one mine alone. The boys tell me it's a brass mine, but if it ain't brass it's gold, sure, and if it ain't that it's

good quartz, anyhow, and don't—don't you think I ought to get married!"
"Most assuredly I do. A young man possessing your wealth and good looks should not hesitate a moment about entering into matrimouy. I am surprised to think you are still single Are you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so. But say do you see them granaries? Well, just have enough grain over yonder to last two years, and so you see I can stand off the grasshoppers one year anyhow. And you needn't be afraid of Injuns up here; they don't come this high up-and say, don't you want to marry me? There, now.'

"Oh, sir, why-why this is so unexpected, you know, and besides, I-I should deem it my duty to inform you that I am engaged to be married to a gentleman in the States. I regret that your affections are not bestowed on some young lady who is heart-free. Please do not refer to the subject

"Well, I wouldn't have done now, only I heard as how you didn't talk pretty to a nice got-up Bozeman chap, and told him you didn't want to marry him nohow, and I supposed after that I stood a good show of catching you myself. And-and (raising his voice) there's the raspberry patch over there, and come to think of it—I don't think they are as thick now as they used to be.'

An Amusing Suit.

An amusing lawsuit was recently de ided at Fontainebleau, France, according to Solomon's principles. sieur C-- possessed a turkey-hen, which hatched out a brood of fourteen disappeared, Search for them was made in vain; but one day the mother's oft-repeated calls were answered from a neighboring barnyard. The police were called to investigate, and on the suspected premises found a cage containing ten little turkeys. Monsieu C— protested they were his; so also did the owner of the cage. The matter was brought into court, and the chicks were summoned to give evidence, as well as the hen belonging to the farmer. This latter witness flew at the young turkeys, and pecked them. Then Monsieur C--'s hen was summoned, and, spreading her wings, she called her brood, and they joyfully took shelter under her wings. court pronounced this proof of ownership decisive.

The Bursting of a Fly Wheel, The Passaic Rolling Mill in Paterson was nearly demolished by the bursting of the fly wheel, a mass of metal twenty four feet in diameter, weighing twentyseven tons. The beam that was going through the rollers had dragged, and it got across the "collar," throwing a strain of 240 horse power on the spin dle that connects the roller with the engine, breaking it and freeing the fly wheel, which increased its velocity from 65 to 300 revolutions a minute bursting at once. One of the segments weighing three tons went through the and South Carolina were soon covered roof and smashed a large iron crane in with rice plantations. A large part of its descent. Another piece about the the crop was exported to England. In same size went through the roof and fell into the mill about three hundred feet away, making two large breaks in the roof. Another piece fell on a cart in the yard, demolishing it without injuring the horse or the driver. Over one hundred men were at work in the mill, and their escape without injury was miraculous.

A Good Look Ahead.

The New York Herald, in its investigation into the condition of the laboring men in that city, has developed a sad state of affairs. The number of day laborers in the city it puts at 28,-541, with 150,000 mouths depending upon them. Of these men not onehalf have work now or can get it at any price. In a few weeks, when imements stop for the winter, nearly all of this large body will have nothing

With skilled labor the figures nearly if not fully as bad. Few buildings in comparsion with other years have been erected, and the great cry of the train all profusely trimmed with beads; a cloak of matelasse cloth and a variety of other articles, forming a variety of other articles, forming a to do, and a horrible prospect for the very complete and elegant trousseau.

HISTORIC JOHN SMITH.

The Trials and Tribulations of the Dis-coverer of the Isle of Shoals.

