Poetical.

TO SEE OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.

BY FRANK CLIVE.

- Bill Baker owned a fighting dog, Whose chief delight was to engage In a canine dispute;
 An ill-conditioned, vicious, cross,
 Stub-tailed, hare-lipped, crop-cared
- By the neighboring canines feared
- Diagonal dog-trot, A looking for some other dog, For whom to make it hot When, on a scrubby looking brute, His vision chanced to fall, Staring from out a looking glass That leaned against a wall.
- Bill's dog surveyed that strange canine With sinister regard. And doubted if he'd ever seen And doubted it he'd over seen A dog look quite so hard. The more he gazed, the less respect He felt within him stir, For that demoralized, cross-grained And hang-dog looking cur
- Which tended to still more disturb Bill's canine's piece of mind; With every bristling hair along
 His back, he fiercely frowned,
 And curled his tail until it raised
- His hind feet from the gro und And showed his teeth and cocked his ears, And otherwise behaved Importinently, as dogs do But all his hostile signs were me
- To slink away, or fight. lie flew into that looking-giass With all his might and main-Filled with chagrin and broken glass He soon flew out again, teflection showed Bill's dog that he Had got into a scrimmage,
- The knowledge of his aspect quite For the hideous reality Surpassed his wildest dream.
- Life lost, at once, all charms for him So mournfully he steered Into a neighboring sausage shop, And never re-appeared. The moral of this doggerel
- Is obvious, I trust; (For there is a moral lesson in Bill Baker's dog's disgust:) If some men knew how they appear To others, they would hide Themselves within a sausage shop— That is, they'd suicide:

Miscellaneous.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"It is the most absurd thing in the

Mattie Caldwell spoke as if it was a temps she was apostsophizing. It was 80 novel a thing to see Mattie in even an imitation of a fit of temper, that Charlie Caldwell, her equally even tempered husband, put down his newspaper to gaze at her in sheer amazement.

'What is the matter?' She won't go to Newport with Edith. us, and declares her intention of going down to the Hill farm for the summer.

"The Hill farm! Why, I thought-" 'Of course you did,' broke in his impulsive little wife; 'you thought she and I had suffered sufficient tyranny and unkindness at the Hill farm to make us hate the very name, much less the sight

of it. I'do.' 'And Edith wants to go back again ?' 'Not to stay, Charlie; only for a few weeks. Charlie'-and here Mattie drew over her pretty face a mask of solemn mystery in expression-I believe in my heart it is because Douglas is coming

'Do you? I never could understand why he went away so suddenly." 'So you think it was Edith?'

'I'll tell you all I know about it, said Mattie, perching herself upon her husband's knee. Before you came to Hill farm, Douglas had been at Seaton for a

'I know that. He sent me there.' 'He met Edith at some village gathering, and certainly was pleased with her You know it was not very easy to court anybody at Hill farm.' 'I should say not,' said Charles, with a

'Uncle James seemed to consider it his duty to Edith and me, after poor mamma died, to keep us hard at work, and cer-

tainly to allow no male visitors.' 'How many times did he set the dogs 'I don't know; but he treated Douglas

after the same fashion. Still, Edith sometimes saw him, and certainly received letters from him. One morning she came to my room with the last happy face I eyer saw her wear, and asked e if I could enjoy the hard life alone a little while-only a little while, and then she would send for me to join her in her new home. She would say no more; but the next day, with a white set face she told me to forget her foolish words, and later I knew that Douglas Fisher had auddenly left Seaton.

'He came to me, Mattie, and told me of the farm and of Edith. Certainly he loved her, but I inferred from his half confidence that his affection was not returned. He spoke of some sudden change in her, and the next news I heard he was preparing to go to Europe. He had written to me from Seaton, and the next summer I too visited the little village. I confess to you I wondered how Edith's cold, impassive beauty could attract so sunny a nature as Douglas had, especially with her pretty saucy sister near it.' 'But, Charlie, she was not cold and impassive then. There was not a brighter,

livelier girl in Seaton than Edith, before Douglas Fisher left so unaccoutably.'

'You think she loved him?' 'I am sure of it.' 'And I am sure he loved her. And

now, after five years of separation, you think she is running away because my cousin Douglas is coming home?"

'I think so; and as she has no home but this, since we are married, of course she has no place to go excepting to Hill

about it, and we may be able to set it tender questions, but a frank, girlish out-

The American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1873.

'Oh, Charlie, I would give anything to | her hard, bliter life, and accept the sunhave Edith married as happily as we are. ny future her lover promised her. Edith Misery likes company, 'she added saucily

She was not a very skillful diplomast and finding Edith staring rather ferlorualone, plunged headlong into her subject. 'Edith, why are you running away rom Douglas Fisher? beauty.

The pale, stately girl looked at her bright young sister a moment in haughty lover's apparent fickleness, the record of mazement, but reading truly the love and pity in the fair face, answered: 'I had rather not meet him, Mattie.' 'But, why?' persisted her sister.

