Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 25, 1879.

WE are indebted to Mr. Fenlon, of the House, for a well bound copy of the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction for 1878; also for a copy of the Report of the State Board of Agriculture for the same year, and a copy of the Report of the Geological Survey of Indiana county. For all of which our thanks are tendered.

GEN. JOHN A. DIX died in New York city, on Monday last, in the 81st year of his age. He had been United States Senator, Secretary of the Treasury, Minister to France, Major General in the Union army during the late civil war, and Governor of New York, having been elected to the latter office in 1872. Throughout his long and eventful life he enjoyed the highest respect and confidence of the country. He will be specially remembered for his famous order, while in command at New Orleans, to shoot on the spot any man who attempted to pull down the American flag.

THE charge having been made on the floor of the House by Mr. Wolfe, of Union county, that the friends of the Pittsburgh riot bill had corruptly attempted to influence the votes of *two* of the members in favor of the bill, the Speaker has appointed a committee of five to investigate the matter and report the facts to the House. The committee is composed of Messrs. Gatchell, Rhodes, Wolfe, Doyle and Elliott. The chairman, Gatchell, is one of the members from Lancaster county, and the Lancaster *New Era* (Republican) is of the opinion that any investigating *he* may do towards unearthing corrupt practices in legislation is not likely to hurt any one very seriously. Mr. Wolfe, however, avowed very positively his ability to prove the charge he had made, and as he has now a fair chance to do so, some rich and rare developments may be looked for.

MR. WALLACE delivered a very strong and forcible speech in the U. S. Senate on Monday, the 14th instant, on the Army appropriation bill. Blaine's speech on the same day in opposition to the bill was frothy and declamatory, as all his efforts are, but Mr. Wallace dealt in plain, stubborn facts and solid arguments and covered the whole case. On Saturday last, Mr. Coffroth addressed the House on the legislative appropriation bill, in a speech just long enough to enable him to present his views in plain, vigorous language in opposition to U. S. supervisors and deputy marshals having anything to do with State elections. His speech, therefore, not being of interminable length, as so many speeches in Congress are, attracts instead of repels attention, and will well repay perusal.

IF the Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, Mr. Speer, will permit us, we suggest to him the propriety of calling a meeting of the Committee sometime during the coming month, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the Democratic State Convention. We have always been opposed to the practice of electing delegates to a State Convention by County Committees, and if the State Committee will designate the time for holding the convention, which we trust will not be earlier than the middle of August, the different counties can regulate the meeting of their nominating conventions accordingly, and have their delegates elected by the proper authority. We have never been convinced that a State Convention ought to be held more than two months, or about that length of time, before the election.

A VOTE on the passage of the army appropriation bill was expected to be taken in the Senate to-day, and it will be sent to the President not later than next Monday. The debate in the House on the legislative appropriation bill will terminate to-day and it is expected to occupy at least a week, or possibly ten days in the Senate before it finally passes that body. Will Mr. Hayes sign the army bill, or will he veto it? is an unsolved question at Washington. Certain leaders of the Republican party have represented him as openly declaring that he will veto it but it is not probable that he would thus announce his purpose in advance, which even Grant once said no President ought ever to do. When Mr. Hayes was in Congress, in 1865, he voted for the very section, but of which it is now proposed to strike the words, *"or to keep peace at the polls,"* and that section was then incorporated in an army appropriation bill, just as it is now. If he is opposed now as it is said he is, to the presence of troops at the polls, how can he veto a bill of precisely the same character as the one he voted for in 1865? We will see.

GENERAL BRAGG, a Democratic member of Congress from Wisconsin, who made himself conspicuous at the last session by a vigorous speech against the payment of all rebel or Southern war claims, and who at the present extra session, was appointed by Mr. Randall Chairman of the Committee on War Claims, undertook last week, by offering an amendment to a bill then before the House, to repeal the law establishing the Southern Claims Commission, which is the fountain from which all these raids on the treasury flow. The Republicans opposed the amendment, and with the votes of about twenty Democrats defeated General Bragg's proposition.—Since the Court of Claims was established in 1871, the Republicans, when they were in a majority in Congress, appropriated nearly *one hundred and fifty millions of dollars* to pay Southern war claims which had been passed upon, and now, when a Democrat proposes to repeal the law and thus cut up the war claim business by the roots, the Republican members refuse to sustain him. With this Republican record only ten days old, a Republican who will charge the Democrats in Congress with being in favor of paying millions of dollars for Southern war claims, will not succeed in getting any one, unless he is either a fool or a knave, to believe him.

