// THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VIII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1875. NO. 5.

Mary, I Believed Thee True.

Mary, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Few have ever loved like me;
O, I have loved thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceived like thee,
Alas! deceived me too severely.
Fare thee well!

Fare thee well! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom seems to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.
Fare thee well! I'll think on thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken.
Fare thee well!

—*Thomas Moore.*

The Children's Hour.

When twilight shadows softly lower,
School books and toys are put away;
Then comes the children's favorite hour,
The happiest time of all the day.

They gather then around my chair
To hear the stories children love,
And listen, with that pleasure rare
We older heads have grown above.

To legends of the days of old,
Of goblin pranks, of fairy mirth,
Ere knowledge, growing stern and cold,
Had banished them away from earth.

But though no more on heath or hill
They hold their sports when mortals sleep,
In the sweet heart of childhood still
The fairy folk their kingdom keep.

A NIGHT OF ALARM.

My sister Julia was always very courageous. In our youth the country was wilder than now; but it might truly be said of her that she was not brought up in the woods to be scared by an owl. She would traverse the most unfrequent paths, wondering at my timidity. There was nothing masculine, however, in Julia's appearance; she was simply a sweet, joyous child, with an absence of fear in her character, and a consequent clearness of perception in all cases of supposed or real danger.

When I was sixteen, and Julia eighteen, my father hired a laborer named Hans Schmidt, a Hessian, who had been in the British service, and who, at the close of the war, had deserted from his regiment. He was a powerful man, with a heavy, imbruted countenance; and both Julia and myself were struck at the very first with an intuitive dread of him. The feeling in Julia hardly took the character of fear, but was one rather of loathing; yet, if she could have feared anything, I think it would have been that man, for she had an intuitive perception that he was demon-like, even beyond what his looks demonstrated. One evening she read of a horrible murder that thrilled our blood; and, upon turning her eyes from the paper, they encountered those of Hans Schmidt. There was something terrible in his glance; and, from that moment, she resolved that the villain should be turned away. As her wishes and opinions were always of much weight with my father, the latter gave the Hessian his discharge.

Soon after this, Julia and I were left alone in the house, both our father and mother being absent upon a visit until the following day, and we happening to be without a female servant at the moment (for we only kept one). So Julia and I had been remarkably busy, since early morning, making various household arrangements with which we intended to surprise and please the old people upon their return, and, being unusually weary, proceeded to our chamber at an early hour of the evening. We had partly disrobed ourselves, when Julia turned hastily to the window.

"I declare," she said, "the evening is so pleasant that it is a pity to remain indoors. I don't feel a bit sleepy; let's go down upon the lawn."

We descended the stairs. How little I imagined what was in Julia's heart! Harry Irving came up just as we reached the lawn. He was only casually passing the house. Julia engaged him in conversation, and he came and joined us. My sister was more than usually lively and engaging.

"Where are Tom, and Edgar, and Will? she asked, alluding to his brothers.

"Oh," replied Harry, "they are over at uncle's. They will be coming back soon."

His uncle's farm was a mile off, and his own house was about half that distance. The three young men soon appeared upon the road; and, to my surprise, Julia arose at their approach, and proceeded to meet them. Then she returned to Harry and me, and called us aside from the door.

"Now, Mary, you need not be nervous," she said. "Keep quiet, and do not speak above your breath. There is a man under our bed—there, there!" and she clapped her hand over my mouth—"a man under our bed, and the young Irvings are going up to secure him!"

They all provided themselves with heavy sticks; and then, guided by Julia, ascended the stairs.

As to myself, I could not follow them, but remained trembling and moaning upon the door-steps. Never did I experience a greater sense of relief than when the assaulting party descended, looking partly ashamed and partly amused, having found nothing to justify their sudden armament. Julia was in an agony of mortification, and wept piteously; for, although but half convinced that her apprehension had been groundless, the idea that she, who had never till now feared anything, had placed herself in a light so ludicrous in the eyes of those young men, was insupportable. The man, she said, must have taken the alarm and fled out of the back door, for she could not have been so deceived. Our young friends, more in pity for her mortification than from any belief in the reality of the night intruder, offered to remain in the vicinity till morning; but she would not listen to the proposition, and they thus took their departure.

I was very sorry to see them go, and watched their forms till they were out of sight, for the affair of the evening had almost frightened me into hysterics. Julia, however, at once rushed to the chamber, and flinging herself on the bed, continued bitterly weeping. She had exhibited herself in a character which she despised; and her man under the bed would be the talk of the neighborhood. I followed her, but neither of us could compose ourselves sufficiently to sleep.

The clock on the mantel-piece struck eleven; and then "tick, tick, tick," it went on for the next dreary hour. Julia at length ceased weeping, and lay in thought, only an occasional sigh betraying her wakefulness. Again the clock struck, "ting, ting, ting;" but it had not reached the final stroke, when Julia, leaping lightly from the bed, flung herself upon an immense chest at the further end of the room.

"Oh, Mary!" she cried, "quick! quick! He is here! he is here! I cannot hold the lid—he will get out! Quick! quick!"

There was indeed some living thing inside the chest; for, in spite of Julia's weight, the lid was lifted, and then, as the instinct of self-preservation overcame my terror, I sprang to her assistance. Whom or what had we caught? Imagine yourself holding down the lid of a showman's box, with a boa-constrictor writhing beneath; or keeping a cage-top in its place by your weight alone, with a hyena struggling to tear his way out and devour you. But we were not long in suspense. Horrid execrations, half-German, half-English, chilled our very hearts, and we knew that there, in the midnight, only the lid of an old chest was between ourselves and Hans Schmidt!

At times it started up, and once or twice his fingers were caught in the opening. Then, finding our combined weight too much for his strength, it would become evident that he was endeavoring to force out an end of the chest. But he could not work to advantage. Cramped within such limits, his giant power of muscle was not wholly available; he could neither kick nor strike with full force; and hence his chief hope rested upon his ability to lift us up lid and all. Even then, in the absolute terror that might have been supposed to possess her, a queer feeling of exultation sprang up in Julia's heart.

"I was right, Mary," she cried. "They won't think me a fool now, will they? I shan't be ashamed to see Harry Irving!"

Poor Julia! under the circumstances, the idea was really ludicrous; but nature will everywhere assert herself, and Julia hated a coward. Thump! thump! thump! Lid, and side, and end alternately felt the cramped, but powerful blows. Then came the lift—the steady, straining, desperate lift; and Julia cheered me when the cover shook and rose and trembled.

