

Lancaster Intelligencer.

THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 31, 1881.

The Puppet Show.

Mr. Garfield's pleasant notion of making things harmonious in his party by dealing out the offices to the partisans of all its factions does not seem to be working well. It is an old idea, which presidents are very apt to try their hands at and get their fingers burned for their pains. In fact, presidents who have a discordant party to harmonize are pretty sure to find themselves unequal to the job however they red hot, it is very uncomfortable to handle. Some men, when they get into positions of power, try to increase the number of their partisans by bribing their enemies; that was Mr. Buchanan's weakness. It never paid well. Others pick out the colorless fence men for reward, in the Hayes style; and that didn't pay. Mr. Garfield selects the champions of all the factions and gets all the savagery of the beasts into his company. We do not see that this is going to be a success. They won't lie down together in peace, nor consider that the bones have been fairly divided. Mr. Conkling and his friends have about made up their minds that what has been thrown to them to keep them quiet is not enough; and Mr. Garfield finds himself in the arms of Blaine before his administration is a month old. The New York Herald furnishes him with a kitchen cabinet, composed of four of his old cronies, and makes Blaine's word the law to him, through them. The sketch is vigorously drawn and it is not difficult to believe that it is pretty true to life. Garfield is naturally peculiarly susceptible to such influences as are ascribed to him. Being very social in disposition, loth to offend, lacking in positiveness of conviction and independence of judgment, those who are near him and congenial to him will sway him. He is the man for a kitchen cabinet. If it is equal to the occasion, it may make its jack jump in a way to excite the admiration of his party and confound his foes. No abler mover of the puppets than Blaine could be found. But the danger with him all the time will be that he will move them for Blaine and not for Garfield. But why the latter should put such confidence in his secretary of state as to yield him the guidance of his administration can only be explained by the weakness of Garfield's character, which makes it necessary for him to have a strong man to lean upon, even though it be one who will be most likely to withdraw his support in a critical moment and let his victim fall into the mud. Mr. Garfield certainly is not made of the vigorous stuff needed for a president of such a discordant party as the Republican now is, to save it for himself. The chances are that it is past saving, and it is just sure that he is. He is not of the stuff that the world's rulers are made of; and the only service he can do his party is as Blaine's catspaw. That is his role; and he is dropping into it as naturally as a duck takes to water. He cannot help himself; he was born so.

The Financial Indications for the Approaching Year.

The financial indications for the approaching year of general settlements and real estate transfers in Lancaster county, betoken an easy condition of the money market. Gradually first-class real estate securities throughout this community have been reduced to a five per cent. rate of interest, and in many cases, no doubt, good loans are made at four. In the banks there is abundance of money and parties holding well secured mortgages or judgments are very loath to transfer them or to accept payment, even if they have to submit to reduced interest. Although the tobacco crop was delayed in moving, the sales have been very extensive of late and at good prices, and growers do not seem to have been pinched or distressed to find a market and money. To the cultivation of this staple and the remarkable remuneration of their labors, our farmers owe a great deal of their prosperity in the past years. While many of them have been greatly relieved financially from this source of income, the aggregate value of real estate and permanent taxable property in the county has been increased by the application of this revenue to improvements in farm lands and buildings.

Somebody in the Independent.

Somebody in the Independent, discussing the tobacco problem, pleads eloquently against its culture, partly on the ground that it is a "besom of destruction" which renders the lands subject to it "eyesores, odious barrens, looking as though blasted by some genius of evil." The impression here conveyed is a very general one, enforced by the experience of Virginia and Maryland tobacco farmers, whose neglectful system and not the mere raising of tobacco thus desolated their lands. Here in Lancaster county, where wiser modes prevail and farmers prudently restore the soil, tobacco culture has not by any means depressed the lands, and the best continuing farms in this section are those where tobacco has been most extensively and continuously raised.

The Peculiarities of the Russian Socialists.

