"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, May 2, 1879.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

Once a year New York forgets the glories of free Democratic government and meekly submits her neck to the yoke of a relentless despotism. Her new Dictator is not the "Man on Horseback"—this monarch drives a dray!

Whoever owns a quadruped which can stand between two shafts is Autocrat of all the household treasures he can pile up behind the poor beast, and every mortal owing any allegiance to the little Empire on Wheels waits on his royal pleasure and humbly opening wallet, begs his Majesty to help himself to the tribute money. Talk about "Cæsarism!" Why, the *Herald's* sounding periods on this fruitful theme (each exactly a column and a third long) are, like its' jokes, or a Messina orange—stale and far-fetched—in the presence of the real thing, the genuine article, the imperious tribute-gorged Cæsar of Moving Day.

Paris has had two reigns of terror, but New York has one every May Day. Any man who can smash a sofa, scratch a piano or gouge a wall can find free vent for all his diabolism and swear at all until the air is blue—and all on a rising market. The work must be done. Ten thousand other people are in the same fix. Houses are stores that no man can number are emptying themselves upon the sidewalks. Everybody's back aches; so does his head; his fingers are bruised, his children impatient, and it rains about three times a day. To add that everybody is also irritable is drawing it mildly. Everybody also wants a truck, and it would be pleasing to add, if it were true, that everybody observed the injunctions against evil thinking and coveting his neighbor's truck. Smith takes Robinson's house and the latter must be moved; Robinson hurries Jones out upon the sidewalk; Jones displaces Brown; Brown displaces Fitz noodle, and so one large part of New York displaces another till you feel like describing the operation about as the old deacon read the 11th chapter of Genesis, when, after stumbling over a lot of unpronounceable Hebrew names, he ran his eye quickly to the bottom, and gravely added: "And so brethren, they went on begetting one another to the end of the chapter."

THE NEWSBOY'S LODGING HOUSE.

In that once famous and still unsavery section of the city known as the "Five Points" stands a tall brick structure, fronting on three streets, and bearing on its facade a monstrous sign, "Newsboys, Lodging House." Still haunted by the spectre of our street Arabs of last week, your correspondent bent his steps thither one night about nine o'clock, and climbed the broad fireproof staircase to find the boys assembled in the school room, at their evening school. It was a high, airy room, plainly furnished, the walls adorned with an assortment of texts, maxims, and regulations. Prominent among the latter was this "Boys who swear and chew tobacco cannot stay here." At the seats was indeed a motely array of lads from 6 to 18 years old, barefooted, generally ragged and coatless, some boasting one suspender, more with none, but every face, young or old, polished clean and bright, and every pair of stub-toed feet absolutely clean. This was the one palpable fact that struck the beholder, and commanded at once admiration and wonder.

The school presently closed by the boys rising and repeating in unison the Lord's Prayer, after which they filed past the desk, and, receiving their bed checks, proceeded up to the dormitories. Before following them I hunted for the explanation of those singularly clean faces and feet, and found in a huge wash room with bath rooms across one side, a long row of hand basins across the other, while along a third stood a formidable line of deep foot baths, where the boys washed their grimy feet on coming in from the day's work, and again just before introducing them to the spotless bedding up stairs. The larger dormitories contain about 150 beds each, arranged in two tiers on neat iron bedsteads, with ample space between and were as tidy and comfortable as any tired man need ask. The large rooms front on three streets, are high ceiled, and far more airy than many a pretentious city mansion. These beds cost their occupants six cents a night. A smaller room fitted with seventeen beds, broader and a little higher toned can be enjoyed for ten cents by the urchin who has done an unusually good day's work and wants to

ROLL AROUND LIKE A LORD

and hug for one night at least the notion that he is rising in the world. This room is known as the "Fifth Avenue," while the "six center" goes by the plebeian title of "The Bowery." On an upper floor is the gymnasium, fitted with the usual appliances, where the youngsters now challenge each other to the mortal chances of a walking match, two nights in the week. Breakfast and supper are furnished in the house to those who wish, at six cents a meal for all a boy can eat. Lads who are unable to pay are temporarily lodged and fed free of charge. On Sunday evening the boys assemble in the school room and hold religious services, clergymen and business men always being at hand to address them. A savings bank is in this room, consisting of a broad table with numbered slits opening into boxes beneath, from which the money is gathered every week, and deposited at 5 per cent. The house contains about 200 boys, and costs about $1,000 a month to run it, of which the lads pay about one half, the balance being made up by the Children's Aid Society, which owns the building, and is sustaining five similar but smaller institutions, four for boys and one for girls, in other parts of the city. This society has agents throughout the West who find situations for the boys, and every week a colony is sent off, ranging in numbers from 20 to 100. In some cases as high as 150 have gone at a time.

