

**The Silent Warriors.**  
The sun shone in at the window,  
On the printer's case and type,  
And the heaps of mystic letters  
Were bathed in its golden light;  
And I thought of the truths there hidden,  
Of the mighty power there laid,  
In those piles of dusky metal,  
When in marshaled ranks arrayed,  
For by them our souls find voices  
For truths the ages have taught;  
In volumes the dead have treasured,  
In words in immortal thought;  
And they have tongues for our sorrows,  
And songs for our joys or woes,  
And in their life's records are written,  
Of all that we mortals know.  
As the knights who, clad in their armor,  
Went forth in the olden days  
To war 'mid the dour-dread nations,  
With wrongs that stood in their ways;  
Thus our thought in this dusky metal  
Are clad in their coats of mail,  
To conquer the wrongs that oppress us,  
Or evils our follies entail.  
The sun in its golden glory,  
Went down 'neath the rim of night,  
And each leaden shape was gleaming  
In flames of its dying light;  
Then stars in their hosts came marching,  
And their silver lances fell  
And flashed on the dull, cold metal,  
Where truths we know not dwell.  
A child in his feeble wisdom,  
Might place them with tiny hand,  
But a king with his steel-armed legions  
In vain would their force withstand;  
For they are the silent warriors,  
Whose tents are folded away,  
Whose footsteps go down through the ages,  
Whose mandates the world shall obey.  
And a thought in my soul seemed striving,  
As our own good angel strives,  
To wake the clay that infolds us  
And wake from our sluggish lives,  
That we, too, are symbols waiting  
The touch of the Master's hand,  
When the truths that sleep within us  
May light up each darkened land;  
And each soul in its earthly journey  
May toil with hope sublime,  
To leave for the unborn nations  
Great thoughts on the scroll of time.  
—J. B. Horner, in *Crucible*.

### The Misdirected Valentine.

"IT IS BETTER AS IT IS," said pretty Rose Fleming to her cousin Frances, as they sat by a glowing coal fire one cold evening early in February.  
"Would you like to receive a valentine, Miss Rose?" asked Mr. Lindsay, a gentleman who was very often to be found at the pleasant fireside of the Fleming family.  
"Yes, I really should," answered Rose, blushing as she met his gaze; for Philip Lindsay possessed a pair of very expressive dark eyes.  
"Then I hope you will be fortunate enough to get one. And you, Miss Frances?" he asked, turning to that young lady, "are you sufficiently un-fashionable to wish to receive a valentine?"  
The color deepened in the fair cheek of Frances; but she did not raise her dark eyes from her work, as she replied: "Well, yes; I must plead guilty to the fact. I have not seen such a thing since I was quite a little girl."  
Mr. Lindsay smiled at the avowal from the usually proud Miss Fleming; and said, as he rose to take leave:  
"Well, young ladies, I am going to New York to-morrow, and I hope before I return that Cupid will have been polite enough to remember you."  
"I will certainly show you mine if he does," said Rose, as she shook hands. Frances said nothing; but her hand received a warm pressure, and Philip Lindsay's parting glance was fixed on her ere he closed the door.  
"Isn't he handsome?" exclaimed Rose, as soon as he had left the house.  
"So different from all our other visitors, too; he always has something interesting to say." Her cousin did not seem to hear these laudatory remarks, as she did not reply. "Frances, are you sleepy? You don't answer me. Don't you like Philip Lindsay?" Frances looked up with a smile; that rare and radiant smile of hers, which was like a soft burst of sunlight when it shone over her usually composed countenance.  
"I hear you, dear; but I was just trying to make up my mind about Mr. Lindsay; yes, I believe I do like him."  
"Well, now that you have decided, let's go up stairs, for I want to go to sleep and dream of my valentine."  
"You silly Rosebud, do you really expect one?" answered Frances, as she rose and prepared to leave the room, holding her pretty work-basket in one hand, while the other arm was clasped lovingly round the slender waist of her cousin, whose lovely golden head only reached the shoulder of the stately, dark-haired Frances.  
"Of course I do, and so do you, if you would confess it," and Rose laughed merrily as they ascended the stairs.  
The fourteenth of February dawned most unpleasantly, with a drizzling rain falling, much to Rose's disgust, and she awoke early, thinking of her expected valentine.  
