State Librarian

THE PATRIOT.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Was Established in 1821!
One of the oldest, and best Newspapers in the State!
P. F. DUFFY, Publisher and Proprietor.
TERMS—Cash invariably in advance:
Six months $0.50.
Including Postage.
Ten or more subscribers will receive a copy gratis.
Specimen copies free.

The Greensboro Patriot.

OUR COUNTRY—FIRST AND ALWAYS.

Established in 1821. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1879. New Series No. 561.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Transient advertisements payable in advance; yearly advertisements quarterly in advance.

	1 wk.	1 mo.	2 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 yr.
1 in. - -	$1.00	$2.50	$4.00	$5.00	$8.00	$12.00
2 " - -	1.50	4.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	18.00
3 " - -	2.50	6.00	8.00	10.00	18.00	24.00
4 " - -	3.00	7.00	10.00	12.00	20.00	30.00
5 " - -	4.00	8.00	15.00	18.00	25.00	36.00
¼ col. -	6.00	12.00	18.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
½ " - -	10.00	15.00	20.00	30.00	50.00	80.00
1 " - -	15.00	20.00	35.00	50.00	80.00	140.00

Specials twenty-five and locals fifty per cent. higher.

Court orders, six weeks, $7; Magistrates' notices, four weeks, $5; Administrators' notices, six weeks, $3.50—in advance.

Double rates for double column advertisements.

LEGEND OF THE TUBEROSE.

[illegible] Eve [illegible] May. [illegible] I once saw [illegible] I grieve [illegible] the northern air. [illegible] the woods of June, [illegible] that shield them from the cold, [illegible] upon the chilly mold [illegible] they only feel life or be touch'd by mortal [illegible] the gentle breeze and letting rate [illegible] billows of the gay dancer [illegible] that grows [illegible] the gushing spring, [illegible] a tomorrow thing, [illegible] Paradise, [illegible] lake and sea, [illegible] the flowers, to my pale decree, [illegible] well, and let no flower [illegible] to fraught the Eden air [illegible] and court. The year must wear [illegible] through hour, [illegible] Eden's gate, [illegible] her footsteps wait, [illegible] —*Floral Cabinet.*

WITH MANY MYSTERIES.

[illegible] with many mysteries [illegible] to spread, [illegible] and the sickness [illegible] in mournful cries, [illegible] crown a low-bowed [illegible] prime, how slow the short [illegible] the year that swiftly flies!— [illegible] we wish to bid by mist, [illegible] the sun when we would have it raise! [illegible] we wish for night to set in twilight's [illegible] the gates of sunrise, [illegible] there is not any pain, [illegible] as the latest dreams. [illegible] —*Boston Transcript.*

THE RIVALS.

[illegible] lovely afternoon in early summer, nearly two centuries ago, when four [illegible] were seen coming down the terrace of Dudley park. The foremost was a [illegible] apparently about twenty, and one of the loveliest of her sex. Her person was tall and aristocratic, her complexion brilliant, and the contour of her neck, shoulders and bust such as would have delighted a sculptor. [illegible] companions were all evidently sisters, but never were three lovers more dissimilar. The one on her right was a [illegible] magnificently attired gentleman, [illegible] cane was not merely carried [illegible] but also to assist his unwieldy [illegible]. An air of inexpressible self-importance marked his every look and movement. He was, in fact, the wealthiest as well as the highest in rank of the three [illegible], and he was resolved that, though [illegible] might forget it, he at least would [illegible].

[illegible] walked the other two gentlemen, first one and then another in advance, as accident or the whim of their [illegible] prompted them. The elder of these, [illegible] looking man of about thirty years [illegible], was Sir George Mowbray; the [illegible], and younger, was at once the poorest and plainest of the three, being but [illegible] lord of a neighboring manor [illegible] Howard Dudley wanted in wealth, [illegible] he made up in the graces of [illegible] and mind. Yet neither of the [illegible] seemed regarded him as a very [illegible] notwithstanding his beauty, [illegible] he was a distant relative of the fair [illegible], they persisted in considering her [illegible] with him as only that of a [illegible].

[illegible] must be acknowledged that there [illegible] a little of the coquette in the Lady [illegible]. It sparkled in her roguish eyes, [illegible] the corners of her mischievous mouth, and laughed merrily in her [illegible] voice as she chatted now with one [illegible] now with another. It would have [illegible] your admiration to have seen [illegible] she divided her favors; and, [illegible], in no other way could she have [illegible] the peace between her jealous [illegible].

"Pray, my lord earl," said she, turning [illegible] to her right, "can your park [illegible] be as fine as this? I have heard [illegible] of it that I would fain to have a [illegible] thereof from your own august [illegible]."

