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NO. 8.

LITTLE MISS SNOWFLAKE.

Little Miss Snowflake came to town. All dressed up in her brand new g-w. And a body looked so fresh and fair As little Miss Snowflake, I do declare! Out of a theory of her she stopped. Where all the rest of her family kept As close together as they can swim, In readiness for a big snowstorm.

But little Miss Snowflake couldn't wait. And she wanted to come in a greater state. For she thought that her beauty would never be known.

If she came in a crowd—so she came alone. All alone from the great blue sky. Where cloudy vessels were skimming by. With sails all set, on their way to meet The larger ships of the snowy fleet.

She was very tired but she couldn't stop. On tall church spires or chimney top. All the way from her bright abode Down to the dust of a country road!

There she rested, all out of breath. And there she peacefully met her death. And nobody could exactly tell The spot where little Miss Snowflake fell.

The Ghost Robber.

On a fine evening in the spring of '80, a stranger, mounted on a noble-looking horse, passed slowly over the snow-white limestone road leading through the Black Forest.

Just as the sun was going to rest for the day, when the gloomy shadows were beginning to stalk, he drew rein, as he said:

"This must be near the spot, surely. I'll stop here, anyhow, for a while, and see what I can learn."

He thereupon dismounted and entered the parlor of the inn, where he sat down beside a small table.

"How can I serve you, meinher?" said the landlord.

"See to my horse outside," replied the guest carelessly, but at the same time eyeing the landlord from head to foot; "and let me have some wine—Rhine will do."

The landlord was turning to withdraw from the stranger's presence, when he stopped and said:

"Which way, meinher, do you travel?"

"To Namstadt," replied the guest.

"You will rest here to-night, I suppose," continued the landlord.

"I will stay here for two or three hours, but I must then be off, so as to reach my destination there in the morning. I am going to purchase lumber for the market."

"And you have considerable money with you, no doubt?" asked the landlord innocently.

"Yes, considerable," replied the guest, sipping at his wine, disinterestedly.

"Then, if you'll take my advice," said the landlord, "you'll stay here till morning."

"Why?" replied the stranger, looking up curiously.

"Because," whispered the landlord, looking around as if he were disclosing a great secret, and was afraid of being heard by somebody else, "every man that passed over the road between this and Namstadt at midnight, for the last ten years, has been robbed or murdered under very singular circumstances."

"What were the circumstances?" asked the stranger, putting down his glass empty, and preparing to fill it again.

"Why you see," the landlord went on, "when I approached his guest's table and took a seat, 'I have spoken with several who have been robbed; all I could learn from them is that they remember meeting in the lonesome part of the wood, something that looked white and ghastly, and that frightened their horses so that they either ran away or threw their riders; they felt a choking sensation and a sort of smothering, and finally died, as they thought, but awoke in an hour or so to find themselves lying by the roadside, robbed of everything."

"Indeed," ejaculated the stranger, looking abstractedly at the rafters in the ceiling, as though he was more intent upon counting them than he was interested in the landlord's story.

The innkeeper looked at him in astonishment. Such perfect coolness he had not witnessed for a long time.

"You will remain then?" suggested the landlord, after waiting some time for his guest to speak.

"I?" cried the stranger, starting from his fit of abstraction, as though he was not sure that he was the person addressed. "Oh, most certainly not; I'm going straight ahead, ghost or no ghost, to-night."

Half an hour later, the stranger and a guide, called Wilhelm, were out on the road, going at a pretty good pace toward Namstadt.

During a flash of lightning the stranger observed that his guide looked very uneasy about something, and was slackening his horse's pace as though he intended to drop behind.

"Lead on," cried the stranger, "don't be afraid."

"I'm afraid I cannot," replied the person addressed, continuing to hold his horse in until he was now at least a length behind his companion. "My horse is cowardly and unmanageable in a thunderstorm. If you will go on though, I think I can make him follow close enough to point out the road."

The stranger pulled up instantly. A strange light gleamed in his eyes, while his hand sought his breast pocket, from which he drew something. The guide saw the movement and stopped also.

"Guides should lead, not follow," said the stranger, quietly, but with a firmness which seemed to be exceedingly unpleasant to the person addressed.

