The Montrose Democrat.

E. B. HAWLEY, Proprietor. MONTROSE, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 1, 1872. VOLUME XXIX, NUMBER 18.

Business Cards.

SHIPMAN & CASE.

Saddle, Harness and Trunk makers. Shop in C. Rogers' Store Building, Brooklyn, Pa. Oak Harnesses, heavy and light, made to order.
Brooklyn, April 3, 1872.—m6

M. D. SMITH

Having located at Jackson Center, Manufacturer of and Dealer in Light and Heavy Harnesses, Collars, Whips, Trunks, Saddles, &c., hoping by strict attention to business and fair dealing, to have a liberal share of patronage.
March 6, 1872.—no10—m3.

BURNS & NICHOLS,

DEALERS in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Dyestuffs, Paints, Oils, Varnish, Liquors, Spices, Fancy articles, Patent Medicines, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. ☞ Prescriptions carefully compounded.—Brick Block, Montrose, Pa.
A. H. BURNS. ANOS NICHOLS.
Feb. 21, 1872.

DR. D. A. LATHROP,

Administers ELECTRO THERMAL BATHS, at the Foot of Chestnut street. Call and consult in all Chronic Diseases.
Montrose, Jan. 17, '72.—no3—tf.

J. F. SHOEMAKER,

Attorney at Law, Montrose, Pa. Office next door below the Tarbell House, Public Avenue.
Montrose, Jan 17, 1872.—no3—1y.

C. E. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Great Bend, Pennsylvania. 3m,

B. L. BALDWIN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Montrose, Pa Office with James E. Carmalt, Esq.
Montrose, August 30, 1871. tf.

LOOMIS & LUSK,

Attorneys at Law, Office No. 224 Lackawanna Avenue, Scranton, Pa. Practice in the several Courts of Luzerne and Susquehanna Counties.
F. E. LOOMIS. WM. D. LUSK.
Scranton, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf.

W. A. CROSSMON.

Attorney at Law, Office at the Court House, in the Commissioner's Office.
Montrose, Sept. 6th, 1871.—tf. W. A. CROSSMON.

McKENZIE. C. C. FAUROT.

McKENZIE, & FAUROT.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Clothing, Ladies and Misses fine Shoes Also, agents for the great American Tea and Coffee Company. [Montrose Pa. ap 1, '70.

DR. W. W. SMITH,

DENTIST. Rooms at his dwelling, next door east of the Republican printing office. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Montrose, May 3, 1871—tf

THE BARBER—Ha! Ha! Ha!!

Charley Morris is the barber, who can shave your face to order; Cuts brown, black and grizzley hair, in his office, just up stairs. There you will find him, over Gere's store, below McKenzie—just one door.
Montrose, June 7, 1871 —tf C. MORRIS.

J. B. & A. H. McCOLLUM,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW Office over the Bank, Montrose Pa. Montrose May 19, 1871. tf

J. D. VAIL,

HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Has permanently located himself in Montrose, Pa., where he will promptly attend to all calls in his profession with which he may be favored Office and residence west of the Court House, near Fitch & Watson's office.
Montrose, February 8, 1871.

LAW OFFICE

FITCH & WATSON, Attorneys at Law, at the old office of Bentley & Fitch, Montrose, Pa.
L. F. FITCH. [Jan. 11, '71 [W. W. WATSON.

CHARLES N. STODDARD,

Dealer in Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Leather and Findings, Main Street, 1st door below Boyd's Store. Work made to order, and repairing done neatly.
Montrose, Jan. 1, 1870.

LEWIS KNOLL,

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING.

Shop in the new Postoffice building, where he will be found ready to attend all who may want anything in his line. Montrose, Pa. Oct. 13, 1869.

DR. S. W. DAYTON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his services to the citizens of Great Bend and vicinity. Office at his residence, opposite Barnum House, G't Bend village.
Sept. 1st, 1869.—tf

A. O. WARREN,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, County, Back Pay, Pension and Exemption Claims attended to. Office first door below Boyd's Store, Montrose, Pa. [Au. 1, '69

M. C. SUTTON,

Auctioneer, and Insurance Agent,

Nov1 68tf Friendsville, Pa.

C. S. GILBERT,

U. S. Auctioneer.

aug1 69tf Great Bend, Pa.

AMI ELY,

U. S. Auctioneer.

Aug. 1, 1869. Address, Brooklyn, Pa.