The Isle of Shoals have a strange and interesting, though somewhat con-tradictory history. There is no doubt, however, that they were discovered by John Smith in 1614. Prosaic as the name now seems in consequence of its extreme commonness, John, of Virginia fame, had a most romantic history. He is chiefly known as the Englishman whose life was saved by Pocahontas. The story is none the less pretty because it is untrue. Indeed, it is rather the pretty because it is untrue. the prettier therefor. I have always noticed that the prettier a story is, the more likely it is to be quashed by some impertinent fact. Fortunately, John does not need the Pocahontas bit of fiction to insure his illustriousness. Born in Willoughby in 1579 of eminently respectable parents, he grew weary of school at thirteen, and sold his slender effects with a view of running off to sea. His father kindly dying at this time, and leaving the boy what was called considerable property, he altered his purpose. He went into a counting-house at Lynn at fifteen; but having no taste for trade, he accompanied a son of Lord Willoughby to France, having in his possession but ten shillings, lent him by his friends, in order to get rid of him. His services having been dispensed with at Orleans, he en-gaged as a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries; returning to his native town at the end of four years. Then he tried the life of a recluse, dwelling in a neighboring forest and studying military history and tactics, until his restless spirit drove him again into the world of events. He resolved to fight against the Turks, and while on his way to Marseilles he was robbed (of what, it would be hard to conceive), and must have starved to death but for the succor of strangers. At Marseilles he embarked for Italy. On the vessel were a large number of Roman Catholic Pilgrims, who, when a fearful storm arose, superstitiously believed that it was a sign of Heaven's wrath at the presence of a heretic in their holy company. So hey piously threw Smith overboard; but Smith sinfully refused to drown. He swam to the Isle of St. Mary, a mile distant, and having been taken on board of a French ship, he sailed to the Levant. On the voyage they en-countered a rich Venetian carack and aptured her, the Englishman distinnishing himself by his intrepidity, nd receiving a large share of the prize. Later he raveled through Italy, then oined the army of Baron Kissell in

a Transylvanian town besieged by the Turks. By his ingenuity communica-tion was opened with the town, and a combined assault made that compelled the enemy to raise the siege. During the war he was seriously wounded, slew three noted Turks in single combat, performed sundry daring exploits, was stantinople as a slave. Falling into the hands of a young and beautiful woman he won her affections so completely that she, fearing for his life, sent him to her brother, a Pasha in a distant province, frankly confessing her passion. The brother, incensed at what he considered his sister's unworthy attachment, set Smith to threshing corn on his estate, and one day insulted him so grossly that, regarding the viceroy in the light of a brother-in-law, and therefore a natural enemy, John brained him with a flail. Putting on the dead man's clothes, he mounted a horse and rode off without knowing where he was oing, or where he wanted to go. fortnight's weary wandering brought him to a Russian garrison on the Don. little ones; but unfortunately they soon Kindly treated there he journeyed to Transylvania, and was warmly welcomed by his old companions-in-arms, who gave him money to carry him to England. As usual, he traveled in a roundabout way, and even went to Morocco to take part in a civil strife that had prung up there, but refrained, from isgust with both sides. When he was only twenty-five he got back (1606) to his native land, then much agitated by the discoveries in the New World. Easily persuaded to engage in the founding of a colony, he set sail for

tyria, which was struggling to relieve

After countless adversities, which he steadily overcame, after untold romantic adventures and narrow escapes. he was chosen President of the colony, and finally deposed by the Council and company in England, who had been disappointed in not realizing their golden expectations. Disorder and disaster following his supersedure, he was induced by the better part of the colonists to resume his functions, and he once more administered affairs with wisdom. Tired to a degree of the machinations and malignity of his personal foes, he returned to Europe (1609), and, five years subsequent, he led an expedition to New England for the purpose of trade and exploration, at which time he discovered the Shoals He returned home the year following and in nine or ten months re-emabarked with the intention of effecting a per manent settlement on the American coast. His old luck followed him. He met with disaster upon disaster; was chased again and again by pirates, and at last taken by a French man-of-war, really a pirate, and carried a prisoner to Rochelle. He escaped to England and the Plymonth company, in consid eration of his services, made him Admiral of New England. Smith spent the rest of his life, uneventually, in his native country, dying in London in his 52d year. He was the first to recom-mend the settlement of New England, and did so much to that end that it is entirely fitting a rude monument to his honor and memory should have been erected on Star Island. The monument is frequently visited by summer-ers here, who have but a vague idea what Capt. John Smith did.

Not long ago, during the discussion of the project of closing the cemeteries of Paris and making one at Mery-sur-Oise, an old lady of seventy-five years became much distressed. One day she was found dead, and near her body was a note, saying that she could not the idea of being buried any where but in Mont Parnasse, and hence had killed herself, in order to sleep in the ceme-

