Two Dollars per Annum.

VOL. V.

This ship with tant and straining sail Goes laboring through a leaden sea : Bleak winds about it counterwail, And blackening skies bend sullenly.

That gayly hugs the other shore, Across where noon its g'ory sheds. While bright as Euxine waters bore, A golden fleece of canvas spreads.

And yet upon one tide the two Are hurrying to the deeps of night. Who knows when later lost to view Which ship may back in fullest light?

GRIEF'S DECLINE.

One of the most distinguished sculptors of Paris was summoned, a short time since, to the house of a young lady, connected by birth with a family of the highest grade in the aristocracy of wealth, and who had been united in marriage to the heir of a title illustrious in the military annals of the empire. The union, formed under the happiest auspices, was of short duration. Death, unpitying death, ruptured it, by prematurely carrying off the young husband. The sculptor was summoned by the widow. He traversed the apartments, silent and deserted, until he was introduced into a bedroom, and found himself in the presence of a lady, young and beautiful, but habited in the deep-est mourning, and with a face furrowed by tears.

"You are aware," said she, with a painful effort, and a voice half choked by sobs, "you are aware of the blow which I have received?"

The artist bowed, with an air of respectful condolence. "Sir," continued the widow, "I am anxious to have a funeral monument erected in honor of the husband whom I

The artist bowed again. "I wish that the monument should be superb, worthy of the man whose

loss I weep, proportioned to the unending grief into which his loss has plunged me. I care not what it costs. I am rich, and I will willingly sacrifice all my fortune to do honor to the memory of an adored husband. I must have a temple—with columns—in marble—and in the middle—on a pedestal—his statue."

"I will do my best to fulfill your wishes, madam," replied the artist; "but I had not the honor of acquaintance with the deceased, and a likeness of him is indispensable for the due execution of my work. Without doubt you

have his portrait?"

The widow raised her arm, and pointed despairingly to a splendid likeness painted by Amaury Duval.

"A most admirable picture!" ob-served the artist, "and the painter's name is a sufficient guarantee for its striking resemblance to the original." Those are his very features, sir; it is himself. It wants but life. Ah, would

that I could restore it to him at the cost of my fortune."
"I will have this portrait carried to my studio, madam, and I promise that the marble shall reproduce it exactly."

The widow, at these words, sprung up, and at a single bound throwing herself toward the picture, with arms stretched out as though to defend it, ex-

"Take away this portrait! carry off my only consolation! my sole remaining comfort! never! never!" "But, madam, you will only be deprived of it for a short time, and'

'Not an hour-not a minute could I exist without his beloved image! Look you, sir, I have had it placed here in my room, that my eyes might be fastened upon it without ceasing, and through my tears. His portrait shall never leave this spot one single instant, and in contemplating that will I pass the remainder of a miserable and sorrowful exist-

"In that case, madam, you will be compelled to permit me to take a copy of it. But do not be uneasy-I shall not have occasion to trouble your solitude for any length of time; one sketch-one sitting will suffice."

The widow agreed to this arrange ment; she only insisted that the artist should come back the following day. stant, so great was her longing to see the mausoleum erected. The sculptor, however, remarked that he had another work to finish first. This difficulty she sought to overcome by means of money.

"Impossible!" replied the artist; "I have given my word; but do not distress that the monument shall be finished in as short a time as any other sculptor would require who could apply himself · to it forthwith."

"You see my distress," said the widow; "you can make allowance for above all, be lavish of magnificence. Spare no expense; only let me have a

Several letters echoed these injunctions during the few days immediately following the interview. At the expiration of three months the artist called He found the widow still in weeds, but a little less pallid, and a little more coquettishly dressed in her mourn ing garb.

"Madam," said he, "I am entirely at your service."

"Ah! at last; this is fortunate," replied the widow, with a gracious smile. 'I have made my design," said the artist. "but I still want one sitting for the likeness. Will you permit me to go into your bedroom? Into my bedroom? For what?"

