THE

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Life is Love.

For pain and death are only for Love's sake,
They would not be if Love itself were not,
And whoso loves, to him they too are Love!
And nothing else! Only that love may be
No more delusion, no mere nightmare dream,
Or dream of bliss, from which a man shall wake—
Ah! this is why death is and sorrow is;
And dust and ashes shall be for all time,
As truly as this whole great universe,
Truly as God is, who is all Love!
Not to create Love is this world made fleeting;
Where there is no world at all, Love would exist,
But it would slumber; now it wakes, it glows,
It loves, yet sees no longer what it saw.
It is the best blind spirit of the world,
Which, all unseen itself, loves on forever.

## After the Apple.

Behind me clang the golden doors
No strength of mine may ope again;
Before me stretch the wild, waste shores
These hands to harvest fields must train.
My last look, turning to the skies
Of Eden that I lose to-day,
Sees but the lightnings of your eyes,
Like flaming swords to bar the way.

You stand there, in your innocence,
Amazed, indignant at such end:
Judging a passion too intense
For unformed souls to comprehend.
From you within to me without
A distance as from sea to sea
Outbroadens—the abyss of doubt
'Twixt dream and wake that needs must be.

Yet think not, howsoever wide,
That gulf shall not be spanned at last;
Nor fancy shoreless deeps divide
The exiled future from the past.
The path my feet have trod before
Or soon or late you too shall tread:
I may not walk your Eden more,
But you will come to me instead.

For, various of taste, I trow
That, since our common mother's fall,
Some fruit upon that self-same bough
Hath ripened for the lips of all;
And hang it low or hang it high,
And be the flavor sour or sweet,
For you in turn the time draws nigh
To pluck the apple and to eat.

Till then peachance 'tis well your eyes
Should scathe me with their ignorant scorns
Go shelter in your Paradise,
And leave me here among the thorns,
But when you too, without the gates,
Look, shuddering, o'er the desert bare,
Then turn—and pardon one who waits
To make a pathway for you there.

## CIGARS FOR TWO.

"Smokes, does he? The abominable wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Volant to her friend, Mrs. Washburn, the young wife who had just gone to housekeeping.

"He smokes, but he is not an abominable wretch—I am sure he is not," replied Mrs. Washburn, a little startled by the hard name applied to her husband, whom she both loved and esteemed.

"Not a wretch?"

"No, I am sure he is not."

"Yes, he is; any husband, especially one who has been married only a year, and won't let off smoking when his wife desires it must be a wretch."

"No; you overstate the case. He is everything a husband ought to be—so kind, so devoted, so indulgent. But, then, I do wish he would not smoke."

"You must break him of it—the cruel monster."

"Nay, do not call him such hard names, I love him with all my heart, though he does smoke."

"Well, I suppose you do; young wives are apt to be foolish."

"Foolish!"

"Yes; he sees, I dare say, that you love him, and so he takes advantage of you."

"Why, Mrs. Volant, don't you love your husband?"

"Well, I suppose I do; there is no need of telling him of it. I make him think I don't care anything about him. Why I can manage him as easy as I could a kitten."

"I don't like that; I think there ought to be love and confidence between man and wife."

"Pooh!"

"You cannot be happy with him."

"I should not be if I became his slave."

"I am not his slave."

"Don't you believe it? When you have been married as long as I have you will get rid of some of these sentimental notions, which answer very well for the first year or so, but become very inconvenient after that."

"For my part, I always mean to love my husband as much as I do now, even if it is sentimental."

"See if you do! Husbands must be carefully managed or they will become tyrants. Now, my husband smoked the first year after marriage; but then he was a little careful about bringing his cigar into the house, for I told him, up and down I wouldn't have it."

"I should supposed he would have rebelled."

"He did, but not at first. One night about a year after we were married, he brought home a whole bundle of cigars and put them on the mantelpiece. Taking one, he coolly lighted it and proceeded to read the evening newspaper."

"That's the way my husband does."

"I was downright mad at his impudence, but did not say a word. The next day I bought a monstrous great snuff-box, and filled it full of rappee. In the evening he lighted his cigar, as before; but no sooner had he done so than I seated myself opposite to him, and drawing out my snuff-box I took a generous pinch, at the risk of sneezing my head off."

"How funny!"

My husband did not think so. He looked at me with astonishment.

"You take snuff?" says he.

"I do; at least I mean to learn," I replied.

"It is a filthy habit," said he.

"No worse than smoking," said I.

We debated the matter a long time, and at last he gave up the point, and promised to throw away his cigars if I would throw away my snuff.

"And he never smoked any more?" asked Mrs. Washburn.

"Yes; he began once after; but I took to the snuff again, and he gave it up."

"Are you sure he don't smoke now?"

"If he does he never lets me see him. My sitting room is not smoked up as yours is."

"It was a glorious trick."

"That it was, and I advise you to try it upon Mr. Washburn."

"I couldn't take a pinch of snuff any more than I could swallow an elephant."

"Smoke, then. There are some little cigars sold at the apothecary's made on purpose for ladies. They are so mild that they wouldn't make you sick, though even if they did you wouldn't mind so they cured your husband of smoking."

"It seems too bad to play such a trick upon him; he is always so kind; and permits me to do just as I please," said the tender-hearted Mrs. Washburn.

"What else could he do?"

"It looks kind of mean to me."

"Not a bit."

"I don't know as it would succeed."

"Nonsense! I am sure it would. He never would let you smoke, for these husbands have an awful horror of any impropriety in their wifes."

"Then he says he has always smoked and can't leave it off."

"Pshaw! The old story."

"I am almost tempted to try it."

"I would."

"It seems so unkind, though, that I have hardly the heart to try it."

"You are notional, my dear Mrs. Washburn. When you have been married—"

The remark was broken on by the abrupt entrance of the "abominable wretch" himself. Mrs. Washburn rose as he entered, and, in spite of the abominable odor that his breath must have exhaled, printed a kiss upon his tobacco stained lips.

The lady "who had been married several years" was disgusted, and after a few remarks concerning the weather, took her leave.

Mrs. Washburn was a pretty, affectionate, gentle-hearted wife. Her whole existence was bound up in her husband, as well it might be; for never was a husband more devoted to his wife than he was. To our mind she was a model wife, none of your stormy vixens, that set their hearts upon attaining a point and will pull the house down upon your head but they will attain it.