"But," faltered the guide, "my horse won't go."

"Won't he?" queried the stranger, with mock simplicity.

The guide heard a sharp click, and saw something gleam in his companion's right hand. He seemed to under-

stand perfectly, for he immediately drove his spur into his horse's flanks and shot ahead of his companion without another word.

He no sooner reached his old position, however, than the stranger saw him give a sharp turn to the right and then disappear, as though he had vanished through the foliage of the trees that skirted the road.

He heard the clatter of his horse as he galloped off. Without waiting another instant, he touched his horse lightly with the reins, gave him a prick with the rowels, and off the noble animal started like the wind in the wake of the flying guide.

The stranger's horse being much superior to the other's, the race was a short one, and terminated by the guide being thrown nearly from his saddle by a heavy hand which was laid upon his bridle, stopping him.

He turned in his seat, beheld the stranger's face, dark and frowning, and trembled violently as he felt the smooth, cold barrel of a pistol pressed against his forehead.

"This cursed beast almost ran away with me," cried the guide, composing himself as well as he could under the circumstances.

"Yes, I know," said his companion dryly, "but mark my word, young man, if your horse plays such tricks again, he'll be the means of seriously injuring his master's health."

They both turned and cantered back to the road. When they reached it again, and turned the heads of their animals in the right direction, the stranger said to his guide, in a tone which must have convinced his hearer as to his earnestness:

"Now, friend Wilhelm, I hope we understand each other for the rest of the journey. You are to continue on ahead of me, in the right road, without swerving either to the right or left. If I see you do anything suspicious, I will drive a brace of bullets through you without a word of notice. Now push on."

The guide had started as directed, but it was evident from his mutterings that he was alarmed at something besides the action of his follower.

In the meantime the thunder had increased its violence, and the flashes of lightning had become more frequent and more blinding.

For awhile the two horsemen rode on in silence, the guide keeping up his directions to the letter, while his follower watched his every movement as a cat would a mouse.

Suddenly the guide stopped and looked behind him. Again he heard the click of the stranger's pistol and saw his lighted air.

"Have mercy, meinher," he groaned, "I dare not go on."

"I'll give you three seconds to go on," replied the stranger, sternly. "One!"

"In Heaven's name, spare," implored the guide, almost as if he were pleading with a crowd of men, women and children, who with shovels, rakes and hoes, turn it over and over, and raise stifling clouds of dust.

The reader may think that the collections made by the dust man are valueless but such is not the case.

There are more than 300,000 inhabited houses in London consuming more than 3,500,000 tons of coal a year, and besides the ashes of this great quantity of fuel, the dust man gathers the other refuse of the house. He is employed by a contractor, who agrees with the corporation to remove the ashes, etc., out of the city, and the contractor divides every load into six parts, as follows: Soil, or fine dust, which is sold to brick makers for making bricks and for farmers for manure; bricke, or cinders sold to brick makers for burning bricks, rags, bones and old metals, sold to marine store dealers; old tin and iron vessels sold to trunk makers for crumpp; bricke, oyster and other shells, sold for foundations and road building; and old boots and shoes, sold to manufacturers of Prussian blues.

Sometimes much more valuable things than these are found, and the reader may remember the romance that Charles Dickens made out of a London dust man—"Our Mutual Friend."

Origin of Lynch Law

In Campbell county, Va., on the Roanoke River (then called Staunton River), during the Revolutionary War, when there were some Tories of obnoxious character still remaining in the country not reachable by any statutory law, Col. Charles Lynch, supported by Capt. Robert Adams, his brother-in-law, both farmers on adjoining plantations, and a "Calloway," determining to rid the country of such dangerous enemies, seized on different occasions three of the worst men, tied them to a tree and flogged them so severely as to prompt an unceremonious departure from the State, as they were ordered. This sort of procedure on the part of Lynch and his friends, proving so acceptable in Campbell county, was quickly followed in other counties, where loyalty to King George sometimes provoked summary punishment, and it was called "Lynch law," and has been to this day.

The snatch of an old song of the time is still repeated in that neighborhood: "Huzza for Capt. Bob, Col. Lynch and Calloway; Never let a Tory rest till he comes out Liberty!"

