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Under the Wave. Under the wave the pearl shines bright; Peerless and pure in the light of the day, Under the dreary wave, Under the weary wave Hidden away.

Under the wave the coral climbs trailly, Sale from the rush of the raging Under the dashing wave, Under the crashing wave,

Deep in the ocean. Under the wave the reeds grow tall, Dreamy the motion of sea-weed and willow Under the toiling wave. Neath the receding wave,

Under the wave the anemone grows; Fearless and trail in its innocence thriving Under the rocking wave, Under the mocking wave Patiently striving.

Under the billow.

Under the waves there is peaceful calm, Restful and still without ripple or motion, Under the howling waves, Under the growling waves. Lies the great ocean.

God looketh down from His throne in the heavens.

Sees not the ocean, as we do, in part-Judgeth it not by its changeable surface, But under the rumbling waves, Under the tumbling waves. Under the grumbling waves, Sees its pure heart. -Annie Deane, in Portland Transcript.

OUR BOARDER.

When Miss Dehone came to our hous to stay it was well understood that if we were to her liking she was to re-main with us for the rest of her days. And as we thought that the payment of her board would be quite an item in our little housekeeping, we were resolved that, of course, we would be to her liking. Moreover, Miss Dehone was a distant—indeed, a very distant—connection. tion; mamma's great-aunt's second cousin by marriage, or something of the And distant as that was, we were the nearest and only connection she had in the world, so that—I am ashamed to acknowledge that we were so poor as to be obliged to encourage a mercenary thought in the matter—so that we might possibly come in for something by her will, if she decided not to leave all and everything to the Society for the Prevention of Crucky to Cats, as she had once formally declared her intention

Sarah did not look on the innovation favorably. Sarah was our beauty of beauties-I wish you could have seen her in those days-dark and tall and straight as an Arab, with such a carnation on her olive cheek, and such blue-black hair, and eyes like midnight and just as different from Emma as dark from dawn; for Em was all fair and rosy and dimpled and yellow-haired, while Kate was gray-eyed, black-lashed and pale. As for me, I was always a little dud; but I was mighty useful. Well, Sarah said she had rather go

without everything forever than introduce a stranger—and such a stranger— among us, and Em seconded her. En didn't say it, but she was pretty sure it would interfere with her beaux to have an old lady always sitting round, with her blanket-shawls and foot-stoves and big tabby cats on each side of her, to be waited on every minute or two, or else to give you a heartless appearance; and it was well known that Miss Dehone had the greatest contempt for the young men of to-day, who had deteriorated so sadly since her time. But Kate and I persuaded mamma to our side, and that was a majority, and Miss Dehone came. blanket-shawls, and soap-stones, and rubber bags of hot water, and terrible attacks of colic, and a lap-dog, and a parrot, and a pair of canaries, and a family of Persian cats; and for the rest, the most inquisitive little body, with her sharp black eyes peering from all her wraps and caps and strings and things like a mouse from a bundle of rags. And to Sarah's consternation, she singled her out for the royal favor at once. "You have the Dehone eye, my love," she said, with a series of queer little nods: "I looked just like you at your age." And Sarah said afterward, with asperity, that if she was going to look just like her at her age, she wished she might die

"Just think how horrid it will be when Arnold comes," said Sarah to me.
"There she is perched with her pets in the corner, and there she always will be with those dreadful eyes of hers, too. Dehone eyes, indeed! And she will be asking all sorts of hateful questions she'll be asking him his intentions, for all I know

Asking Arnold Parnell his ir tentions! Sarah guessed that mamma had been on the point of it any time this twelvemonth; for mamma held her husband's girls to be a serious responsibility, and here had Arnold been, as she would have said if she had put it into words, in the way of Sarah's making an eligible settleway of Sarah's making an engion settle-ment all this year and more. Mamma is cheeky—I beg her dear old haughty pardon, she calls it her habit of self-re-spect—but somehow, like "grandfather's clock," she always stopped "short" of asking Arnold any questions that she could not have asked a prince of the blood royal; and if anybody ever looked like a prince of the blood royal it was Arnold Parnell. That he was madly in like a prince of the blood royal it was Arnold Parnell. That he was madly in love with Sarah there wasn't the least doubt in my mind, and I doubt if there was any doubt in Sarah's, although I dare say that about some things one is hardly quite sure till the articles are signed and sealed. But she was such a proud and stately piece that she would have died sooner than have given him, on anybody but me—nobody ever minded me much—one sign concerning her feelings; and all we exactly knew was that if young Dr. Parnell had given us a good chance, we, at least, should have gracious! it wasn't so when I wasn't so when good chance, we, at least, should have been equally madly in love with him. But then Sarah wasn't like the rest of us. and had never said as much as this about

