



BloomSBurg Democrat.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY IN
BLOOMSBURG, PA., BY
WILLIAMSON H. JACOBY.TERMS.—At \$100 in advance. If not paid within
three months, the balance will be charged.
Advertisements are charged at the rate of
one cent per line for the first week, and
five cents for each subsequent week.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square.	Two squares.	Three squares.	Four squares.	Five squares.	One column.
100	200	300	400	500	100
200	400	600	800	1000	200
300	600	900	1200	1500	300
400	800	1200	1600	2000	400
500	1000	1500	2000	2500	500
600	1200	1800	2400	3000	600
700	1400	2100	2800	3500	700
800	1600	2400	3200	4000	800
900	1800	2700	3600	4500	900
1000	2000	3000	4000	5000	1000

Advertisements for real estate, and for
other purposes, are charged at the rate of
one cent per line for the first week, and
five cents for each subsequent week.
Advertisements for real estate, and for
other purposes, are charged at the rate of
one cent per line for the first week, and
five cents for each subsequent week.

Thy Brother Has Fallen.

Thy brother has fallen!
Oh, go to him now,
With love in thy bosom,
And smile on his brow.
Speak words of true kindness,
And bid him arise
From error to virtue,
And press to the skies.

Thy brother has fallen!
Assist him to stand;
Throw around him thy mantle;
Extend him thy hand;
Be gentle, be tender,
Persuasive and kind;
And to his heart's centre
A way thou wilt find.

Though sunk and degraded
By error and vice,
Till early affection
Are cold as the skies,
Compassion and kindness
Once felt in the heart,
Will melt to contrition
By the warmth they impart.

Thy brother has fallen!
Oh! hasten to give
The help that is needed,
And bid him to live.
Wait not for the morrow;
To-day is the time;
Before he is hardened
In error and crime.

Ack not for the reason
That brought him so low;
That he is disgraced is
Sufficient to know.
When virtue has triumphed,
Joy beams in his eye,
With tears he will bless thee,
With hands to the sky.

To save a lost brother
What honor so great?
Yet thousands neglected
Are left to their fate.
When a word—a look even,
Would virtue restore;
And keep the lost brother
From wandering more.

THE LOST MAN.

A PRAIRIE SKETCH.

An unfortunate trader once strayed from
his companions, and was lost four or five
days, suffering the keenest pangs of starva-
tion. It was years ago, yet the story has
only been told in oral repetition among the
old traders, and has never before, to our
knowledge, fallen in the way of a scribe.

The man wandered away upon a sultry
mid-summer afternoon, oppressed to despo-
ration with thirst, in search of water, while
the caravan was digging slowly along the
dreary and heated prairie. Making his way
to a cluster of timber that appeared at a
very great distance, he was fortunate enough
to find a small cool spring gushing and rip-
pling at the bottom of a deep rocky hollow.
The fresh water, the cool shade of the steep
rock and trees above, together with the
knowledge that the wagons were still mov-
ing along in sight, induced the poor fellow
to yield to his weariness and suffer his eye
to close. When he awoke, the grey of the
evening was deepening around the prairie,
and rushing up from the hollow, his eye
wandered about in vain search of his com-
panions. He was a raw adventurer, upon
his first travel, knowing nothing of how to
advance his steps in the wilderness, and
trusting entirely to the guidance and experi-
ence of those with whom he traveled. Hasty,
impulsive, and rash as he was careless,
and without possessing a single quality of
character to assist him in such an emergen-
cy, confused terror at once took possession
of him, and started as he thought in the
direction where he had last seen the wagons,
he ran with headlong speed, shouting wildly
at every step, in hopes of being heard and
assured by his companions.

The terrified man, bereft of all thought by
the fearful nature of his predicament, could
not even remember to fire the rifle he held.
He continued tearing his lungs with wild
and hopeless cries for assistance. While
running blindly forward in this manner, the
night still deepening around him, the man
met with a violent fall and was stunned into
insensibility for some hours. We are giving
now the substance of the poor fellow's own
story. He came back to consciousness some
time during this night, in the midst of a
pack of howling wolves, and found himself
lying on the side of a buffalo's skeleton, not
yet entirely stripped by the prowling dogs
of the carcass. A situation more appalling to
heart and nerve, may not be imagined. —
The wolf whined not but that he was around
and immediately from his state of torpor by
the howling creatures assaulting his own
body. The wolves were mauled and torn
and the carcass of a cow was not touched
by them. The wolf whined upon the skeleton,
and struck his forehead on a horn or some

other part, as he discovered a large lump
upon his head, which affected distressingly
when he came to his senses.