The peculiarities of the Russian socialists are that they are largely drawn from the higher ranks of life and the educated classes; that they avoid their purposes with singular frankness and even proclaim their identity, with an almost fanatical zeal for martyrdom; and the frequency with which women appear as leaders in the cause of social and political anarchy. It must be peculiar social conditions that give rise to these singularities, and is likely that the recent events transpiring in that county will make it the focus of an intelligent investigation which the Russian character and modes have not yet received.

We can understand the application of the knock-down argument.

We can understand the application of the knock-down argument by Representative Kneass to Senator George Handy Smith. Kneass has a suave manner while Smith is coarse and brutal in his address, and his assault on Kneass in the Republican caucus a month ago well merited emphatic resentment long before it was repeated.

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The Harrisburg newspapers denounce Palmer's opinion with a zeal that entitles them to the thanks of the boarding houses. The Independent, we note, however, serves the people of the state in its editorial columns and the Harrisburg shopkeepers in its local.

The story about the Boer leader coming from Fayette county, this state, is a good story, but it has been so lately that it is told about King Getaway, that it is a little "too fresh."

MINOR TOPICS.

The House of Representatives of Massachusetts has defeated, by a vote of 122 to 76, the bill to give municipal suffrage to women.

On its death bed, the Corry Daily Press exclaimed: "You might as well try to drive a railroad spike with a tack hammer, as to run a nonpartisan newspaper in a small town."

R. S. MENAMIN'S Printers' Circular opens its sixteenth year with pardonable pride in the fifteen volumes that are closed, of a useful and exceptionally bright class journal.

The leaders of Russian society in Paris have decided upon observing three months deep mourning, during which they will see no company. The ladies are to wear coarse black stuff dresses with very long square trains and long thick veils.

MR. WHARTON BARKER'S American, a weekly Philadelphia publication of Independent Republican proclivities, rounds out its sixth month with promise of permanency which its high character as a political, literary and scientific review amply justifies.

THE Clearfield Republican notes that ex-Governor Hartranft has drawn \$4,000 out of the United States treasury as postmaster of Philadelphia, and Auditor General Schell's report shows that he drew \$2,000 out of the state treasury as major general of the National Guard of Pennsylvania—offices that are incompatible—during the same year. Refund!

MR. MAPES'S bill to prohibit rebates and drawbacks in railroad tariffs, and in fact to regulate the whole railroad question, which is commonly known as the "Anti-discrimination bill," yesterday passed a second reading in the House at Harrisburg. The bill has been drawn to serve the purposes of the oil-producing interest, which has a quarrel of many years' standing with the railroad companies to settle.

PERSONAL.

KIT CARSON, Jr., is reported to have died at Chattanooga, Tenn., on the 8th inst., of small-pox.

Gov. COLTRITT, of Georgia, pardoned nearly 50 convicts upon the occasion of his late visit for personal inspection to the prisons of the state.

Rev. Dr. J. E. EVANS and wife, of Rome, Ga., celebrated the golden wedding on the 22d inst. The "bride's" dress was silk, the buttons being gold dollars.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is so well advanced in years that serious results naturally may be expected from his subjection to severe simultaneous attacks of asthma and gout.

Ex-Senator POMEROY, of Kansas, is at present in North Carolina, managing a gold mine with success. He has also invented a machine for extracting gold from quartz rock.

President Garfield has received a telegram from General LEW WALLACE declining the appointment as Charge d'Affaires at Paraguay and Uruguay. The president will in a few days send another name to Senate.

Senator BROWN, of Georgia, is a man of blonde complexion and thin and positive face. He is erect and dignified; white hair fringes his head, and a white curtain of beard hangs from his chin in a straight and precise fashion. His voice is clear and his enunciation distinct.

