

# The Erie County Advocate.

J. C. LUTHER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

A LOCAL AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

TERMS—\$2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. II.

RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1870.

NO. 2.

## AN AUTUMN SONG.

Below the headland with its cedar plumes  
A lapse of spacious water twinkles keen,  
An ever-shifting play of gleams and glooms  
And fainter of clear green.

The sun's gnat pennons where I lie  
Are mingled with the tansy's faded gold;  
Fleet hawks are screaming in the light blue  
sky,  
And feet and wings are rushing cold.

The plump peach steals the dying rose's red;  
The yellow poplar ripens to its fall;  
The dusty grapes, to purple fallows fed,  
Drop from the garden wall.

And yet, where rainbow foliage crowns the  
swamp,  
I hear in dreams an April robin sing,  
And memory, amid this Autumn pomp,  
Strays with the ghost of spring.

## A DINNER OF HERBS.

Between eight and nine o'clock on a fine September morn'g, a young married couple stood, together at the window of a charming little house, pleasantly situated at Norwood.

The neatly-appointed breakfast equipage had not been as yet removed by the spruce maid-servant, but the meal had concluded, and the master of the little cottage was about to take his departure by train for the scene of his daily labors.

Robert Denwillow was only a solicitor's confidential clerk, on a salary of rather less than the much-abused three hundred pounds per annum; yet he contrived to find life very tolerable on the whole. He was a fine, honest-faced, stalwart person, about thirty-two or three, who loved his friends, his old mother and sisters, and adored his pretty, spoilt, wilful, loving wife—a bright-eyed, petulant, chirping little woman, ten years his junior.

The morning was splendid; the room was cheerful, the servant-maid brisk and willing, and the eggs and rashers had been unexceptional, the coffee clear, the rolls crisp, and the butter richly buttered. Yet for all that, as she stood amid the flowers in her bay-window—herself, in her white dress and blue ribbons, the most attractive object there—there was a sulken pout on Selina Denwillow's pretty mouth that was not pleasant to see.

"Come, dear, I must go in two minutes," said her husband. "I think I shall be home early to-day. You promised me a roast leg of pork, you know."

"And you promised me that gray moire antique at Swan and Edgar's," retorted the lady, sulkily.

"But, Lina, dear, I had no notion moires were so expensive. Why, they wanted twenty guineas for it."

"Well? Why, it is the twelfth part of our whole year's income."

"But if it was to please me!"

"To please you I would make a good many sacrifices, you know well, my dear Lina; but if I were to try to please you at that rate, I should soon be in the Bankruptcy Court."

Lina tossed her golden head contemptuously.

"Besides, what does my little wife want with such superb fabrics?" said her husband, laughing. "No, no, Lina, leave moires to duchesses. I like you best in your white muslin. There, I must go! Give me a kiss, and don't forget the pork. Bye-bye! You'll be better tempered when I come home, poppet."

And whistling cheerily, away hurried Robert Denwillow to catch the train to London-bridge.

Like most of her sex, Lina could have borne any opposition better than her husband's imperturbable good temper. She was out of humor, and she knew it. She wanted to quarrel, and she would quarrel, and she couldn't, because it takes two parties to a quarrel, and her husband had not afforded her the slightest excuse for giving way to her ill-humor.

No sooner was he fairly out of sight than the little woman rang the bell furiously.

"Ann!"

"Yes, ma'am."

"When the greengrocer calls, turnips and potatoes."

"Yes, ma'am."

"And when the butcher calls, a leg of mutton for boiling."

And there was a malicious twinkle in Mrs. Denwillow's eyes.

Ann opened her mouth wide with astonishment.

"Lor', ma'am, I thought master said something about roast pork."

"Never mind what your master said—"

"But, ma'am," remonstrated Ann, boldly, "master can't bear boiled mutton, and then I've got the onions for the stuffing."

"Put on your bonnet immediately, Ann," returned her mistress, with stern dignity, "and go to the Italian warehouse, and order a bottle of capers."

And with a look of dismay Ann vanished.

"Oh, my! ain't she a tartar!" muttered she, as she quitted.

