VOL. V.

Kitty's Christmas Ere.

Christmas is really coming, And Santa Claus out to-night Even the winds are happy, Tossing the flakes so white, Of the beautiful, beautiful snow storm-Come quick to the window and see ; I know you are only a dolly, But then you can look with me.

And we'll wonder if, up in heaven, The angels have stockings to fill, And whether good Santa Claus fills them. As they lie, in their cribs'so still. Do you think they use clouds for their pillows And, instead of a candle, a star? I am sure I would like to go up there,

If it wasn't so very far! But papa and mamma would be lonely. And Carlo, and Possy, and you-O, you dear, darling dolly, I couldn't! You're a love in your mantle so new ; But then, you must take it off now, dear And lie in your snug little bed ; I will slip off your pretty silk stockings And hang them right here at your head : Then I'll go to the chimney corner,

And call up to Santa Claus there, To bring you a muff, and a bennet, And a ribbon to tie in your hair,

So sleep, sleep, sleep, little dolly, Sauta Claus always is kind ; Sleep, sleep, sleep, little dolly, Santa Claus rides on the wind ; Sleep, #Jeep, sleep, little dolly, Sleep till the black hours break : Sleep, sleep, sleep, little dolly,

and never, till morning, wake." There ! Twe pulled the wire of her eyelids, And dolly is fast asleep ! Wher Santa Claus comes in the nighttime She won't even get a peep ; But there isn't a spring to my own eyes.

Nor a wire for mamma to pull, Nor a bit of need for my sleeping. For to-morrow is no more school So I'll jump into bed, and cover My eyes which are wide awake, And when Santa Claus comes down the chimnes A look at his things I'll take ;

And then if his face is gentle, And the way is all clear and right. I'll steal while he isn't thinking, And kiss him with all my might But I haven't yet prayed to the Savior,

To ask him "my soul to keep; Yes, I'll pray ; but, instead of "I lay me," Please don't let me go to sleep! For I want to see Kriss with his candies,

And his pack that is full to the brim ; And I'm sure that my prayer will be answered. So I'll sing him my new Christmas bymn, I'll sing it over and over,

To fill up the long, long time, Till I hear the tramp of the reindeer, And the bells with their merry chime. Oh, how could I ever sleep through it, And only of Santa Claus dream? But I'm tired, so I'll just begin it, That dear little Christmas hymn.

"Jesus, the blessed Child-king, With a beautiful Christmas tree. Has come to the earth from heaven, And the gifts of His love are free To the poorest child in the kingdom-To you, little stranger, and me.

"Jesus, the blessed Child-king, Holds flowers in His loving hand, And the fragrance is scattered around

All over the wide-spread land; His service is sweet and easy, 'To love' is His own command.

" Jesus, the blessed Child-king, Has stars in His tree, to light The way of the little pilgrims To heaven "-

Is Kriss in sight? But no, I am only dreaming ; I dream, I do am-G-0-0-d n-t-g-h-t -Mary B. Dodge.

The Latest Trick.

A noted thief once told Chief of Police Beck of Milwaukee, the shrewdest of fice in the country, that their business was as much of a profession as any science can be. "If a safe is made, or a new lock invented, our profession," the thief said, "must be a little in ad-vance of the inventors—hence noted thieves are always smart men. It is true they might, as you suggest, make a living by turning their sharpness to a legitimate business: but notwithstand ing our mechanical abilities, we are men of limited culture, and thieving offers greater inducements to us than any other profession would do." This is now the generally acknowledged idea of professional rascals, and it is illustrated by a case just reported. A rascal procured the letterhead of an insurance company in New York and wrote to the agent in Elizabeth apprising him that a general manager had been appointed for the State, and requesting him to extend proper courtesies on his visiting Elizabeth. This letter purported to be signed by the president of the company. Next day the swindler made his appearance, and after examining the books, asked the agent to cash a check for \$125. The latter was only too happy to accommodate the agreeable manager, and received a worthless strip of paper.

Care of the Ear.