[illegible] spoke she darted a mischievous [illegible] at her cousin, who replied to it by [illegible] significant. The gouty old earl [illegible], however, see the irony of the remark, but answered pompously, bowing [illegible] his cane:

"It would scarce be possible to find a park fairer as that of your honored father, Lady Isabel. Such trim walks, [illegible] sheets of water, such noble terraces, [illegible] and stationary could only be arranged by one who combined the taste [illegible] of Lord Dudley; but nevertheless my own poor park and garden is not [illegible] unworthy to be presented to the [illegible] of beauty. Yet I trust that at no [illegible] day the Lady Isabel will allow [illegible] to give her a right to alter and improve it wherever she thinks necessary."

[illegible] George Mowbray, who walked behind these words carried his hand to [illegible] and frowned significantly. [illegible] his lips. The Lady Isabel [illegible] her embarrassment suddenly [illegible] her fan.

[illegible] the whole three suitors sprang [illegible] to pick it up. With her hand, [illegible] put back the two on her [illegible] George, finding himself hopelessly [illegible], looked furious, but submitted [illegible] with his hand on his heart, [illegible] expostulation, but received a [illegible] shake of the head in reply. The [illegible] earl then left in sole possession of the [illegible] his cane firmly in front, [illegible] his lanky limbs wide apart, and, [illegible] leaning forward, slowly insinuated it at a sufficient angle to recover her fan. The Lady Isabel, it [illegible] had great difficulty in [illegible] her countenance during this process. [illegible] could she entirely suppress [illegible] the twinkle of her eye when [illegible], inclining his head [illegible], courted her the fan [illegible] as eloquent as it was full-[illegible].

[illegible] a whim or pique, or a combination of both that induced the Lady [illegible] to swing that she had offended [illegible] lovers, to continue her [illegible] the earl. At any rate, during [illegible] of the walk she smiled on him so [illegible] that he considered his suit settled, [illegible] their return to the hall, sat immediately down and wrote to his lawyers [illegible] to begin to draw up settlements.

[illegible] marked preference of the noble [illegible] both the other suitors into a [illegible] Dudley was perhaps even more [illegible] than the knight. In truth, the [illegible] was more sincerely loved by [illegible] than by either of the others. [illegible] her neglect consequently, most [illegible] especially as he knew that in fortune he was far behind either of his rivals, [illegible] repenting moods of hers had led [illegible] to believe—though perhaps [illegible] intending it—that he was [illegible], after all, and with this sweet [illegible] lingered on at Dudley Hall, unwilling to tear himself away, but afraid [illegible] lest everything "to the hazard [illegible] by declaring explicitly his passion on this day jealousy brought [illegible] to the crisis so long wished for, yet [illegible] dreaded. After having, with her [illegible] guests, parted from the Lady [illegible] at the foot of the great staircase, [illegible] unexpectedly came upon her some [illegible] after in an out-of-the-way corridor. He was moody and ill-humored, and would have passed with a cold bow, but his cousin, who already half repented her conduct, stopped him.

"Whither away?" said the Lady Isabel, gaily. "Are you so uncourteous as not to linger when a fair lady wills it?" she continued, seeing that he still advanced. "Sir Knight, I lay my commands on you to stop, for I have a fancy to talk with you withal."

"I am no knight, but a simple gentleman, as your know right well," rudely replied Dudley: "a simple gentleman, who can trace his blood, unpolluted, back to the conquest, however, which is more than your upstart nobleman can do, who have won their titles, not by feats of arms, but by cringing at court."

The Lady Isabel started in affected surprise. She knew well enough what he meant, but she had a spirit as high as his own, and she began to resent his petulance.

"Alack, cousin mine," she said, "has wine turned your head that you bluster in this way? I did not think gentlemen," and she emphasized the term, "drank at this early hour."

Stung by her sarcasm, Dudley stamped his foot on the floor, and muttered between his teeth, what, but for her presence, would have been an audible oath.

The Lady Isabel had scarcely spoken, however, when she repented of her words, and now, to lessen their severity, said:

"But, seriously, Dudley, what is the matter with you? Believe me you have no cause to be angry with any of us——"

Her lover did not suffer her to proceed, but impatiently interrupted her, exclaiming haughtily:

"I said not, fair lady, that I had a right to be offended. The heiress of Dudley Hall owes no explanation to no man for any whim she may take, for the world absolves one so rich, beautiful, and courted from the common duty of caring for others' feelings." He spoke sarcastically, and continued: "She may encourage to-day, and rebuff to-morrow, yet the sufferer has no right to complain. Oh, no! She will tell him there is no reason in his anger, and the world will sustain her in what she asserts."