'He is Charlie's cousin, and I know they are like brothers, so you see he will be here constantly. Mattie, I could not meet him here day after day, and know him to be so false as he has been. Let me go, dear. I am a waman now, and Uncle James cannot tread me down as he did when we were mere children !

'But, Edith how has he been false? 'You know, darling, how hard our life was ; how any change seemed like sunshine; and you know how Douglas tried to win my love. I never went to the village that he did not meet me, and urge me to marry him at once. I loved him. Mattie, but I did not give my heart unsought. One of its favorite pleas was the home we could make for you, little sister, and I was finally won to a consent. Still, it remained to set a time,

and form a plan for an elopement. 'Why did you not do as Charlie and I did-just walk off to the minister and get married, and then let Uucle James rage as much as he pleased?'

'I don't know. We didn't. You know the old gate post, Mattie, that had the

'Douglas and I used that for a post-ofice. We could slip the top back a little, and there was a space under it where letters could lie secure from rain or wind or, what was more important, prying eyes. Just at the time I had given my promise to be his wife. Unclé James was informed of our meeting by some officious friend, and kept so strict a watch over me that it was impossible for me to go to the village at all: The old gate post became our only medium of communication, and Douglas urged me still more earnestly to leave the farm and be his wife. He wrote me one day that he must soon leave Seaton, and begged me to write on a slip the time and place where I would meet him, and the train by which we should leave Seaton after I became his wife. 'Darling,' he wrote, 'I am rich and Mattie shall come to us as soon as you will. Tell me where to meet you and I will have a clergyman ready to make you my wife. Trust your life to me, Edith, and you shall never regret it. Mattie, I wrote him a letter, appointing a time and place of meeting. I went there. He did not come. Three days I went almost hourly to the gate post for some word of explanation. None came:

and when I next heard from Seaton Douglas Fisher had gone away.' 'Without writing ?' He had writter that the letter I told you of was his last appeal. 'I have urged you so often,' he wrote, that if you do not reply favorably to tais. I shall know it is coquetry, not love, that makes you smile upon me." 'Coquetry!' said Minnie, disdainfully.

As if you ever knew the meaning of the Probably he repented, Mattie, grace his city home. But whatever his

motives, he left me, and I confess shrink from meeting him.' Certainly you do. I will not urge you

from Newport, where I suppose Charlie will have Douglas for his guest, you will come home again? We will see, Mattie, Let me go now

'I am afraid you will find Hill farm just as horrid as ever.' . Just as horrid as ever Edith concluded it was, after a week's sojourn at the dismal farm she had called home during her girl-hood. Her uncle did not domineer quite so much over the dignified, stately lady who came, after five years of city life, to replace the unformed girl who had left him, but he was morose and ill-tempered as ever, and the dreary house had no added charm. Edith found there were servants to do the churning, baking and nouse-work she had shared with Mattie, and rambled about the place, wondering

a little how many weeks of it would suffice to fit her for a lunatic asylum. In one of these rambles, two weeks after her arrival, she came upon a group of men who were repairing the tumbledown fence and rickety gates about the place. They were at work upon the old gate-post she had turned into a post-office, and she stood listlessly watching them as they loosened the earth around it, to lift the rotten wood-work from its place. The loose top was done, and there were wide cracks in the wooden slab under it, where the love letters of five years ago had lain waiting for eager hands and

Edith felt her heart beating fast, her eyes filling with tears, as blow after blow fell upon the hollow post, cracking, bending it, till it sell to the ground, just as the noon-day bell called the men to

dinner. When the curious eyes that might have seen her were safely in doors, contemplating meat and vegetables, Edith went close to the old post, and looked into the hole where it had stood for so many years. In the damp dark earth she saw a tolded paper, evidently shaken from the hollow post by the recent blows. A strange suffocating feeling held her fast for a moment, then stopped, reached over and secured the letter. It was not a dainty missive, such as she sent to Newport, for it was not easy for her to find scented paper and tinted envelopes at Hill farm. It was a sheet of coarse letter paper, folded, sealed, and stamped with a thimble top, directed in a round girlish hand to Douglas Fisher; the letter she had written to appoint time and place for an elopement—the letter he had never seen, that in her hurry and agitation she must have slipped through one

of the wide cracks down into the hollow Sue opened it carefully, her heart pitying even the simple girl who opened he whole loving soul to her lover. The very words were so different from those she would use now. No polished courtestory. I am sure there is some mystery sy of address, no polite evasion of the

was cold, impassive and stately in the days when she shared her sister's happy ham . It was a rare event to see her show emotion in any way, and Charlie had wondered more than once at his cousin's admiration of her statuesque