JOSEPH ABRAMS, an old member of the Philadelphia bar, died yesterday. Mr. Abrams was born in Montgomery county. He studied for the ministry and occupied the pulpit of a Presbyterian church for about one year when his health failed him. He then began the study of law in the office of Robert Arnalde, was admitted to the bar in 1839, and enjoyed a large civil practice until about four or five years ago, when his failing health obliged him to give up all practice.

SENATORIAL FISTICUFFS.

A knock-down argument between Representative Kneass and Senator George Handy Smith. Harrisburg Dispatch to the Times.

Senator George Handy Smith and Representative Christian Kneass got into a serious difficulty at the Lodi house about 2 o'clock yesterday morning and finally came to blows with disastrous results to the senator. The quarrel grew out of a difficulty between the two men at the time of the withdrawal of Oliver from the senate and the substitution of G. N. Beaver. Kneass questioned the methods taken to force Beaver on the Republicans as a candidate. The quarrel grew out of a difficulty between the two men at the time of the withdrawal of Oliver from the senate and the substitution of G. N. Beaver. Kneass took no notice of the offensive thrust of Smith at that time preferring that the matter should drop where it was. The quarrel grew out of a difficulty between the two men at the time of the withdrawal of Oliver from the senate and the substitution of G. N. Beaver. Kneass took no notice of the offensive thrust of Smith at that time preferring that the matter should drop where it was.

IN THE FAR NORTHWEST.

Some Thrilling Experiences in Deer Hunting From Private Letters of a Young Army Officer.

PORT COLVILLE, W. T., Feb. 22, 1881. I have at last succeeded in putting in a day's hunting. Taking advantage of a pack mule returning to our hunting camp after bringing in a load of venison, Dr. McKeen and I went out in a buffalo robe and blankets; and finishing up our work by 12 o'clock on Saturday we mounted our horses in full fighting trim—moccasins, fur caps and gloves and buckskin-lined coats, with our broad "bear-paw" snow shoes dangling from our saddles. After three hours' slow riding along the trail made by the pack mules, when the snow almost touched our feet (the horses stepping accurately into the deep holes made by their assine predecessors), we arrived at the "hunting lodge;" and a more picturesque one it would be hard to find, buried as it was deep in a forest of cedar surrounded by high, rocky, wooded palisades. A space about twenty feet square had been cleared of snow, which all around lay five or six feet deep. One side of this snow wall was broken by the fronts of two small tents buried almost to the ridge poles, but looking snug and comfortable with their deep bedding of branches and blankets. A bright fire burned directly in front of each tent door, and the high wood piles between the two testified to the necessity of not stinting the supply of fuel, while the numerous pans and kettles about one of the flames and the odors arising therefrom convinced us that though our table was hewn from solid snow its delights were not to be despised.

In fact, in a very few minutes our horses were secured with the mules and champagne being our agreeable accompaniment on bough-cushioned snow seats about the walls of our enclosure, sipping hot coffee and hastily firing up with venison steak, for we proposed to use even the little remaining daylight in hunting. An hour's snow-shoeing brought us to fresh tracks, and separating we now went at the work with a keen rivalry for the first blood. Before long a clatter of falling rocks almost over my head called my attention to four handsome black-tailed deer just vanishing over the rocky wall, along the base of which I was moving. Up went my carbine sights to seven hundred yards, but they were too quick for me. I, however, determined to follow them, as they appeared not to be alarmed, and I went at the steep shining snow bank with a will. The climbing was very hard, and the wear and tear of kicking a hole through the crust with the point of my moccasin (which projects through the netting of the snow shoe) began to tell upon my toes accustomed to the rigid boot-sole. It soon got steeper, however, and I had to depend on my elbows to hold my ground, but just imagine my feelings at discovering while in this predicament, that a large log only 150 yards ahead had been transformed into three magnificent deer, who were watching my painful manuevres with evident curiosity. The idea of any deer being such fools as to stand like that almost took my breath away, or rather would have done so had my climbing left me any to lose. But I soon found that the deer were not so badly off as it appeared, and indeed the laugh came very near being on their side, for whenever I attempted to rise enough to shoot over the snow my footing would give way, and after two or three ignominious though involuntary retreats of this kind, I again dug my elbows into the snow, and, regaining my lost ground, moved on to a log where I expected to get a hold; but the crust here was steeper, and finally in desperation I sprang up in full view on the log itself, fired a vicious shot at the enemy, which was now on the full jump, and, losing my balance, rolled in confusion twenty or thirty yards downward before I could secure an anchorage with the butt of my carbine and bring myself up with a round turn. Regaining my equilibrium I found more or less to my surprise that my shot had told on one of the deer, and succeeded in sending six or seven more shots after the other two before they were out of range, though without perceptible effect. Thinking over the affair I have felt very much flattered to remember that I did not experience the "buck fever" and that the first shot I ever fired at a deer killed. I suppose the explanation is that I was too much occupied in keeping my footing to have any time left for nervousness.