Mrs. Denwillow watched her servant close the door, and then smiled triumphantly.

"There!" exclaimed she, in such a tone as Alexander the Great might have adopted after a decisive victory; "there! I think I've done it now."

Five o'clock approached—the Denwillows' usual dinner-hour. The boiling mutton began to give signs and tokens of its presence in the house, and Lina's favorite little dog sniffed the savory odor in the passages, and slobbered anticipantly.

"Dear me, I wish Robert would come," thought little Mrs. Denwillow. "The mutton will be boiled to rags."

A quarter past five—half-past—but no master of the house forthcoming. Lina grew exceedingly angry.

"How dare he tease me like this?" she asked herself.

It must be known that there is nothing in all the world so trying as waiting for an expected person who does not come; and the little woman had this additional incentive to anger, that she had intended to play her husband a

trick, and it seemed as if he were turning the tables on her. She thought of serving up dinner—she was fond of boiled mutton—but then she would lose her anticipated laugh; and besides, her wifely instincts revolted from such a piece of selfishness as that.

Six-half-past—nearly seven, and no Robert Denwillow! The little woman's anger had all gone. She was now seriously alarmed. Thrice had she descended to the kitchen, to confer with Ann, each time less angrily and more anxiously, and she was already thinking of paying her servant another visit, when Ann herself, with a hasty and unceremonious knock, entered the parlor. The girl looked hurried and alarmed.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, you're not to be frightened, but Mr. Hodges, the station-master, has sent up to say as there's an accident on the line."

"What?" screamed Lina, pale as death, and with an awful sinking of the heart.

"A Crystal Palace train have run into the forty-third, please, ma'am, and seventeen persons are killed, and many wounded. It's near New Cross, ma'am. Them accidents is always near New Cross."

"Oh!" sobbed poor Mrs. Denwillow. "I've lost the best husband—my poor Robert! And I so wicked to him. Oh! Robert!"

"Law, no, if you please, ma'am, master ain't killed. Here's a gram as Mr. Hodges said it was to give you. It ought to have come an hour and a half ago, but were delayed in the confusion. Them 'grams always is delayed somehow," added Ann, soliloquizingly.

Lina seized the paper, and tore it open. It ran thus:

"DARLING,—Don't be alarmed. Frightful accident at New Cross. Am making myself useful to sufferers. Shall take cab home. Don't wait dinner."

In the intense relief of her heart, Lina sobbed convulsively, and made an inward vow never to be so petulant and exacting in future. In a mood of mad penitence, she sat upon the sofa, forming hosts of good resolutions, until the sound of cab-wheels fell joyfully on her ears.

In two minutes more Robert Denwillow was in the parlor, clasping the penitent little woman in his arms.

"Oh, Bob, dear, I'm so sorry! And I've been so frightened! I'll never be so cross again!" sobbed she.

The husband stroked her fair hair tenderly, but did not reply. He judged it better to let her tears have their course. At last he said:

"Well, dear, it's all right now, so let us go to dinner."

"Oh, those poor people killed! I couldn't eat my dinner."

"Nonsense, there were no people killed; only a score of broken arms and legs."

"Why," exclaimed the little woman, in surprise, "Ann told me there were seventeen persons killed!"

Robert Denwillow laughed.

"These sort of things are always grossly exaggerated," he said. "But come, I want my dinner—old! I don't perceive the onions."

"Oh, Bob, dear," sighed his wife, coloring to the roots of her hair, "I'm so sorry, but there's nothing but b—b—boiled mutton for dinner."

The good fellow winced for a moment, but he comprehended in an instant how matters stood, and said, gently—

"Well, dearest, a certain grand old book says, 'Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a banquet of gold where it is not.'"

Lina kissed him impetuously.

"You are an angel, Robert—a good man—and I am a weak, silly, wicked little thing!"

"Not wicked, pet!"

"Oh, Robert," she said, earnestly, as she hung round his neck, "bear with me, and forgive me, my darling!"

"Forgive you, my darling!" said her husband, returning her caress. "Have we not all need of forbearance and forgiveness?"

Dinner's ready, please, sir," cried Ann, entering, with a covert smile on her face.

