

# Democratic Watchman

Belleville, Pa., May 23, 1890.

## THE INNER LIFE.

We know there is a life within the life  
Of each who, tolling, treads the conquered way:  
Ever a fiercer strife behind the strife  
That each is seen to wage from day to day.

We find ourselves contending with a world  
In which ambition rules and pride holds sway:  
We drink and scoff, like others, are possessed  
With zeal to grasp the baubles as we may.

So we are judged to be alike as base  
As he who sells for pottage all he hath—  
Who yields not only love and joy and truth,  
But yields for this his soul's immortal worth.

Be thou serene before the heartless judge,  
Brave heart that hath with unseemly valor fought;  
Strive not to hold against the world a grudge,  
And see the sunshine of thy life for naught.

The world can never know thee as thou art,  
Much less with truth can judge thee as it ought;  
But if thou hast with courage done thy part,  
For these there's nothing further to be sought.

'Tis well for us to toll and strive to win  
All that our health and comfort may require;  
But let the angel still within us reign,  
For these the world to something higher.

Then let the inner life be full and free—  
Let mind rule with the scepter of its might,  
Let heart and soul with aspiration turn  
Toward all that's great in nature, grand in thought.

Then be the world in judgment true or false,  
The heart, secure in consciousness of worth,  
Can find within its battlements of truth  
The greatest pleasure possible to earth.

—*Philosophical Journal.*

## STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

I had just been successful in defending one prisoner, and was about to pass out of the court-room, when my attention was arrested by the striking face of another one in the larger dock.

The look of which I have spoken as striking as really indescribable. His eyes shone like the flashing of a fire in the darkness; his skin had a death-like pallor; his lips were thin and tightly compressed.

The impression one had in looking at him was of something unnatural and uncanny.

He beckoned me to the dock, stated that he had been arrested for the larceny of a horse and carriage, protested that he had no knowledge of having taken them—that he woke to consciousness in jail, and that what preceded this was a blank to him.

He begged me to undertake his defense, and gave me the address of his wife, saying that she would pay my fee and assist me in procuring witnesses on his behalf.

I obtained an adjournment until the next day, and went to see his wife, who told me that he was subject to epileptic fits, and not entire sound in mind; but that, as they had only recently removed to the city, she could not produce medical evidence of his good character.

She also said that her own health was such that she could not go upon the stand to testify, but that their daughter, who was then at school, would do so.

Feeling that the look-out for my client was a rather gloomy one, I went to my office the next morning, where I was met, promptly at the appointed time, by Mrs. Higgins and her daughter.

When I cast my eye upon the latter I was almost stupefied with amazement and delight.

She was a girl of sixteen—the most beautiful being I had ever beheld. If her father's face had in it something demonic, hers was beautiful enough to be almost angelic.

Her voice was low and sweet, her accent perfect, and her whole manner full of the charm of intelligence and refinement.

The prosecuting attorney proved that the prisoner had been arrested while driving away with a horse and carriage, the property of a well-known physician; that he was at the time slightly under the influence of liquor; but was apparently entirely rational, and claimed that the property belonged to him.

In answer to this overwhelming array of evidence, I had to depend wholly upon the beauty of the prisoner's daughter and the apparently improbable story she was about to tell.

After a brief address to the jury, intended to dispel the prejudice raised by the evidence for the prosecution, I called upon my witness.

When, in response, Lillie Higgins appeared in the witness-box, I saw that all the jurors gave her a look of admiration, and heaved an involuntary sigh at her hard fate in being the daughter of a criminal.

As I looked at her standing there, her face rosy with shame, and her large lustrous eyes shining with unshed tears, it took all my reason and resolution to keep from falling madly in love with her.

In her low, sweet voice, tremulous with suppressed grief, she said that for some years her father had been subject to epileptic fits, occurring with more or less frequency and violence, and leaving him after the paroxysm had passed, in a condition of only partial consciousness—sometimes for several days—during which time he was subject to delusions, and was not responsible for his acts.

Sometimes in this state he had threatened their lives.

For three days he had been absent from home. She had visited all the hospitals in search of him, but did not dream, until they had learned the fact from me, that he could be in jail, charged with this awful crime.

"Oh, sir," she cried, in pitiful beseeching tones, turning to the judge, "have pity on him. If he took the horse and carriage, he did not know what he was doing."  
Her voice had been growing more and more tremulous, and at this point

she poured forth a flood of tears.

I looked at the jurymen and saw that they were deeply affected—most of them indeed being touched even to tears.

The prosecuting attorney declined to cross-examine, and when I announced that I had no more witnesses, proposed to submit the case to the jury without argument—an offer which I gladly accepted.