A signal shot from the doctor now apprised me that he had heard the fusillade, and I answering with a whoop to convince him that I had not been eaten by a grizzly or a panther, I baptised my hunting-knife and rejoined him—when followed a three mile tramp to the camp, which the deep snow and darkness rendered long and memorable, for more than half of the time was spent in stumbling in the deep snow and getting up in deeper disgust.

The warm supper and snug beds, however, straightened us out, and we were limber and fresh for a morning hunt the next day.

This time the doctor was in luck killing three while I saw "nary a hink;" Twilight saw us riding into the fort, our horses well loaded with hams, and ready to go at the duties of the next day (Monday) with a renewed vigor due to our bracing open-air Sunday experience.

I enclose part of a letter just received from \* \* \* at Fort Lapwai, which you will see gives another phase of deer hunting and came very near having a tragic side. My friend says, speaking of a hunting party:

"I came very near making a vacancy in the regiment by that hunt. My adventures were thrilling and my escape narrow. In brief, I got caught out about four miles from camp at dark, with snow waist-deep and a pair of broken snow shoes. Had gone out with Indians in the mountains early in the morning, and in the excitement of following some deer, I had wandered farther than I knew, and entirely separated from the rest. I killed two of the deer I was after, and was three hours dragging one of them from the top of the ridge to the river. When I reached it, it was dark and one of my snow shoes broke, leaving me perfectly helpless. The river flows through a deep canyon; there was no trail, and I found, after

floundering on for several hours, that I was still over two miles from camp and could not go a step farther on account of cold, hunger and exhaustion. I had fallen into the river twice in the darkness, my clothes were freezing to my body, and I thought my time had come and lay down in the snow, not much caring whether it had or not. I tried to make a fire once and afterwards to discharge my carbine, but there was nothing but wet wood; the water had frozen to solid ice on the breach of my gun, and my hands were too numb to get it out, so I gave it all up. But I fear the gods do not sufficiently love me for me to die young; a search party of Indians had volunteered to go out after me about 7 or 8 o'clock, and by the greatest good luck they had given in. I heard them firing and hallooing a short distance down the river and just had sense and strength enough left to shout back. How they found me I hardly remember; I know, though, that I was wrapped in blankets, before a good fire, had whiskey and food supplied copiously, and about daylight took up the march for home.

"I had to hold a pow-wow next day, and shake in congratulation the hands of about forty Indians several times apiece. It was the closest shave I ever had or want again. The day after I was all right, and took the field with renewed ardor. The hunt was successful. We killed altogether sixty deer, four falling by my own bloody hand."

Who is "W. W. D.?"

EDITORS INTELLIGENCER: In a general way we are not excessively curious; nor do we sigh for the unattainable; nor do we worry about the unknowable; nor do we for many a year have we looked to know one particular thing—something about the personality of "W. W. D.," Sterling correspondent of the Examiner; something about the mental atmosphere he breathes, more about the intellectual food he eats and altogether as much about him as he tells us of Sterling eggs, hens and raspberry bushes.