The poor fellow in the heat of his terror,
made out to woe away the wolves from
himself, and escape from the spot, leaving
the carcass in its place to return again to the
buffalo's bones, and give them a cleaner
polishing. Just escaping from one frightful
danger, perhaps took something from the
keen horrors of his desolate and wretched
condition, but the unhappy man's sensations
were harrowing and fearful in the extreme.
He still pressed onward, his strength failing
at every step, calling in harsh and broken
shrieks to his friends, and changing his
course again and again in utter and miser-
able uncertainty of which way to turn.

Daylight came, the sun arose, noon ap-
proached and passed, and the lost man was
alone in the desert, famished and faint, and
without a solitary hope of regaining his
companions or finding the track they were
pursuing.

That night the unhappy wretch sank ex-
hausted upon the grass and slept, to awaken
in a state of fear and danger more appalling
even than the night before. A compact and
innumerable band of buffaloes came moving
slowly across the region of the prairie on
which he lay, and he started from sleep in
imminent peril of being trodden to death
by the huge monoliths of the plain. As
these dense masses of buffaloes move, they
emit sounds that rise in the air like sea surge
and as the black herd came towards him in
deep midnight, the poor trader declared
that rolling ocean seemed about to over-
whelm him. Utterly paralyzed with his
danger, the unfortunate man could but start
to his feet, and stand confounded, fearing
either to fire or use other means to alarm
the buffaloes, lest by exciting their terror,
he should but increase his own peril. From
this critical position, however, he likewise
escaped unhurt, for the animals separated,
as their custom, when a strange scent is de-
tected, and passed on in two divisions, keep-
ing, keeping some two hundred yards clear
of the mysterious intruder in the middle.
Daylight was again appearing, as the last
of the innumerable herd of creatures passed
him, and the man was starting.

He took aim at a retreating buffalo, and
missed fire, for his percussion cap was damp
with the night dew. Still he was famishing
and his only hope seemed in the slaughter-
ing of a buffalo. He followed, crawling,
on his hands and knees, and, after hours of
weary watching and labor, wounded a cow at
last with a successful shot, and the whole
hand disappeared, while the poor trader fell
prostrate, too exhausted and faint to make
another effort in the pursuit.

This unhappy wretch lay groaning aloud,
alone in the midst of an interminable waste,
abandoned to desperation and despair, when
the thin bark of a small prairie dog attracted
his attention. Once more he charged his
rifle, for the little creature was in sight, with
its nose lifted just above the mound sur-
rounding its hole. The starving man lay
prostrate upon the earth, took aim and
cautious aim at the dog, and was fortunate
enough to knock it out of its hole with a
broken back; but before he could reach the
spot, the dying creature had wriggled back
into its hiding place and disappeared. —
With his ten fingers, the desperate man
raked up the earth, and succeeded in drag-
ging the dying dog out upon the grass, where
without waiting to finish his agony, he tore
its warm flesh with his teeth, like a wolf
while the expiring creature was still biting
at his fingers. This unnatural sustenance
restored the drooping man, and he was en-
abled to resume his wanderings, which he
continued for three more days and nights,
alone desolate and miserable, until he en-
countered a hunting party of Comanches,
whom, so far from avoiding, he rushed to
embrace, as though they were kindred near
and dear, and the best friends he could
meet on earth. They were friends as they
turned out, for they set him upon the track
to regain his comrades, with instructions to
direct him, and buffalo meat to support him.
Saying themselves by stripping him of his
rifle and everything else of the slightest value
he had about him.

After four days travel the poor trader
reached his friends again, and was welcome
as one from the grave. Upon the evening
of his loss, search was made in all di-
rections and signal guns fired which he
would have heard, had he not been lay-
ing insensible by the buffalo's skeleton. —
Search was also continued upon the suc-
ceeding days, as the caravan moved along,
but his wandering had been so irregular,
tending in a far and opposite direction, that
it was impossible to trace him. The five
days suffering of this unfortunate man may
be said fully imagined.