But as she read now the secret of her her own young heart, the tears fell fast upon the yellow, stained sheet, and sobs shook her whole form. There was no one to see her, no one to hear her, and she knelt down by the fallen gate post and wept for her own lost youth and

broken hopes. She was still kneeling there, the open letter in her hand, when she heard a foot-step turn from the road into the narrow lane leading to the farm house. In a moment it would be at the gate. She sprang to her feet, and faced a tall, heavily bearded man, who paused for a moment, looked searchingly into her faceonly for a moment-and then he opened

'Edith.' he said, in deep, tender tones 'I never saw your letter.' She was resting against his breast a she put it now into his hand, and told

him how she had found it. 'Mattie told me all,' he said, 'and I came on at once. Oh, Edith, it seems too much happiness now to find you still

single, still my own!' Charlie and Mattie were fully prepared or the return of the truants to Newport, and the autumn collected a concourse of dear friends to witness a grand wedding, few suspecting the previous courtship of the handsome couple who were united after long years.

THE MEN WHO SURROUNDED WASH-INGTON.

Mr. Parton, in the January Atlantic, hus describes Washington and his first Cabinet:

Age had not quenched the vivacity of either of the four Secretaries—Jefferson, 47; Knox, 40; Randolph, 87; Hamilton, 33. When in the world's history, was so young a group charged with a task so new, so difficult, so mo-

mentous? Such were the gentlemen who had gathered around the council table at the President's house in New York, in 1780; at the head of the table General Washington, now fifty-eight, his frame as erect as ever, but his face showing fired. Mrs. Mowbray in an instant selzed the deep traces of the thousand anx- the huge carving-knife which lay on the ious hours he had passed. Not versed in the lore of schools, but gifted with a | He was struggling to withdraw himself great sum of intellect, the eternal glory of this man is, that he used all the the sill, and his head somewhat raised mind he had in patient endeavors to find out the right way; ever on the watch to keep out of his decision everything like prejudice, never desidire of enducation enhausted every Some questions he could not usual with his own mind, and he knew he could not. In such cases, he bent all his powers to ascertaining how the subject appeared to minds fitted to

grapple with it, and getting them to view it without prejudice. I am delighted to learn that Mr. Carlyle can seldom hear the name of thought a poor country girl would not Washington pronounced without breaking forth with an explosion of contempt, especially, it is said, if there night. Mrs. Mowbray said, Boys, reis an American within hearing .-Washington is the exact opposite of a to stay now dear; but after we return fell Carlylean hero. His glory is that he was not richly endowed, not suffihuman rights, opinions and preferences; but feeling deeply his need of help, sought it, where alone it was to room.' be found, in minds fitted by nature and training to supply his lack. It is this heartfelt desire to be right which shines so affectingly from the plain words of Washington, and gives him rank so far above the gorgeous bandits

whom hero-worshipers adore. On the right of the President, in the place of honor, sat Jefferson, now fory-seven, the senior of all his colleagues; older in public service, too, than any of them; tall, erect, ruddy, noticeably quiet and unobtrusive of his address and demeanor; the least pugnacious of men. Not a fanatic, not an enthusiast, but an old-fashioned Whig, nurtured upon "old Coke," enlightened by twenty-five years' intense discussionwith pen, tongue, and sword—of Cokean principles. Fresh from the latest commentary upon Coke-the ruins of the Bastile-and wearing still his red Paris waistcoat and breeches, he was an object of particular interest to all men, and, doubtless, often relieved the severity of business by some thrilling relation out of his late foreign experi-

Opposite him, on the President's left, was the place of Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, in all the alertness and vigor of thirty-three. If time had metured his talents, it had not lessened his self-sufficiency; because, as yet, all his short life had been a success, and he had associated chiefly with men who possessed nothing, either of his fluency or his arithmetic. A positive, vehe ment little gentleman, with as firm a faith in the apparatus of finance as General Knox had in great guns. He was now in the full tide of activity, lobbying measures through Congress and organizing the Treasury Department-the most conspicuous man in the administration, except the President-as usual, his unseen work was the best. In organizing a system of collecting, keeping, and disbursing the revenue, he employed so much tact, forethought, and fertility, that his cossors have each, in turn, admired and retained his most important devices. He arranged the system so that the Secretary of the Treasury, at any moment, could survey the whole working of it; and he held at command all the resources of the United States, subjust to lawful use, without being able to divert one dollar to a purpose not especially authorized. He could not draw his own pittance of salary without the signatures of the four chief officers of the Department-Comptroller, Auditor, Treasurer and Register.

A MARVELOUS EVENT.

Mrs. Janet Mowbray and her four sons lived in 1828 at Harwick Hall, in the county of Durham, England. Mrs. Mowwas a tall, powerful woman of bray great energy and bravery, in her fiftyfourth year. Her sons were aged respectively 34, 27, 24 and 21. Her husband had been dead many years. Her two eldest sons were married, and their wives and families lived with her. The youngest, George, was wild and dissipated, and had given his mother much trouble. He was deeply in debt, and had been repeatedly threatened with arrest. Mrs. Mowbray was wealthy, and kept in her bedroom-besides a quantity of valuable plate—a large sum of money.