"He can't get out, Mary! We are safe; only keep your full weight on the lid; and don't be nervous either; it is almost morning!"

She knew it was not one o'clock.

But one o'clock came. How I wished it was five! And two o'clock came, and three; and we hoped that our prisoner had yielded to a fate which must now appear to him inevitable. A small aperture at one end of the chest, where there was a fracture in the wood, supplied him with air; and hence we could not hope that he would become weak through suffocation. He was evidently resting from the very necessity of the case, for his exertions had been prodigious. There was a faint streak of morning in the sky; and there, upon the chest, we sat and watched for the gleam to broaden.

Suddenly, there was a tremendous struggle beneath us, as if the ruffian had concentrated all his energies in a final effort. At my end of the chest there was a crash, and immediately the German's feet protruded through the aperture that they had forced in the board. So horrible now appeared our position, that I uttered a scream, such as I do not think I ever at any other time have had power to imitate. I did not know that I was about to scream, so terrible was the fright of which this was the involuntary outburst.

To get off the lid, in order to defeat the movement through the chest-end, would have instantly been our destruction; therefore, still bearing our weight on the cover, we caught at the projecting feet. In doing this, however, we partially lost our balance; and a sudden bracing up of the muscular shape below so far forced open the lid, that the head, arms and shoulders of Hans Schmidt were thrust forth, and, with a fearful clutch, he seized Julia by the throat. Horrified by the spectacle, I threw myself forward, bearing down with all my might upon his head, as I lay partially upon the chest.

Just then, a heavy crash was heard at the floor below, the foot-tramps springing towards us as if some person were tearing up the staircase with the full conviction that this was an hour of need. The dim daybreak hardly revealed his identity, as he rushed into our room; but I had a faint perception that young Harry Irving had come to us in our peril.

Sometime during the morning I found myself in bed, with Julia and several of the neighboring women standing about me. Julia clasped me in her arms, and cried, she was so rejoiced that the fright had not killed me.

"We are safe, Mary," she said. "Harry Irving was near the house all night. He returned, after seeming to go home. It was not right, he said to himself, for us to remain here all night, especially as our father was known to have money in the house. So he kept out of our sight, but remained near. The least scream he would have heard, as he at last heard yours; but I am glad you did not scream before, for now we have had an experience, and know what we can do. It was tedious; but I don't wish to be thought afraid of my shadow, and I'm glad we had to hold the chest down a good while."

Hans Schmidt had evidently decided upon the chest as a safer hiding-place than that in which Julia first discovered him. Upon the very morning on which Harry Irving stunned and secured the ruffian in our room, the officers of justice were searching for the old Hessian scoundrel, as a supposed murderer, and he was soon convicted and hung.

Julia became the wife of Harry Irving, and a most excellent wife she was. Magnanimous and unrevengeful, she was perhaps the only one who felt no gratification at the fate of old Hans Schmidt, but rather a pity for the ignorance which had steeped him in crime.

Lawyers' Fees.

The lawyers who are fighting in the Beecher-Tilton case, a correspondent says, are not only working for pay, but for fame. It is admitted that whoever triumphs here will at once achieve cosmopolitan distinction. The question has been raised in this connection whether there can be any limitation to the fees demanded by our popular lawyers? Field and Shearman have rendered a bill of $20,000 against the estate of the late James Fisk. Shearman is now Beecher's lawyer. Lawyers' fees have reached a state which, when compared with the past, seem almost fabulous. In 1845 Ogden Hoffman charged New York city $1,000 for attending in an important case. It was considered extortionate, but now ten times that amount would be small. Beach demands $10,000 for an important case, and has enough to keep him busy all the time. Governor Tilden was attorney in one case in which his fees were, as is carefully calculated, $100,000. The fees in the Parish will case are estimated at an equal sum. Half as much was paid a noted lawyer for services in settling the Rose will case. There are a number of estates now in settlement whose attorneys will draw $50,000 from their clients for services. This golden glory of the legal profession, which excels that of all others, is the reason why lawyers strike for notice. A name when obtained insures immense wealth. Tilden, next to Charles O'Conor, has enjoyed a long as well as a lucrative practice, and hence he will be the richest governor New York State has had since the days of Edwin D. Morgan, who was worth $1,000,000.

Senatorial Amenities.

In the U. S. Senate, Mr. Gordon arose to a personal explanation, and said that during the debate of the day previous, in reply to some harsh words addressed to him by Senator Edmunds, he allowed himself to be betrayed into using the word "irresponsibility" in speaking of the actions of that Senator. By that word he had done an injustice to Mr. Edmunds. The responsibility of that Senator as a statesman, as a jurist, and as a member of society, was, in his (Gordon's) opinion, of the highest order and most honorable character. Having done an injustice to him, he wished now in the presence of the Senate to express to him his sincere regrets. Forbidden, as Senators were, to erase anything of a personal nature, he now made the only reparation left to him.

Mr. Edmunds said he desired to express his obligations to the Senator from Georgia for the handsome manner in which he had spoken. He did not intend to address any harsh language toward the Senator, and, if the gentleman so understood him, he was very sorry for it.

Sailors of the Period.

Admiral Rous writes to the London *Times* as follows: "In an article in the *Times* respecting the loss of the La Plata, you quote Mr. Gray, who most truly said that 'the question of loss of life at sea was not a question of unseaworthiness of ships so much as unseaworthiness of seamen,' and that 'if it was really wanted to prevent loss of life at sea they would have to begin with the seamen.' You reply, 'Now on this point it seems eminently worthy of observation that the loss of the La Plata had nothing whatever to do with this source of weakness.' I emphatically deny it. The La Plata was lost by ignorance of seamanship. If, when the ship was making bad weather against a head sea to the westward of Ushant, before she was waterlogged, the captain had put his helm up and run under head sails and steam, she might have run into Douarnenez bay, to the southward of Brest, where there is good anchorage, or, if he preferred the English coast, to Falmouth. There appears to me to be no more excuse for losing this ship than there was for losing the captain, or one hundred other vessels which have been lost in the last three years owing to the ignorance of steam captains.

"The fact is, a regular seaman has resources under every difficulty; but if a steam sailor cannot ride home on a boiler he is a lost man. He will never make a ship speak under canvas.