him before.
"Oh, no," I answered her on this ocea-

sion, "she won't go out of her way to make herself disagreeable,"
"She won't have to," said Em, coming in with Kate and overhearing me.
"It is just going to destroy our home having that woman here. She'll have "Becaus the hest comes the hest town's full morsel, the best room and the best manners all the time. There'll never be a bit of freedom; we must speak with bated breath; we don't know how she'll "Because there's no opening. The town's full of doctors now."

"And there's no hope of anything better—let me see, I ought to say worse—in the village?"

"No. He doesn't

her by inches; and if you don't, of course I must. And then I never shall be able I must. And then I never shall be able to have an hour for myself for Arnold—"
She stopped, for she hadn't meant to say that. "There! I don't care if it does burn my face and grime my hands," she cried; "I can't have you doing all the nursing. There'll be nothing left of you in a year, with carrying up trays for breakfast, and making beef tea, and whipping up eggs for refreshers, and stirring a custard now and a panada then, and filling hot water bottles, and shaking up cushions, and running up and down stairs, and being a perfect drudge in stairs, and being a perfect drudge in general—"

"Nonsense!" said I, when I could break in. "You know I like to do it. It is always pleasant to me to—" "Then if it's so pleasant," said Sarah, "I'll have some of the pleasure. It the little creature's going to stay—and I suppose she is—I shall take care of her for the future. I'm sure you've enough to do in waiting on mamma and seeing to the housekeeping. Mamma's enough to set one by the head.

Mamma wasn't our own mother, bythe-way; she was papa's great mistake.
But then we all got along nicely together, and were, on the whole, very
fond of each other, for all Sarah's remark: but you know the best of friends
are sometimes exasperating. As mamma
came of an old and stately but impecunious family, she held herself of a little
more worth than we were—we who had more worth than we were—we who had sprung from the soil, so to speak; and, to tell the truth, we did have to wait upon her—how we did have to wait upon her! But somehow we always iked it till Miss Dehone came; and then, I suppose, having the two of them made it too much of a good thing. And I must say I was surprised to see Sarah taking the matter up so, and it did put me in mind of the Queen of Sheba waiting on the Witch of Endor, say-Sarah was so splendid and superb, and then she usually did look like an Eastern princess in disguise, whether she was holding a toasting fork over the blaze or snuffing Miss Dehone's wax candle for her; and Miss Dehone always would have a wax candle. As for Em and Kate, they kept school, and were the chief of our support, and could not, of course, do anything else.

Well, at the end of the second month

I went to balancing our accounts, and seeing what would be left over for the carpet and mamma's silk; and, if you'll believe it, adding in all the board money, our accounts only came out just even. All the little messings had counted up, and instead of our boarder's being a profit, that little item in our housekeep-ing was all the other way. "Well." ing was all the other way. "Well." said I, "what shall we do? Let her find another home? It's a pity—and she so well established."

"It would be a shame," said Sarah, hesitatingly. "A shame. No, I couldn't —could you?—turn her out."

"No profit and no pleasure, and a world of trouble," said I.
"I don't know," said Sarah. "You can't help growing fond of the little thing, although she does ask such questions."

Questions! I should think so. was that' And what did he come for? What was his business? Was he Sarah's lover or Em's? She didn't think much of his taste if he were Em's. Was he a good match? Why hadn't we looked out for him, then? Why were none of us engaged? Did we mean to die old maids like her? Did we think that so cheerful a prospect, with nobody to care a farthing? Who was the Dr. Parnell that came round here so much? Was he after Sarah? Handsome is that handsome does, and Sarah wasn't to be had for the asking, she would have him

Does Sarah like him, do you know?" she asked me one day.
"Indeed, Miss Dehone, how can I

say? You can say very well if you will.'

gracious! it wasn't so when I was young. Love has turned his bow into a money-bag. Well, hasn't he a profession?"