To my surprise, the judge delivered no charge. The jury, without leaving their seats, found a verdict of not guilty.

I stepped to the dock to congratulate my client, but he drew back with a look of horror in his eyes, and said, in accents of fierce intensity, yet in a voice scarcely more than a whisper, "I know you, sir; I have seen your cunning, and I have plainly read in your face the fact that you have learned my secret."

This strange behavior would have convinced me of the girl's truthfulness, if I had before doubted it, for I saw by the gleam of his eyes, as well as from his words, that he was the victim of insane delusions.

Without considering that he might be dangerous, or indeed, reflecting at all upon the possible consequences of my course of action—for I was then young and inexperienced, and somewhat flushed with the success which had been so easily won for me by my beautiful witness—I moved his discharge, which motion was of course, granted; and, in company with his wife and daughter, he left the court.

Some minutes later it dawned upon me that, in his present mood, their presence with him might not be safe, and I rushed to the street to find that they had disappeared.

That night I was seated alone in my office, where I spent the greater part of my time. I was a bachelor and did little more than sleep and occasionally entertain a few friends in the gloomy apartments which I called home.

As I sat in an easy-chair in half-solomonic idleness, enjoying my fragrant cigar, I heard a light step on the stairs. Ordinarily this would perhaps scarcely have attracted my attention, but now whether it was that there was something stealthy in the step, or from some cause, I do not know—at the instant I heard the sound, I felt a strange premonition of danger, and in consequence arose and shifted my position to the side of the room, so as to face any visitor who might enter.

For a little time I sat in perfect silence. At last I heard the door slowly open.

"What! you here?" I exclaimed, as my strange client entered the room.

"Yes," he answered. "With the help of the girl you have saved me from going to prison. For that I thank you. But you also discovered my secret. For that I am come to kill you. My life is not safe while you live. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

So saying he drew from behind his coat a huge butcher's knife, and proceeded calmly to feel its edge, at the same time looking about to see whether there was any means of escape save by the door, to reach which I must pass him.

The inspection seemed to satisfy him, and well it might, for we were on the third floor, rear, of a large building, used exclusively as offices, and we were the only people in it save the deaf old janitress, who lived on the top floor under the roof.

I knew that my only chance of escape, if any chance there was, lay in keeping my self-possession and turning the madman's mind from his purpose by some diversion adapted to reach his fancy.

But I could see that he was cunning and alert, as insane people usually are, and not to be easily duped.

A struggle with him was not to be thought of, since, to say nothing of his weapon, he was a man of tremendous frame, with muscles of iron—a very Hercules; while I was slightly built, and all my muscles were flabby, from the want of systematic exercise.

Accordingly I summed up all my resolution to answer him in the coolest tones I could command, and actually surprised myself by the calmness of my voice as I replied:

"Yes, I looked for you, and came here to meet you."

"You lie!" he answered with a sneer and a frown. "Had you believed I would come here on the errand I have, you would have gone into the tiger's lair as quickly as come here unarmed and alone."

"You are mistaken," I rejoined, "in supposing other people to possess the same cowardly fear of death as yourself. But to be frank with you, I did not anticipate the nature of your errand. Had I done so, I should have been prepared to foil you."

"When I saw you look from the girl in the witness-box to me in the dock," he said, "I caught the meaning of your look, and knew you had divined that she was not my child, but the daughter of my wife's first husband, whom I murdered. So you did not expect me to kill you? Pray tell me on what errand you expected me to come?"

And as he spoke, his great brilliant eyes flashed fire.

My heart was beating fast with absolute terror; but I continued my self-restraint by a mighty endeavor, and answered quietly:

"To buy my silence."

"And be forever in your power? I am not such a fool as that. Say your prayers for in five minutes you die!"

I looked at him with a sneer upon my lips, and said:

"You think yourself very shrewd; but I have outwitted you. By killing me you take the surest way to make your secret known."

"I suppose," he answered with a sneering laugh "that you refer to some ghostly nonsense. But I know that 'dead men tell no tales.'"

"True; but living men may write down tales to be read after they are dead." I replied; "and I have written the facts I have learned and the suspicions I have formed concerning

your crime, and have enclosed the paper with my will, to be read after my death, unless sooner purchased by you."

"Then I must have that paper!" he exclaimed, his pale brow lowering like a thunder-cloud and his eyes flashing like the lightning's startling blaze. "I will torture you until you give it up!"

As he spoke, I saw that the master passion of his soul was a cowering terror of meeting a felon's death.