She knew the postman would not be round until ten o'clock, but, nevertheless, she took up her station at the window directly after breakfast. At length her patience was rewarded by the appearance of the dripping hat and oilskin cape of Cupid's messenger.  
"Miss Frances Fleming, Miss Rose Fleming," he said, handing in two large envelopes.  
"Oh, Frances!" cried Rose, "come here as fast as you can! Oh, what a beauty!" as she drew it from its envelope.  
It was one of the prettiest of its kind, having in the center a tiny mirror, cunningly inserted. While she was admiring the pictures and devices round the borders; a note dropped from the interior; it had no address, neither was it sealed, so she opened it with trembling fingers. There was no heading; the writer rushed at once into the subject:

which I first met the gaze of your beautiful eyes! I do not expect you to return this love at once; but if there is any leaning in your heart toward me, I entreat you to give me hope that you will one day reciprocate my affection. I will seek your presence on my return, and one glance from those lustrous orbs, in whose radiance I have so often sunned myself, will tell me whether I am to rejoice or to despair. Hoping you will pardon my presumption, I remain, ever and always your devoted,  
"PHILIP LINDSAY."  
Such was the epistle that covered Rose's face with blushes, and set her heart beating as in all her young life it had never beat before. She could hardly believe her eyes! Philip loved her! Philip, the noblest, best of men!  
Frances entered as she stood with burning cheeks and radiant eye.  
"Oh!" she exclaimed, holding out the precious note, "I have got a real, true valentine."  
"Where is it?" asked Frances, looking in amazement at her cousin's face and then at the floor, on which lay the discarded valentine.  
"Oh, not that," said Rose; "this is it," and she gave her the note. "It is from Philip Lindsay; read it, Frances."  
Frances sat down and opened it, turning pale as she read. What did it mean? Philip loved Rose? Impossible! And yet there was no mistaking the meaning of his language. And there was his signature. Oh, happy Rose! and most unhappy Frances! to have so deceived herself. Rose was startled at the sight of her pale face.  
"Are you ill, dear?" she asked, putting her arms round her cousin's neck.  
"No," she replied, all her pride coming to her aid; "I have only a slight headache."  
"Philip loves me," Rose went on, "and I am so happy. I have always loved him. Frances, are you not glad? You said you liked Philip."  
And she laid her hand on her cousin's shoulder. Frances trembled at her touch. At this moment she almost hated the girl, with her blue eyes and infantine graces, but her better nature triumphed, and she bent and kissed the golden head.  
"Yes, Rosebud, darling, I am glad. I hope you will be happy."  
"I am the happiest girl in the world," answered Rose, with the tears glittering in her eyes. "But, Frances, where is your valentine? Perhaps there is a note for you."  
"Not from Philip, Rose."  
"No, but from some one else."  
Frances shook her head, and opened the envelope, but no note was to be found.  
"Let us go and tell auntie," said Rose, as she took her valentine from the floor and left the room.  
Poor Frances! she stood for a moment to compose herself before going upstairs to listen anew to Rose's rhapsodies over her love letter.  
"Oh, Philip, Philip," she moaned, "why did you make me love you? But you are not to blame. It was my own selfish folly."  
She went slowly upstairs to her mother's room, and found that lady shedding tears of joy over Rose's happy prospects. Mrs. Fleming loved the pretty orphan whom her dead husband had left to her care almost as well as she did her own beautiful Frances, and as the latter entered the room she said:  
"Frances, I am so thankful that Rose's future is secure. I have felt so anxious about the child; she will be safe with Philip Lindsay."  
A few evenings after the fourteenth Mr. Lindsay arrived in Baltimore and took his way to Mrs. Fleming's residence.  
He was as Rose had said, very handsome, being tall and broad-shouldered, with rich chestnut hair, curling crisply around a well-shaped head, while from his clear brown eyes a frank and fearless soul looked forth.  
As he entered the parlor Rose met him all smiles and blushes. He shook hands cordially, and then looked round as though seeking some one else, but this was not what Rose expected; he said he would read her answer in her eyes, and he had never looked at her. At length he sat down with a disappointed expression of countenance. Rose, poor child, timidly began a conversation by saying that "Frances had gone out of town for a few days."  
"Gone out of town. Then she wishes to avoid me," he thought. "It is all over."  
"Yes," answered Rose. "Her aunt has been wanting her to go for some time." No answer. "Oh," thought the girl, "I must have mistaken that letter; what shall I do?"  
