

RATES OF ADVERTISING.	
One Square, one inch, one insertion.....	\$
One Square, one inch, one month.....	3
One Square, one inch, three months.....	8
One Square, one inch, one year.....	25
Two Squares, one year.....	45
Quarter Column, one year.....	50
Half Column, one year.....	80
One Column, one year.....	150
Legal advertisements ten cents per line each section.	
Marriage and death notices gratis.	
All bills for yearly advertisements collected quarterly. Temporary advertisements must be paid advance.	
Job work—cash on delivery.	

### MISSISSIPPI.

A dolorous shore,  
A bank of cypress trees,  
A river toward the Mexican  
For some lost mate,  
A land of desolate  
The trees in their cloaks of  
The sand are gray;  
The trees in their cloaks of  
The sand are gray;  
The trees in their cloaks of  
The sand are gray;

### LUCKY SHOT.

"Traveler's Rest," said the cheery  
to take off my heavy riding  
et, indeed," I replied. "I've  
have of it during my thirty  
-day."  
ost conducted me to a room  
ery fire burning in the grate,  
ng been served with a good hot  
to feel more comfortable,  
y chair up to the fire, encased  
in a pair of easy slippers and  
pipe preparatory to a quiet  
when I was disturbed by the en-  
my host.  
t you join the company in the  
ag, sir? We have a social club  
ere twice a week, and perhaps  
y amuse you during the evening."  
h pleasure," I replied. So, tak-  
my pipe I followed my  
d into the large room, which was  
filled with a numerous company.  
moment of my entrance they were  
ng with evident satisfaction to a  
aid by one of their number. My  
riety introduced me, and I took a  
close to the story-teller, and pre-  
to enjoy my smoke.  
ow, Mr. White, you must begin  
story again, in honor of the gentle-  
So Mr. White recommenced.  
You must know, gentlemen," he be-  
that the scene of my tale lies in  
small, just about the time of the gold  
ever there."  
The tones of the speaker's voice seemed  
familiar to me, and I gave him a search-  
ing look. What did I see? The lobe of  
his left ear was missing. I half started  
from my seat, upsetting a glass at my  
elbow, and startling the company gen-  
erally.  
"I beg pardon, gentlemen," a sudden  
voice said, "the scene of my tale lies in  
small, just about the time of the gold  
ever there."

We went on this way for months, then  
our claim began to give out.  
"Just about this time a convoy was  
going to Melbourne to take some gold to  
the bank there. We therefore agreed to  
send some of ours to be deposited in the  
bank and get notes in exchange. When  
we got to the place of starting I was  
surprised to see, among the mounted  
troopers forming the escort, my shock-  
headed voyager. I mentioned my dis-  
trust of him to my chum; and in  
consequence we only sent half of the  
intended quantity. The fellow evidently  
knew I distrusted him, for when I went  
up with our parcel he gave a malicious  
look that boded me no good. The  
escort numbered about ten or fifteen well-  
armed troopers, with a four-horse wagon,  
and they left early in the morning for  
their destination. We gave them three  
ringing cheers at the boundaries of the  
camp, and wished them a safe return. I  
had a singular foreboding that I had seen  
the last of my gold, but I mentioned my  
fears to none but my chum.  
"The day following I went to Mat  
Durn's drinking-hut—a place frequented  
by the lucky finders and loafers—to hear  
the day's news. The saloon was full of  
diggers. Some were discussing the day's  
finds; others were playing poker, the  
stakes being nuggets of dust; the major-  
ity were standing at the bar drinking  
and smoking. I called for a drink,  
filled a short cutty, and took a seat  
among the card-players.  
"Well, Tom, how's your luck?" said  
a broad shouldered Yorkshireman who  
had come over with me.  
"Very poor at present," I replied.  
"Have a hand then, man; winning  
dust at poker is better than digging."  
"I joined the game and played a while.  
At last one of the players threw up his  
hand and said he was cleaned out; so,  
thinking it might be my turn soon, I  
stopped. I finished my glass and pre-  
pared to leave the room. Just as I got  
to the door a burly digger came rushing  
in, almost upsetting me, and uttered the  
most frightful oaths. The entire saloon  
was in an uproar in an instant. Revolvers  
and knives were drawn, and a dozen  
voices shouted out, "What's the matter!"  
"Matter enough!" cried the invading  
digger, with another volley of epithets.  
"The escort's been attacked, and the gold  
is gone!"  
"Words fail to describe the scene  
that ensued. Men swore, tore their hair,  
danced and raved like madmen. When  
the tumult was somewhat subsided, I  
managed to make out that the wagon  
had been attacked in the dead of night,  
by a party of armed rangers. A fight  
had taken place, not a trooper had  
been killed, and the gold had been  
taken. The attack had evidently been  
pre-arranged, for half the troopers had  
been drugged, and were consequently  
unable to fight. Three of them were re-  
ported missing, Wapping Bill among  
the number. I went off to our tent and  
told Sandy. "You're right about the  
villain, but we'll be even with him yet."  
"We went back to the saloon, where  
we found nearly all the diggers assem-  
bled, listening to an account of the affair  
from one of the troopers. It appeared  
that shortly after leaving the camp the  
wagon broke, neces-  
sarily stopping. Night came on and  
the broken wagon was left to be kept out  
of the troopers who  
were  
dressed  
in bush-  
ranger  
clothes  
and  
carried  
revolvers  
and  
knives  
and  
were  
armed  
to  
the  
teeth."  
"I am glad to hear of it," said I.  
"You never saw him after?" I asked  
Mr. White.  
"Never, sir."  
"Could you recognize him if you were  
to see him?" I asked.  
"An't say; he may have altered con-  
siderably; but I should recognize the  
ring immediately."  
"Then is that it?" said I, putting out  
my right hand, on the little finger of  
which was the identical ring.  
"It is; and you are Jack Fox?"  
"I am; and I am exceedingly glad to  
meet an old friend once more."  
Loud were the exclamations of joy at  
this disclosure. I accepted Mr. White's  
invitation to stay with him for a short  
time, and I must admit that I spent some  
very happy hours in "The Traveler's  
Rest."