"To look at the portrait again." "Oh! yes; have the goodness to walk nto the drawingroom; you will find it

"Ah! said the artist, surveying the portrait. "Yes; it hangs better there," ob-served the widow: "it is better lighted in the drawingroom than in my own

Would you like, madam, to look at the design for the monument?"
"With pleasure!" replied the widow.

this tomb !" "Did you not tell me, madam, that nothing could be too magnificent? I have not considered the expense; and, by the way, here is a memorandum of what the monument will cost you."

"Oh! sculptor!" exclaimed the widow, after having cast an eye over the total adding up. "Why this is enormous !"

"You begged me to spare no expense, said the sculptor.

"Yes, no doubt I desire to do things properly," replied the widow; "but not exactly to make a fool of myself."

"This, at present, you see, is only a design," observed the artist, "and there is yet time to cut it down." "Well, then, suppose we were to leave out the temple and the columns and all the architectural part, and content ourselves with the statue? It seems

"Certainly it would," replied the artist.
"So let it be then—just the statue

to me that this would be very appro-

alone.' Shortly after this second visit, the sculptor fell desperately ill. He was compelled to give up work; but returning from a tour in Italy, prescribed by his physician, he presented himself once more before the widow, who was then in the tenth month of her mourning. He found this time a few roses among the cypress, and some smiling colors playing over half-shaded grounds. He brought with him a little model of his statue, done in plaster, and offering in miniature the idea of what his work was to be. "What do you think of the likeness?" he inquired of the widow.
"It seems to me a little flattered.

My husband was all very well, no doubt; but you are making him an Apollo!" "Really? Well, then, I can correct

my work by the portrait. "Don't take the trouble," said the widow: "a little more, or a little less like, what does it matter?" "Excuse me, but I am particular

about likenesses,"
"If you absolutely must"—

"It is in the drawingroom, yonder, is it not? I'll go in there.' "It is not there any longer," replied the widow, ringing the bell. "Baptiste," said she to the servant who came in, "bring down the portrait of your master. "The portrait that you sent up to the garret last week, madam?"

At this moment the door opened, and young man of distinguished air entered; his manners were easy and familiar; he kissed the fair widow's

hand, and tenderly inquired after her "Who in the world is this good man in plaster?" asked he, pointing with his finger to the statuette, which the artist

had placed upon the mantelpiece.
"It is the model of a statue for my husband's tomb," she replied. "You are having a statue of him

made? 'Tis very majestic.' 'Do you think so?' said the widow. "It is only great men who are thus it out of marble, and at full length, replied the young man; "it seems to me, too, that the deceased was a very ordinary personage."

"Well, I think his bust would be sufficient," observed the widow. "Just as you please, madam," said the sculptor.

"Well, let it be a bust then," said the widow; "that's determined." Two months later the artist, carrying home the bust, encountered on the stairs a merry party. The widow, giving her hand to the elegant dandy who had caused the statue of the deceased to be cut down, was on her way to the mayor's office, where she was about to take a second oath of conjugal fidelity. If the bust had not been completed, it would willingly have been dispensed with. When, some time later, the artist call d

for his money, there was an outcry about the price; and it required very liftle less than a threat of legal proceedings before the widow, consoled and remarried, concluded by resigning herself to pay for this funeral homage, reduced as was, to the memory of her departed

Ghastly Scenes.

During the recent high water in Floyd river, Iowa, a very powerful current set against the base of the hill on which is situated Floyd cemetery, where Sioux should come back the following day. City buries its dead. The current She wanted him to set to work on the ingradually undermined the bluff, huge sections of it liding into the river, carrying many coffins, which floated down the river. The sexton stated that in the neighborhood of twenty coffins had been carried away. Others who are attendance and the clergyman who familiar with the locality say more than been called in. He was told that twice that number are gone. A man yourself; I will apply to it so diligently from down the river reported to the mayor that he counted fifteen coffins lodged on an island about four miles below. One slide in the afternoon carried down six graves, leaving the ends of seventeen coffins projecting from the bank. These were removed by the sexmy impatience. Be speedy, then, and ton, assisted by the sexton of the Catholie cemetery, at risk of their lives. The bank at that point is about fifty feet above the water, and liable to cave any moment. The portion of the cemetery so shockingly despoiled is what is known as the Potter's Field, but it is feared the graves situated further up are in danger, as the land continues to cave.