She began again.  
"I received a valentine after all, Mr. Lindsay."  
"Ah, indeed! I hope you were pleased with it," he answered, abstractedly.  
"Yes, I was very much pleased with it. Would you like to see it?" she said, in a trembling voice.  
"Yes, if you please, Miss Rose," was the answer.  
She brought the valentine and laid the note on the top of it.  
Philip's face flushed as he saw it.  
"Did you receive this note?" he asked, abruptly.  
"Yes," she answered, wondering, with tears in her eyes.  
He turned the envelope and looked at the address.  
"Great heavens!" he thought, as he crushed it in his hand, "what a terrible mistake! This comes of my folly in getting any one to direct for me. And Frances, my lost love! she must have seen that I loved her! How base a creature must she think me!"  
He forgot Rose in his despair, and only remembered her existence when a low sob met his ear.  
He looked up and saw the poor child with her face buried in her hands, while tears trickled through her slender fingers. What did it mean? He looked at the crumpled note.  
"She thinks it was meant for her. And can it be possible that she loves me? I see it all. It is not her fault, and I must not let this innocent creature suffer from my folly."  
It was true; Rose loved him, and at this moment was suffering agonies of wounded love and pride. Philip bent over her. "Rosebud," he whispered. She raised her eyes, now like violets wet with dew, and met his gaze fixed upon her, kindly, and yet with a certain

pity in it which, fortunately for her, she did not understand. "What a dewy Rosebud," he said; "why do you cry?"  
"Oh, I was glad to get your note, it made me so happy, and—"  
"And what?" said Philip. He saw that this fair flower was ready for his acceptance. Why should he not gather it and wear it in his bosom? "And you thought I was amusing myself at your expense—was that it? Darling little Rosebud, I could not be so cruel, so unmanly. And now, as he held out his hands, "Is Rosebud mine? Will she bloom for me alone?"  
She looked into his face with her innocent blue eyes. "Oh, Philip, I have loved you from the first."  
He clasped her in his arms, and as he kissed her he thought: "It will atone it is right that I should suffer, but she will be happy."  
Mrs. Fleming was delighted when she heard of the engagement; and as she had always liked Philip, when he pleaded for an early marriage she could not refuse. But she insisted that Rose must have time to get a handsome trousseau; his friends were wealthy, and she determined that her husband's niece should go among them in proper style. So Frances was sent for, and it was finally arranged that the marriage should take place on the first of June.  
Frances had suffered terribly during her absence in the country, but no one had seen the struggle between love and pride, and but few traces of it could be detected in her beautiful face. Philip, least of all, suspected it. She met him cordially as a future cousin, and her congratulations to Rose were tender and affectionate. Philip came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken in supposing that she cared for him, and turned from the contemplation of her haughty beauty to his bright little Rosebud, who fairly worshipped him and who seemed to grow lovelier every day.  
They had decided to go to Europe on their wedding tour, and Rose was anxious that Frances should accompany them, but the latter refused absolutely to leave her mother, and Philip was not sorry that she had so decided, as he was not quite sure of his own heart yet.  
On the evening before the wedding, they all sat together in the moonlit parlor, where a soft breeze through the open windows struck the lace curtains, and through the room was the perfume of the roses and heliotropes, with which the vases were filled.  
Rose had begged them not to light the gas, as she wanted to hear one of Frances' songs for the last time, with that lovely moonlight turning everything to beauty, and she nestled her golden head lovingly against Philip's shoulder, as they sat on the sofa listening to the pathetic strains of Schubert's exquisite songs.  
At length Frances rose from the piano; she was afraid that the bride-elect was becoming melancholy, through the influence of moonlight and music together.  
"Rosebud—Rosebud red,  
Rosebud brightly blooming—"  
she sang as she approached the sofa. "Come," she went on, "our Rosebud will not bloom brightly to-morrow if it does not close its petals early to-night."  
Rose was very obedient as she got up and held out her hand to Philip to say good-night. He drew her to him, and kissing her fondly, whispered softly, "Good night, little wife!"  