"Well, Ann," returned her master, good-humoredly, and as if boiled mutton were his favorite dish, "I am hungry enough to do credit to your cooking."

Little Mrs. Denwillow, with a feeling of intense shame, took her seat at the head of the table. Ann removed the covers. The boiled mutton, sadly overdone, was there, it is true; but opposite her master Ann had placed a splendid ramp-steak pie, which she had covered over, to produce the greater effect when disclosed.

Lina cast a grateful glance at her servant, whilst Robert Denwillow said—

"This is famous! But how is it, Ann? I thought boiled mutton—"

"Well, sir," said Ann, with a gratified smile, and a shy glance at her mistress, "I thought, as master don't like mutton, and the butcher's boy had a fine steak on his tray, I'd make a pie on my own responsibility."

"You have done quite rightly, Ann," said her mistress, "and show good sense." Surely a merrier "dinner of herbs" never was than that, seasoned as it was by a renewal of love and confidence between the married couple. Mrs. Denwillow often spoke of it afterwards as the commencement of a long and happy life.

A Western editor, from whose mind neither the war in Europe nor the fearful atrocities that daily occur here and elsewhere have eradicated the idea of the coming Chinaman, predicts a dreadful fate for the single women of Massachusetts. He is sure that State will be overrun by the pig-tailed gentry, and that the forty-five thousand spinsters there residing will "first endure, then pity, then embrace" the pagans. In other words, the Chinaman will marry the Puritan girls, and a race of beings of the most singular character will be propagated.

By a provision of the Maryland constitution, no "minister or preacher of the Gospel" is eligible as a senator or delegate in the Legislature.

## The Great American Desert.

The Chicago *Tribune* has an interesting article on the new West, from which we quote as follows:

It may seem to be a rather absurd assertion that a discovery has recently been made in valuable lands on the North American Continent, within easy access of the most densely populated portion of the country, of more worth than all the gold and silver mines that have been prospected for the last twenty years. Of land, it was thought we had enough, and that we knew just where it was; but, in our calculation, we counted in that immense region still laid down in the school books as The Great American Desert, and counted it as a barren and wasteless waste. The discovery is that there is no such place as The Great American Desert, or rather that the place laid down as such, extending from Western Kansas to the foot of the Rocky Mountains—a belt of country not less than two hundred miles in width, and pierced by the Kansas Pacific Railway a length of four hundred miles—is not a desert at all, but a region covered with a native growth of grass of the most nutritious quality, and peculiarly calculated by climate and position as the natural range for stock-grazing and raising from which the present and future millions of people of the United States are to be supplied with beef and mutton, with hides, and wool, and horses.

Undoubtedly much of this region will eventually be opened to agriculture, but before that time comes the problem of irrigation must be solved by sinking numerous artesian wells, bringing hidden streams to the surface, and turning the waters of the rivers from their natural channels to penetrate in canals and rivulets over the arid soil of the plains. That time, however, is far distant, if it ever comes, for the many hundreds of miles of high and rolling prairie which makes the divides between the rivers. The problem, indeed, is solved already for those sections of country bordering the rivers where irrigation has revealed the fact that the soil only needs sufficiency of water to render it the most fertile and the most certainly productive of crops any land upon the continent. But when all this land shall be redeemed, and an agricultural population shall have covered all the region so easily rendered fertile by irrigation, there will still remain an immense stretch of country, hundreds of miles in extent, high, dry, and salubrious, and rich in its own peculiar way, on which the agriculturist will not encroach, but where the herdsman will gather tens of thousands of cattle and sheep, for whose sustenance nature has made the simplest provision, and which may be multiplied in numbers sufficient almost to feed the world. It only needs that man shall provide for water by wells and reservoirs, or keeping near enough to the living streams, and nature has done the rest.