The Crops.

The Cincinnati Commercial publishes advices as to the condition of the fruit and wheat crops from sixty-one towns in Ohio and thirty-one in Indiana. In Ohio the peach crop will be a complete fail-ure; the apples are but slightly injured. In regard to other fruit, one town reports a good crop; twelve report a half crop; forty-eight report no crop at all. As to wheat, twenty-four towns report the crop uninjured; twenty-two report a half crop; twelve no crop. In Indiana thirteen towns report the crop unin-jured; eight, a half crop; and nine, no As to fruit, three report a good crop. crop; seven, a half crop; and twentyone, no crop. Advices from ten towns in western Pennsylvania indicate about half a crop each in fruit and wheat.

A special dispatch from Detroit, Mich., states that reports from all parts of Michigan indicate that the drought "With pleasure!" replied the widow. and cold weather have greatly injured the wheat crop, killed off the peaches decoration! Why, it is a palace, sir, very generally, and seriously damaged small fruits. Apples promise a good yield. Plentiful rains may improve the

wheat crop very materially, A muff-A thing that holds a young lady's hand without squeezing it.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1875. NINE YEARS WITHOUT A WORD.

Troy Husband's Brutality Toward His The Troy Press tells the following

strange story concerning the husband of a lady who died recently in West Troy: The lady and gentleman referred to were married about twenty years ago, and came to West Troy shortly after, and lived there together until the death of the wife. The latter was a most industrious, highly respectable, and re-ligious woman. For the first ten years of her married life, during which period five children were born, she did everything possible for a woman to do in order to please her husband, but to no purpose. When she did her best her husband was sure to make out that she had done wrong. He grumbled con-tinually, but at times he would break out and pour upon his wife the most unmerabuse, continuing it for several days together. Then would intervene a silence broken only by his seeking an opportunity to give his wife a beating when nobody was in sight, and when she least expected it. After he had abused her he would bring in the neighbors and say to them that his wife had fallen and hurt herself, poor creature; how sorry he was for it; and he would address her as "My dear," and ask if she was badly hurt, and he would run for a doctor. He was so plausible and kind and affect tionate that nobody would believe his wife when she told that it was her husband who had caused her the injuries. The neighbors thought her crazy, or at least hysterical, when she made any statements of this kind. For a long time he managed to beat his wife, and to conceal it in this way. Indeed it had reached a point, the wife taking those fits so often, that the arrangements were all but completed to send the poor woman to an insane asylum. One day, however, the broken-hearted wife was sitting by the cradle, in which was her youngest child, a baby, rocking it, and attending to some sewing at the same time. Her husband was in one of his silent moods at the time. While she was sitting as described, the husband entered and passed through the house into the yard. He returned within a few minutes, but in the interim a neighboring lady had entered and gone into an ad joining bedroom. This lady observed him walking up quietly behind his wife and, without a word or giving the least warning, doubled his fist and struck her a tremendous blow on the back of the head, leaving her sprawling on the floor insensible. This done he at once ran out to bring the neighbors as usual, and affected the greatest concern about his wife, wondered how much she was hurt, and finally proposed to go for the doctor.

The lady who had secreted herself in

the bedroom accused him of the assault, and when he was gone for the doctor she went for the police and had him arrest ed. His wife appeared in court and told the whole story of her husband's cruelty toward her, but woman like, begged the court to forgive him. Her request, however, was denied, and the cruel husband had to languish several months in jail, On leaving the dock after receiving sentence he turned to his wife and said that she had wronged him by what she had testified to, and to remember that he would never speak to heragain on earth. This scene occurred nine years ago. The man served out his sentence and return ed to his family. From the day of his return until two days before her death, which took place recently, he never ex changed a word with her directly. was necessary, living together as they were, husband and wife, the parents of the same children, to have an interchange of sentiments regarding the affairs of the household occasionally. This was done in the following manner: When they were sitting in the same room the husband would tell one of the children to say so and so to the mother. The mother would answer directly, which, if it required a further answer, would be done through the child as before. But it was only when he was in particularly happy moods that he would even communicate in this way. His most usual mode of communicating to his wife what he wanted to say was for him to retire into a separate room, and thence issue his mandates through one of the children. Two days before the wife died, after she been sick for some weeks, her condition was made known to him, when he was working in the garden, by the doctor in attendance and the clergyman who had wife was on the verge of death, and that he must make his peace with her while was yet conscious. The idea of death seemed to stagger him. He was silent for a moment, and then bursting into tears, repaired to the death-bed of his wife. He bent over her and begged her forgiveness in bitter plaints and tears. The dying woman grasped his hand, and, calling him by name, said she freely forgave him all, and added that she was now prepared to die, being at peace with the whole world. nours before death the wife said-and they were the last words she was heard to utter-"that the last two days with her husband, who never was away from her bedside but when he left it to serve

