Independent Republican.

H. H. FRAZIER, Publisher. "Freedom and Right against Slavery and Wrong." $2.00 per annum, in advance.

VOLUME 11. MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO., PA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1865. NUMBER 2.

Business Directory.

CHARLES HOLES,

DEALER IN CLOCKS, WATCHES, AND JEWELRY. Repairing done as usual, on short notice and reasonable terms. Shop on east side Public Avenue in F. B. Chandler's store.
Montrose, Pa., Nov. 7, 1864.

DR. E. L. HANDRICK,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his professional services to the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity. Office in the office of Dr. Lee. Boards at J. Hosford's.
Friendsville, July 21, 1864.—tf

E. W. SMITH,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW and Licensed Claim Agent. Office over Lee's Drug store.
Susquehanna Depot January 23, 1864.

H. BURRITT,

DEALER in Staple and Fancy Dry Goods, Crockery, Hardware, Iron, Stoves, Drugs, Oils and Paints, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Furs, Buffalo Robes, Groceries, Provisions, &c.
New Milford, Pa., April 11, 1864.—tf

S. H. SAYRE & BROTHERS,

MANUFACTURERS of Mill Castings, Castings of all kinds of Stoves, Tin and Sheet Iron Ware, Agricultural Implements and Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Crockery, &c.
Montrose, Pa., February 23, 1864.

W. E. & J. R. KIRBY,

KEEP constantly on hand a good assortment of GROCERIES; also, a good assortment of FRESH MEAT. Shop under W. H. Boyd's Tin Shop.
Montrose, February 3, 1864.

BILLINGS STROUD,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT. Office in Lathrop's building, east end of Brick Block. In his absence, business at the office will be transacted by O. L. Brown.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—tf

J. D. VAIL, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly respond to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored. Office and Residence West of the Court House, near Beatley & Fitch's.
Montrose, February 1, 1864.—Oct. 23, 1863.

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, BOUNTY, BACK PAY and PENSION CLAIM AGENT. All Pension Claims carefully prepared. Office in room formerly occupied by Dr. Vail, in W. H. Boyd's building, below Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Pa., Feb. 1, 1864.—tf

S. S. ROBERTSON,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Owego Street, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, January 23, 1864.—tf

CHARLES MORRIS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER and HAIR DRESSER, over F. B. Chandler's Shoe Store, Montrose. Hair Cutting, Shampooing, Shaving, and Whisker Coloring done to the Life of Life. Ladies' Hair Dressed in the most APPROVED FASHION.
Montrose, Sept. 23, 1863.—tf

LEWIS KIRBY & E. BACON,

KEEP constantly on hand a full supply of every variety of GROCERIES and CONFECTIONERIES. By strict attention to business and fair dealing they expect to receive a liberal patronage of the public. An OYSTER and EATING SALOON is attached to the Grocery, where bivalves, in season, are served in every style that the tastes of the public demand. Remember the place, the old Mott Grocery stand, on Main Street, below the Postoffice.
Montrose, Nov. 17, 1863.—mch17,63.—tf

DR. CALVIN C. HALSEY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, AND EXAMINING SURGEON for PENSIONERS. Office over the store of J. Lyons & Son, Public Avenue. Boards at Mr. Etheridge's.
Montrose, October, 1859.—tf

D. A. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Pension, Bounty, and Back Pay Agent, Great Bend, Susquehanna County, Pa.
Great Bend, August 10, 1863.—1y

BOYD & WEBSTER,

DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware, Window Sash, Paint Brushes, Window Glass, Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop south of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near the Methodist Church.
Montrose, Pa., January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. JOHN W. COBB,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Susquehanna County. Having had about a year's experience in the United States Army, as Surgeon, special attention will be given to SURGICAL OPERATIONS.
☞ Residence on Maple Street, East of J. S. Tarbell's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. County, Pa., June 23, 1863.—tf

DR. WILLIAM W. SMITH,

SURGEON DENTIST. Office over the Banking Office of Cooper & Co. All Dental Operations will be performed in his usual good style and warranted. Remember, office formerly of H. Smith & Son.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

E. J. ROGERS,

MANUFACTURER of all descriptions of WAGONS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS, &c., in the cheapest style of Workmanship and of the best materials. Shop at the well known stand of E. E. ROGERS, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line.
Montrose, June 1, 1863.—tf

BALDWIN & ALLEN,

DEALERS in FLOUR, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Cheese and Country Produce. Also GROCERIES such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea and Coffee. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Etheridge.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