"All flesh is grass" in another sense than the Scriptural, and the plains are supplied with a natural herbage for stock, which needs no other moisture during the long dry season than that which falls from the clouds in the spring and started it in its growth. It matures its short blade and seeds and is cured into hay upon the ground in the steady summer heat, and so preserves its sweetness and nutrition all winter long that animals feeding upon it are fatter in the spring than in the fall. Domestic cattle will leave any other food for this, and in the long range from north to south, herds may be driven the year round from ranch to ranch, and never fail of finding an inexhaustible supply. But, by careful selection of varieties, even this may be avoided, and the range confined within a few miles. On these fields millions of buffalo and antelope have roamed and fattened from time immemorial, and that alone is evidence enough of the peculiar fitness of this region for the raising of domestic animals, even had the experiment not been successfully tested by putting upon them herds of Texan cattle, which thrive and fatten and improve there better than on the different grass of the more southern plains. To sum up the result, this wide extent of country, which till recently has been held to be a desert utterly unfit for any human use, is, in reality, in its high and rolling surface, the salubrity of its climate, the food with which it is covered all the year round, and in the very difficulty of devoting it to the want of rain to agriculture, peculiarly adapted to the raising of domestic animals, and to become the great source of supply of animal food for the people of the whole country. To stock it, we have the cattle of Texas and New Mexico, which only need to be crossed with our own breeds to secure the best qualities of both.

Through the centre of this region, hitherto supposed a desert, runs for four hundred and fifty miles the Kansas Pacific Railway, and it is the opening of that road that will render the raising of cattle in Western Kansas and Colorado so profitable and important to Eastern markets. The business of that road on its eastern sections shows how immense the trade in cattle is, and how dependent the whole country is upon this supply from the West, and South-west.

From May 1 to October 1 of the present year the number of head of cattle brought eastward over the Kansas Pacific Road was 75,698, and in September alone the number was 19,568. The increase is very rapid, being about 50,000 head more than the figures show for the corresponding months last year, and the demand seems limited only by the capacity of a new road. As that capacity increases, the demand increases, as shown in the September figures; and as the country will want all the cattle that can be raised upon the plains—raised at little cost and at enormous profit—the road will be able to bring them to market. Upon the probable growth of this new branch of commerce it would be useless to speculate, for based upon an actual necessity of life for the production of which a new region is discovered with facilities hitherto unknown, all speculation upon its importance and its growth would probably be at fault.

## A SUNKEN LAKE.

One of the Natural Wonders of the Thunder Bay Region.

We extract the following from Prof. N. H. Winchell's recent report on the Thunder Bay region:

Sunken Lake, in Sec. 32, T. 33, N. R. 6 E. is a remarkable example of the effect of subterranean erosion. I have before described the lake in full. Suffice it to say that the North Branch of Thunder Bay River disappears entirely in time of low water beneath a ledge of Hamilton limestone. But in time of high water, the mouth of the subterranean channel will not admit raised volume of water, and after filling the basin of a little lake, which is nearly a mile in length, it passes overland through the channel represented as its bed on the maps. During half the year, however, this channel is one day south of the lake.

During a recent trip up the Lake Huron shore, north of Thunder Bay, it was one of my objects to examine the reported outlet of this river into Lake Huron. On the south side, and near the head of the deep, crooked bayou, tributary to Little Thunder Bay on the north, is a remarkably deep hole in the otherwise shallow bed of the bay. The entrance of this long arm of Little Thunder Bay is disguised by a long, low island which hangs across it. Any one in coasting would be apt to miss it, as I did at first, unless he followed carefully the same indentures of the coast. Having entered the bayou, I directed my man to follow the right bank, or north side, and to return on the south shore. Having entered the bay, we began to coast outward along the south shore. We had left the head of the bayou, perhaps 150 rods, when there was a sudden increase in the depth of the water. The weeds which had covered the bottom entirely disappeared within a space no more than the length of the boat, and the water was as black as at any place in the open lake. The motion of the boat had attained carried us over the chasm, and my pocket thermometer told us the temperature of the water was 67 deg. Fahrenheit. As that was the same as the temperature of the shoal water of the bayou, observed a few minutes before, I was disappointed, for I had expected to detect the presence of river water, if it were the outlet of Sunken Lake, by the difference of temperature between the lake water and that of the bayou. The motion of the boat had attained carried us over the chasm, and my pocket thermometer told us the temperature of the water was 67 deg. Fahrenheit. As that was the same as the temperature of the shoal water of the bayou, observed a few minutes before, I was disappointed, for I had expected to detect the presence of river water, if it were the outlet of Sunken Lake, by the difference of temperature between the lake water and that of the bayou.