Frances turned away with a pang at her heart; she was only human, strive as she might to conquer her feelings; and after leaving Rose in her mother's charge, she descended again to the parlor, desiring earnestly to be left alone for a little while; and certain that Philip had left the house, she stood by the window looking at the moonlight shining so peacefully down on the great unquiet city, and felt as though it was a rest to her wearied spirit to bathe her soul, as it were, in the pure rays. As she stood thus, her graceful head thrown back, her large dark eyes raised to the sky, and the moonlight giving to her motionless features the semblance of marble, she seemed like the statue of some beautiful saint, imploring pity and protection from heaven.  
So thought Philip Lindsay, as, rising from the dark corner where he had been sitting, he softly approached her. She started at the sound of his footsteps.  
"Oh, Mr. Lindsay, I thought you had gone!"  
"I ought to have gone, but it was so delightful sitting there, enjoying the moonlight and perfume, that I hated to move."  
"It is a perfect night," answered Frances, "but you will see many such before you return. You visit Italy, of course?"  
"I intend to winter there, if Rose does not object."  
"Rose will not object to anything," answered Frances. "And, Mr. Lindsay," she went on in a tremulous voice, "I need not ask you to be kind to our Rosebud. It is not in your nature to be otherwise. But she is so young, and is going so far away from us, that—"  
And here the usually dignified Miss Fleming broke down, and burst into tears.  
"Miss Fleming! Frances!" cried Philip, "do not weep, I entreat. You surely do not doubt my love for your cousin?"  
"No, never," she said, making a strong effort to control her agitation; and her mother coming in at this moment gave her an opportunity to escape to her room.  
"Oh, how weak I am," she exclaimed; "and how wicked, that I cannot subdue this unhappy love for one so soon to be the husband of my cousin!"  
And kneeling down she prayed for strength to overcome it and to be able to fulfill her duties on the morrow. And help came, as it always does to those who try to do right; and she was again the stately, composed Miss Fleming, looking superbly beautiful the next day in violet silk, with a white cloak of costly lace enveloping her graceful form, and white flowers shining like stars in her dark hair.  
It was a quiet wedding, and Rose was the prettiest of brides, in rich white silk, with a soft tulle veil covering the whole of the little figure, and enhancing, without concealing, the beauty of the fair girl's face with its innocent and childlike sweetness.  
A great many tears were shed at parting, and Frances was the last to kiss the bride, who could not bear to leave her. At length Philip advanced, and Frances

held out her hand to say good-bye. He took it in a trembling clasp, and then: "May I, Frances—my cousin Frances?" he asked, imploringly, placing his arm round her. She started back, her face flushing crimson.  
"Kiss him, Frances," said Rose.  
The girl hesitated; but, unwilling to vex Rose on her wedding-day, she submitted to the embrace. As his trembling lips touched hers she turned as pale as death, and tried to withdraw herself from his encircling arm.  
"Forgive me," he whispered, and turning to Rose, placed her little hand on his arm and passed out of the house to the carriage without a word.  
So in the lovely month of roses Philip and his fair little bride left the shores of America; and her aunt and cousin missed the bright young creature who had been the sunshine of their home. They heard often from the travelers, and Rose's letters were filled with praises of Philip, but her happiness was not complete without Frances.  
At length the letters ceased, and Frances became alarmed lest Rose should be ill, when Philip wrote, late in October, begging Mrs. Fleming and her daughter to start at once for Rome—Rose was ill, having caught cold in crossing the Simplon en route to Italy.  
Frances was all impatience to leave. She knew that Philip would not have been so urgent for their presence if he had not been alarmed. "Oh, my Rosebud, you will never see home again," she thought, as she assisted her mother to pack the few belongings they intended to take. Mrs. Fleming was aghast at the idea of going to Europe without a gentleman, but was somewhat reassured as she remembered the energy and self-reliance of her daughter in cases of emergency; and they were soon on their way to Rome, which city they reached in December, and found the Lindsays settled in a hotel on the Piazza di Spagna.  
But ah! what a change had come over their blooming Rosebud, who lay back upon her pillows gasping for breath, the round young form wasted to a shadow, while a bright hectic spot burned on one thin cheek, and her sweet blue eyes glittered with feverish luster.  
Poor little Rose! her short life was nearly ended now. The severe cold caught on the mountains had terminated in rapid decline, her lungs being weak from consumption inherited from her mother.  
Philip was haggard and worn with anxiety and watching, and could not restrain his tears at the sight of the relatives from whom he had taken their flower in all its bright young bloom. And Rose! Her happiness was complete now that Frances had come. She was perfectly resigned to die, and spoke of her departure with the utmost composure.  