THE CAPTURED HINDOO CHIEF,

How He Became the Enemy of England

A cable dispatch reports that the famous Hindoo chieftain, Nana Sahib, has been captured after his sixteen years hiding. He was the adopted son of Bajee Rao, the deposed Peishwa of the Mahrattas, and under the Hindoo laws and customs he would have been that ruler's legitimate heir. But the British East India Company had made it a rule not to recognize inheritance by adoption, and on the death of Bajee Rao an estate which he had held during the pleasure of the company was de-clared lapsed, and the large pension paid him by the British was discon-tinued. The claims of the Napa were urged before Parliament, but in vain. Thus he became the representative of the native principle of inheritance as distinguished from that of the conquerors, of home-rule as opposed to foreign domination, and indirectly of the independence of the great Mahratta nation, whose power had been broken by the victories of Lake and Wellesley. After the occupation of Gwalior by the rebels in 1858, he was regularly chosen by his people as Peishwa or chief of the Mahratia princes, and for some time he kept the field against the British with a considerable military force. But in the gradual break-up of the muting he was lost to sight. For a the mutiny he was lost to sight. For a few years rumors about him filled the public prints, and he was captured, in fancy, over and over again. His adherents strenuously asserted that he died of fever in 1859, but this statement was not believed.

At the beginning of the revolt he lived in affluence near Cawnpore, cultivating the society of the English, copying their manners, and professing for them such devoted friendship that on the first outbreak they threw themselves upon his protection, He soon placed himself at the head of the mutineers of the district, massacred all the parties of fugitives that fell into his hands, and then laid siege to Cawn-pore, where the English maintained a gallant defense for three weeks. After osing nearly half their number the starved survivors surrendered on promise of a safe passage to Allahabad. With a refinement of eruelty the Nena allowed them to embark upon the Ganges before he disclosed his real purose. They had hardly got under way before he opened fire. Some were killed at once; three or four escaped; the rest, about four hundred in number, were brought ashore—the men to be instantly massacred, the women and children to be spared awhile for the most awful outrages and tortures. They were kept alive for eighteen days, and then, when Havelock, hurrying to their rescue, was within a few hours' march, they were butchered with every conceivable indignity, and a well was filled with their mutilated bodies. The subsequent siege of Lucknow, handful of men held the city against the Nena's army of 25,000 until re-lieved by Sir Colin Campbell, is one of the most stirring incidents of the great

Who Was He?

The young gentleman, says Max Adeler, who writes to me from Rut-land, Vt., to ask, "Was Ariosto an Italian or a Spaniard?" has a very creditable thirst for knowledge. course the answer to the question depends to some extent upon where Ariosto was born, and who his parents were. If, for instance, Ariosto's birth occurred at Mauch Chunk, Pa., he could hardly be considered a Spaniard. while if the place of his nativity was Hoboken, N. J., there would be a manifest impropriety in regarding him as an Italian, particularly if his mother came originally from Oshkosh and his father from Tuscaloosa. And there would be hardly any doubt that he could not be designated as a Spaniard if he was born of an Irish mother and a Hindoo father on board of an American vessel sailing under the English flag; or in a Norwegian balloon, eight thousand feet high, of Esquimaux parents. And I should hesitate to regard him as an Italian if his father was a Piute Indian, his mother a squaw, and his birthplace Omaha. Under the circumstances, therefore, the nationality of Ariosto would seem to be somewhat clouded with doubt, and as I know of nobody who was present when he was born, it will perhaps be better to write to Ariosto himself-ho was present when he was born, I believe-and to lay the matter before him. He is in the spirit land somewhere, and the letter might be sent through a medium.

His Idea of It. General Jackson, when President, said to one of his flercest newspaper opponents: "Send me your newspaper. I know that you are opposed to me, but then I should like to see your paper every day. I want to see your paper every day. I want to see how many lies you can tell of me." "General," said the editor, "I think 1 do right in opposing you, and I shall continue to do so with all the ability of which 1 am master." He was a man after Jackson's own heart, and he replied with an eath. "Six send me your plied with an oath, "Sir, send me your paper, for aside from your abuse of me your paper is a good one. Besides, never saw a newspaper in which I could not find something worth reading." Just so. No man can pick up any newspaper without finding some thing of interest. You may take the paper and tear it into fragments, and in each fragment you will see some-thing to amuse or instruct you.

A man attracted attention in Troy by his quiet demeanor. He seemed to see something interesting in the buttons on ladies' dresses, and in several instances was impertinent in his close examinations. Finally he found a dress from which a button was gone. He seized the wearer, pulled from his pocket a button and compared it with those left on the dress. It matched. She was his prisoner. He was a detective and she had stolen the dress.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has

RAVAGES OF A PESTILENCE.

How the Indians were Destroyed in

California in 1833.

