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In the Depths.

There is a solemn graveyard where mortals never tread,
Where stand no marble monuments to mark the useless dead.
Each sleeper takes his place alone, unceasing in his rest,
And no man knows his resting place, nor guesses where he lies.
No array of marble emblems them to their rest;
No wealth of earthly blossoms is laid upon their breast.
But never yet was graveyard so quiet and serene,
No churchyard half so peaceful, no hillside half so green;
No noise disturbs the sleepers, no light, nor careless tread,
No thoughtless laugh nor roaching word can reach these quiet dead.
Deep down where endless silence reigns the weary pilgrims rest—
The wanderers whom old ocean has gathered to her breast.

SIMPSON OF BUSSORA.

THE STORY OF THE MAN WITH FOUR WIVES.

One of the quietest and best fellows I ever knew—and I have known him all my life—was Simpson of Bussora. I was at school with him five-and-forty years ago, and though his home was distant, he is at a distant place, I had met him from time to time during his periodical visits to this country, and always found him unchanged—gentle, unassuming, modest, and orthodox in his opinions. Our house does a little business with him in shawls and carpets, and our acquaintance is mutually social. My wife and daughters are very partial to him, and delight in his Persian tales, which are picturesque and full of local color. He brings them little bottles of scent, which perfume the whole neighborhood, and now and then he brings me the envy of his friends. I never entertained any idea of Simpson as a soul in law until my wife put it into my head. He lived too far away for me to picture him in such a relation, and though I knew he had made money, I did not think he had any money. But when he came home and settled, his income was very handsome one; but living at Bussora, he had given me to understand, was dear, and did not admit of much saving. Above all, Simpson struck me as by no means a marrying man. Whenever the subject of matrimony was mooted, he always smiled in a dry, cynical way which proclaimed the confirmed bachelor. Household matters did not interest him; he did not take much to children; he would smoke until the small hours of the morning, and rise late, and he never came in until sitting up. He would say, "Really," as though such an idea as one's wife sitting up for one was preposterous, and could never concern him.

I need not go into the causes which led to my conversing with Simpson on this subject of matrimony. Suffice it to say that I did not do so of my own free will. I had received instructions from my wife to "sound" Simpson on the matter, with relation to some "ideas" that she had got into her head with respect to our second daughter, Jane, and to "hear was to obey," as they say at Bussora.

"My dear Simpson," said I, as we were cracking our walnuts together after a little dinner under my own roof, "I often wonder why a man like you, with a large income and a fine house, as you describe your home to be at Bussora, has never married. It must be that you're wretched living out there all alone."

"Well, it would be no doubt," said Simpson, in his quiet way. "But, Lord bless you! I've been married these twenty years."

You might have knocked me down with a feather. "Married these twenty years! You astonish me. Why, how was it you never spoke about it?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought it wouldn't interest you. She was a Persian, you know. If she had been a European, then I should have told you."

"A Persian wife! Dear me," said I, "how funny it seems!"

"Funny," but at the same time all the suspicions that I entertained respecting travelers and persons who abjure civilization crowded into my mind. "Now, what color, my dear Simpson, if I may put the question without impertinence, are your children?"

"Well, we've got no children," said Simpson, in his usual imperturbable tone. "We never had any."

I don't quite know why, but somehow or other I thought this creditable to Simpson. It was very wrong in him to have married a Persian, perhaps a fire worshiper, or at best a Mohammedan, but it was a comfort to think that the evil had, so to speak, stopped there. To think of Simpson with a heap of party-colored children, professing, perhaps, their mother's outlandish faith as they grew up, would have been painful to me, in connection with the fact that Simpson was at the moment under my roof, the same roof with my wife and daughters, and that I was the church warden of our district church. I forsook at once the particular subject of Simpson's wife to discuss the general subject of polygamy.

"The Persians have more wives than one, have they not?" inquired I.

"Those who can afford it have," said he; "but it is not so usual as you may imagine."

"I need not ask how so profligate a system must needs work," said I. "It is a domestic failure, of course!"

"You need not ask the question, as you say," replied Simpson, cracking a walnut. "But if you do ask, I am bound to say it is so far like marriage in this country—it is sometimes a domestic failure and sometimes not. Perhaps it requires more judgment in selection; you have not only to please yourself, you know, but to please your other wives."

"Goodness gracious!" said I, "how coolly you talk about it! I hope no European who happens to be a resident

in this strange community ever gives in to the custom!"