A YANKEE IN PARIS. — A story is told in
private circles about a wealthy but ill-in-
formed American who went to Paris and ap-
plied for lodgings at one of the aristocratic
"old family" mansions of the city, where
he read the words "Hotel de Crillon" over
the door. Haughtily dismissed there, he
next applied at another of too same sort, the
"Hotel de Boissy," unaware that the cus-
tom of placing the name over the door is
one of the old observances of the French
aristocracy. At this juncture some one in-
formed him of his blunder, and great was his
chagrin. Subsequently he met a friend who
recommended him to go to the "Hotel de
Louvre," which is really a house of public
entertainment. But ignorance had suc-
cumbed to wisdom. "No, hang it," was
the erudite reply, "I'm up to that, you
know, you don't get me to apply for board
at Louis Napoleon's palace."

Letter to Mr. A. T. Stewart of New York.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., Feb. 5, 1868.
My Dear Mr. A. T. Stewart, Chairman
My Dear Mr. A. T. Stewart, Chairman

Your very handsome printed letter of Jan-
uary the 1st did not reach me until to-day,
and I hasten to assure you that its tenor is
much more congenial to my feelings than
any of the printed papers you have ever had
the kindness to send me, printed.

TERMS: PROMPT CASH, six per cent.
of C. O. D.

To be frank with you, I always thought of
cotton oil when I saw those papers. They
suggested haste, and made me nervous. But
this State paper is heavy, and makes me
feel inclined to sleep and think. I never
knew any of your partners before; but it
appears, since you added a "new Grant depart-
ment to your trade, you have put the part-
ners' names on the "bill heads."

Is Mr. Astor a son of the old gentleman
that was in the fur and skinning business?
And does he propose to renew the trade on
the "political varmint" that can't be
"smoked out?" Mr. Peter Cooper, that
"was in the paint, glue, and isinglass trade,"
is he a special or general partner to furnish
all the paint and putty and glue that will be
required to cover up and hold up the Grant
platform? If so, it is a big thing. Ising-
lass and all other transparent substances
will be useless. The people see their way
through it now. Mr. Chittenden is a lovely
character, and I suppose he is to be the head
of the "religious department." Ah! I
learned to know and appreciate him during
the war in dealing in tracts, blankets, con-
tracts, and all other kinds of tracts towards
loyalty and the Treasury.

The combination grows on me as I read
the name of Mr. Vanderbuilt; it denotes
pluck, speed, and bottom. The very thought
of him and Grant hitched double on the
great national track makes a fellow feel
horseish, and be willing to bet that they
would make the fastest time over poor peo-
ple's children, and their written and other
constitutions, that we ever had in this coun-
try; they would shower down the oats, and
no patriot would dare utter neigh as long as
we had a "stable government." With Mr.
Bonner's influence, the thing would present
a completeness doubtless even never con-
templated by Washington himself. The very
sight of Mr. Harper's name was refreshing
to my eyes, as my memory was even full of
the sound law, morals, and pictures of their
publications—the "Magazine," "Weekly,"
and "Bazar"—and often regretted that Con-
gress had not made an appropriation for
their introduction into the colored universi-
ties. The absence of the name of Mr. Ben-
nett, of the "Herald," is to be regretted, as
his bare use would have added an element of
public regard not always attainable. Would
it not have been well to have added the
names of the proprietors of "Zorodot,"
"Night Blooming Cereus," "Balm of a
Thousand Flowers," Barnum, and the sew-
ing machine men? I merely make the sug-
gestion. It seems unkind to touch the ar-
tistic pile that you have all created with a
labor of love and faith, derived either from
the Bible or the Treasury Department, a
kind of millenium faith, where all nations,
kindreds, and tongues dwell together and
gather in harmony. When one scans the
list of loan, Democrats, fat loyalists, and
streak fossils, his mind can but revert to the
Prairie scene, where none but Providence,
the Indians, and nature rules, and he thinks
of the Prairie dogs and their holes, and all
the varmints and reptiles that therein dwell
in a peace as profound as lovely, a scene
truly edifying to one of large Christian
faith.