DR. G. W. BEACH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, having permanently located himself at Brooklyn Center, Pa., tenders his professional services to the citizens of Susquehanna County, on terms commensurate with the times. Occupies the office of the late Dr. B. Richardson, and boards at Mrs. Richardson's.
Brooklyn Center, Pa., June 4, 1864.—1y

F. B. WEEKS,

PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER; also Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Leather, and Shoe Findings. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Two doors above Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

JOSEPH RICE,

MANUFACTURER and DEALER in all kinds of CHAIRS. Shop four miles east of New Milford Borough.
New Milford, October 1, 1863.—tf

DRS. PATRICK & GARDNER,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, will attend faithfully and punctually to all business that may be entrusted to their care, on terms commensurate with the times. Diseases and deformities of the EYE, Surgical Operations, and all Surgical Diseases particularly attended to. Office over Webb's Store. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf
W. PATRICK, Jr.,
E. L. GARDNER.

WM. & WM. H. JESSUP,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Montrose, Pa. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne Counties.
Montrose, Pa., January 1st, 1861.

ALBERT CHAMBERLIN,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY AND ATTORNEY AT LAW.—Office over Post Brothers' formerly occupied by Post Brothers.
Montrose, Pa. January 1, 1860.

J. LYONS & SON,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Tinware, Books, Melodeons, Pianos, and all kinds of Musical Instruments, Sheet Music, &c. Also carry on the Book Binding business in all its branches.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.
J. LYONS,
T. A. LYONS.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Dye stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Liquors, Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, Wall-Paper, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Clocks, Brushes, &c.—and Agent for all of the most popular Patent Medicines.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

C. O. FORDHAM,

MANUFACTURER of BOOTS & SHOES, Montrose, Pa. Shop over DeWitt's Store. All kinds of work made to order, and repairing done neatly. Work done when promised.
Montrose, April 2, 1861.—tf

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

DEALER in BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Main st., third door below Searle's Hotel. N. B. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Pa., December 12, 1860.

B. R. LYONS & CO.,

DEALERS in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS, SHOES, Ladies' Gaiters, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Wall and Window Paper, Paints, Oils, &c. Store on the east side of Public Avenue.
B. R. LYONS,
J. D. LYONS.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.—tf

READ, WATROUS, & FOSTER,

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c. Brick Block, Montrose.
G. F. READ, A. WATROUS, H. C. FOSTER.
Montrose, January 1, 1864.

PHILANDER LINES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Brick Block, over Read, Watrous & Foster's Store, Montrose, Pa.
Montrose, Pa., July 27, 1859.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR. Shop opposite the Republican Steam Printing Office.
Montrose, Pa., October 23, 1860.—tf

D. A. LYONS,

DEALER in Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour, Salt, Crockery, Hardware, &c. Store on Main Street.
Susquehanna Depot, February 11, 1863.—tf

BEAUMONT & WARD,

WOOL CARDING, Cloth Dressing, and Manufacturers, at the old stand known as Smith's Carding Machine. Terms made known when the work is presented.
JOHN BEAUMONT.
Lanesboro, May 20, 1862.

BENTLEY & LOOMIS,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, Scranton, Pa. Office over Fuller's Drug Store, on Lackawanna Avenue, near the Provost Marshall's Office. Military Exemption Papers made out. Persons in Susquehanna County, if drafted, would do well to call on us. Information by letter cheerfully given, and all business entrusted to us promptly attended to.
C. S. BENTLEY.
Scranton, Pa., Sept. 23, 1864.—tf
F. B. LOOMIS.

I. H. BURNS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office with William J. Turrell, Esq., Opposite Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Nov. 18, 1863.—tf

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

Three months at sea, and one on shore;
Three months at sea—yet not afloat;
Around our home the breakers roar,
Yet own we neither ship nor boat.
Rock-based, amid the swirl of foam,
The lighthouse stands—it is our home.

Three months at sea—a dreary time—
The ship goes gally on its way;
Now and again a mellow chime
Comes to us through the dash of spray.
The ship will reach the nether zone
While we still pace the lighthouse lone.

While we still pace, and hear the sound
That comes from yon far village spire,
Where wife and children gather round
The cheery board, the crackling fire;
Or seaward gaze, at dead of night,
To watch our slow, revolving light.

The skipper, through the midnight haze,
Marks well its gleam, and feels its worth,
"God's blessing on the light!" he says,
But gives it still a wider berth.
And so it shines, from sun to sun,
A thing to bless, and yet to shun.

And when the tempests howl and rave,
And driving clouds shut out the day,
And o'er the lantern-top the wave
Flies skyward into feathered spray,
We laugh, my comrades twain and I.
We feel ourselves so warm and dry.