"Some do and some don't," was the reply of Simpson. "I lived in Persia with one wife for fifteen years before I gave it up."

"What! you married a second wife, your first wife being alive?"

"Just so," was the unabashed rejoinder. Simpson swept the walnut shells into a corner of his plate, and helped himself to sherry. "I have now four wives."

"Bless my soul and body!" said I. "Four wives!"

"Yes, the story of my little *mevna* may seem in your ears rather curious. If it will not bore you, I'll tell you about it."

I had no words to decline the offer, even if I wished it. My breath was fairly taken away by Simpson's four wives. The traveler that had liked his food uncooked had given me rather a turn, but that was nothing to this revelation of my present companion; a man who always considered of the highest respectability, and whose wife had even thought would have suited our Jane.

"Well, it was at a picnic party on the plain near Bussora that the thing first came about. My wife and I were both present at it; and my European notions preventing my believing there could be the least misunderstanding about it, since I was already married, I made myself very agreeable to a certain Persian lady. She was neither young nor pretty—just like what my wife herself, indeed, had grown to be by that time—and I do not think of making her my No. 2, but—dear me! of embracing Mohammedanism. My attentions, however, were misconstrued; and her brother, being a violent man in the shah's cavalry, and knowing I had a fair income, insisted upon my becoming his brother-in-law. I spare you the trouble that ensued. Between my No. 1 wife on the one hand, and her sharp tongue, and the offer of Spahis on the other, with his sharp sword, I was placed in a very bad position, I promise you; but in the end I married Khaleeda. I am sorry to say the two ladies got on extremely ill together. It was said by a great English wit that when one's wife gets to forty, one ought to be allowed to change her for two twenties, like a forty-pound note, and I dare say that would be very nice; but, unhappily, I had now two wives, each forty, if they were a day, and there was no prospect of getting them changed, or parting from them in any way.

"Prouze and Khaleeda led me a most unhappy life. They quarreled from morning to night, and so far from being able to play off one against the other, as I had secretly hoped, I was treated with great unkindness by both of them. They were a source of very considerable expense, of course, and very little satisfaction. My position, in fact, became intolerable; and as I could please neither of them, I resolved to please myself by marrying No. 3."

"Twenty, I suppose!" said I, interested in spite of myself in this remarkable narration.

"Well, yes; that is, she would have been twenty in England, but in Persia young ladies marry a good deal earlier. She was a charming creature, and cost me a fortune."

"What! did you buy her?" cried I, in astonishment and horror.

"Well, no, not exactly; her father, however, insisted upon something handsome, and there were heavy fees to be paid to her mother, and sisters, and to the governor of Bussora. The custom of the country is curious in that respect. After one's second wife a considerable tax is levied by the government upon marrying men. However, Badoura was worth all the money; she sang, she played divinely; that is, she would have done so if she had not been always crying. Prouze and Khaleeda made her life utterly miserable. Hitherto they had been at daggers drawn with one another, but now they united together to persecute the unhappy Badoura. Her very life was sorely safe with them. Wretched as my former lot had been, it was now become unnecessary for me to bear one's own misery better than that of those we love."

Here Simpson took out his handkerchief, of a beautiful Persian pattern, and pressed it to his eyes. "Yes, my dear friend, they led my Badoura a dog's life—did these two women. I felt myself powerless to protect her, for I was never very strong; and though I did not understand one-half of the epithets they showered upon her, I could see by the effect they had upon her that they were most injurious—what I have no doubt would in this country be considered actionable. For her, however, there was no remedy, and I think she would have sunk under their persecution, had I not married Sobehide."

"No, 4!" said I, aghast. "What on earth did you do that for?"

"I married Sobehide solely and wholly for Badoura's sake. I chose her, not for her beauty, her virtues, nor her accomplishments, but entirely for her tears and sobs. I said to her: 'Zobeide, you are a strong and powerful young woman; if I make you my wife, will you protect my lamb?' and she said: 'I will.' It was the most satisfactory investment—I mean, the happiest choice—I ever made. My home is now the abode of peace. In one wife in the other Zobeide and Badoura; two on the east side and two on the west. Each respects the other; for although Prouze and Khaleeda are strong females, and could each wring the neck of my dear Badoura, Zobeide is stronger than both of them put together, and protects her. Thus the opposing elements are, as it were, neutralized; the combatants respect one another, and I am the head of a united house. I got letters from all of my four wives this morning, each of them most characteristic and interesting; Badoura forgot to pay the postage—she has a soul above pecuniary details—and her letter was the dearest of all."