Howard Dudley waited a moment for her to reply, but finding she made no answer, he continued, with increasing irritation:

"There is one, at least, proud lady, who will not be longer made the plaything of a coquette's whim. There is one who is already ashamed of the boy's part he has played, and who has resolved no longer to dance attendance where he furnishes only a laughing-stock," and he drew himself proudly up as he spoke, adding, "he once fondly believed that hearts were more valuable than gold or rank—nay, he sometimes hoped that the Lady Isabel thought like him, but the dream is dissipated, and as he has neither an earldom to offer her, nor will stoop to win one by becoming a monarch's laquey, he will take his farewell forever."

There was much in this haughty speech to offend the Lady Isabel, but much also to appeal to her heart. For a moment there rose a struggle in her bosom between two opposing sentiments. A single kind look from Dudley would have turned the scale in his favor. In fact she glanced up, in hope to see some signs of relenting, but receiving only a haughty gaze, she colored with offended dignity.

"As he pleases, sir," she answered. "You talk hypothetically, as if of some one else; but let it be as you please also," and she bowed coldly.

This disdain completed the madness and despair of Dudley. Giving his cousin a withering look and muttering the word "Heartless!" he turned rapidly away and rushed down the corridor.

The Lady Isabel saw him depart thus with mingled emotions. In her secret heart she loved her gallant, accomplished and handsome cousin better, a thousand times, than she had ever yet been willing to confess, even to herself. His comparative poverty had never presented itself to her as any impediment to her marriage, for she knew that she was heiress in her own right of enough for both. But, unfortunately, her cousin had never confessed his interest in her, and the Lady Isabel, aware that looks were not always serious, hesitated what to think. Had Dudley but frankly offered himself, she would as frankly have accepted him, but not knowing the causes of his hesitation, she was often puzzled at his conduct, and half inclined, notwithstanding his attentions, to doubt whether he really loved her. Meantime she could not, consistently with maiden propriety, tender him her hand. She also jested gayly with other lovers, but much of her coquetry, it should be stated in justice to her, was produced by vexation at his behavior.

No sooner had the door closed behind him at the end of the corridor, no sooner was she alone, than a change came over her feelings. She regretted poignantly her harshness; she feared, from the knowledge of Dudley's high spirit, she would never more see him, and with this thought, so full of anguish, she became conscious, for the first time, how passionately she adored her cousin. Love whispered to her to fly after him in order to recall him to her side, and she actually made a few steps in the direction he had taken; but the pride of her sex interposed, and with a blush at her own weakness, she turned about and haughtily sought her chamber. But, alas! it was not to find peace. The conflict which the corridor had witnessed was there renewed, and between tears and regrets and words of censure on Dudley, she passed the afternoon.

In closing the door, which shut him out from Lady Isabel's sight, Dudley gave full vent to the feelings of rage which pride had in her presence partially concealed under the mask of scorn.

"Haughty!—heartless!—mercenary!" were some of his expressions: "a weak worshipper of rank! Oh, Lady Isabel, Lady Isabel, that ever I should think so meanly of you!" And then, as other feelings crossed his agitated soul, he muttered: "Fool that I have been—she never loved me—I am only another of her victims—my tortures are a part of her pleasure. But, as I am a Dudley," and he gnashed his teeth, "she shall not amuse herself long with them, for, as soon as the moon rises, and I can depart without being seen, I will leave this hated place forever, nor shall anyone know whither I go.

In this mood Dudley left the hall, and sought the wooded recesses of the park, for he cared neither to see nor to converse with human beings. Wandering gloomily along he was suddenly aroused from his reveries by finding himself in a narrow path, face to face with his rival, the Earl of Lincoln.

The countenance of the latter was in striking contrast of that of Dudley. Self-satisfaction glowed on every lineament of that round, sensual face. As he bowed to Dudley there was visible in his smile, in addition to the ordinary superciliousness of his lordship, an evident air of pity, which chafed the young man inexpressibly. Accordingly Dudley returned the bow with a haughty look of defiance, barely nodding. The nobleman frowned, but said nothing and dashed on. Scarcely, however, had he made a step before he stumbled, in the gathering twilight, over a root, and unable to recover himself, fell with all his bulky length sprawling to the earth. Dudley, turning at the sound, was just in the mood to rejoice at this mishap of his rival, and gave utterance to his mirth in a short, mocking laugh, as the unwieldy nobleman, puffing and very red in the face, struggled to his feet.

The earl had heard the laugh of Dudley. Nothing could have angered him more. No sooner had he regained his upright position than he advanced on the offender, foaming with rage, his hand on his sword.

"Sir," said he, "what do you mean? Did you dare—dare, I say," he continued, stuttering with anger, "to laugh at me?"

Dudley, ever since his interview with the Lady Isabel, had been wishing for some one on whom to vent his rage; and he secretly rejoined at the fortune which had now presented to him the very person of all others he would have chosen, and with prevoking coldness he replied:

"I laugh when I like, my lord; and I laugh at whom I please. In fact, I dare laugh e'en at your excellency."