Needy families also are gathered in from the tenement house districts and sent to the West as fast as situations can be found for them. Notwithstanding this wholesale shipment, the lodging houses can scarcely keep room enough open for the homeless lads and girls who crowd in upon them.

Only the better class of children are really reached by this noble society, the worst classes being too bad and vicious to submit to even the few wholesome regulations inseparable from a judicious system of caring for them. While a blessed work is thus being done whose fruits no man can estimate, yet the awful fact remains that thousands more are not reached and cannot be by any private means. Only the strong arm of legal compulsion can draw them from the slums.

ARIEVAL TO EDISON.

An irrepressible genius down in Elizabeth, N. J., has been inventing a new electric light which, experts say, is superior to Edison's and likely to supersede it. His name is Philip Diehl, a mechanical expert employed by the Singer Sewing Machine people.

Your correspondent was waited on by Mr. Diehl last week with specifications and drawings of the patent just issued for the invention, and without deigning to ask any oral explanations the task was boldly undertaken of unraveling the mystery thereof and displaying them to the delighted vision of the newspaper world.

Quixotic old man! My soul is as innocent of electricity as though Ben Franklin never flew a kite, or to make a more feeling comparison—as a country editor's pocket book is of thousand dollar greenbacks, or his subscription list of bad debts. For people here never think of cheating a printer—or hardly ever! But this was not the first windmill against which my lance had been shivered! Once, after dark, in the depths of a New Hampshire woods I labored long and faithfully to convince myself that I wasn't lost, but that was easy to the job of finding myself amid the mazes of those specifications after Diehl had gone.

I got into a babbling brook on that memorable occasion, but the chill of a mountain stream was enervation itself to the cold shock from those electric currents; I bruised myself mournfully among the granite boulders, but it wasn't a circumstance to the way I bruised my good opinion of myself floundering about among Diehl's carbon pencils! Once I got stuck in a little lighter on the awful bar at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and the ugly breakers gnashed their white teeth at us till we began to feel sorry for the life insurance companies we had left behind us—but all that was a good joke beside the way I got stuck on Diehl's little "lighter." I went into the war resolved never to come home till the rebellion was crushed, but I could have crushed it all alone just as easily as I could have evolved any animate literary creature out of Diehl's cold and rigid clamps and armatures, electric arches and currents, magnets and cores.

I am perfectly satisfied that electric light is a brilliant and dazzling success! I am morally certain that Diehl's Electric Lamp can give more light in a minute than a newspaper man can describe in a century—but if ever I try again to tell how, at the cost of converting ten thousand compound technical terms into flesh-colored English, it will be after every honorable avenue of industry has been closed against me, the landlord distrained for his rent, and the poormaster's ambulance backed up in front of my door!

MORLEY.

Prairie Dogs in the Philadelphia Zoo.

Among the contributors mentioned in the second annual report are twenty-eight prairie dogs. In time these enterprising little creatures burrowed out of their enclosure under a wall fourteen feet deep, and took possession of a fine slope of lawn near the superintendent's office in the old Penn mansion called "Solitude," and they bravely held it until last fall, when the old inclosure was dug out and paved with flags, and now it once more confines them. To catch them the holes were flooded and the poor little creatures taken as they came up, half drowned. Their colony is one of the most interesting things in the garden.

At any time almost you might see dozens of these active little animals popping in and out of their holes, uttering their peculiar cry—something like the half suppressed bark of the dog—to which probably they owe their name. Their increase begins to alarm the society. Something must be done, and it is very difficult to catch them.