We once asked the Examiner for information concerning the Unknown, but our inquiries received only editorial silence. With a heart bored down with curiosity we now appeal to you for information. Will your honor grant us a morsel of news about this literary phenomenon of Sterling?

We know that "W. W. D." wears red flannel—for "he himself hath said it." We know from his writings that he is practical and somewhat material. Judging by his last letter, we fear he is eccentric if not insane. He informs us among other things that "Mrs. Eliza Kilgour emigrated to this state from Cumberland county, Pa., in 1835. Her husband died many years ago. It was a pleasant occasion. Several of her old neighbors, her children and pastor, participated in the rejoicing. Numerous letters were received from absent friends."

In this there seems to be a jolly ecstacy expressed about death and human eviction. Generally, the death of a husband is not a "pleasant occasion," and certainly it is unusual for a death of this nature to be made a matter of such public rejoicing, that "old neighbors, children and pastor" participate—to say nothing of "numerous letters, received from absent friends," containing congratulations.

From the extract quoted we should judge that "W. W. D." is cruel, cynical and contemptuous. But this judgment we must reverse, for in the very same letter in which he speaks of a husband's death as "a pleasant occasion," he sympathetically weeps over a pigeon. Hear him:

"Seven of our gunners indulged on Friday in a game of pigeon shooting. This is simply barbarous. The idea of taking innocent life, and calling it sport! All such business ought to be punished by heavy fines."

With a touch of poetical feeling he ends his letter with the simple statement—"blue birds and robins about." Here then, joined to a cold sarcasm on human affection are tears for pigeons and sweet mentionings of the early robin. Out of all views we must generalize one. "W. W. D." must be a genius—and moreover a genius that wears "red flannel." No one but a genius can indulge in such literary vagaries, and epistolary eccentricities as he, and yet perpetually charm us with the originality of his sentiments and the charms of a style almost too epigrammatic. Hence our wish to know him. Give, oh! give a gaping world all the information you have.

YORK.

THE LEAF.

Tobacco in the Cumberland Valley. Correspondence of the INTELLIGENCER, MECHANICSBURG, MARCH 31.

One of your rural itemizers took a trip up the Cumberland valley as far as this borough by rail; then several miles into the country to the southwest, through a thriving limestone district. A few notes in reference to the tobacco culture may prove of interest to the many readers of the INTELLIGENCER.

Three years ago tobacco raising was in its infancy. In August, '78, on a trip from here to Shepherdstown, we remember of seeing only one or two patches, and no sheds. Since then a number of houses have been erected, among them some that will hold as much as five and six acres. While the sheds are yet inferior to those recently erected in Lancaster county, they answer the requirements to a good extent. They are partly under cellar, and in the ones erected last summer in the manner of ventilation there is much improvement. They have tobacco ladders, fashioned after the latest improved, but all in all the facilities for handling the crop in Lancaster are superior. Half of the crop of 1880 is sold, mostly to Lancaster firms, and at paying prices ranging from 24, 6 and 3 down. The crop is almost free from the ravages of the flea beetle, of a desirable color and a good quality.

Among the buyers who were here there was one who happened to get his name on the "black list." He engaged in a little game of bulldozing, in which he succeeded to the amount of 7 cents to the pound. The farmer is the loser, but the buyer, who happened to be an influential man,

will receive a very cold reception should he come here again.

Seed has already been sown and the area to be planted will be much increased.

LOCAL NEWS.

A. S. Herr, of Pocopson, who raised a fine crop of tobacco last season, has disposed of 59 cases containing 40 pounds each to Julius Levy, Kennett Square; 29 acres to Romberger & Co., and 13 cases to Zook & Bitner, Lancaster, and has 9 cases yet to dispose of. Mr. Herr tells us that he raised four acres of tobacco last year, from which he gathered 790 pounds of wrappers, 1082 pounds of seconds, and 932 pounds of fillers, and that the crop has yielded him more than 40 acres of yarn he had planted and at about the same expense.