JOHN GROVES,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR, Montrose, Pa. Shop over Chandler's Store. All orders filled in first-rate style. Cutting done on short notice, and warranted to fit.

W. W. SMITH,

CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURER.—Foot of Main street, Montrose, Pa. Aug. 1, 1869.

STROUD & BROWN,

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS. All business attended to promptly, on fair terms. Office first door north of "Montrose Hotel," west side of Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa. [Aug. 1, 1869.
BILLINGS STROUD. CHARLES L. BROWN.

ABEL TURRELL,

DEALER in Drugs, Patent Medicines, Chemicals, Liquors, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Varnishes, Window Glass, Groceries, Glass Ware, Wall and Window Paper, Stone-ware, Lamps, Kerosene, Machinery Oils, Trusses, Guns, Ammunition, Knives, Spectacles, Brushes, Fancy Goods, Jewelry, Perfumery, &c.—being one of the most numerous, extensive, and valuable collections of Goods in Susquehanna Co.—Established in 1846. [Montrose, Pa.

D. W. SEARLE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, office over the Store of A. Lathrop, in the Brick Block, Montrose, Pa. [ap1'69

DR. W. L. RICHARDSON,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, tenders his professional services to the citizens of Montrose and vicinity.—Office at his residence, on the corner east of Sayre & Bros. Foundry. [Aug. 1, 1869.

DR. E. L. GARDNER,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Montrose, Pa. Gives especial attention to diseases of the Heart and Lungs and all Surgical diseases. Office over W. H. Jones' Boards at Searle's Hotel. [Aug. 1, 1869.

HUNT BROTHERS, SCRANTON, PA.

Wholesale & Retail Dealers in

HARDWARE, IRON, STEEL,

NAILS, SPIKES, SHOVELS,

SHILDER'S HARDWARE,

MINE RAIL, COUNTERSUNK & T RAIL SPIKES, RAILROAD & MINING SUPPLIES, CARRIAGE SPRINGS, AXLES, SKEINS AND BOXES, BOLTS, NUTS and WASHERS, PLATED BANDS, MALLEABLE IRONS, HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, SEAT SPINDLES, ROWS, &c. ANVILS, VICES, STOCKS and DIES, BELLOWS HAMMERS, SLEDGES, FILES, &c. &c. CIRCULAR AND MILL SAWS, BELTING, PACKING TACKLE BLOCKS, PLASTER PARIS CEMENT, HAIR & GRINDSTONES. FRENCH WINDOW GLASS, LEATHER & FINDINGS FAIRBANK'S SCALES.
Scranton, March 11, 1872. 1y

IMPROVED HUBBARD!

PATRONIZE HOME MANUFACTURE!

CHANGEABLE Speed and Double Drive Wheel. It holds the Great New York State National Premium!

Also the Great Ohio National Premiums, held at Mansfield, in 1869.

And the Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia State Premiums!

The gearing is simple, compact, removed entirely from the drive wheels, and enclosed in a neat case, in the centre of the machine, effectually securing it from grit and dust.

The operation can be changed instantly from a high speed to cut a third mower, without stop, thus adapting itself to hard places and light and heavy grass.

One cutting apparatus is perfect. No leaks and one patent knife-head. It is beyond doubt the strongest machine in the world, and you can depend upon it, being strictly reliable in every particular.
Montrose, May 3, 1871. SAYRE BROS.

Poet's Corner.

THE LONG REPOSE.

[The following hymn was translated from the German by the late Dr. James Hamilton of London.]

Neighbor, accepting our parting song;
The road is short, the rest is long;
The Lord brought here the Lord takes hence,
There is no house of permanence.

On bread of mirth and bread of tears
The pilgrim feed these checkered years;
Now, landlord world, shut to the door,
Thy guest is gone forevermore.

Gone to a realm of sweet repose,
His comrades bless him as he goes;
Of toil and moil the day was full,
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

Ye village bells, ring softly ring,
And in the blessed Sabbath bring,
Which from this weary work-day tryst
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

And open wide, thou Gate of Peace!
And let the other journey cease!
Nor grudge a narrow couch, dear neighbors,
For slumbers won by life-long labors.

Beneath these sods, how close ye lie!
But many a mansion's in yon sky;
Even now beneath the sapphire throne,
Is his prepared through God's dear Son.