"When I was midshipman of her majesty's ship Bacchante, in December, 1812, I took a trabaccolo of eighty tons, deeply laden with rice and planks, from off Ancona to Malta. Off the coast of Manfredonia I was caught in an easterly gale; heavy seas washed away part of the bulwarks, all the planks off her deck, my cask of water, and my only binnacle and compass. Our hatches were well battened down, the sea breaking over us. I got her before the wind with a storm forestaysail, and having only forty miles to run on a lee shore, where we would have been knocked into toothpicks, I towed a heavy grapnel, with seventy fathoms of hawser to deaden her way and prolong our lives. Getting near the highland the gale broke, and I groped my way to Malta in three days. I had four seamen, one of whom fell overboard and was drowned, and four prisoners of war. If I had been brought up by steam I should have been food for dog-fishes in 1812. Three years ago I recommended the admiralty to attach sailing tenders to every flag-ship, brig, or corvette, without steam power, that young men might be taught to be seamen, not sailors. They prefer an establishment at Greenwich, where they may be taught gunnery and mathematics, but neither of these sciences will teach them to save their ships in a gale of wind on a lee shore, or will make them fit to command a sailing ship."

The Golconda of the West.

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Graphic* tells the following marvelous tale, which those who wish can believe:

Not many months ago Mr. Deidesheimer, an engineer who received his education at the famous Mining Academy of Freiberg, Saxony, which, being connected with the celebrated mines, has long been known as the best school of mines in Europe, informed his friends that there was untold wealth—wealth such as the world had never dreamed of—to be found in the argentiferous regions of California and Nevada. Notwithstanding Mr. Deidesheimer's well-established reputation in Europe and his Comstock experience, the men refused to believe him. And they are now the sorriest men you meet with. At that time Consolidated Virginia stood at $76, California at $60, and Ophir at $38. The figures now are, for Consolidated Virginia, $500; for California, $510; and Ophir, with the Mexican dividend, $224! It is simply folly to say that this unheard of advance is caused by baseless speculation. The man who picks up the operators who surge up and down California, Sansome, and Montgomery streets on the lookout for chances to buy—the man, I say, who picks up these men for madmen or fools will let them drop again in a hurry. The wealth is actually here under the soil where it has lain for ages, but whence it can be dug up by Western pluck and enterprise.

All that the gorgeous imagination of Oriental writers has conjured up of wealth untold, all that Aladdin's lamp is fabled to have brought him at the hands of the Jinns, seems trifling when compared with what the most skillful engineering has demonstrated to be buried in Nevada and California. What this enormous mass of silver must be may be seen from the fact that, December 1, the value of the California mine through which runs the boundary line of the two States, has increased at the average rate of $2,369,706 per day, and that of the Consolidated Virginia mine at the rate of $1,000,000 per day! The mining annals of the Pacific coast, or of the world, contain no such record as this. Mexico and Peru, even in the dreams of the Spanish robbers, had no such wondrous affluence as this. The great bonanza extends throughout the entire California claim—600 feet—into the Ophir, and indefinitely to the northward. Senator Jones is said to receive about $1,000,000 from his mining interest. Mr. Deidesheimer estimates the value of the great bonanza at $1,500,000,000. There is one pillar in the Consolidated Virginia which contains $70,000,000 worth of bullion. The thorough development of these mines would make the country immeasurably the richest in the world, and some of the stockholders wealthy beyond the dreams of the Rothschilds.

The Story of a Life.

One of the representative men of St. Louis was Thomas Pratt, who was president of a gas company, a member and supporter of a Baptist church, and always foremost in public movements. He had lived in that city thirty years, and had a wife and children who were leaders in society. About a month ago he was killed by an explosion in the gas works which he managed, and the general regret found expression in the usual way. His fortune reached half a million dollars, and the squabble for it has revealed astounding things. The landed citizen was a bigamist. In 1821 he married in England, and by his first wife had several children. After ten years of apparently happy wedded life he deserted his family and came to New York, where in 1835 he married again. His crime was exposed three years afterward, and again he ran away, this time going to St. Louis, where he acquired character and fortune. He sent money to his family in England, and took his other family to live with him. Several years ago he confessed his history to some of the officers of his church, and they, deeming that the evil of a religious scandal should be averted anyhow, advised him to keep his secret close. The exposure now comes through the efforts of the first wife and children to get all the estate, which they can probably do, as the second marriage was void in law.

LEANING.—A man, praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that, though taken in great quantities, it always made him fat. "I have seen the time," said another, "when it made you lean." "When? I should be glad to know," inquired the eulogist. "Why, no longer ago than last night—against a wall."

Husband and Wife.

After Mrs. Tilton had been sitting a little while in the court room when the Beecher-Tilton case was being tried, a correspondent says, she turned her eyes upon her husband, of whom she had the advantage, as she was ten feet behind him and could watch every movement of his face as he sat silently behind Morris, his long grayish brown hair falling on his shoulders and his profile a little stronger by time and thought. The young Tilton of 1870 is growing hoar in the Tilton of 1874.

The wife watched this man narrowly, without any higher feeling than strong curiosity. It has been long since she spoke to him. For seven months they have not, probably, looked at each other. In the court room he saw her for the first time. After awhile looking suddenly to the left, Tilton observed his wife just drop her eyes from his face. He looked steadily until she confronted him again. From this time forward there were frequent glances between the pair—on his part sensibility and inquiry, on hers merely exaggerated curiosity.

Mrs. Tilton was in a very perfect state of equanimity. She wore a purple, velvet hat with a black bow and bunch of feathers, has an uncommonly large ear for so small a woman, and lean, sharp, inharmonious features, composing a very small head. Her forehead was of the medium size, almost a straight line; she had a straight, thin, bloodless nose, and cheeks rather hollow; but the mouth, lips and chin were grosser and fuller than the lean woman who looked out alone, and the colors of the flesh and eyes were warm and ruddy. The lips were quite red and inviting; the coarseness of the chin rather increased its power; the eyes and expression were those of an emotional, unrestrainable, over credulous young married miss, who possessed great power to fascinate men, particularly mature and elderly men, who are readily moved by childish coquetry.

Mrs. Tilton wore a new suit of good, rich black, the dress a walking silk skirt, the mantle or sacque of black velvet, the collar a white ruffle, and the hat of velvet, with a feather extending from front to rear. She is a very little woman. Earrings of gold open work with jingling pendants dropped from the large ears aforesaid. She kept her kid gloves and hat on during the whole day's proceedings, forenoon and afternoon. With a lace handkerchief in her hand, she frequently used it at her nose, inhaling the perfume. Her father, Judge Morse, was an old, respectable person, with full gray hair and beard, and silver spectacles, and he said nothing, but gave his arm as she entered the court room and retired.

The Affairs of Maine.