"Don't cry, Simpson," said I—"don't cry, old fellow. The steamer goes on Tuesday, and then you will see all your wives again. They will welcome you with outstretched arms—eight outstretched arms, like the octopus." I confess I was affected by my friend's artless narration, at that time, though

since I have reflected upon the matter, my moral sense has once more asserted itself, and is outraged. I state the matter as fairly as I can. I have been to Persia myself, as a married man, and made myself agreeable to the ladies. Well, in Persia this might have cost me my life, or the expense of a second establishment. So far there is every excuse for Simpson. But, on the other hand, the astounding fact remains that there are four Mrs. Simpsons at Bussora. Whenever I look at his quiet, businesslike face, or hear him talking to my wife and the girls about Persian scenery, this revelation of his strikes me anew with wonder. Of course I have not told them about his domestic relations; it would be too great a shock to their respective systems. I don't know of any secret all to myself; it is too hard to bear, and I have, therefore, laid it before the public. The whole thing resolves itself into a rule-of-three sum. If even a quiet, respectable fellow like Simpson, residing at Bussora, has four wives, how many wives—well, I don't know exactly that, but how unkindly queer things must people do who are not so quiet and respectable as Simpson, and who live still further off?

Bosbee, the Tourist.

They called him John Bosbee. He looked like one of the family, and probably gave his name to the *Detroit Free Press* police court correctly. Careful judges of second-hand clothing estimated his make-up as follows:

Coal and vest\$100
Other garments200
Boots and hat100
Total400

He was strong and robust, stout and lazy, and he took matters very coolly. "I believe I was drunk," he replied to the charges, "and I was, indeed, on the night of the court."

"And you are also a vagrant," observed the court.

"Isn't there any difference between a tourist and a vagrant?" queried Bosbee. "I'm a traveler, sir; I have visited the principal cities of Europe and am now making a tour of America. I drink whisky by the advice of one of the most eminent physicians of Europe."

"Umph!" remarked the court.

"You have a very beautiful city here," continued the tourist. "It reminds me very forcibly of the island of St. Helena, which I visited in 1845, and will probably remain a week or two."

"I shouldn't be surprised if you remained here three months," said his honor. "I'll send a man to show you one of our largest city and State institutions, and I think you'll stop there till spring comes."

"Do you hint at imprisonment?" asked the tourist.

"That's just what I'm hinting at."

"Isn't this rather arbitrary?" inquired the stranger. "I got drunk in Palestine, and no one said anything. I got drunk in Constantinople, and was invited to deliver a lecture. I got drunk in Edinburgh, and was invited to a game supper. It hardly seems possible that you will interrupt my tour around the world merely for the sake of filling up your prisons!"

"You'll realize it when you get up there, Mr. Bosbee. All the traveling you'll do for the next three months to come won't raise any blisters."

"Am I sent up on account of my looks?" asked the prisoner.

"His honor motioned him into the corridor.

"Because, if my looks have sent me to prison—what!"

He might have got six months if Bijah hadn't hurried him away so fast.

Something about Evergreens.

Evergreens, says the *Agriculturist*, are very useful for their timber, their cheerfulness in winter, and especially for the fact that as wind-breaks they are as effective in winter as in summer. They are less planted than they would be were there not a general idea that they are difficult to manage. For general utility we place first the white pine, a native which is always beautiful, grows with fair rapidity, and its wood is more generally useful than that of any other tree; the supply is annually diminishing, while the price is increasing. The next most desirable species of pine for the planter is the Scotch pine. This makes itself quite at home in this country, and adapts itself to a great variety of soil. Its wood is about as valuable as that of the white. Norway spruce is the most generally planted evergreen in this country. It is one of the best for screens, as it is hardly suited to nearly all situations; its wood in Europe occupies the same place that white pine does in this country. Arbor-vitae is a native species, also valued for screens; it is more dense than the Norway spruce, and is of rather slower growth. The wood, incorrectly called white cedar, is very durable. Red cedar was at one time highly prized as a desirable evergreen, but its popularity has waned, and it is at present justly regarded as inferior to those we have named.

Did Not Want It.