A Working Minister.

her, had been the happiest days of her

life, and that she only wished they might

The Christian Advocate tells the story of a determined minister who labors in West Virginia. He applied to the Conference befroe the last for admission, but was informed that there was no room. Said he, to one of the presiding "If you have any work that is elders: too hard or too poor for anybody else, let me try it." The presiding elder thought he had such a spot, and sent him to it. It was a circuit composed of what had been two circuits the preceding year; a region of lofty hills and gigantic mountains. So says report. He traveled during the year about 4,500 miles; nearly one-half of it on foot! He was favored with great revivals at nearly all his appointments. The very modest man gives all the credit of his work to the presiding elder and to the labors of his predecessors.

salary to the support of his mother and two sisters—all three habitual drunkards.

Wanted Information.

Yesterday noon, while all the people around the office except the "head reporter" were at dinner, the smell of smoke suddenly became apparent, and a fat man, smoking a big pipe, came toil-ing up stairs. When he had recovered his breath and taken a seat he inquired: "Is der big editor what knows every-

ings in ?
"No—gone to dinner," was the reply.
"Und he shall come back purty soon?" "In about two hours." "I can't wait so quick as dot; I haf to go to a funeral." "Did you want anything t"
"Yes, I wants to know somedings about dot Peecher scandal. You zee, one day about dree months ago a fellow comes mit my zaloon und he says: ' Did

und I say nix, und he say Mr. Peecher shtole corn. "Und der next day when I went home my wife says; 'Did you hear noddings about Mr. Peccher?' Und she said Mr. Peecher shtole a dog."

you hear noddings about Mr. Peecher?

"Und when I was in der street gar a man says: "Hello, Mr. Ritterman, what you dinks about Mr. Peecher?" Und I says no man can be a goot man who vill shteal a dog. Und den everybody laughs und winks, und I don't know about it."

"Und when I was in der Zitty Hall a man shtrikes me on der pack, und says: 'Hello, old frent, is Mr. Peecher guilty?' Und I said I dunno, und he said Mr. Peecher hiret a man to blow up a schurch mit a barrel of bowder.'

"Yes."
"Und den vhen I vas in Dearborn a man looks bretty sharp at me und says:
You lif in Dadroit don't you?' Und I
said I lif in Dadroit. Und he says:
'What is your shudgment on dot
Peecher pisiness?' Und I said noddings, Und he said Mr. Peecher had a fight mit a zircus man.'

"Und when my pig poy come home from Doledo he say: 'Fadder, what you dinks about dot Mr. Peecher?' Und I says I dunno, Hans. Und he says Mr. Peecher got some gloze und shumped der dailor's bill."

"Yes,"
"Und when I goes home or in der street gar, or mit my zaloon, or in der bost-office, somebody says somedings about dot Peecher pisiness, and I dunno. Who is dot Mr. Peecher? Where he

'He is a great preacher, and he lives in Brooklyn."
"Zo? Und what he do?"

"He got one of those tobacco boxes with a needle in the cover, and carried it around in his pocket. When a man tried to open it the needle went into his thumb about twenty-five feet." "Is dot bossible?"

"Yes, and he had his vest pocket made so deep that a cigar would go clear out of sight, and he kept it full and deceived the public." "My zoul! but is dot zo?"

"Yes, and he keeps an old wild-cat bill in his wallet to lend out when a man wants to secure the loan of a dollar for a few minutes." "Vell I deglares! Ven a breacher shall do like dot we shall wonder vat

next. Zo dot is der Peecher pisiness, Vell, vell."-Detroit Free Press.