On Christmas eve, Mrs. Mowbray's sons and daughters-in-law paid a visit to the residence of a relative, Mr. Chater, of Chatersburg. The domestics, relieved from duty, were in their own por-tion of the dwelling, enjoying the festivities of the season. The watchman, who was ordinarily on duty in kitchen garden, took a basty survey of his beat, and joined the revellers in the kitchen.

On Christmas night they were to have small gathering of friends and, neighoors, and Mrs. Mowbray began to consider the necessary arrangements. She would require old punch howl, and the ladles and goblets which she kept in the closet of her hedroom. She went accordingly and entered the closet and took out the silver and laid it on the shelf, ready for removal the next morn ing. At the same time, she took out a fork of a quaint pattern, and deposited them on the shelf. She then returned to the parlor. After sitting and musing for some time, she took up the Bible, and fumbled for her spectacles. She could not find them, and at length remembered that she had left them on the shell in the closet. She at once returned for them. Entering her bedroom, she place the candle on the dressing-table, and lighted a small lamp, with which she

ntered the closet. As she took the first step inside the closet, she heard the sound of some one breathing heavily. She looked up and saw right before her the face of a man She was a brave, resolute woman. She advanced a step, and observed that a man's head, arms and body were thro' the small window at the end, as though in the act of wriggling himself through the opening. In the man's right hand was a pistol, and his left hand had hold of a shelf which ran along the side of the closet. The man raised the pistol and shelf, and advanced toward the from the window. His hands were or

leaving his neck exposed. Being unable to work himself out the aperture, he raised the pistol as tho to hurl it at Mrs. Mowbray. The courageous old lady made one step forward ear! She then calmly retired, closed the closet door, blew out the lamp, and taking up her candle returned to the parlo first having satisfied herself that not a drop of blood had stained her dress or

Half an hour after midnight her chilmother seated by the fire, serenely reading the Bible. They greeted her affectionately, and prepared to retire for the main behind a little. I wish to speak to you. You, my daughters, can retire.' When she was alone with her children, she said, with dignity ond calmcient unto himself, not indifferent to ness, 'My children, I have killed a man? You will find his body fast in the small window of the closet of my bed-

Her sons stared at her in amazement They at first imagined that she must be laboring under some mental disorder but when she related to them, plainly and rationally, and in her own straightforward, terse fashion, the story as jus told, they saw that she was telling them a simple fact.

'Go,' she said, 'make what arrangements you please. I will wait here, and you can tell what course is best to pursue

in this matter.' The sons took the light and went to their mother's room. They opened the window. The floor was a pool of blood. With difficulty the oldest son got near enough to the body without stepping into the gore to raise the head, which was drooping on the chest. He grasped the hair and lifted the head so that the light might fall upon the face. As he did so, a cry of horror escaped them all. Great God! It is our brother George

'What did you say ?' asked Mrs, Mowbray, in a voice horribly calm, from the doorway, whither she had followed unperceived. 'George! What do you

mean ?' The oldest son dropped the head prevent, if possible, his mother recognizing it, and all of them endeavored to explain their exclamation, and get their nother away from the spot. It was in

'Boys,' she said, in her old, wellknown tone of authority, 'stand aside and let me see the face of the villain I

have slain. With that she put her sons aside as hough they were mere lads, and walked through the slippery gore that lay upon the floor up to the body. She took the candle from the unresisting grasp of her first-born, and, with a hand that trembled not, lifted the head of the dead man, so that the light shone full upon it. She gazed at it steadily for half a minute, then said, gently lowering it, until it rested upon the breast again, 'It's my

boy George.'
Mrs. Mowbray was the only one in the household who remained calm and motionless. The family was in the wildest state of sorrow. The three brothers with difficulty extracted the body from the window. The authorities were notified, and everything was kept as quiet as possible. The inquest was duly held. Mrs. Mowbray was fully exonerated, and the body was prepared for burial .-The real story was known to few outside the family and authorities. It was believed by them that George, instead of first appeared to be filled with leaves, going to Devonshire, had remained lurk-

world be alone that night, and that she had a large sum of money and valuable

ieweldin her room. The old nurse who had held George in her arms when he first sw the light, took care of the body and pepared it for the tomb. She dwelt tenderly on the familian mark upon the limbs of the face which she hew so well, each of which had a story of youthful daring or folly connected with it. In due time the funeral took place. The corpse was laid in the family vault. Only the family and one or two relatives attended. Mrs. Mowbrayspent the best part of each day by the ide of her dead son. She showed

the ld was closed she kissed the forehead and dut off a lock of his hair. The day after the burial she gave directions to her eldest son to pay all the dead man's debts, which was done at once so far as known. Gloom settled over the hall. The wing of the building which the tragedy occurred was closd up, and Mrs. Mowbray removed to a