IS JOUBERT AN AMERICAN?

Facts Which Go to Show that the Boer Commander is an American.

The following special despatch from Pittsburgh indicates that General Joubert, the distinguished commander of the Boers in their war with the British, is not only an American but a native of the Keystone state, and served in the late war of the rebellion: "About 41 years ago," says the correspondent, "Jacob Joubert and his wife Barbara emigrated from Holland and settled in Brownsville, Fayette county, Pa. A few months afterwards they removed to Uniontown, same county, where they lived two years, Jacob working at his trade, that of moulding bricks by hand. Sometimes he did odd jobs for Mr. Daniel Sturgeon, a resident of Uniontown, and then United States senator from Pennsylvania. In the spring of 1841 Barbara gave birth to a son, which the fond parents christened Daniel Sturgeon Joubert. Senator Sturgeon purchased for the infant a stylish new dress of fine material. In consequence, Jacob and Barbara were the proudest and happiest of Dutch couples, and never grew tired of informing their neighbors, in wretchedly broken English, the honorable senator had condescended to clothe their newly-born child in such magnificent attire. Their residence to Conneville, same county, where, by patient and untiring industry, characteristic of their nation, they accumulated some money. About 1850, or probably later, both parents died suddenly of cholera, which heretofore had been vividly before the mother, and she felt keenly for the child. The remembrance of her relief from the pain also forced itself upon the mother, and the connection of the two served as a clue as to how the child was to be named. The mother says it would be almost impossible for the child to have taken up the needle without her finding it out, as the child would have made it known in piteous cries, as he did when the needle worked out.

LATEST NEWS BY MAIL.

A Mrs. Cleary, of Manston Station, Wilkin county, Minn., died on Tuesday from the effects of injuries inflicted by her brother, John Ward, in a quarrel. He has been arrested.

Thomas Morrow, an Englishman, 45 years of age, a firm hand in the employ of Henry Ramsen at Queen, committed suicide on Tuesday evening by hanging himself in his employer's barn. He had been in Ramsen's employ only five days.

Mary Senoff was drowned at Black Bank, Ohio, a year ago. Every night her form rises slowly out of the water in a white, floats upward out of sight. Several persons having a reputation for veracity say so, and the community is frightened.

Alvin Houghton's block, in Athol, Mass., the lower floor of which is occupied by R. T. Shumway, dry goods, and the upper stories by families, and the late office of G. W. Hoar, was damaged by an incendiary fire yesterday morning to the extent of \$5,000.

The most tremendous tornado known for many years passed over Danville, Va., on Tuesday night. It bore down obstructions in its path with resistless fury. A number of houses were blown down, and many trees were uprooted and fences levelled. The full extent of the damage in the surrounding country has not yet been ascertained.

An Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe passenger train was boarded by robbers near Albuquerque, N. M., on Tuesday night, in which three or four passengers, the conductor, engineer and express messenger were shot. The conductor and express messenger are said to have been killed. This report is current in express circles, but the railroad officials claim to know nothing about it.

STATE ITEMS.

Irvin Trout, fifteen years old, an employe of the Glasgow iron works, in Potts county, Montgomery county, was crucified between two timbers yesterday and died half an hour afterwards.

The oil on the surface of Tuna creek, from a leaking tank in the lower part of Bradford, was set on fire by a live coal from a locomotive on the Erie railway. The railway bridge and J. W. Kee's wheel factory were destroyed. Loss on the bridge, \$3,000, and on the factory \$5,000. All the Williamsport saw mills have been put in first-class condition for work, and a big season of cutting is looked for. Some of the mills will start this week. Men in the lumber business estimate the stock for the season's cutting at 325,000, 000 feet, 250,000, 000 feet, this being pine and the remainder hemlock.