"I quickly come," that Savior cries;
Yes, quickly come, this church-yard sighs,
Come, Jesus, come, we wait for Thee—
Thine now and ever let us be.

THE DWELLING OF THE ABSENT.

BY MRS. JOHN H. UHL.

A place of graves! Not in
"God's Acre" only,
Where safe from pain and sin,
And no more lonely,
Sleep the unnumbered throng
Of dear, dear faces,
While unto us belong
Their empty places;
Not where the oak woods shade
That quiet meadow,
Where solemn tryst is made
'Twixt sun and shadow,
Not there alone our ghosts
Of by-gones haunt us;
Not there the sad-eyed hosts
Of memory daunt us—

But up and down the street
They come to meet us,
They stay our hurrying feet,
Their whispers greeting us.
Touch of their shadowy palms
Stills all life's fever,
Hinting what restful calms
Are theirs forever.

A place of graves it seems,
The dear old village,
Each old time garden teems
With Death's stern tillage;
Behind yon cottage panes,
Which woodbine graces,
After September rains,
Familiar faces
Peer forth with yearning look,
That instant flitting;
We know in that dear nook
No one is sitting.

Across the echoing floors
Of homesteads stately,
Behind the sad, shut doors
So wind-flung lately,
Some soundless footfalls glide
In noontides stilly,
Some viewless forms abide
When eyes grow chilly,
So when we enter in
To greet the living,
Our wandering thoughts they win
To fresher grieving;
Our speech of common things
Sounds strange and hollow,
We list the flight of wings
That bid us follow.

Ah! not in vain some night,
When rain is falling,
Shall we essay that flight,
Obey that calling;
When shall the Autumn dawn,
Through bronzed leaves stealing
Of that oak-shadowed lawn
Our share revealing,
Wake in some genuine heart
A quiet sorrow
That we n more have part
In life's to-morrow?

Yonkers, March 15th.

Brevities and Witticisms.

—Postponed—Garden making.

—For ladies: A recipe for dressing the hair—First buy your hair.

—The iron-founders are "casting" about to see how they can raise their prices.

—Iowa has lost $200,000 worth of bees the past winter, and is stung to the heart about it.

—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, accompanied by her mother, sailed for Europe a short time since.

—Merchants in Dubuque, Iowa, furnish their customers with car tickets to induce them to revisit their stores.

—A blind woman, entirely alone, is slowly feeling her way to California. She passed through Kansas City last week.

—Night-weddings are all the fashion at Paris now, and it is the correct thing to assume the bonds at the stroke of midnight.

—Isn't it a rather disagreeable occurrence when a young man's suspenders give way, while he dances a schottische with a young lady who never wants to sit down?

—Alexis' sister is not yet eighteen. She has a lovely figure and face, a large estate, a well cultured mind, $30,000 a year, golden hair and exquisite diamonds.

—A Paris shopkeeper lately fixed over his door a notice that his daughter had "made a splendid match," he would sell goods at a reduction of 25 per cent. for a week.

—The most stupendous canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty-two cities; it was commenced as far back as the tenth century.

—An old toper being asked one day why he persisted in drinking, replied, "Dry makes me drink, drink makes me drunk, and drunk makes me dry again." The explanation was considered quite sufficient.

—San Francisco has a hotel which is under the exclusive management of the fair sex. The proprietor, waters, clerks, "boots" and other officials are all ladies; and the bartendress is said to make the best drink in the State, and to hoist in an occasional one herself with great nonchalance.

Miscellaneous.

THE WIFE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY JAMES BARTON.

We catch our first view of this unhappy lady on a bright May day, in 1778, when she took part in a famous and splendid pageant at Philadelphia. She was then a beautiful girl of eighteen—Miss Margaret Shippen—the daughter of an opulent and ancient Philadelphia family, and one of the reigning belles of that town. Her ancestors were among the first settlers of Pennsylvania, and her great grandfather was the first Mayor of Philadelphia. In the course of time the family had acquired great possessions; and, laying aside the Quaker garb, had became members of the Church of England. During the controversy between the thirteen colonies and the King, which ended in the Revolutionary war, Edward Shippen, her father, the head of the family, was inclined to the King's side.

It was May the eighteenth, 1778. For many months the British army had been quartered in Philadelphia, commanded by Major-General Sir William Howe. The General had now been superceded, and was about to return to England. The officers of the army, a wealthy class who had nothing to do, seized the occasion of his retirement to amuse themselves by giving a grand festival in his honor, and this was the day upon which it was to be held.