extensily no signs of emotion. Before

edroom up stairs. On the fifth day after the funeral a ost-chaise drove up to the door of Harwick Hall, and from it stepped George lowbray, looking better than he had ooked for many a day before he had left home. The servant who opened the hall door started back, and almost dropped with fright. His exclamations caught the ears of Mrs. Mowbray and her sons, who seemed to be dumb-founded. George was as much astonished as any of them, ing. At the same time, she took out a large, old-fashloned carving-knife and word lost in bewildered surprise. There was no doubt of it. George Mowbray, 'wom everybody believed dead and in

in grave, was living and before them. 'Mother,' said George, advancing to vard her, what is the matter? My return is easily accounted for. On reach ing Tawville, I found that my uncle's family had been unexpectedly summoned to London, as my eldest cousin. Sir ing. I took a night's repose, and then started home again, and here I am.'

Mrs. Mowbray walked up to him, gazed into his face, and then, without a word, folded him in a passionate embrace. Each of his brothers grasped his hands and kissed him, as they were yont to do when he was a boy and the pet of the family. The old nurse, aroused from her noon-day slumber, embraced and wept over him, and the servants gathered around with wet eyes and congratulatory expressions.

All this time George knew nothing of the true reason for his singular reception: Soon, however, the mystery wa explained to him. The effect upon him cannot be described.

Measures were immediately taken t have the body of the man who had been buried as George Mowbray disinterred This was done, and as the living George stood beside the dead man, the resem blance was seen to be the most extraor dinary colling marks on the fee out llar, also, and the hair, eye-prows and finger-nails were marvelously alike. Who the dead man was, was never as certained. After George's return, however, injuries were made, such as it was never deemed needful to make, so long as the dead man was supposed to be

Mrs. Mowbray's youngest son. that the day before the tragedy, three men, supposed to be from London, took up their quarters at an inn in the neighporing village, one of them the landlord hought he recognized as having been in Mrs. Mowbray's service as a groom The footsteps of three persons were also discovered in the garden, and some time after, a rope, ladder and horse trough, which had been apparently been used to lay upon the spikes at the tops of the garden wall, were discovered in the neighboring copse; but the name of the lead man was never discovered.

AN INDIAN SNAKERY. A Singular Collection of Loathsome Reptiles -- A Disgusting Sight.

Near the headwaters of Cache branch of Indian creek, there resides an old Shawnee Indian woman by the name of Nettallaquah, familiarly known in the immediate neighborhood as Aunt Netty. She occupies a small log cabin in a rocky door, and there, sure enough, was the cleft or gulch remote from the Aubrey body of a man hanging half through the and Kansas City road, and about one mile from the road. This old woman cannot be less than ninety years of age, although she will not, under any consideration, state her exact age. She is a perfect recluse, as though she were dead and buried. Few visit her lonely cabin, and those who intrude once on her privacy seldom care to go there again. An attache of this paper, in company with Mr. E. H. Downs, of Cass county, paid a visit to the old Indian's cabin, a few days ago, for the purpose of examining a rare collection of reptiles, said to be kept by the old squaw. After some litle difficulty the cabin was discovered in the bend of the creek, completely concealed from view by precipitous rocky banks, except from the south side of the ravine. A huge, vicious mastiff wolf dog showed his ugly fangs and for a time lisputed entrance to the cabin. The door pened, and a hideous old squaw made her appearance at the aperture, and in a guttural voice said something to the dog, which at once retreated behind the stone chimney, at the end of the cabin. Without bidding the party enter, the oldsquaw retreated herself within the cabin, leaving the door open. Following the old woman into the cabin, our reporter and his guide were for a moment blinded by the smoke and darkness. Standing near the door for a few moments, there enabled to see the old squaw seated upon blook of wood near a smouldering fire, emoking a small red pipe, and apparent ly unconscious of the presence of strangers. Mr. Downs, well acquainted with the old hag's taste for whiskey and tobacco, laid a quantity each in her lap. The sight of these unexpected luxuries, had a magical effect

upon the squaw. Her small, dull, black eyes glittered with joy, and her leathery face brightened with satisfaction. She arose on being acquainted with the object of the visit, dragged out a large box and a barrel from near the fire, which at delphia. but on close examination was found to ng in the neighborhood, and had plan- contain the old hag's family pets. Mutd the robbery, and if need be the mur tering some whining, sing-song words,