John Lynch, the brother of Charles Lynch, was the founder of Lynchburg; only a few of their descendants are now living—none in Virginia—bearing the family name, so far as is known, the last of the males, Charles Henry Lynch, and his brother, John Pleasant, having died in Campbell county since the war of secession; their sister, Mrs. Dearing, and her daughter, Mrs. Faunt Le Roy, now occupy the old homestead, and still remains the stump of the walnut tree to which three Tories were tied and whipped—life was never taken.

Webster, in his unabridged Dictionary, says of "Lynch law" that it is the "practice of punishing men for crimes or offenses by private, unauthorized persons, without a legal trial. The term is said to be derived from a Virginia farmer named Lynch who thus took the law into his own hands."

—The Rhode Island General Assembly has under consideration the erection of a new State House at Providence. In Baden, the landlord of the sign of

Auction Sale of Coffins.

Auctioneer D. K. D., of Milwaukee, was a happy mortal when an under-taker's stock was sold on execution and he was engaged as auctioneer.

The stock was large, but his wealth of resources was larger, and the long-faced, solemn-limbed countenances of the handlers of coffins and pallis were soon as radiant with smiles as a five-year-old in his first pair of boots.

"How much am I bid for these name-plates? Can be sold for double the price to serve as insignia of office? And these silvered nail-heads could be converted into buttons. How much am I bid for the lot?"

"Now here's a fine rosewood case, medallion cover, swell top, ample enough for any man or woman in the county. An ornament to any one's store, gentlemen, and when you die you will find that a plain pine case will cost you more."

"I'll sell you one for \$40," cried an undertaker.

"Yes, \$40; I knew that you couldn't sell one for less than that. Now, how any one can stand here with a few flimsy greenbacks in his pocket and pass the opportunity to provide for himself and family, is more than I can comprehend."

An hour's talk in this vein ended in "gone to Mr. Zander for \$6."

A fine black cloth casket with silver moldings was knocked down to the same bidder for \$16.

The silent agents of the city of the dead were as vociferous as a crowd at a mock-auction, and Dixon secured fair prices.

The creditors were joyful that they were so well rid of the lot. "Was old stock, surely, but the purchasers deemed it the best of merchandise. They would never be bored for donations to fairs, since no one could be persuaded to purchase a ticket, no matter how attractive the post-mortem furniture may be. The cut and fill of the overcoat would never be by the week, and the other features that commended themselves to the salaried buyers."

Camp Life of a Soldier.

The life of the Russian officer, as I have been able to observe here, away from the glitter of parades and the excitement of battles is occupied chiefly by routine duty, tea drinking, smoking and card and billiard playing, proportionally in the order named. The duty seems hard and tedious, but to some Americans it would seem harder to drink five or six large tumblers of tea three or four times a day. The "dainties" (offals) do nothing but attend to the making of tea and their masters' pipes all day. Every time the officer returns to his quarters tea must be prepared and the long-stemmed pipes ready to light, not only for himself, but for any number of guests he may bring with him. The tobacco used is always of Turkish brands, or at least sold as such. The Ukraine is a tobacco-producing province, but the leaf cannot be enjoyed by anybody beside the Ukraine people, with their height of impudence for anybody with weak lungs to ride in a smoking car in this region, even for half a day, for fear of suffocation, and a corpse exposed to the action of the smoke of Ukraine tobacco would be converted into a mummy in twenty-four hours.

A Clerical Case.

The minister in question was of the Presbyterian variety, and presided over a Nashville congregation. On second thoughts, it is perhaps better to have him reside at Knoxville, the latter being a more remote and quiet town. His name was Hancock, but in order to spare his feelings, his name shall not be mentioned here, and he shall be vaguely described as a Tennessee minister. Thus courtesy and strict veracity can be combined, and it has often been suggested that in the treatment of quite a large class of subjects this combination might be advantageously introduced into journalism.