A good story is told of Mr. James G. Fair, one of the four stockholders who control the celebrated "bonanza" mines at Virginia City, Nevada, and who is supposed to have an annual income from that source of several hundred thousand dollars a year. A theater troupe which recently performed in Virginia City visited the great mines. Mr. Fair, who is the superintendent of the mines, attended in his well-worn blue flannel mining suit, escorted the visitors through the different levels. On reaching day-light once more, one of the company offered a "four-bit" piece to the obliging guide, with the remark: "Here, my man, we are much obliged to you." The astonished superintendent declined the coin. "Oh! take it," said the visitor, "and get a drink for yourself." "Thank you, I don't believe I want it," said Mr. Fair. "But why not?" was the rejoinder. "What reason have you?" "Well," replied Mr. Fair, "there is no particular reason, except that I have six hundred and forty thousand dollars in the bank up there on the hill that I can't for the life of me think how to invest."

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

A Desperate Fight with a Panther in Saratoga County, N. Y.

George Hinckley was at eleven o'clock at night driving from Corinth to Conklingville, Saratoga county, N. Y., some miles distant. There was no moon and the road was uncertain, owing to the rough weather which had prevailed in that section for two weeks or more. He was in a light cutter, well protected from the cold by robes and blankets, and was driving a spirited horse. The road lay through some undergrowth of woods. Winkley's horse was joggling along at a moderate rate, suddenly he stopped, threw his ears forward, gave a furious snort and refused to go further. The driver urged him to go and finally struck him with a halter, the strap end of which was tied to the cutter in order to prevent his dropping out and becoming lost. The horse jumped forward in a frightened manner, but before he had taken three steps a huge panther sprang from behind a low evergreen close by the track and leaped squarely into the cutter. As it struck the cutter its fore paws came with great force against Hinckley's breast and with one haul with its powerful nails the man's clothing was stripped clean from his skin.

Hinckley had the halter with which he had just struck the horse still in his hand, and instinctively he laid it with all his might over the head of his fierce assailant. By one of the blows along a stall was passed over the panther's head. It being a slipping noose, the next effort to strike drew the noose tight about the panther's neck. Then a desperate hand-to-hand, as it were, fight ensued. The man struggled to throw off the beast, but succeeded only so far as to prevent him from retreating; the panther, on his own bare neck. The panther grabbed the man's left arm, which it bit through, and through the blood which flowed only seeming to make it the more furious. With the right arm Hinckley tightened the slipping noose about the animal's throat, and with one tug he drew by that strength which comes of desperation that the panther was choked so that it let go its hold on his arm and gasped, at the same time stripping its victim of clothing, and lacerating his skin with its sharp claws. With the first spring of the panther, accompanied as it was with a roar, the horse started and ran with a fright and ran at full speed, every leap fairly lifting the cutter from the track. Thus, while Hinckley was struggling for life in the cutter, the horse was running away. But this proved to be the salvation of the driver; for in making a dash for it, the road was struck and overturned, dumping driver and panther out upon the frozen snow. The moment they struck earth, however, they parted company. One end of the halter being fast to the cutter and the other fast about the wild animal's neck, the latter was pulled after the horse, and the steel, its body jangling and bounding along the road like a tin pan hitched to a dog's tail.

The running away of the horse saved Mr. Hinckley's life. He was left by the roadside, whence he in course of time found his way to the house of a neighbor, and then to Conklingville. The cutter, badly shattered, was found half a mile from the spot where the panther leaped from behind the bush. The animal was dead, choked to death, and badly bruised. It was a narrow escape, and one of the most peculiar and desperate struggles that ever occurred between man and beast.

The Check of the Heathen Chinese.

One of the city guardians of Laramie was standing on the corner of the street, with a wild looking Chinaman came rushing up, seizing him by the arm, and said:

"You ketch-um-saw?"

"Hey!"

"You no savey; you ketch-um-saw-ee, slaw-buck-ee. You savey?"

The officer was bewildered, and thinking some terrible crime had been committed, endeavored to get the Chinaman to explain. John repeated over every word of English that he had ever learned, yet still he could not make himself understood. Finally, he seized the officer by the arm and saying, "come long," started off at a rapid pace, closely followed by the eager official. They went first to a washhouse, into which the Chinaman looked, and then, with a shake of the head, struck out again.

"Skipped out, has he?" asked the officer, as he pounded along, using every endeavor to keep up with the cat-footed Mongolian.