"I have had my share of happiness," she said to Frances, who hung over her in mute despair. "My short life has been without a cloud. If I had lived longer Philip might have died, or you, and then I could not have borne to live after you. Comfort Philip, Frances, when I am gone. He has been so kind, so lenient to all my faults and follies. Tell him that he made me very happy, but he must not grieve for me. It is better as it is."  
And so the little Rosebud faded from earth to bloom a perfect flower in the paradise above. But it was hard to give her up and to carry home her senseless clay to the land from whence only nine months before she had set forth a radiant, happy bride.  
Philip mourned for his fair young wife, whom he had tenderly loved, and the thought that he had done his duty by her and never permitted her to guess his love for Frances, comforted him now in his bereavement. He returned to New York after the death of Rose and threw himself with ardor into the study of law, writing occasional letters to Mrs. Fleming, which were answered by her daughter in a rather constrained style. But Philip was biding his time, and kept himself acquainted with all that happened in Baltimore.  
On the eve of the fourteenth of February, two years afterward, Frances was seated alone in the parlor, her mother having retired with a headache. She was even more beautiful than when she first saw her; all her haughtiness of manner having given place to a tender, melancholy grace, and her dark eyes were full of a softness which told of unshed tears.  
She was very lonely to-night, thinking of poor little Rose, and wondering why all that beauty and brightness were permitted to gladden the earth for so short a time.  
And yet Rose was happy; she had, like Thecla, tasted all the bliss that life can offer—she had lived and loved. "Am I never to know it? Am I to pass through life unloved?" murmured Frances.  
At this moment the bell rang, and a few moments afterward she heard the voice of Philip Lindsay in the hall. How her heart beat as he entered, and how her voice trembled as she gave him greeting.  
"I suppose you are surprised to see me?" he asked, as they seated themselves.  
"Yes; I had no idea you were in town."  
"I came over for a short time on particular business; in fact," and he drew his chair nearer to hers, "I have a story to tell you, Frances. It will not be very long; I will go back no further than this day three years ago."  
She started, but remained silent.  
"I sent Rose's valentine," he went on; "but I also sent one to you, and they were misdirected. Do you understand? Rose got the one with the note which I had written to you. I had asked a friend to direct for me, and he made a mistake. Can you imagine my despair when I found it out, and discovered at the same moment that Rose loved me! What could I do to repair the error, but I kept my secret, and was enabled to make that innocent child happy. You believe me, Frances!"  
"Yes, I do believe you; and I know that you made Rose happy," answered Frances, with tears of joy trembling in her dark eyes.  
The wrong, saved by asking her to marry me? She accepted me—and I—well—I—"  
"My noble Frances! I knew that such would be your answer. And now, if you were to receive that note to-night, what would be your answer?" And he looked at her, his brown eyes full of

unutterable love—love such as he had never felt for his fair child-wife.  
"Philip," she whispered, "I have loved you from the first."  
These were the same words which Rose had uttered on a similar occasion, but he had forgotten that; forgotten everything but the fact that Frances was his at last.  
"Philip," she said, as her graceful head rested against his heart, "Rose told me to comfort you."  
He kissed her as she spoke, and thought that Rosebud's dying words were true: "It is better as it is."  
