Juniata Sentinel and Republican.

B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. XXXVII. — MIFFLINTOWN, JUNIATA COUNTY, PENNA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1883. — NO. 7.

THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD.

Four straight brick walls, severely plain,
A quiet city square surround;
A quiet space of nameless graves,
The Quakers' burial ground.

In gown of gray, or coat of drab,
They trod the common ways of life,
With passions held in sternest leash,
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting house they fared,
With thoughts as sober as their speech,
To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,
To hear their elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days that came,
With scarce a change to this repose;
Of all life's liveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves,
Gold rings the southward robin's glee,
And sparrows fill the autumn air
With merry mutiny.

While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And wilful Nature decks the sod
In gradest mockery.

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.

"Miss Pidgeon engaged!" said Mr. Duckett.

"Well, really now."

Mr. Duckett sat at his little round table in the cool shadow of the vines, breakfasting on buttered toast, and coffee fragrant as Arabian gales.

He had this theory about the gravitating power of the world; but he liked fully as well to hear about the latest quarrel between Mrs. Squire Allen and her sister, the parson's wife.

"A meddlesome old baboon!" said pretty Alice Dexter, when she caught Mr. Duckett looking in at the window one day, to see whether the tall young man by the chimney-piece was Henry Lake or Walter Fitzwilliam.

"A most intelligent person!" said Mr. Montmorris, when Mr. Duckett confidentially informed him that he had overheard, behind the stable door, an active flirtation between Betsey, the maid, and Artemus, the hired man.

"I don't believe in all this kissing and hugging," said Mr. Duckett.

"And I thought perhaps you would like to know."

So that the public opinion of Standale was pretty equally divided on the subject of old Mr. Duckett.

He had been up nearly all night, with a telescope, looking for a new comet, consequently was breakfasting rather later than usual, with Mrs. Hopkins, his land-lady, waiting on him, in her best cap and apron.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hopkins, as she brought in a fresh fried egg on a piece of toast, "it's really true this time—to Mr. Paysley.

"And they do say that Dolly Dutton is ferocious enough to kill her, for everyone knows that Paysley has been playing fast and loose with Dolly these three years, and has only thrown her over now because Miss Pidgeon's old uncle has left her three thousand dollars, and a set of silver spoons."

"Hum!" said Mr. Duckett, between his sips of coffee.

"Very extraordinary."

"Though for my part," said Mrs. Hopkins, "I never could see what there was about Alphonso Paysley to take the fancy of the girls.

"But I should not wonder if Dolly Dutton sued him for breach of promise yet."

Mr. Duckett was very much interested in all this.

He had seen Miss Pidgeon once—a tall, pale, lean female in spectacles, of some four-and-thirty sauless summers; and he knew that Alphonso Paysley was the clerk in the village store, a sort of "gay Lothario" on a small scale.

And pretty Dolly Dutton often came in to help Mrs. Hopkins with her churning, preserving, and household saturnalia of that nature—a rosy, pink-cheeked young damsel with a dimple in her chin, a mischievous gleam under her pearly lashes, and a mortal fear of the lodger's telescope, which, in her own mind, she could not altogether dissociate from a camera.

"Miss Pidgeon engaged!" repeated Mr. Duckett, as he pushed his plate to one side.

"Then there's hope for the oldest and ugliest of us all—eh, Mrs Hopkins?

"Even me?"

"La, sir," said the handlady, "there ain't any reason you shouldn't have your pick and choice of the finest ladies of the land!"

"Do you know of any pretty girl that would take pity on an ugly old bachlor like me?"

"Plenty of them, sir!" said Mrs. Hopkins.

"Then," said Mr. Duckett, suddenly changing the subject, "pack my bag, Mrs. Hopkins, if you please.

"I am going up into the woods to follow the course of the geological strata that underlie this locality."

"Dear me, sir!" said Mrs. Hopkins.

"I shall be gone two days," said the philosopher.

"Very well, sir."

And when the sage was gone, she sat down to her household mending with a sigh.

"I really do miss that dear old gentleman when he's gone," she said.

"It's rather hard to be left without even a cat to talk to."

It was two days before Mr. Duckett came home, and when he did come home he bounced into the sitting-room in a manner which Mrs. Hopkins afterwards remarked "nearly frightened her out of a year's growth."

"Mrs. Hopkins," he cried, "where is the constable's house?"

"The constable, sir," repeated Mrs. Hopkins.

"It's on the corner of the old Mill Road—the redbrick cottage with the creepers all over it.

"But, begging your pardon, sir, what can you possibly want with the constable?"

"Woman," hissed Mr. Duckett, between his set teeth, "there has been a terrible tragedy!

"It must be investigated!"

"Sir?" said Mrs. Hopkins, more bewildered than ever.

"Is it possible that you haven't heard?" he said.

"Heard what?"

"Of the murder!"

"Bless and save us, sir!" she said, jumping up.

"What are you talking about?"