The affair began with a grand regatta upon the Delaware River; or rather a long procession of galleys and barges, filled with officers and ladies, which were rowed slowly down the whole length of the city, in an avenue formed by the shore crowded with spectators, and a line of men of war and transport ships, gayly dressed with flags and steamers. At half past four in the afternoon the barges began to move, the oars keeping time to martial music; and when they had arrived opposite Market street they all lay upon their oars, while the bands played "God save the King;" after which the soldiers gave three cheers. Continuing their course, the company were conveyed past the city to where a grand tournament was to take place; and it was in this portion of the entertainment that Margaret Shippen shone. A spacious field, surrounded by troops, had been prepared for the contest. Upon one side were stationed all the bands of music in the army. There were also two pavilions, with rows of benches one above the other, filled with the most distinguished ladies of the city.

On the front seat of these pavilions were placed seven of the most beautiful young ladies Pennsylvania could boast. They were dressed in Turkish costume—trowsers, tunics and turbans; and in their turbans they wore the favors with which they intended to reward the knights who were to contend in their honor. Among these lovely maidens sat Miss Margaret Shippen. One of the knights, who figured in the tournament was Captain Andre, her familiar acquaintance. Little could either of them have thought on this bright day, how fatally their destinies were involved.

The trumpet sounded. The herald appeared. The challenge was delivered, and the contest occured, which ended without loss of blood, to the satisfaction of all concerned. At the conclusion of the tournament the company were ushered into a magnificient ball-room, decorated, we are told, by eighty-five mirrors, and lighted by thirty-four branches of wax candles. The ball was opened by fourteen belles in Turkish dress and their fourteen knights—one Lieutenant Sloper being the knight who led Miss Shippen out to the dance. At ten o'clock the windows were thrown open, and a splendid display of fireworks was exhibited.

At twelve, large folding doors, which had hitherto been concealed, were suddenly thrown open, which revealed a gorgeous saloon, two hundred and ten feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty two-feet high, with three alcoves on each side. This was the supper room. Upon the tables there were twelve hundred dishes. The guests entered the room a great number of black slaves in Oriental costume, ranged in two lines, bowed to the ground. This vast apartment was one splendor of wax lights, flowers, ribbons, flags, mirrors and silver plate. One of the regular toasts of the occasion was "Miss Shippen and her knight." After supper the company returned to the ball-room and kept up the dance till four in the morning, reaching their homes about sunrise.

This festival, as Major Andre remarks, was the most splendid ever given by an army to its chief. And little, indeed, had that chief done to deserve it. An old officer of the British army, who perceived the folly of paying such extravagant honors to a general who had won no victories, said, sadly, "What will Washington think of this?"

Exactly a month from that day the British army evacuated Philadelphia, and away they sped across Jersey, with General Washington at their heels. A day or two after a body of American troops marched in, commanded by General Benedict Arnold. All was changed. The red coats had disappeared—blue coats were in the ascendant; and the new Yankee general was the foremost man in the city. Arnold, a vain, weak man, ever fond of display and luxury, appropriated to himself one of the handsomest houses in the town, where he set up a costly establishment, kept a great many servants, gave splendid dinners, and maintained a handsome equipage drawn by four horses—a scale of expense utterly incompatible either with his fortune or his pay. No one, however, knew at the time that, to maintain this costly pomp, he was concerned in a speculation unworthy of an officer and a gentleman, and sometimes used the public money that passed through his hands.

In inviting his guests, as the patriotic portion of the people remarked with surprise, that he was likely to select Tories as Whigs. He seemed to court the adherents of the King, and he frequently had at his table the wives and daughters of public enemies, who had been publicly proscribed, and had found refuge with the enemy in New York. Among the families who attracted his regard was that of Edward Shippen, and he was soon observed to pay particular court to his daughter Margaret. Arnold was then a widower, thirty-eight years of age, just twenty years older than the young lady. Ere long he formally ask her hand from her father, and, he consenting, he addressed the daughter, and they were engaged.

In the meantime Arnold had become so odious by his extravagance and his insolent, overbearing conduct to the people, that Congress was obliged to take cognizance of the fact. On the very eve of his marriage he was ordered to be tried by a court martial, Miss Shippen, however, was true to her engagement, and married him five days after. The court martial, as every one knows, sentenced him to be reprimanded by General Washington, and he was reprimanded accordingly.