**A Fight with a Tarantula.**  
Texas natural history is not without novelties for the scientific or the curious readers of more northern climes. Among them is a horned frog, which inhabits the prairies west of the Trinity; from the tip of the broad nose arises a cimeter-like horn, sharp as a knife-point, and on which, if you happen to step with the naked foot, in a puddle of water, a painful wound is received. Not infrequently has the otherwise-harmless little animal been forwarded to northern museums as a curiosity. But it isn't equal to another Texas creature—the tarantula. He is the desperado of the spider family; frequently attains the size of the hand, and with its great, glaring, black eyes and frightful claws, seldom fails to present an appearance so formidable that a sensitive lady, even if used to seeing the tarantula, will scream at the sight. The tarantula is in fact only a big spider, and usually makes his home in the open prairie, dwelling with his family in a nest concealed beneath the tall grass. If you tackle him in his retreat, you will very soon repent your temerity, for he springs at you like a tiger, jumping to an astonishing height, sometimes three or four feet. He is one of the most poisonous of the family of the arachnids, and his bite is said to be more fatal than that of the rattlesnake. In a settlement called Grapevine Prairie, near Fort Worth, some time ago, the son of a farmer named Featherstone was one day occupied gathering rocks on the roadside. Upon overturning a large flat rock he was suddenly confronted by a large tarantula, the size of a man's hand, snugly ensconced in his nest along with a number of young tarantulas. The big one was yellow and black striped, and displayed the same imitable colors that nature bestows on the "beautiful snake." Seizing a good-sized stick, Master Featherstone attacked the enemy in his stronghold, and was met with an unexpected resistance. He succeeded in breaking off one leg, or rather claw, of the devilish dry land, but the tarantula, enraged, sprang upon the aggressor, and, quick as thought, with his great black eyes glittering with fendish ferocity, fastened himself on the boy's hand and arm. Before he could be dislodged, the tarantula had inflicted two probably fatal bites on the hand and arm, both of which subsequently swelled to three times their natural size, so virulent is the poison of this desperado of the prairies. The boy, however, succeeded in killing the tarantula.  
**What is Covered by Insurance.**  
People, when procuring insurance, are not particular enough in specifying the articles they wish covered by their policies of insurance, so that when a fire occurs they find the property which they supposed was insured has no insurance upon it. When a store building is insured, the fixtures, fitting up and counters are not covered by the policy on the building, unless specified, as they are not considered in law a part of the realty. If a stock of merchandise is insured, the fixtures, counters, show-cases, stoves, iron safes, scales and weights are not covered unless specified and a specific amount put upon them.  
When the contents of a dwelling are insured, the term "household furniture" is a very comprehensive one, and includes nearly everything ordinarily used by a family in housekeeping, and is now held to include a pianoforte, although it is better to have a specific amount upon it. It does not, of course, include family wearing-apparel or provisions, which must be named separately, neither does it include silverware, paintings, pictures, jewelry, melodeon, books, watches or fancy articles, all of which, to be covered by the policy, must be named separately and have a specified amount upon each.  
When the contents of a barn are insured they should be specified, as so much on hay and grain, such an amount on so many horses, cows or oxen, naming the number, and have the amount specified that is to be paid on each in case of partial loss. When a fire occurs and the sufferer finds that many articles are not covered by his policy which he supposed were insured, he censures the insurance company or the agents, when the fault, if any, is that he is not sufficiently explicit in specifying the property he desires to get insured.—*Warwick Advertiser*.

### The Greatest Fires.

London, in 1666—13,200 buildings destroyed; loss, \$55,000,000.  
Moscow, 1812—30,800 buildings burned; loss, \$150,000,000. Only 6,000 houses left standing.  
Savannah, 1820—463 buildings burned; loss, \$8,000,000.  
New York, 1835—648 buildings burned; loss, \$18,000,000.  
Pittsburgh, 1845—1,200 buildings burned; loss, \$5,000,000.  
St. Louis, 1849—418 buildings and twenty-seven steamboats burned; loss, \$5,000,000.  
San Francisco, 1851—2,500 buildings burned; loss, \$17,000,000.  
Constantinople, 1852—3,500 buildings burned.  
Hamburg, 1852—1,747 buildings burned.  
Portland, 1866—1,600 buildings burned; loss above insurance, \$5,500,000.  
Constantinople, 1870—Over 7,000 buildings burned; 1,000 lives and \$25,000,000 worth of property lost.  
Chicago, Oct., 1871—South and north sides almost completely burned over; loss, \$125,000,000.  
Boston, 1876—A fourth of business portion of the city destroyed; loss, \$50,000,000.  
**That Excited Individual.**  
He is always on the street, and if you walk much you will be sure to meet him at least once a week. He bears down at a rapid pace, and appears to be going to pass on your left; but at the distance of two feet he suddenly ducks to the right. You put on your brakes and try to veer to the east; he veers to the east; you try the west; he tries the west; you try the gutter side; he tries the gutter side; you try the inside; he tries the inside; you become excited and jump for an opening on the right; he flushes up and jumps in the same direction. There are but two ways to get by this excited idiot. The one is to right-about face and go around the block; the other is to grab him around the waist and hold him till a policeman comes up and lets you go by.  
The leg of a "Granther Graybeard" (which is a species of spider) retains its vitality one or two days after being severed from the body.