You will, I trust, pardon the liberty I
take here, and now, in expressing a personal
regret that the name of that august vegeta-
rian squash philosopher, Mr. Greeley,
does not appear on the list. We shall need
blood out of turnips and other green things
in the canvass. By the way, speaking of
blood, brings to mind our old friend, the re-
doubtable Rynders. You have neglected
him, a game, good fellow, who never struck
"out of time," or "below the belt." I quote
the personal part of your appeal, and regard
it as addressed to myself: "Your position in
the community where you reside will enable
you to shape, if not lead, public opinion." —
Yet further, "You will at once issue a call
for a public meeting." So, after an early
breakfast, I go out to see my brother, Is-
rael Funk, the tobaccoist, and to my sur-
prise, find him in a great rage, reading your
printed letter, a duplicate of mine addressed
to him. He won't budge a peg—swears that
he is badly bitten now with the "Grant
brand" in tobacco and cigars. All of that
brand have plenty of grit and smoke, but no
flavor. Greenhorns and boys buy once and
then drop that brand. He was down on it—
real savage. What could a man do, then,
when his own brother was against him, in
getting up a public meeting, but go and
see Mr. Washburne, and lay my plans before
him? He listened with both eyes until I
named about the public meeting, with the
"Grand Grant Head Centre" to talk about
in public; says "it won't do at all for any
public man to talk all his wind out before a
long race, but he must keep it in him to
make time coming down the quarter stretch
in the last heat on the four mile day; says
"Grant acts, don't talk; Johnson talks,
don't act, and has got down from a thor-
ough-bred to running quarter races, with
Mr. Seward for his rider and Jockey, and
takes the spurs like a Copestons wagon-
horse." I do not see what I can do but await
your instructions. You know I am disposed

to oblige you. You are so very kind, affec-
tionate, and liberal to all your friends, em-
ployees, and servants, that your will is their
law and they would never dream of dis-
obeying at the present high price of board—
"TERMS: PROMPT CASH, six per cent.
of C. O. D."

I neglected to mention a very small, trivial
circumstance that may be in the way of
our new "Grant department" in the dry
goods trade. We did not kill all the Demo-
crats and rebels, and they say a millinery,
vegetarian, shoe, and Grant department, or
anything of that kind, added to the trade,
may do; but when it comes to selecting
their officers, the descendants of the old
stock intend to select and name their man,
not yours.

Mrs. Funk desires you to send her some cal-
icoes or other prints for drapery at the public
meeting, (if ordered,) representing the scene
at the War office when Gen. Grant surren-
dered to Mr. Stanton. Please don't mark
the bill for the calicoes—
"TERMS: PROMPT CASH, six per cent.
of C. O. D."

As I said before, it makes me feel
Patriotically—well, yes,
PETER FUNK.

P. S. Mrs. F. directs me to present her
compliments, and says that she always
thought you were the handsomest man of
your age in New York, and she regrets to
learn that you are getting round-shouldered,
and desires to know whether it arises from
having the weight of the nation to bear, or
it is occasioned from a habit of putting your
hands down deep into your breeches-pockets
to pull up money for the poor; or will it not
make a man stoop—just a little—in trying
to pass from the tail of the Radical party to
the head of the Conservatives and Demo-
crats? She further directs, that it is proper
that an answer to a printed letter should be
printed.

A TOWER OF SKULLS.—Lamertine in his
Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, writes as
follows:—"When I was about a league from
Nisa, the last Turkish village, almost on the
border of Syria. I saw a large tower rising
in the midst of the plain, as white as
Paris marble. I sat down under the
shade of the tower to enjoy a few moments
of repose. No sooner was I seated than rais-
ing my eyes to the monument, I discovered
the walls which I supposed to be built of
marble, or of regular rows of white stone,
were composed of regular rows of human
skulls. Bleached by rain and sun, and ce-
mented by a little sand and lime, formed
entirely the triumphal arch which now shel-
tered me from the rays of the burning sun;
there might be from fifteen to twenty thou-
sand. In some places, portions of hats were
still hanging, and waved like lichen or moss,
with every breath of wind. The mountain
breeze was then blowing fresh, penetrating
the innumerable avalanches of the skull, and
sounded like a mournful and plaintive sigh.
These were skulls of fifteen thousand Ser-
vians, who had been put to death by the Pa-
cha, in the late insurrection in Servia. How-
ever, Servia is now free, and this monument
will teach their children the value of inde-
pendence, by showing them the price at
which their forefathers purchased it."