Casualties in English Coal Mines. Within the thirteen years from 1860 to 1873, there were 13,756 miners killed in the British coal mines, in the following ways: By explosions, 2,790; falls of coal and roof, 5,510; accidents in the shafts, 1,940; miscellaneous accidents under ground, 2,509; surface accidents, 1,007. It is to be remembered that a considerable proportion of these cas- at home. ualties are not exclusively incident to mining, but occur in all occupations where heavy materials are moved, where transportation is carried on at a rapid It is noticeable that the terrible explosions which are chronicled over the whole world, and often awaken compassionate charity, were responsible for only about one-fifth of the casualties. As mines grow deeper, and as the amount of coal extracted is increased. it might be expected that the casualties would increase in number, not only on account of the greater number of men employed, but also because of the greater obstacles to be overcome. But the fact is, that the conduct of mining operations is improved every year, and the loss of life, compared to the amount of coal extracted, or to the number of laborers employed, decreases constantly. In 1861 there was one life lost to every 299 persons employed, but in 1873 increased care reduced the proportion to one life to 479 persons. Also in 1861 it cost a life to obtain 91,240 tons, but in 1873 no less than 133,677 tons were taken out for every life sacrified. view of the constantly increasing difficulties in the face of which this improvement has been obtained, it is considered to show that the laws which have been adopted are satisfactory, and that the engineers in charge of the mines are capable.

A Singular Swindle,

A swindler has just been captured in be the beginning of happy days to her Paris. He began his adventures at Marseilles. Dressed in the garb of a bishop, he gave himself out as the son of "Lord Parker, governor of Canada," and succeeded in duping the prefect as well as the local church authorities, who gave him money and recommendations to persons in Paris. He then went to the capital, where he appears to have been feasted by the priesthood with all the honor due to his ecclesiastical rank. However, shortly after quitting Marseilles, something oozed out, the police were telegraphed to, and by dint of search they found him at Passy, in the monastery of the Christian Brothers, where he was duly installed in the apartment of the superior. The Canadian bishop turns out to be a poor commercial traveler traveling on his own account.

Four hundred million dollars' worth of wine, liquor and beer goes down the throats of the American people every year. As the number of those who drink is probably not more than 5,000,000, the amount for each drinker is \$80 per annum, \$1.50 a week, or twenty-five cents

A PARIS HOME.

A Woman Tries to Destroy the Husband We have in Paris, says the Tribune' correspondent, a great lady, a foreigner, who goes in society with an unblushing front, and who, nevertheless, has committed that inhuman crime-a woman who has set her husband on fire. The story may be worth telling. The hus-band did not love his wife. Why did he marry her, then? In America a man sees a pretty girl with no money and marries her, saying that beauty is the same as specie; and he is right. In Europe he sees an ugly woman draped in banknotes and marries her, saying there is no happiness without money; and he is wrong. This is what Count d'H. did: He took Mademoiselle Armande O. because of the million she incumbered. But he had reckoned without his host. Mile. O. was a character. She was not to be trifled with. She at once took high ground with her husband. "Mon-

sieur," she said to him in full honeymoon, "I will let you know you are not to control me. If you behave as a gentleman I will pardon you for the sums your conduct has already cost you and me. But if I find you only married me for my million I will be revenged." The husband accepted all her revenges with philosophic calmness, and continued to waste her substance. When dignity has fled from a house its inmates are no longer man and woman—they are merely eriminals and maniaes. In this unhappy

marriage they came—shall I say it?— even to blows. Violence took the place of insult. The husband talked of a separation of persons and goods. "Ah, yes!" said the lady, "I understand. You wish a separation of persons, having made way with the goods." said the husband, coldly. "That does not suit me," said the wife. "You have killed my heart, my reason, my honor; and now I shall have your life." Count d'H. tried to laugh at her.

"But, madame, why should you wish my death when I ask nothing better than to leave you?" "Because that is my only possible revenge," "Nousense, my dear. Cowards and women revenge themselves, and you are neither. must be that you want to marry again. "Why not, sir? I have been very little carried with you." This conjugal conversation ended with the usual climax of endearment. The wife had the bitterer tongue, the husband the heavier fist. The lady retired, beaten but not satisfied and resolved to be rid.