In her eye Mr. Washburn had only one fault, and that was the villainous habit of smoking, which all her eloquence had been powerless to overcome. She didn't "put her foot down," as her friend, Mrs. Volant, had done; for—poor, gentle-hearted creature—she could not think of provoking a quarrel with him, and had about concluded to make the best of it and let him smoke in peace.

But there was something so irresistibly funny about Mrs. Volant's plan that she determined to try it, and accordingly, on the afternoon of the next day she sent the Irish girl to the apothecary's shop for a bunch of "Bagdad cigars." Disposing a few of them in her work-basket, ready for the momentous occasion, her mind pictured the scene that would ensue when she should light one of them. It was so funny that she laughed out loud at the idea. Wouldn't he be surprised to see her, who had teased him so much to leave off, smoking herself. Would not his eyes stick out when he should see her puffing a cigar at her sewing, as he did when he read the evening paper.

She was so pleased with the plan that she could have put it into execution, even if it had been only for the sport it promised, independently of any good result which might flow from it. Wouldn't he be mortified, and would she not win the day and glory over his defeat? Wouldn't he be glad to promise her that he wouldn't smoke another cigar as long as he lived? She was so delighted that she could hardly contain herself.

Mr. Washburn came home to tea, and, as usual, when he entered the house he gave her a kiss and tender greeting. They were seated at the tea table; Mrs. Washburn was so full of mirth that she came near scalding herself with the hot tea when she poured it out. Her merry, mischievous laugh rang pleasantly in her husband's ears, who, poor fellow, could have no idea of the terrible ordeal through which he was doomed to pass.

When tea was over, the astral lamp transferred to the light-stand, and Mr. Washburn had stretched himself into a comfortable position in the large, easy rocking-chair, with his legs lazily reposing in another chair, the everlasting cigar was produced, lighted, and began to diffuse its fragrance through the room.

Mrs. Washburn could hardly control her inclination to burst into a laugh at the mere thought of what she was about to do. Seating herself at the side of the table, opposite her husband, she took from the work-basket, with an air as grave and solemn as a judge, one of the "Bagdads." Placing the filthy roll between her ruby lips she glanced at her husband.

"Now, Mr. Smoker," thought she—it would have spoiled to have said it—"we will see whether you don't abandon that nasty habit."

Mr. Washburn happened to glance at her, but, contrary to her expectation, he manifested no suprise, and went on reading the *Transcript*.

"So so, Mr. Smoker," thought she again, "you think I am joking, do you? I will soon convince you;" and the lady took a paper and applied a light to the cigar.

Mrs. Washburn was rather inexperienced in the *modus operandi* of lighting a cigar, and she was unable to make it go. She lighted another taper, and puffed away with all her might; but the Bagdad was as resolute as the great caliph himself. She persevered till her extraordinary exertions again attracted the attention of Mr. Washburn.

"You are lighting the wrong end, my dear," said he, with the utmost nonchalance.

"How provoking he is!" thought Mrs. Washburn, "why don't he remonstrate?"

"You should bite the twisted end, and then put it in your month," continued the husband, turning to the paper again.

Aided by these directions the lady took another cigar, which she succeeded in lighting. The first taste of the tobacco smoke was horrible, but she determined to be a martyr for her husband's sake, and taking her sewing, she continued to puff away as she plied her needle, till a certain nausea compelled her to abandon the experiment for that time. Casting the Bagdad into the grate, she began to wish she had not listened to Mrs. Volant.

"What is the matter, my dear? Wasn't it a good cigar? Try mine; they are Monte Christos of the first quality;" and the imperturbable Mr. Washburn offered her the choice from his case.

"No, I thank you, my dear; I will not smoke any more to-night."

"But what's the matter, Mary? You are as pale as a sheet?"

"I feel a little faint; I shall be better in the morning." And Mrs. Washburn was obliged to leave the room.

Poor woman! She was sick all the evening. But the next day Mrs Volant, who had called to learn the success of the experiment, advised her to try again, assuring her that it would not make her sick the second time.

Mr. Washburn had a couple of his intimate friends at his house to play a game of whist the next evening, and the devoted wife resolved to try the effect of a smoke in their presence.

When the party were seated Mr. Washburn handed around the cigar case.

"Won't you smoke, my dear?" asked he, tending the cigars to his wife.

"I will; but you know, Joseph, that I never smoke your cigars, they do not suit my taste."

"Whew, that was cool."

Mrs. Washburn lit a Bagdad.

"Is it possible you smoke, Mrs. Washburn?" asked Mr. Barnes, astonished at the singular spectacle of a woman puffing away at a cigar, for all the world like a loafer in a barroom.

"Occasionally, just to please my husband," replied Mrs. Washburn, after she had blown out a long breath of blue smoke.

"Yes, Barnes," interposed Mr. Washburn, "it is more sociable you know, to have company when one smokes. We are generally alone in the evening and she is so kind as to smoke with me. Ah, Barnes, teach your wife to smoke, it is so pleasant to smoke with one's wife."

The lady was thunderstruck. Was it possible that he had no more respect for the proprieties of life than that? She smoke? She had already acquired the reputation of being a smoker, without having produced any of the desired good results.

Mrs. Washburn threw the lighted Bagdad into the stove. She had almost cried with vexation.

"Not smoke, my dear?" said her husband,

"I think you can be sociable to-night if I don't smoke."

"Do smoke, my dear; it gives me so much pleasure to see you enjoy a good cigar."

"That's too bad, Joseph.

Mr. Washburn laughed outright, and, throwing down his cards, explained the event of the preceding evening.

"I will own up; I did it to break him of the habit; I give it up."

When the gentlemen had taken their leave, Mrs. Washburn explained by whose advice she had adopted the plan.

Mrs. Volant has the reputation of being a perfect shrew. Her husband is a laughing stock for all State street. She is a bad adviser.

"How slick you have turned the joke upon me," said Mrs. Washburn, laughing heartily.

"To tell the truth, I overheard some of your conversation when the plot was laid."

"Oh, ho, you did; no wonder it failed then."

"I did; but, Mary, are you so very much against my smoking? I love the weed, but I love you more," and Mr. Washburn kissed her tenderly.

"Nay, I will say no more about it. Perhaps I was selfish."

"Not selfish. I will leave it off, my dear, for your sake.

"No, no; I don't want you to do so. If you are so very fond of smoking I will never say another word about it."

And Mr. Washburn has smoked his cigar in peace ever since.