"Oh, yes, you know he's a physician. But he practices in a country village ten she won't go out of her way to miles from here, and drives over to see herself disagreeable."

And, dear me, it's the healthiest village!"
"So I suppose. Why doesn't he set-

as lief play with two figure-heads.
Pray, Mr. Mallows, do you follow Pole,
or Cavendish, or De Vautre, or—"
"I follow my partner's lead," said Mr,

Mallows. I went and looked on at the play; and as they grew merry and forgetful, I glanced into the little mirror that re-flected a corner of the other room, I beflected a corner of the other room, I be-ing the only one in the range of its pic-ture, and I saw Arnold's hand pause in moving a peg, and close round Sarah's half-suspended one—and there was no more cribbage played in the front par-lor that night. And by-and-bye, when Sarah came to bed, I pretended to be asleep, but for all that I saw her cheeks the color of two carnations, and hereves the color of two carnations, and hereyes shining with such a sweet light in them as she put down the lamp and stood leaning her arms on the bureau and looking in the glass. "Oh!" she murmured to herself. "And it will be an old, old woman's first!" And I heard her crying softly to herself whenever I woke up in the night, as I had never heard her do before.

But the next morning there was no time for sentiment. Miss Dehone was ill. And after no end of running with hot flannels and foot-baths, she declared it was a case for a doctor, and I must

"Why not have Arnold?" said I,
"Arnold!" she cried, with contempt.
"Do you suppose I want to make a
clinical lecture of myself for that boy? Do I want to be a subject for a young man's experiments? No. I heard Em's chattering Mallows there last night, after you went up, telling of Arnold's taking that Irish baby up to his own coom to get well; and of his transfusing blood from his right arm for that dying woman-but you see she died-and he badn't any right to do it. And I can't say when I have felt more indignant han went he told of Arnold's taking out serew in the life-boat in that September gale to rescue the people on the wreck of the Sariana. Suppose I'd been one of his patients, and he'd risk his life so in the very middle of my case—" "How did you hear all that, Miss

Dehone? I thought you were asleep.
"I woke up." "Perhaps you heard something else?" "I heard a great deal else," said she, with some emphatic nods, and her little black eyes sparkling like diamonds 'And saw too.'

"I don't see what there was to see." "Just as good as a novel, my dear, just as good as a novel—a real live

"Do you mean Sarah and Arnold?" She nodded again. "I don't think you had any right-

began. "Now you stop just there!" she cried.
"That's my affair, and not yours. If I can square it with my conscience, I'm not obliged to square it by yours" Then the little sprite looked up at me withithe oddest, eeriest laugh "Do you want to know how I saw them?" she said. know how I saw them?" she said. "Then you put on my glasses. I'm about done with them." And she thrust the blue spectacles on my nose, tilted at an abtuse angle, and I saw the whole room behind me reflected in miniature in the blue glasses, as if they were a Psyche mirror.

"Oh, how mean!" I exclaimed.
"Pshaw! Why should they mind me
any more than an old tree? I am an
old tree. I saw him kiss her hand; and
—and I should have seen him kiss her lips, I guess—her beautiful sweet lips—if I hadn't shut my eyes just then. Oh, yes, I have a little conscience. You are going to warn them about me? You'd better not. The motto on one of our first coins was, mind your own business.
I'll give you one of them for your col-I'll give you one of them for your col-lection if you'll hold your tongue. And I'm glad you think it's mean, too; but then it isn't wise or respectful for you to say so," said the midget. "Arnold? No, I want a practical man. He's hand-some euough—oh, he's very well-look-ing; handsome as Sarah; handsome like King Saul. But I like an ugly doc-tor. And my throat's all filling up. I tor. And my throat's all filling up. I wish you'd hurry. Who is the best doctor here—I mean the oldest? Who has the widest practice? I want him." So I sent for Dr. Burns; and the little creature insisted on seeing him alone, and a sweet time, we thought, he had of it

with her. "He's an old man, a very old man, together too old to practice, and I told him so. If I like an old doctor. I don't mean Methuselah," said she. "But he's done me good. I feel better already. I shouldn't wonder if I could go down stairs."