In his treatise on physiology, Hinton gives us to understand that the passage of the ear does not require cleaning by us; nature undertakes that task, and in the healthy state fulfills it perfectly Her means for cleansing the ear is the wax which dries up into thin scales and peels off and falls away imperceptibly. In health the passage of the ear is never dirty, but an attempt to clean it will infallibly make it so. Washing the ear out with soap and water is bad; it keeps the wax moist when it ought to become dry and scaly, and makes it absorb dust. But the most hurtful thing is the introduction of the corner of a towel screwed up and twisted around. This proceeding irritates the passage and presses down the wax and flakes of skin upon the membrane of the tympanum, producing pain, inflammation and deafness. The washing should only extend to the outer surface, as far as the fingers can reach.

PECCADILLE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

It was in Paris after the events of The leading question of the day was to persuade Austria to accept the revolution of July, and the change of dynasty. To conduct this difficult negotiation, the government had chosen Marshal Maison, a brave old soldier of the empire, but more used to the tactics the empire, but more used to the factics of war than to those of diplomacy and politics. The marshal accepted reluctantly the post confided to him, and, before his departure, he turned his steps toward the hotel of Prince Talleyrand, in order to receive from the Machiavel of the Rue St. Florentin his last secret instructions. last secret instructions.

He met with poor success. The Prince was affable enough, but the marshal could not get him to talk business. He would converse on every other subject but the very one the marshal

other subject but the very one the marshal was most anxious to engage in. At the stee marshal lost all patience.

"Sacrebleu!" he cried; "for more than an hour you have been telling me stories that do not concern me, and showing me toys that I despise! And whenever I try to talk of my mission you instantly beat a retreat. Do you have that I strongly engaged to the most factorial to the strongly engaged.

know that I strongly suspect you, M. le Prince, of making a fool of me?"

"Your mission!" replied Talleyrand, calmly. "Ah! of course, my dear marshal, let us tall of it. Why did you not mention it sooner?" "How sooner? For more than an

"I did not understand. I was afraid of boring you by talking business. What I did was for your sake, for you were about to remark "—
"That I am about to leave for Austria, and that "—

"Austria-a fine country! a very fine country!"
" And that in Vienna"—

"Vienna, a charming city! I confident that you will like it!"
"I will see M. de Metternich"— "An excellent good fellow, though

perhaps a little ceremonious. We led a very joyous life together. That reminds me of an adventure "-"Allow me to observe, M. le Prince, that we are talking of my mission.

"What am I to say to M. de Metternich ?'

"What are you to say to him?" "Yes."

"I really do not know." "What! you do not know?" "I had not reflected when I told you that. You will say to him"-

"Only one word."
"And that is?"— " Peccadille!" " Peccadille?"

"Permit me to take my leave of you, ly beside himself, taking up his hat and going toward the door as he spoke.
"I wish you a pleasant journey.
Above all, do not forget to say 'Peccadille' to Metternich, and to say it from

The marshal departed in a tremendons rage, and Prince Talleyrand returned to his library, rubbing his hands

Arrived in the Austrian capital, the French envoy was extremely well re-ceived; he was loaded with all sorts of attentions, and entertainments without end were given to him, but of any interview with the minister there was not the slightest question. More than once already he had solicited an audience, his request had always been refused under one pretext or another. Driven out of all patience by these delays, he solicited an audience in such a pressing manner that it was at last accorded to him. The day was fixed

as well as the hour.
"At last," thought the marshal, "I shall be able to explain myself." At the moment he entered the minister's cabinet, Prince Metternich was in the act of crushing a dispatch between

his fingers. On seeing the marshal enter, he glanced at the clock, and said : " Marshal, I regret deeply that I am able to give you but very little time. His majesty the emperor has sent me an order which summons me to him in a few moments; I can only devote half an hour to you to-day. Another time I may be more fortunate."

"A great many things may be said in half an hour," thought the marshal. A great many things may be said in half an honr, it is true, and, above all, a great many things foreign to the subject under discussion. Talleyrand had al-ready proved that to the marshal, and Metternich proved it to him anew. It was impossible for him to introduce a single word of politics during the thirty minutes that the interview lasted.