Closely connected with the minister was a combined elder and grocer. That is to say he sold groceries six days in the week and acted as elder on Sunday. There are those who would prefer to say that he grocer and elder on week days and Sundays respectively, but they would thereby furnish a conspicuous example of the folly of treating the English language as though it were a regular and well-disciplined tongue, instead of a mob of words ruled by the prejudice instead of law. One would naturally suppose that if a buyer is one who buys and a preacher is one who preaches, a grocer would be one who grocers and an elder one who elds, but the supposition would be erroneous. This shows the folly of attempting to impose grammatical pipe-clay upon the free corse of the English vocabulary.

But to resume. The Tennessee elder was a thrifty man and a liberal one. To be out liberal and economical was the study of his life, and by a happy expedient of combining his sugar with sand and his tea with sawdust, he was able to give his customers liberal measure and to make a handsome profit. On Christmas day the annual donation party took place, and the elder determined to give his pastor a handsome present. Noticing an advertisement in a Chicago paper which offered magnificent silver-plated casters for the purpose of presenting it to the minister as a feeble token of his friendship and admiration. He knew that the minister would be tempted to measure his elder's friendship by the value of his gift, and he therefore felt that by affixing to the caster a tag marked \$14 he would add to the good man's pleasure without directly incurring the guilt of lying. Accordingly, he prepared the delusive tag, and, sending the caster to the parsonage, felt that he had been unprecedently liberal and successfully economical.

Now, it had happened that eighteen other members of the minister's congrega-

tion had also seen the Chicago advertisement, and had presented their pastor with magnificent silver-plated casters—though without tags. When, therefore, among the dazzling array of nineteen distinct casters the elder's gift flaunted its insignificant legend, the eighteen other givers felt indignant. Had they been wise in their generation, they would have kept quiet, and received credit for having expended fourteen dollars each for every caster; but they were strictly honest people, and they disliked the elder, whose sugar, they insisted, contained more sand than the interior of the average Tennesseean really required. They therefore lost no time in acquainting the pastor with the elder's little game—if that expression can without impropriety be used in connection with an elder. The astute minister received the information with a sweet, and smile, but forbore to express any opinion upon the subject beyond suggesting that some one might have cheated the elder by selling him a caster for an extravagant price.

This took place on Christmas evening, and at about 3 o'clock the next afternoon the minister, carrying a small package, entered the elder's grocery. Upward of a dozen leading citizens were at that precise moment engaged in splitting on the grocery stove and exchanging other social amenities. In their presence the good pastor thanked the elder for his noble gift, and explained that while there were few things in this world that gave him more real comfort than a caster, he could not be so foolish as to buy a world full of suffering all around him, a consideration he ought not to own more than eighteen casters. He had, therefore, as he went on to say, brought back the elder's nineteenth caster, and desired to exchange it for \$10 worth of groceries. This would be equivalent to placing at least \$4 in the hands of the elder, besides the usual profit upon the \$10 worth of groceries. As to the precise nature of the groceries, he would not presume to dictate, but would simply suggest that eggs and hams would bring up to his humble parsonage.

In the presence of the dozen leading citizens the elder could not refuse so reasonable a request. He received the caster in silence, and ordered his boy to put up \$10 worth of hams and fresh eggs. The pastor thanked him, and after urging him to call at the parsonage, and hinting that possibly he might be willing to sell him two or three more casters at the same rate, took his departure. That night the elder kicked the family cat completely through the window, administered a severe course of apple-tree bark to his two boys, and the brilliant assault of the British on that fortified town, and was again shot in the neck, the ball entering on the opposite side to that of his old wound, and passed apparently through the same track. On recovering, his neck was brought into its original erect and natural position.

A Bridegroom's Inanity.

Christmas Eve in the village of New Hartford, N. Y., was a merrier day than the holiday season usually brings to that community. The festivity incident to the season was heightened by the wedding, on that night, of Alton Washburn and Lizzy Cheney. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Jonathan Cheney, and the nuptial knot was tied by Rev. G. E. Farr. It was a happy wedding. Washburn and his bride are both well known; both are well connected; both are members of the Baptist Church at New Hartford, and the sun that brightened Christmas Day shone no happier couple than this.

Young Washburn, who is about 22 years of age, was working in the manufactory of Hentley & Babcock, at Washington, Md. He was given a brief vacation, and on the Friday following his wedding day, went to New York and made several purchases with the idea of going to housekeeping. He returned to his father-in-law's house, and early in the evening left the family circle with the remark:

"I guess I'll go down to the village."