The contemptuous tone in which this was spoken left the earl no room for retraction, even if he had desired it. But though not over-fond of sword play, indeed even accused in whispers of being a coward, he was too enraged to think of anything but punishing his adversary. He dropped his cane and drew his rapier at once.

"Upstart!" said the earl, you shall suffer for this insolence. I owe you a double debt. You have dared to presume on paying certain attentions to my future bride, the Lady Isabel, for which I would have punished you long ago if I had not despised your youth and your mean condition. But I cast away my scruples. Draw, sir!"

The earl said this angrily and imperatively, for Dudley, instead of unsheathing when the earl did, had stood with folded arms, smiling scornfully throughout his harangue.

"Upstart, say you!" exclaimed Dudley. By St. George! sir earl, I wonder who is upstart—I, who trace my lineage beyond the Conqueror, or you, whose ancestors, a century ago, were butchers in Lincolnshire. Presumption for me to aspire to the Lady Isabel's hand! By the saints! if your muddy blood ever mingles with hers, I, as a Dudley, will disown the name."

So enraged was the earl at these taunts, that, forgetting all honor, he made a pass at his antagonist even before Dudley's last sentence was completed. The young man, however, evaded the lunge by leaping aside, and in an instant his own blade was out, and the swords rattling as they crossed. The earl, whatever his merits as a man of courage, was a skillful man at fence, and, as Dudley soon found, decidedly his superior in this respect. It required all the youth and agility of the latter, indeed, to place them on an equality.

For some time there was no advantage on either side. At last by a quick thrust Dudley succeeded in wounding the earl in the arm. This served to spur the unwieldy nobleman into an activity beyond his years, and the result was, after a few rapid passes, that the blade of the nobleman retaliated on the body of Dudley. The blood gushed out in streams as if he would soon follow, and the earl believed his victory secure. But he was terribly mistaken. Goaded to superhuman power by the thrust, Dudley returned the pass, his sword entering the body of his antagonist in turn. Both combatants the next moment fell to the earth, while from Dudley's side a torrent of blood poured forth.

But the events of the day were not yet over, for suddenly a shriek ran through the wood, and immediately the Lady Isabel rushed forward. Her presence at this opportune moment is easily explained. Wearied out by weeping, and fearful that Dudley would depart without her being able to see him, she had summoned her maid and walked out into the park, partly to recover her spirits and partly in the hope of meeting her cousin. At a distance she had caught sight of Dudley, and after some hesitation, conquering her pride, had made a circuit, with the intention to encounter him. But, ere she reached the point where she expected, at a cross-path, to meet him, she heard loud voices in alteration, one of which she recognized as his; and immediately after the rattling of swords. With pale cheeks and trembling steps she had hurried forward, arriving, as we have seen, at the place of conflict just as Dudley sank, apparently dying, to the earth.

At that terrible sight, all feelings of anger, as well as everything like maidenly reserve, fled from her, and the heart spoke in its own natural language. She flung herself on her knees by the body of her cousin, kissing the insensible cheek, as she exclaimed, "Oh! Dudley! Dudley, I have murdered you—I see it all—you fought because in my pique I made you jealous—and now, now you are dead."

The maid, who had by this time reached the spot, interrupted these passionate adjurations.

"Heaven preserve us, my lady!—don't go on so," she said. "Perhaps he is not dead, after all, but only sorely wounded. Let us take our kerchief and stanch the wound."

It seemed as if the words had suddenly transformed the Lady Isabel from the weak and lamenting woman to one courageous, and ready to act wisely as well as promptly.

"You say well," she replied. Let us hope—see he breathes! Run and fetch some water—there is a spring, you know, just beyond that ancient oak. I will seek his wound and stanch the flow of blood, for which leave me your kerchief before you go."

And kneeling down as the maid hurried away, the proud and beautiful heiress began amid fast falling tears, to search for the wound.

While thus engaged the Lady Isabel was unconscious that the earl, of whom she had never once thought, had raised himself on his elbow where he fell, and after looking around, as if to collect the facts, which had fled from his scattered senses, suddenly bethought himself of the wound he had received. He clapped his hand to his side; but, to his astonishment, there flowed no blood. He stared at the place where the wound ought to be, and seeing only a hole in his doublet, felt his huge paunch to see if it was all right. He then, as if still doubting, rose to his feet and shook himself. But at last he became convinced that he was really but slightly hurt. In fact his mass of flesh had protected the vital parts, and his momentary unconsciousness had been the result of fright, not of serious injury.

As this began to break upon him his excellency saw that he was in a superlatively ridiculous position. Nor was this the only thing that suggested to him the wisdom of an early flight. The kind look of the Lady Isabel, as he watched her successfully stanching the blood of Dudley, convinced him that she loved her cousin, and not himself. He gave a scowl as he saw the kneeling fair one, picked up his rapier and cane quietly, and stole off unperceived.