Gov. Dingley, of Maine, in his message places the receipts of the State during 1874 at $1,853,904; disbursements, $1,537,719. Of this $714,426 was on account of war debt, and $407,477 for schools. The ordinary expenses were $320,694, or a little less than 1½ mills on the dollar of State valuation. Debt after deducting sinking funds, $5,561,076, a reduction of $321,575 in 1874. In ten years nearly $7,000,000 have been paid of the debt, nearly $3,000,000 being for the reduction of principal, and $4,000,000 for interest. Should the present value of taxation be continued the balance of this debt will be extinguished in 1888.

The governor favors equalization of taxation on railroads, banks and corporations, so that all expenditures may be met without assessing a dollar on the towns and cities. He urges the enforcement of the collection of taxes from delinquent railroads, $90,000 remaining unpaid out of $105,069 assessed last year; favors the increase of the license fees of insurance companies doing business in the State. If these suggestions are enforced, a State tax of 3½ mills on the dollar instead of four would be sufficient to meet all State expenditures.

He suggests that the divorce laws be reformed; the adoption of an enabling act recognizing the eligibility of women to office; and a revision of the State constitution.

He deplores the fact that the trustees of savings institutions have thought it necessary or advisable to invest out of the State eleven and a half million dollars, or more than one-third of the deposits of the people of Maine, capital which is needed at home for the development of the abundant resources of the State.

The Debt of Pennsylvania.

During the past year the State debt of Pennsylvania, the governor says in his message, was reduced by $1,230,186. The receipts were $7,697,119; the expenditures, $6,602,568, leaving a balance in the treasury of $1,094,551. The total debt is $24,568,635, from which should be deducted $9,000,000 of bonds in the sinking fund. The revenues of the State have decreased $1,200,000, caused by the repeal of the tax on the gross receipts of railroads, the net earnings of corporations, and on cattle and farming implements. The governor calls attention to the want of skilled labor, and says that, although $10,000,000 are annually expended for education, none of the children who complete their terms in the public schools have any special fitness for trade, and few become artisans. He recommends the establishment of schools where boys can be instructed in trades, and approves of compulsory education.

By Accident.

At Holly Springs, Miss., Ed. Eoff, of Tate county, made an arrangement to have an egg-nog, and one of his tenants, George Hunt, colored, had promised to come up before day and wake him up and help him to make it. At 3 o'clock Eoff was awake, and concluded he would have some fun out of Hunt; so he got up, took his shot-gun, and went down to his cabin, and, cocking both barrels of his gun, fired both, as he supposed. He then opened Hunt's door and punched at him with his gun, one barrel of the same being discharged, lodging the load in Hunt's side, from the effects of which he died the next day. Hunt was perfectly conscious to the last, and testified that he and Eoff were and had always been on the very best of terms; that he was satisfied the shooting was accidental.

Watering House Plants.

As many house plants suffer from too much, as from too little water. It is a very common thing to see the soil kept thoroughly soaked from week to week. This will answer for callas, and a few other marsh plants, but for others nature only makes the ground wet occasionally, and often it becomes very dry before rain comes again. No invariable rules can be given for watering. When a plant is at rest it needs less than when growing, and even when growing, it is better to let the soil get somewhat dry now and then before watering. If the soil is full of water no air can enter, and the roots need air as well as water.

TO BED.—It is said that a "young gentleman" about eight years old recently sent his card to call on a "young lady" a few years younger, and received the following answer: "Compliments of Miss —— to Mr. —— and regrets that previous engagements prevent her acceptance. She took some jelly to-day without asking for it, for which she is to be whipped at seven and sent to be at eight."

War Ships and Their Armor.

So great have been the changes effected in ships of war by the introduction of steam and iron, an English paper says, that the navy may be said to have been in a state of transition during the present generation, and will still be so, for many of the latest inventions are yet upon trial. Since the commencement of the present century, at least three different classes of ships have succeeded each other. At the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, the Victory, Nelson's flagship, was considered a model of a line-of-battle ship. She carried 100 guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders. Comparing her with the Duke of Wellington, which now floats beside her in Portsmouth harbor, and carries the admiral's flag, we find a great advance in ship building. The Duke of Wellington carries 131 guns, and is 3,700 tons burthen. She is fitted with engines of 780 horse-power, and is altogether the finest specimen existing of a wooden line-of-battle ship. But when we look at our present fleet of ironclads, at the Warrior, or the Sultan, or the Hercules, or the Black Prince, the change effected since the old days of wooden three-deckers, is truly marvelous. These ships are completely incased in armor, varying from six to fourteen inches in thickness; for it seems that no sooner have we got armor for a ship which is conceived to be impregnable, than straightway a gun is invented which will pierce it. They are armed with large eighteen-ton guns, as well as with smaller ones on the Whitworth principle; these last are made of steel, which by a peculiar process is compressed while in a fluid state, and the gun is thus rendered extraordinarily tough. But in the navy, as in other institutions, in these days of rapid progress, the new very quickly becomes the old; and already since the construction of these fine ships, we find in our waters a strange and unfamiliar object, the new cupola or turret ship, such as the Devastation, in which the guns are mounted on turrets. The Devastation carries four guns of the immense size of thirty-five tons, mounted on two turrets. Whether these unsightly ships, without either masts or rigging, will ever be available for sea going, or whether they will be reserved as floating batteries for the defense of our coasts, is a problem still undecided.

The modifications and improvements in marine artillery succeeded each other with surprising rapidity. There is at present in process of construction a new ironclad, the Inflexible, which is to be completed in the year 1877. This sea monster is to be armed with guns of the incredible size of eighty-one tons. They will be twenty-seven feet in length, and are expected to penetrate twenty inches of solid armor plate at a distance of more than a quarter of a mile! Then, again, there is the torpedo, that destructive submarine engine, against which no man-of-war, armor-plated or otherwise, is safe. Truly formidable will be naval warfare in the future!

Cholera and Plague.