THE motion made a few days ago to reconsider the indefinite postponement in the House of the Pittsburgh riot bill was defeated by a vote of 98 yeas to 101 nays. Although an effort will yet be made to pass some measure of the kind, it will have no chance of success at a session which has now lasted nearly one hundred and ten days, and the project may therefore be regarded as finally disposed of for the present. The men who had the matter in charge proved to be unequal to the task, and having commenced with the wrong kind of a bill were bound to make a conspicuous failure. Its defeat is mainly attributed to the corrupt advances of the Philadelphia lobby, with William H. Kemble at its head and Sam Josephs at its tail, and it is difficult to see how it could be otherwise with two such advocates of "addition, division and silence" urging its passage. The Pittsburghers also, if the newspaper accounts can be relied on, who went down to the capital to help the measure through were lamentably incompetent for the work that had been assigned them, and were as much out of their proper element as a bull would be in a china store. Robert W. Mackey is dead and we will not disturb his ashes, but now that the battle has been lost there is a very general feeling among those who knew him best, and especially in Pittsburgh, that if he were living the fate of the riot bill would have been very different. This is very probable, for no man knew so well how to organize victory in a square contest with the Legislature over a question in the success of which he felt a deep interest. In manipulating a Pennsylvania Legislature Mackey never failed but once, and that was in 1869, when he had only just commenced to try his "prentice hand" at the business. Compared with him and his methods, Kemble and Chris. Magee, into whose hands the bill was committed, were mere asses concealed beneath lions' skins. The riot bill, although defeated for the present, will not be abandoned but will be revived in the future under different auspices and in an other shape. The discussion of the question in the present Legislature has caused public attention to be specially directed to it, and a question involving such large personal interests will not be permanently laid aside or forgotten. Public opinion, aided and assisted by the Supreme Court of the State, may yet see it its way clear in dispensing equal and impartial justice in the premises by fixing the liability for the losses where the law and the equity of the case impose it.

"A MORAL rebellion now threatens you. The obligations of the Constitution and laws are not assented to in wide districts. Government by the ballot, with equal political rights for all legal voters, ordained by the authority of the National Union, is not permitted in every State. As the man and men were found to throttle with physical force the rebellion at Appomattox, so the man and the men will be found to stifle this new conspiracy against the majesty and welfare of a mighty nation."

The above extract is taken from the speech of Governor Hoyt at the reception given him by the Union League of Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening of last week. It is grand, gloomy and peculiar, and out-Hoyts even Hoyt himself. Certainly no man in this State, with the exception perhaps of the late John Covode, ever before utered a greater amount of unmeaning nonsense and twaddle in so small a space. What the "gallant Harry Hoyt" means by informing the members of the League that "a moral rebellion now threatens you," might form the subject of a supplemental address, since it is not perceptible to ordinary mortals. One can't reason with or combat such stereotyped stuff even when uttered by a Governor. A reply, however, and a very emphatic one, was made to Hoyt's speech two days after its delivery by a syndicate of New York and Boston bankers, who made the enormous subscription of $100,000,000 to the four per cent. bonds of the United States. This immense subscription is the largest single transaction that has ever taken place in this or any other country, and is a convincing proof of the strength of the government credit in the face of the dismal howling of Hoyt and his Republican allies in Congress about the "revolutionary" purposes of the Democratic party. It is John Hook's despairing cry of "beef! beef!" after the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

IT is about time now that Republican professions of regard for the colored man should cease. Joseph H. Rainey (colored) who represented one of the South Carolina districts in Congress for two terms, went out of office on the 4th of March and was the last of his race to occupy a seat in the House—a fact over which that arch enemy of the King's English, John A. Logan, of Illinois, became impressively eloquent and pathetic in his bloody shirt harangue in the Senate last week. Rainey is a man of considerable ability and excellent private reputation. When the extra session began the Republicans made him their candidate for Clerk of the House and voted for him—a thing they never would have done if their votes could have elected him. The office of Third Auditor in the Treasury Department being vacant, Rainey was induced to become an applicant for the place, and was fortified with a strong recommendation signed by nearly every Republican member of the House. Armed with this document, he waited on John Sherman a few days ago to urge his claims, and was told by the Secretary that if it suited him (Rainey) he would give him a clerkship in the appointment room of the department, which he indignantly refused, informing Sherman that the offer would not have been made to a *white* ex-member, and that it was beneath his dignity to accept it. On the same day, Mr. Hayes nominated to the Senate for the office that Rainey wanted, E. W. Keightley, an ex-member of the House from Michigan, and one of Zach Chandler's henchmen. Mr. Rainey will now have leisure to meditate on the utter hypocrisy of Republican love for men of his color.