"Our profession," said General Washington to him, "is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertance may rob us of the public favor, so hard to be acquired. I reprehend you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellows citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your county."

This was more like a eulogium than a reprimand; but it did not touch the heart of Arnold, who went from the presence of his commander, not to regain the esteem of his country, but to betray that country.

A year passed away. He was in command at West Point, in correspondence with the enemy. Whether she shared her husband's secret during those months of preparation, will perhaps never be known with certainty. Just before the explosion of the treason at West Point, Arnold sent for his wife and child to join him; and I saw the letter which he wrote to her on this occasion, telling her the best way of reaching him, and at what homes she should sleep on the road. She had not been many days at West Point when the treason was discovered.

Arnold and his wife were seated at the breakfast table with Hamilton, Lafayette and an aid. In the midst of a meal a horseman aligited at the door, and, a moment after, a letter was placed in Arnold's hands which informed him of his ruin. He controlled his countenance, rose quietly from the table, and beckoned his wife to follow him. They went up stairs to their room, where lay their infant child; and there he told her that he was a ruined man, and must fly, that instant for his life. She fell senseless to the floor. Leaving her there, he rushed from the room, hurried down stairs, sent some one to her assistance, and then returned to the breakfast room. He told his guests that General Washington was coming, and he must make haste to prepare for his reception. He mounted the horse of the messenger who had brought the letter, and galloped away.

Colonel Hamilton has left us an interesting account of Mrs. Arnold's demeanor after her husband's departure. He says she remained frantic all day, and accused every one who approached her of an intention to murder her child. She continued, he says, to rave until she was utterly exhausted. But Colonel Burr, in his old age, was accustomed to give a very different account of the matter. He had known Mrs. Arnold from her infancy, and he always declared that she knew all about her husband's treason from the beginning, and he used to relate a scene which he witnessed at the house of Mrs. Prevost, whom he afterwards married, which somewhat confirms his opinion. Mrs. Arnold, it will be remembered, was sent home to her father, escorted by a party of horsemen, and remained for a night at the house of Mrs. Prevost, where Colonel Burr was. Mrs. Arnold, he said, burst into the room dressed in a riding habit, and was about to speak to the lady of the house, seeing him in the dim light of the apartment, and not recognizing him, she asked, anxiously:

"Am I safe? Is this gentleman a friend?"

Upon discovering who he was, she told them how she had deceived Gen. Washington, Colonel Hamilton, and the other American officers, by her frantic outcries; and she declared that she not only knew of the treason, but that it was she who had induced her husband to commit it.

This was Colonel Burr's story, to which the reader may attach the credit which he thinks it deserves. Arnold, himself, does not say that she was *ignorant* of his intention to surrender the fortress. In the well known letter which he sent back to General Washington from the Vulture, he says:

"From the known humanity of your excellency, I am induced to ask your protection of Mrs. Arnold from every insult, and injury that a mistaken vengeance of my country may expose her to. It ought only to fall on me; she is as good and as innocent as an angel, and is incapable of doing wrong"

The authorities of Pennsylvania believed with Burr that she was a traitor. Her papers were seized, and, although nothing was found in them to criminate her, she was not permitted to remain at her father's house, which she said she desired to do. Her father offered to give security that during the war she would write no letters to her husband, and send to the government, unopened, any letters she might receive from him. His offer was refused, and they ordered her to depart, and not return during the war. Being then obliged to join her husband in New York, she soon recovered her spirits, and shone in society, to use the language of the time, as a "star of the first magnitude." In England, too, whither she accompanied her husband, she attracted much attention for her beauty, and was much flattered in Tory circles. The British government gave Arnold, in compensation for his American *losses*, something less than seven thousand pounds, and settled upon his family a pension of a thousand pounds a year which was to be continued as long as either the husband or the wife survived. Their family increased in England. Arnold, finding himself pinched on an income of thirteen hundred pounds per annum, went upon a trading voyage to Halifax, with what success is not known. It was thought by some that he was glad to leave England for a while, to escape the contempt in which he was held, even by those who had employed him.