The regiments of Navarre, Castile and Aragon, quartered in and near Estella, but not satisfied and resolved to be rid. but not satisfied, and resolved to be rid each sent one company to witness the of her husband. But how to go about execution, and a battery of artillery and the poniard, and she revolted at the cowardice of poison. This is what took place. One evening she for what took bed reading a letter in a woman's handwriting. In a sudden rage she set his beside their confessors, the destined curtains on fire and ran away, locking the door on the outside. He screamed fire, but the servants were too priests w far to hear him. It was horrible. The chamber was upholstered in Louis XV. cretonne, which instantly took fire from the bed. M. d'H. at last got to a window, and as he was about to throw himself door, asking what was the matter with a look of innocent surprise.

band's life was saved, but his disfigurement was complete.

The case has been much talked about, and there are those who do not hesitate to defend the wife. They accuse the husband of having tormented, deceived, and ruined his wife. When the court ordered their separation there was only left to her some three or four thousand francs a year of her fortune, with which she can make very little figure in the world. But the husband will show to still less advantage with his scarred and seamed cheeks and forehead. It is sad to carry into the world the scars received

The Poor Mule, The amount of fatigue, exposure, and abstinence which a mule will endure, says a writer, seems almost fabulous. Making long marches across dusty, shadeless plains, going for long intervals without water and with very little food, obliged to pull loads sometimes amounting to five thousand two hundred ounds up steep hills and through heavy sloughs, subject to cruel treatment and neglect from the teamster, the life of an expedition mule is miserable enough. wonder that when the mule returns, he looks woefully angular and thin. The poor animal is frequently driven until he completely gives out, when he is thankessly turned into the herd of brokendown mules. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight than such a herd. It is a moving bone-yard. Gaunt, lean, with drooping ears, hips that rise like promontories above the general desola- effects of opium. tion, a disconsolate tail, and a woe-begone visage which would frighten an inexperienced ghost—the poor, bankrupt to commit suicide. He took twenty-five mule is the most wretched parody on grains of morphine in a pint of coffee, gothic architecture that was ever forced prepared by steeping a coffee-cup of on the public attention. Every vestige good coffee in a pint of boiling water. of meat has fled from his bones. He is a walking transparency, an animated hat-rack, and I have actually seen his hip bones irreverently used to hang teamsters hats on. During our homeward march from the Black Hills, more than one such starved victim laid down his tired frame on the earth which had refused to nourish him, and the diction of a soldier's bullet called the raven and the coyote to a meal which it cost the government one hundred and forty dollars to procure.

Maple Sugar by Wholesale.

The largest maple sugar manufacturer in Vermont, and possibly in the country, is F. E. Ray, of Wilmington, who taps 3,350 trees and sets as many buckets. His average crop of sugar is from four to six tons each spring, about one-half of which is run into diminutive cakes, while the remainder goes into molasses, which is put up in cans and hermetically sealed. He has two mammoth evaporators, which span two large brick arches, besides four smaller arches, which are used both for boiling and sugaring-off purposes. His facilities are ample for osing of a thousand buckets of sap, which ordinarily will make a thousand pounds of sugar. Mr. Ray's annual receipts for sugar and molasses for the past six years have reached from \$1,000 to \$1,500. The amount of help required in this orchard is seven men, with two yoke of oxen.

WAR HORRORS IN SPAIN.

Eight Spanish Troops Shot in Hetallation by the Carlists-Horrors of War.

Eight Spanish soldiers have just been executed by the Carlists. A correspondent says: The act of cruelty which led to this terrible reprisal was perpetrated a few days ago in the village of San Martin de Unz, a few miles from Tafalla. A sma'l band of Rosa's "partidas," who had established themselves in that village, were coming out of church after hearing mass, when they were informed by a peasant that the village was surrounded by the Alfonsists. They immediately endeavored to out their was accented to show their pronunciation.