The lighthouse quivers to its base,
Yet, sung again, we know no fears;
We know its stones could fearless face
Still stouter gales in bygone years.
Thank God, our lot is not amiss,
There's many a life far worse than this.

A DETECTIVE'S STORY—THE LEFT-HANDED ASSASSIN.

BY THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

I was called down from London to Ipswich on an errand peculiar to one of my profession. I reached the inn where I was to meet a fellow-detective, who had expected both time and patience in attempting to ferret out a mysterious murder. But it appeared to be one of those singular cases that defy human detection, and which are generally abandoned by those appointed to discover the culprit, and left to divine vengeance.

I met Mr. Croft, who formally resigned in my favor, and after taking a glass of rum-punch with him, returned to the city, while I prepared for my journey.

I will now state how the matters stood. Some three and a half miles from Ipswich stood a stone mansion, the property of Charles Simonds, a retired barrister. He resigned his profession, owing to having unexpected left to him a handsome legacy by an only brother, who, after amassing a fortune in Australia, took it into his head to die. Charles was his sole heir. Mr. Simonds had practiced law in Ipswich, but his health had never been very robust, and soon after entering into this legacy, he purchased the mansion alluded to and retired from business, seeking the quiet and rest one in his station so greatly needed.

He married when young, but he made a great mistake in selecting a partner for life. His wife was pretty, (the snare that caught him,) but wholly devoid of principle; illiterate and low in her tastes, she became the bane of his life.

She had a brother who occasionally visited the house, and who ingratiated himself in Mr. Simonds' favor by his amiable manners, genteel address, and the frequent brotherly lectures he read to Mrs. Clara Simonds, his sister.

Morris Opdyke was always well dressed when he came to the house, and his conduct was unexceptionable, quite in contrast to that of his sister.

What his profession was could not be ascertained by Mr. Simonds. When he asked his wife, she replied, she did not know, and he forbore questioning Mr. Opdyke himself, for the reason that the gentleman never spoke of having any business.

All that could be learned was that he resided in London, made periodical visits to Ipswich, and remained there two or three days, then left again. Neither, no one could tell, or those who could would not.

When Mr. Simonds retired from business and took possession of the mansion, Opdyke came more frequently, and his visits were more prolonged.

In spite of lectures, he and his sister seemed to agree amazingly well, and to Mr. Simonds' great satisfaction, she grew more refined, or, more properly speaking, her vulgar every day. Refined she would probably never be; it was not in her nature to be so; but she managed, by some means, to render herself less obnoxious to her husband, and he conducted himself toward her accordingly.

Matters stood thus five years, when Mrs. Clara Simonds contracted a malignant fever and died in five days after the symptoms manifested themselves. This occurred during the absence of her brother, and she was interred before he knew even that she was sick.

When he heard of the sad event, his rage was terrible to behold. He accused Charles Simonds of being the cause of her death, and threatened to have the affair thoroughly investigated.

But ascertaining that his sister died from natural causes, he suddenly disappeared from the neighborhood, and came to visit Charles Simonds no more.

There were no children born to Mr. Simonds; hence, in the event of his death, the estate would fall into the hands of distant relations, who had gone to America years before.

One day, some time after the death of his wife, Charles Simonds examined her personal effects, and was surprised to find among her papers a will, with her signature attached to it. Rather amused at this discovery, he sat down to read it, and found that she had, in case of her death, bequeathed all her real and personal property to her brother, Morris Opdyke.

Her property, when she had none to bequeath? She was as poor as a church mouse, (to use a homely but quite forcible phrase), when Charles Simonds married her. Where, then, was this legacy to her brother from her to come from?

Thus reasoned the widower when he read the curious document; but presently the truth flashed upon his brain. The letter had been made in the expectation that she would survive him, then she and her brother would revel in his wealth, and after her death all would be his.

"Was this a conspiracy against him?" was his mental question; "and they calculated confidently on his demise? If so, is it not probable that they meditated using means to accomplish the desired object?" Horrible thought.

He turned to the will to see the date. It had been written six months previous to her death; the witnesses' names were not familiar to him.

He communicated this discovery to his legal adviser, and mentioned the suspicion that had entered his breast. The attorney said it looked remarkably suspicious, yet still they might have meant no harm. The attorney added:

"If such a plot did exist it does so no longer, at least it cannot affect you; for what would Morris Opdyke gain by your death?"

"True," replied Simonds, "I need not fear anything from him.

Yet in two weeks from this conversation, Charles Simonds was found sitting in his chair in the library, stone dead. He had been shot through the heart, the ball entering his back.