Mrs. Arnold lived to 1804, when she died, aged forty-three years. That infant son whom she held in her arms, as described above, entered the British army in 1798, rose to the rank of lieutenant-general, and was still living as late as 1851. One of her grand-children is a clergyman in the Church of England, and it is said, a very worthy gentleman, who has conversed with American visitors upon his grand-father in a rational and becoming manner. Two of her sons settled in Canada, where they acquired competent estates, and were living in 1820.

A Practical Joke.

It was during the Presidential campaign which resulted in the election of Buchanan, that the writer of the appended sketch, in company with three other politicians, rode from Paduch to Boston, Kentucky, in a hack. They were bound for one of the old-fashioned barbecues, and tells what happened on the way thus:

The joking Judge M. was one of the party, and the bottles that peeped out from the basket under the seat seemed to improve the sparkle of his wit, the flavor of his jokes and the music of his laugh, until the happy contagion even reached the driver.

Our fun was at its highest when, turning a curve in the road, we saw, down its hot, dusty stretch, a solitary ox cart with its owner perched upon what proved to be bags of corn. As a kind of advance guard a great, ugly, brindle dog came trotting along in advance, and attracted by our noise, he threw himself in an attitude of defiance, determined to dispute our advance. With his savage growl, red eyes and erect bristles he indeed presented a formidable appearance. Judge M. could not let such an opportunity for a practical joke pass. Said he:

"I'll bet the drinks for the day that I can run that dog off the road."

"Done," said we.

Stopping our hack, he got out, and threw the skirts of his "swallow tailed" coat over his shoulders, stuck his old slouch hat on the back of his head, and going down on "all fours," he scampered toward the dog with the most frightful yells, reminding one of the fable of the ass in the lion's skin. This was too much for the dog, and howling with fright, he took to the brush. The oxen also saw the fearful monster coming down the road, and with one wild bellow they took to the brush, with their tails standing straight out behind. Away they went, with wheels bouncing in the air, bags of corn bursting open, and spilling their contents in a continuous drill.

"Whoa, Blaze! Whoa, Ball! O. Lordy! what shall I do?" come from the frightened man on the cart, as he was bounding from side to side, now grabbling a cart pole, then catching at a bag of corn as it went over the side.

This kind of performance couldn't last long without a change for better or worse, as the oxen went tearing down the steep bank of a little creek and overturned everything into the water, about waist deep. One ox, getting lose, went up the opposite bank and soon disappeared, while the other cowered down, piteously bellowing as we came up the scene of disaster. There stood the poor man in water to his waist, his wagon overturned, and half his corn soaking in the water, while the other half was scattered in the woods. He looked scared and pitiful, and said:

"O, Lordy, stranger, don't never do that ar any more. I'm ruined."

It was a splendid success, that joke, and there stood the judge holding on to a sapling and laughing until the tears ran down his cheeks.

We took up a subscription for the poor fellow. The judge headed the list with an amount nearly covering the damages, and we added to it until we left the man in thankfulness that he had sold his corn so well. At the barbecue, the judge bet all his money on a little horse race, and lost, and the effects of his drinks at our expense, we had to carry him to our hack on a barn door. On his way home he insisted upon standing on his head.

Which was the ruined man?—*Toledo.*

Peanut Flour.

Dr. Muter, in the pages of the Food *Journal*, calls attention to what he terms a neglected source of food. Some time ago, while investigating cocoa by means of the microscope, he discovered an ingredient employed by way of adulteration to which he could give no name. Recently he had a sample of a substance offered on the Mark Lane Corn Exchange, as a food for cattle, forwarded to him for analysis, and here, again, he found the unknown adulterant. It now became necessary to deal with the matter seriously, and so further microscopic investigation led to the discovery that the mysterious ingredient was simply the flour of the *arachis hypogœnd*, or African earth nut. The public have long had to rest content with the knowledge that they too often have no idea what they are eating, and they will consequently hear with relief and almost with satisfaction that the bean of this earth nut is "an excellent substance, which, instead of being used only for cattle food, or by some adulterators more enlightened than their neighbors, should be everywhere recognized as a marketable article of diet." It is declared to surpass peas in its nutrity properties, and to be even richer than lentils in flesh-forming constituents, while it contains more fat and more phosphoric acid than either of them.

—The last California earthquake had the effect of suddenly curing several lame beggars in San Francisco.

—Silver jewelry is becoming quite fashionable.

A Deserted City.