A company has been formed in Canada to manufacture caoutchouc from milk weed, the juice of which is said to yield diately endeavored to cut their way through the enemy's lines, and a sergeant, with four men, succeeded, but the others, eight in number, finding themselves completely outnumbered, surren-dered to a squadron of cavalry, after having first received a promise of quarter. No sooner, however, had the cav-alry conducted their prisoners back to San Martin than the "contraguerrilleros" of the notoriously cruel Lacalle set upon them and massacred seven of them on the spot with their bayonets.

The survivor escaped to a neighboring house, where he barricaded the door and determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was at last induced to surrender by the most solemn assurances ter? that his life would be spared, but, on his opening the door, he was seized, the muzzle of a rifle was forced into his mouth and his brains were blown out. General Mendiry, directly he heard of apparatus forming a part of every well what had happened, addressed himself to General Quesada, the commander-in-chief of the Alfonsist army, insisting

upon satisfaction being given, and proposing that a joint commission of the two armies should inquire into the circumstances and bring the guilty parties to punishment. Four or five days had been passed in the negotiations, when Mendiry, seeing that the enemy did not intend to accept his proposal, determined to put into execution the stern law of

Orders were given to the authorities of the Estella depot to select by lot seven soldiers and one sergeant, who were to be prepared for execution the following morning. Lots were drawn, and soon after nine in the morning the unfortunate men selected were marched

execution, and a battery of artillery and in the middle were placed, kneeling

last farewell, when suddenly one of the prisoners, a Navarrese irregular, sprung to his feet and made a dash for the which was only about ten yards off. The guards immediately fired, and a ball out, his wife took pity and opened the struck the unfortunate man in the back. This, however, did not stop him. He staggered forward, and, throwing himself into the water, struck out gamely for dear life. A second ball, however, put an end to his exertions and sent him to the bottom to rise no more. After this terrible episode the last act of retaliation was solemnly performed, and eight more of poor Spain's children were sent to an untimely grave.

Opium Poisoning. Dr. Andrew H. Smith read a paper

on "Opium Poisoning" before the Medical Library and Journal Association, of New York. He confined himself to dangerous and alarming cases. The symptoms were often slight, but not easily mistaken. These symptoms were well known. The fatal result was usually from asphyxia, sometimes from collapse. The drug acted directly on the cerebral Opium, unlike belladonna and tissues. other kindred drugs, did not affect the pupil when directly applied. In the very last stages, on the approach of from the next room. The affrighted death, the pupil was widely dilated. The respiration was the most reliable symptom, though not infallible. The skin, especially of the lips, was livid in proportion to the effects of the drug. post-mortem appearances were for the most part negative. The treatment embraced evacuation by emetics or the stomach-pump, and efforts to keep the patient awake. The circulation should always be kept up. There was no chemical antidote, but coffee and belladonna and strong green tea might be used with benefit, Belladonna had a

certain power to counteract the toxic In the decision which followed an instance was related of a person who tried grains of morphine in a pint of coffee, There was an entirely different effect

A Born Teacher. A remarkable natural teacher in Penn-

sylvania is described by the New York Teacher: This man, who was a shoemaker, had such unusual intelligence and information that the children of his village would gather around to listen to his talk. Presently, divers families sur-prised him by entreaties to teach their children, and upon his refusal, returned to the charge with the request on paper signed by every man and woman in the village. He accordingly began a school in an old blacksmith's shop, and soon became so interested in his work that he had no thought of ending it. came known, though not through advertisements, pupils were brought from a distance, a good schoolhouse was built, and since 1820 he has educated 1,896 scholars from abroad. The elements of his success are stated to be a sincere interest in the welfare of every student placed under his charge, his enthusiasm for everything of a scientific character, and his desire and intention that his pupils shall really know what is brought before them. He spares no expense

NO. 12.

Items of Interest. Moving for a new trial-Courting

second wife. The population of Sitka in January

was five hundred and two, exclusive of Indians.

Why do people call for a piece of string, and did anybody ever hear of one calling for a whole one?