He must have been dead many hours before the servants discovered him, and the strangest part of the affair was, that none of them heard the report of the pistol or gun.

He entered his library after supper, and, as was his usual custom, sat there reading, until the hour for retiring—which was eleven o'clock. They discovered his dead body in the morning, and at once gave the alarm.

All these particulars Mr. Croft related to me, and he had little faith in my ability to make any more out of the affair than he had done.

I reached the mansion, and at once entered upon the business that brought me there. I examined the room where the murder had been committed, and discovered that Mr. Simonds had been sitting with his back towards the window at the time he was shot, and so true had been the aim, that the ball sped through the heart, completely severing it in two, as was ascertained by a post mortem examination.

A broken pane of glass in the library window attested whence the shot came. The library was on the second floor and situated in the north wing of the mansion. To gain access to this window—the only one the room contained—the murderer must have encountered great difficulty, unless he used a ladder to reach it.

There was one other way, which was to climb to the window by the leaden water spout. I examined the ground beneath the window, and could see no sign of a ladder having been placed there; not a trace of footsteps was visible, and I came to the conclusion that recourse was had to the spout.

I procured a ladder, and placed it beside the water spout, and made a careful examination of it from the ground up to the library window.

I was soon assured that the murderer had made use of that means to reach the window. The lead was soft and yielding, and it bore the finger marks of the assassin—each finger having made an impression on the metal.

When I had finished this part of the examination, I sat down and pondered well over the matter. I had made two very important discoveries; one was the assassin must have fired the weapon with his left hand, for I was perfectly convinced that no man could have held himself by the water spout with his left hand, and reached the window with the right, so as to enable him to fire at an object in the middle of the room, where Mr. Simonds invariably sat while reading, and where he was found seated when discovered in the morning. Now, what could I deduct from this circumstance, but the fact that the assassin was left handed? My reason for the conviction was a good one. None but a left handed person could have made so fatal a shot from the position he must necessarily have occupied at the time, and that he knew how to use the weapon was also manifest for no chance shot could have been so fatal in a thousand trials. This, then, was conclusive evidence, and though I made the discovery, I communicated it to no one.

The other discovery was no less important. The man who climbed by the spout had but three fingers on the right hand! This was plainly seen by the finger marks on the metal; the spout was marked but in four places by the right hand—the thumb and three fingers, the index finger was gone

I gave instructions not to allow any one to meddle with the spout, and deputized a constable to see that my orders were strictly obeyed.

I next questioned the servants of the late Mr. Simonds, four in number, and elicited the following information.

On the evening previous to the finding of the dead body of Mr. Simonds, a female mendicant stopped at the mansion, and requested permission to stop over night. The woman, a delicate looking creature, seemed much worn out by her tramp during the day, and the kind hearted cook bade her stay, at the same time asking her to take a cup of tea, and something to eat.

The poor creature was half starved, and ate ravenously; after satisfying her hunger, she laid down on a bed the cook had prepared on the floor for her and in a short time fell asleep.

The woman had a small black travelling valise with her, which she placed under her head before lying down.

Next morning, the woman had gone before any one else had arisen, and, strange to say, she had left the black valise lying in some bushes in the rear of the house. It was not discovered until after the departure of Mr. Croft, the detective.

I instantly asked to see the valise; it was produced and I broke the lock without hesitation, hoping I might get some further clue to the perpetrator of this (probably pretended) mendicant was an accomplice.

The valise contained absolutely nothing—it was empty. I was on the point of throwing it aside, when I felt the rustling of a paper in the lining; I fished it from its hiding place; it proved to be a letter—its date was three weeks old. The envelope had no address on it, nor had the letter any signature. It ran thus:

"Ipswich, June 2, 1859.

"Call on me, No. 35, Hollings Court, and ask for me. I have a fat job for you and your girl. Call between the hours of nine and ten in the evening. Burn this letter after you have read it."

This was all the letter contained; no names were mentioned. It was evident that the request to destroy the note had not been complied with. Either the recipient meant to keep it for future use, or it had been lost sight of; for when I found it, it was crushed and torn by the feet of the coarse linings of the valise in such a manner as almost to escape the notice of one any but that of a detective, bent upon getting every clue he possibly could to ferret out a murder. The reader has seen how even I came very near throwing away this, perhaps, important document.

I made strict inquiries whether anything had been purloined by this woman, and was answered in the negative; at least they supposed not, for nothing had yet been missed.

