

Raftzman's Journal

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CLEARFIELD, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18, 1856.

VOL. 2.—NO. 44.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

In the season of darkness and sorrow,
When hope has fled far away,
When we know no joy for to-morrow,
And feel of the despair of to-day—
When our friends of the past have deserted,
And at you their hatred is hurled,
Just because you have fallen in station—
Never care—'tis the way of the world.

When death at the last would be welcome,
And you think with a heart broken sigh,
"Ah! soon will life's battles be o'er,"
How sweet it will then be to die!
When the flowers of love have all withered,
And the shaft of bleak malice is hurled,
When your heart is all sad and forsaken—
Never mind—'tis the way of the world.

When fortune again smiles upon you,
And the frowns of your friends disappear,
And the parasites flock around you,
With words of false welcome and cheer—
To best to receive them as ever,
And not with the lip of scorn curled,
For they have merely followed their instincts,
And acted the way of the world.

ETHAN ALLEN IN CAPTIVITY.

Among the episodes of the Revolutionary war none is more strange than that of the queer genius, Ethan Allen. In England, the event and the man being equally uncommon, Allen seemed to have been a curious combination of a Hercules, a Joe Miller, a Bayard, and a Tom Hyer. He had a person like the Belgian giant, mountain music like a Swiss, and a heart plump as Cour de Lion's. Though born in New England, he exhibited no traces of her character, except that his heart beat wildly for his country's freedom. He was frank, bluff, companionable as a harvest.

For the most part, Allen's manner while in England was scornful and ferocious in the last degree, although qualified at times by a heroic sort of levity. Aside from the inevitable egotism relatively pertaining to pie-tenes, spires and giants, there were, perhaps, two special, incidental reasons for the Titan Vermont's singular demeanor abroad. Taken captive while heading a forlorn hope before Montreal, he was treated with incalculable cruelty and indignity. Immediately upon his capture, he would have been deliberately suffered to have been butchered by the Indian allies in cold blood upon the spot had he not with desperate intrepidity scathed himself of his enormous physical strength by twitting a British officer and using him for a target, whirling him round and round against the murderous tomahawks of the savages. Shortly afterwards, led into the town fenced about with bayonets of the guard, the commander of the enemy, one Col. McClellan, scolded his capture over his captive's head with brutal insults, promising him a rebel's halter at Tyburn. During his passage to England in the same ship where-in went passenger Col. Guy Johnson, the implacable Tory, he was kept heavily ironed in the hold, and in all respects was treated like a mutineer; or it may be, rather as a Hoosier of Asia, which, though caged, was too dreadful to behold without fear and trembling, and consequent cruelty. And, no wonder, at least, for on one occasion, when chained hand and foot, he was insulted by an officer, with his teeth twisted off the nail that went through the middle of his hand-locks, and so having his arms at liberty, challenged the insolent to mortal combat. Other woes at Pensance Castle, when no other revengement was at hand, he would hurl on his foes such a howling tempest of invective as fairly shook them into retreat. Prompted by somewhat similar motives both on a shipboard and in England, he would often make the most vicious allusions to Ticonderoga, and the part he played in its capture, well knowing that of all the American names Ticonderoga was, at that period, by far the most famous and gallant to Englishmen.

Israel Potter, an ex-alle American, while straggling around Pensance Castle, where Allen was confined, chanced to hear him in one of his outbursts of indignation and madness, of which the following is a specimen:

"Bye no more, old England; consider that you are only an island! Order back your broken battlements, and repair in rubble! Long enough have you lived turtles across the sea, forgotten the Lord their God, and bowed down to Rome and Kaplansness—the Headless Heads off, relationed jackall! Wearing the King's plate, as I do, (meaning, probably, ornate manner,) I have treasures of wrath against you Britons."

Then came a clanking, as of chains; a thrack, a thrack, a thrack, as of iron links; a thrack, a thrack, a thrack, as of a rebel's boots. But I'll show you how a true gentleman and Christian can conduct in adversity. Back, dogs! respect a gentleman and a Christian, though he be in rags and smell of bilgewater, Yes, shine on, glorious sun! 'Tis the sun that warms the hearts of your Green Mountain boys, and lights up with its rays the golden hills of Vermont!