## A Dangerous Place.

A correspondent speaking of the South African diamond mines, says:—Foreseeing the tremendous amount of labor that would be concentrated in and about the claims, the surveyors made twelve roads through the kopje to which each claim-holder gave seven feet and a half. So between every two lines of claims there was a road fifteen feet wide. Of course this portion of the ground was to remain untouched until some future time, when, the rest of the soil being worked, these alone remained to dig into. But—alas for the anticipations of the authorities and the intentions of the diggers!—the roads were not left intact. They were undermined, gouged, and encroached on, until they became to cave in. Huge slices would break away from the walls, and with a dull thud, and surrounded by a choking limy dust, would crash into the pit below. Perhaps a faint cry would be heard as the horrified digger, looking up, saw his end at hand; or perhaps more likely his back was bent, and, eager to see the sparkling gem turn out before his gaze, he was cut off from the living world without a moment's warning. Another day a gaping crack in the roadway is ominous of an accident. The diggers look at it and say, "It's no wider to-day than yesterday;" "Oh, it will stand;" "We are safe enough;" and so they descended the shaft, unmindful of their peril. Ten minutes after a heavy loaded cart crawls that way, its great wide wheels cutting deep into the ground. It reaches this crack, a wheel enters the seam, and a moment more the digger below and the driver above meet in eternity, while a crowd of Caffres make a "hooray" over the affair as they pull their mutilated bodies away from the confused mass of wood, iron, and dirt. Next day the claim is sold, and people forget the last accident in the still newer horrors which accumulate. The dangerous condition of the mine has caused many to sell out and leave, for as it is at present worked (July 1872), no man can descend into the claims without peril to his life. In the end the only plan to work it safely will be to form a joint-stock company to work it out piecemeal, for four or five thousand conflicting interests are unmanageable when concentrated in the area of fourteen acres.

## The Teaching of Grammar not Allowed.

"I have been sendin' my darter Nancy to skool, and last Friday I went over to the skool to see how she was gettin' along, and I seed things I didn't like by no means. The skool-master was larnin' her things entirely out of the line of eddycation, and, as I think, improper. I set a while in the skool-house, an' heered one class say their lesson. The lesson that Nancy sed was nuthin' but the foolishest kind of talk'; the rediclist word she sed was 'I love.' I looked right at her for bein' so improper, but she went right on and sed, 'Thou lovest, and he loves.' And I reckon you never heered such rigmarole in your life—love, love, love and nothin' but love. She sed one time, 'I did love. Sez I, 'Who did you love?' The skolars laffed, but I wasn't to be put off, and sed, 'Who did you love, Nancy?' The skool-master sed he would explain when Nancy had finished the lesson. This sorter pacyfied me, and Nancy went on with her awful love talk. It got wus and wus every word. She sed, 'I might, could, or would love.' I stopped her again, and sed I reckon I would see about that, and told her to walk out of that house. The skool-master tried to interfere, but I would not let him say a word. He sed I was a fool, and I nokt him down, and made him holler in short order. I talkt the strate thing to him. I told him I'd show how hede larn my darter grammar. I got the nabors together, and we sent him off in a hurry, and I reckon tharl be no more grammar teachin' in these parts soon."

## A Fortune Missed.

Colonel Michael P. Walsh died in the Shasta county, Cal., hospital on the 31st of December last. He was born at Waterford, Ireland, and was within a few days of seventy-eight years old at the time of his death. At the age of twenty-two he came to the United States and enlisted in the military service of his adopted country. In 1832 he went to Chicago and purchased eighty acres of land, for which he paid $200. This he kept for one year, when, the new town not coming up to his sanguine expectations, and thinking it was not a very healthful place, he sold the lot for the amount he had paid for it and emigrated to a place of more flattering prospects. He went to California twenty years ago, and soon took up his abode at Churntown, where he became engaged in mining. He was almost a helpless cripple for the last fifteen years his right arm having been rendered useless by a falling tree. When Colonel Walsh went to Chicago it was but a mere outpost upon the western border of civilization, containing less than five hundred inhabitants. That eighty acre lot is in the very heart and centre of that opulent city of 300,000 inhabitants. Had he kept that piece of property he might have counted his wealth by tens of millions. While he was running out the sands of life in poverty in the Shasta county hospital, the census of 1870 shows that tract of land which he once bought and for $200 represented more wealth than all the broad acres of California from the mouth of Feather river to the Oregon line.

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If there is one thing we like more than another, it is a simple, direct, intelligible statement of something we are interested in. How, then, can we be sufficiently grateful to Professor Agassiz for informing us that "trilobites are not any more closely related to the phyllopods than to any other entomostracæ, or to the isopod."

# CENTRE REPORTER.

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## Noted Poisoners.

**Foreign Poisoning Mania—Sir Thomas Overbury—Cæsar Borgia's Ring—La Spara—Aqus Tofana—The Marchioness de Brinvilliers.**

One of the most terrible crimes, one of the worst sorts of murder, is the destruction of human life by secret poison. There are shades of guilt recognized even by the law, but the taking of life by poisons, so slow in their operation that the gradual ebbing away of existence resembles the natural decay of years, is usually unsuspected, and must be persevered in for some time, until the fatal result be produced.

In a fit of passion, or when under the influence of anger, or any other temporary feeling, human life may be suddenly taken; but secret poisoning indicates steady and reticent persistence in a deliberate design—such as, in fact, nothing but continuous malignancy could have even conceived. Happily, this most terrible of crimes has declined very much within the last two or three hundred years.

It is repeatedly mentioned in the Greek and Latin writers, but did not become a regular art until the seventeenth century; though in 1529, in the reign of Henry VIII, the English Parliament passed a law declaring the employment of secret poisons to be high treason, and appropiating boiling to death as its peculiar punishment. A century later, in the reign of James I. some cases obtained an unnappy notoriety in London.

The wife of the Earl of Essex, a woman of great beauty, loose conduct and bad heart, was offended by some reflections cast upon her by Sir Thomas Overbury, an author and courtier, and induced Robert Kerr, Lord Rochester, who then was on far too intimate terms with her, to remove him by secret poisoning, which he did. Some time after this, when Kerr lost his favor at court, he was tried and convicted of the poisoning, but received a pardon from the king. It was believed that this was done to prevent his making some criminal disclosures against the king himself!