de of his mother. He knew that she evidently of endearment, she put her hand down into the barrel and brought forth first a huge "blue racer," which, half torpid, coiled itself slowly into a knot upon the stove hearth. Then she took out several black snakes of various izes, one of which was not less than four feet in length. Then she lifted out a perfect knot of mixed snakes—spotted, triped and yellow, which were knotted and entwined in a coil as large as a half bushel measure. All of these leathsome reptiles she said she had collected herself in the country around about her. Some of them she said she had for years. Each of the snakes she called by name, and after laying the writhing mass upon the warm hearth, left them to squirm and uncoil in the warmth generated by the fire. Turning to the box, she opened the lid, and pointed to a large yellow and black boa constrictor which lay coiled up, filling one-half of the box. She caught it gently by the back of the neck and the tail, and lifted it also out upon the hearth, and took therefrom a huge brown snake of a variety unknown to our reporter. Each of these monster was at least four or five feet in length, and appeared to be far more active and lively than the smaller snakes. She then dragged forth an old wolf skin robe from her bed in a corner near the fire, and unrolled a perfect medley of rattlesnakes of all hues, sizes, thicknesses and ages .-These she handled roughly, rolling the squirming mass out upon the hearth, where the visitors, at a safe distance might view the loathsome sight at leisure. Upon the walls hung a variety of snake skins, rattles, dried snakes' heads lizards, and pieces of dried meat. This sight was the most repugnant ever witnessed by our reporter. The old hag sat down upon the hearth laughing and hattering her horrid gibberish, and proseeded to wind the two largest snake about her wrinkled neck, and then to uncoil the half torpid masses of snakes In a short time she had her lap full of John Gray's wife, was thought to be dy- the squirming reptiles, and appeared to handle and play with them like so many harmless kittens. The visitors, unable to withstand the loathsome, sickening sight, and the effluvia generated in the close, dark den, soon took their leave leaving the old squaw to the company o her singular pets. She devotes much o her time to playing with them, allowing them to crawl over her bed and the floor. She feeds them upon birds and insects The former she catches alive and feeds to the larger snakes at intervals of one or two weeks. She works a small patch of garden, and depends mostly for other necessities upon the surrounding country, in which she begs. She refused to follow her tribe south when they departed a few years ago, and they loathed her o much for her hideous habits that they did not regret leaving her. In the warm months she permits her pets to roam at will over the cabin, and in no instance has she been bitten by any of them, although they will his and dar Wath a rew

> TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTH. Address of the Northern Residents Doing s in New Orleans.

Whining words and a giano. The duli;
Whining words and a giano. The duli;
Aunt Netty has few visitors, and those

who have visited her are not anxious to

repeat the visit.—Kansas City Times.

NEW OBLEANS, December 13, 1872 .-The undersigned representatives of houses in the north, doing business with the south, who have been visiting New Orleans for many years past and at present, and are thoroughly conversant with the political feelings of the people of this section, wish to express our opinion at this critical juncture of affairs.

Visiting New Orleans at a season when the city is usually full of activity and life, we find every channel of trade paralyzed, the state house occupied by troops, the officers of the State threatened and intimidated, and the people cast into the despest gloom by the arbitrary usurpation of power and place y political adventurers, backed by United States judge, who has called in the assistance of the United States troops to execute his decrees.

After an election which we believe to have been conducted as fairly and honestly as any in which the American people ever participated, finding them selves beaten by a large majority of the votes of the citizens of this city and state, this unscrupulous and irresponsible body of men have resorted to ter to a quart of berries. Throw a few trickery and violence to defeat the bits of rusty iron into the liquid, to set thus expressed.

execution of the will of the people, as | the color; wash the goods in warm soap Believing this action the greatest outrage ever attempted to be carried out in our country, and one which tends directly to the overthrow of the liberties of the people, and to destroy. ing the power and sacredness of the ballot hox, we hereby enter our solemn protest against the high-handed action, and appeal to our fellow citizens of the north to unite in protesting to Congress and the President, to the end that the legally elected officers of the state may be installed in office, and the people of the community supported in their efforts to exercise the right of franchise, that they may redeem their State from the bankruptcy and ruin with which it is now threatened through the action of these nameless adventurers.

Charles A. Griffith, representing A D. Hopping & Wilson, 218 and 219 Washington street, New York. John D. Dargen, John G. M'Murray

Co., 277 Pearl street, New York. George Lipsher, W. W. Eastman, 129 Broad street, Boston. Thomas S. Darling, Detroit match

vorks, Detroit, Michigan.

E. P. Briggs, H. & J. W. King. 80 Chambers street, New York. William C. Ilsley, Ilsley & Pearl street. New York. W. S. Ridgway, G. W. Gaff & Co., 11 Pub. Landing, Cincinnati, Ohio. John W. Poole, William R. Warner

& Co., 154 North Third street, Phila-

J. H. Hapgood, New York brush Co., 254 Pearl street, New York. Amos Patten, W. K. Lewis & Bro., 93 Broad street, Boston.

George D. Strong, La Belle glass Co., Bridgeport, Ohio. E. N. Belt, of Cahn, Belt, & Co., 32 West Lombard street, Baltimore

VOL 59--NO. 31.