The most miserable beings in Pennsylvania are certain recently arrived Hungarians, who are now living from hand to mouth at day labor in the various coal districts. A few days ago two of them who have been working near Easton dug up a cat that had been long dead, and had died of disease and made meals of it.

The board of state charities has recommended the removal of four insane convicts from the eastern penitentiary, among whom is Blasius Pistorius, to an asylum for the insane. It has also recommended that the Legislature make provision for two hundred insane convicts at the new asylum at Danville.

Ralph Gibbons, 38 years old, a mining boss at Centralia, Columbia county, died at the Pennsylvania hospital on Tuesday night from injuries which he claimed were inflicted with homicidal intent, by a band of coal miners, to whom he had refused employment. They waylaid him one night in August, as nearly as he could recollect, and after beating him threw him down the shaft of the coal pit.

A needle which penetrated a lady's foot Works wonders in the case of the blind.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says: A most extraordinary natural accident, and one to light a few days ago, in which a needle taken into the foot of a lady nine years ago worked out of the thigh of her third child, a baby of one year. The lady in question is the wife of a Hays, an assayer, the cigarmaker, who lives on Market street near Wenzel. At the time of the accident Mrs. Isaacs was unmarried and was then Miss Pauline Coblenz. The needle was encountered in a carpet penetrating her foot the full length. The physician was called in immediately, but the needle could not be found, although it was known to be in the foot. She suffered great pain, and for four months was unable to leave her bed. During that period three physicians made frequent attempts to extract the needle, and the knife was used extensively, however, without success. Miss Coblenz was quite fleshy before the accident, but fell off greatly from her long confinement. At length she was able to get about with the aid of crutches, but she continued to suffer from the needle. There decreased gradually from the time she was able to get about and she regained her former fleshiness. Finally she felt the needle only at period when there was a change in the weather. The movement of the needle seemed to be upwards, and the point was not stationary, but moved with the needle. About five years ago she was married to Mr. Harry Isaacs. Three children are the fruit of that union, the youngest of which is a boy named Arthur, who is about a year old. The pain which troubled the mother left her even before the birth of her child, and the total disappearance of the pain she was wont to feel was a subject of remark and pleasure to her. On Monday a week ago a baby, who had since its birth manifested a kindly disposition, was very restless and cried incessantly all night. The cause of the child's ailment was not discovered the following morning, when in giving it a bath the mother discovered something black protruding through the skin of the child's thigh. She caught hold of it, and was frightened when she found that it was a needle substance. She, however, used a little force, and soon extracted the dark object. Imagine her surprise when she found it was a needle, black and corroded. The eye broke off in her hand while examining it. The recollection of the needle, which heretofore had come vividly before the mother, and she felt keenly for the child. The remembrance of her relief from the pain also forced itself upon the mother, and the connection of the two served as a clue as to how the child was to be named. The mother says it would be almost impossible for the child to have taken up the needle without her finding it out, as the child would have made it known in piteous cries, as he did when the needle worked out.

DISASTERS ON LAND AND WATER.

A cyclone in Randolph county, Alabama, on Wednesday night, demolished the house of John Egan, killing him and his wife and two children.

Three lives are known to have been lost in the inundation of the Platte Valley, in Nebraska, and it is feared the number will be increased when all the districts are heard from. The loss on property and stock is estimated at several hundred thousand dollars. It is feared at Pierre, Dakota, that the crew of the steamer Far West, which was in the ice twenty miles below that place, have been lost.

An incendiary fire in Leadville, Colorado, destroyed Cowley's saloon and McDaniel's hotel, and the machinery of an operating building, causing a total loss of about \$25,000.

A sloop went ashore at Coney Island, at the height of the storm yesterday. Two men were seen lashed to the mast.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

OBITUARY.