IN the State Senate, on Friday last, the bill repealing the present Jury Commissioner law was indefinitely postponed on second reading. The feeling throughout the State was very general, so far as we could judge, in favor of the repeal, but that was the best reason in the world why the present Legislature would refuse to pass it.

ON Tuesday last the House at Harrisburg buried the border claims bill along side of the Pittsburg riot bill, by the decisive vote of 98 yeas to 124 nays.

Crimes and Casualties.

Near Pattonsville, Scott county, Va., Charles Bishop, a dashing young man, was married to Miss Bettie Hooker three weeks ago, and after a pleasant honeymoon he suddenly grew despondent. Friday morning, while his wife was in the sitting room at work on some fancy embroidery, he came in with an axe upraised, and with a terrific blow split her head open. A servant hearing the noise, rushed into the room, but the fatal deed was done. The murderer at once gave himself up and put in a plea of insanity. He talked about the bloody crime in the most indifferent manner. He said to the deputy constabla: "Yes, I split her skull open, but what's that?"

A dispatch from Fort McKinney, Wyoming, dated April 20, says: Information was received here yesterday that on the night of the 17th instant horse thieves entered the house of Mr. Foster, one of the oldest settlers in this section, living on the Peony, near old Fort Kearney, fifteen miles east of this post. The desperadoes hung Mr. Foster up by the neck until he was nearly dead in order to compel him to disclose the whereabouts of a large amount of money, which he was supposed to have. Foster refused to give them the information and was unconscious when they let him down. He revived and was again hung, as he still persisted in his refusal. The thieves then ransacked his house and took all his bedding and thirteen dollars in money, the savings of his children. They also took his horses, three in number.

The vessel Great Republic was wrecked off the coast of Oregon on Saturday. At noon of that day the last boat left the ship with First Officer Lennon, Second Officer Davis, the boatswain, and two sailors and eight waiters, ten of whom, Lennon, Davis, the boatswain and seven others were drowned by the capsizing of the boat in the surf. Three men clung to the boat and drifted ashore. The ship broke into three pieces. Captain Carroll, from the very first, maintained the strictest discipline and order; and up to the very last, by inspiring the passengers with confidence of safety, prevented a panic. All landed without loss of life. Astoria, Oregon, is full of people, many of them without money.—The churches, public buildings and residences are all being thrown open for the accommodation of the passengers, who have lost everything.

On Tuesday morning fire was discovered in No. 10 level of the Wellington coal mine at Departure Bay, Victoria.—It was supposed to have been extinguished on the following day, and on Thursday morning when twenty-five or thirty miners entered the level to resume work an explosion occurred, blowing the workings of the level into ruins, killing eleven men and seriously injuring the others. Three Chinamen were still in the workings, but there was no hope for them. Volunteers who entered the level reported that the foul air was so strong that they couldn't remain below for any length of time. The level would have to be flooded, as the mine was on fire in that vicinity. The Vancouver coal company's men stopped work and went to the rescue. The scene at the mouth of the pit was heart-rending. Wives and children were weeping for their husbands and fathers, and parents for their children.

A freight train on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, consisting of an engine and fourteen loaded cars, went through a burning bridge, carrying down the train hands and two emigrants traveling with their live stock. The engineer saw the bridge on fire as he came around a sharp curve, but he remained at his post, telling his fireman to jump. The engine got across the bridge, but at last was pulled back into the chasm, sixty feet deep, where it was burned, with every car of the train, nothing remaining but a mass of smouldering ruins. The two emigrants were caught among the burning timber, but the train hands succeeded in pulling one of them out, only to die, however, after two hours of suffering. His companion begged some one to kill him, but he had to be left to his fate. The conductor had a leg and several ribs broken; while the engineer escaped from the fiery furnace unharmed. The bridge was set on fire by tramps, who had been put off from a train just ahead of the ill-fated one.