"I defy your torture!" I said, drawing forth a small phial of toothache mixture. "This poison will produce instant death, and I assure you that I will take it the instant you attempt to lay hands on me."

A look of agony came into his face as he scrutinized me. This was gradually changed into one of deadly hate. "Eripersion in great drops like beads stood upon his brow."

At last I could see, by the cunning glances which flashed from his steel-gray eyes, that he had resolved to temporize.

"Where do you keep the paper?" he asked.

"In yonder safe," pointing to the huge fire-proof safe in the wall. "Behold a vault that will easily resist all your puny efforts to break open, being both burglar and fireproof."

"If I spare your life, will give me the paper?" he asked eagerly.

I knew that this was only a ruse to get the paper, and that, after obtaining it, he meant to disregard any promise he would make, and ruthlessly to take my life. Still, I was gaining time, and I thought it best to humor him.

"Oh, as to sparing my life," I answered, "I am indifferent about that, and will not exact any promises from you; but if you want to look at the paper, I will open the safe for you."

I had formed a wild hope that I might inveigle him into the safe, and by suddenly closing the door make a prisoner of him.

But this hope he soon dissipated. I turned to the safe, adjusting the lock to the combination and flung the door wide open. Then I lighted the gas jet attached to the rubber tube which was used for lighting the interior of the vault, and took it to its place inside the massive door. Then I stepped back a few paces and said:

"You will find the paper together with my will, in a sealed envelope contained in the pigeon-hole marked 'W.'"

He advanced to the door and carefully inspected the vault so as to satisfy himself that it afforded no means of escape.

Then he returned to his former position under the chandelier, which was in full blaze.

His fiendish face was rendered more hideous by the sneer upon it as he said:

"Your plan to make a prisoner of me is cunning enough; but it requires more grain and less chaff to catch an old bird as I am. Go in the safe and bring out the paper. Don't be afraid; I will not imprison you in it. If I kill you, I will do it speedily. I will not doom you to a lingering death by suffocation or starvation in such a dungeon."

Seeing that it was useless to parley, I stepped into the safe and detected a sealed envelope, which I took to him, and which he eagerly received from my hand.

As he turned to the chandelier and broke the seal, I returned to the safe, took down the gas-tube, and prepared to reclose the door, when like a flash, a possible means of escape suggested itself to my mind.

I silently blew out the gas, and placing the burner to my lips, I blew with all the power of my lungs into the tube, stepping outside of the vault as I did so, and containing the effort while awaiting the denouement.

During the time the maniac was endeavoring to discover the character of the paper I had put into his hands, the gas had continued to be consumed.

Presently the stratum of breath which had been blown into the pipe reached the chandelier-burner, and instantly the flame flashed up with a snap and expired.

The madman uttered a frightful scream of anger, accompanied by an oath that fairly froze my blood; then I heard him spring towards the spot where I stood.

The next instant I heard a heavy fall, almost at my feet, followed by a succession of groans and a low, gurgling sound, as of water escaping from a bottle.

Very soon all was as still as death, except the sound of my wildly beating heart.

For a moment I stood still in shrinking horror, then I moved noiselessly in the darkness, made my way to the door flung it wide open, and bounded down two flights of stairs.

On reaching the pavement, I found a policeman on his beat, to whom I related the story; and together, he with his lighted lamp leading the way, we sought my room.

On entering it, a shocking sight met our gaze. My strange client was lying on his face upon the floor in a pool of blood.

In making a leap to seize me, in the darkness, he had stumbled over a rug, and in falling, the knife, which he held in his hand, had pierced his jugular artery.

During the rest of that night sleep did not visit my eyelids. I thought much of the beautiful girl whose testimony, in saving her father from prison, had so nearly cost me my life, and has actually cost his.

The next morning I went to the house where the mother and daughter had lived, to acquaint them with the terrible tragedy of the night, but found the house closed. They had disappeared, and I have never since heard aught of them.

Whether my lunatic client had really committed the crime of which he spoke, or was merely laboring under an insane delusion, will always remain a mystery.

## Oak Very Scarce.

The Fact to Tell on the Price of Furniture.

A Grand Rapids special to the Chicago Herald says: Dry Oak lumber of good qualities is at a premium, and the dealer who has a large stock on hand is in the possession of a bonanza which any man might envy. There is a big shortage in the market, and the shortage is becoming more pronounced every day. The oak cut last year was an average; the demand and consumption the past year have been far above the normal. Oak is the most popular furniture wood, and enormous quantities of it have been used for this purpose, the factories in this city alone getting away with 30,000,000 and 40,000,000 feet, with all the other factories in the country hard at work in the same direction.