"I am obliged to leave you sir," said the minister; the half hour is past." "The die is cast," thought the mar shal; "I have nothing more to do but to return to France."

Suddenly a thought struck him. M le Metternich was on the point of leav-

ing the room.
"I have a message for you from M. de Talleyrand.

" What is it ?" The marshal hesitated. "What is it?" repeated the minister. "Peccadille," said the marshal, in

lesperation. At these words, M. de Metternich let go the door knob, which he had already grasped, and quickly retraced his steps. "Peccadille, did you say ?"
"Yes, M. le Prince, from M. de Tal-

levrand. "Oh, then that is very different. Why did you not say so before? To-day it is impossible for me to remain with you, because, as I have already told you, the emperor is waiting for me, but to-morrow I will receive you, and we will converse long and seriously, and believe me, sir, I will do all that is in my power to aid the success of your negotiation." The marshal remained utterly bewil-

dered by the mysterious effect of the name he had pronounced. That evening there was a ball at the court. M. de Metternich approached the marshal humming, as he did so, an old opera

He seemed in high good humor, and

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1875.

conversed for a long time with the French envoy. The next day the prom-ised interview took place. Shortly after-ward the marshal returned to France, having accomplished his mission in the most satisfactory manner possible. It now only remains to us to solve this riddle, which is what we are about to do. In 1814, three statesmen, namely, MM. de Talleyrand, de Metternich, and

de Nesselrode, were met together in Paris, and were engaged in settling the grave questions which had arisen out of the fall of Napoleon and the entrance of the allied powers into France. Those grave interests took up nearly all their time, and yet they occasionally found means to escape from the preoccupa-tions of diplomacy, saying among each other: "Let us put off serious matters

till to-morrow"

One day the three diplomats were assembled at a gay dinner. The conversation, after roving from one frivolous subject to another, flually turned upon

"Oh," said Prince Talleyrand, "I know a marvel of beauty to whom nothing is comparable,"
"I," said M. de Metternich, "know a woman who is fairer than the fairest!" "And I," said M. de Nesselrode, the

envoy of Russia, "can cite a person who certainly has no rival!" "There exists apparently three incom-parable beauties," then said M. de Tal-leyrand, who had spoken first; "but I do not doubt that mine is the handsomest of the three.'

"No; it is mine." "No; mine."

"It is easy to see that you do not know the person of whom I speak." "Nor you the one whom I mean." "If you had seen mine, you would not talk so enthuciastically of the beauty

of the others." Thus commenced, the conversation gradually grew animated, and finally de-

generated into a quarrel.

"We are absurd, gentlemen," said at length M. de Talleyrand; "there is a very simple means of solving the difficulty; let us bring these three mysterious beauties together." "An excellent idea, but difficult of execution."
"Not in the least. This is opera

night; I offer you my box. Each of us will write to his goddess, and, when the three are met together there, we will arrive.

Talleyrand rang, and sent for pen, ink, and paper. Each of the men wrote a note and gave it to a footman, ordering him to take a circuitous route when he left the hotel, in order to baffle the curious in case he was followed. Another hour passed, and then the three guests set off for the opera. Arrived at the door of the box, M. de Talleyrand motioned to M. de Metternich

to enter first, who in turn went through the same ceremony with M. de Nesselrode. Each of them repeated: "After you, sir."

M. le Prince, I could not think of As last, Prince Metternich entered.

In an arm-chair at the front of the box sat a solitary lady. "What does this pleasantry mean, sir?" asked M. de Metternich, brusquely, of Prince Talleyrand, who followed

"I was about to ask you the same question," said, at the same time, M. de Nesselrode. "And I was about to address it to you,

gentlemen," replied Talleyrand.
"Why did you send off my "It was mine."

"You mean mine," "Frankly, gentlemen, I do not understand the situation.'

"Here is the explanation," then said the fair unknown; and, drawing from her glove three little folded papers, she presented one to each of the three states-All the notes bore the same address. That address was "Pecca-

When MM. de Metternich and de Nesselrode were about to leave France, they met for a last conference with Prince Talleyrand.