### A Famous Inventor's Rise.

In a letter from Fargo, Dakota, to the  
St. Paul Pioneer Press we find the follow-  
ing: On the train from Bismarck to  
this city I met J. P. Rossiter, who had  
charge of all the Northern Pacific rolling-  
stock between Fargo and Livingston.  
"Speaking of electrical inventions and  
improvements," Mr. Rossiter said he  
knew Prof. Elisha Gray very well. "We  
worked at the same bench in a cab-  
maker's shop in Oberlin, Ohio, in  
his genius was a part of his  
I remember well his coming  
one day with his face badly  
with which he had been ex-  
posed to the mixture of chemicals,  
year or two together, and  
Delia Shepherd, I knew  
lived only a mile west  
that he moved on to  
and commenced ped-  
dling butter. This he  
demonstrated his in-  
vention succeeded in  
law to mort-  
gage her prop-  
erty, and  
study of tele-  
graphs, instru-  
ments, and  
nothing  
in fool-  
until his  
extent  
of his  
life.  
her,  
ent  
One  
com-  
st  
Mrs. Garfield, as you know, is worth  
half a million of dollars. President  
Arthur has lived to finish his term as  
chief magistrate. So you see there's  
nothing in Guiteau's curse. The people  
who fell under his displeasure seem to  
have prospered, while, so far as I am  
able to judge, he has injured no one."  
"What disposition of Guiteau's body  
made?"  
General Crocker, who had been talking  
great glibness, began pulling his  
nervously, and when he replied  
with evident embarrassment. "I  
answer that question," he replied.  
"not; is there any mystery  
with it?"  
"There are two other people in  
who know the place of Guiteau's  
skeleton is said to be on  
at the medical museum?"  
"I choose to believe so, that  
its correctness, does it?"  
"But why should you object to  
men?"  
"at Washington, higher and  
than I, desired that the secret

### THE CURSE OF GUTEAU.

PRONOUNCED BY THE ASSASSIN  
UPON THE SCAFFOLD.

How the People Who Were Promi-  
nent at the Trial Prosper Under the  
Curse.