The London *Times* says: "Hardly is there assurance that cholera, after nine years' uninterrupted prevalence, has ceased on the continent of Europe, when a fresh alarm comes from the East. Cholera is reported to be ravaging the Dutch possessions in the Indian Archipelago. From these possessions every year a considerable number of pilgrims travel to Mecca. The Ottoman government, believing that the beginning of the outbreak of cholera in Mecca in 1865 and subsequent great westward diffusion of the disease was a consequence of its introduction into the Hedjaz by pilgrims from the straits settlements, and fearing a similar danger in the approaching pilgrimage, has become seriously alarmed for the safety of the sacred city and of the pilgrims who will shortly congregate there. It has accordingly commissioned the vice-president of the general board of health for the empire, Dr. Arif Bey, to proceed from Constantinople to Mecca and make all necessary precautionary arrangements. The coming pilgrimage is exposed also to danger from plague as well as from cholera. Plague, a few months ago, after upward of fifty years' absence, it is believed, reappeared in the Assyr district, Yemen, in a locality eight days' journey from Mecca. The Ottoman sanitary authorities in the Hedjaz appear to have satisfied themselves as to the nature of the disease; but, in view of the approaching pilgrimage, Dr. Charles Millingen, of Constantinople, has been sent by the general board of health of the empire to the infected locality to make further inquiries. The outbreak is stated to have been very circumscribed, and, according to the latest news, it has come to an end.

A New Way to Light.

An ingenious system of lighting is suggested by the *Scientific American*, as among the probabilities of the future. Given, say, a large hotel to be furnished with artificial light, the plan suggested is, instead of having a network of gas pipes leading to different rooms and to different burners in each room, according to the present method, to have the light for the whole building generated in one place, say in the main ventilating shaft for the utilizing of the surplus heat. The distribution of the light would be effected by means of reflectors, each throwing into its appropriate tube a bundle of rays—made parallel by a lens—sufficiently intense to flood the room to which they were directed with a pure white radiance, which could be turned on or off, or graduated by simply pressing a knob or turning a key. In size, the light tubes need be no greater than ordinary gas pipes, and even much smaller, since all the light required for the largest room might be transmitted to the reflector as an extremely slender beam. The terminal lenses would close the tube against smoke and dust, which would dim the reflectors at the angles; and by keeping the inclosed air pure and dry, the absorption of light would be inappreciable.

A Wife's Devotion.

Westly Lee deserted a faithful wife two years ago in Lexington, Ky., and went to Louisville to live. In his wicked career he was stricken down and died in the most abject poverty. The devoted wife was notified, and immediately came to the city in search of her erring husband, who had so cruelly deserted her. She was conducted to a low haunt of vice, and there saw the inmates preparing him for a rude burial A few women, who had been his companions in crime, were standing about the dead body, but could contribute nothing to have him decently buried. The wife of his youth, forgetting his crime, gave him a Christian burial, and stood weeping beside the grave until the last sod was placed upon it.

HE SAW.—The following curious occurrence is vouched for by a contributor to the Polish paper, the *Magid*: "At Iroslaw, a few days ago, a blind lad was walking with his father, when two boys happened to be throwing stones in the road. One of the missiles struck the lad deprived of sight, and caused him intense pain. Suddenly he exclaimed, 'Father, I can see,' and to the astonishment of the bystanders, it was discovered that his eyesight had returned." The correspondent does not state whether the stone struck the eye of the blind lad or not.

THE KATIE KING MYSTERY.

"Katie King" Tells How the Thing was Done—Her Deceptions.

"Katie King," who created so great a sensation in Philadelphia, has given a city paper a long account of herself and the manner in which she succeeded in deceiving her audience. In her statement she says she was born on the 1st day of January, 1851, in Massachusetts. So far as the public are concerned her name is Katie King, and this only she proposes to use. Like all others, she says she has of course a real name, but the public have no interest in knowing what it is. Katie goes on to say that losing her money and being poor, she accepted a proposition from the Holmes to take part in their spiritual manifestations, and that under this arrangement she appeared. She received two dollars a seance, and if the part "took," three seances were to be given a day. She adds:

I made up my mind to play the part for a short time, hoping that something better would turn up in my interest; in the mean time I would be earning my expenses and doing no one any harm. All the necessary preparations were made for my *debut*, which was to take place on the evening of the 12th of May. A robe had been prepared of thin, white French muslin, reaching to the floor, with long flowing sleeves and fastened around the waist with a belt, which, when put on, gave me a very graceful appearance. A white veil was then thrown loosely over my head. I had taken great pains, by the free use of magnolia balm, to give my face, arms and hands a white, corpse-like appearance. Altogether, I looked very much like a spirit. The manner in which I entered and left the cabinet will be hereafter described. I entered it the first time, after the dark seance was over, from the bed. Mr. Holmes was in the cabinet. After one or two false faces had been exhibited, I gently drew aside the curtain hanging over one of the apertures, showing the audience my face, and in a very whisper, scarcely audible, said, "Good evening, friends," then drew back my head and drew down the curtain. The sensation in the audience was great.

Katie goes on to relate many scenes and incidents of the seances, and the efforts put forth to deceive those who looked on. She appears to have done this without much trouble, and at her first and subsequent appearances the mediums and the audiences appeared to be well pleased, and left congratulating each other "that the materialization of spirits was a fact beyond doubt."

Katie goes on to say: Things had now assumed a lovely shape. Katie could talk to the audience, allow them to come up, one at a time, to the cabinet, and take a momentary look at her through the aperture. She was careful, however, to keep out of reach, unless it was to a member of the inner circle. She had allowed Dr. Child to feel her pulse; she had accepted of a gold ring as a present from one of the ladies of the inner circle, and allowed Mr. Owen to put it on her finger. Mr. Owen told the audience that "her hand was beautifully formed, like that of a mortal woman; nearly of the same temperature as his own, and slightly moist," all which was literally true, for it was very warm weather. Poor "dear Father Owen," how wicked and sinful it was to deceive such a good, kind-hearted, pure-minded man. He was as innocent as a child—never doubted for a moment the truth of anything that Katie told him. He called me his "dear daughter Katie;" sent me a very loving letter, accompanying a lock of hair; he also gave me a hair chain, which I think he said some lady friend had given him many years before.

I was afraid some one would grab me. One gentleman when he came up asked me to kiss him. I answered him, most emphatically, "I shan't;" pretending to be very much offended, dropped the curtain, glad to have an excuse to retire for the night. The next evening when I appeared I assumed a very mournful expression, and after calling Mr. Owen up to the aperture, said to him, with a trembling voice, that I "would not come out of the cabinet unless I received the promise that I would not be asked again to allow people to approach the aperture, unless I voluntarily requested them to do so," adding, "they forget that I am a spirit." Father Owen (God bless him), with an impressive, fatherly tone of voice replied that "my wishes should be complied with," of course I did not wish too much familiarity. I had often been requested by persons in the audience to give them pieces of my dress. Being desirous to please everybody so far as I could, I procured and carried in my pocket a piece of Bishop lawn and a piece of Honiton lace, from which I afterward cut small pieces, when furnished with a pair of scissors, and was thereby enabled to supply all wants of the kind.

