VOL. III.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1873.

NO. 32.

The River Path.

No bird-song floated down the hill; The tangled bank below was still; No rustle from the birchen stem-No ripple from the water's hem : The duck of twillight round us grew, We felt the falling of the dew;

For, from us, ere the day was done,

The wooded hills shut out the sur But on the river's farther side We saw the hill-tops glorified-

A tender glow, exceeding fair. A dream of day without its glare, With us the damp, the chill, the gloom; With them the sunset's rosy bloc

While dark, through willowy vistas seen, The river rolled in shade between

We gazed upon those hills of God, Whose light seemed not of meen or sun: We spake not, but our thought was one

We paused, as if from that bright shore Beckoned our dear ones gone before; And stilled our beating hearts to hear

The voices lost to mortal ear. Sudden our pathway turned from night;

Through their green gates the sunshine shower A long, slant splender downward flowed:

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled : It bridged the shaded stream with gold,

And, borne on plers of mist, allied The shadowy with the sunlit side ! '80," prayed we, "when our feet draw near

The river dark with mortal fear, "And the night cometh, chill with dew-

O Father! let thy light break through!

" So let the hills of doubt divide; So bridge with faith the sunless tide:

"So let the eyes that fail on earth; On thy eternal hills look forth,

" And, in thy beckening angels, know The dear once whom we loved below !"

TO LET.

I should like to describe my hero as a young and gallant cavalier of this nineteenth century, with the beauty of an Apollo and the wisdom of a sage, but truth compels me to acknowledge that Rupert Smithson, in spite of his fine Christian appellation, was neither one or the other. His nephew and namesake, who was called by the bosom of his family Rupert the Second, said There were few that his Uncle Rupert was a crusty old that his Uncle Rupert was a crusty old soften the outer crust of manner in Rubachelor, and I hammer my brains in pert Smithson, but he would hide his

vain for a more fitting description.

Δ crusty old bachelor he undoubtedly was, more than fifty years of age, with hovered on his lips as the music pierced grizzled hair, heavy gray beard, and a down into that warm, loving heart he rough voice and manner. It is very had tried to conceal with cynical words true that he was always careful to keep and looks. the crustiest side of nature on the surface, and had been discovered in the turn melted softly into silence, the old act of committing several deeds of bachelor stole away and left the house, charity and kindness, that belied utterly bidding no one farewell. his habitual surly tone and abrupt They were accustomed to his singular manner.

Twenty years before, when the gray hair was nut-brown and clustered in rich curls over the broad white forehead, when the brown eye shown with the fire of ambition, the clear voice was true and tender, Rupert Smithson had kept it spinning around giddily.
given his whole loyal heart to Katie "Why don't he get married?" asked Carrol, neighbor and friend, little sweetheart from childhood.

Urged by love as well as by ambition. he had left his home, in a small Western town, and gone to New York to win a name and fortune to lay at Katie's feet, The fortune and fame as a successful merchant came to him, but when he resurned to Katie he found she had left her home also, to become the wife of a wealthy pork dealer in Cincinnati.

Nobody told Rupert of treachery to the pretty Katie, of letters suppressed, slanders circulated, and authority stretched to the utmost in favor of the wealthy suitor. He had no record of the slow despair that crept over the loving heart, when the pleading letters were answered, of the dull apathy that yielded at last, and gave away the hand of the young girl, when her heart seemed broken.

All that the young, ardent lover knew was the one bitter fact that the girl he loved faithfully and fondly was false to her promise, the wife of another. He spoke no word of bitterness, but re-turned to the home he hoped was his stepping-stone, and a life of loneli-

Ten years later, when his sister, with her son and daughter, came to live in New York for educational advantages, Rupert the First was certainly what his saucy nephew called him, a crusty old bachelor. Yet into that sore, disappointed heart Katie's desertion had so wounded, the bachelor uncle took with nephew and niece, bright, handsome children of ten and twelve, who, childlike, imposed upon his good nature, rioted over his quiet, orderly house, his staid housekeeper declared they were worse than a pair of monkeys, caressed him stormily one moment, and pouted over some refusal for a monstrous words in answer to a somewhat timid indulgence the next, and treated himgenerally as bachelor uncles must expect to be treated by their sister's chil-

"Rupert was so set in his fidgety old bachelor ways," she said, "that it would be positive cruelty to disturb

Probably young Rupert and Fannie did not consider their bright young faces disturbers of their uncle's tranquility, but it is quite certain that out of school hours, No. 49, their uncle's house, saw them as frequently as No.