"Come along, we ketch-um-bime-by."

On they went at a rattling pace until a house near the rolling-mill was reached, into which John looked, and shaking his hand, dashed off on the back track.

"Where now?"

"Come long," replied John, and on they went.

They traveled all over the town and at last reached a slanting near the round-house. The officer was by this time nearly dead with fatigue and was covered with perspiration. Going up to the door John said:

"Now we ketch-um."

Taking there might be a desperate crew inside the officer drew his revolver and they entered the door. A small man was sitting on the floor, and in his hand the officer recognized "Jim," an English Chinaman.

"What's the row, Jim?" he asked.

"He hunt me so I interpret what he say."

"Well, what is it?"

The two jabbered a minute and Jim said:

"He want-ee borrow saw-buck, an' somebody tell-ee you lend um one."

"Saw-buck be langed! Here I've walked no less than ten miles after that rice man's headless thinking a murderer had been committed, or something terrible had been done. You tell him that if he ever speaks to me again I'll mash him into the ground!" and he returned to his seat.

Sir George Elliott, who purchased the Egyptian railroad for English capitalists, was once a pit boy in the mines. He is now the largest coal proprietor in the world, and a member of Parliament.

A DESPERATE DUEL.

An Old Story Retold.—The Fight in the Pit.

It is now over thirty years since one of the most remarkable, desperate, and murderous duels that ever took place in this or any other country was fought in Vicksburg. One of the parties was formerly a New York boy, who was a graduate from one of the banks. After filling all of the desks that institution with singular ability, from a collecting clerk up to the position of first teller, he still quite a young man he was appointed cashier of a bank in Vicksburg, which gave offense and caused great jealousy among the senior clerks of that institution, and they took every opportunity to oppose and insult him. He became so marked and unbearable in his character that the president finally told the cashier that he must resent it, and that he would stand by him. He had an occasion soon after to give one of the tellers a specimen of his skill in the month was as promptly resulted in a challenge for a duel, which was accepted and was fought after three days of constant pistol practice, resulting in the death of the teller. He had numerous relatives that, one after another, came forward to avenge his death, until four Bullard stoutly asserted that he did not care for the natural consequences of the first duel, and "still there were more Richmonds in the field." A relative of the first victim, an editor and successful duelist, gave out a threat that he was coming to town to avenge the death of his great-grandfather, and a desperate fighting qualities had been acquired by successfully tried, and were so well known that something desperate must be done to meet the emergency, and if possible to stop any and all future challenges. The editor arrived in town, and set no time in sending his message, which was as promptly received as the early in the morning of the same day all of the arrangements were made for a meeting at six o'clock the next morning. After making some necessary arrangements in case of death, the cashier went to bed, and slept until four A. M., having in the time forgot the almost worshipful love and devotion of his wife and only child, who were in profound ignorance of his desperate enterprise. He silently kissed them; and then the husband and father stole away to attend to the bloody business that he deemed imperative, according to "the code of honor" of his time. The morning sprang with a firm determination "to conquer or die!" On arriving at the appointed rendezvous, he found a trench dug six feet deep, two feet wide, and twelve feet long. Into this double grave the two principals descended, each armed with six-shooting navy revolvers, and having bow-knives, with instructions to commence firing at the word, and advance and finish the bloody work with their knives, if the pistols failed to accomplish it. At the first shot the editor was mortally wounded, and fell forward with the ferocity of a tiger springing at his opponent, just as he had fired his second shot. He warded off the blow with his pistol, which had a deep dent in it made by the heavy knife, showing that a desperate blow had been aimed at his life by his adversary, who fell dead at his feet. The cashier, who was so much disengaged that he could not attend to business, and by the advice of his physician took a vacation and a change of scene. He went to New York, and died in a lunatic asylum a month after.

Three Fingers.

"John," called little Mrs. Pearson after her husband as he left home in the morning, "stop at French and bring me three fingers of that new moyerage lace and a spool of white silk."