An edition of the Bible is to be printed

about four per cent. of India rubber. A wealthy woman died recently is Michigan who had paid taxes "under

protest" for fifty years. The protest part seemed to afford her great comfort in her last hours. Darling (to mamma, who superintends cook's operations)—"I wish I was a pudding, mamma." "Why?" "Cause

should have lots of sugar put into me,' Mamma takes the hint. At Monaco a gentleman came to the roulette table and put down his hat full

of gold pieces. Another said to him: "Beg your pardon, sir, but could you favor me with the address of your hat-The San Francisco Bulletin predicts that the time will soon come when every farmer will cure his own fruit and store it away as he does his hay; the drying

regulated farm outfit. "Then you won't lend me that dime novel, ch?" inquired one boy of another in the post-office on Saturday. "No, I won't" "All right, then; the next time our chimney burns out you shan't

come into the yard and holler. "Spell defendant," said Prof. Sprague at the last spelling match. "B-e-e-c-h-e-r, whispered a little school girl, but the audience did not hear her, and so the precocions child wasn't presented with a copy of the great trial in book form.

A Methodist church in Maine has hit on a new plan of taking up collections. The boxes are passed by the best-looking young women in the congregation, and with no difficulty in getting passers; there is also a great increase in receipts.

A Milwaukee chap kissed his girl about forty times right straight along, and when he stopped the tears came into her eyes and she said in a sad tone of voice: "Ah! John, I fear you have ceased to love me." "No I haven't," replied John, "but I must breathe.

As an indication of the advancement that science has made recently, it might be stated that a gentleman at one of the city markets, the other day, saw half a bushel of white turnips run through a cider-mill, and half an hour thereafter The last moment had arrived, the noticed the same article, bottled, on radish."

In an action for slander tried at the Kingston assizes in England the other day, the plaintiff charged that the de fendant had called him a convicted felon. The truth of this assertion the plaintiff did not deny, but he claimed that having already suffered for the offense he ought not to be made to suffer for it again. The jury were of the same opinion, and gave him \$300 damages.

The German papers tell this story in connection with Baron Rothschild's death: A. and B. meeting, B. weeping and sobbing aloud. Says A., "Why do you weep?" "Because," says B., as if his heart were breaking, "because he is dead, the powerful, the rich baron." "But," replied A., "why do you cry so made he was no relation of yours!" much; he was no relation of yours!"
"That's just what I am erying about," howls B., more affected than ever.

According to the Danbury News, a prominent citizen, who is the proud possessor of a handsome daughter, went nome to tea the other evening and said to his wife: "Mother, I have finally succeeded in my petition for a streetlamp on our street, and it is going to be set directly in front of our gate sudden scream and a heavy fall sounded parents rushed in there. Their daughter lay prostrate on the floor. She had

The Mobile Register pays a tribute to the memory of Daphne, a colored weman who has just died. She was known to the citizens of Mobile for more than a generation as one of the most efficient and tender-hearted of nurses. emancipation she was nominally a slave, though she had full control of her actions, and during the successive visita tions of yellow fever she saved hundreds of lives by her skill and faithful care. She was also assiduous in her attentions to wounded soldiers during the war.

Oat Meal.

American oats are said, on reliable authority, to be as good as the best raised any where. Why, then, is American oatmeal inferior to that imported from Scotland and Ireland? It is believed to be owing simply to the way the oats are kiln-dried and ground. American oatmeal costs to the retail purchaser about six cents a pound, but double that price is asked for the Irish or Scotch. As ontmeal is considered very wholesome, and is extensively used, it would surely be worth the while to have the American article properly prepared. Those who can afford it use the imported, which costs twice as much a pound as the finest family flour. But poor people can scarcely afford to pay twelve cents a pound for oatmeal, even if it is

How to Do It.

wholesome.

A ship at sea sprung a leak. The hole in its bottom was just one foot square. There was but one board on the ship this was sixteen inches long and nine inches wide. It had precisely the requisite number of square inches, and the carpenter cut it in two pieces only, and these two pieces just fitted the hole How did he do it? In response to the above query a correspondent gives the following solution: At a point on the long side of the board four inches from the end, cut in three inches, then down four, then in three again, then down four apparatus, drawings, and every kind of again, then three out to the opposite illustration, especially such as will entertain as well as sow the seeds of two pieces, which being fitted together form a square foot.