43, where their mother resided.

With the intuitive perception of children they understood that the abrupt, often harsh voice, the surly words, and the demonstrative manner, covered heart that would have made any sacrifice for their sakes, that loved them with as true a love as their own dead father could have given them.

As they outgrew childhood, evidences of affection seased to take the form of dolls and drums, and cropped out in ter Rupert. This is your doings, is it? Christmas checks, in ball dresses and will you let me see the advertisement. boquets, a saddle horse, and various madam?" other delightful shapes, till Rupert came of age, when he was taken from sir," college into his uncle's counting house it out." and a closer intimacy than ever was cemented between the young life and turned to the list of houses to let.

the one treading the downward path to

old age, There had been a family gathering at

abrapt, rough way, fit only to amuse children or idiots."

"O, pshaw, Uncle Rupert!" said Fannie, saucily, "you played April fool

tricks too when you were young." "Never! Never could see any wit or sense in them. And what's more, Miss Famie, I was never once caught by any of the shallow deceits." "Never made an April fool?"

"Never, and never will be," was the reply. "There child, go play me that last nocturn you learned. It suits me. I hate sky-rocket music, but that is the dreamy, lazy air, and I like it."

"The idea of your liking anything ful about the reference."
dreamy and lazy," said Mrs. Kimberly.
"Have you ever kep I thought you were all energy and

"When I work, I work," was the reply; "but when I rest, I want rest." "Uncle Rupert," broke in Rupert, suddenly, "what will you bet I can't fool you next week?"
"Bah! The idea of getting to my

age to be fooled by a boy like you." "Then you defy me?" "Of course I do." "I'll do it."

"Fore-warned is fore-armed, But come, stop chatting, I want my music

Pretty, saucy, mirth-loving Fannie, with her dancing black eyes and brilliant smile, did not look like a very promising interpreter of dreamy, lazy music, but once her hands touched the keys of the grand pianoforte, the whole nature seemed to merge into the sounds she created. Merry music made dan-cing elves of her fingers as they flew over the notes; dreamy music drew a mask of hushed beauty over her face, and her great black eyes would dilate and seem to see far away beauties as the room filled with the sweet, low cadences.

She would look like an inspired Joan of Arc when grand chords rolled out under her hands in majestic measures, and sacred music transformed her beauty into something saintly. When once the rosewood case closed, Saint Cecilia became pretty, winsome Fannie

There were few influences that could ace away when Fannie played, ashamed of the tears that started, or smiles that

So, when the first chords of the noc-

vays, and no one followed him, but Kimberly sighed as she said :

"Rupert gets more odd and crusty every year. "But he is so good," Fannie said, leaving her piano stool with a twirl that

Rupert, "It is a downright shame to have that splendid house after year, excepting just the few rooms Uncle Rupert and Mrs. Jones occupy." "I mean to ask him," said Fannie,

impulsively.
"No, no!" said Mrs. Kimberly, hasti-"never speak of that to your uncle, " But why not ?"

"I never told you before, but your uncle was engaged years ago, and there was some trouble. I never understood about it exactly, for I was married and left Wilton the same year that Rupert came to New York. But this I do know; the lady after waiting three or years, married, and Rupert has never been the same man since. I am quite sure he was very much attached to her, and that you would wound him,

Fannie, if you jested about marriage.' "But I don't mean to jest at all. think he would be ever so much happier if he had some one to love, and some one to love him in return. It must be dreadfully lonesome in that large house with no companion but Mrs. Jones, who is 100 years old, I am certain.

"He ought to marry her," said Ru-pert, "she always calls him 'dearie." "Don't, children, jest about it any more, said their mother, "and be sure you never mention the subject to your uncle.