Meantime the Lady Isabel, to her inexpressible joy, not only discovered the wound, but easily succeeded in checking the flow of blood. Her wild gratitude and love expressed itself in the kisses showered on the inanimate cheek of Dudley.

What wonder that, under those fervid kisses, the wounded man revived, even before the maid could arrive with the water! Opening his eyes, he recognized the Lady Isabel—she whom he thought hopelessly lost to him—impressing her lips on his own. Amazement filled every feature of his face. For an instant, the fair offender, blushing crimson, drew back, but, immediately, with a noble impulse, she flung herself on him, exclaiming:

"Oh, Dudley! can you forgive me? I love you—you only. If you ask it, I will never smile on another of your sex, but be your true and faithful wife till death shall separate us."

Was he dreaming? Had he died, and was this heaven? Or was it in truth a sweet reality? Such were the thoughts that flashed through the half-collected faculties of Dudley, as he feebly returned his cousin's embrace. But her dear words and dearer kisses soon assured him of the blissful fact that she was indeed all his own and that the sufferings of the past, with the misunderstandings that occasioned them, no longer existed.

When the maid returned, the Lady Isabel said blushingly:

"He is better, you see—Mr. Dudley, I mean—so haste to the house and have a litter sent; the wound is severe, but I think not dangerous. Now, on your life, haste!"

"But goodness me, where is the earl?" exclaimed the maid. "Surely I saw him lying there. I saw Mr. Dudley, too, run him through. At any rate, he is gone," she continued, after looking at the spot where he had lain, "cane, rapier and all, and not a drop of blood left behind." The poor gentleman, I always thought was a coward. Marry! I'll venture my life on it, that he fell from sheer fright when he felt the cold steel touching his fat paunch."

And, with a laugh, away she tripped.

We have nothing more to tell which the reader cannot guess. The earl left Dudley hall that very evening, while the surgeons were pronouncing the wounds of our hero severe but not perilous. The story of his lordship's cowardice had been set afloat already by the maid, and the servants, who all adored Dudley as they despised his lordship, could not resist jeering as the lumbering coach drove off with its bulky burden. Sir George, the other suitor, had the good taste to depart at daybreak the next morning.

Lord Dudley gave free consent to the match between his only child and our hero, declaring that, though he might have wished for more wealth in a suitor, he was content to see his daughter happy. The young couple were accordingly united as soon as Dudley had fully recovered from his wound; and so well pleased was the baron with his son-in-law that, in the end, he procured a new patent, by which the title, that otherwise would have become extinct, was settled on our hero and his heirs general, and not, as before, upon Lord Dudley's heirs male.

"And did the Lady Isabel ever flirt again?" asks some fair reader. "Not once," we reply. A better wife never lived, or one more truly loved, and that is saying a great deal. We only hope the reader may be as happy as she was.

AN INDIAN'S GRATITUDE.

AN INCIDENT RECALLING THE MINNESOTA MASSACRE OF 1862.

There resides in Wichita a widow lady by the name of Mrs. A. H. Gibson. She is of slight stature, and very quiet and retiring, and with her daughter carries on the profession of milliner and mantua maker in the store of Huse & Charlton. During the late visit of the Indians to our fair, and as the sons of the forest were in single file passing along the street, a Cheyenne brave suddenly broke ranks, and, rushing into the above establishment, put his arms about Mrs. Gibson, patted her with his hand, and in broken English gave expression to great joy and satisfaction. All the ladies in the store were, of course, nearly frightened out of their wits, while the blanketed savage kept reiterating, "Good squaw!" "Heap good squaw!" The sequel is not uninteresting: Previous to the great Indian massacre of 1862, Mrs. Gibson, then Mrs. Southworth, lived alone on the Minnesota frontier. One day a squaw came to her house and made her understand that she wanted soup, after obtaining which, carried it away in a vessel to the woods. For several days she came regularly on the same errand. A few days before the bloody massacre, in which so many settlements were wiped out, and in which so many men, women and children were ruthlessly butchered, two or three Indians with two squaws came to Mrs. Gibson's and asked for dinner. After the meal one of them told her that they must bind her in secrecy, and they kept strict watch over her for two weeks, after which two squaws took her to within a few miles of a fort, forty miles distant, put her down in the road and told her when dark came to go in, which she did, and that no harm could befall her. Of course she could only submit, and as she was being carried to her destination during the next day, saw the burning homes, fleeing settlers, and scenes that will never be effaced from her memory. From the squaw she learned that the soup she had daily made was for a sick chief, Monoway, who recovered, and who had determined to save her and hers. When she returned to her home the following spring, after several months absence, she found every thing just as she had left it. Not a cow or even a chicken was missing, but everything had been cared for, fed and protected during the long winter by some Indians who had been detailed for that purpose, and who immediately relinquished everything to her peaceful possession. Our hero was one of the party, and in spite of the time intervening, immediately recognized her, and expressed his satisfaction as related.—*Wichita (Kansas) Eagle.*

—Norwich, Conn., is laughing at one of her leading citizens who has an eye for economy. While walking along the street the other night, he heard what he supposed to be the hiss of escaping gas from an adjacent lamppost. Thinking it a pity to allow the gas to run to waste, he climbed laboriously up the post, and hanging on there in an uncomfortable attitude, he vainly applied match after match to the tip, a large crowd assembling to watch his movements. At last he gave up the attempt in disgust, and on reaching the ground discovered that the sound proceeded from the escaping steam of a peanut-roaster three doors below.