Filled with resentment at these words, which came from over a massive wall, inclining which assumed an open parapet space, I levelled forward, and soon came to a thick archway leading far within, underneath, to a grassy tract, through a tower. Like two bear's backs two sentries stood on guard at either side of the open jaws of the arch—Scrutinizing our advances a moment, they signalled us to enter.

Arriving at the end of the archway,

where the sun shone, Israel stood transfixed at the scene.

Like some baited bull in the ring, crouched the gigantic captive, handcuffed as before; the grass of the green ramped and gored up all about him, both by his own movements and those of the people around. Except some soldiers and sailors, these seemed mostly town's people, collected here out of curiosity. The stranger was outlandishly arrayed in the sorry remains of a half-Indian, half-Canadian sort of dress, consisting of a fawn skin jacket—the fur outside and hanging in rugged tufts—a half rotten bark like a belt of wampum; aged brooches of sagacity; the darned worsted stockings reaching to the knee; old moccasins, riddled with holes, their metal tags peevish with salt water rust; faded red woollen bonnet not unlike a Russian night cap, or a portentous ensanguined full moon, all soiled and stuck about with half rotten straw; unshaven beard, matted and profuse as a cornfield beaten down by hail-stones. His whole matted aspect was that of a wild beast, but a royal sort, and unmaimed by the cage.

"Aye, stare! stare! thou but last night dragged me out of a ship's hold like a smutty terrier, and this morning out of your littered barracks there like a murderer—for all that you may well stare at Ethan Ticonderoga Allen, the conquered soldier by—! You Turks never saw a Christian before. Stare on! I am he who, when your Lord Howe wanted to bribe a patriot to fall down and worship him by an offer of a major's generalship, and five thousand acres of choice land in old Vermont—!—ha! three times three for glorious Vermont and the Green Mountain boys! hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!—I am he, I say, who answered your Lord Howe: 'You, you offer our land? 'You are like the devil in Scripture, offering all the kingdoms in the world, when the carved soul had not a corner lot on earth!' Stare on, I say!"

"Look, you rebel you, you had best heed how you talk against General Lord Howe, here!" said a thin, wasp waisted, epauletted officer of the castle, coming near and flourishing his sword about him like a schoolmaster's ferule.

"General Lord Howe? Heed how I talk of that tooth-beaten king's lick-spittle of a portrout—the vilest wriggler in God's worm below. I tell you the herds of red-haired devils are impatiently shouting to ladle Lord Howe with his gang—you included—into the seething cauldron of Tophet's hottest flames."

At this blast the wasp-waisted officer was blown backwards as from the suddenly burst head of a steam boiler. Staggering away with a snapped spine, he muttered something about its being beneath his dignity to bandy forth words with a low lived rebel.

"Come, come, Colonel Allen," here said a mild looking man, in a sort of clerical undress, "respect the day better than to talk thus of what lies beyond. Were you to die this week, or what is most probable, be hung next hour at Tower wharf, you know not what might become of yourself."

"Reverend sir," said Allen, with a mocking bow, "when no better employed than breading my beard, I have dabbled a little in your theology. And let me tell you, reverend sir, lowering and intensifying his voice, "that as to the world of spirits of which you hint, tho' I know nothing of the mode or manner of that world, no more than you do, yet I expect, when I arrive there, to be treated as any other gentleman of my merit. This is to say, far better than you British know how to treat an honest man and a meek hearted Christian, captured in honorable war, by—! Every one tells me, as yourself just told me, as crossing the sea, every billow dipped in my ear—that if Ethan Allen, am to be hung like a thief. If I am, the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress shall avenge me, while I, for my part, will show you, even on the tree, how a Christian gentleman can die. Meantime, sir, if you are the clergy man you look, set your consultative faculties by getting an unfortunate Christian gentleman, about to die, glass of punch."

The good natured stranger, not to have his religious courtesy appealed to in vain, immediately dispatched his servant, who stood by, to procure the beverage.

At this juncture a faint rustling sound, as if the advancing of an army with banners, was heard. Silks, sturds, and ribbons fluttered in the back-ground. Presently a bright squadron of bright ladies drew sigh, escorted by certain out-riding palliates of Falmouth.

"Ah," said a strange voice, "what a strange sight, and furred vest, and what leopard-like teeth, and what fanned hair, but all mildewed, is that he?"

"Yes, it is, lovely creature," said Allen, like an Ottoman, bowing over his broad bosom and breathing the words out like a lute: "It is he—Ethan Allen, the soldier; now, since ladies' eyes visit him, made truly a captive."