He looked intently at her.

"Woman," said he, "have you seen Miss Pidgeon lately?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I have not," said Mrs. Hopkins, wondering greatly.

"But I'm told she's gone to Lowell, a visitin'."

He uttered a groan.

"Look at this!" he said—"a piece of crumpled paper which I found beside a brook, a few miles from here.

"Evidently a portion of the guilty correspondence.

"You will perceive that it is not the caligraphy of a cultured person."

And Mrs. Hopkins read, on a torn and stained piece of note-paper, the following words—

"——poor phebe pidgeon is poysoned.

"Dollie Dutton done did it with Rott poyson, don't Tel anny one, she is berried out under the wilow Trea."

All the rest was torn away, but Mrs. Hopkins had already read more than enough.

"It ain't possible!" said she turning very pale.

"That letter would be evidence in any court of law," said Mr. Duckett.

"I am going for the constable at once!"

* * * * *

Dolly Dutton, sitting singing at her work, by the window of the Dutton farmhouse, was nearly frightened to death by the clasp of the constable's hand, all of a sudden, on her shoulder.

"You are my prisoner," said the constable.

"But don't be skeart!"

"What for?" cried Dolly, trembling all over.

"For murder!"

"Is the man crazy?" said Dolly. Whose murder?"

"Miss Pidgeon's," said the constable; "and the quieter and quicker you come along with me, the better it will be for you."

"But I never dreamed of such a thing!" cried Dolly.

"That's all talk," said the constable.

"That's what they all say."

"I am innocent," pleaded Dolly, hysterically.

"That's for the judge and jury to decide," he said.

There was a great crowd that afternoon around "the old wiiow Trea," a well known gnarled veteran, on the edge of a merry little rivulet.

All the spades and picks in the neighborhood were in requisition.

"Dolly, the implied murderess, was at Mrs. Hopkins' house, under a strong guard, until they could take her to the neighboring jail, and Alphonso Paysley, at Mr. Duckett's suggestion, had been arrested as an accomplice.

"Why don't they tell me on what evidence they have dared to arrest me?" said poor Dolly.

"Them weren't my orders," answered the constable, who, in truth and in fact, was as much in the dark as Dolly herself.

But the spades and the picks, after much diligent labor, produced no commensurate effect.

"I'm blessed if I believe there's anything there!" said the biggest of the excavators; and at the same moment, there was a murmur through the little crowd, and a woman pressed her way through, and Miss Phebe Pidgeon herself stood in the front rank.

"What on earth are you all doing?" said she.

"Simons told me that I was murdered.

"If it really is the case, I don't know it myself yet."

The diggers dropped their implements; the undertaker's wagon began to back down the road as quietly as possible; the crowd stood open-mouthed.

"Then," said Mr. Duckett, "how do you account for this letter?"

Just then a tiny little hand plucked at his sleeve.

"It's my letter," said Squire Allen's little hired boy.

"I wrote it to Billy Bliss.

"It's about my pet pigeon—my Phebe's dove.

"Dolly Dutton kept it at her house for me, and it got poisoned with some of the stuff she got for rats."

"Then," gasped Mr. Duckett, "why didn't we find it, then?"

"Cause I took it up yesterday," said the boy, whimpering, "and buried it in our own back-yard, so I could look at its grave."

There is nothing so quickly turned as the tide of public feeling.

"It's all Daddy Duckett's own pie!" shouted an irreverent young man.

"I hope he's satisfied with the way he's baked it?"

So Dolly Dutton was released, with many apologies; Alphonso Paysley was notified that he need no longer consider himself under arrest; Miss Pidgeon went home, to find her house in possession of half-a-dozen artists of illustrated papers; and Mr. Duckett disappeared.

Not mysteriously, however.

He paid his bill at Mr. Hopkins', gathered together his scientific implements, and left town.

And the inhabitants of Standale have never seen him since.

—Eggs are $1.50 a dozen in the Baker district, Montana.

Every One Can Graft.