### THE GREAT DIAMOND FRAUD.

**Death of the Man Who Realized a Fortune by Selling a Western Valley with Jewels—Account of the Scheme.**  
A letter from Louisville, Ky., mentions the death of Philip Arnold, at his beautiful home in Elizabethtown, that State, and continues: Seven or eight years ago Arnold's diamond mine speculation made his name as well known throughout the world as was ever that of John Law or any other shrewd schemer who successfully imposed on credulous speculators. Arnold was born in Hardin county about fifty years ago, and was bred there, being apprenticed to a hatter. He ran away before his term of service expired, and enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war. After peace was declared he went to California, and remained there until 1871, when he appeared in Elizabethtown and opened a large account in the local bank. It was said that he had discovered an immense diamond field in California, and had come home to enjoy, among old friends, the fruits of his good fortune. Speedily, however, on the heels of this rumor, came the allegations of J. B. Cooper, a San Francisco bookkeeper, who made affidavit that the diamond field was a gigantic swindle that Arnold had planned and persuaded him to help carry out.  
Arnold sailed for Europe with some \$40,000, and bribed two sailors to go among the London jewelers and buy what diamonds they could in the rough. He got together in this way \$37,000 worth of cheap stones, something like a bushel in quantity, and sailed back to California. Some months afterward a number of wealthy San Francisco speculators, among whom were William B. Ralston and William M. Lent, were told that Arnold and a friend of his named Black, also an Elizabethtown boy, had stumbled upon a valley in which diamonds, sapphires, and gems of various kinds and values were to be picked up with only the trouble of stooping for them. The lucky finders had a bagful of the jewels in their possession that they claimed to have gathered in the valley, and they were displayed in such profusion that one of the speculators says that they covered one end of a billiard table an inch deep.  
Arnold took his bag of gems to New York, and a company with a capital of \$10,000,000 was suggested to work the mine. Nearly \$100,000 worth of stock was subscribed, and Henry Janin, an expert, was engaged to explore the valley and report upon the prospect. Arnold led the expedition that was fitted out for the purpose. They started from Denver, Col., on May 28, 1872, and after traveling for nine days, Arnold told them they were on the spot. They afterward ascertained that they were only thirty miles from the point of departure. But the valley more than fulfilled their wildest anticipations. They spent seven days there, and gathered in that time 1,000 carats of diamonds and 6,000 carats of other precious stones. Janin's report was an enthusiastic one. There had already been paid \$250,000 to Arnold, and on Janin's report \$400,000 worth of stock was sold, of which Arnold got \$300,000.  
Information of the alleged discovery soon reached England, and the London Times demonstrated the geological impossibility of there being so many jewels of such various kinds in one locality, and further exposed the swindle by making known the fact that persons from California had attracted attention the year before in London by buying up all the rough diamonds to be found in the city. The managers of the company then sent Clarence King, United States geologist, to visit the valley. He soon ascertained that the ground had been plainly "salted." Holes had been poked with a common stick into the clay, the jewels dumped into them and stopped up again.  
A few weeks after the exposure several California capitalists sued Arnold and Black in the Kentucky courts for the recovery of \$350,000. The suit was compromised by the payment of \$150,000. No criminal action was ever begun against either of the men.  
Arnold established a bank in Elizabethtown, and between him and L. M. Longshaw, who also had a bank there, there had been much rivalry and bad feeling. A letter to a commercial agency in June last, reflecting on the financial standing of Arnold's bank, was attributed to his rival, and began a suit against him for \$25,000 damages. H. N. Holdsworth, one of Longshaw's clerks, took an active part in the controversy, and Arnold cowed him in the street. They met again in a barroom on Aug. 23d last, and Arnold knocked Holdsworth down. Holdsworth ran to the bank, got a shotgun, and fired at Arnold as he came from the barroom. Arnold returned the fire with his pistol, shooting five times. None of the shots hit Holdsworth, but one of them struck John Anderson, a farmer, passing entirely through his stomach. The second time Holdsworth fired, the entire load lodged in Arnold's right breast and shoulder. He never thoroughly recovered from the effects of the wound, although it was not the immediate cause of his death. None of the persons engaged in the *melee* were prosecuted.  
Mr. Arnold's bank was one of the most flourishing in Kentucky. He was very hospitable, his stable was noted for its fast stock, and his fruit farm is the boast of Hardin county.