"Why, he talks like a bun in the parlog—this wild-corned American from the wood," sighed another fair lady to her mate; "but can this be he we came to see? I must have a look of his hair."

"It is he, adorable Delilah, and fear not, though excited by the foe, by clipping my lock to dwindle my strength. Give the your sword, man," turning to an officer—"ah, I'm fettered. Clap it yourself, lady!"

"No, no—I do—"

"Afrald, would you say? Afrald of the sword—friend and champion of all the ladies, all around the world? Nay, nay, come hither." The lady advanced; and soon overcomer her timidity, her white hand shone like whipped foam among the waves of flaxen hair.

"Ah, this is like clipping tangled tags of gold lace," she cried; "but see, it is half straw."

"But the wearer is no man of straw, lady; were I free, and you had ten thousand foes, horse, foot and dragons—how like a friend I could fight for you! Come—you have robbed me of my hair; let me rob the dainty hand of its price. What! afraid again?"

"No, not that, but—"

"I see, lady; I may do it by your leave, but not by your word—the wonted way of all the ladies. There, it is done. Sweeter that kiss than the bitter heart of the cherry."

When at length this lady left, no small talk was had by her with her companions about some way of relieving the lot of so knightly and unfortunate a man, whereupon a worthy, judicious gentleman of middle age, in attendance, suggested a bottle of wine every day, and clean linen every week. And these the English women—too polite, and too good to be fastidious—did actually send to Ethan Allen, so long as he tarried a captive in their land.

The withdrawal of this company was followed by a different scene. A perspiring man in top boots, a riding whip in hand, and having the air of a prosperous farmer, brushed in like a stray bullock, among the rest, for a peep at the giant—having just entered through the arch as the ladies passed out.

"Hearing that the man who took Ticonderoga was here in Pensance Castle, I've ridden twenty-five miles to see him, and to-morrow my brother will ride forty for the same purpose. So let me have the same look. Sir," he continued, addressing the captive, "will you let me ask you a few questions, and be free with you?"

"Be free with me? With all my heart. I love freedom above all things, I'm ready to die for freedom; I expect to. So be as free as you please. What is it?"

"Then, sir, permit me to ask what is your occupation in life? in time of peace, I mean."

"You talk like a tax gatherer," replied Allen, squinting diabolically at him. "What is my occupation in life? Why, in my younger days, I studied divinity, but at present I am a conjurer by profession."

Hereupon every body laughed, as well at the manner as the words, and the settled farmer retorted.

"Conjurer, eh? Well, you conjured wrong, that time you were taken."

"Not so wrong, though, as you British did, that time I took Ticonderoga, my friend."

At this juncture the servant came in with a bowl of punch, which his master bade him give to the captive.

"Not give it to me, sir, with your own hands, and pledge me as a gentleman to a gentleman."

"I cannot pledge a state prisoner, Colonel Allen, but I will hand you the punch with my own hand, since you insist upon it."

"Spoke and done like a true gentleman; I am to you."

Then receiving the punch into his manacled hands, the iron ringing against the chain, he put the bowl to his lips, saying, "I hereby give the British nation credit for half a minute's good usage," at once draught emptied it to the bottom.

"The rebel gulps it down like a swilling bog at the trough," here scoffed a lusty private of the guard of duty.

"Shame on you," cried the giver of the bowl.

"Nay, sir, his red coat is a blush to him, as it is to the whole British army." Then objecting derisively upon the private, "you object to my way of taking things do you? I fear I shall never be able to please you." You objected to the way, too, in which I took Ticonderoga; and the way I meant to take Montreal. Selah! but pray, now I look at you, are you not the hero I caught dodging around in his shirt, in the cattle pen inside the fort? It was the break of day, remember."

"Come, Yankee," here swore the incensed private, "come this, or I'll tan your old fawn skin for ye with the fat of this sword for a specimen;" laying it lankwise but not heavily across the captive's back.

Turning like a tiger, the giant, catching the steel between his teeth, wrenched it from the private's grasp, and striking it with his manacled, sent it spinning like a juggler's dagger, into the air, saying, "lay your dirty coward's iron on a dead gentleman again, and those," lifting his hand-cuffed fists, "shall be the beetle of mortality to you."