The first of April was a clear, rather cold day, the air bright and snapping, and the sky all treacherous smiles as warm love and great indulgence his became the coquettish month of sunshine and showers.

Uncle Rupert, finishing his lonely breakfast, thought to himself: "I must be on the lookout to-day for Rupert's promised trick! He won't find it so easy as he imagines to fool his old Who's there?" The last two knock upon the door.

It was certainly not easy to astonish Rupert Smithson, but his eyes opened with an unmistakable expression amazement as the door opened to admit a tall, slender figure in deep mourning, and a low, very sweet voice asked:

"Is this the landlord?" "The-the-what?" "I called about the house, sir." "What house? Take a seat"-sud-

lenly recalling his politeness. "Is not this No. 49 W--- place?" "Certainly it is," "I have been looking out for some ime for a furnished house suitable for boarders, sir, and if I find this one suits

me, and the rent is not too high-"But-" interrupted the astonished "O, I hope it is not taken. The advertisement said to call between 8 and

9, and it struck 8 as I stood on the door "O, the advertisement. Oh, no, Maswill you let me see the advertisement,

"You have the paper in your hand, ir," she said, timidly. "I did not cut

'O, you saw it in the paper," and he

Sure enough there it was.
"To let, furnished—three story, brown-stone front, basement," and rath-Mrs. Kimberly's one evening in the er a full description of the advantages month of March, and a conversation of the premises, with the emphatic ader a full description of the advantages had arisen upon the traditional enstoms dition, "call only between 8 and 9 A. M."

and tricks of the 1st of April.

"So as to be sure I am at home, the and tricks of the 1st of April.

"Senseless, absurd tricks," Rupert rascal," said Rupert Smithson, laying saide the paper. "I am sorry madam." he said, "that you have had the trouble he said, "that you have had the trouble he said," of calling upon a useless errand."

"Then it is taken?" said a very disappointed voice, and the heavy crape veil was lifted to show a sweet, matronly face, framed in that most saddest of all

badges, a widow's cap.

"Well, no," said the perplexed bachelor, "it is not exactly taken."

"Perhaps you object to boarders?" "You want to take boarders?" he answered, thinking how ladylike and gentle she looked, and wondered if she had long been a widow.
"Yes, sir; but I would be very care

"Have you ever kept boarders be-

"No, sir. Since my husband died, six years ago-he failed in business, and brought on a severeillness by mental anxiety-my daughter and myself have been sewing, but we have both been in ill health all winter, and I want to try some way of getting a living that is less confining. I have kept house several years, but I have no capital to several years, but I have no capital to a several years, but I have no capital to several years, but I have no capital to several years, but I have no capital to have want to secure a house thousand the several years, but I have no capital to have years a house the secure a house thousand the secure a house thousand the secure a house the secure a house the secure a house thousand the secure and the secure and the secure a house the secure and the secure a house the secure a house the secure and the secure and the secure a house the secure and the secure an furnished like this one, if possible."

Quite unconscious of the reason, Rupert Smithson was finding it verypleas-ant to talk to this gentle little widow about her plans, and as she spoke, was wondering if it would not make an agreeable variety in his lonely life to was subsequently procured. The young let her make her experiment of keeping man who had been led into this crime boarding house upon the premises Seeing his hesitation, she said. earn-

I think you will be satisfied with my references, sir. I have lived in one ouse and have worked for one firm for six years, and if you require it, I can obtain letters from my husband's friends in Cincinnati." " Cincinnati?"

"He was pretty well known there. He thus s Perhaps you have beard of him, John perience: Murray, ___ street?"
"John Murray!"

Rupert Smithson looked searchingly into the pale face that was so pleadingly raised to his gaze. Where was the rosy cheeks, the dancing eyes, the laughing lips that he pictured as belonging to John Murray's wife? Knowing now the truth, he recognized the face before him, the youth all gone, and the ex-pression sanctified by sorrow and long

"You have children?" he said, after long silence.