At this time a prayer-meeting was being held in the Baptist church, and to this edifice young Washburn made his way. Meeting his friend Mr. Wm. Leclan outside the door, he inquired three times in succession for Mr. Thos. Cloyes, Mr. A. H. Allaben, and Dr. Griswold. The Doctor was first to answer, and he was started to hear Washburn say:

"Doctor, I have been poisoned!"

The physician made a hasty examination of the young man, and, finding no symptoms of poisoning about him, said:

"Alton, is this a joke?"

"Great heavens, no, Doctor; I have been poisoned. Give me some medicine, quick!"

"Where were you poisoned?"

"Down to the Cheney's."

"What kind of poison was it?"

"I don't know, but they put it on my bread and butter."

Dr. Griswold, seeing that Washburn seemed to believe that an attempt had been made to end his life, told him he must be nervous, and wanted to give him advice and a prescription, but the young man would take neither, and leaving in a terrible rage, he ran to the hotel, and there astonished the loungers by the assertion that he had been poisoned.

"Send for Dr. Griswold, suggested a bystander.

"No, no, no!" shouted the bridegroom. "Griswold has been bribed. Give me an antidote right off if you want me to live!"

Dr. Spear felt the pulse of his patient, looked at his tongue, came to the conclusion that his visitor had been made the victim of a hoax, and so told him.

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Like Cures Like.

The late Alexander Grallie, whose remains were brought to New Orleans from the steamship Nuremberg, had a singular and rather unpleasant experience on the field of honor in his younger days. Like all adventurous young Frenchmen, forty years ago he could not avoid involvement in some of those numerous personal affairs which were then so frequent between Frenchmen and fiery young Creoles. With two very prominent and gallant gentlemen of the latter race, Mr. Grallie became engaged in controversies which led to meetings on the field of honor.

In the first instance the duel was fought with swords, and the unfortunate Frenchman was run through the body, and not only suffered greatly from his wound, but exhibited for years afterward the effect of the injury in a certain inclination of his body, which was not natural, owing to an internal abscess resulting from the wound. Some time after he engaged in his second rencontre, in which he received the bullet of his adversary right through the body. Strange to say, the beneficent missile passed through the former wound, opening the abscess which threatened the estimable gentleman's life, and by inflicting a new, severe and painful wound, which only cured him, but had the effect of straightening his person to a rigid and exact perpendicularity, so that his carriage appeared unnaturally stiff and haughty.

Quitting a similar experience of the effects of wounds is related by Dr. Guthrie in his celebrated work on gunshot wounds, of that distinguished British chieftain who received his death wound on the plains of Chalmette in the memorable battle of the 8th of January, 1815. We refer to Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Pakenham. In the attack by the British at the close of the last century on the French fortifications on the island of Martinique, Colonel Pakenham, who led the storming party, received a musket ball which passed through his neck. He recovered from the wound, but was for some years afterwards very marked by it, bearing his head with a strong inclination to one side of his body.

Seven or eight years subsequently Pakenham was the second man to establish the ladders which had been erected against the walls of Badajos, in Spain, in the brilliant assault of the British on that fortified town, and was again shot in the neck, the ball entering on the opposite side to that of his old wound, and passed apparently through the same track. On recovering, his neck was brought into its original erect and natural position.

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agony, and after satisfying himself that this was not a case of poisoning, the Doctor advised Washburn to rest awhile on the lounge. He also endeavored to compose the patient by administering a light dose of medicine, and in a short time Washburn left, declaring that he felt better.

Reaching the street he soon became separated from the driver who brought him from New Hartford, and later in the night was arrested and taken to the Police Station. The officer who took him into custody naturally thought he was drunk, but the poor fellow, whose incoherent talk attracted the attention of the officer, was by this time suffering from clearly developed insanity.