John braided himself up and repeated the message: "Three-fingers—of millionage silk and a spool of white lace," then he saw a car coming and held up three fingers that he might not forget the message while he halted the driver. As he took his seat he murmured absently: "Three fingers of—morning papers, boy—millionage," and he subsided into the paper, while he kept his fingers extended in the air. When the conductor came around John stared at him and repeated: "Three fingers, but the conductor took him by the collar and told him to pay his fare. At the office the clerk asked him a question about the day's business, but the only answer he could get was: "Three fingers of invoices," when he went to lunch, he rushed into the first restaurant, and being much surprised, could only hold up three fingers, which the obliging young man behind the counter at once proceeded to pour out. When John's wife saw him next he was listless and cooing, sitting with a vacant expression of countenance, behind the bar of a cell in the station, and a reporter had just commenced writing: "Murderer arrested! Talks of nothing else than the three fingers of his victim! Horrible disclosures expected." The little woman paid John's fare, and took him home, where he slept stupidly till the next day, when he declared his coffee must have been drugged.

Mrs. John says it's just what you might expect of a man—he never has sense enough to carry a dry goods message without losing his balance!

Rather Mixed Up.

The *Golden Rule* copies a story from the *Boston Traveller* to the effect that Rev. Mr. Murray, its editor, bore upon his stalwart shoulder to his office a huge branch of the old elm, and complains that since the appearance of the story he has been terribly beset by relic fiends for pieces of the wood; whereupon the business manager of the paper states, "That Mr. Murray wishes to use all the wood himself; second, that Mr. Murray has given it all away; and third, that Mr. Murray never got a piece of the old elm, that he was out of town that night, that the old elm is still standing, and that the *Golden Rule* office is burned to the ground, so that there is no use in coming around; besides he had had it saved into wooden mallets, with which he will brain every man, woman or child who attempts to ascend the office stairs for any purpose other than subscribing for the paper, so help him George Washington."

THE BOSS SNORER.

The Depopulator of Hotels and Boarding-Houses.

The Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise* says: After the fire old man Bullard found lodgings on South O street. He got a bed in a large room containing two other beds that were occupied. Mr. Bullard is a large, fat, good-natured, and very entertaining man. The proprietor of the lodging house was much pleased with Bullard, and laughed at his jokes the first evening of his arrival at his place till tears ran down his cheeks. The new who were to be Bullard's roommates also thought well of him—that evening. The next morning, however, they looked sad and red-eyed. Then they went to the landlord and told him that he must find some other place for Mr. Bullard, as he was such a terrible snorer they couldn't stand him. The landlord's rooms were all occupied, and he had no place for Bullard but just where he self-definitely resided. In a challenge for a duel, which was accepted and was fought after three days of constant pistol practice, resulting in the death of the teller. He had numerous relatives that, one after another, came forward to avenge his death, until four Bullard stoutly asserted that he did not care for the natural consequences of the first duel, and "still there were more Richmonds in the field." A relative of the first victim, an editor and successful duelist, gave out a threat that he was coming to town to avenge the death of his great-grandfather, and a desperate fighting qualities had been acquired by successfully tried, and were so well known that something desperate must be done to meet the emergency, and if possible to stop any and all future challenges. The editor arrived in town, and set no time in sending his message, which was as promptly received as the early in the morning of the same day all of the arrangements were made for a meeting at six o'clock the next morning. After making some necessary arrangements in case of death, the cashier went to bed, and slept until four A. M., having in the time forgot the almost worshipful love and devotion of his wife and only child, who were in profound ignorance of his desperate enterprise. He silently kissed them; and then the husband and father stole away to attend to the bloody business that he deemed imperative, according to "the code of honor" of his time. The morning sprang with a firm determination "to conquer or die!" On arriving at the appointed rendezvous, he found a trench dug six feet deep, two feet wide, and twelve feet long. Into this double grave the two principals descended, each armed with six-shooting navy revolvers, and having bow-knives, with instructions to commence firing at the word, and advance and finish the bloody work with their knives, if the pistols failed to accomplish it. At the first shot the editor was mortally wounded, and fell forward with the ferocity of a tiger springing at his opponent, just as he had fired his second shot. He warded off the blow with his pistol, which had a deep dent in it made by the heavy knife, showing that a desperate blow had been aimed at his life by his adversary, who fell dead at his feet. The cashier, who was so much disengaged that he could not attend to business, and by the advice of his physician took a vacation and a change of scene. He went to New York, and died in a lunatic asylum a month after.