Hardwood finishes for house interiors have become more popular the past year than ever before, and oak is used more than any other material. The demand for oak has increased during the year to such an extent that an average cut of logs will hardly supply the trade, hence the present shortage. The prices have advanced within the past three months from \$16 to \$17 for straight sawed oak to \$24 and \$26, and dealers who have a supply on hand do not like to let it go even at the figures quoted. Further advances are expected before the season closes. The shortage in the supply and the advanced prices largely increase the cost of furniture, especially the cheaper grades. One furniture company has announced an advance in prices of 10 per cent.

## Something Worth Seeing.

Philadelphia Record.

In the way of political strategy nothing could be shrewder than the postponement for an indefinite time of the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Republican National Committee, which was to have been held in Washington yesterday. The heavy fire that has for some time past been concentrated upon Messrs. Clarkson, Dudley and Quay has not been without effect; and any partisan action in which these valuable members of the Executive Committee might participate at this time, would doubtless intensify the general feeling of disquiet that prevails in the ranks of the Grand Old Party. If there is to be a quarrel—as it now seems probable—between the President and the President-makers, the struggle would naturally be put off until the very last moment. It is, therefore, the part of worldly wisdom to avoid the imminent occasion for conflict which the proposed committee meeting might have precipitated. When the banners of the great moral idea wing of the Republican army shall finally attack the cohorts of the practical politicians with whom they have stood shoulder to shoulder so long, it will be a fight well worth seeing.

## Money Kings of Tramps' Roost.

Bob McGee and Jack Murphy are tramps of the most pronounced and practical type, yet they are worth \$20,000 and \$6,000 respectively. They are the crowned heads, so to speak, of what is known as "Tramps' Roost," the well established bazaar of their nomadic kind in West Goshen township, four miles east of this place. The "roost," was established under squatter's sovereignty about two years ago, and, while it is not a thing of beauty in the eyes of the surrounding farmers, it is tolerated out of a sense of fear, the inhabitants of that section having a thought that, were they to rise up and declare it a nuisance and call upon the strong arm of the law to abate it, their barns and farm stock might suffer damage in consequence of their interference.

It has grown and become a recognized fixture, and at no time has it a less number of lodgers than a score, and in the motley group a couple of women are sure to assert their presence. It is located in a wood, close to a small stream and rising with the giant oaks which tower up as an evidence of the fertility of the virgin soil, are great moss covered rocks that in themselves bear witness to the strides of progress and the inertia of the people who have made "Tramps' Roost" noted throughout Chester county.

In the fall season the fallen leaves are gathered by the tramps and husbanded in spaces between the rocks to serve them as soft couches during the cold nights of winter time. From rock to rock are laid rails and other timber, and these are covered with branches and shrubs, and on them a thick layer of leaves with flat stones to hold them fast and this done, the quarters are complete and in good shape.

Bob McGee and Jack Murphy were among the earliest settlers here, and a few months ago they were in turn hunted up by relatives residing in Philadelphia and told the pleasing story of some relative of either having died and left them respectively the sums mentioned above. They promptly responded to the call to go to the city and sign the necessary papers in the hands of administrators and to taste of the delicious fruits of their sudden windfall. McGee's portion is left in trust, and he is only allowed \$10 per week of the interest accrued thereon. This is not a large amount in the eyes of some, but to tramp it cuts quite a respectable figure. His fortune did not serve to induce him to quit "Tramps' Roost" or his fellow loungers, and he regularly visits Philadelphia weekly for his \$10, and as regularly returns to his fellows and divides his income with them in the purchasing of edibles.

Murphy was bequeathed his fortune of \$6,000 outright, and with no trust business to hamper his financial operations. As a result, his generosity is disbursing it in fine style, and he is regarded as being the king of tramps in all civilization's wide domain. Still he is having what is called a royal good time, his name will go down to posterity as relates to tramps and tramp life as being a "daisy" in the fullest measure of the term.

Among the number who make up this bacchanalian resort or den of iniquity, as it is called by good people, there is always one who essays to act the part of minister, and on Sunday he gives alleged religious discourses to his companions and to the visitors who almost daily put in their appearance out of idle curiosity. But his stock of religious knowledge is so very short and his fitness generally so lacking of the proper inspiration for imparting it, that his lectures partake of the single merit, that of brevity, and all are satisfied when he is done.