"I was surprised to find that the temperature of the water was 67 deg. Fahrenheit. This observation was made perhaps ten feet to the east of the opening, and as we were drifting, allowing the boat to continue in motion, the temperature at thirty feet from the opening was 65 deg. Fahrenheit. The depth of the water at the place of these last observations was not more than eighteen or twenty inches, and the bottom was one of clean sand with frequent shells common on the lake beach near the mouth of rivers, but no weeds. Returning to the opening and following the line of shoal water in the same direction, we found that the weedy soon became as abundant as on the other side of the current. The current ceased soon after we passed the most easterly rod across, and nearly circular, and is nearest the south side of the bayou, about twelve rods from the shore. As one passes over the brink and loses sight of the weeds as they descend so quickly down the subaqueous brink, a feeling of terror comes over the beholder, as if he was about to be precipitated into a awful chasm. Fishermen report that a lead has been lowered 300 feet into its opening without a bottom. I suppose the temperature of the water over the opening is higher than that of the current just east, because of the influx of the heated bayou water, and that the real river water is found just over the sandy part of the brink, and a little farther east. It was not until I left the place that I remembered that the temperature of the Thunder Bay River at Alpena, at two different observations, was 55 deg. Fahrenheit. In winter this is always five or six, and ducks frequent the place. I do not doubt but this is the real outlet of the north branch of Thunder Bay River, which disappears in the bed of Sunken Lake.

An Arkansas "Local," becoming incensed at some remarks of a brother quill-driver in the same town concerning his personal appearance, launches the following tabular of Arkansasian editorial lightning at his competitor's head: "The volcano, pimple-headed, blister-brained, oval-faced, spike-nosed, weasel-faced, web-footed, pig-legged, lilliputian, foggy petteffigger of the Bugle Horn of Liberty does not like our personal appearance. Until this foul-mouthed, brazen debaser has been run through a sieve, a filter, scour, scrubbed, swabbed, sponged, and disinfected until he is a fit object to enter decent society, we will forbear having anything to say about him."

Detroit has just named one of its streets "Napoleon," to the great disgust of the residents upon it, two-thirds of whom are Germans.

## AN OLD MISER'S SUICIDE.

Making Preparations for the Fatal Deed—The Secrets of John Armstrong's Sealed Abode—The Suicide's Will.

MATTEWAN, N. Y., Oct. 18.—Forty years ago John Armstrong, of England, was brought to this country by the Matewan Manufacturing Company to superintend their works. He was and always has been a bachelor, the love of his early days having been separated from him through a misunderstanding. When he reached this place he acted as a draughtsman and bookkeeper for the Company, always attending to his duties faithfully and commanding esteem from his employers. He was possessed of rare intellect, and was a great admirer of machinery and philosophical works. His habits were of a very eccentric character. For twenty years he ignored friends, being lying only in one man, Mr. John Rothery, proprietor of the file works here. His friendship for him was of that kind which binds one man to another in adversity and misfortune.

A few weeks ago he had a conversation with Mr. Rothery, during which he said that

HE WAS TIRED OF LIFE,

and sometimes thought that when next his friend called he would not be found alive. Then it was concluded that he was laboring under temporary aberration of mind.

Monday morning, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Rothery called to see him at his rooms over Mr. Davis's store. His apartments consisted of two rooms, which it is alleged no one but the deceased and Mr. Rothery had entered for twenty years. When Mr. Rothery entered them on Monday he found the deceased in bed, and after a few moments' talk left him to attend to some business. At 9 o'clock A. M. persons in the vicinity heard the report of a pistol, but paid little attention to it, as the boys in the neighborhood are in the habit of firing off pistols. At 1 P. M. Mr. Rothery again visited his friend,

A HORRIBLE SIGHT MET HIS VIEW.