"We are about to separate," said the latter. "Do you not think that it would be as well to establish a means of under standing each other from afar as we do when we are together?'

"We can write." "A letter may be lost, and that is compromising. "We might establish a correspon-

dence in cipher.' "That has the same drawback. There are keys to all known ciphers."
"Let us invent a new alphabet."

"That is not much more certain." "Then what can we do?" " Might we not, as is the custom during war, fix upon a common watchword. and accord all credit to the envoy who

shall repeat to any one of us this word from one of the others?" "Let us choose a word, then. But what shall it be ?" " Let us see.

"Patriotism?" Bad. "Fraternity?"

"Loyalty ?" "Impossible." "Then what can we take?"

"A proper name would be best." "Very well, then, let it be a proper name—but there are so many. Could not a mistake arise through a lapse of

memory?" "I have it, gentlemen—I have it!" said Prince Talleyrand, at that moment. "I will give you a name which neither of us three will ever forget, I am cer-

"What name is that?" " Peccadille !"-Appleton's Journal.

Behaved Well.

A resident who reached Detroit by a noon train, the Free Press says, after an absence of two weeks, was met at the depot by his eight-year-old son, who loudly welcomed him. "And is everybody well, Willie?"

asked the father.
"The wellest kind," replied the boy. "And nothing has happened?"
"Nothing at all. I've been good, Jennie's been good, and I never saw ma behave herself so well as she has this

A MURDER CASE REVIVED.

The Discussion in New York Relative to Colt the Murderer of Adams---The Story of the Murder.

The discussion relative to the hanging of John C. Colt in New York many years ago has been revived with renewed interest, and everybody who knew anything about the case is reporting it for the papers. A well known physician writes to the Sun as follows:

I knew Colt personally. He was not successful in business. He was a very handsome man, very poor, very proud, very ambitious. He owed money to Adams, who frequently called upon him for payment, and who, like the Dr. Parkman murdered by Dr. Webster—was importunate at a time when payment was an impossibility. In the heat of Colt's excitement, he struck Adams on the head with an ax, fracturing the skull and causing immediate death.

At that time Colt occupied a room in the building at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, now Delmonico's. His neighbor in the next room was a gentleman who taught the art of pen-manship in twelve lessons. The missing Adams was the town's topic of conversation for several days. At last the writing master remembered that he had heard in Colt's apartment the sound of a thud, as of a body falling heavily upon the floor, and that he had seen Colt carrying an empty box into his office and after-ward down the stairway to the sidewalk, whence it was carted away. The writing master began to suspect that the box contained the body of Adams. He notified the detectives—the police department of New York then included only four or five experts-and the de-tectives advertised for the carman who had carted away the box. He respond-ed with the information that the box had been taken to the dock for shipment to New Orleans in the packet Montezu-ma. The vessel was to have sailed with morrow's tide. She was detained, her whole cargo discharged, and in a box in the hold was found a body identi-

fied as that of Adams. Colt was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged. Two or three days previous to the day appointed for his execution the sheriff informed the public that he had received a \$1,000 bill inclosed in an anonymous note, requesting him to aid Colt to escape. A vast amount of indignation was expended upon this attempt to bribe a public

On the morning of Colt's intended execution the woman who had been his mistress for three years was admitted to his cell, accompanied by a clergyman. The marriage ceremony was performed in the cell of the condemned man. Colt then requested that he might be left alone for two hours in order to prepare

for death. The request was granted.