—"George," cried the elder Washington, "George, my son, did you fasten the front gate last night?" "Father," replied the faithful George, edging off toward the back fence, "I did, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little latch it."—*Hawkeye.*

A MONSTER SKELETON.

The Stuttgart mammoth, which Professor Ward, of the University of Rochester, New York, purchased and brought to this country, is now fully mounted. It is said to be the only restoration of the kind in the world, and beyond question the greatest achievement in zoological science. A Rochester paper gives the following account of the mammoth:

The bones from which the original restoration by Martins was made are in the possession of the Royal Museum, at Stuttgart (Wurtemberg). They were of such a class and character that by the additional assistance of a quantity of hair and other portions of the gigantic frame, found in various parts of the world, a restoration authentic and reliable was easily made. Its fame spread over the entire scientific world, and at once Stuttgart and Martins became celebrated on its account. A few years ago Professor Ward, in one of his European tours, went to Stuttgart and endeavored to negotiate for the purchase of the mammoth. The price placed upon it, however, was so exorbitantly high that a bargain could not be made. Later, while the learned professor was traveling in Abyssinia, he wrote the proprietors, telling them that on a certain date he should be in Paris on the way to America, and that if they had any proposition to make to him regarding the mammoth, he could received it there. Arriving at Paris, he found a letter asking him to make an offer. He responded by telegraph, and his offer was accepted. He therefore delayed his expected return to this country, went to Stuttgart, and began the long and tedious job of taking down and packing for transportation the gigantic specimen of past ages. In this task he had the assistance of several skilful artists.

The monster restoration occupied, when ready for travel, fourteen large boxes, which weighed in the aggregate over seven tons. The freight upon the animal from Stuttgart to New York was $682, and from New York to Rochester, by canal, $86. Several of the largest freight wagons were required to convey his lordship to the working buildings of Professor Ward, at the rear of the university buildings, and a new building had to be erected to accommodate him when he should be dressed in reception regalia, clothed, and, so far as the image of an animal could require, in his right mind. Two skilful artists from Germany, and several others from New York, were procured to assist Professor Ward in the work of putting the affair together again.

Since that time Professor Ward has been busily at work upon the restoration of this mammoth, and now has it complete. Saturday an opportunity was afforded a reporter of the *Democrat* to examine the wonder, and we can assure our readers that it is a wonder for any one to examine. The building erected by Professor Ward for its special accommodation is situated a little east of Cosmos Hall. It contains nothing else but the mammoth, with the exception of a skeleton of an elephant in one corner, which is so small as to be insignificant beside its prehistorical rival.

The animal stands facing the door, and hence upon entrance the visitor finds himself suddenly face to face with a startling, but at the same time an innocent looking monster. It stands sixteen and a half feet in height, thirteen feet between the tusks, twenty-eight and one-half feet from tusks to tail, and thirty feet in girth about the thickest part of the body. The tusks are nearly a foot in thickness at their greatest size, and are truly enormous in appearance. The eyes, located high up in the head, are, of course, quite small in proportion to the size of the body, as is the case with all animals of the species to which he belongs. The hair is long, dark, rough and shaggy, as was that of the original wearer. The legs are about two feet in diameter, and a man can easily walk between them and under the animal's body standing upright. In order to obtain a satisfactory view of the monster, it is necessary to ascend a flight of stairs into the gallery which has been erected for that purpose. That brings the visitor nearly upon a level with the eye, and enables him to form a good idea of the great size of the restoration.

When the visitors were looking at it on Saturday from this elevated point, a little daughter of Prof. Ward's, aged about four years, came into the building, and seating herself upon the platform upon which the mammoth stands, leaned back against one of the mammoth forelegs and looked up with a smile at the spectators in the gallery. A prettier or more interesting picture could not be conceived. There sat a beautiful child, born in the civilized year 1874, side by side with the monster whose birthplace no one can tell, save by approximation, away back in pre-historic ages.