The now furious soldier would have struck him with all his force, but several men of the town, interposing, reminded him that it was outrageous to attack a chained captive.

"Ah," said Allen, "I am accustomed to that and therefore I am beforehand with you; and the extremity of what I say against Britain is not meant to be you, kind friends, but for my insurers present and to come."

Then retreating among the interposers the giver of the bowl, he turned with a courteous bow saying: "Thank you again and again, my good sir; you may not be worse for it; ours is an unstable world, so that one gentleman never knows when it may be his turn to be helped of another."

But the soldier still making a riot and the commotion growing general, a superior officer stepped up, who terminated the scene by removing the prisoner to the cell, dismissing the townspeople, with all strangers, Israel among the rest, and closing the castle after them.

GENERAL WILLIAM WALKER.

From the Louisiana Courier.
We perceive in many of our exchanges, within the last few days, an extract from a late number of 'Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,' on Nicaragua, in which it is stated that Gen. Walker, whose position in its affairs has drawn all eyes upon him, is about forty years of age, and is a native of Alabama, and giving some details as to his early life and education, which are some times correct and sometimes otherwise.

The writer of this article has known William Walker from his childhood, and has it, therefore within his power to correct several errors which prevailed with regard to him.

In the first place, then he is a native of the city of Nashville, Tennessee, his father being of Scotch birth, coming we believe, from Glasgow or its vicinity, his mother, who was a sister of John Norvell, at one period a Senator in Congress from Michigan, being a native of Kentucky. William the eldest of their children, is about thirty-three or four years of age, is of rather diminutive stature, with whitish hair, fair complexion, much stained on his cheeks and about the eyes with freckles, grey eyes, and a countenance, on the whole, rather tame and unpossessing. His voice is low and decidedly nasal, being what the children call singsong; his manners are uncommonly quiet and reserved, if not awkward; but when in company with intimate friends, or when interested in any subject, he wakes up, and his whole appearance greatly changes.

At school and college, Walker was most taciturn and studious. He was particularly proficient in mathematics and the exact sciences, and on his graduation at the University of Nashville, he went to Edinburg, where he went through the School of Medicine, and afterwards attended lectures on that science in Paris, and then traveled over a considerable portion of middle and southern Europe. On his return to Nashville he found that neither his health nor his temperament fitted him for the life of a physician, and he came to this city with the intention of studying law and obtained admittance to the Bar. He pursued his studies for some time, and was admitted to practice, but never, we think, made any very strenuous attempt to advance in the profession. Shortly afterwards, he became connected with the 'Crescent,' and devoted himself with great earnestness and zeal to editorial labors. The experiment did not, however, prove so fortunate as he had expected, and he therefore gave it up, and followed the example of many other adventurous and ambitious spirits, by going to California. In that State he was also for a while connected with the Press, and at the period of the descent upon Soconca, which he made with a handful of followers, he was, if we have not been misinformed, again trying his luck at the Bar. However ill-advised and unfortunate that adventure may be regarded by many, all will agree that so far as his history has transpired, Walker displayed indomitable nerve and heroism in the midst of the sternest difficulties.

Under his calm and unshaken exterior, Walker conceals the rarest determination and most unflinching personal courage. He is, we are inclined to think, slightly fanatical in his views, when interested or resolved upon a matter, and probably never thinks of concessions to any person, or under any circumstances. He is also strictly just and impartial in his course, and little given to making distinctions in his treatment of those who offend against discipline. In proof of this, we heard the other day from a most reliable source, that his own brother, who held a commission, having been guilty of an impudence which disqualified him for duty at the moment, he ordered that he should be reduced to the ranks and his commission forfeited, nor would he recede from this position, altho' strongly urged to clemency by many of his leading and most trusted officers.

Too good to be lost.—The pupils in the schools are aroused on the subject of the Sumner outrage, and recently one of the boys scolding the "Judas" continued his quantity in perfect fact these—

"Ama viramque esse Brooks Sumner ab oris."

The principal called on him for a translation of the line to which he had incessantly imparted the tone of his thoughts. He was not disconcerted, however, on being apprised of his interpretation, and promptly rendered it.

"Brooks, an armed man, called Sumner over the countenance," (ab oris.)—T. W. H. G.