"Only one living, a daughter, seven teen years old. I have buried all the

"I will let you have the house on one little as he spoke. eyes looking into her own, in the voice | had a family of babies who were afflicted suddenly modulated to a tender sweet- with the colic. He should have added ness, some memory was awakened, and

she only listened with bated breath and dilating eyes. "On one condition, Katie," he said, 'that you come to it as my wife, and its mistress. I have waited for you

over twenty years, Katie." It was hard to believe, even then, though the little widow let him caress him to death."

her, and sobbed upon his breast. This gray-haired, middle-aged man was so unlike the Rupert she had believed false. Even after the whole past was discussed, and Rupert knew he had been wronged, but not by Katie, it was hard to believe there might be years of happiness still in store for them.

Rupert Smithson didn't put in an appearance at his counting house that day, and Rupert the Second went home to his dinner in rather an uneasy state of mind regarding that April fool trick of

"I must run over and see if I have offended beyond all hope of pardon, he said, as he rose from the table. But a gruff voice behind him arrested

"So, so; you have advertised my house to let," said his uncle, but spite of his efforts he failed to look very

How many old maids and widows applied for it?" inquired the daring young scapegrace. "I don't know. After the first application my housekeeper told the others

the house was taken.' "Yes, I have let it upon a life lease,

Here he opened the door. " My wife!

Very shy, blushing and timid "my ife" looked in her slate-colored dress and bonnet, as her three-hours' husband led her in. After a moment's scrutiny Mrs. Kim-

berly cried:
"It is Katie Carroll!"
"Katie Smithson!" said the brideroom, with immense dignity, and my daughter, Winnifred."

There was a new sensation, as a pret ty blonde answered this call, but a warmer welcome was never given than was accorded to these by their new relatives, and to this day Uncle Rupert will not acknowledge that he got the worst of the joke when his nephew played him an April fool's trick by advertising his house to let.

Mocking Bird Risen from the Ashes.

A mocking bird in its cage was saved from the ruins of the rear buildings of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, on Saturday last, by Mr. Thomas Mox-ley. He had left the bird in charge of Mrs. Linton, who so barely escaped with her children on the night of the fire. Attention was called to the bird by his singing amidst the desolation of half-consumed room in the second story of the building at the Fayette street entrance. Mr. Moxley was both surprised and delighted to find his bird alive, though terribly altered from Tuesday last, when he had been fed. No water or food was found in the cage, and the bird was nearly famished. part of the cage was slightly scorched, and it seems wonderful that the bird was not smothered to death,

How Counterfeiters Work.

When the rebellion broke out, a noted unterfeiter, says a reporter for the U. S. Senate Secret Service Bureau, saw an excellent chance to "make money," by imitating the postal and egal-tender notes which then appeared. He went into it on a wholesale scale, and his efforts at this time were im-mensely profitable. He got out fair counterfeit plates of the \$1's, the two's, the \$10's, and the \$20's, which all suc-ceeded finely; but his specially success-ful effort was an imitation fifty-dollar legal-tender, which proved the most dangerous counterfeit, as well as the most accurate imitation, of all that ever were got out of that denomina-

After fully half a million dollars of this dangerous note had been put upon the market, Bill, the counterfeiter, was arrested on suspicion; but, so well had he covered up his tracks, that nothing could be proved against him, and he was again released. His success with this operation led him to undertake a still greater venture, and he did a still greater venture. still greater venture; and he deterbogus one-hundred-dollar compoundinterest-bearing note, which were then greatly in demand and for which he agency of a handsome woman—who figured somewhat prominently in the affair—to break his trust, and take a wax impression of the back of the plate, from which the genuine note was being died suddenly, a short time afterward, in Washington, before he had been sus-pected of the crime of which he had been guilty.

Pity the Poor Printer.

A writer in Our Monthly has evidently been inside a composing room, if he has not "dug a living out of a case." He thus sums up the result of his ex-

"Working for forty editors and scores of authors, every one of whom is as sensitive as a sore thumb, and as lively and interesting as a hornet, no wonder that printers die young, and only pachydermatous grizzly, mulish specimens get their share of life.