A ridiculous story was circulated in connection with this which gained credence, it is well to correct. It was said that when I cut pieces from my dress and veil, making a hole sometimes six inches long, in a few seconds the opening would disappear and the dress and veil become whole again. Of course this was imagination.

Difference in Widowers.

When Mr. Blank lost his wife, says the *Christian at Work*, he lay down on the floor, and for seven hours without intermission, except for meals, he beat the carpet vehemently with his boot heels, and cried, "What shall I do?" When his elderly servant mildly said, "She's in a better place," he beat the ground still more violently, and roared more piteously than ever. Still nothing seemed to come of it, and echo merely sent his wild question back again upon his swelling heart. In a sympathetic tone his faithful attendant warned him that he would wear himself out, whereat he became inconsolable, and frantically exclaimed, "What shall I do?" The elderly woman advised him to look out of the window awhile. He looked out, and in six months he was a newly married man. His neighbor, who had sustained a similar loss, never groaned, and never married again.

The First Gold.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* describes the first piece of gold found, which caused such a revolution in the history of the Pacific coast, and which is as follows: Its value is between $4 and $5. It looks like (pardon the comparison) a piece of spruce-gum just out of the mouth of a school-girl, except the color. It is rather flat, full of indentations, just as the teeth make in a piece of nice gum. There are one or two rough points on the edge, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, give the appearance of a man's head with a helmet on; then turn it another way, and, as Mrs. Wimmer said, "it looked like some kind of a varmint or other." It can be easily identified by any one who has ever seen it before.

THE SPOTS ON WHITE GOODS.—Wet the spots of iron rust on muslin or white goods thoroughly with lemon juice, then lay in the hot sun to dry. Repeat the same if the color is not removed by one application. When dry, rinse in clear, cold water. Lemon juice cannot be used on colored goods, as it will take out printed colors as well as stains. It will remove all kinds of stains from white goods.

Sad Story of an Inventor.

The story of the inventor, Mozart, confined in a lunatic asylum in Michigan, is a sad one. He was a most ingenious man, and stated that if short of money all he had to do was to hide away for a few days and invent something which he would sell for $1,000. He was imprudent, and of course always poor. The crowning invention of his life was a watch, a stem-winder, to require winding only at intervals of several days. It was perfected, and he undertook to negotiate for its introduction in the market. He soon found obstacles to satisfactory arrangements, and, after repeated and harassing endeavors to obtain what seemed to him a reasonable settlement, he closed negotiations, with little or no profit to himself, and after an experience that had worn on him to such an extent that those who were most intimate with him saw then the first signs of coming insanity. Not very long after the loss of his money by the failure of the banking-house of Miller & Webster aggravated these symptoms almost, if not quite, to the point of actual mania.

After these negotiations had ended, however, he seemed to feel better, and went energetically to work upon the third watch. The design was completed, and was a curiosity in watch-making. Upon the dial were shown the year, month, day of the month, and day of the week; the quarter seconds were marked, and the simple opening and shutting of the watch four or five times a day to learn the time kept it wound. If opened and shut oftener no injury was done, for the machinery was so arranged that when the watch was fully wound the spring was relieved from the further strain of surplus winding.

This was patented, and accomplished all that was claimed for it, and experts are said to have been delighted with it.

Mozart went home, and in the interval of leisure undertook to improve upon the appearance of a part of his invention by substituting a gilded and engraved cap for the one already in place in his model. In doing this he lost some piece of the mechanism. He tried to replace it, and could not do so readily. His eye had lost its clearness, and his troubles had shattered his nerves. However, with the wonderful patience and persistence that has already characterized him, he went on trying, breaking his instruments occasionally, making new ones, forgetting his plan, and working day and night trying to recall it and experimenting vainly. His wife begged him to let somebody else try it, believing that under his direction the work could still be done by skilled hands, but he refused and went on persistently. He believed he should finish his task soon, said so, and persevered. Later still he declared that he needed only a day more, and day after day he would repeat this. Then he was sure that there were only a few hours between him and success, and so he labored on, his delusion becoming stronger and stronger, till his friends saw there was no possible course but to remove him to the asylum at Kalamazoo, which was done. Within two days before his removal he was talking extravagantly, but coherently enough, of his brilliant prospects and the wealth and success that awaited him, and detailed to friends minutely the terms of an agreement that he claimed to have just made with persons in New York, though he had never gone to that city after his visit in the early summer. His mind had clearly reached that stage at which it regarded the visions upon which it had dwelt as facts finally accomplished.

The case is a curious one in the records of insanity. The hope that is given by his physicians is very slight, for the mental disease that had seized upon him was so strongly defined as to bar at least the possibility of immediate restoration. During his residence at the asylum, however, he has been comparatively quiet, and, of course, he is relieved from the strain of the self-imposed and almost incessant labor which preceded his removal.

A Heavy Theft.

The Countess of Dudley's jewel case was stolen at the Great Western railway station in London, under circumstances which leave little doubt that the thief was a practiced hand, and had laid his plans with great ingenuity. Lord and Lady Dudley arrived at the railway station in his lordship's brougham, and were immediately followed by a four-wheeled cab conveying two of the countess's waiting-women, each in charge of a ponderous jewel box and other articles. The woman having placed upon the pavement the box under her care, while turning round to assist her companion, placed one foot upon the jewel case. Her attention was, however, diverted by the other maid, and she removed her foot from the box. Her companion having alighted, she stooped to recover the box, when she found it had been removed. An instant search was made by the earl's servants and by the railway officials in attendance, but no tidings could be gained of it. Among the articles lost are a pearl and diamond bracelet, presented by the inhabitants of Dudley on the occasion of the marriage of the earl and countess. Some rather strong remarks are being made in London about Lord Dudley's advertisement of a reward for his wife's jewels. A thousand pounds, and no questions asked, is the reward, but as the jewels are valued at fifty thousand pounds it is not expected they will be returned.

An Important Invention.

An inventive genius at Minneapolis, Minnesota, has patented an apparatus, which he calls a car-shoe, for preventing cars from leaving the track in collisions or by running upon a broken or dislodged rail. It was given a trial a short time since, in which it did all and more than was claimed for it. A rail was taken from one side of the track, and a car, with the shoe attached, backed down at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. Just before reaching the break, the engine was detached and the car flew across the break, the front truck striking the track all right, and the rear truck missing it by a few inches, the shoe gripping the track and stopping the car without damage about six rods from the break. On the second trial the car struck the track all right, and went on a half mile as if nothing had happened. In this age of railroads such an appliance as that, if placed upon all cars, would be the means of saving thousands of lives annually.