Attached to the tombs was a lofty wooden structure, about one hundred feet high, supporting a fire alarm bell. At the top of the tower was a fire observatory, for the accommodation of the "look out." This official had invited several friends to visit the tower in order to see the execution. The visitors, as was said, accidentally upset the burning on his marsh, when, stooping over to pick up a bush that he had cut off, a pick up a bush that he had cut off, a flerce rapidity. In the prison there was a scene of wild excitement, The screaming of women and boys, the rush of frightened children, the clanking of the two score fire engines, the shouting of arm commenced swelling, and finally the firemen, the cries of terror from turned spotted like the snake, prisoners who feared that they might be burned alive within their cells, the crash of falling timbers from the tower, the yells of the rabble from the Five Points-all this was not soon forgotten

by those who saw it. During the excitement of the fire a hearse containing a coffin was driven ing pain, and remains so for two or three into the prison yard. The sheriff and weeks, when the swelling about the attending officials waited upon the condemned man to bring him forth to the gallows. In the cell was found nothing be would be relieved from all pain and but a dead body, with a dirk knife trouble from his snake bite, until the but a dead body, with a dirk knife through the heart. An inquest was held over the remains, and a verdict of and then the pain and swelling would suicide returned. The hearse was commence, his arm turn spotted, and he driven away. Colt was never seen or would suffer this distressing affliction

There were not a few of the "knowing ones" who would look wase whenever the affair was mentioned, and ask what pauper body had been brought into the Tombs and carried away as that of Colt. For my part I believe what I read when I know that it is true. I think that Colt killed himself.

The Garden of the Gods.

Passing through the majestic gate-way of the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, says a writer, you find yourself in the weirdest of places; your red road winds along over red grounds thinly grass grown, among low cedars, pines and firs, and through a wild confusion of red rocks; rocks of every conceivable and inconceivable shape and size, from pebbles up to gigantic bowlders, from queer, grotesque little monstrosities. looking like seals, fishes, cats, or masks, up to colossal monstrosities looking like elephants, like huge gargoyles, like giants, like sphinxes eighty feet high, all bright red, all motionless and silent, with a strange look of having been just stopped and held back in the very climax of some supernatural catastrophe. The stillness, the absence of living things, the preponderance of grotesque shapes, the expression of arrested action, give to the whole place, in spite of its glory of coloring, spite of the grandeur of its vistas ending in snow-covered peaks only six miles away, spite of its friendly and familiar cedars and pines, spite of an occasional fragrance of elematis or smile of a daisy or twitter of a sparrow, spite of all these, a certain uncannyness of atmosphere which is at first oppressive. I doubt if any one ever loved the Garden of the Gods at first sight. One must feel his way to its beauty and rareness, must learn it like a new language; even if one has known nature's tongues well, he will be a help-less foreigner here. I have fancied that its speech was to the speech of ordinary nature what the Romany is among the dialects of the civilized, fierce, wild, free, defiantly tender; and I believe no son of the Romany folk has ever lived long among the world's people without drooping and pining.

A Batch of Anecdotes.

An Understanding. — Yesterday morning after an old lady had taken a seat in the train going west a young man came along and inquired if he could have part of the seat. "I guess you can," she replied, "but you want to understand me first. No chewing tobacco, no swearing, and no soft soaping around so's to get a chance to pick my pocket."

After thinking the matter over he tock a seat on the woodbox.

A BAD SYSTEM.—"No, sir—no, sir," remarked an old Detroit collector, "this carrier system should never have been tolerated for a day. Why, sir, seven or eight years ago if I had a bill against a man I'd come to the post-office, and be likely to nab him the first thing, but now he hires a room on some fourth floor, has his letters shoved under the door, and while I'm up there knocking away he's looking through a gimlet hole and grinning like a Chicago alderman !

Those Sad Leaves.—She, a girl of eventeen, walked under the maples a month ago and gathered the golden leaves and said: "Oh, leaves, you remind me of crushed hopes and scat-tered plans." He, her father, found them in a nail keg the other day and shook them down in a corner of the woodshed and said: "There, that dog has got just as good a bed as any canine in this town!"

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS .- A Griswold street lawyer employed a new boy the other day, and when the lad asked for instructions the attorney replied :
'Your instructions are to be taken in general. Keep the office clean, borrow coal whenever you can, and under no circumstances must you ever lend my umbrella to a lawyer.

Power of Imagination.—The other day a Detroiter took home a book containing several anecdotes showing the power of imagination, and after reading them to his wife he tenderly said: "Now, Angeline, you may some time imagine that you hear me kissing the servant girl in the other room, and you see how base it would be to accuse me of such a thing." "John Henry," she replied, in a smooth voice, "if ever I imagine such a thing you'll need a doctor within fifteen minutes, no matter what that book says!'