Our first successful grafting was done at the age of nine years. "At home" we had an old orchard that seemed to be past its period of usefulness, and what apples it did bear were of inferior sorts. It was a question whether to cut down the trees, or try and rejuvenate them by the application of an abundance of manure, well stirred into the soil, and by grafting the old limbs with new and superior varieties of fruit. It was concluded to see what virture there was in manure and cions, and this gave us an opportunity to watch the process of grafting. Before the job was finished we had learned the art of cutting a cion, making a cleft, applying the wax, etc. Later in the season it was a source of much gratification to see the young graft we had put in, growing along with those set by a master-hand. This reminiscence of youth is given as a proof that grafting is not a monopoly of gifted minds, or an art that can only be acquired by the few. With the ordinary amount of "gumption" to begin with, followed by careful teaching for only a short time, almost any one can graft successfully. Grafting is simply planting a cutting of one variety in the wood of another, instead of in the soil. It is essential that the growing layer of the cion and stock come in close contact, and be so held until they grow together. Now is the time to get the cions. They may be bought at most nurseries, and great care should be taken to get only the best varieties. If cut at home, be equally careful to get them of the right kind, cutting only twigs of last season's growth. Each sort should be cut separately and tied in bundles, labelled, and afterwards put in boxes with damp sawdust or moss, and kept in a cool place until used. A fine saw, two good knives, one strong and heavy, the other smaller, with a keen edge; a hard-wood wedge, six inches long and half an inch thick, and a small mallet are the implements used in grafting. The wax may be easily made by melting together, beeswax 6 oz., rosin and tallow 4 oz. each, over a moderate fire, stirring gradually until all is melted. Rolls of waxed cloth may be formed from old cotton stuff made thin by wear, and torn into strips two inches wide. Wind the strips upon a stick and dip them into the melted wax; when the cloth is thoroughly penetrated by the wax, remove, let drip, and put away from dust ready for use. Grafting should be done as soon as the buds begin to swell. Having determined upon the place for the graft, saw off the branch, smooth the cut surface and make a cleft with the knife and mallet. Cut the cion from the twig, leaving two or three buds upon the piece, and sharpen the lower end into a wedge. Open the cleft with the knife and place the cion in carefully so that the lower bud comes at the top of the cleft. The inner bark, or growing layer, of the cion and the stock should touch as much as possible. If the grafted branch is small, a single cion is enough, otherwise, put in one on each side. Unroll enough waxed cloth to cover the wound of both stock and cions, and press it on carefully and closely. The quick application of this protection is only a matter of practice. It is well for beginners to start worthless limbs before doing regular grafting in the orchard. If possible find some one in the neighborhood familiar with the process and learn the art from him. The general principles may be obtained from printed directions, but the success of the work will depend upon the knack, and that is only acquired in the orchard.

A Shower of Silver Sparks.

A tall, broad-shouldered, gray-bearded man from Montana, while viewing the sights about Chicago, strolled into one of the theatres on State street the other evening and took a seat near the stage. During the performance he became deeply interested in one of the group who were disporting on the stage. The dark eyes of the siren completely captured the heart of the rugged miner and he lost no time in gaining an introduction to the fair enslaver. He made an engagement to meet her at the rehearsal next day. The miner was punctual in keeping his appointment and waited patiently until the artist had finished her rehearsal. He then brusquely invited her to take a walk and she, nothing loth, consented. This promenade was probably the most profitable one in which the actress ever engaged, for her companion led her into a dry goods store and without much ceremony began purchasing such articles as he seemed to think she needed. Fine hosiery and underwear, a richly-trimmed cloak and a handsome collar were among the purchases which the man from Montana made for the object of his affection. On the following day another walk along the leading street was taken by the pair, and as the snow was falling the generous man took his companion to a store and bought her a gossamer cloak and a pair of rubbers before they left the place. He then requested the woman to accompany him to the depot. Arriving there the miner bestowed a fond look on her and said, with a smile:

"You think I'm a funny follow, now, don't you? Well, now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I've taken a fancy to you. If you'll marry me and go to Montana I'll give you a $300 sealskin sacque. Of course you needn't go if you don't want to. It will make no difference in my feelings for you if you don't." The favorite of the footlight turned her head, hurriedly reviewed the situation and replied:

"I don't think I will accept your offer."

"All right; good-by," exclaimed the miner, as he hurried into the train, and thus they parted.

On arriving at the Theatre that evening the actress was informed that a package was there for her. It was found to contain a "love of a hat," which she had admired when out walking with the miner, and a handsome morocco pocket-book well filled with gold pieces and bank notes.

Far West Experiences.

A true representative of a class of men now fast becoming extinct—the old hunters, trappers and prospectors of the far West, the men who spent their lives in advance of the wave of civilization, who explored the country, fought the Indians, and, as he says, "made it safe for the soldiers to go there"—was at the Girard House, Philadelphia, recently. His name is J. M. Kirkpatrick. He is a stout, robust, well-preserved man of fifty-five, with a kindly face, a mild but bright blue eye, a pleasant voice and ready speech. He had come to Philadelphia to confer with capitalists about the sale of some mines which he owns in Arizona, in which Territory he now makes his home, after forty years of wandering up and down and into every corner of the vast stretch of country between the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean. He was but fifteen years old when he left his home in Ohio. He drifted about the frontier for a while, and when the Mexican war broke out entered the army as a fifer, saw service in Mexico, and early in 1850 followed the Argonauts in California. Since then his life has been one long romance.

"Indians are like children," said Mr. Kirkpatrick, in recounting his adventures to a reporter. "If you gain their confidence you can do what you please with them. I never made a promise to an Indian that I did not keep, and is that way I made plenty of friends among the tribes. They like bravery, too, and will not hurt a man who shows no fear when overpowered. When the Indians get you in a corner, if you stand up and bare your breast and tell them to shoot, they will never do it. I have had to do that twice in my life, and so speak from experience; but I never knew them to kill a prisoner who defied them.