"Do you think you'd best?"
"Well, if Sarah'll come and read to
me, I'll sit up here till night-fall. I alme, I'll sit up here till night-fall. I always like to leave my room, and change the air anyway, when I can." And as Sarah read interminable page after page of Pollock's "Course of Time," her sad sweet face a little turned away, the mouth slightly drooping, and the lovely lips cast down, I saw the little creature eyeing her with a most singular cast of countenance. "Just think," I said to myself, "her life almost done with, and their lives—my dear magnificent Sarah's life—just beginning, and just going to Tribune. CATCHING LADY SMUGGLERS.

"Dr. Parnell!" said mamma, starting to her feet with as much dignity as the amazement left her.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I mean it. We are going to have a hearth! Do you remember that old gray house on the hill, with the garden going up the hill behind it, all terraces and grass-plots and alleys and flower beds?"

"Ah, how sweetly such things sound in fall weather, and when you don't have to weed and water!" cried Kate,

"And all the year round and forever!"

"Do you mean Dr. Burns' house!" I

"Exactly so. Sarah, that is going to be our own house. It is your wedding present. And she has done it, the little fairy godmother. And she has bought Dr. Burns' practice, and that is mine. and I enter on the good-will next week, and we go into that house, you and I' Sarah, the week after. Do you hear?"
"Do you hear, Sarah?" echoed Miss

"Oh, it can't be true," said Sarah, with white lips, and seeming ready to fall on her knees.
"It is true," said Miss Dehone. "And

now I suppose you'll let me go, young "Not," said he, "till you promise to come with Sarah. We shall need the fairy godmother at our hearth there— they've got another here"—and if you',! believe it, he looked at me, "Not till

then," said he.

"Very well, then," said she. "Anything for peace. But if you believe for a moment," said she, adjusting her cap, after he had dropped her into her chair, "that I had any other intention you are mistaken. Leave my Sarah to the mercies of a man, indeed! Sarah, I'm deternined you shall have everything I didn't. And I've ordered you an ivory-tinted satin and orange blossoms and And all of a sudden the little reature burst into tears, and we were ll sobbing and laughing round her, and when she at last emerged from the dampness and disorder, "Dear me!" she dampness and disorder, "Dear me!" she said, "I should think I was the bride, after all!"-Harper's Bazar.

History of a Singular Murder.

The escape of Wm. D. Kingin from the State prison, and his vocuntary return, says the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Eagle, will recall to many in the county one of the most singular tragedies ever enacted in this part of the State. Kingin and Barber were neighbors, and on perfectly I brought one young lady in here the other day who wore a very large bustle, composed entirely of American laces. She cried and pleaded, but had to pay us Barber were neighbors, and on periecular friendly terms with each other. Kingin was a man highly respected, and when the news of his crime spread through the community the feeling of horror at the deec was fully rivaled by the utter astonishment that he should kill a man. Barber was town treasurer, and had held that office for several terms, which shows the estimation in which he was shows the estimation in which he was held. They started together early one morning from Barber's house in Algoma, in this county, to come to Grand Rapids. Barber's chief errand was to pay to the county treasurer some moneys that he and collected. Kingin had an ax on his shoulder. As he told the story after he was convicted, at the time of receiving his sentence, no thought of committing such a bloody deed had previously en-tered his mind. But the thought suddenly occurred to him, as they were walking along a lonely piece of road, how easily he might knock Barber down with the ax and get possession of the money. Kingin dropped a little behind and struck Barber with the ax. A single blow accomplished the terrible deed, crushing through the skull of his victim. Kingin threw the ax to one side, and pursued his journey until overtaken by some neighbors, who had discovered he dead body of Barber. He went back with some one to the fatal spot. There was a little snow on the ground, the tracks were traceable, the ax was found, severely in the end. "Will they not recognize you as being and the proofs were so conclusive that the conviction of Kingin was easy at the trial. He has been in State prison upward of twenty years.

Scared Out of Her Head.