Some newly formed Zoological Garden applied to the Fairmount Park institution for prairie dogs. This was while they held possession of the lawn.—The request was most willingly granted, but the catching required four men and about as many dogs, and then only three or four were secured.

There is popular belief in the West that the burrowing owl, the prairie dog, and the rattlesnake live together in great harmony. It is probable that the snake "invades the home of the dog for the purpose of feeding upon the young, while the owl, to save itself the trouble of digging its own habitation, takes possession of the deserted burrows which are left in the gradual change of location continually going on among the dogs." Two burrowing owls were once introduced in the inclosure of the dogs at the Philadelphia garden, and the result was a desperate fight, in which the owls were finally killed, their wings having been clipped so that they could not fly away.

This hardly shows harmony between the two. The prairie-dog and the porcupine are among the animals that require no water.—*Harper's Magazine*

Rose Culture.

One of the first secrets of success with the Rose is guarding against its several persistent insect enemies, such as the rose-bug, green-fly, rose-slug, etc., is to keep the plant healthy and in a vigorous growth.

To insure this, a rich soil is indispensable.

Let it be composed of old decomposed sods or thoroughly rotted manure. This earth should never be permitted to bake; but should be kept friable by frequent stirring. The aphis, or green-fly, first attacks the young, tender shoots, feeding upon their juices.

The pests may be killed by placing a barrel over the infested plant and burning tobacco in a flower pot or other vessel underneath. The rose-slug, that green-bodied, jelly-like pest that feeds upon the surface of the leaves, leaving only the veins and ribs, may be kept in severe check, if not destroyed, by dusting the plant with fine coal ashes.

The rose bugs may be brushed off into a pail of water, or picked off separately by hand and destroyed. As much as has been written about the culture of the Rose and about its insect enemies and their destruction, the above, in our experience, embodies the whole story.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Kindred Evils.

It is well known that a relationship exists between piles, constipation, kidney diseases and liver troubles. In Kidney-Wort we have a remedy that acts on the general system and restores health by gently aiding nature's internal processes. Druggists keep it.

A Desperate Affair.

Steve Venard, the hero of the most startling event that ever occurred in Nevada county's history, is in town. Everybody here remembers him of old. For that matter, his fame was national a few years ago, and there are people in all parts of the country who have not forgotten the account that went flashing over the wires, of his daring feat on the 15th of May, 1866.

History tells us that the stage from North San Juan to this city was stopped at 4:30 in the morning, near the top of the hill, on the south side of South Yuba, above Black's Crossing, by three men in disguise, and $7,900 taken from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s coin chest, which was a fixture in all the stages wherever the company had a route. The passengers, seven in number, were ordered to get out, and the driver commanded to take the horses from the wagon without delay. As the robbers were armed with revolvers, there was no alternative but to obey. The robbers then proceeded to blow open the chest with powder, with which they came prepared. Their object was accomplished at the second attempt. The coin was taken and the driver was ordered to drive on.

The stage drove quickly into Nevada, a distance of five miles. The news was made public. Sheriff R B. Gentry rallied a posse and repaired in all haste to the scene of the robbery. The posse consisted of Steve Venard, James H Lee, Albert Gentry and A. W Potter. An examination of the spot showed that the robbers had turned out of the road and gone down the river on a parallel with it. Venard and Lee got on the trail of the robbers and followed it over the roughest of all imaginable ground for the distance of a mile and a half. It was evident which way the robbers went. Lee went back to take the horses around to the road at the crossing below, the rest of the Sheriff's party having previously gone in that direction.

Venard, left alone, followed the trail. He came to Meyer's Ravine, at its debouchure into the Yuba. He saw that the pursued had gone up the ravine to a crossing. He was alone in one of the wildest and roughest of spots in that wild and rugged region. The hills hung steep above. Rocks, trees, brush and logs there were in profusion on every hand. Venard was armed with a Henry rifle. The waters of the ravine came tumbling down its steep bed of boulders, with a rush and a noise which rendered no other sound audible. The hero of the hour proceeded with caution. A huge rock arose twenty feet in height in the midst of the muddy water; other smaller rocks surrounded it, altogether forming an island. A tree or two grew upon the lower end of the island in the midst of the rocks, their branches and foliage partially covering the rocky rampart above.