The kitchen door leading out into the yard, as well as the gate, had been left unfastened by the woman, so I followed the path she had probably taken when leaving the mansion, and soon came upon a clump of bushes where were strewed some scraps of newspaper; these I examined, and saw they were pieces of a London paper.

While mechanically placing the pieces of newspaper in my pocket, I cast my eyes around the spot, and presently they alighted on a square cut glass bottle, of about four ounces capacity. I picked it up; the cork was in it and the bottle contained a limpid liquid, perhaps two ounces. A label on it designated that it contained chloroform. I opened it, and was soon convinced such was the case.

The label had on it the business place of an apothecary well-known to me. I concluded to keep the bottle for the purpose of ascertaining who had purchased it and for what.

I had no doubt now but that the subtle drug had been used as a means to stupefy the inmates of the mansion while the murder was committed. The woman had probably put the servants to sleep, and her husband, from the outside, committed the dastardly deed. The reason he did not enter the house and shoot the inmates as they slept was, they were rendered insensible, was probably owing to the fact that Mr. Simonds invariably barred the library door when he retired at night. The past must have been known to the assassin, hence the mode adopted to accomplish his object.

I obtained no further clue; in fact, I thought I had sufficient for my purpose. I came to the following conclusions, and contemplated acting upon them.

Some intelligent person, who desired revenge on Mr. Simonds, had hired another person and his wife to do the deed he probably shrank from. I had every reason to suspect Morris Opdyke as the principal in the affair, and it was my object, first, to find out where he resided in London, and then take measures to ferret out this left handed murder

The reason I wished to see Morris Opdyke was to discover whether he was left handed, or whether he was minus a finger on the other hand. I forebore questioning the servants on this subject; probably they might have informed me correctly, but then rumors will talk, and my suspicions would have been thrown to the winds, which might have waited my suspicions to the ears of the culprit. To avoid these contretemps, I held my tongue, and started for London.

I called upon the apothecary, and handing him the bottle I asked him if he recollected to whom he had sold it the chloroform; he at once replied in the affirmative and gave the name of Opdyke.

I was quite surprised at the information, and could not speak for a moment, so unexpected was it. I had only hoped to get a partial description of the purchaser, and intended to compare it with that of Opdyke, a description of whom I had obtained of the legal adviser of the late Charles Simonds.

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Opdyke?" I asked.

"No, sir."

"How, then, do you know it was he who purchased the drug?"

"Because, just as he was paying for it, another gentleman entered the shop and called him by name."

I here made the apothecary describe the personal appearance of Opdyke, and it tallied with that given me by Mr. Croft; perfect in every particular.

I had an advertisement inserted in the papers by which means I ascertained the residence of Morris Opdyke. He lived in fine style, and was presumed to be a gamester by vocation. He was unmarried, but entertained his acquaintances in a superb manner. He had some half dozen servants to minister to his wishes.

I managed to become acquainted with a person who had the entree of his house, and had the satisfaction of accompanying him one day to one of Opdyke's regal entertainments.

To all casual observers, I entered upon the enjoyment of the hour with great zest, but I nevertheless kept a keen eye upon all that transpired around me.

I soon convinced myself that Opdyke was not left handed, nor had he lost one of his fingers. It was then certain that he was not the actual perpetrator of the deed.

I examined the hands of every guest, but could not discover my man. One, it is true, I took to be left handed, from the fact that he always took up his glass with that hand; but then that was nothing, for I knew right hand folks to do the same thing.

I however, looked at his right hand; the fingers were all there, or, at least, appeared to be, for the man wore kid gloves.

Suddenly a bright idea entered my brain, and I resolved to carry it out. I provided myself with a pin, and watched for an opportunity when he should lay his hand on a chair or table. In the mean time, I had been introduced to him; he called himself David Jarret, and was a married man.

The opportunity presented itself; he rested his right hand on the table, when I directed his attention to a distant part of the room, and while he looked, I drove the pin into his index finger, just above the first joint.

He did not move his hand! I withdrew the pin; it came out as easily as it had entered. The substance it had entered was not flesh, but cotton! I beheld the assassin of Charles Simonds; of that I was firmly convinced. I resolved to try another test. I had the letter found in the valise in my possession. I went home, took an exact copy from it, sent a copy in an envelop to Mr. Opdyke by a boy, after which I returned to the saloon of my host, excusing myself for the temporary absence.

According to my instructions, the lad entered the room and handed the envelope to Morris Opdyke. I had written nothing in it; I merely sent a copy. I wanted to see how it affected him.

The ruse was perfectly successful. As soon as he glanced at it he turned pale, and when he concluded he cast a glance around him, then leisurely sauntering towards the spot where Jarret sat playing cards, he handed him the note, then beckoned him to follow.