"Tight scrapes I have been in a good many, but I think the worst I ever struck was at Port Orford, Oregon, on the 10th of June, 1851. That was the time, as I tell my friends, when my hair began to drop out." Here he lifted a huge sombrero and showed a wide expanse of glistening scalp, well fringed with grizzly brown. "There were nine men, all told, in our party, and we had come down in the steamer from Portland to start a settlement there and open a road to the new placer mines in Oregon and Northern California. The steamer's officers promised to stop on their way back, on a certain day, and see how we were getting on; but when the vessel reached San Francisco she was seized for debt and tied up, and we came precious near being annihilated for counting on her. We had only been at Port Orford a few days and had no time to put up a stockade when the Indians found us and a band of eighty or ninety of them pitched into us while we were at work. They had no guns, luckily for us, but the arrows flew like hail and some of them came with almost the force of a musket ball.

"Three of our men fell dead at the first fire. The rest of us managed to get under some kind of cover, and I placed myself beside a six-pound mountain howitzer that we had brought along and stationed at the head of a ravine up which the Indians had to come. We had two pounds of powder in the gun and a lot of pig-lead cut up into slugs. I lighted a piece of tarred rope and waited for the Indians to get close up. Meanwhile, as I had to be exposed to their fire, one of the men got a piece of inch-and-a-half board and held it up in front of me as a shield and in about a minute that board was stuck full of arrows, some of which went in so far that their points showed on the other side. I thought our time had come, sure, but I determined to take as many Indians as possible along to the happy hunting grounds, and so held my fire till the foremost was within ten feet of the gun. Then I let her go, and before they could get over their surprise the six of us were among them with our knives and six-shooters. In about a minute and a half from that time not a live Indian was to be seen, but when we 'cleaned up' we found twenty-three dead ones.

Well, after that the Indians were afraid too come too close, but they laid a regular siege to our place and we found we'd have to get out of it. The steamer was to be back in fifteen days from that time and we told the Indians by means of the sign language that we would leave in fifteen days. So they waited. The time came, but no steamer, and the Indians came at us again. This time there must have been three or four hundred of them and the boys made up their minds we we were going to be wiped out. Things did look pretty desperate. There we were, all alone in the woods, not another white man within a hundred and fifty miles of us, and only half a dozen of us to fight three or four hundred redskins. When I saw that we were likely to have more trouble I wrote an account of our fight on a blank leaf of a book, winding up with the statement that we were surrounded by hostile Indians and would probably all be killed, and this I buried at the foot a stump, which I shaved down on one side, and wrote on the fresh surface, in red chalk, the words: 'Look beneath.'

"Things kept looking worse and worse all that day, but the Indians didn't care to face the howitzer again by daylight and they let us alone until evening. Then I said to the boys: 'Now, look here, we've got to get out of this. If you will follow me I'll take you out right through the woods. I never missed my bearings yet and I reckon I can take you to Portland overland.' So we slipped away that night and I guided the party to the Umpqua river, where we separated. I went on to Portland alone, and the first men I met there were Phil Kearney and Major Loring, the man who went to Egypt as General Loring. 'By gracious!' Loring exclaimed, 'there's Kirkpatrick!' and they rushed across the street to shake hands with me. Five minutes afterward the whole town was in an uproar, and I found that the news of our death had got there before I had. The captain of the steamer had told another vessel, coming north, to look out for us, and she had stopped at Port Orford the day after we left. Her mendant found my record and carried it to Portland, and when I got there a vessel with a hundred men on board was just about to start to look out for us."

Mr. Kirkpatrick is full of reminiscences of the brave old Indian-fighters of the past, foremost of whom he places Kit Carson, whom he considers one of the noblest men that ever lived. He met Carson frequently during the time between 1850 and 1859 and they struck up a strong friendship. "Carson," he said, "was a very modest man and never liked to talk about himself, but he told me a great many of his adventures, at one time and another, as we sat by our camp-fire in the evenings."

"Then there was Joe Meek," he continued, "the finest-looking man I ever saw. He was about six feet one inch high and splendidly proportioned. He was the first white man that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains in the winter. He did that in 1847, when he carried the news of the Cayeuse outbreak in Oregon and the Whitney massacre overland to Washington. Meek was the originator of the 'Guyascutus,' which you have often heard of, no doubt. His friends at the trading-posts in Missouri used to joke with him a good deal when he came in with his loads of furs, and Joe resolved to get even with them. So, next time he came in, he told a wonderful story of a strange, fierce animal, half grizzly, half human, which he had captured and brought with him, but he would let nobody see it until a certain day, when he proposed to hold a public exhibition. He rented an old log church for the purpose, and when the time came it was filled with people at two bits a head. Joe had a curtain fixed up, behind which the audience could hear a great growling and rattling of chains, and his first performance was to open all the doors and windows, telling the people that the guyascutus was such a strong and terrible beast he could not guarantee that its chains would hold it, therefore he thought it best to provide for their escape at any moment. This done, he went behind the curtain, smeared his face and dabbled his hair with blood, which he had ready in a bucket, while his assistant began a furious growling and howling. Suddenly Joe flew out from behind the curtain, the very picture of fright, and shouted, 'Save yourselves! The guyascutis has broken loose.' Of course the audience tumbled out, without waiting to hear more, while Joe made his escape, but he told me five years after that he did not dare go back to that town for fear he would be shot on sight.