FIDDLING TO A NEW TUNE.—The New
York Tribune in a late article upon the fi-
nances said:
"Legal tenders are a forced loan—a sort of
legal robbery. They have no self-regulating,
expansive, and contractive power, adapted
to the business wants of the community. —
Any paper currency to deserve the name
must be: First, security. Second, redeem-
able. Greenbacks are neither. They are a
standing advertisement that the United
States are insolvent. They are depreciated
Government lies."

This is very different talk from what we
heard during the war. Then greenbacks
were declared to be as good as gold, and the
best currency that had ever been discovered.
Had any one used such language as we quote
from the Tribune then, he would have had
a short trip to Fort Lafayette. It is aston-
ishing what a difference there is in the
greenbacks when it is proposed that the
headholders as well as the people shall take
them. Then, instead of being the best,
they become the most miserable currency in
the world.

WILD CATS AT WORK.—Never in the
history of this region were the forays of
wild cats so numerous or serious as during
the present winter. We learn that some
twenty sheep were destroyed by them last
week on some farms in the vicinity of Green-
ville. Grown persons have been chased by
them, and it is considered absolutely dan-
gerous for children to be any distance from
the farm houses. If the bounty had not
been taken off their scalps, large numbers
of them would have been killed. We hope
our member will attend to having restored.
If not for a large amount, at least sufficient
to induce people to engage in their destruc-
tion.—Chlorion Banner.

The Lawrence (Kansas) Republican
learns that the late-sown wheat is more
promising than that which was put in ear-
lier. The dry weather of the fall was inju-
rious to early-sown wheat, and it came up
regularly. That which was sown later did
better. Some farmers kept on sowing in
wheat during the warm weather of Decem-
ber and early in January. A farmer writing
from Miami county to the Farmers' Club of
the American Institute, under date of Jan-
uary 5, said that he could see from his
window twelve teams engaged in plowing.

A Lively Bear Story.

The Chippewa Times has a good story of
a party of hunters in search of wildcats,
who found instead three large bears. The
party had just separated to scour the local-
ity, when Sheriff Buzzell was suddenly con-
fronted by an enormous black bear, coming
right out of the ground, and not six feet
distant. The peril was imminent, and only
one thing to do—"fight it out on that line,"
and that suddenly. He shouted to warn his
party, and fired, striking the bear in the
center of the head. Doubling up like a knot
he disappeared in the ground as suddenly as
he came out. The firing brought the rest
of the party, and it was resolved to go into
the hole. Mr. Buzzell prepared for this
job, and was lowered into the ground about
eight feet before he came to the bear, which
was lying quartering hind part toward him.
He undertook to tie a rope around one hind
leg when a tension of the muscle, a move-
ment of the body, and at the same time a
straggling ray of light revealed two other
bears and his own awful situation! Buzzell,
eight feet in the ground, head foremost,
without a single weapon, with three wild
bears, and the only means of getting out to
be hauled out by ropes attached to his feet,
was very uncomfortable. How he escaped
from the situation is a wonder to all who
know anything about it; but he got off with
a blow on the head and a scratch extending
from the jaw to the temple. But the old
bear got the worst of it, for he fol-
lowed his man out, and on showing his head
received a ball under the jaws coming out
at the top of the head. So to get him out
was the next consideration, and Bashfield
was slowly and cautiously lowered into the
den, revolver in hand. A survey showed
that the old bear was dead, and but one
other in sight, and that not all pugnacious.
He attached a rope to the old bear's leg,
wheeled his revolver at the remaining one,
saw the signal and was jerked out. When
the old bear was drawn out, the others seem-
ed bound to come too, and as fast as they
showed themselves, they were fired at.
Forty-one shots were fired, and their heads
were riddled with the holes before he suc-
cumbed. The old bear dressed 400 pounds,
the others about 150 each.