Mistaken Identity.

The story is told by a local paper of a man in Glasgow respecting his wife. It seems that this affectionate husband carried home from the Great Rollox police station a drunken woman whom he supposed to be his wife. On arriving at his house he deposited his burden tenderly indoors, and to his horror she almost immediately died. His grief, however, was not without consolation, for on examination it was discovered that the deceased woman was a total stranger. The delight of the man at this discovery was still further heightened by his wife being found at the central police station, where she had been locked up on a charge of drunkenness. Thus the evening ended happily, and the story is a lesson to other husbands not to hastily jump at the conclusion that every drunken woman they meet must be their wife.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

Adventures of Two Shipwrecked Seamen in the Bay of Biscay—Exciting Narrative of Suffering and Danger.

The narrative of the adventures on a raft of two of the crew, Henry Lamont and John Hooper, of the steamer La Plata, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, is most interesting. When the vessel sank they managed to get on board the raft, which was made of compartments filled with air, and joined by a canvas band, forming a seat. Seated on this band they were in a sort of trough, and the water came up to their waists, their bodies below the waist getting gradually benumbed. Their only hope of escaping a lingering death lay in their being observed by some passing ship. On Monday there was a strong breeze and a nasty sea. Several ships passed at a distance; these they could plainly see, but by none of them could they hope to be seen. Tuesday was calm during the greater part of the day, and their hopes of safety were raised by seeing a three-mastered schooner within half a mile of them. They shouted with all their might, and thought they must be heard, but the schooner sailed on. Tuesday evening the breeze freshened. The men were exhausted, and in the conflict between wearied nature and hopes of life, they sank into a state between sleeping and waking. On Wednesday morning the one who was in his waking moment saw through the darkness the loom of a vessel, and immediately roused his companion. The vessel rapidly approached, and came within a hundred yards of them. With all the strength that was left to them they uttered their cry for assistance, and after a few seconds interval, a bright light told that their cry had been heard. For two hours the light burned before their eyes, but just before dawn it disappeared, and when day broke no ship was to be seen. Hope was fast giving away to despair, when about two hours after daylight the missing vessel bore down towards them. This was the Dutch schooner Benklezoon. The master, when he heard the cry of distress, had immediately brought his ship to, and lay-to till the morning. In the meantime the shipwrecked men on the air raft had drifted to leeward. When the master of the Benklezoon found at daybreak that nothing could be seen, he conjectured from the force and direction of the wind the point to which any floating wreck or boat would have drifted, and bore down in that direction. But the sea was running so high that the master of the schooner dared neither to lower a boat nor bring his vessel alongside the raft. He therefore beckoned to the two men to quit the raft and swim to the schooner. Thoroughly exhausted by their three days' exposure they mistrusted their powers of swimming even this short distance; but it was their only hope. Lamont succeeded in getting alongside. Meantime the schooner and raft had again separated, and the schooner made another tack to give Hooper a chance. He was still more exhausted than Lamont; but, thinking it was no worse to be drowned between the raft and the ship than be left to perish on the raft, he made the desperate effort, and struck out for the schooner. When he got alongside his hands were too benumbed even to clutch the rope which was held out to him, and he took it between his teeth. The little schooner was low in the water, and some of the crew leaning over and watching their opportunity caught him by the hands and so pulled him on board. They were unable to stand and almost dead from exposure and weakness from want of food, for it was then close upon noon on Wednesday, and they had eaten nothing since the previous Saturday evening.

President Lincoln's Only Duel.

A Chicago paper has discovered that Ex-President Lincoln of the United States was once engaged in a duel that did not come off. Lincoln wrote an article relative to the State Bank of Illinois, and in the article severely handled Gen. Shields, the State Auditor. Shields took offense, and demanded a general retraction, which being refused, a challenge resulted. Lincoln declared himself ready to say that in the article he meant no personal offense to Shields, and if this were not satisfactory he would fight under the following arrangement:

1. Weapons—Cavalry broadswords of the largest size, precisely equal in all respects, and such as are now used by the cavalry company at Jacksonville.

2. Position—A plank ten feet long and from nine to twelve inches broad, to be firmly fixed on edge on the ground as the line between us, which neither is to pass his foot over on forfeit of his life. Next, a line drawn on the ground on either side of said plank and parallel with it, each at the distance of the length of the sword and three feet additional from the plank, and the retreating of his own accord over such line by either party during the fight shall be deemed a surrender of the contest.

This proved satisfactory, the parties were reconciled, and shook hands. So ended Lincoln's first, last and only duel. But the affair did not end with Lincoln's withdrawal from it. The blood of all the parties who had been connected with it was up, and nearly half a dozen challenges grew out of it, nearly as many as have occurred in the whole history of the State before or since.

Early Use of Coal.

At a recent meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Mr. William J Buck read a paper on "The Early Discovery of Coal in Pennsylvania," which contained many interesting historical facts. The first mention of coal was in a letter from Mr. Samuel Tighlman, dated August 14, 1766, which speaks of finding "an abundance of small coal in in the Wyoming valley, which may some time be of great value." Obadiah and Daniel Gore, blacksmiths, first put it into use by using it in their forges about 1770. From the Penn manuscripts, from which these facts were drawn, it appears that Pittsburgh was laid out as early as 1769, and that the existence of coal in the adjacent hills was known at that time; also the fact that petroleum, which has so lately been utilized, was known to exist in Venango county several years before there was any knowledge of coal. There has been much discussion as to who was the discoverer of the Schuylkill coal beds, the date of their discovery being generally set down as about 1790; but this discussion seems to have been unimportant, as a map dated 1770 located coal beds in Schuylkill county. The first successful attempt to burn anthracite coal in grates appears to have been made by Mr. George Fell, an ancestor of J. Gillingham Fell, at Wilkes-barre, in 1808. The commencement of the coal trade is set down as 1820, in which year 365 tons were sent to Philadelphia.

Lottery Tickets.

The Louisville *Commercial* says: The gambler's frenzy has been scattered broadcast through Kentucky by the Library lottery scheme. It is a passion that spreads like a conflagration and wastes like a pestilence.

The *Christian Union* adds: In these hard times "lotteries" flourish better than in prosperous days. Desperation drives men to risk all they have in these enterprises, in the hope of bettering their condition. Lottery gambling in all its shapes ought to be prohibited as rigidly as counterfeiting.