WHERE SHE WAS. - In a Baker street car yesterday some men were talking about the nerve of William Tell in shooting an apple off his son's head. To vex an old lady who was listening one of the men said: "That was Mr. Tell; but what did his wife amount to—why doesn't history mention her?" "I'll doesn't history mention her?" "I'll bet a hundred dollars!" called the old lady in an excited voice, "I'll bet a hundred dollars that she sat up half the night before patching that boy's trowsers so he'd look decent to go out!"-Detroit Free Press.

A Strange Effect, Nineteen years ago, Henry Luddinghim on the wrist of his right arm. instantly killed the reptile, and hastened to the house to apply the usual remedies in such a case. The wrist and whole remedies used finally subdued the swelling, and the wrist became apparently well. But every year since that, about the same time in the season that the snake bit him, his wrist has commenced swelling, the swelling extending up his arm to his shoulder, with sickenweeks, when the swelling about the wrist would gather to a head and burst. It would then gradually quiet down, and time in the year when it first occurred and swelling for two or three weeks again. The pain and swelling do not seem to abate, but are rather on the increase each year.

At a College.

Something of an excitement arose at Princeton (N. J.) College over the expulsion of about forty students for dis-obedience of college laws. It seems that for some time past a secret society has been in existence among the students, which was fast gaining headway and dangerous influence, notwithstanding the faculty did their utmost to ferret out the root of it. When the existence of the society was discovered and its spirits and aims exposed, the members of it were ordered to break it up. This they stubbornly refused to do. The faculty worked hard to dissuade them from their amusement, but finding that it was all to no purpose measures were then taken to make an example of the leading organizers by expelling them. Two-thirds of the number expelled belong to the senior class. Many of the other students complain that the faculty has acted hastily and without sufficient cause, and threaten to create trouble unless their expelled associates are reinstated. It is feared that the boat clubs, base ball, and gymnastic association will have to be disbanded for some time in consequence of the expul-sion of so large a number of students. Besides those already expelled, it is said that more will soon be subjected to the

same fate. Resigned his Country. Sam Lee, the Chinaman who is in jail at Eureka, awaiting the action of the grand jury upon a charge of house-breaking, is hugely disgusted with his country men, who appear to have deserted him in the dark hour of his misfortunes. He repeatedly sent for his Celestial friends, but none of them responded to his call, and a few days ago, while brooding over the ingratitude of his Celestial brethren, in a moment of desperation he seized a butcher-knife and severed his cue close to the scalp, and as he handed the dismembered braid to the sheriff, he exclaimed: "Cuss Chinamar. Me all same now Melican man."

KASPER HAUSER.

The True Story of the Man of Mystery. Like the "Man in the Iron Mask," the identity of the unfortunate Kaspar Hauser, the foundling of Nuremburg, has formed the subject of much speculation. To the present, the mystery hanging over his origin remains un-dispelled, and the whole affair is beset with so many anomalies and contradic-tions, that it is almost impossible to form even a well-grounded conjecture on the subject. The following are the as-certained facts of the case: "Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon of the 26th of May, 1828, a young lad, apparently about sixteen or seventeen years of age, was found in a helpless and forlorn condition in the market-place of Nuremburg, by a citizen of that town. He was dressed like a peasant boy, and had with him a letter addressed to the captain of the Sixth regiment of horse at Nuremburg. Being conducted to this officer

and interrogated, it soon became evident that he could speak very little, and was almost totally ignorant. To all ques-tions he replied: 'Von Regensburg' (from Regensburg), or 'Ich woas nit' (I don't know). On the other hand, he wrote his name in firm, legible characters on a sheet of paper, but without adding the place of his birth, or anything else, though requested to do so. Though short and broad-shouldered, his figure was perfectly well-proportioned. His skin was very white; his limbs delicately formed, the hands and feet small and beautiful-the latter, however, showing

no marks of his having ever worn shoes. With the exception of dry bread and water, he showed a violent dislike to all kinds of meat and drink. His language was confined to a few words or sentences in the old Bavarian dialect. He showed entire ignorance of the most ordinary obects, and great indifference to the conveniences and necessaries of life.