IS GRANT TO STAND ABOVE WASHINGTON?—No man has ever yet lived whom the American people were willing to make their President a third time. While it is to the peculiar credit of Washington that at the close of his second term he voluntarily retired from public life, we believe, at the same time it is generally conceded, as an historical fact, to have been very questionable whether he could be elected a third time. A frequent return of power to the people from whom it is derived was a doctrine in which the founders of the republic devoutly believed; because they considered it the only sure way to guard the liberties of the people against encroachments.

Rotation in office is rather an elementary principle in our system of government than a watchword of any political party.

The second President of the United States, John Adams, one of the most eloquent and fiery of all the original apostles of liberty, was allowed to retain the office only for a single term.

Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, did not attempt to run a third time, retiring in an honest poverty, which added to the glory of his great name.

Madison, than whom perhaps no man did more in establishing our system of self-government, followed the example of his illustrious predecessors in declining to be a candidate for a third term.

So did Monroe, although there was so little of party spirit in his time that it was called the era of good feeling.

John Quincy Adams was warned, on entering into office, that though his administration were as pure as the angels around the throne of God, it must terminate at the end of four years; and it did.

Andrew Jackson was backed by a party of devoted admirers, who insisted on running him for a third term; but with some show of indignation at the bare idea, Old Hickory put his foot down firmly and said No.

Grant has already served two terms. Now it is proposed to elect him to a third, to place him above the mighty men who laid the foundation of the Government, above Washington himself!

Shall it be done?—*N. Y. Sun.*

HEZEKIAH SHAFER EXECUTED.—Hezekiah Shafer, who murdered his wife on February 21, 1878, was hung in the jail yard at Chambersburg, Pa., on Thursday last. Owing to prostration caused by his attempt at suicide on Monday, by piercing several arteries with a wire, the sheriff and others asked Gov. Hoyt for a respite until he would be able to walk to the gallows. The Governor refused, and at the time appointed he was carried to the scaffold in a government blanket. After a prayer by Dr. Crawford, the pale and emaciated culprit was placed upon a stool under the rope, two men supporting him for a time. The sheriff then adjusted the rope about the neck of Shafer, and in a few minutes the trap doors fell. The drop was about four feet, but the fall failed to break the culprit's neck. The pulse ceased to beat in about nineteen minutes. Before being carried to the scaffold he said: "I declare before God and man I am innocent." He also said he expected to meet his wife in heaven. His remains were interred at the county almshouse, his request to be buried alongside his wife being refused.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Mining for gold has been commenced on Bear Creek, near Bloomington, Indiana.

—A rumor has gained wide circulation that Dean Stanley is about to join the Catholic Church.

—A woman in Mt. Sterling, Ky., 18 years of age, has been married six years and has three children.

—Frank Small, for the murder of Nicholas Jacoby, was sentenced at Pittsburg on Saturday to be hanged.

—About 1,100 communists paraded the streets of Chicago on Sunday last.—About 400 were armed. No disturbance occurred.

—It is the opinion of Charles Nordhoff, of the New York *Herald*, that General Grant will not run for President again. Sad, ain't it?

—An Elrinboro, Salem county, N. J., a man and wife hunt muskrats together. He paddles and she shoots. They sometimes bag twenty a night.

—A canoe containing eight men belonging to Ettchemen, Ont., while returning from Quebec Friday afternoon was upset and six of the men were drowned.

—Martha Sladder, of Groveville, N. Y., was found burned to death in her bed Sunday morning, with a bottle of whisky and a pipe beside her. She was unmarried.

—Emmet Hampton, of West Chester, owns a hen which has performed the astounding feat of laying triplets. She was locked up in a cellar and in one day laid three eggs.

—A tramp crept up behind George Bennet, yard-master at Tiffin, Ohio, on Friday, and crushed his skull with a broken car-link. Bennett is dying, and the tramp has escaped.

—Among the Kansas emigrants who passed west a few days ago was Simon Rosenburg, an old man from Horse Valley, Franklin county, this State, who had never before been on a railroad car.