A curious case of complete alopecy reported in a French medical paper. A girl aged seventeen, who had always en-joyed good health, had one day a narrow joyed good health, had one day a narrow escape from being crushed by a floor giving way beneath her. She was very much frightened, and the same night began to complain of headacke and chills. The next morning she felt restless and had irritation of the scalp. During the following days she steadily improved, with the exception of the irritation. One day is combing her hair she noticed that it came out in great quannoticed that it came out in great quantities. Five days later she had lost all her hair. Her general health was good. The patient remained bald, and still so when seen two years later by the

A search of the juveniles who are on A search of the juveniles who are on the street, youths from twelve to eigh-teen years of age, would reveal the fact that two-thirds of them carry pistols. At any base-ball gathering a majority of the men and boys in attendance have pis-tols, dirks or other weapons.—Chicago

low the Business is Managed on the Canadian Border-A Lady Petective's Ex-perionee with the Weaker Sex-Women the Boldest and Most Ingentous Smug-glers-Some of the Devices they Resort

Going to and fro on the regular ferry-boats and observing the ladies who crowd the upper decks, one is astonished at the clumsiness or feminine fashions at the clumsiness of feminine fashions—
the prevalence of ultra large hoops, the
ungraceful drapery of shawls and the
bulkiness of the tournure in contralistinction to the sheath-like slimness of
apparel which has so long been the prevailing style. It is noticeable, too, that
these very respectable ladies are of all
ages, single and married, some very
handsome, others quite ordinary in appearance. They seem to shun observance, and sit in remote corners. They
have, too, a flushed, disheveled look, as
if they might be refugees from the fever
district. Sometimes they are shadowed
by a plain respectable looking woman,
past the boundary of youth, who seems
to take a deep interest in them. Each
restless matron or maiden passes under
her surveillance, though unaware of the
fact, until, the landing is reached, and a
sudden tap upon the shoulder is followed
by a low-spoken "Come with me," as inavorable a commend as the distof fate by a low-spoken "Come with me," as in-exorable a command as the edict of fate. Who are the much be-clothed victims? They are one and all smugglers; excellent people, belonging to the best Canadian or American families, but as intent on defrauding the government out of its tariff as if the object were the most meritorious in the world. Women are natural smugglers. They enjoy the perils as well as the profits of outwitting a government detective. There is a smack of outlawry about the business that is delightfully romantic, and not the least bit wicked—so the dear creatures argue. The woman who confronts them with the fact that they have smuggled goods about them is a government detective, several of whom are employed to watch the ladies and compel them "to render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." A repre-sentative of the *Free Press* had a recent opportunity of a moments' chat with Miss Harriet Thompson, the new employee of the Canadian government, who is only interested in goods passing from Detroit to Windsor.

"Have you been long in this business, Miss Thompson?" was asked by way of

"About two months only; it was en-tirely new to me, but I think I under-stand it thoroughly now."

"About how many do you average on your daily trips?" your daily trips?"

"I do not make daily trips—sometimes I am at Chatham or at Sarina, and I have an office where ladies are searched. It is my business to assist them to disrobe—gently, if they will, but forcibly if they resist. It is not a pleasant business, I can assure you, but I have my duty to perform. Some of I have my duty to perform. Some of the ladies are very nice. The younger ones will cry and wring their hands, and sometimes faint; they hate to give up the goods and are so ashamed at being

enught."
"Where you find smuggled goods, do "No, we compel the smugglers, if we can, to tell what they paid for them. They can then keep the goods by paying us what they originally cost. We appraise them ourselves if they give faise prices. Sometimes the Detroit firms make out bills of lower value, or furnish the parties with bill heads, which they ill up to suit themselves. These we es-

timate at our own figures and release the parties on payment."

"What class of goods do the smugglers give the largest preference to?"

"White and gray cottons, heavy colored drillings, fancy knitted goods and that class. The duty on such is about twenty five per cent. about twenty-five per cent. The goods are bulky and hard to handle; that is why they are so easily detected. The ladies pin whole pieces of cotton about them, sometimes folded in their shawls or disposed about their skirts, and it makes their movements very awkward.

the value of the whole lot."
"How is it about the Canada side-

do the Detroit ladies smuggled from "Oh! I have nothing to do with that: it is for your government to attend to that. But our goods are principally laces, kid gloves, ribbons and small articles that are easily secreted. A lady can wear a pair of kid gloves, and carry a new umbrella in her hand, and swathe herself in laces, and no one will be the wiser. The French women are said to be expert in carrying plaited straw across without detection. I could tell you some funny stories of shrinkage in dry goods of ladies who come in here dry goods of ladies who come in here plump and who went away very much attenuated. One stout lady inventoried one piece of white cotton, four pairs of embroidered hose, several yards of black cashmere, one dozen pocket handkerchiefs and a pair of children's shoes, besides linings, buttons and trimmings. She was nearly dead with the weight of the things, but when we took her into the office she gave us a sight of trouble. I was obliged to take the things almost by main force, until she saw there was help for it, and it cost her pretty

in the employ of the government if you frequent the boats?"