Bay of Palermo.

Anything more beautiful it is impossible to imagine than the entrance to the lovely Bay of Palermo, guarded on the one side by the massive Monte Pellegrino, and on the other by Monte Navarino; while the city, bathed in perpetual sunshine, and laved by the calm waters of the Mediterranean, lies at the mouth of the rich and fertile plain, the Conca d'Oro (Shell of Gold); so named, we conclude, from the golden fruit which bulks so largely in the exports of Palermo, whose plain is simply a thicket of many square miles of orange and lemon gardens, stretching up to an encircling amphitheatre of hills, some of which tower to the height of 5,000 feet—altogether completing a picture from which any artist might well have drawn as a subject for "The Plains of Heaven." For invalids Palermo is rapidly becoming a favorite Winter resort, the temperature between night and day being subject to less variation there than in almost any other known place. The city itself is beautifully clean. The hotels are comfortable and well managed, if a little expensive—from twelve to twenty francs per day The many changes of race and nation that have dominated in Sicily, have stamped its people with strange and striking variety. Handsome Moorish faces—living Murillos meeting you at every corner, specially handsome in the case of young boys and children—abounding side by side with the softer Norman type of blue eyes and blonde hair; while now and then the straight nose and eyebrow of the Greek tell of the strong hold each race has maintained. We should, however, be disposed to think the Eastern element the most indelible We were struck by the numbers of well-dressed young men lounging about in street and cafe with a lamentably idle, listless air; but an ingenious youth threw light upon the subject by reminding us that Palermo is the seat of a university! The Oriental love of show is strongly marked by the number of elegant equipages that grace the fashionable drive between the town and La Favorita, a royal Bourbon palace at the base of Monte Pellegrino, and built in the rather unclassical form of a Chinese Pagoda. Unlike the solid ideas of the Proverbial Scot, who no sooner gets his head above water than he makes for land, the first ambition of a Palermian, on feeling himself begin to float, is to sport a carriage; his second to own a box at the theatre; his third, to have a dinner other than herbs—that is, salad and maccarom; and his fourth, to own a private and particular burying-ground.

A New Building Material.

The name of "terra cotta lumber" has an odd sound, and the thing which it represents is a building material as peculiar as its name. It is a kind of brick as incombustable as any other, but so soft that it can be sawed and worked with edge tools as readily as pine boards, and nails can be driven into it and will hold as well as in wood. It has moreover a tenacity and resistance to compressing strains greater than that of oak lumber, or so its makers assert. It is made from a kind of surface clay found in abundance in New Jersey and elsewhere, it is as cheap as brick, and has many other advantages as a fire-proof building material. The clay is fine-pulverized with its own bulk of sawdust, moistened and pressed into blocks of various sizes, not exceeding four feet in length. These are dried and burned, in which process the sawdust is consumed, leaving a tough, light, porous brick, about half the weight of ordinary building brick. The blocks are then shaped and dressed with saws and other tools, as lumber is, and are then ready for use. It is not hard enough to resist wear in floors, and if used for that purpose must be covered with tiles, boards, or otherwise; but for partitions, ceilings, fireplaces, and a great variety of other work, it is admirably adapted. The invention is protected by a patent and the company which owns it is now turning out 25 tons daily, equal to 10,100 feet board measure, and has an active demand for its entire product. Several builders in New York, convinced of its value, are now employing it in the construction of some of the most substantial and costly buildings in progress in that city.

The Law of Public Sales.

In a sale by auction there are three parties, viz: The owner of the property to be sold, the auctioneer, and a portion of the public. The articles must be sold without reserve, and unless the vendor reserves one bid he cannot bid himself or have the auctioneer or any one else bid for him. There are cases on record where a bid was not reserved, and the vendor had a bidder who bought it in, and afterwards suit was brought against the vendor by the highest bidder for the article and it was decided that he, the plaintiff, was the highest outside bidder entitled to the article against the vendor. So, also, if any article is struck off to a person, and it is afterwards ascertained that the vendor or auctioneer practiced fraud, by bidding himself, or had puffers, it was held both by the courts of England, and so repeatedly decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, that the purchaser could not be held, but the purchaser, as soon as he discovers the fraud practiced on him, must return or tender the article to the vendor.

California Millionaires in New York.