AN ASTOUNDING AND CONFOUNDING
DISCOVERY IN ALASKA.—We have an en-
chanted world in Alaska. Here is what a
Russian guide told a Californian who asked
about a range of mountains near Sitka:
"They are mighty in size and cause much
cold. Wonderful things are told of them.
It is said that in some places there are deep
pools and lakes in which dwell monsters—
serpents as long as a fir tree, which, were
they in the open sea, would commit mighty
damage. One thing the Indians tell us for
certain—that yonder, far away to the North
in the heart of those hills, there is a won-
derful valley, so narrow that only at midday
is the face of the sun to be seen. That val-
ley, lay undicovered and unknown for
thousands of years; no person dreamed of
its existence; but at last, a long time ago,
two Indian hunters entered it by chance,
and then what do you think they found?
They found a small tribe of unknown peo-
ple, speaking an unknown tongue, who had
lived there since the creation of the world,
and without knowing that other beings ex-
isted."

THE ONIALASKA CANOE.—There is in
the audience room of the Department of
State, Washington, an interesting specimen
of the canoe used by the Onialaska Indian
in Russia America. The canoe appears to
be made up of the skins of some animal,
sewed with tendons, and stretched over a
wooden frame. It is about eighteen feet
in length, pointed at the end, and deep
enough to hold, in a sitting posture, the
single occupant for which it is intended. Its
place is in the middle, and a web, appar-
ently made of fish skin, is intended to be
tretched over the hole where he sits to
keep out the water there. The double
bladed paddle by which the canoe is
propelled is about eight feet in length
and is held in the middle by both hands.—
Visitors to the region inhabited by the In-
dians referred to say that the skill with
which they manage these canoes, and their
courage in fishing enterprises in them, far
from land on a stormy sea, are wonderful.
The canoe is understood to have been sent
to Washington by Capt. W. A. Howard, of
the revenue service.

MODESTY.—There was once to be a meet-
ing of the flowers, and the judge was to
award the prize to the one pronounced the
most beautiful. "Who shall have the prize?"
said the rose, stalking forth in all the con-
sciousness of beauty. "Who shall have
the prize?" said the other flowers advan-
cing, each with conscious pride, and each
imagining it would be herself. "I will take
a peep at those beauties," thought the vio-
let, not presuming to attend the meeting;
"I will see them as they pass." But as she
raised her lowly head to peep out of her
hiding place, she was observed by the judge
who immediately pronounced her the most
beautiful, because the most modest.

A California correspondent writes that
the mixture of races in that State is be-
yond all precedent in the history of man-
kind. He reports marriages between Yan-
kees and Digger Indians, Irish and Chinese,
Mexican and Maylay, Portuguese and San-
dwich Islanders, English Canadian and Ne-
gro, French and Apache, to say nothing of
the more common intermarriages to be seen
in all parts of America.

A NEW MASONIC HALL is to be erected
on Broad street, corner of Filbert, Phila-
delphia, which will take five years to build
and will cost when finished nearly a million
of dollars.

"WELL, wife, I don't see how they can
send a letter on them wires without tearing
on 'em all to bits." "La, me they
don't send the paper, but they send the wri-
ting in a fluid state."

A Massachusetts Mandarin.

Mr. Anson Burlingame, of Massachusetts,
our minister to China, the gentleman who,
in 1856, declared in a public speech, that
this country required "an anti-slavery Con-
stitution, an anti-slavery Bible and an anti-
slavery God," has decided to desert his post
as American minister, and become a Chinese
ambassador to the western powers of
Europe, to represent there the interests of
his Celestial majesty, the "brother of the
sun," etc., for forty thousand dollars a
year! Whether Mr. B. has been "natural-
ized" as a citizen of China, or, if he has,
what sort of a course of sprouts he was put
through, is not stated; but they do say that
he has accepted the Emperor's appoint-
ment, and is now on his way to Europe, via
San Francisco and New York, accompanied
by a suit of thirty Celestials of rank, who
are to be attaches of the embassy, and who
are decorated with the insignia of their re-
spective positions at home. It is not known
whether Mr. Burlingame was required to
adopt the Chinese costume and cultivate a
tail before receiving the honor conferred up-
on him by his new employer and sovereign,
and there will be much curiosity to see him
when he lands in this country, to determine
this point. A Massachusetts man will do a
great deal for money, and if Anson could
not otherwise secure the forty thousand dol-
lars per annum, his friends may expect to
see him pass through this country in the
garb and gear of a genuine mandarin. A
man who would desert his post of duty to
his own country to take service under a semi-
barbarian for money would, if necessary to
complete the sale, don the clothes of a clown
or "hang a calf-skin (with a tail to it) on
his recumbent limbs!"—Daily News.