Below the island, at a few feet distant, was a precipice of fifteen feet or more, over which the waters of the ravine tumbled. Venard attempted to cross the stream at the head of the fall. He walked on a short log to a rock. Above him rose the huge mass of granite, buttressed in front by two smaller rocks. Between these latter was an alley which led up the base of the Titan.

His position was such as to look up the alley. At the base of the great rock Venard discovered the object of his search. The leader of the gang was sitting on the ground and in the act of drawing his revolver. Venard instantly levelled his rifle upon the robber, who was not more than twenty feet distant. At the same moment he saw another of the gang pointing at him over the edge of a rock. There was no time to change his aim. He fired; the leader fell back shot through the heart. The other robber attempted to shield himself farther behind a rock, leaving the point of his pistol exposed over the top. The exposure was fatal; Venard covered the spot with his unerring Henry. No sooner did the head of the robber peer above the rock than his brain was pierced with a bullet. There was yet another, but he was not to be seen. His pistol might at that moment be pointing at Venard.

The latter, quick as thought, clambered up to the lair to beard him in his den. He found the treasure, took the pistols from the dead, covered quickly the former with earth and leaves, and proceeded to hunt the missing robber. Crossing the stream and ascending the steep mountain beyond, he discovered the robber running up the acclivity, sixty yards or more ahead. Venard fired and the robber fell. Another bullet, and the last robber rolled down the hill—dead.

Venard now sought his companions. They all proceeded to the scene of the tragedy, recovered the money, and by two o'clock of the same day the Sheriff's party deposited the cash with A. D. Tower, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent in this city. After the Sheriff's party had left Nevada, Wells, Fargo & Co., offered a reward of $3,000 which was paid. The company also presented Steve Venard with a magnificent Henry rifle, gold mounted and beautifully inscribed, and Governor Law appointed him on his staff with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, "for meritorious services in the field."

The bodies of the robbers were brought to town, washed, and fully identified.

Upon them was found property they had taken from the passengers in stages they had stopped before. The names of the robbers were Geo. Shanks, alias Jack Williams, the leader; Bob Finn, alias Caton, and George W. Moore.—*Nevada Transcript.*

Attempted Assassination.

COLUMBUS, O., May 6.—This afternoon while Wm. Bell, State Railroad Commissioner, was seated in his office talking to several callers, a pistol shot was heard and the same instant a bullet came crashing through the window pane near where the party was sitting, scattering the broken glass, but doing no other damage. No one was seen near the window, but at the instance of Mr. Bell a warrant was sworn out for the arrest of George B. Lyon, Vice-President of the State Mutual Aid Association, charging him with shooting with intent to kill. Bell is President of the Mutual Aid Association, and last night had a street quarrel with him which came to blows.

A Murder in Juniata County.

HARRISBURG, May 4.—A telegram from Mifflin, Juniata county, says: Peter Evans, a huckster, aged about sixty-eight, was murdered Saturday morning on Black Log Mountain, about fifteen miles from Mifflin. The murderer escaped. Evans resided at Johnstown, Juniata county. It is supposed the crime was committed for money.

Mark Twain.

I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the people want is a man who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that enemies of the party will not be able to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the worst about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter upon the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope of finding any daring and deadly deed which I have secreted, why let him prowl.

In the first place I admit that I did freeze a rheumatic grandfather of mine, in the winter of 1859. He was old and inexpert at climbing trees. But with a heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out of the front door in his night shirt, at the point of a shot-gun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot in his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in '59. No rheumatic person shall snore in my house.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth this fact by the assertion that I merely got behind a tree, that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington who went into the woods at Valley Forge to say his prayers. It was a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer, simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I wanted some one else to save her. I entertain that idea yet. If the bubble of reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my inflexible purpose is to get over the fence and go home. My invariable purpose in the war has been to bring two-thirds more men out than I took in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with advocates of inflation or contraction. I do not insist upon special supremacy of rag money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under a grape vine is founded upon fact. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to that purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was considered unworthy of office because he enriched his grapevine with his relations. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit, also, that I am not the friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal Islands, and improve our exports in that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be to dessicate the poor workingman. Stuff him into sausages!