"Tramps' Roost" is in four places, which constitute a circuit of roosts for the good-for-nothing people, the other three being located at Beauty's burned mill near Media, near Lansdowne, and in a tumble-down barn near the city of Chester. All of these places have a permanent population, though the percentages change almost weekly. They best of their organization and freedom from work, and to all appearances would entertain a better mode of living as a well-defined insult. It is no wonder that the hard-working, plodding people of the neighborhood no longer wolver at the placard over the doorway to "Tramps' Roost," which reads:

"Tramp life is not a failure, by a long shot."—Philadelphia Times.

## An \$8,000 Liquor License.

LOWELL, Mass., May 12.—The little town of Drayton is disgusted at the results of the \$8,000 liquor license, the holder of which had his second day's business today. In the neighborhood of this, the only bar room in the town, the scenes have developed into a carnival of debauchery. The mayor and chief of police of Lowell have refused to send officers there for duty, but twice has the patrol wagon been called there and returned loaded. There were numberless small fights and a man named Farrell was unmercifully pounded and kicked. Another man named Bourke fell off an electric car to-night on the way to Lowell and had his ankle fractured.

The Lowell officers were stationed at the line and arrested and handcuffed the intoxicated persons as fast as they came over in the vicinity of the saloon. Scores have laid out in the fields, trampled over planted land, drank and danced in high carnival. At 7 o'clock to-night the holder of the license was forced to shut his business for his own peace and it is believed that a general uprising of citizens will cause a change of affairs.

A curious phenomenon is reported from Batoum, on the shores of the Black Sea. During a complete calm the sea is said to have suddenly receded from the shore, leaving it bare to a depth of ten fathoms. The water of the port rushed out to sea, tearing many of the ships from anchorage, and causing a great amount of damage. After a short time the sea resumed its usual level.

## Demand for Walnut Logs.

It is stated that a practicing attorney of Sella, Pa., has made a large amount of money not only for himself, but for the Iowans, by buying up the stray walnut logs of the State and shipping them direct to Germany and England. Last year between 1,200 and 1,500 carloads were shipped, nearly all picked in Iowa. Few among the early settlers of the State ever dreamed of the value that walnut trees would possess, and that within a quarter or a half of a century after settlement. Thousands of fine trees were cut down, burned or allowed to rot on the ground, or split up for old-fashioned rail fences. Now buyers rummage every mile of territory in the State to find the logs, and put them on board the cars to be carried thousands of miles across the ocean to be worked up into fine furniture for the adornment of European palaces.

STAMFORD, Conn., May 12.—At the performance of Washburn & Arlington's circus, Saturday night, while the wife of S. F. Cody, Jr., the cowboy pistol shot, was firing at a target, Mary A. King, aged 12 years, was struck in the right breast by one of the bullets. The bullet has been extracted and the child's condition is critical. She was about twenty feet from the target. The woman had her back to it and took aim with a mirror.

Mrs. Cody is under arrest at a hotel, and the circus, now at Norwalk, has been detained by Sheriff Bolster. The accident is supposed to have been caused by the rifle becoming entangled in Mrs. Cody's hair. She has been shooting in public for a year. Previously she held glass balls in her hands and mouth for her husband to shoot at. She says she will never shoot a rifle again.

## Missed the Target and Shot a Girl.

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## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

—P. D. Armour, the Chicago packer, is worth \$30,000,000.

—Mark Twain is said to be worth more than two million dollars.

—May will be a month of conventions, dedications and celebrations.

—Mr. Carnegie's hotel for workmen near Pittsburg is to cost \$300,000.

—The International Reform Congress meets this year in St. Petersburg.

—Illinois has four watch factories which produce two thousand watches a day.

—This said that fewer daily papers are published in Boston now than in 1846.

—A Hillmar (Mich.) man is accused of selling his vote for two bushels of buckwheat.

—Disraeli used to say the test of gentility was to see women eat oranges and grapes.

—It is reported that in the past fifteen months 71,000 negroes have left North Carolina.

—The English language was used in framing a recent treaty between Russia and China.

—In Sturgis (Mich.) burglars spent two hours drilling a hole in a safe which wasn't locked.

—The Empress of Germany speaks good French with hardly any perceptible German accent.

—General Aery has been the chief contributor to the Lee monument fund at Richmond, Va.

—State Treasurer House says the revenues of Tennessee will be increased next year \$100,000.

—The Czar of Russia says that he considers dueling in the army not only allowable but necessary.

—Justice Field, of the Supreme Court, will not go to California as usual this year, but to Europe instead.

—Chief-Justice Fuller made his first public speech at a Pierce and King meeting in Augusta, Me., in 1852.

—The first cargo of Kansas corn loaded at Galveston for the European market, left that port a few days ago.

—It is said that the postage stamps of half the nations of the world are engraved and printed in New York.