PROFESSOR FARADAY.—Professor Far-
aday sought to reach the mind of every hear-
er through more senses than one. He never
told his listeners of an experiment; he
always showed it to them, however simple
and well known it might be. "If," said
Faraday, once to a young lecturer, "I said
to my audience, 'This stone will fall to the
ground if I open my hand,' I should not
be content with saying the words. I should
open my hand and let it fall. Take noth-
ing for granted as know. Inform the eye
at the same time you address the ear. This
was the great secret of Faraday's success.—
Every one left the theatre of the institution
in Albemarle street satisfied that he had re-
ally acquired some useful knowledge, and
that he had gained it pleasantly, and with
out toil or labor.

TROTTER HORSE SOLD BY THE POUND.
—The celebrated trotting stallion Bahaw,
jr., who has a record throughout the West
as a "footer and stayer," was purchased by
Mr. A. F. Fawcett, the former owner of
Dexter, in Chicago a few days since. It is
stated by a Chicago paper that Mr. Fawcett
requested Mr. David Kelly, the owner of
the horse, to name his price, when the lat-
ter replied jocularly that he would sell him
for fourteen dollars and fifty cents per pound
after the manner of selling cattle. Mr. Faw-
cett immediately accepted the proposition.
The horse was accordingly upon the
scales, and weighed one thousand and forty
pounds, making the amount to be paid fif-
teen thousand and eighty dollars.

QUEEN VICTORIA has ordered the
Governor of Jamaica to fill all the respon-
sible offices hereafter only with white men
from England. The negro has effectively
played himself out with the British Govern-
ment by his fantastic tricks of murderous
deeds and mas-sacres. That Government
took the lead in the attempt to emancipate
and elevate the black race. It is now the
last to perceive that the negro is unfit for
self-government or to live harmoniously on
parity with white people upon the same
soil. This country, following in England's
wake, will pass through the same experi-
ence.

An enterprising and ingenious Illinoisian
of the romantic name of Wiggins, had seven
young women under promise of marriage to
him in the village at the same time, two of
them being sisters, and in each case had an-
ticipated his marital privileges. He depar-
ted between two days, and at present there
are seven young Japhet Wigginses in search
of a fugitive father.

It is stated that two of the Bennig-
hoff robbers have been put under arrest at
Memphis Tennessee, by a Cleveland detec-
tive, who followed them there; that \$150,
000 of the stolen property has been secured
in a Memphis bank, and that the detective
has secured Bennighoffs promise of a re-
ward of \$65,000 for his services.

A man in Boston has got nearly one
thousand photographs of ladies who re-
sponded to an advertisement, "Wife wanted
by a man of means"—which in this case sig-
nified a very mean man. In this case the
man wanted no wife—only a lot of pictures
of simpatons—and he got bushels of them.

QUOTE A FAMILY.—The Downingtown
Journal says the wife of Jacob Spotts, of
Springfield, Chester County, Pa., on Sunday
night last gave birth to four children, each
weighing eight pounds. The mother and
children are all doing well.

A NEW MASONIC HALL is to be erected
on Broad street, corner of Filbert, Phila-
delphia, which will take five years to build
and will cost when finished nearly a million
of dollars.

"WELL, wife, I don't see how they can
send a letter on them wires without tearing
on 'em all to bits." "La, me they
don't send the paper, but they send the wri-
ting in a fluid state."

Odds and Ends.

What nation produces marriage? Why,
Fancination.

How sweet to recline in the lap of ages
—say about eighteen.

A WASTE of raw material—two young la-
dies kissing each other.

WHEN was Noah in America? When he
was on the Ark-and-saw.

WHY are young ladies given to blushing?
Because it is a becoming red.

"YOU are quite welcome," as the empty
pocket said to the greenback.

WHY is your nose in the middle of your
face? Because it is the scentre.

AN exchange calls Anna Dickinson Miss
Jaw, and Grant, General Lookjaw.

GENERALLY observed—Tilting skirts, wa-
ter-falls, and other people's business.

<