" Happy infants, early blest! Rest in peaceful slumber; rest; Rescued from the thumps and jeers

Which increase with growing years.' "The writer wishes he could offer himself as an awful example of the perils which erviron the man who meddles with cold—type. A thoroughly trained printer should have had a stepmother and then a stepfather, and condition," he said, his lip trembling a then have been bound out to a tanner, and then have married a scolding wife She did not answer. In the softened and lived in a smoking house, and have to all this discipline a thorough knowledge of science, art, law, languages, theology, history and biography. If, in addition, he has a vicious-looking countenance and an amiable disposition, he may stand some chance with those authors and editors; but the probabilities are, after all, that they will worry

How He Beat an Editor.

An October magazine relates the following incident of Cagliostro, the

noted swindler of his day. It says : Expelled from France, Cagliostro returned to London and Masonry. newspaper quarrel, in that day of small things in Newspapers, made him temporarily famous throughout England. One De Morandi, editor of the Courrier de l'Europe, accused him of being a rogue. This editor was happily witty over a statement of Cagliostro's that, in his princely travels in Arabia, he saw fed and fattened on arsenicpigs sprinkled food. When thoroughly saturated with the poison, so that their sides stood out with fatness, the pigs were marched into the woods to be devoured by lions, tigers, leopards, and other carniverous animals, who always died immediately after their poisonous repast. It is rather a tough story, and De Morandi made great fun of it, offering to eat any amount of the pork. But the Count turned the tables on his editorial persecutor by offering to put up twenty-five thousand dollars that he would fatten a pig on arsenic, and that of years what their fathers were a life-De Morandi and himself should eat a hearty breakfast of it, the survivor to the fifty thousand dollars. The pork, he told England, would kill De Morandi, but he was immortal. The editor declined the test, not caring to risk his life even in hopes of winning twenty-five thousand dollars.

Improvements in Iron Production.

A London inventor, named Crampton, has devised a furnace which is claimed to resolve the three problems of the utilization of coal dust, the perfect combustion of fuel without smoke, and mechanical puddling. The furnace is now in operation at the Woolwich arsenal. It consists of a cylinder revolving about a horizontal axis, and divided into two chambers, upon four bearing wheels let into a bed plate on the ground. Around the furnace at one end is a toothed wheel, which gears into a pinion connection with a small engine, by which it is said to revolve. There is a circular opening in the bridge or partition between the two chambers. Into one of the latter, the combustion chamber, the comminuted coal dust mixed with air is blown, and there consumed. The interior is lined with fire-brick, to which the slag from the iron melted in the furnace forms a protective covering, being equally distributed over the surface as the cylinder revolves. At the end of the working chamber is a flue leading to the chimney, and which is arranged with a counterbalance weight, so that it can be removed when the charge is to introduced, or withdrawn. As in the common reverberatory furnace, the products of combustion pass from the first into the second chamber, where the heat is applied for the purification of hardens speedily, and the patch is as well after the race was over as when it the same child's father was a barkeeper

Tricks of a Smuggler.

The especial attention of the Secret Service of the United States having been called to the fact that large amounts of valuable laces and jewelry found their way into this country in some mysterious manner, without paying duty, during the years 1866 and and fluency in speech, calculated to en-1867, it was at last ascertained that tertain the masses, but an arrant cowthese smuggled goods came through Boston, A "special" (Captain Swas sent to the Custom House at that the qui vive watching the European steamers carefully, but without avail. One fine morning, however, this officer, while on board of a steamer which had just come in from Havre, observed a large deal box, which was being trans-ferred to the shore. His suspicions being aroused, he inquired what it contained, and was answered that it was a corpse-an American who had died abroad, and whose body was being sent home for interment in his native soil, at the request of his mourning relatives, Not quite satisfied with this explanamined to go to work and introduce a tion, the officer ordered the box to be until the day of his execution. opened. Inside was a handsome blackwalnut coffin. Still suspicious, he or-dered the lid of the casket to be un-screwed, and there lay the dead man sure enough, the body slightly decomposed. The casket was quickly closed, and the box nailed up and taken away

without further investigation. A short time subsequently a similar occurrence took place. Another steamer arrived from France with another corpse aboard, it was said, addressed to other waiting, mourning friends in America. Somewhat confounded at the apparent mortality going on among American citizens in France, Captain S-- ordered also this box to be opened before leaving the ship. This was done, and there was another elegant casket with silver mountings, handles, etc. This unscrewed as before, and there lay the corpse—the cold blue face and head and neck—there could be no question about the fact. The coffin lid, which opened a third of its length upon silver surprise of the sailors, that the entire id of the casket should be removed.