—The despatches from the wrecked Pommerania have reported among the lost the name of "Emil Grinet, of Hartford," and have said that "he" was a steerage passenger returning home. The person really meant was Emma Grinert, of Hartford, a woman, whose pathetic story receives a not inappropriate end in the late terrible disaster. Unable to speak a word of English, she arrived at Castle Garden, New York, from Zwickan, Saxony, in Nov. 1877, and landed sick. She was taken to the hospital, and after an illness of several weeks, when she was able to come out, she found that her trunk had been stolen. It contained all her property. She made her way to this city, and here taken sick again, she went to the State Hospital at New Haven, and was there for nearly nine months a helpless invalid, suffering from rheumatism. When she came out of there she returned to Hartford, but was unable to do any work, and in the hospital here nearly two months. People of her own nationality found her out and gave her what aid they could. One family, who refused to let their names be printed, gave her a home for four or five weeks and until she left.—She grew desperate, however, and once tried to drown herself in the river, but was prevented by a policeman. At length a purse was made up among her acquaintances, to which Mr. Cady, the Selectman, contributed $20, to send her home, at her request. Enough to buy her a ticket and give her $10 was raised. With this she left, and with it she found the rest that she was after when she tried to drown herself in the river.—*Hartford Courant, Dec. 2.*

AN ANATOMICAL WONDER.

A novel exhibition in anatomy was given in Chicago to the students of Rush Medical College. At 4 o'clock the large amphitheatre lecture room was filled with fledged and unfledged doctors, and in the arena stood Mr. Charles Warren, a man about 30 years of age, of athletic appearance, and apparently jointed the same as ordinary mortals. But he soon showed that he differed from most men in his make-up, for there was hardly a point in his whole body that he could not throw out of place, or at least give the appearance. He went through with his distortions, much to the amazement as well as the amusement of all. He commenced by giving a circulatory movement to the scalpule, moving either one or both at a time and without any apparent motion of the shoulders. He then threw the humerus into the axilla, disjointed his elbow, wrist and phalanges. This was done merely by the contraction of the muscles of the arm and not by pulling of one member by another. In none of his feats was there any such wrench of one joint from another. Without touching any part of his body with his hands the joints would move out of position. He forced the femur from the hip joint. This he could do while standing on one or both feet, or while reclining. The dislocation caused an apparent shortening of the limb. Another striking feat was the turning of his feet so that he could touch the bottoms of them while his legs were perfectly straight. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his powers was the wonderful expansibility of his chest. Medical works, upon the strength of examinations of thousands of men in the army and navy, generally give five inches as the maximum of expansion. The exhibitor could expand his from nine to twelve inches. Those who did not take much interest in his other performances were wonder-struck at this. This feat was performed by the remarkable degree of the compressibility of the chest, and his power to force his heart and lungs into the abdominal cavity, and even to force his viscera into his chest. The abdomen was hardly less curious when the viscera was forced upwards by the diaphragm than was the inflated chest, for at such time there seemed to be an entire absence of organs in that part of the body, and to be no distance at all from the front walls of the abdomen to the spinal column.

This subject proved a fine study in the anatomy of the muscles, because he could contract them so as to show the position of each one from origin to insertion. He had this power over the muscles in pairs or separately, and could make them as distinct as if dissected.

Mr. Warren concluded with an exhibition of his ability to control his whole body, drawing himself through rings and performing other things, much to the amusement of the students and of the professors if they had only felt at liberty to give way to laughter.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

Frogs live from twelve to fifteen years (if not eaten.)

Ducks can fly at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

The crow can fly at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

The sparrow can fly at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour.

The falcon can fly at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour.

Hawks can fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour.

Fair winds may make their flight three times greater.

The Australian dog and the shepherd dog of Egypt never bark.

In Spain there are 10,000,000 fine wooled merino sheep tended by 50,000 shepherds and guarded by 5,000 dogs.

Queen Isabella's jewels have been sold for $720,000 and she kept a few of the neatest bits just to show off now and then.

The old Alexandrian library contained 700,000 volumes, the largest ever brought together before the invention of printing.

Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 sweating tubes, or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of the entire surface of the body of 201,-166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Its average area in an adult is estimated to be 2,000 square inches. The atmospheric pressure being about fourteen pounds to the square inch, a person of medium size is subjected to a pressure of 28,000 pounds.

Leuwenhock has computed that 10,-000 threads of the full-grown spider are not larger than a single hair of the beard. He calculates further that when young spiders first begin to spin, 400 of them are not larger than one of full grown—allowing wings, 4,000,000 of a young spider's threads are not so large as the single hair of a man's beard.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds and eight ounces; of a female, two pounds and four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves, together with their branches and minute ramifications, probably exceed 10,000,000 in numbers, forming a "body guard" outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshaled.