"No; they never see me watching them; besides, there is nothing about me to attract attention. I am not in uuiform, nor do I ever seem to be watch ing them.

"How it is about the male passengers?

Do they never smugglep"
"Yes; but the custom-house officials can be much more peremptory with them. They are not in my line; it is only the ladies I am commissioned to watch."

"Is the situation lucrative?" "It pays very well. I have a regu-lar salary and a commission on all revenue derived from my work. an ungracious business, but perfectly respectable. If ladies are surprised to see a woman fill such an office, it surprises me as much to find them engaged in smuggling and breaking the laws of the country.—Detroit Free Press.

A dreadful story is reported from France. A young sportsman went shooting. In a wood he met a charming young girl, the daughter of a neighboring farmer. Falling into conversation with her he set his army went should be a her he set his gun up against a tree, and sat down himself on a knoll with the fair enchantress. The girl's father going by that way saw the loving couple, crept up sortly through the wood behind them, seized the lover's gun and—disappeared with it.

An Insurance Murder. In December last J. W. Hillman, of

In December last J. W. Hillman, of Lawrence, Kansas, insured his life for \$25,000 in the following companies: Connecticut Mutual Life, \$5,000; Mutual Life, of New York, \$10,000; New York Life, \$10,0 0, the premiums amounting semi-annually to about \$313. One day in the following February he met Major Wiseman, the special agent of the Mutual Life, who had taken his application in December, and asked him many pertinent questions, which roused the major's suspicions that Hillman was contemplated something "crooked." The special agent at once began taking notes as to the more precise and positive identification of Hillman should he in the future turn up dead. In the major's in notes as to the more precise and positive identification of Hillman should he in the future turn up dead. In the major's survey of Hillman, he noticed a tooth out in his upper left jaw. Soon afterward it was published that Hillman was accidentally shot and killed by his former business partner, J. H. Brown, an: the body buried at Medicine Lodge. Wiseman instantly suspected something wrong, and accompanied by his lawyer and Agent Tillinghast, of the New York Life, arrived at Medicine Lodge on March 31st, fourteen days after the alleged accidental shooting. Wiseman insisted on exhuming the body, and did not recognize it as Hillman's. The upper jaw tooth was not missing. He said nothing then of his conclusions, but had the body taken to St. Lawrence, to give the widow an opportunity, he said, to erect a monument to it at her home, out of the insurance money. There he reported his belief to the coroner, who held an inquest, and after six days' careful investigation, the corpse being ful investigation, the corpse being viewed by many who knew Hillman, the verdict was that the corpse was a person unknown to the jury, and, in the opinion of the jury, it was the corpse of some man who came to his death in a fellow many rat the hands of LH. felonious manner at the hands of J. H Brown. Before the jury rendered their verdict

Brown.

Before the jury rendered their verdict
Brown was sworn, and detailed minutely the journey he took with Hillman
from Wichita to the spot where the
alleged shooting occurred; how it was
done, and that it was Hillman who was
shot by him. Mrs. Hillman swore that
the corpse she saw was that of her husband; that she recognized it by the general appearance, and not by any special
mark. Other witnesses of high standing swore that the corpse was not that
of Hillman. Among these was Hillman's sister, Mrs. McCoy. Brown
escaped immediately after the verdict,
fearing arrest. Wiseman returned to
Wichita, and found a number of persons who knew Hillman. The major
was armed with photographs of Hillman, Brown and the dead man. The
dead man's photograph was immediately recognized as that of one Frank
Nicholas, who about the first of March
was offered \$20 a month and found, by
Hillman and Brown, to herd cattle for
them. He promised to write to his
friends, but they had never heard from
him. Hillman and Brown left Wichita
at three r. M., March 5, and went South
instead of West—a different route from
that described by Brown at the inquest
—and met Wellington, as previously
agreed on. The shooting took place
fourteen miles north of Medicine Lodge,
and one hundred miles southwest of
Wichita. Under an assumed name
Brown was not long since heard of at
Higby, Mo., and was reported to be
negotiating, through his father and Higby, Mo., and was reported to be negotiating, through his father and brother, for immunity from punishment, provided he would divulge the who ob. An attempt to capture him failed, and pretty reliable reports have it that he has joined Hillman in the East. He sent word from Missouri that he himself did not do the killing, as he claimed in his testimony before the coroner's jury and that, if assured protection, he would turn State's evidence. Hillman is be-lieved certainly to be alive, and the in-