It was in Italy and France, however, that this crime was longest and most effectually practiced. Throughout Italian history, from the time of the middle ages, secret poisoning casts a crimson hue upon every page. Men who shrank from assassination did not hesitate to employ poison to remove their enemies or rivals. The Roman family of Borgia used this so largely that their name remains associated with it. Cæsar Borgia had a ring from which started a sharp point, charged with poison, which on such slight pressure as shaking hands, pressed itself into the flesh of the victim, and however slightly the skin might be abraded, leaving only a slight mark as if a pin had scratched it, the poison entered into the victim's system and death was the result, without leaving a sign or mark of the cause.

It will be remembered that Lord Lytton (who is best known in this country as Lytton-Bulwer, the novelist) introduced a ring of this kind into his romance of "Lucretia; or, the Children of Night," and by its use, the criminal heroine, then not knowing his identity, poisons her own son. It may be added that Cæsar Borgia's father, a highly distinguished and greatly wicked man, who was believed to have "removed" many persons by foul means, invited an old friend to sup with him, intending to poison him by poisoned confections. The guest, however had a warning of danger, and made a point of seeing his host's carver, who confessed that it was intended to destroy him, but consented, for a bribe of ten thousand golden ducats, so to arrange matters that the box of poisoned confections was placed before the master of the feast instead of before the guest, and the deceiver being thus deceived, the poisoner was poisoned.

In the middle of the seventeenth century, the large and increasing number of young widows in Rome led to suspicion and inquiry, and it was discovered that the husbands had died suddenly—that a secret society of young wives employed an old fortune-teller, named Spara, to supply them with a poison, limpid, tasteless, and clear, which would destroy life slowly or suddenly, at will. The use of this poison continued through several years, until at last Spara and thirteen of her fair clients were arrested, tried, convicted, publicly whipped, and hung, many others, of the highest rank in Rome, being banished and fined.

Fifty years after this, it was ascertained that a similar system of crime was carried on in Naples, the chief promoter of which was an old woman named Toffania, who largely manufactured the Spara poison, and sold it extensively, even sending it to various parts of Italy, under the name of "Manna of St. Nicola of Bari" (the title of a miraculous oil said to cure rheumatism), but best known, in our day, as the "Aqua Tofana." On analyzation, it is said to have consisted of crystals of arsenic dissolved in water. It produced its effects slowly, by the gradual weakening of the appetite and the organs of respiration. After six hundred persons had perished by this poison, Toffania was arrested, tried, convicted, and strangled, in 1719. From that time, secret poisoning has hardly been heard of in Italy.

In the reign of Louis XIV. secret poisoning was carried on to a large extent in France, the criminals being married women, and the victims being in most cases their husbands. The suspicions of the Government being excited from certain information, two Italians, named Exili and Glaser, were sent to the Bastile, charged with having made and sold the poisons. Glaser died in prison, but Exili became acquainted there with Seigneur de St. Croix, then a prisoner, and taught him how to make the poisons.

St. Croix was the lover of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, a lovely and wicked woman, and had been sent to the Bastile at the request of her father, who was pained at his daughter's disgrace, though, unfortunately, such occurrences were very frequent, then and there.

On his release, St. Croix told Brinvilliers that he had learned how to make poison, whereupon she resolved to destroy her father, but first experimented with the death-dealing liquid on the sick eoplpe in the hospital of the Hotel Dieu. She resolved not to be detected, and devoted eight months to the dosing of her father. No suspicion was aroused, and therefore she removed her two brothers and sisters by the same means. Next she tried to poison her husband, but he escaped by taking antidotes, supplied to him by St. Croix, who dreaded that he should be compelled to marry the widow.

St. Croix died, in 1672, while he was preparing poison. His mask fell off, and he was poisoned by the fumes. Among his papers were documents inculpating the marchioness. A domestic servant, named Chaussee, who was in their guilty secrets, was arrested, made a full confession, and was broken on the wheel. The marchioness escaped to England, but was eventually brought back to Paris. On trial a "general confession," in her handwriting, found among her papers, was brought against her; but she declared it had been written during the insanity caused by a fever.

The torture, freely administered two centuries back, forced a full confession from her, and she was beheaded, on July 16, 1676.

Louis XIV. established the "Chambre Ardente," to try poisoning cases. Two women, named Lavoisin and Lavigoreux, who told fortunes to young heirs and young wives, and secured their fulfillment by providing them with "succession powders," were detected, and burned alive in Paris, in February, 1680, and from thirty to forty of their accomplices were hanged in various parts of France. But not until after one hundred persons had died on the gallows, or at the stake, was the crime wholly suppressed.—*Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie.*

## Mining and Manufactures.

Tin mines are said to have been discovered in Utah.

There was recently discovered near Staunton, Va., a large deposit of red hematite iron ore, probably thirty feet wide and extending several miles.

The durability of asphalt as flooring has been tested in the Northampton (England) cattle market, and the decision is against it. It was found that the treading of the cattle soon wore it away, and that it would speedily become necessary to replace it. It was accordingly decided to lay the floor of the market with brick in place of the asphalt.

A Boston architect has been in the habit for many years of bedding his roofing slates in hydraulic cement, instead of having them nailed on dry in the usual way, which leaves them subject to be rattled by the wind and to be broken by any accidental pressure. The cement soon sets and hardens, so that the roof becomes like a solid wall. The extra cost is ten or fifteen per cent., and he thinks it good economy. It affords great protection against fire.

The actual cost of a sewing machine is from $5 to $7, or with table and all complete from $10 to $30. At retail the price is $60 to $175, the difference being clear profit.

The *National Oil Journal* describes a volcanic well-burner for increasing the production of oil wells. The process of using this volanic well-burner is as follows: A slow-burning composition, consisting of nitrate of soda, nitrate of potash, and charcoal, placed in suitable cases, is lowered to the bottom of the well, and then ignited by electricity. The parts of combustion which are not carbonic gas are thrown out into the well through proper vents, heating the whole surface of sand rock, dissolving the paraffine, and thoroughly restoring the original porosity of the oil-bearing rock, thus bringing the well back to nearly its first production. This process is attended with no danger either to person or property, as there is no explosion.

Water-pipes are now lined with glass. A space between the metal and the glass is filled with a layer of plaster of Paris. The glass is thus protected from breakage.

Sixty manufactories supply us with corks. The value of the corks used in this country annually is estimated at $2,250,000.

It is proposed to manufacture the products of the gas wells in the western part of this State, Pennsylvania, and Ohio into carbon black, and a patent has just been issued for a process by which this may be economically done. If all the immense production of this natural gas can by a cheap process be converted into an article of extensive commercial use, it will certainly be a large source of profit to the oil regions.