Opdyke entered a side door, presently followed by his accomplice.

Now was the period for action. I had some half dozen of the boldest policemen, stationed within hearing. I gave the signal, they entered, and in a very short time had my birds caged.

It was subsequently ascertained that Mr. Simonds had been robbed of a very large amount of gold and bank notes. So the assassin must have entered the house after despatching his victim, and added the crime of robbery to that of murder.

I could now account for the splendid manner in which Mr. Morris Opdyke lived. He lived on his blood money! The evidence against the culprits was too strong to admit any doubt of their guilt. They were duly arraigned, and their execution followed close upon their conviction.

I gained two things by my participation in the affair that Croft had abandoned in despair. The first was one thousand pounds, which was the reward offered for the apprehension of the assassin. The other was, I gained the reputation of being the shrewdest detective in the entire force, a title Croft envied me not a little.

OLD FASHIONED COMFORTS.

Our ancestors were frugal, self-denying people inured to hardships from the cradle, and were content to be almost without the luxuries of life, but they enjoyed some of the comforts to which many of us are strangers, (old fashioned comforts, we may say,) and among these the old fire place, as it used to be termed, held no mean rank. How vividly the picture of one of those spacious kitchens of the olden time comes to our mind, with its plain furniture and sanded floor, innocent of paint, but as white as the neatest of house-wives could make it. In one corner stood the clock, its very face wearing an aspect of good cheer, and seeming to smile benignantly upon a miniature moon over its head, which, tradition said, had at a remote period followed the rising and setting of its great prototype in the heavens, though its days of active service were long ago over.

But the crowning glory of that kitchen was not its white sanded floor; nor the high desk with its pigeon holes and secret drawers, which no venturesome youngster ever dared to invade; nor yet the old clock ticking so musically in the corner, but it was the old-fashioned fire place, with its blazing embers, huge back logs and iron fire dogs, that shed glory over the whole room, gilded the plain homely furniture with its light, and rendered the place a type of true New England "ye olden times."

Never was there such apples as those which swung around and around upon strings before the bright fire of winter's evening, never such baked potatoes as those buried deep in the ashes upon the hearth, never such corn-cakes as those which caught golden hue from the blazing embers, or turkey like those turned upon a spit, filling the room with savory odors so suggestive of a dainty repast.

Before the fire was the wooden settee, and here the children were wont to sit in the long evening, telling stories, cracking nuts, conning their lessons for the morrow, or listening in silence to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of their superiors, and anon gazing into the bright fire and conjuring up all sorts of grotesque and fanciful images from among the burning coals. No fabled genii with their magic lamp of enchantment, could build such gorgeous palaces, or create such gems as the child could discern amid the blazing embers of the old-fashioned fire place.

And we must not forget the chimney corner where sat our grandfather in his accustomed seat, his hair silvered with the snows of many winters—a venerable man, to whom old age came "frosty but kindly," and whose last days were like those of an Indian summer, serene and beautiful, even till the stars appeared in the Heaven.

How pure was the air in those days. The huge fire place, with its brisk draught, carried off the impurities of the atmosphere, and left the air pure, life-giving and healthful. Now we crouch around hot cooking stoves and think it strange that we feel so stupid and drowsy of an evening; or we huddle about air tight stoves and wonder that the senses numed and impure; or we sit down in chilly rooms heated by a furnace, and marvel that with all our costly furniture, soft carpets, bright mirrors and damask curtains, they are cheerless places—so unlike our ideas of a New England home.

Alas! that with all the so-called improvements of our advanced civilization, the fire should be permitted to go out forever in our old-fashioned fire places, thus burying in the ashes of the past so many means of health, home comfort, good cheer and happiness

INTERESTING SCRAPS.

A young lady complains to us that a certain young lawyer of her acquaintance doesn't stick to his profession. We don't know whether she means his profession of law or some profession made her.

A man is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half of the battle; it leaves easy work for the doctors.

Fashionable riding habits are very pretty, but unfashionable walking habits are pretty too, and a great deal better for the health.

If the world applauds us, we must thankfully receive it as a boon; for, if even the most deserving appear to expect it as a debt, it will never be paid.

Some untried men think themselves very brave, and others believe themselves great cowards; the former are quite as often mistaken as the latter.

We rather think the most reluctant slave to a vice that we ever saw was a poor fellow who had his fingers in one.

It is our duty not only to scatter benefits, but to strew flowers, for the sake of our fellow travelers in the pathway of this wretched world.