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country doesn't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the base of human depravity, and proposes to be fiendish to the last.

Beautifying Homes.

Now is the time that house keepers should improve in beautifying their homes. My little article is not written for those who live in homes of luxury. But all over the hills and valleys of this land are humble homes whose inmates have just as great a love for the beautiful, and it is to these my hints are written.

Mothers whose days are spent in busy household cares, or patiently following after the little feet that run into so much mischief, be not discouraged. When the little ones beg for something to do, give them work. A little cardboard, with a needle and bright yarn, or even a piece of hard soap, with a hammer and carpet tacks, is a great relief. Their little minds must be busied in some way.

Christ tells us to be faithful in little things; and for everything that we do not make our homes pleasanter or its inmates happier, we shall receive a reward in the bright faces around us.

If you have engravings that want frames, make them of stiff pasteboard or pine. Wet the front side with glue, then place a black cord in the middle in the form of a vine, and with mellon or citron seeds put on in the form of grape leaves, and peas in the shape of bunches of grapes, the remainder of the frame covered with grass seed, and then stained black or brown, you will have a good imitation of leather work. Or simply putting a glass over the picture, then paste black cambric over the edge, with a little gilt paper to relieve it, is quite pretty. Every one is familiar with the frames of cigar-lighters.

For brackets, card-receivers and fruit-dishes, gather up all the old hoop-skirts. Strip off the covering, then bend them in any shape you please. Tie them fast with strong thread. Tie on all the raisin stems you can find. Then melt a quantity of beeswax. Put in a little resin to harden it, and some vermillion to color it red. Then hold your work over the dish, and dip the preparation over it, and you will have handsome coral work.

If you wish bouquets for your vases, gather the different kinds of grasses when in blossom. Dry in a dark room, and with grains and the wild everlastings, you will be surprised at their beauty.

Every one admires beds draped in white, and for those who have not time for the home made counterpanes of muslin with cotton yarn drawn in patterns, very good ones are made of bleached drilling.

And with all the rest, do not forget yourself. With your hair smooth, dress neat, a knot of bright ribbon or cluster of flowers at your throat, a bright smile on your face, what can better make your husband forget the cares and trials of the day then the thoughts of a happy home, with such a presiding angel over all.

Shall I help you to alight?" said a young gentleman, addressing a bouncing country girl, who was preparing to jump from a carriage in front of his office. "Thank you, sir," sweetly replied the girl, "but I don't smoke."

Old-Time Superstition.

In the brilliant reign of Queen Bess, when Shakspeare, the poet of all time, wrote; when Bacon, the profound and accomplished philosopher, gave his subtle acumen to the world; when Luther shook the civilized nations to their centre; when Spenser swept his majestic lyre, and a crowd of lesser lights sent forth their radiance, it would appear almost beyond belief that superstition was rampant; that witch and warlock, goblin and ghoul, vampire and kelpie, banshee, and rigwoodie hags were firmly believed in and held supreme sway over the minds of the entire populace.

Not the delicate Ariel like fancies of fay and elf hiding in moss cups, cradled in flower hearts, speeding on butterfly wings, lulled in the arms of zephyrs or swinging on sunbeams—not these, but grim and ghastly, malicious, cunning, cruel Kelpies and were wolves, hags and horned fiends. These were bad enough, but infinitely more terrible than these in their results were the horrors conjured up by the credence given to witchcraft, which, amidst all the elegant literature, the profound phylosophy, the theological illumination of that Augustian age, showed grim and relentless against the fair background.

Gloomy and unholy was the credulity given to all the stories of banshees gliding to and fro beneath great shadowy trees in lonely forests; of unhallowed witches dragged by satyr-like forms over bush and brake; of witches mounted on broomsticks to meet their unkempt sisters in unholy alliance in the air, to hold their orgies of blood; of devils; horned, hoofed, hateful, besetting decent folks; of the gift of second sight and winding sheets in the flame of candles; of the evil eye casting poverty and blight, sickness and even death—"the evil eye of so venomous a constitution being radiated in envy and malice, it doth pierce and kill like a cockatrice whatsoever creature it first setteth its sight upon."