Meanwhile, the young wife waited anxiously for the husband's return. At 10 o'clock she dispatched her father to the village to find Alton, but after a weary search he returned without him. Early in the morning the search for Alton Washburn was continued, but it was not until 11 o'clock that tidings came of the absent one. A friend from Utica brought the intelligence that the young Washburn had slept in the Police station, and been removed thence to the City Hospital. Accompanied by her father, the wife hurried to the building, on Mohawk street, to find that her husband had lost his reason. There were occasional signs of sanity, and the poor fellow at intervals seemed to be rejoiced that his wife had sought him out, but most of the time he would sit with his eyes fixed on the floor, muttering slowly and shaking his head with many a solemn gesture.

He was at once removed to Mr. Cheney's residence at New Hartford, and here, for five days and nights the affectionate wife and kind neighbors continued their ministrations to the unhappy man. His periods of insanity became more and more frequent. Dr. Griswold was almost constant in his attendance, but the symptoms became so alarming that Messrs. Jackson, Jones, and Auld were called in to prevent the lunatic from doing injury to himself and others. His raving over one night's experience in the Station-house is described as pathetic. He would sit for hours repeating:

"They cut my body open and put clock-work inside of me—the Police did; they put clock-work inside of me."

New Year's Eve was the last night that the poor fellow spent outside of the asylum. It is doubtful whether any of the gentlemen who were with him that night will ever forget his horrors. Washburn imagined one of his watchers to be the Devil, and insisted that Satan should be killed on the spot. At one time he made a strange demonstration on another friend, striking him a severe blow on the back of the neck. At length, after a desperate struggle, the madman was thrown to the floor and pinioned. He is a man of splendid physique, tall, strong, and weighing 160 pounds. Realizing the importance of securing him against any further outbreaks, Mr. Cheney and his friends took Washburn direct to the asylum.

Badgering Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher entered the train at the Boston depot the night of his lecture, in high good humor. He had had a rousing house the night before, and felt on good terms with himself and all the world. Under his heavy cloak he carried a box of grapes, and in his hand a bunch of the morning and illustrated papers.

The passengers on either side of him made room, and after a careful inspection of the car, he seated himself by the side of an old gray-bearded Massachusetts farmer, throwing his cloak and papers on the seat before him, and attacking the grapes with gusto.

"Here," he said, at length, dividing the grapes and putting half of them on the farmer's lap, I want you to help me with these."

"Thanks, Mr. Beecher," said the other.

"Oh, you know me, eh?"

"Certainly," replied the other, with an air of patronage; "my brother paid \$100 for a pew in your church, sir."

"Well, that wasn't much," said the pastor, amused.

"It wor' a heap o' money in them days, Mr. Beecher. Folks couldn't get \$500 a night for lecturing then."

"And they can't now."

"I thought them was your terms."

"Did you?"

"Yes, ain't they?"

"No!"

A pause here ensued, both old gentlemen munching their grapes.

"I see the new route in your church are considerably lowered, Mr. Beecher, said the farmer.

"Yes."

"That's kind o' bad!"

"Not at all. It will, and it has already done so, helped people who could not afford before to attend regularly and comfortably to procure permanent seats. Beside, what's the use of always preaching to the same class of people?"

"Mr. Beecher, you're getting pretty old, eh?"

"Sixty-three, sir, sixty-three," replied the dominie in a hearty voice.

"And twenty years of good work left in me yet."

"Well, I'm only fifty-nine."

"But see, you have got no hair on the top of your head," said Mr. Beecher, merrily removing his hat. "Look at me—four years older, and look at that head of hair!"

This answer, together with Mr. Beecher's manner and the amused attention of the other passengers, silenced the farmer, and the rest of the journey was performed in silence.

There is at the core of all men something which the whole world of science and art is inadequate to fill. And this part of man is no mere adjunct of his nature, but his most permanently highest self. What this inmost personality craves is sympathy with something like itself, yet high above it—a will substantial with our better will, yet transcending, supporting.

General Cortina.