The immigration of Californian millionaires to New York is a notable feature in the social life of this country during the past few years. Mr. Keene led off; then came Mr. D. O. Mills, and now Messrs. Stanford and Crocker have followed suit, and Nob Hill is deserted. This is not to be wondered at. San Francisco is a wonderful city, and for its size has made a power of noise in the world, but, like it similarly created auriferous sister, Melbourne, it is scarcely the place to spend an income of $2,500,000 a year. The Australian magnates, with very rare exceptions, still go "home." There is Sir Samuel Wilson, renting Lord Beaconsfield's Hughenden, and occupying in town the splendid corner house in Grosvenor Square, built by the late Earl of Crawford. Millionaires (still more Mrs. and Misses Millionaire) want some one to vie with. Imbued with a spirit of emulation, they sigh for fresh fields to conquer. As for Mrs. Mackay, she does not seem to be content with anything out of sight of the Arc de Triomphe, while the hospitalities of "Jones of Nevada" find liberal expression in the capital. Already new places in Fifth avenue are presaged. The palatial splendors of a Vanderbilt are alleged to give sleepless nights to a Mills, while Mr. Stanford, accustomed to the ample elbow room of Nob Hill, complains that the cast-off mansion he occupies for the winter of the arbiter of New York Central—a most comfortable abode—which we suspect the former occupant and his wife oftentimes, amid their new-found splendor, look back upon with regret, is "quite too awfully" cramped and narrow, and so, perhaps, a Stanford house (built, we fondly hope, by an architect who will know how to make it an ornament to the town, which sadly needs such ornament) may arise before long. The two cities which are in the future likely to gain most by the development of the West are New York and Washington. These bid fair to become the great wintering centres of the wealthiest in the country. Washington cannot offer the theatrical advantages of New York, but is unsurpassed in this country in the human materials for an agreeable dinner party. The elements there are so varied—diplomats, statesmen, eminent lawyers, soldiers, sailors, civil service men. "In New York," Charles Astor Bristed—than whom none knew better what good company is—used to say, "they run after a lion because a lion is more or less of a rarity; we don't run after them at Washington because we are so used to them," and he made his winter home there, New Yorker though he was, because the society was so unique and interesting.

Woolen Costumes.

The most fashionable cloths for woolen costumes are not shaggy, but smooth-finished, and very handsome; in short, a lady's broadcloth. They are made in coat suits, with real or simulated vest; and also in closely trimmed skirts and basques, some double-breasted, some with and some without vests. Some are frogged, or enriched with braiding in military style; but the finest forms prefer the plain, perfectly fitting coat, or casque, untrimmed save by the rich facing of satin which is occasionally visible; the stitching and the buttons, which latter are often as ornamental as jewels. One of the great reasons for the superiority of the plain costume is that it is more capable of individualization than the machine trimmed ones While machinery has brought the art of decoration in certain ways to great apparent perfection, it turns hundreds out all alike, and then no matter how handsome they may be, they soon become common and lose their value. We see this constantly repeated in elegant fabrics, whose only fault is that the ornamentation is capable of being infinitely repeated. The embroidered cashmeres, and the later braided suits of cloth are cases in point. Doubtless the price at which they are introduced, and held, while still comparatively new, are very high; but the reduction of half, which has taken place in some instances, cannot be altogether due to the premium put upon novelty; but must owe its extent largely to the multiplication of models of the same design.

There is something, too, in the boldness and striking character of the new braided designs which accounts for their occupation of a lower grade than that for which they were originally designed—a pronounced character, which is distinctive when there is only one of it; but is considered to show lack of refinement when it is often repeated. We owe something to the new cloths, however, for their fine dark shades in color; and, whether plain or decorated, they are most useful and valuable, from the serviceable and hygienic points of view; and it is to be hoped will be preserved to us with but little modification, so far as fabric is concerned. A pure wool dress is worth a dozen silk in cold weather, so far as practical and sanitary value is concerned.

Building Sites in Paris.

Some of the Parisian journals have been discussing the prices of building sites in the larger capitals of Europe and America. One of them complained that the price was larger in Paris than elsewhere, but others have shown that the fact is precisely the other way. The pessimist sheet is told, for example that in 1880 the price per superficial metre in London, in a quarter corresponding to that of the Paris Bourse, was 4500f., and in another quarter, somewhat like that of the Rue de Bac or the Rue Dauphine, it was 3200f. At Vienna, on the new boulevards which abut on the Prater, the present selling value of the metre runs from 2500 to 2700 and 2900f. At Berlin building sites are three times dearer than in Paris, while at New York, San Francisco and Chicago the prices are 3300 to 4000f. per metre. It is to be noted that all these cities have a smaller population than Paris, so that Parisians have nothing to complain of in this matter.

Exhibition at Antwerp.