—Miss Ida Jones, daughter of Mayor Jones, of Toledo, Ohio, who eloped with one Sheridan Waite on Monday of last week, has been declared insane at an inquest of lunacy held by Judge Sherwood.

—The boiler in Hawley & Co.'s steam saw-mill, Shelby, Oceana county, Michigan, exploded on Thursday, killing the engineer and seriously injuring two other persons. The mill was entirely destroyed.

—Six men and a boy were imprisoned by the caving in of a mine at Sugar Notch, Luzerne county, on Wednesday last and at latest reports two hundred men were working from the surface to rescue them.

—Five inches of snow fell at Port Jervis, N. Y., a foot at Monticello, and six to ten inches along the Jefferson branch of the Erie railway, Friday. At Scranton, snow, hail and wind prostrated two miles of telegraph wire.

—Two Kentucky lovers have centred their affections upon a damsel who would be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away. A walking match has been proposed, and the successful competitor will get the girl.

—Seventeen five prairie grouse from the United States recently arrived in New Zealand, where it is proposed to endeavor to establish the bird. They were snared near Topeka, Kansas.—Twenty-two ware sent, but five died on the voyage.

—The large livery stable of T. E. Barkey, at Ticonderoga, New York, were totally destroyed by fire at two o'clock Sunday morning. Twelve horses and a number of carriages, sleighs, etc., were burned. The loss is about $10,000. Insurance, $2,500.

—Anna Lewis chased a neighbor in Cincinnati, firing at him as she ran, until she had emptied the seven chambers of a revolver, when she loaded the weapon and fired seven times more—all without hitting him, although his clothing was perforated.

—Jackson Boggs, President Judge of the Third Judicial district, died suddenly of apoplexy at Kittanning, Armstrong county, on Saturday. He had been suffering for some months with gangrene of the feet, and his death from apoplexy was a great surprise to his physicians.

—Henry H. P. Tudor and Louis H. Ayme, en route for Patagonia, arrived at Tuscumbia, Ala., on Friday, and took a rest till Monday morning, when they resumed their journey southward. Ayme is a young surgeon, and joined Tudor at Lynchburg, Va., to go to Patagonia as a scientist. They look fresh and are well mounted.

—Three hard-worked and under-paid printers, John B. Jackson, William J. Heaney and Patrick O'Brien, of New York, clubbed together recently and invested two dollars in a lottery ticket.—They now jingle $5,000 apiece—having held the lucky ticket in the April drawing. About the first time on record that lightning ever struck a printer.

—Dr. C. P. Carver, of Angelica, Allegheny county, New York, owns a small road stallion so peculiarly marked that when he buckles a surcingle around him there is not a hair back of it that is not snow white, and not a square inch in front of it that is not a beautiful iron gray. One eye is like that of a white horse, and the other like that of a black horse.

—By the disarrangement of the apparatus Saturday morning, the alarm bell on the Court House at Harrisburg commenced striking, and continued for some time, exciting the people. A report followed that Judge Pierson was found dead and the bell was tolled in consequence. The excitement was only allayed when the venerable Judge appeared on the bench as usual.

—A fire at Eureka, Nev., on Friday night and Saturday morning, destroyed half of the town, including the heaviest business houses, the hotels, newspaper offices, telegraph office, the Masonic building, and a great number of dwellings. Three hundred families are destitute and two thousand people are without shelter. The loss is roughly estimated at one million dollars.

—A special to the Indianapolis *Daily News*, from South Bend, Ind., reported the College building at Notre Dame on fire and burning rapidly on Wednesday last, with but little chance for saving it, the immense dome, and the large image of the Virgin Mary surmounting, having already fallen in. The building was six stories high, and out of reach of South Bend, the water supply being two miles from that place.

—The Pennsylvania railroad has made complete plans for vast improvements at the New York terminus, the cost of which is estimated at $2,000,000. Among the alterations contemplated is a new ferry building at the foot of Courtland street, while new warehouses are to be erected on the Jersey side. A grain elevator with storage capacity of 1,500,000 bushels will be erected upon their property at Harsimus cove.

—Virtue is not wholly extinct in New England. A man in Brattleboro, Vt., has just paid to a merchant there a note he gave his father seventeen years ago, with interest, although the note had been outlawed and lost, and the matter forgotten. In Boston a bank lost $4,200,000 worth of obligations in the fire, but recovered without suit all except $10,000 of the amount of which every scrap of documentary evidence of the indebtedness was lost.