## A Bold Exploit.

The following is from the diary of the late Mr. Adolphus, the barrister and historian:

"May 8th, 1840.—We had a dinner party, among them Mrs. Mathews and Curran, who told an amusing story of an agent to a nobleman in Ireland. It was known to some ruffians in the neighborhood that he had collected a large sum for rents due to his employer. In the middle of the night he heard thieves breaking into his house. He jumped out of bed, and arming himself with a carving-knife, stood behind the door, and closed it, so that only one could enter at a time, which one would be shown in the moonlight while he remained in the shade. Four of the thieves entered and were despatched one after another, those without not knowing what happened. The fifth saw a gleam of the blade in the moonlight, seized the man, and a tremendous scuffle ensued. The agent struck several blows with his weapon, but made no impression. He was got down, and his antagonist over him, when, feeling the knife, he found the point was bent. He had the presence of mind to press it strongly against the floor, so as to turn it back, stabbed his adversary dead, and, as he was alone in the house and could have no assistance till the morning, retired to bed. He was knighted for the exploit. Some one said to him, 'I wonder you could go to bed while there were on the floor the corpses of five persons whom you had killed?' His answer was, 'It did make me very uneasy; I could not get a wink of sleep for nearly an hour!'"

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Ivory.—The various substances included under the term ivory are the tusk of the elephant, the walrus, the narwhal and the hippopotamus. To these we must add the fossil ivory so often used in ancient carvings. This was obtained from Siberia, where the tusks of the mammoths are found along the banks of the large rivers. It is a curious fact that the largest tusks of ivory now procured would not furnish pieces as large as those used in the Middle Ages. There is every probability that the ancients softened the ivory and could then enlarge the pieces. A fifteen century recipe in the British Museum directs that the ivory should be placed in muriatic acid, and it will become soft as wax. By being placed in white vinegar it hardens again. The Greeks used ivory to decorate their couches, and also their shields and arms. Greek sculptors did not think it beneath them to work in the art.

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A Doctor's Story.—A good, but we know not how reliable story, is related of a venerable doctor of the experimental and eclectic school of medicine. It was one of his rules never to have anything wasted; and therefore when any prescription remained after the patient had died or recovered, he would empty it into a bottle kept for the purpose, that became the receptacle of a heterogeneous compound that science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and he asked of him the reason for it. The doctor hesitated a little and then replied that though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances where all his medical skill failed. At such times it was his custom to resort to the big bottle, and leave nature and accident to accomplish the cure. "And will you believe it," said he, "some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it."

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A Sad Disaster.—In Richmond, Va. a span of a bridge fell. At the time a large number of workingmen were on the bridge and went with it into the water. Ten of the workmen went down with the span; three of these were never seen to rise again, and are supposed to have been crushed by the falling timbers. Another fridted a short distance down the river and soon sunk forever.

## Evans, the Child Murderer.

### He Confesses to Several Murders, Including the Joyce Children in 1865.

Franklin B. Evans, who was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung on the third Tuesday of February, 1874, at Exeter, N. H., for the murder of Georgiana Lovering last October, has made the startling confession that the last fifteen years of his life has been almost one scene of butchery, all his victims being children.

In 1858 he says that he stole away and killed a little niece in Derry, N. H., aged five years. In 1861 he assaulted and cut the throat of a girl fourteen years of age in Augusta, Me., for which another man died in prison; while the most startling of his numerous crimes is the murder of Isabella Joyce, aged fourteen, and her brother John, a boy of twelve, in Bussey's Woods, near Boston, in 1865. These murders, it will be remembered, created the greatest excitement all through New England at the time. It was plain that the girl had been outraged, and the whole country was thoroughly searched for the murderer. But at last the old saying that murder will out is again realized. It is also charged that on June 10, 1872, Evans outraged a woman found dead in the woods near Fitchburg, Mass., and during the year he outraged, mutilated, and murdered Georgiana Lovering, a girl of twelve years, in Northwood, N. H., for whose murder he is under sentence. His confession in regard to all the above crimes is brief and indefinite except as to the Joyce children, which was made to Deputy Sheriff Henry A. Drew, who arrested him and had him in charge ten days before he revealed to him the secret of the murder of Georgiana Lovering. Mr. Drew says that after Evans had confessed the murder he questioned him as to his whereabouts for the last fifteen years. "Finally," says Mr. Drew, "I traced him to Rhode Island, and then to Roxbury, Massachusetts. Mention of Roxbury, and the similarity of the two murders suggested to me for the first time that he might have perpetrated the murder of the Joyce children, of which I had then but a dim recollection, and of the circumstances of which I have now but very little knowledge. I then interrogated him on the subject, and the questions on my part and the replies on his were deemed by me of so much importance that I immediately reduced the substance of the conversation to writing." The following covers the main points of the confession elicited in regard to the Joyce children:

Question by Sheriff Drew — Well, Frank what you tell me, you must tell me now; tell me all all about it; were you in Roxbury or were you in Manchester—tell me just as it is?

A. Mr. Drew, I was right there when that boy and girl were killed.

Q. Was he stabbed or not?

A. Yes, he was, several times.

Q. Did the girl make much ado?

A. Yes.

Q. More than the boy did?

A. Yes.

Q. Why did she?

A. She was raped; don't ask me any more, I have now told you.

Q. Was the act committed before she was killed?

A. Yes, Mr. Drew; I won't say any more; I have told all about it now.

Q. Well, Frank, I guess you have; but one thing more: Was the girl bruised much?

A. Yes; I won't answer another question.

Mr. Drew—Well, I won't ask you any more.

Mr. Drew states that Evans further said that the house where the children came from was on the left-hand side as you went into Boston from Roxbury, and was a two-story house.

Mr. Drew said to him, "Now, Frank, it was a little cottage-house on the right-hand side as you go toward Boston?"

Evans replied: "It was a two-story house, on the left-hand side as you go into Boston from Roxbury."

The following affidavit is corroborative of Sheriff Drew's statement:

I, Azariah Waldron, of Stratford, in the County of Stratford, State of New Hampshire, depose and say that I was keeper over Franklin B. Evans at Henry A. Drew's house; that I had a conversation with Evans in regard to the Joyce children; Evans said to me, "I hope they won't bring that up till I get through with this; if they do, what will they do to me?" I answered, "They will hang you twice." Evans said, "They cannot kill me but once."

AZARIAH WALDRON.

Sworn and subscribed to before me,

HENRY A. DREW,
Justice of the Peace.