For some weeks past, says a Washing-  
ton letter in the Chicago News, a paragraph  
has been floating about the country set-  
ting forth the fact that Guiteau's curse  
which he pronounced upon the scaffold  
has fallen with baneful effect upon a  
number of those who were connected  
with his trial and execution. Last evening  
the News correspondent directed the  
attention of General Crocker, the warden  
of the jail, to the article, and asked him  
how much truth there was in the state-  
ment. "It is utterly without founda-  
tion, and is as flimsy and unsubstantial  
a figment of the imagination as could  
well be devised," replied the general.  
"There were probably fifty persons  
more or less directly connected with  
Guiteau's imprisonment. Nineteen of  
these were the guards and prison attend-  
ants, including Judge Cox, were officers  
of the court, government counsel, and others.  
Three of these gentlemen have died  
since the hanging of Guiteau, but when  
it is remembered that most of these peo-  
ple were men of middle age or even  
older, it is a matter of surprise that so  
few should in the course of nature have  
passed away. Policeman Fowler has  
been mentioned as one upon whom the  
curse has fallen with particular violence.  
Fowler was killed a few months ago by  
a prisoner whom he was attempting to  
arrest. As a matter of fact, he had no  
more to do with the trial than any of  
a dozen newspaper men who were present  
from day to day. He was sometimes de-  
tailed for duty at the court room, but  
beyond that he had no connection what-  
ever with the proceedings. Dr. Noble  
Young, the jail physician, who died re-  
cently, is another victim. Dr. Young  
died calmly in his bed at the advanced  
age of eighty-two years, and the only  
wonder is that he lived so long, as he  
had been a constant sufferer from kid-  
ney troubles for the past decade. The  
last of these alleged unfortunates is juror  
Pettibone, but as you may remember,  
Pettibone was sick during the course of  
the trial, and a postponement occurred  
several times on his account. His death,  
which followed a few months later, can  
hardly be coupled with any curse Guiteau  
might have uttered."  
"Does it not appear to you, general,"  
interrupted the correspondent, "that, so  
far from the people who surrounded  
Guiteau being cursed, the very opposite  
proves to be the case?"  
"That is the very suggestion I was  
going to make. Colonel Corkhill, the  
United States district attorney who had  
charge of the case, has fallen heir within  
the past eighteen months to a fortune  
variously estimated at from \$70,000 to  
\$100,000, and is to-day more prosperous  
and wealthy than ever before. His  
assistants, Messrs. Davidge and Porter,  
are well and happy and enjoy a large  
practice in this city and New York.  
Sergeant Mason, who attempted to kill  
Guiteau by firing into his cell and in fact  
narrowly missing the assassin, is living  
in peace and retirement on his farm in  
Virginia, purchased with the \$7,000 con-  
tribution which was raised by voluntary  
subscription during his confinement in  
the Albany penitentiary. Prior to this  
Mason had drawn a salary of \$17 a  
month as an under-sergeant in the regu-  
lar army, while his wife had helped sup-  
port the family by taking in washing and  
performing other menial services. They  
are rich to-day beyond their wildest  
expectations. But for Guiteau they  
would still be living a hand-to-mouth  
existence. Bill Jones, the avenger, as  
he was facetiously called, who, in a  
drunken frolic, also attempted Guiteau's  
life, pursues his vocation as a  
farmer just across the Maryland border,  
and finds great comfort in the  
thought that his name will be linked  
with that of the assassin of Garfield  
by the historian of future ages. The  
eleven jurymen who survive Mr. Pettibone  
are all leading contented and peace-  
ful lives, and the same may be said of  
the prison attendants. Perry Carson, the  
tall, good-looking negro who drove the  
prison van from the jail to the court-  
house during the trial that his admiring  
colored friends of the district sent him  
as a delegate to the Republican con-  
vention at Chicago. He is now the prop-  
rietor of a flourishing liquor-saloon near  
the Pennsylvania avenue railway station,  
and has a substantial sum in his credit in  
one of the local savings banks. He  
never probably earned \$50 a month be-  
fore the shooting.  
Mrs. Garfield, as you know, is worth  
half a million of dollars. President  
Arthur has lived to finish his term as  
chief magistrate. So you see there's  
nothing in Guiteau's curse. The people  
who fell under his displeasure seem to  
have prospered, while, so far as I am  
able to judge, he has injured no one."  
"What disposition of Guiteau's body  
made?"  
General Crocker, who had been talking  
great glibness, began pulling his  
nervously, and when he replied  
with evident embarrassment. "I  
answer that question," he replied.  
"not; is there any mystery  
with it?"  
"There are two other people in  
who know the place of Guiteau's  
skeleton is said to be on  
at the medical museum?"  
"I choose to believe so, that  
its correctness, does it?"  
"But why should you object to  
men?"  
"at Washington, higher and  
than I, desired that the secret