—The man who eats eggs for the championship of America lives in Indiana, where human industry is more than ordinarily diversified. This man devoured twenty-four consecutive soft-boiled goose eggs in twenty-four consecutive minutes, and at the conclusion of this genteel entertainment he offered to eat a goose, also. Unfortunately nature has made no arrangement, says the Philadelphia *Times*, by which this champion could eat himself, and his last proposition couldn't be entertained.

—A late number of the Lebanon *News* says: Mr. Amos Gettle, on South Eighth street, is the happy possessor of a rooster that daily lays his egg. For some time past an extra egg was noticed in the nest, when it was supposed that a strange chicken might be doing the kind act, but on Monday morning this delusion vanished when the rooster was noticed coming off the nest. Those who have seen the rooster pronounce him a hermaphrodite, which helps somewhat in explaining this strange feat of chanticleer.

—The Georgia *Union and Recorder* says that one morning last week Mr. Zach. Ward, living in the neighborhood of Mr. J. M. D. Webb, captured a spotted crow. Hearing the caw-caws of the crows, he took his gun and went into the field, determined to shoot one and hang him up as a scarecrow. One he found on the ground appeared very gentle, and with great care he drew near; as he knew if he flew he could shoot him on the wing, he continued to approach and secured an unexpected prize—a tame crow, with wings of black and white, and speckled breast.

—The Brantford (Can.) *Expositor* states that a short time since a son of Mr. James Turner, of the East Ward, drove a nail through the wall of one of the rooms. To his intense surprise a stream of honey pure as crystal came oozing out. Further examination revealed a stock of the delicious store sufficient to supply an ordinary family a year. The space between the wall is six inches, and for four feet in one direction and half as much in another the comb extended. The house is rough-cast, and the swarm of workers had entered by a crevice near the eaves.

—The West Chester *Jeffersonian* says that I. A. Cleaver recently had the ceiling of his store laid with ash boards that were sawed from plank that had been seasoned for twelve years. The ends of the boards had been "dove-tailed" together, and it was thought to be a perfect piece of work, and would remain where placed, but in less than twelve hours afterwards it was found that while they had retained their positions firmly on the sides they had shrunken endways from an ⅛ to ¼ of an inch. Why this is thus has been bothering the heads of all the mechanics in that vicinity, as boards usually shrink in width, but not in length.

—The Richmond *Dispatch* says there is now living near Midlothian, in Chesterfield county, Va., an old negro man about sixty years of age who during the war lost all of his teeth by accident, and several years ago, to his amazement and wonder, and to the utter astonishment of all who knew him, a complete set grew out again, and is pronounced to be an improvement upon the former set. This, perhaps, is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature on record. The negro is at present living with a Mr. Robertson, a prominent citizen of the county, who will vouch for the accuracy of the statement, and who has employed him during the time.

—In the Circuit Court at Boonville, Ind., Saturday forenoon, George Wilson, a school teacher, and wife, each applied for a divorce, which Judge Sandy refused to grant, owing to lack of necessary evidence. Wilson snatched the baby out of the mother's arms; she screamed lustily and the Deputy Sheriff interfered, when Wilson drew a revolver, but was disarmed before doing any damage.—This proceeding in open Court was too much for His Honor, who fined Wilson $200 for contempt, in default of which he was sent to jail, and the baby replaced in the mother's arms. Attorneys for the wife thereupon made a further effort for her divorce, which was granted.

—A strange coincidence of the Hickey murder, at Warren, Ohio, has come to light. Nellie Hickey, a twelve year old daughter of the murdered woman, works in the family of Perry Woods, at Akron, that State. On the evening of the murder, she awoke out of a horrible dream, in which her mother's bloody and mutilated form appeared before her in all the dreadful reality in which it was found at the Warren Hotel. The dream was related to members of the family, but tho' it made a deep impression on the mind of the young girl, nothing more was thought of it until she took up the evening paper and read therein the details of the bloody tragedy almost precisely as she had dreamed it at about the same hour it occurred.