W. R. Bennett, Tilden & Co., New B. F. Leiber, B. Leiber & Son, 111 113 South Water street, Philadelphia.

E. H. Packer, Whittemore Bros., 579 Broadway, New York. E. H. Packer, Bachelor, Moore & Co.

E. H. Packer, M. & H. Shrienkheim, E. H. Packer, Corry & Hooper, Bos

E. H. Packer, Bedford chain Co.

Alexander Torgas, jr., L. A. Strobel & Bros., Cincinnati, Ohio. A. Flesh, A. & D. Flesh & Co. Frankford, Germany, and 351 Broadway, N. Y. W. G. Morse, N. Y. city.

C. E. Knapp, D. P. Ketchum, N. Y.

Frank Hegger, E. H. Van Ingen & Co., N. Y. city. Douglas H. Duer, John Duer & Son, 24 St. Charles street, Baltimore. William C. Mudge, H. B. Mudge, 98 West Second street, Cincinnati. .E. C. Coolidge, John K. Coolidge, &

Co., 244 West Second street, Cincin-Ed. O. Berninghaus, John M'Kittrick & Co., 522 North Main street, St. Louis.

Edmund J. Godine, Wright Bros. & Eo., 324 Broadway, N. Y. Gustave A. Jahn, Frederic, Lyman & Co., 90 Wall street, New York. W. C. Simmons, jr., Providence Rhode Island.

E. Maitland, F. W. Devoe & Co., 115 and 117 Fulton street, N. Y. A. Rutzer, Star Linseed Oil Co., 135 Pearl street, N. Y.

D. Hirsch, of Hirsch & Co., 174 Water street, N. Y. Joe Harrison, Royal Chemical Company, 191 Duane street, New York. J. T. Burdeau, agent Mississippi

Valley Transportation Company St.

R. E. Parker, agent M'Kesson Robbins, 91 Fulton street, New York. T. Simmons, agent Joseph Scroeder & Co., Baltimore Md.

John Butler, Austin, Thorp & Co., New York. Albert Ingard, Rubber Clothing Co., New York, Chicago, St. Louis and San

Francisco. John Butler, jr., John Thompson & Co., New York. Patrick J. M'Phillips, W. H. Horstmann & Sons, New York, Philadelphia

and Paris, France. J. G. Case, General Supreintendent Champion Cotton Gin Company, 102 Hintzorenstubbutu auseu, J. J. H. Hill, Bodenhelm, Meyer & Co., 149 Duane and 9 Thomas street, New York. Henry M. Woolf, Willard, Felt &

Co., New York. George Felthouse, same, Cincinnati. J. T. Sanford, Giles, Wales & Co., 13 Maiden Lane, New York.

John G. Irish, Charles Lippincott & Co., 914 and 916 Filbert street, Phila-S. Y. D. Arrowsmith, Buckenham, Cole & Hall, 10 Maiden Lane, New

York. J. P. Todd, firm of W. S. De Van & Co., Cincinnati, O. Nath. P. Snelling, Pearson Bros. &

Co., Boston. Alex. Lamby, Paton & Co., New York. J. W. Blake, of Hall & Blake, 20

Courtlandt street, New York. U. F. Wilcox, John S. Dunham, 117 North Sixth street, St. Louis, Mo. Samuel Friedman, 40 Malden Lane, Now York.

Charles Lee, Charles Lee, Boston. D. Davies, of A. M. & R. Davies, 508 Broadway, New York. L. Wilkins, A. Henderson, 82 Water street, New York.

F. C. Rogers, of H. A. Rogers & Co... 50 and 52 John street, New York. W. N. Johnson, of Mills, Johnson &

Co., Cincinnati. Walter Lyon, St. Louis, Mo.

CHEAP COLORING .- For State Color, ake sumac berries, and boil them in an iron kettle in soft water, a gallon of wa suds, and then put in the dye; bring to a boil, and let it stand where it will keep hot for half an hour. Ringe in salt and water, and then wash in soap suds and dry. It will color either cotton or woolen goods, a nice color.

Brown, take the shucks from butternuts, and boil in the same manner. If rusty iron is scarce, a piece of copperas the size of a robin's egg will answer nicely. Lou can color every shade of brown, from the lightest to the very darkest brown, by keeping in the dye a longer or shorter time. The color is a good durable one, and does not rot the

To Color Nankeen, take two quarts of hemlock bark to a gallon of water, boil in brass; set with copperas, wring the goods from hot soap suds, and dip in the boiling dye till you have the right shade; dry the goods, before rinsing in salt and

A MAN, stopping his paper, wrote to editor: 'I think folks ottent to spend their munny for payper, mi dad diddent and everybuddy sed he waz the intell-gedtes man in the country, and had the martest family of boiz that ever dugged

A BLOOMINGTON, Ill., jeweler advertises himself by furnishing an item in which it is stated that a burglar entered his shop with intent to steal, but retreated, screaming 'fire,' terrified by the glare of a diamond the size of a tea cup.

A YOUNG man who went West from Darbury a few months ago, has sent only one letter home. It came on Friday. It said: 'gend me a wig.' And his the said: 'gend me a wig.' And his the said: 'the work whether ha is the said: 'the work whether fond parents don't know whether he is during the winter. — Cor. Country scaled or married.