And these beliefs sat like a nightmare upon the heart of humanity for centuries, crushing out its tenderest impulses and engendering fierce and cruel hatred between man and man. All the formulas of the faith were gloomy and terrifying, ending in the stake and the scaffold most frequently, crying with hungry zeal for the blood of the weak, the innocent and ignorant.

Nowhere was the especial madwitch panic, which swept over Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, more fatal in its consequences than in the British Isles, particularly among the stern, uncompromising Puritans of Scotland, for whom there seems to have been a peculiar fascination in any formula which levelled all rank, bringing down beauty, unstained reputations and wealth to horrid shame and suffering.

The stern, reliant integrity of the Covenanters, strange as it seems, found a certain attraction in the most revolting characteristics of this strange infatuation.

And when an edict from the mean-spirited, shallow-souled James VI. was promulgated, making witchcraft a canon of belief, it became a political as well as religiously-important matter.

The Kirk did not keep aloof, but sanctioned the abuses of the civil authorities with its arbitrary decrees and denunciations of all unbelievers as atheist and Sadducees; and the times were dark, indeed.

The lovely Lady Glammis, with her high-hearted courage, her wealth and her sweet innocence, was among the first victims.

Then came Mistress Agnes Sampson, who, spite of her grave deportment, well-ordered life and high endowments of mind, was accused of the most astonishing crimes! She had been baptised by Satan himself; had chased the pains from some sick and fastened them upon others; had hung up a black toad by the heels and sung two paters, a black and a white one, to charm or "sain" her bed.

So for these and like crimes was the proud grace-wife "wirret" and burned on Castle Hill, and churn, cattle and toad; sick folks and well ones disenchanted to the delectation of all good people.

Poor Katie Craigie died because she found by enchanted stones that her Robbie was dying, and had him washed in the water in which the stones had been "chirled and chirned," which cured poor Robbie but held poor Kate to the stake for familiar doings with a Kirk spirit who had taught her this art of water cure.

Old Andrew man being loved in his brave young days by a lady fair, who was queen of Elfame, although before it was known had grown an old, old man and earnestly asserted his innocence, was sent by way of Castle Hill to seek a better country than witch-ridden Scotland.

The belief in the archfiend as helper in all these doing was most profound, and, we, standing on the hilltop of to-day's illumination and looking back into the shadows of that past, can well subscribe to any amount of faith in his active participation in all the false accusations, at least, whatever else he had to do with it.

Many a night did he, arrayed in his best broadcloth, saunter forth among the fairest and comeliest. Once it was the beautiful wife of the cooper of Carrin who sat at his right hand at a feast, "to the discontent of his old hags whom he now did slight," for which she was fyled for a witch and put in prison, whence she was taken to the stake, dying at three and thirty, a most beautiful and sorrowful victim.

Again, a woman of Lander was accused of having been kissed and baptized by the devil, to which, after much torture, she did confess, "because, being put in prison as a witch, disowned by my husband and all my friends, I see no ground of hope of ever coming into credit or out of prison, and so made up this my confession to get rid of my life, being very weary, and choosing rather to die than live."

So was she burned, while crowds did watch her.

The air of Sabbath nights was taught to be full of witches riding upon straws to places of meeting, where horrible orgies, which filled the forests and mountain sides with fearful sounds, took place.

While Great Aritain was thus beset the neighboring islands were likewise overrun by kelpies and trolls who walked out of the old Norse tales into the lives of the inhabitants. Cruel witches lived in Shetland and Orkney who wrecked boats with weird songs upon calm seas; grass dried up at their bidding, and, when they willed it, cows and oxen frisked up and down the streets like grasshoppers, and birds of all sorts paraded the streets fearlessly.

It was as late as 1736 that the act against witchcraft was repealed, and when several years after a chimney-sweep was hanged for the murder of a witch at Tring, a poor old woman, who had been dragged through a pond and then kicked to death.

The wrath of the populace was great, and they cried out against the times when a witch was defended by the law like other folks.

But the witch fires died out on Castle Hill, at Tyburn, and like noted places, to be rekindled and burn with intense, fierce flames in our own land, at Salem and other places; but before it was banished from English soil.

Barrington estimates the judicial murders for witchcraft to have been 30,000 within 260 years.