If you want to have a man your friend, don't get the fill will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudices of womankind.

There are two things that bestow consequence upon mere possessions and great debts.

Slanders, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

To quell the pride even of the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than ourselves.

A sweet girl is a sort of divinity to whom even the Scriptures do not forbid us to render "lip service."

The sunshine that makes the grass green and beautiful, nurtures and invigorates the snake in it.

Without confidence, friendship is but a mockery, and social intercourse a sort of war in disguise.

An improvement has been suggested to an old proverb—a thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

Farmers may console themselves that there is far dirtier work than working in the dirt.

DEATH IN THE WALL.

The *People's Journal of Health* has an article with this fearful title, which is an attack on wall paper. The writer says:

"A good clean paper is certainly more pleasant to the eye than a fissured and smutty wall, whose scales of lime are continually peeling off, and soiling every garment that comes in contact with it. And a proper use of paper is innocuous, and there is no other thing of similar stuff beneath it, it is not only more pleasant to the sense, but is almost equal to the whitened wall. But here is the difficulty. As a general rule, one coat of paper is put on over another, as the last gets too much soiled to look well, until several layers cover the original surface, thus often producing an actual cause of disease.

"A few years ago we occupied a house built some twenty years before, in the old English style, strong and solid, so that it seemed almost as good as, or better even, than new. We were gravely told that one room in it had seemed to be fatal to its occupants, hence for several years it had stood vacant. One of the first things which received attention was this ill-reputed apartment. It was a north room, so situated that a few slanting rays of sunlight peered into a corner of it for a short time only a portion of the year, entirely avoiding it for months together. Well, here surely was one cause of its unhealthfulness, but not enough. After the cobwebs were duly brushed out, we searched further. A good-sized fireplace and two large windows afforded entirely sufficient chance for ventilation, so we could not look there for the evil. The walls next received attention. They were covered with a heavy velvety green paper; but not only this, for upon peeling off a section with a knife, another green layer was found beneath it, and beneath this another, and yet another. The mystery was solved. The cause of the evil was evident. Nothing would have induced us to sleep in that apartment. None could tell how much of the elements of disease that thickly papered wall had retained. None knew how much of death there was in the wall! It seemed as if it gave out a positively sickening order, now, and its entire removal speedily followed. Thereafter, though not so desirable as some others, it ceased to have any hidden dangers or terrors, lurking to poison the fountain of life.

"It is a safe rule to choose patterns of wall paper without green colors, especially those heavy greens which so please the eye, for they contain an active poison, inimical to life, and it is always highly improper to place one layer of paper over another. Better submit to the dirt and annoyance of having the last and soiled paper removed, than expose yourselves to the chances of disease and death, through its retention."

RARA AVIS.

A wonderful bird from China is the subject of a Paris letter to the Chicago *Times*. The writer says:

Allow me to commend to the profound consideration of philanthropists, and of apostles of progress in general, a late importation which has arrived as a gift to the Jardin d' Acclimatization in the Bois de Boulogne. It is a new fowl, the eating of which makes men intelligent, according to Chinese authority. This bird is called a trigopans, and is a species of pheasant. The one just received is the first of its kind ever sent out of the Celestial Empire, and was presented to the Acclimatization Society by the French consul at Har-Rion. These pheasants are called Too-cheve-fet by the Chinese, meaning the bird that vomits flakes of silk. They are brought from the mountains Sen Cherson, and also from the Hong Tong districts, where they are much esteemed by the inhabitants for their plumage and for the delicacy of their flesh. Viceroys and rich people always keep a number of them in cages as curiosities. The size of the trogopan does not exceed that of the common hen. Its plumage displays the most varied and brilliant colors. The head is jet black, with a golden yellow crest; the eyes are large and bordered with blue; the neck is sky blue, the breast a fiery red; the back and abdomen are spotted white upon a red ground.

In summer it displays its magnificent plumage by puffing itself out and strutting about like a peacock, every now and then uttering a hoarse "caw," at the same moment thrusting out its tongue, a foot long, of a bright blue color, with fiery red spots along the middle, while two lovely blue horns make their appearance on its head. This curious show is kept up for about a quarter of an hour, when the tongue is drawn in, the horns subside, and the usual everyday toilet and sober demeanor are resumed—the end of the display being accompanied by a mocking scream, as much as to say, "Eh, how do you like it? I could do better if I chose." The Chinese say that the most wonderful qualities of these birds are not their external attractions, or their wholesomeness as an article of food. They are affirmed to respect their parents—are models of filial piety—watching over their parents when they are ill or grow old. I take it for granted that the administration of the Jardin d' Acclimatization will keep strict watch to discover whether these praiseworthy points of character develop themselves in a foreign country.