The landlord sought an interview with Bullard and remonstrated with him. Bullard stoutly asserted that he did not care for the natural consequences of the first duel, and "still there were more Richmonds in the field." A relative of the first victim, an editor and successful duelist, gave out a threat that he was coming to town to avenge the death of his great-grandfather, and a desperate fighting qualities had been acquired by successfully tried, and were so well known that something desperate must be done to meet the emergency, and if possible to stop any and all future challenges. The editor arrived in town, and set no time in sending his message, which was as promptly received as the early in the morning of the same day all of the arrangements were made for a meeting at six o'clock the next morning. After making some necessary arrangements in case of death, the cashier went to bed, and slept until four A. M., having in the time forgot the almost worshipful love and devotion of his wife and only child, who were in profound ignorance of his desperate enterprise. He silently kissed them; and then the husband and father stole away to attend to the bloody business that he deemed imperative, according to "the code of honor" of his time. The morning sprang with a firm determination "to conquer or die!" On arriving at the appointed rendezvous, he found a trench dug six feet deep, two feet wide, and twelve feet long. Into this double grave the two principals descended, each armed with six-shooting navy revolvers, and having bow-knives, with instructions to commence firing at the word, and advance and finish the bloody work with their knives, if the pistols failed to accomplish it. At the first shot the editor was mortally wounded, and fell forward with the ferocity of a tiger springing at his opponent, just as he had fired his second shot. He warded off the blow with his pistol, which had a deep dent in it made by the heavy knife, showing that a desperate blow had been aimed at his life by his adversary, who fell dead at his feet. The cashier, who was so much disengaged that he could not attend to business, and by the advice of his physician took a vacation and a change of scene. He went to New York, and died in a lunatic asylum a month after.

"Thank Heaven he's gone!" said the man, as Bullard's landlord came up. "Thank Heaven I am rid of him at last."

"Rid of whom?"

"Why, of the big fat man you see yonder waddling down the street."

"What of him?"

"Enough of him! He cleaned nearly every man out of my house before he left. They wouldn't stop in the same bed with that snoring, Falstaffian porpoise, sir!"

"He's a good one, is he?"

"A good one? He's a perfect terror! He's more different kinds of a snorer than any man I ever heard of, and every time he changes his key it is for the worse. He's the only man I know who was gathering in front of the house, nightly wondering what the matter within, and the police came in one night thinking some one was being murdered. My dog ran away, and all the cats left the house."

"And the man you pointed out to me is the snorer?"

"Yes, sir, he is, and may he burst!"

"Good-day, sir!" and Bullard's landlord hastened down the street.

The next morning, with the first peep of day, Bullard, puffing and blowing, rushed into the presence of his landlord.

"What are you trying to play on me?" cried he; "I never slept a wink all night. Of all the infernal noises I ever heard that man in my room got off the worst. Is he going to stay here?"

"Stay! of course he is. Hain't he got the bed for a month?"

"But I leave," and Bullard was as good as his word.

An hour afterward the man who had ousted Bullard arose and waddled serenely into the presence of the landlord.

"You've cleaned him out," said the landlord. "You raised him he's gone for good!" and the landlord gleefully rubbed his hands. "Now," continued the landlord, "I'll give you a good breakfast, and then you can go."

"Go," said the fat man, "not much I don't. Didn't you say last evening in the presence of Bullard and half a dozen others that I was to stay here one month?"

"But that you know was only to"—

"I know nothing of the kind and I shall stay here! I am human; I must have some place in which to repose."

The landlord is now trying to get some man to set up some kind of machine in his house that will outlast the boss snorer, who now has the whole place to himself except a small room in a corner of the third story where he and his wife spend their nights in a miserable way.

The Origin of the Investigation.

The following is given by a Washington letter as the origin of the Belknap investigation: While in search for a house for his family in December, B. B. Lewis of Alabama, was referred to G. O. Ames, a real estate agent. During their search for a house Mr. Ames in conversation stated to Mr. Lewis that he had formerly belonged to the army, but was dismissed through the enmity of Belknap; that if he had the assistance of a member of Congress he could in sixty days develop facts that would force Belknap to resign. Mr. Lewis tendered his assistance, and they subsequently had several interviews. Mr. Lewis, being impressed, sought the advice of Mr. Raudall, who advised that the facts be brought before Mr. Clymer, chairman of the committee on expenditures in the war department. Mr. Lewis and Ames saw Mr. Clymer, and the latter gave a list of witnesses, including Marsh. Afterward Mr. Clymer thought Ames was acting in bad faith, as the secretary said Ames had proposed, if he were restored to the army and certain other conditions complied with, he would drop the matter. Mr. Lewis said if Ames were seeking only to levy blackmail of course they could have nothing to do with it, but advised, as Ames had furnished the names of witnesses, that they be called and examined, which was done.