Mr. Armstrong lay dead in the room below his sleeping room on a bundle of shavings, which had been placed upon two benches. One side of his face was blown entirely away, and a portion of his skull and teeth were lying several feet from the body. The floor, shavings and benches were saturated with blood, and the wall and ceiling besmeared with blood and brains. Near the body lay a single-barreled pistol, which had been discharged, and which, in a dumb way, told the terrible story. The thumb and forefinger of the left hand were lacerated. The bullet was picked up on the floor at the foot of the couch. Judging from the situation of things generally, the deceased must have sat upright on the benches and placed the muzzle of the pistol in his mouth.

BLOWING HIS HEAD PARTIALLY OFF.

The following note was found pinned to the coat sleeve of his left arm:

"This is my own doing. I ought to have done it before. Send my body to Dr. J. W. Draper, New York, for dissection. John Rothery, file maker, Matewan, is my executor, and has my will in his safe."

Underneath the above, which was written with ink, was the following written with a lead pencil, and apparently with a trembling hand:

"Give him the little paper parcel on the table."

The parcel referred to lay upon a common table in the room. Upon opening it the keys to the suicide's rooms were found and a private note to Mr. Rothery. This note gave directions in relation to some unsettled bills and restated that Mr. Rothery was his executor, and would know what to do in the premises. It also showed that the suicide had been worried the day previous paying up small bills. Before the will was opened it was rumored that the dead man had

LEFT BEHIND A LARGE SUM OF MONEY, many rating it at \$40,000. It is not yet positively known how much he did leave. There are strange stories concerning his will. It is known that a large bag of silver has been found therein, and it is also known that, secreted in his rooms, are several closely packed and strongly locked boxes. As yet Mr. Rothery has not examined them, wishing to be sure of his full power to do so. The will, however, has been opened, and it is a curious one. It bequeaths to John Rothery all Mr. Armstrong's tools and machinery, valued at from \$1,000 to \$5,000, and also all the personal property. To William Rothery it leaves

A VALUABLE MANUSCRIPT LIBRARY, valued at \$9,000. To Mrs. Burnett, with whom he once boarded, he leaves \$300 for kindness, and \$50 in gold for a bottle of wine, given him by her ten years ago. He never entered a church in forty years, but believed firmly in a God. He made his will six months ago. At times he was subject to a terrible nervous headache. His funeral took place to-day, and the remains were followed to the Methodist burial ground by a number of citizens. He was seventy-three years of age.

AN OLD HAMPSHIRE.—Old Judge B. of New Hampshire, was what Artemus Ward would have called a "sociable cuss" off the bench, and was noted for claiming acquaintance with any one whose appearance happened to please him. Entering a crowded car on the Boston and Maine Road one day, his honor found the only unoccupied seat to be by the side of a smartly-dressed and rather good-looking young woman. Ascertaining that the seat was not engaged, the Judge settled himself comfortably in it, and turning with his accustomed bland, fatherly smile to his fair companion, said:

"Your face seems familiar to me, my dear; I think I must know you."

"I should think you might," said the unknown, in a hoarse, whiskey, contralto voice, turning a vindictive pair of eyes on the astonished judge. "I should think you might; you sent me to the House of Correction for three months last winter, you infernal old scoundrel."

The Judge did not press his claim for acquaintance any further in that quarter.

## A SENSIBLE CORPSE.

A Reminiscence of the Back Settlements.