Meadow Lake City, which was once called Summit City, boasted in the days gone by of a population of 3,000 or 4,000 souls. In its day of prosperity it had fine stores, good hotels, theatres, and an exchange at which mining stocks were sold. In 1865, we think it was, some persons found gold-bearing rock in some ledges around Meadow Lake, and, the assays being talked about, the city of Summit, or Meadow Lake, was born. In the excitement which followed fine houses were erected, and business promised to be brisk. The ledges, however, failed to yield up their treasures "by mill process," and people became disheartened. The sanguine held on in hopes that chemistry would get the gold out of the rock, where mechanism had failed.

The Burns process was invented, in a dream, to save gold, and for a time Meadow Lake City continued to hold its own in hope of the success of the Burns dream. It failed, and the doubters began to intimate that the gold was not in the rock, and the assayers were wrong or had been imposed upon. Mills, chemicals, and even dreams failed to make mining there a success. So the city went down, and it is now deserted. A few days ago a friend of ours visited Meadow Lake City. He went up on snow-shoes and took a look at the deserted and snow-covered place. The houses which were only one-story in hight were covered to their roofs with snow. The two-story houses were surrounded with snow to the hight of the second story. Not a living being was seen by our friend. He was monarch of that snowy desolation. Signs swing in the cold wind, and just grazed in their swinging the surface of the snow.

Prominent among the signs was that of a broker's office, just opposite the old hall of the board of brokers. The large hotel there was yet furnished, and the beds and bedding still remained there. Our friend, standing in his snow-shoes, gazed into the hotel, while he stood on the snow surface, level with the second story, and he saw clean linen on the deserted beds. He wanted to take a rest in the comfortable quarters, but there was no fuel or food in sight, and he had to go down lower to a ditch-tender's cabin to get fire and appease his hunger. Many of the houses have this winter been broken down by the weight of snow on their roofs, but many more remain just as they were when their owners left. The property is safe, as cold and snow have locked all against the depredations of burglars. Meadow Lake is a winter residence no more.—Grass Valley (Nevada) *Union.*

The Idea of Spinning Jenny.

Suddenly (James Hargreaves) dropped upon his knees, and rolled on the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face toward the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burnt stick. He rose and went to the fire to burn his stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, elbows on his knees, and gazed intently on the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife, (who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger) by a loud assurance that he had it; and, taking her in his sturdy arms in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and held her over the black drawings on the floor. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning wheel—that he should never again "play," and have his loom standing for want of weft.

"Our fortune is made when that is made," he said, speaking of his drawings on the floor.

"What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? What can we call it after thyself, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it 'Spinning Jenny?'"

The spinning-jenny could spin twelve threads, instead of one as by hand-spinning.

The populace broke the machine to pieces, and poor Hargreave's heart at the same time.

Richard Arkwright, a common barber, caught the idea of Hargreaves, improved upon it, realized a fortune of half a million sterling, and became Sir Richard Arkwright, whose son, in 1843, died the richest commoner in England.

—"Now, children," said a Sunday-school gentleman visitor, who had been talking to the scholars about "good" people and "bad" people—"now, children, when I am walking in the street, I speak to some persons I meet, and I don't speak to others; and what's the reason?" He expected the reply would be, "because some are good and others bad," but to his discomfiture, the general shout was, "because some are rich and others are poor!"

—A young lady, the other day, in the coarse of a lecture, said: "Get married, young man, and be quick about it too. Don't wait for the millennium, hoping that the girls will turn to angels before you will trust yourself to one of them. A pretty thing you would be alongside of an angel, wouldn't you, you brute."

Mr. Livingstone, an Indiana convict, having a desire to regain his liberty, put himself in a box and was carried out of jail. Unluckly, however, the box was laid on the ground head downward, and the convict's feet, instead of his head, pointed toward the zenith. Being unable to extricate himself, he began to howl for assistance, and was soon escorted to his former apartment.

FLOWERS—The art of preserving natural flowers is a very simple one. Dip them one at a time in melted parffine just hot enough to maintain its fluidity. Keep them in the liquid for an instant only, being sure to move them about all the time when there.

—An Indiana, having got off the track in a love affair, committed Harry-Carrie with a locomotive. Those were their names.