—In the Raber murder trial, at Lebanon, Saturday, Mrs. Peters, daughter of Drews, one of the accused, was on the stand all day. Her testimony was to the effect that her father had said he had been promised fifteen hundred dollars to do the murder; that he was sure of getting the money, because they had entered into a compact, and that the first one to back out was to be shot.—The four alleged conspirators and accessories were fully connected with the tragedy. She also testified that Brandt, another of the prisoners, had reproached her with the accusation that she prevented the prisoner Stickler from drowning Raber previously to his actual murder, and that he (Brandt) insisted upon Raber being killed before December 10, as the insurance would lapse on that day, the conspirators being unable to pay the premium thereafter.

—One hermit, says the Philadelphia *Times*, is generally a god-send to a dry newspaper man, but a Cincinnati reporter has succeeded in sticking three upon the point of his stylograph. Some time ago Joshua, Benjamin and Sarah Vaughn, who live on the west bank of the Scioto river, near Lewis Center, deeded all their property to a nephew. Other relatives stepped in and procured a judicial inquiry and so the Vaughn hermit story was caught. The three Vaughns named have lived in one room for forty-two years. Joshua is seventy-seven years old, Benjamin seventy-five and Sarah seventy-three. A large landed estate was left them by their father, and this they have managed by means of tenants, who gave in their accounts to the occupants of the single room every week. No tenant could ever get anything off the Vaughns as they were wonderfully shrewd. The son of a dead brother visited them recently and they concluded to turn the property over to him, retaining a life lease. There is no furniture in the room, which is black with soot and ashes, and the air is anything but fragrant. The Vaughns spend most of their time in drinking tea and smoking tobacco.

STRANGE FREAK OF WATER-FOWL.—For several months past the guards at the Government bridge over the Mississippi river at this point, with other citizens whom they have informed of the occurrences, says the Davenport *Gazette*, have been greatly interested in the actions of wild water-fowl—ducks and geese, and even swans. About midnight these fowl commence gathering in the river, probably a mile above the bridge, and float down to the bridge, attracted, no doubt, by its lights. The moment they strike its shadow, as made by the lamps, they leave the water, fly upstream some distance, again float down to the bridge, and again rise and return, to repeat the trip. The bridge guards and tenders believe that these flocks frequently number from 300 to 500 ducks and geese. Saturday morning four swans were seen with one flock. When they rise from the water they go up with a rush and a whir-rur that can be heard three or four blocks distant. When the gray of dawn appears in the east the bridge men see fowls leaving the water up stream as far as vision can reach—and off they fly for the north. The sloughs near to, and the small streams which empty into the Mississippi, were frozen during the recent cold snap, and the great river is the only open water the birds can find. But it is strange they do not alight in the water below the bridge as well as above it.

Condensed Love Stories.

Some of the most recent of Cupid's queer pranks are thus strung together by the Philadelphia *Times* in its issue of Saturday last:

On Monday of this week there was unraveled, in Toledo, Ohio, a true romance, far more strange than fiction. The Mayor of Toledo is Dr. W. W. Jones, a gentleman of prominence in State politics and a man of large wealth. He married into the Governor Carver family of Massachusetts.—His youngest daughter, Miss Ida, who is about 20 years of age, is slight in figure, has large, lustrous eyes, hair of gold, and until recently moved with an elastic step and graceful carriage. Finely educated, of elegant manners and born with the silver spoon of fortune, she shone in society as a jewel of the first water. Her devotion to the Catholic Church was marked from a child. More than a year ago her hand was sought by Harvey Scribner, law partner of ex-Congressman Frank Hurd. The Scribner-Jones love-match was the talk of the town. But among Miss Ida's acquaintances was Miss Mattie Weeks. This girl had been Miss Ida's chum at college and had great influence over her. Miss Weeks some time last summer introduced to Miss Ida, then engaged to young Scribner, one Sheridan Waite, of Fort Edwards, New York. By playing upon Miss Ida's religious turn of mind they induced her to read the books printed by the sect of religionists known as the Perfectionist.—How it came about no one knows, but on Monday Toledo was startled with the announcement that Miss Ida had eloped with Waite. At the same time one Bowen, from Fort Edwards, eloped with Miss Weeks, telling her that their offspring would become a second Jesus Christ. Mayor Jones found his daughter at Columbus. Upon sight of her father she became a raving maniac, and on Tuesday was placed in the Columbus Asylum. Poor Scribner, at last accounts, was hunting for the dark characters in the story.