Now that corpse (said the undertaker, patting the folded hands of deceased approvingly) was a brick—every way you took him he was a brick. He was so real accommodating, and so modest-like and simple in his last moments. Friends wanted metallic burial case—nothing else would do. I couldn't get it. There wasn't going to be time—anybody could see that. Corpse said never mind, shake him up some kind of a box he could stretch out in comfortably, he wasn't particular 'bout the general style of it. Said he went more on room than style, anyway, in a lastinal container. Friends wanted a silver door-plate on the coffin, signifying who he was and when he was from. Now you know a fellow couldn't rust out such a gaily thing as that in a little country town like this. What did corpse say? Corpse said, whitewash his old canoe and dob his address and general destination onto it with a blacking brush and a stencil plate, long with a verse from some likely hymn or other, and print him for the tomb, and mark him C.O.D., and just let him skip along. He wasn't distressed any more than you be—on the contrary just as calm and collected as a hearse-horse; said he judged that 'wher he was going to, a body would find it considerable better to attract attention by a picturesque moral character than a natty burial case with a swell door-plate on it. Splendid man, he was. I'd rather do for a corpse like that 'n any I've tackled in seven year. There's some satisfaction in burying 'n a man like that. You feel that what you're doing is appreciated. Lord bless you, so's he got planted before he spilled, he was perfectly satisfied; said his relations meant well, perfectly well, but all them preparations was bound to delay the thing more or less, and he didn't wish to be kept layin' round. You never see such a clear head as what he had—and so calm and so cool. Just a bank of brains—that is what he was. Perfectly awful. It was a ripping distance from one end of that man's head to 't'other. Often and over again he'd had brain fever—a-raging in one place, and the rest of the pile didn't know anything about it—didn't affect it any more than Injun insurrection in Arizona affects the Atlantic States. Well, the relations they wanted a big funeral, but corpse said he was down on flummery—didn't want any procession—fill the house full of mourners and get out a steam fire engine to go to the grave. He wanted the most down on style of any remains I ever struck. A beautiful, simple-minded creature—it was what he was, you can depend upon that. He was just set on having things the way he wanted them, and he took a solid comfort in laying his little plans. He had me measure him and take a whole raft of directions; then he had the minister stand up behind a long box with a table-cloth over it and read his funeral sermon, saying "Angore, angore!" at the good places, and making him search out every bit of brag about him, and all the hifalutin; and then he made them trot out the tunes for the occasion, and he got them to sing "Pop Goes the Weasel," because he'd always liked that tune when he was down-hearted, and solemn music made him sad; and when they sung that with tears in their eyes (because they all loved him), and his relations grieving around, he just laid there as happy as a bug, and trying to beat time and showing all over how much he enjoyed it; and presently he got worked up and excited, and tried to join in, for mind you he was pretty proud of his abilities in the singing line; but the first time he opened his mouth and was just going to spread himself, his breath took a walk. I never see a man snuffed out so sudden. Ah, it was a great loss—it was a powerful loss to this poor little one-horse town. Well, well, well, I ain't got time to palaver along here—got to nail on the lid and mosey along with him, and if you'll just give me a lift I'll skirt him into the hearse and mosey along. Relation board to have it so—don't pay no attention to dying injunctions, minute a corpse gone; but if I had my way, if I didn't respect his last wishes and tow him behind the hearse, I'd be cuss'd. I consider that whatever a corpse wants done for his comfort is a little enough matter, and a man ain't got no right to deceive him or take advantage of him—and whatever a corpse trusts to me to do I'm a-going to do, you know, ever if it's to stuff him and paint him yellow and keep him for a keepsake—

By the way, when he was buried I went away with my ancient ruin of a hearse, and I continued my walk with a valuable lesson learned—that a healthy and wholesome cheerfulness is not necessarily impossible to any occupation. The lesson is likely to be lasting, for it will take many months to obliterate the memory of the remarks and circumstances that impressed it.—*Mark Twain, in November Galaxy.*

A few nights since a Mrs. Curtis, of Stratford, Conn., a woman over 80 years old and who has been, for the last five years, so infirm as to be unable to go about the house, arose from her bed in a somnambulistic fit, dressed herself in an old suit, and proceeded to the river, a quarter of a mile away, where she proceeded to introduce a thread, which projects from one of the corners, by pulling which the lower edge of the envelope is cut through without injury to the enclosure, the address, or the stamp.

The telescope used by Washington at the battle of Germantown, Pa., is in the possession of the academy in that town, and is in a good state of preservation.

A woman went to a circus in Terre Haute, Ind., accompanied by eleven children, and when a neighbor asked her where the old man was, she said he was at home taking care of the children. Another neighbor called at the house, and seeing the old man trying to amuse nine young ones, asked where the old lady was. He said he had let her go to the circus with the children.

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## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The population of Washington City is 109,338.

Omaha is putting in the fire alarm telegraph.

General Sheridan is expected home in December.

More trouble in the Red River country is reported.

The new Ohio State Capitol will cost \$1,500,000.