The Death of James Buchanan Johnston. We have felt it as an impulse of duty to give a stronger public expression of our sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, than time and circumstances permitted at the moment when the sad news of their eldest son's death first came to us. The deep grief of all who know the honored family, (and the death of this community does not know them?) is not easily portrayed in words. We ourselves, have known them in their outgoings and in-comings, and can appreciate the awful loss which they have suffered in the death of a member who gave the promise of so much good to them. But we can do no better than to publish the following, which it may be needless for us to say is from the pen and heart of Judge Black:

I have just returned from the funeral of James Buchanan Johnston, affected by a deeper sense of bereavement than any death outside of my own immediate family has caused me in many years. It is strange that we cannot get hardened to these calamities in the course of time, or, at least, less so, developing so rapidly, and even at the age of fourteen he was intellectually a full grown man. With moral principles clearly defined and quick perceptions of the right his sense of justice and his love of truth would have given him a dignified character, unimpaired by that of his illustrious uncle. These visions of a moment are faded forever and we can only sigh "for the touch of a vanished hand" and listen in vain "for the sound of a voice that is still."

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Swear and Across the County Lines.

An escaped inmate of the Norristown insane asylum was arrested in Phoenixville on Tuesday, and of course the report spread that the murderer of Mr. Clugston had been caught again.

A little girl named McGee, residing near West Chester, was burned nearly to death on Tuesday night. She was taking fire from a kitchen stove. She had to be rolled in a man who was passing in a buggy threw a blanket over her and extinguished the flames.

Sheriff Frankfield will sell at public sale on April 7, the right, title and interest of E. A. Flower, publisher of the Bryn Mawr News, of the paper he rented at Parksburg, Chester county, and Mr. Flower has no interest in the material used in printing it.

On Monday last, Elizabeth, a seven year old child of Wilson Whitaker, colored, Birmingham township, Chester county, met with a horrible death by being scalded. The child had been running into the parent to place some wood or coal on the fire of the cook stove, and while performing the work, the tea-kettle was knocked off, the contents running over the face and body of the child, who died the following day.

Clark, Reeves & Co., of Phoenixville, are required by the Canadian government to pay a forfeit of \$26,000 on the under-valuation of entry in the customs of the iron superstructure of the Chambers railway bridge, for which they had the contract at \$10,000. The paper is printed at Parksburg, Chester county, and Mr. Hoover has no interest in the material used in printing it.

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Many Movings—Some Business Changes.—To-morrow will be general "moving day" among those who are in the habit of changing their places of residences or businesses; and, perhaps, "moving day" with those who do business on the credit system. Already many of the former class have changed their locality, and to-day, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather, many others are moving.

Among other business changes we note the following: H. L. Zabin, jeweler, late of North Queen street, has taken the store room No. 10, INTELLIGENCER building, South Queen street.

Edward Kreckel, saddler, has removed from the INTELLIGENCER building to No. 2 East King street.

J. P. Knight, has taken the Exchange hotel, Christian street, the former proprietor, C. F. Myers, retiring to private life.

admitted that he was an escaped convict from Missouri. He attempted to escape when he was shot at by Officers Martin and Jones, who had been in charge. Both shots took effect in his back, and he died. Nothing could be got out of him concerning his confederates.

A cyclone in Randolph county, Alabama, on Wednesday night, demolished the house of John Egan, killing him and his wife and two children.

Three lives are known to have been lost in the inundation of the Platte Valley, in Nebraska, and it is feared the number will be increased when all the districts are heard from. The loss on property and stock is estimated at several hundred thousand dollars. It is feared at Pierre, Dakota, that the crew of the steamer Far West, which was in the ice twenty miles below that place, have been lost.

An incendiary fire in Leadville, Colorado, destroyed Cowley's saloon and McDaniel's hotel, and the machinery of an operating building, causing a total loss of about \$25,000.

A sloop went ashore at Coney Island, at the height of the storm yesterday. Two men were seen lashed to the mast.