## Transit of Venus.

In the astronomical world, the coming event, although yet nearly two years distant, is the transit of Venus. Extensive preparations are making to utilize to the utmost, for the advancement of astronomical science, this rare and interesting phenomenon. The transits of this planet take place at intervals of eight, one hundred and five and one-half, and one hundred and twenty-one and one-half years. The last transit having occured on the 3rd of June, 1769, the next, after an interval of one hundred and five and a half years, will greet the eyes of expectant astronomers on the 4th of December, 1874. Venus is the larger of the two planets having their orbs within that of the earth, and appears to terrestrial beholders the most brilliant and magnificent of all; the star *par excellence* of beauty, poetry and love. But not as a matter of sentimental, romantic or æsthetic interest, nor yet with reference to the fact that no human eye now existing has ever witnessed this phenomenon; nor as a matter of mere scientific curiosity is the coming event so much discussed and so much prepared for. Accurate observation of this phenomenon will furnish data of the first importance to astronomical science, by which the distances from the sun of the earth and other planets, and their respective magnitudes may be precisely calculated.

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TREMORS CAUSED BY TOBACCO.—The trembling which is one of the usual symptoms of acute, is also a common result of chronic nicotism. A very distinguished Parisian physician had hands which shook so much that he could not write. Whenever he remained without tobacco for any length of time, these tremblings disappeared. Another case, mentioned by Blatin, is noteworthy: A man of forty-five years consulted him respecting violent and numerous attacks of vertigo. When he felt one of them approaching he was obliged to lie down wherever he might be, in order to avoid falling. In the country, where he had plenty of exercise, they were less frequent than in the town, where his occupation was sedentary. Cessation from tobacco, and a tonic regimen, quickly restored him. A physician of fifty-two was afflicted with similar disagreeable symptoms, and was also cured by abstinence. Habit had become so strong that he could not resist, at times, the temptation to slight indulgence. Finding that these returns to tobacco were immediately followed by his old painful attacks, he renounced it forever.

## No Friends, No Home, No Money.

### A Heartless Daughter--Why Roger Meehan Cut his Throat---His Troubles.

Roger Meehan, who was found at the Grand Central Depot with his throat cut, lies at Bellevue Hospital in a critical condition. Mr. Meehan is over sixty years of age, but is confined in one of the cells. Though suffering from weakness, with much exertion he related his story as follows to a reporter:

Mr. Meehan married his wife, who was a Mrs. Elizabeth Burke, in Ireland, 23 years ago, and emigrated to this country at that time. Last November Mr. Meehan was sick in Bellevue Hospital. While there his wife called and told him that her daughter, by a former husband, had bought for her a house and three acres of land in Woolford, Carroll county, N. H., and that she was going to take their three children and go there. The oldest child was 14 and the youngest 9 years old. They always lived peaceably together.

Mrs. Meehan asked her husband when he got well to follow her to Woolford. Mr. Meehan, when he left the hospital, went to work to earn money to enable him to join his family. He says he worked hard, but did not have money enough until Tuesday, the 4th inst.; then he had saved $10. With that sum, on the night of the 4th inst., he left New York to join his family. This he did against the wishes of another step-daughter who resides in this city. He arrived at Woolford at 8 o'clock the following evening. There he learned that Mrs. Meehan lived two miles from the village, and he decided to remain at the hotel for the night and meet his wife the next morning. On Thursday morning he started for the home of his wife before eating any breakfast, and walked there through the deep snow. By some means his step-daughter, a maiden of 31, whose name is Margaret Day, and who is the servant of a wealthy gentleman living near Woolford, heard of his arrival, and got a man named Thompson to take her to her mother's house. She was there when Meehan arrived. He knocked at the door and Margaret opened it. When she saw who it was she said:

"You can't come in here; this is my house, and then slammed the door in his face.

Meehan says he was amazed at such treatment, as he could not imagine the cause. So he sat down on the steps and cried. After sitting there a few moments he again rapped at the door and asked his step-daughter if she would please give him a glass of water. The unfeeling girl replied to the entreaties of the poor old man, saying, "You will get no drink of water here; go away, and go back where you came from."

Meehan says it seemed as if there was a fascination that held him to the spot, and though he was thunder-struck with her unnatural treatment, he could not leave. Eighteen years ago he had paid the passage money which brought this step-daughter, her brother, and her uncle from the old country, and as he could not remember having ever given her any cause for such treatment, he felt heartbroken. While he was indulging in such reveries the man Thompson, who had brought Margaret to the house, approached Meehan and said, "Come, I'll give you a ride back to the village in my sleigh. What is the use of your waiting here?"

Meehan says he then felt, as he could not see his wife and children, he did not want to live any longer, and said within himself, "I'm done. I'll never go back to New York alive." He then drew a pocket knife and deliberately cut his throat. The blood flowed freely from the wound, ond he fell in the snow and ice from exhaustion, at the threshold of his step-daughter's house. Thompson, when he saw what the old man had done, approached and wound a handkerchief around his throat, nearly choking him to death. His wife came out and cried bitterly, her cries attracting the attention of the neighbors, who began to gather. The old man was still lying in the snow and ice, and begging to be taken into the house. The neighbors standing near attempted to comply with his appeal, but the heartless Margaret stood in the door and would not allow him to enter the house. Finally the people became indignant, and Meehan was taken into a farmer's house, where his wound was dressed by a doctor who had been summoned.

Two of the farmers tried to induce him to consent to go to the hospital in the village, but he said as he could not see his wife and children he did not wish to remain in the town. He says that he wanted to come to Bellevue Hospital, where they knew him and would treat him kindly. As it was found he had severed a prominent artery in his neck, a wealthy gentleman volunteered to defray his expenses, and take him to New York. Meehan, with Mr. Barker, left Woolford last Friday morning. Arriving in Boston, Mr. Barker took the old man in a carriage to the New York depot. He gave him his supper; after which, Meehan said he could go alone the rest of the way. He says when he arrived here, at 6 o'clock last Saturday morning, he was so weak he became bewildered, and knew nothing until he found himself in Bellevue. He charges that his step-daughter has influenced his wife to desert him, and sobbing bitterly, said, "I'll never see my wife and children again; I don't want to get well."

At this moment Warden Brennan entered the cell and said, "How are you, Meehan?"

Meehan—God bless you, Warden; I'm very weak.

The poor old man then began to cry and the reporter left him.