Items of Interest.

The memory of a child is wonderful. He knows what he found in his stocking a year ago.

Four oysters to each guest is a liberal preliminary at an English dinner now. Scarcity does it.

Twenty-four grayhounds of choice breed were recently sold in England for upward of $7,650.

It is said that California has more than a hundred slumbering volcanoes, ready to commence operations.

Iowa and Michigan are the two Western States which do not hang people for murder, except by mobs.

The crow is not so bad a bird, after all. It never shows the white feather, and never complains without caws.

A convict in the Illinois State Prison drove an awl into his head with a hammer, but did not die, as he had expected to.

An Indianapolis woman has sued for divorce because her husband made her eat for her supper a large loaf of sour bread she had set before him.

A favorite article of food with the Chinese is the dried sea-slug, which is collected in abundance among the reefs, islands and bays of the east coast of the Sooloo seas and of Palawan.

A sensible Baltimore girl worth $45,000 wants to marry, but she says she will not marry any one who has not learned a trade to fall back on. Young man, where are your overalls.

One reason why female telegraph operators are not more numerous is, because, if one of them wished to go to a ball, she'd get up and go, even if the President's message was coming over the wires.

In New Zealand the office seeks the man, and not the man the office. Witness a recent advertisement in a local paper calling for a man to fill a public office, the salary of which is $1,500 gold per annum.

There is one poor wretch who may be benefited by the accession of Alfonso, and that is Prince Perkins, who was lately incarcerated at Paris. As his wife is now the cousin of a king there may be help for him.

Mr. H. F. Durant has spent $1,000,000 on building, near Natick, Mass., a college exclusively for the female sex. Every officer and teacher in the building, from the president and professors downward, is to be a woman.

"We cannot," writes a cotemporary, "impress too strongly upon all correspondents, when in doubt whether the postage of a letter is a penny or two pence, the force of the old proverb, 'Two heads are better than one.'"

The Prefect of Tein-Tsin, the port of Peking, China, whose salary was $1,500 per annum, has just retired, after four years' service, on a fortune of $750,000. He displayed thrift and industry equal to the average American office-holder.

A farmer living near Clarinda, Iowa, became so enraged at his little daughter, the other day, because she could not recite her alphabet correctly, that he seized a stick of stove wood and beat her with it, inflicting injuries of which she died shortly afterwards.

It is said that sixty different nations now burn American kerosene. Germany, in 1873, consumed 52,116,773 gallons, at a cost of $11,469,151; Belgium, 22,616,650 gallons, costing $5,127,408; England, $2,000,000 worth, and Ireland about $1,341,765 worth.

"Give us," says the New Hampshire *Workingman's Advocate*, "the man with two brown hands, smut on his nose and sweat on his forehead." All right; sent him last night; also a woman with a long chin and a wart on her nose to keep him happy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Sioux City, Iowa, *Journal* was obliged to issue an explanatory and apologetic card the other day, owing to a blunder of the foreman in the composing room, by which an account of the marriage of two highly respectable citizens of Des Moines was published under the head of "Crime."

According to "Brookhouse's Lexicon," Gen. B. F. Butler was born on November 5, 1819; was destined for the study of theology, and attended the seminary at Waterville, Me., for that purpose; but after awhile concluded to step down and out from that profession and become a lawyer instead.

Only a woman's hair! Who has not some time in his life picked such a golden thread from his best coat collar, and felt his heart beating quicker for it? Or gazed upon a tress laid away in some nook, and not felt the influence of tender memories? Only a woman's hair! And yet we do not like it in biscuit.

A sympathetic newsboy in Lexington, Ky., seeing a convicted murderer on his way to prison for life, gave him a newspaper, saying: "I'm sorry for yer, boss—that's the best I kin do." It was the first kindness shown to the prisoner, and he quite broke down with emotion, while the witnesses of the scene rewarded the boy with currency.

Miss Eleanor Blenkhorn, a schoolmistress living near Sheffield, England, has obtained from a jury a verdict for £600 against Mr. Minnett, a farmer, for breach of promise of marriage. He had courted her for ten years, and at length, when some pecuniary misfortune had overtaken her, broke off the engagement, and wrote to her to say he thought she would not make a farmer's wife.

A Notorious Western Desperado.

The career of one of the most desperate ruffians who ever infested any country has just been cut short at Nebraska City, where "The Terrible McWaters" has been sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-one years at hard labor. Though but about thirty years of age, he is known for his bloodthirsty wickedness from Nebraska to Oregon, and probably has not committed less than a hundred murders within the last fifteen years. He is tall, handsome, and finely formed, and had not the devil been born in him, might have turned his love of adventure in a direction that would have made him a hero of the Kit Carson sort rather than that of Hare and Murrill. He was graduated from a bad school—that of the Missouri bushwhackers, though his mother is said to have been a cultivated Kentuckian. When but twelve years old he delighted to do his little part among the "border ruffians," and to curse and shoot at the abolitionists when his friends raided over into Kansas. At the breaking out of the rebellion the little rascal and some pals burned the Platte bridge and precipitated a Hannibal and St. Joe railroad train with all its passengers into an awful chasm, the plea being that he thought there were Federal soldiers on board. He fought under the notorious Jim Giddins and General Price for six months, and then returned to Bee Creek, to find that his father and mother had been killed in the war. Desire for revenge then probably excused to himself all future deeds of lawlessness, and, together with some other ruffians, he resolved to war on mankind. He killed Captain Cheeseman and between thirty and forty of his men, and afterwards, with the notorious Quantrell band, sacked and burned Lawrence. When the war ended he opened a saloon in Platte City and soon murdered a man and escaped to St. Joe, shooting an officer in his flight. In this fight his friend Fletch Taylor was killed, and McWaters married Susie Davis, who had been engaged to Taylor. He then went to Wyoming and shot Dr. Wolfe; about a year afterwards he and John Crook were caught and confined in an iron cage for another murder, but both escaped. After various adventures he found himself among the Black Foot Indians and killed one of them. Next he is heard of at Sparta, in Oregon, where, in cold blood, he murdered a man named Weed, shooting him in the back with a needle-gun. There were now many rewards for his capture, and a short time since Sheriff Farbar, of Nebraska City, who owed him a grudge, pinioned and clapped him into prison. The trial came on, and ended in his conviction and sentence. Through all these desperate adventures he had been accompanied by his wife, who almost adored him. His parting from her and his little boys—who it is to be hoped will not follow in his father's footsteps—was affecting, and drew tears even from the eyes of the sheriff.