GEN. GRANT AND THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.

Gen. Sherman Furnishing Facts for History.

[*From the United States Service Magazine.*]

HDQRS. MILITARY DIVISION OF MISSISSIPPI.

Prof. Henry Coppee, Philadelphia:—DEAR SIR:—In the June number of the *United States Service Magazine* I find a brief sketch of Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant, in which I see you are likely to perpetuate an error, which Gen. Grant may not deem of sufficient importance to correct. To Gen. Buell's noble, able and gallant conduct you attribute the fact that the disaster of April 6th, at Pittsburg Landing, was retrieved, and made the victory of the following day. Grant says he said he thought we could give no doubted whether he was at the battle of Buena Vista at all, on account of the many things having transpired there, according to the historians, which he did not see, so I begin to doubt whether I was at the battle of Pittsburg Landing of modern description. But I was at the battles of April 6th and 7th, Gen. Grant joined my division in person about 10 a. m., when the battle raged fiercest. I was then on the right. After some general conversation, he remarked that I was doing right in stubbornly opposing the progress of the enemy; and, in answer to my inquiry as to cartridges, told me he had anticipated their coming, and given orders accordingly; he then said his presence was more needed over at the left. About 2 p. m., on the 6th, the enemy materially slackened his attack on me, and about 4 p. m., I deliberately made a new line behind McArthur's drill field, placing batteries on chosen ground, repelled easily a cavalry attack, and watched the cautious approach of the enemy's infantry, that never disclosed me there. I selected that line in advance of a bridge across Snake Creek, by which we had all day been expecting the approach of Lew Wallace's division from Crump's Landing. About 5 p. m., before the sun set, Gen. Grant came again to me, expressed great satisfaction at what he saw, explained to me the situation of affairs on the left, which were not as favorable. Still the enemy had failed to reach the landing of the boats. We agreed that the enemy had expended the *furore* of his attack, and we estimated our loss, and approximated our then strength, including Lew. Wallace's fresh division, expected each minute. He then ordered me to get all things ready, and at daylight the next day to assume the offensive. That was before Gen. Buell had arrived, but he was known to be near at hand. Gen. Buell's troops took no essential part in the first day's fight, and Grant's army, though collected together hastily, green as militia, some regiments arriving without cartridges even, and nearly all hearing the dread sound of battle for the first time, had successfully withstood and repelled the first day's terrific onset of a superior enemy, well commanded and well handled. I know I had orders from Gen. Grant to assume the offensive before I knew Gen. Buell was on the west side of the Tennessee. I think Gen. Buell, Col. Fry, and others of Gen. Buell's staff, rode up to where I was about sunset, about the time Gen. Grant was leaving me. Gen. Buell asked me many questions, and got of me a small map, which I had made for my own use, and told me that by daylight he could have eighteen thousand fresh men, which I know would settle the matter.

I understood Grant's forces were to advance on the right of the Corinth road and Buell's on the left, and accordingly at daylight I advanced my division by the flank, the resistance being trivial, up to the very spot where the day before the battle had been most severe, and then waited till near noon for Buell's troops to get up abreast, when the entire line advanced and recovered all the ground we had ever held. I know that with the exception of one or two struggles, the fighting of April 7th was easy as compared with that of April 6th.

I never was disposed, nor am I now, to question anything done by Gen. Buell and his army, and know that approaching our field of battle from the rear, he encountered that sickening crowd of laggards and fugitives that excited his contempt and that of his army, who never gave full credit to those in the front line, who did fight hard, who had, at 4 p. m., checked the enemy, and were preparing the next day to assume the offensive. I remember the fact the better from Gen. Grant's anecdote of the Donelson battle, which he told me then for the first time—that, at a certain period of the battle, he saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front, and he determined to do that very thing, to advance on the enemy, when, as he prognosticated, the enemy surrendered. At four p. m. of April 6th, he thought the appearances the same, and he judged, with Lew. Wallace's fresh division, and such of our startled troops as had recovered their equilibrium, he would be justified in dropping the defensive and assuming the offensive in the morning. And, I repeat, I received such orders before I knew Gen. Buell's troops were at the river. I admit that I was glad Buell was there, because I knew his troops were older than ours and better systematized and drilled, and his arrival made that certain which before was uncertain. I have heard this question much discussed, and must say that the officers of Buell's army dwelt too much on the stampede of some of our raw troops, and gave us too little credit for the fact that for one whole day, weakened as