"And so—I care."—A Western editor says a young fellow, upon being asked, "Why did you leave old man S.'s so early last night?" answered—"Why, you see, I called to see Miss Nancy, and she wouldn't have anything to say to me. So I sat a while longer and then one of the boys came and took me to the door and gave me a push, and then I thought may be my company wasn't wanted there, and so—I left."

THE WILD WOMAN.

The Cincinnati Commercial, of a recent date, says:—Yesterday we called at the U. S. hotel to see the "Wild Woman of Wachita Mountains. Mr. J. W. C. Northcott, her captor, introduced us into the room where she is a prisoner. We saw a tall, gracefully formed, young white girl, scantily but neatly clothed, standing with a stout rope about her waist and attached to a bed post. The first impression was similar to that of being in the presence of a ferocious maniac. She stood at the foot of the bed, partially hiding behind it, and rocking slowly, but with nervous uneasiness, from one foot to the other, and staring fixedly upon us with great, bright, unwinking eyes, so widely opened that a ring of white surrounded the pupils, which, with the wild and intense glare of the orb, gave it a strange and frightful expression. Beneath the eyes were deep circles, showing long continued and excessive excitement or exertion, mental or physical. Her hair was long and thick, hanging in heavy matted masses and wiry tangles about the face, neck and shoulders, and in color dark brown. Her complexion was fair, even delicate, and her features decidedly handsome. Her mouth is small and finely formed, the lips thin and red, but tightly compressed, and her teeth even and white. But there was not, that we could discover, any trace of humor in her face, and we were informed by her captor that he had never seen her smile. There is not a line in her face to indicate any human passion, the only organ of expression being her eye, and that does not seem to seek, or even to have known human sympathy. The woman employed by Mr. Northcott to be the attendant of his "pet," as he calls her, says that she has seen the girl pleased, even seem to be amused, but her lips never curled in a smile, and nothing like a laugh ever found utterance. We need hardly say that she does not talk. The only sound she makes with her mouth is a kind of mumping, moaning, grumbling, with which, when hungry or thirsty, she expresses a desire to eat or drink. But sometimes, her attendant says, she looks with the most animated curiosity at her, (the attendant,) and Mr. Northcott, when they are talking in her presence, and seems to wonder how they make such noises with their mouths; but they have not succeeded in inducing her to imitate them. Her nose is handsome, and her profile well cut and striking, but the only indication of character in it is a kind of untamed audacity.—There is nothing like timidity in her looks, only the discomposure mingled with defiance which gleams in the eye of a panther. The appearance of a maniac, which, to our glance, she wore when we entered her apartment, gradually passed away, and there was a softer expression, and something like a gentle glow of intelligence in her still vivid eye. Becoming more composed, she sat down, and her nurse, at our request, brushed back the tangles of her hair, showing her cheeks and forehead. These were fair. The cheek was thin but its outlines quite womanly, and her brow and temples show intelligence of a high order. Whatever she is or may have been, she is by nature gifted with capacities of high intelligence.

The story of her capture, related by Mr. Northcott, is quite remarkable. In the spring of 1855, Mr. N., with a party of eight gold hunters, was sojourning in the Wachita mountains, on a branch of the false Wachita river, camped near an extensive and almost impenetrable thicket. They were gold seekers, having been attracted thither by a false alarm that there was gold in that region, which our readers will remember, had much newspaper circulation, and as nearly as could be calculated, their camp was three hundred miles distant from the frontier settlements of Texas, and in what is familiarly called the Gamache country. One night in March, it was his turn to watch, and there was bright unclouded moonlight. In the middle of the night he saw a figure approaching that seemed to him to be a Gamache, and he lay close and at full length on the ground. The figure approached, walking briskly, and passing within twenty yards of him, entered the thicket, and he saw by the moonlight that it was no Indian, but a young woman, dressed in a robe of skins. He was amazed beyond conception, and told his companions of his discovery, but they hoisted at the idea, and contended that he had seen a Gamache, and that they would no longer be safe in that locality; and so next day they packed their mules and hurried off for Texas, in spite of entreaties. They were all gone in the loss of backwoodsmen, but he had spent twenty years on the frontiers, and knew what he was about. So strong an impression did the incident make on his mind, that into this winter he employed half a dozen hardy fellows to accompany him, and set forth on a trip to the Wachita Mountains, on a hunt after the wild woman. So many difficulties were encountered, and the weather was so severe, that all of his companions but one bucked out. He pressed forward, however, and early in March reached the encampment where he had seen the woman enter the thicket. The first thing in order was to search the thicket, and they were not long in finding a kind of den, a little cave, or rather a long and narrow aperture among the rocks, which he was convinced must be her hiding place. With this conviction he waited and watched for her two days and