The international exhibition at Antwerp, which is to be held this year, promises to be a very considerable affair. Holland has awakened from the lethargy with which the project was at first regarded, and great preparations are being already made for the reception of the many thousands of expected visitors. A thousand Dutch firms have already entered their names as exhibitors, and demand 8000 square yards of space. Belgium surpasses this figure. Germany is sending a large number of exhibits, including those of the house of Krupp. England is said to be fairly represented

Bold Train Robbers.

The attempt to rob the Central Pacific train at Montello, Nevada, on the 22d of January, was one of the boldest ventures ever made and was not a failure because the plans of the robbers miscarried. On the contrary, there arrangements for carrying out their bold scheme were completed. The great mistake which they made was in tackling a train which carried one of the bravest men in the world. With a less brave and determined man to deal with the attempt would have proved successful, for the attack was vigorous and persistent and continued almost without intermission for three hours, until the baffled villains withdrew from the scene, leaving the heroic Ross wounded, but victorious. To him alone is due the credit of having saved the express car and the entire train.

A reporter called on Mr. Ross at his residence in Ogden and was given the full details of the attack and defense. He has been in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co. over sixteen years and this is the third unsuccessful attempt which has been made to rob the treasure under his charge. Eleven years ago, while holding his shot-gun on the treasure coach of the Montana Line, he was held up by a band of road agents, but killed several and got away from the rest of the crowd. This last attempt has seldom been equaled anywhere for the bravery and persistence of the robbers and the stubbornness of the defense.

Mr. Ross stated that the point selected by the robbers for their operations was one the loneliest places on the line of the desert, the centre of a section sixty miles in length, where there is no night telegraph station. The San Francisco and Ogden express trains pass at 1.35 o'clock A. M. at Tecoma, ten miles east of Montello. "We left Toano, west of Montello, on time, our train being in charge of Conductor Cassin. I checked the way-bills received at that station, laid down and went to sleep. The next thing which I was aware of was a rap on the car door, as if an agent had called, and, supposing the train was at Tecoma, I got up and looked out, when a man pointed a gun at me and said:

"'Hop out, we are going through you.'

"I jumped back and pulled the door to and hooked it. They then went over to the opposite side and said:

"'Open up the doors and jump out. We are going to rob the train.'

"I replied: 'Just wait till I get my boots on.'

"'Never mind your boots. Hop right out here and we will get through with you and then you can get your boots on.'

"Again the men outside said: "'Open up, or we will burn you out and murder you.'

"I then got in position and shot through the side of the car. Nothing was done for a few minutes until one of the robbers asked.

"'Ain't you going to open up the door and come out?'

"I told them I was not coming out. Another demand was made for me to 'hop out,' I made no reply to that. They then stationed one man at each corner of the car between me and the baggage car, and five shots were fired simultaneously from different quarters, and ranging towards the centre of the car. These were the shots that struck me—one on a finger, one on the hip and one just below the breast, near the watch-pocket. They then got up on the end of the car to to uncouple the train, whereupon I fired two shots through the end of the car. At this time they heard No. 2, the west-bound express train, coming. They backed our train up and went on the side track, and sent two men down the road to meet No. 2. When it came up I heard Conductor Clement ask Cassin. 'What are you doing here? I want to speak to you.' The robbers aimed their guns at Clement's head and told him to pull out, and he did."

The nearest telegraph station was thirty miles. The robbers then compelled the breakmen to uncouple the express, move it forward and forced the engineer to run ahead and back down to wreck the express car, which was attempted three times without success, the holes in the doors being guarded by the stubborn messenger. Several attempts to burn the car were unsuccessful, owing to the scarcity of wood, and; after renewed attempts to kill him through the doors, they mounted their horses and rode away.

Millions from Nothing.

"Well, look at the Mills family in New York" said Gath. "Here is D. O. Mills, worth, I expect, $30,000,000, and a very prudent and careful man in every thing he does. He kept a little grocery somewhere up the Hudson river. He had a cousin, Joe Mills, who was opening oysters in Fulton Market, and if you watch Joe to this day you will see him draw his coat cuff across his nose, a habit he acquired when he was in the market with his oyster-knife in that hand.

"Then look at Commodore Garrison. He was a Dutch boy, brought up in the Highlands of the Hudson River. He became a kind of a common workman on vessels and finally on steamers, and so worked his way along to be the purser and captain. Then California was annexed and bloomed into gold and Garrison became the rival of Vanderbilt."

"Well, what was Jim Keene or the first heard of him?"

"He was a milkman in one of the early towns of California, driving his milk wagon into the place and serving his customers with milk. Keene, however, does not does not hold the position he did here a few years ago. It is said he has had great losses and has even had to mortgage his Newport residence."

Boot and Shoe Business.