—A Birmingham (Conn.) farmer recently lost his wife, and there being no undertaker in the place he was obliged to go to a neighboring town to procure one. His errand accomplished, conversation was pursued on various topics, during which he inquired if the undertaker had plenty of walnuts that year. The answer being in the negative, the farmer agreed to give him half a bushel when he drove over with the hearse, and said he could take them on the seat with him. On the day of the funeral, when the rooms were filled with friends who had come to sympathize, and when everything was hushed and still, the farmer went up stairs to fulfil his promise, and just as he was about to descend the stairs the bottom of the measure fell out, and with a terrible rattling noise the walnuts rolled down the unsympathetic stairs, alarming the people below. They rushed out to see the cause of the disturbance. The poor farmer stood holding the bottomless measure, not knowing which way to turn. The friends assisted in gathering up the walnuts with as good grace as they could muster, more than ever convinced, no doubt, that there is a time for everything.

A TOUCHING LOVE ROMANCE.

It matters somewhat whether a young lady's uncle is a millionaire or a missionary if her lover's constancy is in question. A German officer, who was suffering from wounds received during the war with France, was recently sent to a village in the Swiss Canton of Vaud, to recruit his strength. There he made the acquaintance of a young lady whose parents resided in the same village, and the couple became engaged. Owing to the mildness of the climate, the hero soon regained his health, and before long an order arrived from headquarters desiring him to report himself within a week at Berlin. At first his letters were filled with protestations of the enduring nature of his love, but gradually, as time wore on, they became less frequent and much colder in tone. Six weeks had elapsed since he had last written, when, instead of a letter full of reproaches, the Lieutenant received a telegram from his dear Marie, in the following words: "Dear Fritz—I have just received a letter informing me that my uncle, who was a millionaire, at Frankbar, in the East Indies, is dead, and that I am his sole heiress." The Lieutenant lost no time. He set out for the village. The young lady was overwhelmed with joy on seeing her lover once more, but reproached him for his long silence. "Don't let us talk of it, dear Marie," he replied; "there is now no obstacle to our union. The unexpected good fortune which Providence has sent us has removed the objections of my parents to our marriage, for a fortune so great, so colossal—" At these words Marie, taking his hand, said: "Fritz, do not make fun of me." The lover drew out of his pocket the telegram, asking her whether she had not written the words, "My uncle has just died a millionaire at Frankbar." Utterly astounded, Marie dropped his hand, and her eyes filling with tears, exclaimed, "Dear Fritz there is a mistake in the telegram. What I wrote was—'My uncle has just died a missionaire in East Indies, and the amount he has left me is 195 francs 45 centimes.'"

THE LONDON OBELISK.

Now that the famous obelisk, long miscalled Cleopatra's Needle, is at length erected on the banks of the Thames, all students will be interested to know the very tasteful inscriptions proposed to be graved on its pedestal. The text of these inscriptions has been prepared by the joint counsel of England's most prominent scholars, including Dr. Birch and Dean Stanley, and approved by the Queen. The following are the proposed inscriptions. Facing the roadway:

THIS OBELISK
WAS QUARRIED AT SYENE, AND ERECTED AT
ON (HELIOPOLIS) BY THOTHMES III., ABOUT
1500 B. C.
FURTHER INSCRIPTIONS WERE ADDED 2 CENTURIES LATER BY RAMESES II. (SESOSTRIS).
REMOVED TO ALEXANDRIA, THE ROYAL CITY
OF CLEOPATRA,
IT WAS ERECTED THERE IN THE SEVENTH
YEAR OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR, B. C. 23.
TRANSPORTED TO ENGLAND AND ERECTED
ON THIS SPOT IN THE FORTY-SECOND YEAR
OF QUEEN VICTORIA
BY AND
ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S. JOHN DIXON, C.E.

Below this will be inscribed the date, 1878.

In a panel still below, on the same side:

"The work was further aided by H. H. Ismail Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, Gen. Sir J. E. Alexander, Hon. C. H. Vivian, Giovanni Demetrio, Charles Swinburne, John Fowler, C. E., Benjamin Baker, C. E., H. P. Stephenson, C. E., Waynman Dixon, C. E., S. Birch, LL.D., George Double, Manager of Works."

The principal inscription on the river side is the following:

"This obelisk, having fallen prostrate in the sand at Alexandria, was in grateful remembrance of Nelson and Abercromby, presented to the British nation, A. D. 1819, by Mohammed Ali, Viceroy of Egypt. Encased in an iron cylinder it was rolled into the sea August 29, 1877. Abandoned in a storm in the Bay of Biscay, it was recovered and taken into Ferrol Harbor, whence, in charge of Capt. Carter, it reached the Thames, Jan. 20, 1878.

For the panel of the top step on the same side:

"William Askin, James Gardiner, Joseph Benlow, Michael Burns, William Donald, Edwin Patan, perished in a brave attempt to succor the crew o' the obelisk ship 'Cleopatra,' during the storm, October 14, 1877."

On the east and west sides of the pedestal will probably be placed bronze plates representing the obelisk-ship Cleopatra and the raising of the monolith.

Rameses II., or Sesostris, mentioned