### Beauties of Madagascar.

Lieutenant Shufeldt, of the United  
States navy, who recently crossed  
Madagascar from east to west, accom-  
plishing what few white men and  
no American had done before, said in a re-  
cent lecture about the island and his ex-  
plorations there:  
"Madagascar is the third largest island  
on the globe. Its area covers 230,000  
square miles; being 1,000 miles long,  
and averaging in breadth 230 to 400  
miles. It is four times the size of Great  
Britain. The interior gives the observer  
a potent sense of silent and majestic  
vastness. It exhibits some of the grandest  
specimens of nature's handiwork,  
consisting of mountain peaks, plains and  
forest cataraacts and waterfalls. Around  
the coast stretches a dense belt of  
tropical forest, the home of malarial and  
deadly fever; the abiding place of sar-  
age and barbarous people, and of richly  
plumed birds. The chief river, the  
Sizibouge, is the size of the Ohio, and  
shows some of the most magnificent  
scenery in the world, thunderous water-  
falls and cataraacts bordered by primeval  
forests."  
The speaker said he thought this river  
would prove navigable and might be  
made the highway for the products of  
the interior, ebony, sugar, rice, and  
other articles of commerce, in quantities  
sufficient to make it "the El Dorado of  
the Eastern seas." The climate he de-  
scribed as variable. In the interior it is  
equable and temperate, frequently re-  
minding one of a New England autumn,  
but about the sea coast it is always warm  
and unwholesome. He estimated the  
population at 5,700,000, embracing many  
races of men varying in color, physique  
and civilization. The principal tribe,  
the Hovas, are men of Malay origin,  
with fair complexion, bright and spark-  
ling eyes, aquiline noses, numbering  
about 900,000, and far in advance of the  
rest of the inhabitants in intelligence  
and the arts of civilization. The women  
are often handsome. Some of these ad-  
vantages can be attributed to climate,  
the region inhabited by them averaging  
4,550 feet above the sea level, and af-  
fording a bracing atmosphere. Next in  
importance and intelligence he placed  
the Betsileo tribe, the men possessing  
lithe and active frames, but the women,  
unlike the Hova women, are seldom or  
never handsome. The Barra people, in  
the southern part of the island, are dis-  
tinguished by their lack of ennobling  
qualities. The morality of the Barra,  
said Lieutenant Shufeldt, might thus be  
summed up: "Give me my gun and my  
spear, my rum and my wives, and my  
oxen; let me steal, plunder and destroy  
everybody; let nobody molest me, and I  
care not who is my king."

### Artificial Stones.

The ruby and sapphire have been  
closely imitated by Frey and Feil, two  
French chemists, and the chief interest  
in this process is the fact that the arti-  
ficial stones possess essentially the chemi-  
cal composition of the real ones. To  
produce this, equal weights of alumina  
and red lead are heated to a red heat in  
an earthenware crucible. A vitreous  
substance is formed which consists of  
silicate of lead and crystals of white  
corundum. To convert this corundum  
into the artificial ruby it is necessary to  
fuse it with about two per cent. of bichro-  
mate of potassium, while, to obtain the  
sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt and a  
very small quantity of bichromate of  
potassium must be employed. The  
stones so produced possess at least very  
nearly the hardness of the real stones, as  
they scratch both quartz and topaz. The  
French "paste," which imitates the dia-  
mond so closely, is a peculiar kind of  
glass, the manufacture of which was  
brought to a great degree of perfection  
some fifty years ago by Donault-Wicand,  
of Paris. The finest quality of paste de-  
mands extreme care in the choice of  
materials and in melting, etc. The basis  
of it, in the hands of the expert manufac-  
turer just named, was powdered rock  
crystal or quartz. The proportions he  
took were six ounces of rock crystal,  
nine ounces two drams of red lead, three  
ounces three drams of pure carbonate of  
potash; three drams of boracic acid and  
six grains of white arsenic. The product  
thus manufactured was extremely beau-  
tiful, but rather expensive, compared with  
the prices now charged for artificial  
jewels. It has never been surpassed in  
brilliance, but of late years the greater  
purity of the potash and lead oxide used,  
and the improvements in the furnaces  
and methods of heating them, have all  
tended to reduce the price of the "dia-  
monds" thus manufactured.—Chambers's  
Journal.

### A Bean Feast.

The following story of a bean feast, or  
of feet and beans, appropriately enough  
comes from Boston and the columns of  
the Journal.