surance companies have not paid a cent to Mrs. Hillman, who is not pressing them by lawsuit.

Curing Hydrophobla by Force of Will. It will not do to say that hydrophobia is always a disease of the imagination; but that it is sometimes such, and that it may be controlled and cured by the infill lence of the mind over the body, would appear to be proved by the following interesting case related in a recent article in the Cornhill Magazine:

Andrew Crosse, the electrician, had

Andrew Crosse, the electrician, had been bitten severely by a cat, which on the same day died from hydrophobia. He seems resolutely to have dismissed from his mind the fears which must naturally have been suggested by these circumstances. Had he yielded to them, as most men would, he might not improbably have succumbed within a few days or weeks to an attack of minddays or weeks to an attack of mind-created hydrophobia—so to describe the fatal ailment which ere now has been intal aliment which ere now has been bitknown to kill persons who had been bitten by animals perfectly free from rabies.
Three months passed, during which
Crosse enjoyed his usual health. At the
end of that time, however, he felt one
morning a severe pain in his arm, accompanied by great thirst. He called for
water, but "at the instant," he says,
"that I was about to raise the tumbler
to my lins a strong spasm shot across my to my lips a strong spasm shot across my throat; lumediately the terrible convic-tion came to my mind that I was about to fall a victim to hydrophobia, the con-sequence of the bite I had received from sequence of the bite I had received from the cat. The agony of mind I endured for one hour is indescribable; the con templation of such a horrible death—death from hydrophobia—was almost insupportable. The pain, which haddirst commenced in my hand, passed up to the elbow, and from thence to the shoulder, threatening to extend. I felt all human aid was useless, and I believed that I must die. At length I began to reflect on my condition. I said to myself, 'Either I shall die, or I shall not; if I do, it will only be a fate which many do, it will only be a fate which many have suffered, and many more must suf fer, and I must bear it like a man; if, on the other hand, there is any hope of my life, my only chance is in summoning my utmost resolution, defying the attack, and exerting every effort of my mind.' Accordingly, feeling that physical as well as mental exertion was necessary, I took my gun, shouldered it, and went out for the nurrose of sheating. the purpose of shooting, my arm aching the while intolerably. I met with no sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, sport, but I walked the whole afternoon, exerting at every step I went a strong mental effort against the disease. When I returned to the house I was decidedly better; I was able to eat some dinner, and drank water as usual. The next morning the aching pain had gone down to my elbow, the following it went down to the wrist, and the third day it left me altogether. I mentioned the circumstance to Dr. Kinglake, and he said he certain y considered I had had an attack of hydrophobia, which would possibly have proved fatal had I not struggled against it by a strong effort of mind." A Rhyme of the Time.

Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurky She didn't know chicken from turkey: High Spanish and Greek she could fluent speak,

But her knowledge of poultry was murky She could tell the great uncle of Moses, And the dates of the wars of the Roses, And the reason of things-why the Indians

wore rings In their red, aboriginal noses

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar, And the meaning of Emerson's " Brahma." And she went chipping rocks with a little black box

And a small geological hammer.

she knew

She had views on co education And the principal needs of the nation, And her glasses were blue and the numbe

Of the stars in each high constellation,

And she wrote in a handwriting clerky, And she talked with an emphasis jerky, And she painted on tiles in the sweetest

But she didn't know chicken from turkey! -Nellie G. Conc.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. Petroleum in extensive quantities has

been discovered in Peru.