nights, when she came forth. He says that he had been afraid to enter the den, and that now his first care was to stop up the mouth of it, and wait for her to come back. After a few hours, she returned, and took alarm on observing that her door in the rocks was closed against her. He had two dogs, which he set upon her, and after running about one hundred and fifty yards, she turned about, as if confused in her fright, and fled towards the cave. He ran to meet her with a lasso in her hand, and as she approached, worried by the dogs, he threw it over her neck and called off the dogs, and she, giving a spring, jerked him to the ground, and at the second leap threw herself, the noose having by that time fastened about her throat and choked her. He then tied her, during which operation she uttered such horrid screams that the hair stood up on his head, and he had the most singular and awful feelings he ever experienced. After securing the girl, he entered her den, and found there large quantities of nuts and berries, and roots, such as could be gathered and digged in the vicinity. The principal fruit was a kind of large red haw, which were thereabout very abundant, and she had a kind of nest to sleep in, while everything indicated her utter solitude. The garments she wore was of skins, queerly tied together, with bits of leather, and also with a kind of grass. The skins were those of a large animal, neither bear or buffalo, Mr. Northcott says, and the hunters could not tell exactly from what manner of beast they were taken. It was his opinion that she had found an animal dead, or that the night had been attacked by and mastered some beast. But there is an air of improbability about this that the strange and almost terrible reality of the woman herself does not quite dispel; and we have not room here and now to argue the point. The garments were so strong, says Mr. N., that they protected the five days after her capture, his pet refused to taste food, but then partook of red haw. She was then taken 300 miles intervening between her den and the nearest civilized settlements in Grayson county, Texas, with a rope around her waist, the ends of which were in the hands of himself and his comrade, while the dogs followed after. As soon as he could procure it, he had a hack so fixed as to make of the body a kind of cage, in which he confined her, and conveyed her safely until he finally got her on a steamboat. She arrived here on the steamer Hickman. For a time she rejected all prepared food, but now she will eat almost anything that is offered, that is not very salt or very sweet. Mr. Northcott says his great object now is to civilize her, to learn her to talk, and to hear her story, for he thinks he is sure that she has talked at some day, and that she has a dim notion of having long ago been with folks similar to those she now finds herself with. He is impressed from observing her that this is the fact, and thinks that the presence of civilized folks, being in houses, &c., &c., has caused dormant memories to faintly revive. He discloses any intention to make a speculation out of her, and says that he will only take money from visitors that he may use it for her benefit. He shrinks from no examination on the subject, and has called several physicians to look at his strange pet. If this is a hoax, and it is so wonderful that we are not able to give it full credit, the girl, (whose age is, perhaps, twenty-two or twenty-three years,) looks the character she is made to personate so consummately that the like was never before heard of, or dreamed. We would have it thoroughly understood that this is no exaggerated puff of a showman, but a plain and sober narrative of that which we saw, and which was in the utmost apparent good faith related to us, and which seems to be a veritable realization of romance.

Good.—A fellow was once brought before a magistrate on a charge of stealing. The moment the magistrate saw him he exclaimed with vehemence:—

"I see the villain in your face."

"I never thought," said the prisoner, quite cool, "that my face was a looking glass."

A few nights since, in Janesville, Wisconsin, an ox, having got a bear barrel on his head, blindly pitched down a flight of steps into a saloon among a number of young lads. They thought their time, or the "Ancient Henry" had come, which caused some of them to decamp rather precipitately.

In 1851 our trade with Canada amounted, in the aggregate, to less than \$10,000,000, about \$9,000,000 which were exports and \$4,000,000 were imports. In 1855, under the influence of reciprocity measures, this trade has increased to about \$31,000,000, the balance still being largely in our favor.

The young married couple who thought they could live on love and moonlight, find there is some virtue in baked beans. For taking the romance out of young folks, marriage is nearly as bad as a lawsuit.

A young chemist of Cuba, named Peyronet, has discovered a process of making wine with the juice of the orange and pine apple, as delightful in flavor and equal in quality to good champagne.

The race from Chicago to New York is now made, according to the new time-table, in 36 hours.