During the first 10 months of 1882 this country exported 336,890 pairs of boots and shoes, valued at $424,835, as against 250,778 pairs, valued at $322,997, for a like period of 1881. We also exported of sole and upper leather, $5,704,351, against $5,157,876 for 10 months of 1881, although in "morocco and other" fine leathers our exports show some falling off, having been only $427,190 for 10 months of 1882, and $535,405 for the corresponding time in 1881. The imports of raw rubber and gutta percha to the 1st of November last were 19,387,125 pounds, valued at $13,061,887, against 14,753,979 pounds, valued at $8,215,970, for a like period in 1881. In our imports in hides and skins, the principal article which our tanners look at, the imports for 10 months of 1882 were valued at $22,210,920, against $24,213,409 for a like period in 1881.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Over 300,000 names are on the rolls of the Pension Office.

—The Afghans are full of historical associations and tribal ties.

—Fat wild ducks are sold at 2 cents apiece at Lake Charles, La.

—At Lumpkin, Ga., sweet potatoes sell for only 25 cents a bushel.

—Butter is scarce at $1 a pound in some of the Montana mining towns.

—An Indian's widow is expected to keep in mourning for twenty moons.

—At Marshfield., wood is $2 a cord; at Winnipeg it is quoted at $14 a cord.

—The Colored Methodist Episcopal Church has more than 100,000 members.

—Six students at the University of Leipsic committed suicide during the last term.

—Greensboro, N. C., grave-robbers ask $10 for every corpse in tolerably good condition.

—It takes $15 to buy one hundred pounds of flour in the Baker mining district of Montana.

—Mrs. Langtry spent much time in Chicago at roller-skating, a pastime of which she is very fond.

—Among the perfumes greatly used in London society are white rose, frangipanni and ihlang ihlang.

—New York and Brooklyn have 35,000 people who earn their living between sundown and sunrise.

—Last year Great Britain made nearly 2,700,000 tons of puddled iron, and imported 90,000 tons besides.

—Nine new cotton factories, with an aggregated capital of $1,725,500, have just been chartered in South Carolina.

While butter is only 10 cents a pound in Marshfield, Mo., the dealers ask 75 cents a pound for it at Butte, Montana.

—The mother of President Garfield spends several hours every day reading the published works of her illustrious son.

—The Rev. Dr. A. F. Baird, of Syracuse, N. Y., is to succeed the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock in the American church in Paris.

—Messrs. Moody and Sankey intend holding a series of meetings in London next fall, beginning at about the 1st of October.

—In Genoa a mounted tablet has been placed on the house in which, a century ago, on October 27, 1782, Paganini was born.

—Mr. Gladstone's popular axe is not regarded in all quarters as the very best instrument of exercise for him to use in his old age.

—The Rev. W. H. Milburn is still telling before country lyceums his interesting story of "What a Blind Man Saw in England."

—Mr. James Russell Lowell is to have the honor of unveiling the bust of Fielding, which is to be erected in the novelist's native country.

—There were twenty-four stormy Sundays last year. The average during the past fifteen years has been 16½ stormy Sundays a year.

—The Britishers who recently bought 27,000 acres of Florida land of the Disston Company have taken 32,000 acres more, paying $1.50 an acre.

—Yokohama merchants have sent to New York 20,000,000 silk worm eggs for gratuitous distribution among Americans interested in silk culture.

—The bell used at Wellesley College, Massachusetts, is from an ancient Buddhist temple, in Japan, and was presented by Mr. J. L. Graves, of Boston.

—The institutions in New York subject to the bank department of the State represent nearly $700,000,000 in their resources, and probably over 2,000,000 depositors.

—During the year just closed in England there were reported 28 mining explosions, 15 of which were fatal, the number of deaths reaching 241, exactly the average for the past 32 years.

—Teachers in the public schools of France are very seldom paid more than $5 a week, and as the expense for salaries is now a little over $15,000,000 the Minister of Public Instructions refuses to add to this amount and so increase taxation.

—The crops of Texas for last season are estimated at 1,400,000 bales of cotton and 150,000,000 bushels of corn. Texas now stands first on the list of Southern States in the production of cotton and corn.

—Of all the men-of-war in Europe Italy has the most heavily iron-plated and possessed with the most formidable guns. The "Duilio" and the "Dandolo" have armor twenty-two inches thick, and they each carry 100-ton guns.

—Gov. Ordway, of Dakota, says in his Message to the Legislature that the population of the Territory has doubled in two years; and now reaches 300,000, and that the amount of taxable property is $50,000,000.

—The City of Montreal has made a claim for taxes on a church on the ground that a fair was lately held in the building for profit, whereas, to be exempt from taxation, buildings must be used exclusively for divine purposes.

The Secretary of War has been directed to spend $15,000 in erecting a monument at the birth-place of General Gouverneur K. Warren at Cold Spring, near West Point, N. Y., provided the ground, a rectangular place on the Pairot estate, shall be given to the Government for that purpose.

Czar Alexander III makes a hobby of police and military uniforms. He has changed the costume of the St. Petersburg police three times since his accession, and careful examines the minutest details of all new styles sometimes taking hours to decide upon the pattern of a button.

—The annual report of the New York Custom House shows that the tonnage receipts for 1782 were $1,346,045, divided among 6327 sailing