The great American public have heard much and at frequent intervals of Cortina, the terror of the Rio Grande border, the reputed author of numerous murders and the champion cattle thief of America. An account of his varied fortunes may, therefore, prove interesting. An enterprising newspaper reporter in New Orleans pretended to have recently seen and interviewed the great robber chief in that city, representing him to be on his way to Texas. The story was published in one of the New Orleans papers, but the truth is that Cortina was at that time and is still lingering in the prison of Santiago Tlatelco, in the city of Mexico, and the Cortina palmed off upon a credulous public in New Orleans was a spurious one. A Mexican reporter, however, gives the following account of a recent visit to Cortina: To the prison aforementioned, I drove through clouds of dust, and after half an hour's ride alighted before the main entrance. The building from the outside looks like an old Spanish convent, and is now used as a prison for political offenders, Cortina's wholesale murders and cattle thefts apparently being considered by the authorities as offenses of a political nature.

"So you want to shake hands with old Cortina?" exclaimed the military officer in charge of the prison, adding that I could only do so by special permission of the superior authority. When I had explained to him, however, how anxious the American public, and especially the people of Texas, were to have the latest authentic news as regards the whereabouts and the well being of their old friend Cortina, he yielded to my appeal and finally consented that I should hold a short interview with the interesting old gentleman in the presence of one of the officers. The latter, a young lieutenant, took me in tow, and leading the way through long corridors, well guarded by fixed bayonets, he finally showed me into a large apartment where Cortina stood at the barred windows, surrounded by some friends. The general received me cordially. He did not look at all ferocious. Dressed in neat broadcloth, and with a new black slouched hat on his head, he looked like a lately prosperous merchant now under a cloud.

He appeared to suffer from the confinement, although his room was large, airy and furnished with more comforts than one expects to see in a prison. His dark face is set off by a lengthy beard, in which the gray predominates over the black. He looks to be over sixty, although he informed me that he was only fifty-four. A man of medium height and slender build, he appears to the casual observer like a respectable old gentleman; but catching now and then, a glance from these small, sharp, snappy, restless eyes, one is apt to feel less comfortable in his presence. His curled upper lip, too, though covered with a closely cut mustache and overshadowed by a long, flat nose, is indicative of anything but mildness and fair dealing.

expressed my delight at seeing so famous a man as the general, who had been, no doubt, so basely slandered.

"Yes, slander is the word," replied the general. He was accused of all sorts of crimes, but his accusers had failed to specify time, place, or circumstances in support of their accusations. Bad men had, under his name, committed crimes which were now laid at his door. Old charges were raked up against him, dating back as to remove a period as 1848, when he was acting as a military commander in the line of duty. It was absurd to bring up now what happened so long ago. He thought he would be set at liberty in a short time. Of course he was as comfortable as he could be under the circumstances, but he would prefer to walk about the streets.

Inquired whether he intended to go back to Texas and whether he knew that his friends there had put a large price upon his head.

Well, he did not think he would go to Texas. He had no business interests there now. As for the price upon his head he did not care that much (snapping his fingers) for it. He had a great many enemies, but he had also some good friends in Texas who knew the general, and he would be glad to tell the truth about him.

A Tree With a History.

When the lot at the corner of Elm and Orange streets, New Haven, formerly the property of Charles Atwater, was purchased by Mr. Joseph Parker, a large Elm tree which had been standing on it was cut down. This old Elm was an old landmark, having been planted by Rev. Joseph Noyes, who succeeded in 1716, Rev. James Pierpont, as pastor of the Centre Church, and continued to be pastor for forty-two years. He died in 1791. He lived in a large two story house standing on the side of Elm street and where Orange street now passes—that street not existing then. The house was known as the Governor Eaton House. At each front corner of his yard he planted an elm, and the one just cut down was the one planted at the east front corner. The only direct descendants of the Rev. Joseph Noyes, now living in New Haven county, are Joseph Fish Noyes, of Wallingford; Samuel and Benjamin Noyes, of New Haven, and some members of the Darling family living in Woodbridge, descendants of Noyes Darling, of New Haven. When Mr. Benjamin Noyes heard that the tree had been cut down he bought its trunk, and will have it sawed up and made into memorial furniture for distribution. He intends to give a chair to Yale college, one to President Porter, one to Rev. Porter, and one or two to private citizens. The trunk, to be the branches, measured twenty-two feet in length, its girth was eighteen feet, and its weight 5,000 pounds. It was perfectly sound and will make 1,000 feet of lumber. The tree was one of the finest in the city.