The valuation of the city of Boston is \$104,000,000.

The new State Capitol of Iowa will cost \$1,600,000.

The Chicago census shows a population of 207,358.

They keep "Knew Syder Fur Sail" at a Texas grocery.

Texas has over seventy million acres of uncultivated land.

In Taunton, Mass., street sweepers are promptly arrested.

Female street-corner loungers are complained of in Troy.

Prairie chickens are more plentiful than usual out West.

There are 100 young ladies at the Elmira Female College.

The exports of hogs during the last year were 16,356,631 lbs.

Sioux City has a "Woman's Rights Hotel," kept by a lady.

Kentucky's sweet potato crop this year is the largest ever raised.

The State debt of California is two and a-half millions of dollars.

A Chinese newspaper has been established at Helena, Montana.

During August, 312,071 letters were received at the dead letter office.

One Boston firm has put up over 1,500,000 gallons of pickles this year.

A Wisconsin judge lately fined himself one dollar for tardiness at court.

California is the only State that reports an increased average in hops.

The manufacture of spurious century plants is a branch of Chicago industry.

The resignation of Secretary Cox has finally been accepted. Delano is named as his probable successor.

There was a doll baby's wedding at Edgely, Pa., the other day. Several hundred little girls were present.

Small bills are so scarce in some parts of Iowa that merchants are using scrip of their own for one and two dollars.

The Democrats in Kansas have nominated a woman for the office of Superintendent of Public Instruction.

A Santa Fe editor, in giving an account of his fight with Gen. Heath says, "Having nothing to defend myself with, we made the best possible time—and our friends say it was good—to our office."

There is a colored man in the Michigan Penitentiary who has been there for ten years for murder, and he now insists that Lincoln's proclamation set him free, and he asks the authorities to let him go.

Miss Nora Perry and Miss Lillie Chase have been chosen assistant editors of a daily paper to be issued during the continuance of the woman suffrage fair in Boston.

In East Tennessee, the other day, an old lady waved a red flag till a train stopped, and then asked the conductor if her daughter Sally was aboard. The language used by that conductor in reply is described as terrible.

The Washington Star says that General Beauregard, who is reported by cable to be in France, "was in Lynchburg, Virginia, no longer ago than last week. He is not in the lead and salt-petre line at present, but on the other hand, is about to marry a lady of Richmond."

An insurrection of negroes has broken out in the French colony of Martinique, in the West Indies, consequent upon the proclamation by the Governor of the establishment of the republic in France. The insurgents have proclaimed a republic of Martinique, similar to that of Haiti.

Hamden, Conn., with a population of 3,000, has had not less than 2,000 persons sick with the malarial fever, in one form or another, since the 1st of July last, or since the drought began. The epidemic was caused by decaying vegetable matter exposed to the action of the sun by the subsidence of the pond in that vicinity.

The losses in Virginia from the recent floods, directly and indirectly, are calculated at \$5,000,000. A serious feature of the disaster is that the price of coal will be materially increased by the interruption of railway communication. The greater portion of the loss will fall upon small farmers and the poor population generally occupying the river regions overflooded.

One of the novelties of the season is a ladies "business suit." It is simply and plainly made of cloth with galloway bindings, and intended to be sensible and serviceable as the outdoor dress of a man. The number of women now engaged upon the press and in other active occupations, in the larger cities, renders a neat, durable, unpretending, yet lady-like costume, most desirable.

A new form of envelope has recently become quite popular in Germany, and possesses the convenience of enabling one to open a letter when completely sealed up, without the ordinary difficulty of finding an entrance. The arrangement consists in introducing a thread, which projects from one of the corners, by pulling which the lower edge of the envelope is cut through without injury to the enclosure, the address, or the stamp.

Boston has an institution known as "The Flower Mission," which has this season distributed among the poor and sick eleven thousand bouquets and small lilies. Such a tender recognition of the tenants of sick rooms and the lonely and destitute is no less beautiful than it has been beneficial. The Mission proper has suspended its work for the winter, but others have taken it up, and fruits and flowers will be distributed daily where they will be sure to give joy and comfort.