

POETRY.

A CATASTROPHE.

No human being who saw that sight
But felt a shudder of pale affright.
He sat in a window, three stories high,
A little baby, with no one nigh.

The Scourge of the Highway.

In the year 1774 a man named Joseph
Richelet was broken alive on the wheel,
at Orleans, for highway robbery; and as
there were no relatives or friends to
claim the body, the executioner, when
he thought life was extinct, gave it to a
surgeon, who carried it to the anatomical
academy for dissection.

The surgeon and his pupils were
kind-hearted, and deeply moved by the
sufferings and earnest solicitations of
the culprit, they resolved to attempt
his cure.

They would thus lose the subject for
dissection, but the experience of hand-
ling such a case in treatment would be
valuable. So dreadfully mangled was
he that they had to amputate both his
legs at the hip-joints, and take off his
left arm at the shoulder. His right arm
had been fractured above and below the
elbow, but the bones had not been
shivered, and with extreme care that
important limb was saved.

The man was full forty leagues away
from the nearest place where he had
ever been known. He took a situation
by the roadside, close by a ragged cliff
of rock, and a dense wood, where his
deplorable condition excited the com-
passion of all who saw him. In his
youth he had served in the army, and
clad in an old huzzar's jacket and helm,
he passed for a soldier who had lost his
limbs in battle. Time passed. By
and-by a peddler, who had set out from
Lusignan on his way to Vitray, with a
full pack, and much money, was
missed.

Other men mysteriously disappeared
in that same section. The police
searched for the robbers, but could not
find them, and yet they were well as-
pected.

suddenly breaking from behind a cloud,
threw a strange shadow upon the sward,
causing the traveler to look up, when he
caught sight of a good, stout right arm,
belonging to the mendicant, raised above
his head, the brawny hand of which
grasped a short iron bar, with a knotted
knob on the end. He arrested the
blow in its descent, and being a man of
immense muscular power, he lifted the
beggar, and carried him to his cart, and
having thrown him into it, he drove off
to the next town, where he brought his
prisoner before a magistrate.

On searching him a silver whistle, of
curious construction, was found in his
pocket, which naturally led to the sus-
picion that he might have accomplices
in the woods, whereupon the magistrate
called a sufficient guard, under com-
mand of an experienced officer, and sent
them, with the drover as a guide, to
the place where the murder was at-
tempted. Not more than an hour had
elapsed since the drover had left with
his prisoner when the spot was reached,
the distance from the village being not
quite a league.

The gens d'armes concealed them-
selves in the bushes, after which the
whistle was blown, the sound being ex-
ceedingly sharp, clear and penetrating;
and directly an answering whistle was
heard, seeming to come from under
ground; nor was this all; hardly had
the note of the whistle died away, when
three men arose to sight from a thick
tangle of shrubs and vines close at
hand.

The soldiers, with muskets cocked
and presented, advanced, and ordered
the men to surrender. One of them
turned to flee, and was immediately shot
down, upon which the other two, seeing
that they were fairly caught, threw
down their arms. When they had been
secured, the place where they had ap-
peared was searched, and an entrance
found to a deep, spacious cave, wherein
were discovered two women, and a boy
and a girl.

The women gave in evidence that
they had been originally seized by the
robbers, and carried away from their
homes—that they had been forcibly
held captives, and had finally married
with their abductors. The boy and girl
were their children. The girl, a bright,
intelligent miss of ten or twelve years,
testified that dead bodies of travelers
newly killed were often brought into
the cave, and stripped and buried. On
pleasant days it was their custom to
carry the old mutilated soldier out to
the roadside, where he would sit for
three or four hours at a time, his pitia-
ble condition being sure to excite the
compassion of passers. When a traveler
appeared who gave promise of a well-
filled purse, the old robber, with that
strong right arm, and bar of iron, having
inveigled him within reach, would ad-
minister a blow that was sure to stun,
if it did not kill him, and then the whistle
would quickly call assistance. Only
the sudden gleam of the sun from a
thickly clouded sky had saved the
drover. The mystery of the disappear-
ance of so many travelers was solved,
and with the putting away of the pre-
cious gang the work was stopped.

The next time Joseph Richelet was
broken upon the wheel, he sure the ex-
ecutioner did not surrender the body
until he was well assured that no sur-
geon of earthly mould could bring it
back to life.

A Slight Mistake.

The present archbishop of Dublin, the
gifted author of the work, so widely
known, on the "Study of Word," is not
in very robust health, and has been for
many years apprehensive of paralysis.—
Dublin, given by

Mr. Parker and His White Bull-Pup.

Mr. Parker was walking down Broad-
way yesterday, a benevolent smile on
his ruddy countenance, and a fat, white
bull-dog trotting complacently at his
heels. Occasionally Mr. Parker would
look around at the dog and chuckle to
himself.

"The Board of Alderman be darned,"
said Mr. Parker. "I'm not going to
put a four foot strap on your neck,
Marcus Aurelius," and Marcus Aurelius
wagged his stump of a tail. Just then
a small boy exploded a bomb directly
under the dog's black nose, and that
animal gave a howl and made a dash at
the small boy.

"Look a hear," yelled a policeman to
Mr. Parker, "you want to put a strap on
that year dawg. He's mad."

"He is not mad," said Mr. Parker.
"Well, old feller, whose the judge? I
say that your dawg's mad, and I'm
goin' to knock 'im on the head with
my club."

Mr. Parker for the moment looked
frightened. Suddenly, however, a
twinkle came into his eyes, and urawing
himself up to his full height, he ad-
dressed the policeman haughtily.