This was done at once, and, horrible o relate the fact, the trunk and bowels removed, and, in place of the contents for which intended, the cavity in the casket, for two-thirds of its length, was filled with shallow tin boxes, hermetically sealed, containing some eight thousand dollars' worth of choice Mechlin and other valuable laces! These, of course, were seized and confiscated, while the mutilated corpse went on its way, according to address.

How Young Men Fall,

"There is Alfred Sutton home with his family to live on the old folks," said one neighbor to another, "It said one neighbor to another, "It is father here." They beat them in the most reasons why the Germans do not share in the grange or farmers' moveafter all his father done to fit him for business, and the without fear or restraint. The case of ment. No very plausible explanation capital he invested to start him so fair- one is related who was held upon burnly. It is surprising he has turned out ing coals until the fire consumed his so poorly. He is a steady young man, vitals, no bad habits, as far as I know; he has a good education, and was always con-sidered smart; but he doesn't succeed in anything. I am told he has tried a and covote, or prairie wolf, is the subnumber of different kinds of business, and sunk money every time. What Elliot Coues in a recent number of the can be the trouble with Alfred? I American Naturalist. A table of should like to know, for I don't want my boy to take his turn.'

other, "and has education enough, but he lacks the one element of success. He never wants to give a dollar's worth of work for a dollar of money, and there is no other way for a young man to make his fortune. He must dig if he would get gold. All the men that mongrel dogs shading into coyotes in Bras D'Or, C. B., supposed from the have succeeded, honestly or dishonest- every degree, all having the clear wolf ly, in making money, have had to work for it, the sharpers sometimes the hard- tinguishable from a prairie wolf. The gale. est of all. Alfred wishes to get his train in motion, and let it take care of itself. No wonder it soon ran off the my. track, and a smash-up was the result, Teach your boy, friend Archer, to work with a will when he does work. Give him play enough to make him healthy and happy, but let him learn that work is the business of life. Patient, selfdenying work is the price of success. Ease and indolence eat away not capital only, but worse still, all of man's nerve power. Present gratification tends to put off duty until to-morrow or next week. It is getting to be a rare thing for the sons of rich men to die rich. Too often they squander in a half-score ring it in the ears of every aspiring young man that work, hard work, of head and hands, is the price of success.

Not Remarkable.

A Massachusetts farmer says: "My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot, and on their way up to the barnyard in the evening stop and call for a ock of hay."

Smithson says there is nothing at all remarkable in that. He went into a barnyard in the country one day last week where he had not the slightest ac quaintance with the cattle, and an old bull not only followed him till he left the lot, but took the gate off the hinges and raced with him up to the house in the most familiar manner possible. Smithson says he has no doubt that the old fellow would have called for something if he had waited a little while, but he didn't want to keep the folks waiting dinner, so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of his pants on the bull's horns and went into the

silvering on a mirror, the following method has been recommended by good authorities: Clean the bare portion on the glass by rubbing it gently with fine cotton, taking care to remove all dust and grease. With the point of a knife eut upon the back of another glass a portion of the silvering of the required form, but a little larger. Place a drop of mercury upon it., This spreads, and presently the piece of amalgam may be lifted up with the blade of a knife, and transferred to the place to be repaired. good as any other part of the mirror.

A Singular Case.

Senator Foote, of Mississippi, in his reminiscences of early times, tells a horrible story of a Governor of that