Among his scanty articles of clothing was a handkerchief marked K. H.; he had likewise about him some written Catholic prayers. In the letter which he carried, dated "From the confines of

Bavaria, place unknown, 1828," the writer stated himself to be a poor day

laborer, the father of ten children, and said that the boy had been deposited be-

fore his door by his mother, a person un-

known to the writer. He stated further, that he had brought up the boy secretly, without allowing him to leave the house, but had instructed him in reading, writing, and the doctrines of Christianity adding that it was the boy's wish to become a horse-soldier. The letter inclosed a line, apparently from the mother, stating that she, a poor girl, had given birth to the boy on the 30th of April, 1812, that his name was Kaspar, and that his father, who had formerly served in the Sixth regiment, was dead. The poor boy having been taken before and attended to by the magistrates, his story was soon made known to the public, and he himself became the object of general sympathy. Binder, a burgo-master, exerted himself, in particular, to throw some light on the obscurity in which the origin of the young man was involved. In the course of many conversations with him, it came out that Hauser, from his childhood, had only a shirt and trousers; that he had lived in a dark place underground, where he was unable to stretch himself at full length that he had been fed on bread and water, by a man who did not show himself, but who cleaned and dressed him, and provided him with food and drink while he was in a state of natural or artificial sleep. His sole occupation was playing with two wooden horses. For some time before he was conveyed to Nuremburg, the man had come often to his dungeon and had taught him to write by guiding his hand, and to lift his feet to walk The narrative gave rise to various suppositions and rumors. According to some, this mysterious foundling was the natural son of a priest, or of a young lady of high rank, while others believed him to be of princely origin, or the victim of some dark plot respecting an inheritance. Some incredulous persons the collection really interesting is that believed the whole affair to be an impoition. On the 18th of July, 1828,

Professor Daumer, who afterwards acted

extraordinary memory and acute understanding, decreased in proportion as the phere of his knowledge extended. His, intellectual progress, on the whole, was small. On the 17th of October, 1829, a bundle of clothes under her arms, he was bleeding from a slight wound on the brow, which he said had been in-flicted by a man with a black head. All efforts made to discover the perpetrator were ineffectual. The incident excited a great sensation; Hanser was conveyed to the house of one of the magistrates, and constantly guarded by two soldiers. Among the many strangers who came to see him was Lord Stanhope, who be came interested in him, and sent him to be educated at Anspach. Here he was employed in an office of the court of appeals, but he by no means distinguished himself either by industry or talent, and was gradually forgotten, till his death again made him the subject of attention. This event took place under the following singular circumstances: A stranger, under the pretext of bringing him a message from Lord Stanhope, and informing him of the circumstances of his birth, engaged to meet Hauser in the palace garden at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of December, 1833. The hapless young man was faithful to the rendezvous, but he had scarce ly commenced to converse with the unknown emissary, when the latter stabbed him in the left side, and he fell mortally wounded. He had, however, sufficient strength left to return home and relate the circumstances of his assassination and three days afterwards, on the 17th of December, 1833, he died. Among the many surmises current regarding the unfortunate Hauser, the latest is that he was the scion of a noble family in England, and that his dark and mysterious history, with its atrocious termination, had its origin in this country. nothing beyond mere conjecture has ever been adduced in reference to the

room enough.

Items of Interest.

NO. 42.

Parisian ladier are said to "look like pencils covered with raiment." History classes, it is said, will take the place of spelling schools this winter A single bolt of lighting in Dakota lately killed fourteen horses and five

steers. Complete success is said to have attended the attempt in Paris of raising and training zebras for domestic pur

Marian Singer, daughter of the overmarried sewing machine inventor, has appeared on the stage in San Francisco, in burlesque.

Mathial Powell of Duncansville, Pa. a naval hero of the war of 1812, and ninety-six years old, walks two miles twice a week to see his barber.