### RULES FOR A HAPPY LIFE

Wouldst thou be a happy liver,  
Happy and studious to enhance  
The glory of the great Life-Giver,  
Launch not thy boat to drift at chance  
Where strong floods roll and wild waves  
dance  
On life's broad-rushing river.  
Live as a man and count it treason  
To man to live divorced from reason;  
Prove your ground and know your game,  
and ply your task with stout endeavor,  
Nor courting praise, nor fearing blame.  
Know your own worth and know not less  
Your neighbor's weight and worthiness;  
And where he works well let him do  
The work that might be spoiled by you.  
Make a good friend wherever you can;  
Not wise is he who hath no eyes  
To know how fools may help the wise;  
With loving deeds bind man to man,  
But never shrink with blinking eyes  
From what they only learn who try;  
And though you stand alone, in sight  
Of God be bold to hold the right.  
March bravely on and if you stumble  
Never groan and never grumble,  
Rise again with wise forgetting;  
Wounds were never saved by fretting;  
Watch your chance and know your hour  
And let the moment feel your power;  
Shape your path and keep your rules  
With deaf ear turned to meddling fools.  
'Tis dull to wait and hard to stand,  
But God's time comes with high command,  
That claims the service of your hand.  
Let the wise farmer teach you knowledge,  
Oft sought for at school and college;  
Split the rock and turn the sod,  
With busy hands cast hoes; seed,  
Stoutly uproot each harmful weed  
And let the seasons wait on God!  
—John Stewart Blackie, in Leisure Hour

### HUMOR OF THE DAY.

An early riser—Yeast.  
A wet day—Wash-day.  
The dark cages—Dungeon cells.  
A man need not necessarily be pos-  
sessed of musical ability to strike a liar.  
—Bloomington Eye.  
None of our dentists have yet evinced  
enough enterprise to advertise "Misfit  
teeth a specialty."—Norristown Herald.  
A little New Hartford three-year-old  
boy, in admiring his baby brother, ex-  
claimed, "He's got a boiled head, like  
papa."  
The fact that the poet is born, not  
made, relieves our educational system  
from a serious responsibility.—Boston  
Courier.  
They are experimenting at Staten  
Island with some new cannon. These  
cannon have the latest style of breeches,  
with four pockets, and are very killing.  
—Lowell Courier.  
Miss Angelica: I suppose you have  
been going out a great deal lately, Mr.  
McFamish? "No; I have only been to  
one dinner in two weeks." "Dear me!  
You must be hungry."  
"I am surprised, John," said an old  
lady when she found the butler helping  
himself to some of the finest old port.  
"So am I, ma'am. I thought you had  
gone out," was the reply.  
The true use of a porous plaster, ac-  
cording to a Milwaukee druggist, is  
"to retain the back in its proper place and  
let the pain crawl out through the  
holes."—Newman Independent.  
"Have you any 'home ties'?" asked  
a lady of a young man whose appear-  
ance indicated dissipation. "Oh, yes  
(hic) home ties, lots of 'em, g-g-got  
a mother-in-law!"—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.  
As we look through the lists of "the dead of  
this year,"  
We notice without surprise,  
The names of a great many business men,  
Who refused to advertise.  
—Merchant-Traveler.  
An exchange has an article on "The  
rise of the roller rink." This ought to  
confirm the theory of the young man  
new to the rollers that the floor flew up  
and hit him in the back of the neck.—  
Blissard.  
An Australian naturalist is reported to  
have discovered that sponges are en-  
dowed with a nervous system. All the  
"sponges" known to us socially certainly  
display a great deal of "nerve" in their  
own peculiar way.—Lowell Citizen.  
Reciprocity—Landlord: "Have you  
any family?" Intending lodger: "No."  
L.: "That's right, for I don't let my  
rooms to lodgers with families." I. L.:  
"Have you a family?" L.: "Yes; four  
children." I. L.: "Sorry to hear it, for I  
never take apartments with landlords  
who have families."—St. Petersburg  
Zeitung.  
An eminent sportsman was boasting his skill,  
And was "going it," too, pretty hot.  
He swore on his honor, that once on a time  
He hit seventeen hares with one shot.  
But a friend standing by rose up in his wrath  
And exclaimed, "That there statement's  
too big."  
We can't swallow it, unless you admit  
You were shooting that day at your wig."  
—Judge.  
A Bean Feast.  
The following story of a bean feast, or  
of feet and beans, appropriately enough  
comes from Boston and the columns of  
the Journal.  
A Florida youth who bought a pair of  
shoes without trying them on found on  
reaching home that they were just an  
eighth of an inch too small all around.  
He thought, however, that he would en-  
large them sufficiently by the "bean"  
process, so he filled each shoe to the top  
with large white beans—the variety that  
swell nearly double their size—gave  
them all the water they would hold, and  
left them over night to the mercy of the  
beans. In the morning he found that  
they had increased in size from No. 5 to  
apparently No. 8, and that the uppers  
had raised up on one side, exposing a  
huge crevasse and allowing the beans to  
escape for several feet around. The next  
time he will pare down his feet.