The value of this year's cotton crop is placed as high as \$300,000,000. When the stove is put up in the parlor look out for sparks.—Toronto Graphic. American corned beef is superseding

all other kinds in the markets of Germany. Women are archers by nature. The bent of their inclination is to bend beaux.

—New York Maic.

The entire population of Paris, whether loating or permanent, is counted officially every month.

It is proposed to erect a statue to Lav-fayette in Druid Hall Park, Baltimore, at a cost of \$12,000.

The cotton factors of New Orleans be-lieve there will be 250,000 more bales re-ceived there this season than last. "A Fraud in Silks," is the startling

head line in an exchange. Ah! Went back on you, did she?—Rockland Courier. Anybody is apt to be mistaken, but a boy never but once attempts to pat a short horned bull on the head.—New York Express.

Louisiana's temperance alliance give the amount of liquor drank in the State at \$42,000,000 yearly, or \$8,000,000 more than the value of the combined cotton,

sugar and rice crops. A Canadian girl carried a twenty-foot ladder one hundred yards, placed it again t a burning house, climbed up nd—well she did not put out that fire, he fell back on a man and nearly killed

The sumfreeeived by Rowell , the winner of the pedestrian match in New York, equalled \$5.90 for every "lap" around the track—a lap being equivalent to one-eight of a mile. He made about \$3 every minute of his walk.

Wm. Hazlett, of Portland, Oregon, in the shadow of fatal illness concluded to shorten the fight over his estate some-what by burning \$22,000 in greenbacks. He soon began to mend, however, and is now as mad as he can be to think he

got well. Now, thro' the woodland collonades The withered bannerets of June Float downward to the lowly blades

that sigh the summer's parting boon; From many a lowly meadow nook The thistle floats its snowy flakes, And cometh to the faithful cook

A growing hint of buckwheat cakes. The London Times prints some statistics relating to the population of the United States, which "exhibit a picture of progress that cannot fail to gladden the patriotic hearts of sanguine citizens of the North American republic." "The citizens of the United States," it adds, will doubtless have ample reason to congratulate each other as the figures of each succeeding census are made public. They are certain to become as numerous as the most exacting among them might desire. We witness their progress with satisfaction. As they widen the circle of their nationality they at the same time enlarge the bounds of our common race and of our mother tongue." The popu-

about 5,308,000. Savages and Regular Armies.

lation in the United States in 1870 was

38,555,983. Seventy years before it was

The experiences of the United States forces in the far West and of the French armies in Algeria are shared by the British in South Africa and Afghanistan and by the Russians in Turkistan.

A well drilled tribe of hardy fighters, with a chief having military skill, can nearly always teach a regular army that they are not to be dispised. What Abdel Kader was to the French and Sitting Bull to the United States, Cetewayo has been to the British. The defeat of Lord Chelmsford was almost the counterpart Chelmsford was almost the counterpart of the defeat of Gen. Custer. The defeat of the Russians by the Teke Turcomans was probably due to the same cause—the natural contempt of a regular soldier for an irregular, savage foe. Yet these Teke Turcomans are by no means to be despised. They are brave to a fault, they are the best horsemen in the world, and they have kept up their fighting qualities since the days of Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, when they erlane and Genghis Khan, when they overran half of the Eastern continent.— Baltimore Sun.

What a Single Bean Can Produce.

The history of a single bean, accidentally planted in a garden at South-bridge, Mass., is traced by a newspaper correspondent, who figured out its pro-duce for three years. The bean was planted in a rich, loamy soil, and when gathered in the autumn its yield, as counted, "was 1,515 perfectly developed beans from a single stalk. Now, if a single bean produces 1,515 beans, and each bean produces 1,515 more, the sum total of the second year's product would be 2,295,225, equal to 1,195 pounds, 597 quarts, or 2,390 army rations, equal to eighteen and five eighths bushels. This eighteen and five-eighths bushels. This would be the product of the second year. Now, if we plant this product and the yield is the same, we have a product of 5,268,058,800,625 beans, equal to 1,371,890 tons, or 42,871,572 bushels, or 548,756,068 soldiers' rations. This third planting would give the steamship Great Eastern ninety-two full freights." Few beans, however, start so well as this one did.