A happy thought that never occurred: Mother (in continuation)-" And so the wicked Pharaoh ordered that all the baby boys should be killed. Madeline— "But, mamma! didn't any of their mothers say they were girls?"

The National Grange, Patrons of Hus-The National Grange, Patronsof Hus-bandry, loaned last year \$2,660 to sub-ordinate granges throughout the South and West, to aid them in recovering from local pests. A total paying mem-bership of 762,263 is reported.

A West Indian schoolboy, after he has A West Indian schoolboy, after he has committed his lesson to memory, crosses and recrosses the pages of the book from which he has learned it with a "lucky bean," after which he feels no responsibility, as according to a prevailing superstition his lesson cannot fail to

The examination of the body of Lexington, the great Kentucky race horse, revealed that the part of the skull under the left eye, where the trouble seemed to be, was filled with at least a quart of masticated food, that had been forced into the cavity through an opening in the upper jaw, made by the loss of a

They got up a mock marriage for amusement at a party in Portage county, Ohio, the other evening, but a real magistrate, who was among the guests, performed the ceremony, and it now appears that the couple are legally married. At last accounts they hadn't quite decided whether to accept the situation or get a divorce.

There are in England and Wales one hundred and fourteen local prisons, or one to every twenty-two square miles of territory, equal to one to every 200,000 people. Some are nearly if not quite empty at times. Through 1874 eight had an average of ten prisoners; thirty-three others had only fifty; and only thirty-land. thirteen had upward of four hundred. Baron Edmond Rothschild and Count de Turenne of France, two gentlemen

representing \$500,000,000 of property, have arrived in San Francisco. They

travel, dress, and lodge plainly ; are ex-

ceedingly inquisitive; and as they are is endeavoring to learn what financial enterprise they have in contemplation. "The Young Idea."-Mamma :-"Whatever are you a crying for, Anuie?" Annie (who has suddenly burst into tears): "Because—because— you've taken my orange." Mamma: "Why, you asked me to have it two or three times." Annie : "Yes, I know I

did : but I thought you would say no,

thank you, and give me another one as well. There is no such poverty in South Australia as is known in England. If a workingman is healthy, sober, and industrious, his family can have good meat two or three times a day, bread made of the finest wheat, and fruit and vegetables are abundant and cheap. During the fruit season, incredulous as it may sound, the very pigs are fed on peaches

and milk. Mr. Jones-" What a wonderful collection of walking sticks, Mr. Brown !"
Mr. Brown—" Well—yes! there are ninety-six of them. And what makes every one of them has a history. Take this one for instance—labeled No. 1. In Hauser was handed over to the care of 1837 I happened to be "-(Mr. Jones suddenly recollects he has a train to

the part of his biographer.

The history of his education is remarkable in a pedagogic point of views as his original desire for knowledge, his done, and slapped it. Mrs. Ogg in turn chastised the elder child. This so incensed the girl that she immediately

A Fire Bug.

George H. Forward, a farm hand at Hadley Falls, Mass., has surrendered himself to the sheriff, and asked to be kept from incendiarism. He burned Henry Strong's house and barn about a fortnight ago. He says he arose in the night, took his lantern to go and feed the stock, when the impulse came on him that there must be a fire, and that he must set it. This impulse had such influence on him that he could not resist it. His first feeling was to set his own barn on fire, but then the idea seized upon him to go to Mr. Strong's. With his lantern he went up across the lot to the rear of Mr. Strong's barn, and kindled the hay between the cracks in the boards, and then ran rapidly home. Seeing his work was effectual, he was the earliest to give the alarm. When he saw the buildings blazing he would have given anything to undo his work. He has attempted to destroy himself since, but could not. The strange story of Forward is probably correct, as persons living across the river on the heights above say that they saw the light of a lantern moving in a field.

sentative Kasson, of Iowa, against the State Register, for libel, the court, in instructing the jury, held that the publication being by a newspaper in the Congressional district concerning a canever been adduced in reference to the subject.—Reynolds' Newspaper.

It is a good thing for men to revolve questions in their mind, if they have room enough. tion he sought.