A PATRON OF THE FINE ARTS.—Commodore Green, lately extended hospitalities to the delegates to an agricultural convention. As one member was curiously examining the large and beautiful collection of statuary which adorns the palatial residence Mr. Green who it seems, was everywhere and with everybody, tapped him on the shoulder and said: "Ah, Mr. ——, I see you are an admirer of the beautiful; would you not like to inspect some of the fine arts?" "Well," said the delegate, as he deposited a well masticated quid of Virginia weed outside the window, "I don't care if I do, as I am a little dry."

THIS BOY WILL GET ALONG.—The St. Peter, Minn., *Tribune* tells this: Little Johnny Rogers, five years old, and full of mischief, goes to school. The other day, the teacher having exhausted moral suasion, gave Johnny a note to deliver to the principal, which read as follows: "Mr. Metcalf: The bearer deserves a severe punishment." Johnny was suspicious—he smelt a mice—and on reflection he concluded not to go to the principal's room. Meeting a Norwegian boy in the hall, he inveigled him into delivering the note and went off to play. The principal read the note and at once went for "the bearer," who departed a sadder and wiser Norwegian.

DON'T REMEMBER.—A party of young fellows out on a spree, a few evenings since, in Chicago, had been imbibing very extensively of "burnt district whiskey," an article which is said to be immensely conflagratory in its character, and one of their number finally became quite sick. Leaning up against a lamp-post he, with many groans and retches, proceeded to relieve the internal load. As he did so, a hungry little cur pup came wandering and sniffing around the foot of the lamp post. The sufferer soliloquized: "Er know w'er er got that lobs'er sat'd; 'member 'stinctly w'er ate those oys'ers; but dam' me 'f er know w'er er ate that dog."

A WARM SEAT.—Relative to the Indians, a correspondent of the Chicago *Post* writes from the far West: "I never saw so many Indians in my life. I should think there were a million at least. I won't take off an Indian, though several of them will get taken off before Spring if General Palmer moves westward. They are dressed mostly in blankets and bear's grease. They are a confiding people. Yesterday a squad of thirteen came into our tent, and the oldest availed himself of the right of seniority by sitting down on our hot box stove, which he mistook for a valise. He was very much surprised, and the quartermaster has been issuing laudanum poultices ever since."

GREELEY ON THE CASTOR BEAN.—Horace Greeley says that castor beans may be cast or not, whichever you like. The foundry at which he gets his seed is the best. If the nest egg has been cracked by frost, the beans are apt to sprout and shrink, which is not the case with oats or hay when properly ground. Sawdust manure has been found to contain too much heat for the ordinary castor, dried glass from fractured lanterns being the proper restorative where the bean is to be hastened. Pull off your boots while cultivating. More rain water should be allowed to settle on the vines during wet weather.

MARRIED ON THE FLY.—The Indianapolis *News* says: A runaway Evansville couple were married near Englo Station on the full run the other day. They had stepped off to have the ceremony performed. The train began to move before the justice had time to conclude, and all three started on the run, the husband and wife mounting the train, and the justice bawling after them, "I pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy," or words to that effect.

AN APPROPRIATE REPLY.—A certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons with many divisions, one day, when he was advancing among the *teens*, and had thoroughly wearied his hearers, reached, at length, a kind of resting place in his discourse, when pausing to take breath, and looking about over his audience, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation, more suggestive than reverent, earnestly responded, "Say *Amen!*"

—Bridget came to her mistress and asked for a needle and thread. "Do you want it fine or coarse?" asked the lady. "Sure and I don't know mum," said Bridget. "What do you want it for?" asked her mistress. "If you tell me that I may know what to give." "Well, mun, the cook has jist towld me to sthring the beans, an' sure an' I want a needle an' thrid for that."

—A SCHOOL teacher in Surry county, N. C., who carried his dinner with him to the school-house, frequently found his supply of bread short, and suspecting his scholars of appropriating a portion of his staff of life to their own use, had resort to a little lartar emetic in his bread, which soon had the desired effect. His dinner has been all right ever since.

—ONE who assumes to know, says that womanly dispair for the loss of a lover endures 3 months in winter and 6 in summer; the second month, a lady becomes interested in the new style of hair dressing the third she burns her love-letters. Twelve months afterward she hears of her former lover's marriage, and wonders how she could have loved a man with a red moustache

—Injured trees that have had their branches broken off by winds or storms should have the wounded surface smoothly pared and then covered with a coating of shellac varnish or melted grafting wax, to prevent the water penetrating and causing decay.

—Warm weather is coming. Thirty thousand dollars' worth of fans were imported last week.