Running Down a Mountain Wolf.

Mr. S L Kirdley, the proprietor of the hotel at Brownington, Mo., started out to summon witnesses who lived on Hillegras prairie, in the southeastern part of Henry county, and while riding leisurely along espied a large black wolf in a wheat field close by. Spurring his horse to its utmost speed, he at once gave chase, and for miles over the prairies and through fields, with here and there a small skirt of timber, on they sped, the wolf in the lead, but the brave rider and dauntless little horse always in sight and often close upon the wolf's heels. It was a reckless ride over fences and through farms, with never a pause for breath. As they passed farm houses the rider shouted for help, and others joined in the chase until the number of pursuers was a dozen or more. Still the little horse kept the lead, while one after another of the fresh steeds fell to the rear. After a run of 20 or 25 miles, and when within a quarter of a mile of Lowry City, a small village in St. Clair county, the race ended, and the little horse ran directly over the wolf, knocking it down. Kirtly was unarmed, and springing from his saddle, grasped the vicious brute by the mouth, pinioning its jaws as with a death grip. Men came to his aid, and a strong cord was bound around the wolf's mouth, rendering it harmless. The cords were unintentionally drawn so tight that the animal died of strangulation and exhaustion shortly after being captured. It proved to be a fullgrown black mountain wolf, fully 3 feet high, and weighing probably 100 pounds.

A Dangerous Auction Sale.

At Racine, Wis., the other day, some one suggested that the monotony of a church fair be relieved by a mock auction sale of ladies. All the pretty women were delighted with the plan, and they carried the day. The gallant young men paid out five and ten dollar bills at a lively rate, and at times the bidding would be so spirited that the church debt came near being paid off.

Toward the close of the sale, however, a lank young man from the country said that his girl must do something for the church. So his girl was put up.

Now it so happened that several young men had a grudge against this countryman, and they pulled him into the street to keep him from bidding. It so happened, also, that the young lady was a very influential but very ugly sister.

After repeated expostulations in pantomime, the auctioneer was compelled to announce her sale for twenty-five cents, and of course she put on her hat and went home angry.

She broke off with her lover, and after attempting to use a dirk on several of the male members of the congregation, the lover found himself in the city lock-up.

Poisoned by Mistake.

ALLIANCE, O., May 6.—Quite a sad affair took place at Palmyra, about 14 miles north of this place, yesterday. Sylvester Canfield had taken a drink of liquor at the drug store of Mr. Rose, and said to Mr. Rose that it was pretty good, whereupon Mr. Rose asked him to have another drink. They both drank, and this time they immediately discovered that they had drank poison instead of liquor in a mistake. Dr. Rose died in a few minutes. At last accounts Mr. Canfield was still living, but his recovery is very doubtful.

Confederate Memorial Day.

WILMINGTON, N. C., May 9.—This being Memorial Day, business was almost entirely suspended. In the afternoon Oakdale Cemetery was visited by the local military, fire companies and other civic organizations, and a large number of citizens, where the graves of Confederate dead were decorated with flowers. A salute was fired by the Cape Fear Artillery. The oration was delivered by Capt. J. H. Maffit, of the Confederate steamer Florida.

Pyrotechnic Explosion.

HAMILTON, ONT., May 5.—This afternoon, as an employe in Professor Hand's pyrotechnic factory was filling a rocket, it exploded in his hand and set all the fireworks in the building in a blaze. This caused a terrific explosion. The building, which was of frame and detached, was demolished and the surrounding buildings were considerably shaken. No one was hurt. This is the second accident of this kind within a year.

A Loosing Joke.

A prominent physician of Pittsburgh said jokingly to a lady patient who was complaining of her continued ill health, and of his inability to cure her, "try Hop Bitters!" The lady took it in earnest and used the Bitters, from which she obtained permanent health. She now laughs at the doctor for his joke, but he is not so well pleased with it, as it cost him a good patient.

Missouri Republicans for Grant.

ST LOUIS, May 2.—The Republican State Central Committee, in session at Jefferson City, last night, adopted resolutions heartily approving President Hayes' veto of the army appropriation bill, favoring a thorough organization of the Republican party throughout the State, and declaring General Grant their choice for President in 1880. No time was fixed for holding the State Convention.