Gentleman; scalped or married.

· GOLDEN HORSELLE Rates of Advertising. Twelve lines constitute a square.
For Executors' and Adm'rs'. Notices,
For Assignees' and similar Notice For Yearly Cards, not exceeding s
For Annuncements five cents pe e column advertisements extra,

Agricultural.

BOILED CORNED BEEF CABBAGE.

Many a farmer's table is weekly pread with savory dishes composed of poiled corn beef and cabbage; yet often they are not as attractive as they should be, because they are not properly cooked and served. The beef should always be soaked over night, unless it has been recently salted, and if so, it should be well washed. Put the beefinto boiling water, and as soon as it boils up, skim it well; then remove the pot from the hottest part of the fire, and let it simmer constantly from four to six hours, according to the size of the piece; half an hour per pound is a good rule, and it will apply to corned beef, tongues and hams.

The chief reason of so much of our corned beef being tough, and not deliciously tender, is too rapid boiling, and for too short a time. If the meat is to be served cold, it is much better to let it stand in the pot after cooking until nearly cold; then take it out and press it under heavy weights, first pulling out the bones. This will give you a solid piece of meat, from which very thin slices can be cut, which will prove a decided relish to the most fastidious.

Cabbage is considered in many houses forbidden indulgence, because the odors which arise from its cooking are so obnoxious, but if these directions are followed, there will not be much if any complaint. Quarter the cabbage the night before it is required, and remove the hard stalk; wash it well, and cut into small pieces. Next morning change the water, and when ready to cook, skim out the cabbage into a large pot of boiling water, with a small teaspoonful of saleratus added to it. Boil' steadily for forty or fifty minutes, but take care that the water does not boil over upon the range or cooking stove, for this is one of the chief causes of the disgusting odor which fills the house.

If you are cooking corned beef at the ame time, after skimming it thoroughly you can add a pint of the liquid in which it is boiling to the cabbage. as some like the meaty flavor, and if there is no liquor at hand, a plece of beef suct will answer the purpose; but cabbage should never be boiled in the kettle with salted meat, as it spoils the flavor

of both. When the cabbage is so well boiled that it will easily mash with a knife, skim it out into a colander, and press out all the water, and season it with butter, salt and pepper. Prepared in this way cabbage really becomes an inviting dish, and is a very healthy one but because it has a fiftee bage more in shape, it can only be halved and the hard stalk cut out; then tie it up in a piece of course muslin, and boil for one hour, always putting it into

boiling water at first. Corned beef can be pressed into a mould by boiling down a small quantity of the liquor in which it is cooked, and seasoning it highly with spices and herbs. Then cut the meat into small strips, lay them into a blanc-mange mould, and turn the liquor over them. A grated lemon with the juice will add a pleasant rayor to the jelly. When turned out of the mould, garnish it with sprigs of parsley or celery and slices of hard boiled eggs.

Starvation of Bees in Winter.

The close of the honey season of 1871 left me in possession of twenty-nine colonies of bees, and quite a handsome store of surplus honey in boxes. As little buckwheat is raised in the neighborhood, no box honey was secured after the white slover honey harvest. Instead of adding to the surplus after white clover failed, a portion of the honey stored in the boxes was removed from the hive. My son had some half dozen hives in the yard with mine, or with a part of mine. I placed seven of mine in a yard a mile southwest from the home apiary, and eight about the same distance to the northwest, thus

enlarging the honey field. I concluded to winter them without the trouble of moving them, and feeling pretty safe about them, left them without particular care until midwinter. On examining twelve that I thought well secured for winter, I found but one alive. Several of the others were also dead, but I finally succeeded n saving five of the twenty-nine. Now I have no disease, no foul brood, no dysentery, no moths to charge the failure to. It was simply starving to death. There were too many bees in the field. But two colonies at the most, and I think but one, had honey enough to carry them through the winter. The combs were so perfectly cleared of honey as to leave no possible

room for doubt.

With five of the twenty-nine left, I commenced the spring of 1872. Two of the five were reduced so low as to give no new swarms, and but little surplus honey, three gave four swarms and some surplus honey. I have no doubt had I placed them in the cellar, with a little gave and feeding they might all had I placed them in the cellar, with a little care and feeding they might all have been safely carried through the winter. My best colony, the best I had ever seen is promising well. I purchased it in 1867, and have in the six seasons had as much as 600 lbs, of surplus from it. One year it gave 200 lbs, another, 143 lbs. The past season its product was two new colonies and some 60 lbs, of surplus. I left the hive exposed to the sun, rather desirous to increase my depreclated stock from one that had succeeded so well.

In a field furnishing honey during the

In a field furnishing honey during the In a field furnishing honey during the whole warm season, a larger amount may be collected by each colony than where the production of honey ceases with the white clover.

In such fields hives should be constructed with more room in the breeding and wintering apartment of the hive.