State as follows: Alexander McNutt was a coarse, brutal man, with a certain sort of ability ard. He formed a valuable partnership with one Joel Cameron, a very successful cotton planter at Natchez, and grew port to "work up" the case, and for several months this gentleman was on ple of Mississippi were shocked by Mississippi were shocked by learning that Cameron had been mur-dered, and that four of his own negroes had been arrested for the deed. These negroes were tried and bung, McNutt being particularly officious in bringing them to justice. One of them, named Daniel, a very intelligent, though desperate man, began, before his execution, to throw out dark hints of McNutt being an accessory to the murder, and was only silenced by a threat that a dentist should be sent for and his teeth drawn-a very strange proceeding, truly, Daniel remained silent after that The negro supposed he would have the op-portunity of saying a last word on the gallows, as is usual in such cases ; but anticiptting this, McNutt had arranged to defeat the intention, and when negro began speaking the drums of the guard commenced to beat, drowning his voice, and in the midst of the tumult he was swung off. Immediately thereafter McNutt secured the arrest of a free negro named Byrd, whom he charged with complicity in the crime. Byrd was familiar with the affairs of the purtners, and McNutt doubtless feared he would betray some secret, Byrd was tried twice, each time convicted, and each time the Supreme Court annulled the sentence and sent the case back for rehearing. But McNutt pursued him like a bloodhound. He was standard is sixty pounds to the bushel. tried a third time, and again convicted. He made a statement the day before his death, which he submitted to Governor Foote, who was his counsel, in which he charged the murder directly upon McNutt, and adduced facts strongly hinges, was just being thrown back to McNutt, and adduced facts strongly its place when the officer insisted, to the ment made to him by the negro Daniel, above referred to, and in support of the charge referred to the fact that within a few months after the death of Cameof the corpse were found to have been ron, McNutt had married the latter's widow, and had come into the whole of his property. This statement was suppressed at the request of Governor Foote, and McNutt permitted to go unmolested. Byrd was hung, though there seemed to be, outside of the jury, who had doubtless been tampered with, a nuivareal heliof in his invescence. a universal belief in his innocence. McNutt afterward became Governor of Mississippi, and was a prominent candidate for United States Senator, but was beaten by Mr. Foote. In the course of his recital the latter relates that

The Dog and Prairie Wolf. The resemblance between the dog ject of an interesting paper by Dr. measurements of the two species shows a very close argument between them, 'Alfred is smart enough," said the even though one of the terms of comparison be so highly specialized a variety of dog as the pointer. Crosses of the coyote and the dog are frequent, with the resulting mongrels fertile; "and in every Indian community on the plains," says Dr. Coues, "there are strain, and some being scarcely dismost striking difference between the coyote and the dog is their physiogno-That of the coyote is characterized by Dr. Coues as being intermediate between the wolf's and the fox's, but more "doggy" than either. Audubon's figure of the coyote is said to be faithful enough, though the front view of the upper figure is too "foxy." coyote face occurs in many cur-dogs, especially the slender-nosed kinds, but the true coyote lacks almost entirely the frontal prominence of the latter animal, its face from occiput to mouth deviating but very little from a straight line. Its lips are thin and scant, commonly showing the teeth, and always parting when the animal is dead. differences between the skull of the pointer and that of the coyote are trifling compared with the discrepancies existing in different breeds of dogs.

Fifty Miles in Two Hours and Five

Minutes. Chan. Reticker, the celebrated rider, performed his extraordinary feat of riding fifty miles in two hours and a half, at the Greenland Race Course, Louisville, Ky. Attwenty-eightminutes past 3 the word was given, and off he started for his first mile. Each of the horses was brought out in turn as he arrived at the end of a mile, but, after the first ten miles had been accomplished, three of the horses were taken away, not being in good condition, leaving only seven to run the remaining forty miles.

Total time of running, 1 hour, 52 minutes, and 311 seconds. Time in changing horses, 12 minutes and 4%

Total time of race, including changing, 2 hours, 5 minutes, and twenty

Reticker thus accomplished the race 24 minutes and 40 seconds quicker than proposed to do it. Mr. Reticker states that the time ac complished is the fastest on record in the United States. This is greatly due

to the horses, all of which are Kentucky thoroughbreds. Mr. Reticker used the old fashioned California Spanish saddle in riding, and able description. It was made in the also has a peculiar bridle. The track style of the day, and worn over pink was somewhat heavy and was very silk. The lace being white in color the dusty, the dust flying into the rider's effect was beautiful. throat, compelling him to drink water valued at \$900. The little child also at times to moisten his lips; otherwise wore diamond earrings, necklace, and Press it with a piece of cotton wool. It he was in good condition, and felt as rings. Five years ago, says Grundy,

Items of Interest.