"Officer, you evidently do not know
whom we are. We had desired to pre-
serve our incognito but you force us to
reveal ourselves. We are the Grand
Duke Alexis! and that is our bull dog.
That dog is an alien; he is not a citi-
zen, and must not be bound by foreign
laws and straps. Do you wish to em-
broil your hand in a war with Russia?
If you do, just club that dog."

"Well, call off your dawg, then," said
the policeman.

"Here, Bloyiskinourskiroscurobidia-
asobowhocokowski," said Mr. Parker,
without the slightest hesitation.

"Well, I'm blowed," mused the officer
as Mr. Parker and his dog disappeared.
"I'm blowed if that dawg couldn't chaw
a free lunch out off the people's legs
afore the Juke could pronounce half his
name."—N. Y. World.

How a Hole Can Hurt.

A negro was convicted in our superior
court the other day for hitting another
negro with an axe. A party of colored
savans were discussing the case in old
Si's presence.

"What I wants to kno'," said one of
them, "is jis dis: How ken a man
his anudder man wid de eye ob
axe?"

"Why kant he—tell me dat?" said
old Si.

"Kase it stands to reezen, don't yer
see—for de eye ob er axe is whar de
dandel goes in an' how is er man gwine
ter 'saut anudder man wid er contemp-
ter murder by hittin' him on de hed wid
er hole?"

This was a clincher, the other darkies
thought, but old Si remarked:

"Fore de wah me an' you used ter
work in de same cotton yard, didn't
we?"

"Yes, we did."

"Well, I s'pose you 'members when
masse Threllkill, down dar at Griffin,
used ter lam' yer 'bout forty wid dat
paddle dat he had?"

"Oh, you go 'way!"

"Well, dis are de pint: When he used
fer ter paddle yer, an' yer used fer ter
grone 'round an' complane ob de blisters
whar he raised on yer, was hit de pad-
dle ob de holes in de paddle whar raised
de skin an' made yer sore? Now, whar's
yer scientific argument?"

The case was settled—nobody in the
negative.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Conetoe Coquette and a Cokoy Swain.

She was eighteen, fair and serenely
sweet, and in Conetoe.

He was twenty, earnest, and in Cokoy.

The Two Websters.

When Mr. Webster visited England,
after he had attained fame enough to
precede him, an English gentleman took
him one day to see Lord Brougham.
That eminent Briton received our Dan-
iel with such coolness that he was glad
to get away and back to his rooms. The
friend who had taken him at once re-
turned to Lord Brougham in haste and
anger.

"My Lord, how could you behave
with such unseemly rudeness and dis-
courtesy to so great a lawyer and states-
man? It was insulting to him, and has
filled him with mortification?"

"Why, what on earth have I done,
and whom have I been rude to?"

"To Daniel Webster, of the Senate of
the United States."

"Great Jupiter, what a blunder! I
thought it was that fellow Webster who
made a dictionary and nearly ruined the
English language."

Then the great Chancellor quickly
haunted up the American Senator, and,
having other tastes in common besides
law and politics, they made royal
night of it.

Soraps.

To-morrow—This is the day on which
idle men work, and fools reform.

Formality—the more polished the
society is, the less formality there is
in it.

It is with life as with coffee, he who
would drink it pure must not drain it to
the dregs.

It is not our earnings but our savings
that make us rich—as what we digest
makes us fat.

More evil truths are discovered by
the corruption of the heart than by the
penetration of the mind.

Keep your temper in disputes. The
cool hammer fashions the red-hot iron
into any shape needed.

Happiness is a perfume that one can-
not shed over another without a few
drops falling on one's self.

It is with ideas as with pieces of
money, those of the least value generally
circulate the most.

A man, for being told the truth,
thanks you the first time—votes you a
bore the second—and quarrels with you
the third.

Life is to be hated only when its con-
tinuance would thwart the purpose of its
gift. When the alternative is martyr-
dom or apostasy.

Friendship requires actions; love re-
quires not so much proofs as expressions
of love. Love demands little else than
the power to feel and to requite love.

Spreading Over too Much Land.

Two distinct systems of farming are
in vogue in this country; the one in the
North, wherein the great aim is to make
the largest possible yield to the acre;
and the other in the South, where the
controlling object is to produce the
largest crop possible from each hand.
This great difference was more manifest
before the war than now, but still many
of our farmers do not reflect enough
upon the importance of giving heed to
the suggestions of experience and intel-
ligence upon this subject. Bearing
directly upon this point, the editor of a
New Jersey paper says the past year's
experience has taught many a farmer to
plant less breadth of land, manure and
cultivate more thoroughly, and use more
intelligent thought in the planning of
his work. This skinning over acres
for the pleasure of being called a large
grower, and with the oft exploded fal-
lacy before the eyes that if ten acres
produce 10,000 bushels or pounds,
twenty will produce twice as much, is
fast losing its charm. Thoroughness in
farm operations is what we want, and
then no chance will be given for skim-
ming over large surfaces with such
losses, disappointments and above all
ruination to the land, if continued on
year after year. Let us face about and
reason opposite to what we have been
doing, viz: That if one acre will pro-
duce one hundred bushels or pounds of
a crop, one-half an acre should be made
—with extra manuring, cultivation and
attention—to produce 150 or 200 bush-
els or pounds. Our thoughts should
run in this direction, and we would then
stop the wasteful and ruinous practice
we have been running into.

1877. OUR REPORT 1877. SPRING GREETING!

IN DEALING with our fellow-men it has ever been our aim, while trying to
advance our own interest, not to injure our neighbors; and while we claim that
we are as much entitled to a living as other folks, we want, and must have, a clear
conscience. With these considerations, and our sincere thanks for the liberal
patronage given us since we have been in business, we offer to our friends and the
public generally what we think the CHEAPEST, and BEST, and LARGEST
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May 7, 1877.

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