Warden Brennan says that Meehan dwells upon his troubles so much that at times he is out of his head, and he is closely watched all the time. He cut his throat in a terrible manner, and it is probable that inflammation will set in and deprive him of life.—*New York Paper.*

## A Mermaid.

The Los Angelos (Cal.) *Express* describes the "mermaid" now on exhibition in that place. It was caught by Captain Eastman, of the schooner Roscoo, embalmed by Dr. Lyford, and has been exhibited at San Diego. The body is about three feet in length. The eyes, in large sockets, were pricked to let out the water, in the embalming process. The mouth is very broad, with twenty-eight curved and singularly shaped teeth. The nose is a combination of the Roman and the snub. The brow is deeply indented with heavy brain lobes; long and broad ears adorn the queer-looking head, and short, woolly hair covers the head and sides of the face. The cerebellum and Adam's apple are very prominent. The arms are long and terminate in long claws, consisting of four fingers and a thumb, with the sharpest of nails. There are eleven ribs extending around the body and meeting at the breast. Here the fishy portion of the thing begins. It is covered with scales, the spine having the dorsal fin, and the fish continuing in the usual development to the tip of the tail.

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There is great excitement in Salt Lake City owing to the President's proclama tion, and the Mormon leaders and press exhibit considerable fear, while the people are quietly awaiting results.

## The Public Kindergarten in Boston.

Here is a charming account from the Boston *Traveller* of the manner in which the Public Kindergarten in that city is conducted:—

Twenty lovely little children were playing in a ring at a lively play; one little tot was pussy, another a mouse; and, after singing together a pretty couplet or two, the chase began. Some of the children who took turns in the running were more agile than others, and one little fellow had the wit to turn and meet the mouse who was running round and round outside the ring when he found he was a little too far behind her to make it probable he ever should catch her. It was the occasion of some pretty little stories about mice, which were told after they all returned to their seats to rest, and while they were taking turns in a very orderly manner in taking a drink of water for refreshment. The play showed by the discipline attending it that the children were well in hand by the teacher, whose very sweet voice was alone enough to diffuse harmony among them. It was the day for moulding in clay, and they were all eager for the lesson; but by accident the register had been left open all night, so that the clay was too dry; and the explanation of the fact was accepted very pleasantly, and a block lesson substituted. The *personnel* of the school is also somewhat different from that of former years, and this is due to the correct views of the teacher, who did not think it right to make a public school what is conventionally called select. She went into the neighborhood herself, and induced the artisans and tradespeople to send their children. A prettier set, or one more easily managed, could hardly be found, and the moral and social training of the kindergarten is eminently conducive to refinement and self-government. These children have one advantage over those of a wealthier class, that their ante-school education has not been given by nursery girls, but by mothers.

During the short stay I made in the school the children learned the meaning of some expressions used in building, and illustrated them with the blocks in their hands, so that they will doubtless be remembered always. They also learned some self-government, without any sharp reprimanding. They were not restrained from speaking, but were allowed the proper, child-like freedom of giving utterance to their impressions, giving the teacher an opportunity to correct their speech, and they were readily brought to silence by her gentle remark that it was not proper to speak when the teacher was speaking. The young lady's motherly, sympathetic manner was quite charming to see, and as I know she enters intelligently as well as enthusiastically into the idea of the soul culture that is to accompany the pleasant tasks given to little fingers and minds, I enjoyed my visit very much, and was only astonished to see empty seats that twenty more children might occupy without crowding in this large and pleasant room. It is to be hoped that the exertions Miss Peabody is now making to spread the genuine schools of Froebel's system will enlighten the apathy which has not yet been overcome upon this important subject of early education.

## The New Postage Bill.

The following is a full text of General Farnsworth's bill to further amend the postal laws, as it passed the House of Representatives:

*Be it enacted, &c.*, That on and after the 1st day of July next on all mail matter which is wholly or partly in writing, except book, magazine, and newspaper manuscripts and corrected proofs passing between authors and publishers, and excepting also correspondence or postal cards, on all printed matter which is so marked as to convey any other or further information than is conveyed by original print, except corrections of mere typographical errors, on all matter which is sent in violation of law or regulation of the Department respecting inclosures, and on all matter to which no specific rate of postage is assigned, postage shall be charged at a rate of two cents for each half ounce or fraction thereof, and this provision shall include all letters commonly known as drop, or local letters, delivered through postoffices or their carriers; and magazine manuscripts and newspaper manuscripts are hereby declared to belong to the third-class of mailable matter.

SEC. 2. That from and after the first day of January next, under such regulations and in such manner as the Postmaster-General shall prescribe, postage provided by law to be paid upon printed matter or mailable matter of the second class shall in all cases be prepaid and collected at the offices respectively where such matter shall be mailed, and the postage on daily papers not exceeding four ounces each copy in weight shall be charged and collected at the rate of fifteen cents per quarter; *Provided*, that weekly newspapers within the respective counties where the same are printed and published, and none other, may pass through the mails free of postage as provided in the eighth clause of section 184 of the act to revise, consolidate and amend the statuees relating to the Postoffice Department.

SEC. 3. That any person who shall take any letter, postal card or packet out of any postoffice or branch postoffice, or from letter or mail-carrier, or which has been in any postoffice or branch postoffice, or in the custody of any letter or mail-carrier, before it shall have been delivered to the person to whom it was directed, with the design to obstruct correspondence or pry into the business or secrets of another, or shall secrete, embezzle or destroy the same, shall, on conviction thereof, for every such offense forfeit and pay a penalty not exceeding $500, or be imprisoned at hard labor not exceeding one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

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DEATH OF A CLOWN.—The death of Joe Pentland, the circus clown, in the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island, presents one of the saddest of the contrasts of this checkered life. Alas! poor Yorick! For years had Joe worn the motley and played the fool in the little garish world whose sky was the flapping canvas. His mild jests, almost as vapid as the lemonade that passed around the front row of seats, delighted thousands of infantile minds both old and young, and yet Joe's intellect, not overworked, one would think, by the demands of his profession, became clouded and muddled, more imbecile it fact than it could ever be in its best days in the ring, and he died in the gloomiest of all death chambers—a ward in the insane asylum.

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HOW IT IS DONE.—The man who answered an advertisement to the following effect says his curiosity is satisfied now:

"If you would like to know how to make home happy, send a postage stamp and 25 cents to P. O. box No. —, Cincinnati."

He *did* send the necessary cash, and soon received the answer:

"If you are as big a fool as we think you must be for giving us your money, you can make home happy by leaving it and going West yourself."