Carlist bonds are quoted in Frank-

Marine blue is one of the fashionable olors for the winter.

England must import 12,000,000 quarters of wheat this year.

On a tombstone at Stenday, Prussia, is inscribed "she died of a corset," There wasn't even one friend to fol-

ow poor Beau Hickman at his last rest-There are from eight hundred to nine undred beer and whiskey saloons in

Milwaukee. Redingotes are as popular and fashionable as ever, and will be worn throughout the winter.

Two Texas cattle men in Wichita ecently played a game of marbles for one hundred steers a side. Fifteen persons have been killed in

Ohio during the last year by weapons supposed to be unloaded. Chloroform will remove paint from a garment or elsewhere, when benzole or bisulphide of carbon fails.

Gen. Sheridan presided at the seventh annual reunion of the Army of the Cumberland, in Pittsburgh.

A Vermont buzz saw jumped out of a saw mill and ran a straight half mile on the highway before stopping. "Terrible Outrage—An Orphan Boy Murders his Mother," is the heading

of an item in a Kansas paper. Arvanitaki, the chief of the band which massacred the English travelers at Marathon, has been killed.

They say the largest English settlement made in this country is in Kansas. We thought it was the Alabama.

The injurious effect of artificial light upon the eye is said to be due to the resence of an excessive number of non-

Mrs. Fannie Oakes has sued a Georgia railroad for \$20,000 damages for the killing of her husband, who was an engineer on the road. The Warden of Sing Sing Prison

uminous heat-rays.

says that during his service of 20 years, has never known of the attempt of a 'life prisoner" to escape. The Vizier who accompanied the Shah of Persia on his recent visit to

Europe has been sent to prison on the return of the party to Teheran. The Chinese of Nava Creek (Cal.) dam up the shallow places, and when the tide has run out they find their fish by the basketful in the holes above.

The London Times keeps a "libel

is afforded. A strange and fatal disease, producing great consternation, is very prevalent at Kelton, Oregon. Persons die in a few hours after they are attacked. The

disease resembles fever. Gath epitomizes Long Branch as stretch of frame houses on a green bluff, with good air, fair roads, a bad, dirty and dangerous surf and great monotony, relieved only by dissipation."

They didn't invite Jim Cummings to a wedding ball in Nebraska, and Jim took position at a window and shot with his shot gun until he had effectually marred the harmony of the evening. The bodies of four men and one

woman have been washed ashore at Big

wreck of the schooner Eureka, of New York, lost at that place during the great Many hop-growers have been called upon to respond in various amounts for infringing on a patent for stringing hop vines, that of using short poles and

running strings between them for the vines to cling to. A Maryland woman is shortly to be tried under the old English law as a common scold. Her counsel is confident of an acquittal, however, as he can produce her husband to testify that she's a most uncommon scold.

A call has been issued for a National Convention of Colored Men, to meet in Washington, December 9, to impress upon Congress the necessity of passing Civil Rights Bill. Each State and Territory is entitled to twenty delegates. Over the shop door of a pork butcher

in a village in one of the Eastern counties of England, may be seen a sign board representing a man in a black coat brandishing a hatchet, with the inscription, "John Smith kills pigs like his father.' In one of his letters to the London Times, Mr. Alfred Smee mentions the

curious instances of a cat that would

not drink the milk of cows fed on sew-

age grass, or that otherwise adulterated. while it lapped up eagerly a fresh can from the country. A new version of "Old Uncle Ned" has become popular in the suburbs. It runs something as follows: "Then pull up the wicket and the stake, and put by the mallet and ball; for no more

croquet'll be played this year, it's get-ting too late in the fall." A novel cure for whooping-cough is reported in Collinsville, Conn. A little four-year-old boy was severely attacked with the above complaint, when a little kitten was given him which he was very fond of holding most of the time. The kitten soon began to cough and whoop, with symptoms of being quite ill. The boy rapidly recovered, and he and the

kitten are now both well. A little girl, probably six years of age, appeared at one of the juvenile balls held recently at Long Branch, in an entire dress of lace of the most valu-The dress was in California.

SELECT FORMAT