Caught in their Own Trap.

GALVESTON, May 5.—A special dispatch to the *News* from Overton says:

J. T. Young and John Riley, who had been confined in jail for drunkenness, attempted to escape by setting fire to the building. The flames spread rapidly, and being unable to extinguish them, the men were both burned to death.

Russia has a newspaper 150 years old.

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU,

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

Diseases

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

Helmbold's Buchu

IS UNEQUALED.

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physcians all over the world n

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Achos and Paine,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill-Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Compl'ts, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Hight, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

SPRING JOHN WANAMAKER. SUMMER

THE Unparalleled Success of The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies

1 at the Grand Depot, during the past season, has necessitated an entire refitting of the interior of the large room devoted exclusively to executing orders received by mail. 8

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

GRAND DEPOT

Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

THIRTEENTH ST., CHESTNUT TO MARKET STS.

7 Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering. 9

PHILADELPHIA

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

Great Inducements to Cash Buyers.

One of the firm of Casebeer & Co. has just returned from the Eastern Cities, where he purchased

FOR CASH

The best and cheapest stock of GOODS that will be brought to town this season, consisting of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, GROCERIES, PAINTS AND OILS, DYE STUFFS, HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, CARPETS, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.,

These goods we will sell

FOR CASH

Or on a short credit to responsible persons if paid promptly when due. We will also exchange them for

GRAIN, FLOUR, MAPLE SUGAR AND FARM PRODUCTS GENERALLY.

We will Pay CASH for

FLOUR, WHEAT, OATS, CORN AND MAPLE SUGAR.

Products must in all cases be delivered before the cash or goods are wanted. Those wishing to save money by buying at the

LOWEST PRICES

Can do so by giving us a call and comparing our prices and terms with other stores. Our long experience and ample capital enable us to do better for

OUR CUSTOMERS

Than any other store in this

TOWN OR COUNTY.

CASEBEER & CO.

April 23

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE. STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Everybody—Uses It.
Everybody—Believes It Best.
Everybody—Recommends It.
Everybody's Handy Package.

Patented May 7th, 1878. Size Patented July 5th, 1878.

NO MIXING. DUST. RUST. WASTE. BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,
Office, 608 St. John Street, Philadelphia.

Oct. 9.9m

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO. WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

SALESROOMS:

Union Square, New York,

AND

154 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

SILVER PLATED WARE.

Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, &c.

1847, Rogers Bros. A. I.

These Goods have taken the Certificates of Award wherever exhibited, both in this and the old Countries,

And the Meriden Britannia Co. are the LARGEST and Best Manufacturers in this line in the World.

Ask your Jeweler for these Goods.

April 16.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

J. O. Kimmel and J. P. Kimmel and J. O. Kimmel & Sons.
to
H. L. Baer & J. G. Ogle.

April 12, 1879, account of the Assignees of J. O. Kimmel & Sons filed same day. Account of the Assignees of J. O. Kimmel filed.

And now, May 1st, 1879, exceptions to accounts filed by J. P. Edie Esqr., Attorney of Auditors and May 24, 1879, the Court appoint H. S. Endsley Esqr., Auditor to pass on the exceptions and report a distribution.

SOMERSET COUNTY, ss:

Extract from the record, certified May 6, 1879.

H. F. SCHELL, Pro.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County Pa., No. 154 August T. 1879. (Vol. Assignment.)

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of above commission, I will sit and attend to the duties thereto specified, at the office of J. G. Ogle, Esq., in the borough of Somerset, on Tuesday, June 3, 1879.

H. S. ENDSLEY, Auditor.

May 7

Somerset County Poor House and HOUSE OF EMPLOYMENT.

From April 1st 1878, to April 1st 1879.

Live stock on the farm, April 1st 1878:
head of horses ... 4
" cows ... 18
" young cattle (2 yearlings) ... 3
" young cattle (yearlings) ... 3
" spring calves ... 3
" sheep ... 25
" lambs ... 4
" hogs ... 11

Farm and garden products raised in 1878:
tons of hay ... 14
bush. of wheat ... 350
" oats ... 200
" corn in