The following appears as a communication from Mr. J. J. Warner in the Los Angeles (Cal.) Star: I have read of the horrors of the London plague, and of the more than decimation by pestilence of the inhabitants of various parts of the world, in different ages, and of the destruction of mankind by the angels of the Lord,

and by destroying angels; but I have never read or heard of such a general destruction of people by any angel, good or bad, or by plague or pestilence, as that which swept the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin in the summer of 1833.

In the autumn of 1832 a party, of which the writer was a member, traveled from the mountain down along the banks of the San Joaquin river and up those of the Sacramento to some distance above the confluence of the latter with Feather river. The number of Indians living along and in the vicinity of the banks of the rivers was so much greater than I had ever seen living upon the same area of country, that it presented a constant source of surprise. The conclusion was then reached by me that there was no other place on the continent, north of the tropic, the natural productions of which could support so large a population as was then living in the section of country to which I have referred.

In the latter part of the summer of 1833 we entered the northern extremity of the Sacramento valley from the Klamath lake and Pitt river counties. We found the northern part of the valley strewn with the skeletons and fragments of skeletons of Indians under the shading trees, around springs and the convenient watering places, upon the banks of the river, and over the plain, where wolves and coyotes, waddling from tree to tree or over the plain, their hides distended with unnatural fatness, had dragged and de-nuded them. From the head of the valley to the American river but one living Indian was seen, and he was the most perfect personification of solitude that was ever presented to my view; his wasted muscles, his eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, as if there were no brain within the cranium, emitted a dull, vacant gaze, as if astonished to behold a living human being, when he believed that all, all were dead, and he alone left, telling most emphatically of his utter loneliness, of how he had seen the destroying angel engaged in his work of death on every hand, and wherever his eyes were turned, until he himself was prostrated, not killed, but left to rise upon his feet and wander about among the bones and festering bodies of his folk. The dwellings of. the Indians in the numerous villages located upon and along the banks of the Sacramento river and its tributaries of fowls and wild beasts were to be seen in the lonely villages.

As we traveled southerly the skeletons were of a fresher appearance, and before reaching the buttes, and from thence southerly, the entire or partially devoured bodies of the Indians, in all stages of decay, were so invariably found in and about all the convenient and desirable camping places that it became necessary, in order to escape the stench of decomposing humanity, to seek our night's encampments upor

the open plain. After crossing Feather river, those villages along the Sacramento which in the winter previous were each inhabited by hundreds of Indians were desolate and the abodes of ruin. The same ap palling proofs of this dire calamity were constantly presented to us as we traveled up the San Joaquin. Neither biblical nor profane history has portrayed such mournful results of the march of a destroying angel as were presented to our senses as we repassed through, along by, and around those silent and vacated villages, which some ten months before we had seen swarming with Indian life and resounding with voices from hundreds of human throats.

Around the naked villages graves and the ashes of funeral pyres, the skele-tons and swollen bodies told a tale of death such as to us no written record had ever revealed. From the head of the Sacramento valley until we reached the month of King's river, not exceeding five live Indians were seen, and here we found encamped a village of Indians, among whom the destroying angel was sating his greed of human victims by a ghastly carnage. During the one night more than a score of victims were added to the hosts upon which he had been feeding. The wailing of that stricken village during that night was incessant and most terrible. The sword of the destroyer was a remittent fever with which the victims were first stricken down, to be finished by a hot-air bath followed by a plunge into a cold water one. It was evident to us from the signs which we saw that at first the Indians buried their dead; but when the dead became so numerous that the living could not bury them, resort was had to the burning of the dead bodies, and when the living from diminished numbers were unable to do this, they abandoned their villages, the sick and the dying, and fled in dismay, only to die by the side of the springs and pools of water, and beneath the shade of protecting trees.

Danger from Bad Flour.

From an investigation recently conducted in Petersburgh, Mich., into the cause of the epidemic of cerebro-spinal meningitis, with which the locality has been afflicted during the past spring, there appears ground for ascribing the prevalence of the disease to some poi-sons in the blood of the people. Experiments conducted many years ago showed that grain affected with smut was capable of producing violent ill-ness. Ergot of wheat 18 more active even than ergot of rye. The examining physician, in the present case, reports grain raised in the vicinity last year, contained much more smut than usual. It decided that raffling is a violation is therefore possible that the disease is due to consumption of bad flour.