And yet that man is not happy.

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Mr. Monkey, of New Jersey, who still lives, invented the "monkey wrench."

## Items of Interest.

Des Moines, Ia., has got a second-hand street car, and is looking out for an opportunity to buy a track that will fit it at auction.

A patriotic Bostonian is deeply indignant because nobody in Detroit will give him a dollar for a genuine sword from Bunker Hill.

The nailers' strike at Wheeling, West Va., has ended, after several months' existence, and the nail mills of that city have resumed operations.

An infant child of Mr. James Wood, of Lansingburg, N. Y., died last week from the bite of a rat, inflicted while it was sleeping in its cradle.

Charleston papers itemize a resident of that city who has actually read the Bible all through. He did it for a bet, in a little over two days and a half.

The prisoners in the Missouri Penitentiary receive a pound of tobacco apiece every month at an expense to the State of between $3,000 and $4,000 a year.

It is reported that a number of French residents entertain the project of establishing a colony of immigrants from Alsace and Lorraine in the neighborhood of New York.

The Elizabeth *Herald* thinks an aged couple of that city odd because they are both well educated, both get drunk, and allow their pigs and hens to live in the same room with them.

The question is being debated, "Why not have Old Men's Christian Associations?" That's so. Old men sometimes stand more in need of controlling influences than young men.

Sydney Smith once commenced a charity sermon by saying: "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B in distress without asking C to relieve him."

A Baltimore physician, now in Vienna, has invented an instrument to cure cross and squint eyes. It has been introduced into the hospital at Vienna, and is well received by the profession.

A Baltimorean who was refused a night's lodging in a station-house the other evening immediately secured the desired accommodation by going out and throwing bricks at a railway train.

The great wrestling contest between Homer Lane, of New York, the champion of America, and Lang Dolan, of Brighton, Mass., for $1,000 a side and the championship of America, took place at Brighton. There was a large attendance. Lane was the winner in two straight heats.

When Lee met Meade on the Palm Sunday of 1865, near Appomattox Court House, he said with trivalty so common, amid crushing misfortune, "Why, Meade, what are you doing with gray in your beard?" "You have have a good deal to do with it," retorted his conqueror with a short laugh.

A Newfoundland dog not long since placed himself between his master's child and the open grate toward which it was crawling in Nashua, N. H., and remainded there, though scorched and blistered, until persons came into the room and rescued the child. And somebody poisoned that dog the other day.

Germany proposes a school reform in the matter of using slates. It is urged that they are noisy, hurtful to the eyes, and help to form a bad handwriting. A substitute is proposed—an elastic, light, paper affair, on which ink can be used, and from which it can be removed easily. That is good, so far, but can the ink also be easily removed from the hands and clothes of the unskilled little users?

A Peoria man arose the morning after a storm and found his dog kennel buried under a drift as high as a church. He worked for half an hour to dig his dog out, and then went down town and told his clerks what he had done, adding, "A merciful man is merciful to his beasts." But after he had left home the neighbors saw his wife and daughter shoveling paths through the snow, and carrying in coal.

A hint: A Hartford toper appealed to a merchant of that city for the wherewithal to buy a drink. The merchant, being a temperance man, could not comply with his request; but the fellow's imploring manner and condition touched him. "Well," said the persistent fellow, "if you can't give it to me, couldn't you lend that gentleman ten cents (pointing to a clerk, and he could give it to me." It is needless to say that the chap got his ten cents.

A Canadian farmer has devised a new dodge. He took a load of very poor hay to the residence of a gentleman in Ottawa, and imformed that gentleman's wife that he had been directed to leave the hay in the yard and receive from her $20 in payment. She supposed it was all right; but the husband, on his return, was disgusted to find that he had a load of hay that he did not want and had never ordered, and that his wife had paid for it three times as much as it was worth.

Henry Boykin, colored, of Columbus, does not rejoice in the best of reputations. His evidence in Court was impeached, and several negroes swore that he had an immense quantity of truth in him, as he never let any out. One negro said he had heard another negro say he was "the grandest of liars;" another, that "he wouldn't trust him the width of his door;" another, that "he was the liar of Georgia;" another, that "his reputation for falsehood was national;" another, that "he was a'fore day coon liar."

Routine and tape (red) are as predominant in Halifax, N. S., as elsewhere. A lady of that city desired the removal of a dead cat. Upon inquiry, she was informed that she must tell the senior alderman of the ward, who would tell the mayor, who would tell the health inspector, who would tell a policeman, who would tell the dead-cat man, who would come and carry away the animal! All this would take time, and possibly the cat still remains upon the premises. It would have been easier for the poor woman to have buried it at once.

## The Death of Ex-Governor Geary.

John W. Geary, whose sudden death is announced, was born in Westmoreland Co., Pa., in 1820. After serving as a merchant's clerk he entered Jefferson College and after his graduation he became a civil engineer. During the Mexican war he served as Lieutenant-Colonel of a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers and was slightly wounded at Chapultepec, where he commanded his troops. On the same day he commanded the regiment at the attack on Belen Gate previous to the capture of the city of Mexico. After the capture he was made a Colonel and placed in command of the city as a reward for his gallant conduct. At the close of the war he removed to San Francisco, where he occupied the offices of Postmaster, Alcalde and first Mayor. From July, 1856, to March, 1857, he was Governor of Kansas. In 1861 he raised and equipped the Twenty-eighth Regiment of Pennsylvania Voluuteers, was made a Brigadier-General in 1862 and was appointed Military Governor of Savannah when that city was captured in December, 1864. In 1867 he was inaugurated Governor of Pennsylvania and held that office until succeeded by Governor Hartranft this winter.

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THE CUBAN CENSUS.—The census of Cuba has recently been taken, and General Sickles, receiving the result from the Spanish Government, has transmitted it to Washington. The total population of the island is placed at 1,399,811-there being 763,176 whites, 238,927 free colored, 363,288 slaves, and 34,420 Asiatics. In 1867 the population of Cuba was reported to be 1,414,508, so that in the five years that have elapsed there is a decrease of 14,706. The insurrection probably interfered with getting accurate figures from some portions of the island during the past year, so that we may look upon the statement as only approximately correct.

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If those young men had not continued making love till after twelve o'clock, to those sisters in Dunbar, Ind., the other night, the house, which has been set a-fire by a lunatic, would have been burned down, and perhaps many lives lost. So there is some good in levers after all.