William and Rebecca Hanson, residents of Tioga county, this State, a few days ago received a letter from a long-lost daughter, who, after about twenty years, has been heard from for the first time. Just before the war, Katie (the daughter's name) was driven half wild by the importunate wooing of a bourish lover and the command of her parents that she should marry him. She donned male attire and ran away. Making for Buffalo she obtained employment as a cook on a steamer that ran from Buffalo to Detroit. Later she found herself on a Mississippi river steamer as head cook. A year of man's work made her feel like a man, she says, so in 1861 she enlisted as a private. She was promoted to sergeant in 1863, and in 1864 was in Captain Hopkins' company, under General Thomas, at Nashville. At the close of the war Captain Hopkins asked her what she proposed to do. She said she didn't know. "Marry me, then, woman, and take off your borrowed duds," said the captain.—Katie was thunderstruck, for she never thought her sex suspected. She married Captain Hopkins and went to Cuba, expecting to fight in the patriot cause there. But they concluded to buy some land and go to raising sugar cane and children. Mrs. Hopkins writes to her parents that she will visit them this summer, bringing them two grandsons. This is vouched for by the Waverly (N. Y.) *Advocate*, which swears on its honor that the strange history is true in the minutest detail.

Up at Racine, Wis., some pretty woman suggested that the monotony of the church fair be relieved by a mock auction sale of ladies. All the other pretty women resented the idea, and carried the day. The gallant young men chelled out the five and ten dollar bills at a lively rate, and at times the bidding would be as spirited that the church debt was nearly being paid off. Towards the close of the sale, however, a lank young man from the country said that his girl must do something for the church. So his girl was put up. Now it so happened that several young men had a grudge against the countryman, and they hauled him into the street to keep him from bidding. It also happened that the young lady was a very influential, but very ugly, sister. After repeated nods, winks and expostulations in pantomime, the young man was induced to knock the young lady down for twenty-five cents. The young lady put on her hat and went home in a huff. She broke off with her lover, and, in attempting to use a dirk on several of the male members of the congregation, the lover found himself in the city lock-up.

In the village of Addie, five miles from Middleburg, Loudon county, Va., lives a farmer named Henry Nails. A few months ago a young man of the neighborhood, to whom Henry Nails, the farmer's only daughter, was betrothed, left for the West, stating that he would write to his sweetheart in good time and soon return to claim her.—But the days and weeks rolled by, Miss Nails took the desertion very much to heart. On Tuesday, says a special to the Baltimore Gazette of yesterday, several gentlemen observed Miss Nails galloping on her father's horse, without a saddle, toward the Aldie pond. At the water's edge the horse stopped. Miss Nails urged him in, and when he refused to go above his belly, leaped into the water and held her own head under. Suicide was prevented by the timely arrival of spectators.

The Madison *Journal*, an esteemed Wisconsin contemporary, tells the number, just received, of a young man of Mazomanie who was so objectionable to the father of the girl that the father kicked him out of the house. The next day the Mazomanie youth found the cruel parent at work in a tanyard. He walked boldly in, addressed the tanners, stating the facts in the case, and pitched at the old man. A terrible struggle ensued, the cruel parent begged to be let up. "Will you take me for a son-in-law, then, do not yet?" inquired the youth. "Yes, yes, the old man, and that same evening the hero led forth his bride.

Robert Layton was committed to the Lafayette, Indiana, jail, on Monday, for eloping with the daughter of Dr. Byrnes, of the town of Logansport. It appears that Miss Byrnes is only 16 years of age, and that in procuring the marriage license from a Lafayette justice Layton swore that she was of the proper age to marry of her own will. The girl's father, a physician of high standing, had no sooner heard of the elopement from his roof, which took place by means of a ladder, at midnight Sunday night, than he procured a warrant for his son-in-law's arrest.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR MAY.—The leading illustrated article of the May number of "Ballou's Magazine" is about the monkey-men of New Guinea, told by the author of "A Whaleman's Adventures;" and very well told the yarn is, although we think our friend had to leave the island too suddenly to pay much attention to the strange beings he has attempted to describe. Then we find several nice stories, and a number of poems, adventures, and sea yarns, all going to make up the contents of a first-class magazine. Published by Thomas & Talbot, 23 Hawley street, Boston, at $1.50 a year, post-paid, and for sale at all the periodical depots in the country for 15 cents a copy.

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