Love.

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Love is the sunshine
That warms into life;
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

Items of Interest.

The butcher's bill of a single hotel in New York averages \$2,500 a week in the winter season, and about \$1,000 in the summer.

The estimated area of Cuba is 34,800 square miles; with its dependencies, 47,278. The area of New York State is 47,000 square miles.

A man in Santa Clara, California, two years ago bought \$2,000 worth of hogs. He has since sold \$12,000 worth and has \$8,000 worth on hand.

Seeds of the mahogany tree sown three or four years ago on the island of Mauritius have already produced trees twenty feet high, and from three to six inches through the trunk.

Papa (concluding the fascinating tale): "And he was turned into a beautiful prince and married Beauty." Minnie (after a pause): "Pa, were you a beast before you married mamma?"

A three-year-old child sprang from the arms of its mother standing at an open window of a house in Providence, the other day, and fell twenty-six feet, but struck on a baby carriage standing below the window, and was not seriously hurt.

Scene at church after the clergyman's peroration: Julia to Xantippe—"What a beautiful close!" Xantippe (who has been spitefully eyeing a well dressed lady before her)—"Beautiful clothes? Yes; but I know she didn't get 'em in a beautiful way."

A high Russian officer says that all Chinese soldiers, officers, as well as privates, are morally degraded; all, without exception, are addicted to the use of opium; and on account of their stealing propensities they are a terror to their own countrymen.

Dr. Hayford, of Laramie, who drew up the woman suffrage law for the Wyoming Legislature, says there are not twenty-five people in the Territory who would now vote for its repeal. Fights at the polls, street brawls and barroom rows never occur.

Bank catechism—"Papa, what's a safe?" "A safe, my child, is a charitable institution in which benevolent old people and orphans lay up their money for the use of sickly burglars in paying hotel bills at Saratoga." "What's a cashier?" "A cashier, my child, is a signboard established by amiable bank directors to point out the way into the safe."

One morning during the recent cold weather Miss Lily refused to get up and be washed. Her aunt, who follows the modern mode of dealing with children, and considers that they should always be argued with, but never made to do as they are bid, in vain exhausted her eloquence in describing the excellencies of purification, for the infant logician fairly confuted her by this ingenious antithesis: "Aunt Mary, you do as you like, and let me do as I like. You like to be clean and cold, and I like to be warm and dirty."

Fashion Notes.

Bows, sashes and loops are placed on appropriate parts of the dress ad libitum.

"Pa'l back" skirts and bustles a la *Hottentot*, are de rigueur in the world of fashion.

French chemises are of the sack shape, with sleeves cut with the body of the garment.

Parisian *lingerie* rivals in cheapness the productions of American garments for underwear.

Percale, cambric, calico and lawn will take the place of linen and batiste for suits next summer.

Black silk sashes will be worn for street wraps, only very long and of similar shape to those now in vogue.

The new calicoes and cambrics for spring wear have plain grounds showing stripes, checks, plaids, and dashes of color.

For millinery purposes there are basket woven, granite woven, and serge silks in cream and all other fashionable colors.

The latest thing in trimbles is a cap piece of agate, onyx, or crystal inserted in the top of the usual rim of silver or gold.

White and cream colored cashmere dolmans are shown for evening wraps, covered with elaborate designs in tinsel braids.

One deep, long pocket, either plaited or gathered, appears on the left side of nearly every imported costume this spring.

Gros grain ribbons will be used in trimming bouquets, but serge and basket woven ones are also shown for that purpose.

Box plaited ruffles and flounces are preferred by modistes for stylish suits in course of preparation for Easter Sunday and after Lent.

Basques with Continental waistcoats, worn over deep, round overshirts, and fancy princess polonaises, are both favorite styles for making up calico dresses.

Fashionable ladies choose French percale, corresponding in weight with Lonsdale cambric and French cambric, in preference to any other material for their *lingerie*.

THE NEWSPIAPER.—A newspaper is a window through which men look out on all that is going on in the world; without a newspaper, a man is shut in a small room, and knows little or nothing of what is happening outside of himself. In our day, the newspapers keep pace with history and record it. A newspaper will keep a sensible man in sympathy with the world's current history. It is an unfolding encyclopedia, an unbound book forever issuing and never finished.