

New K. P. Battle

# The Chapel Hill Ledger.

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**DR. D. A. ROBERTSON,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Will visit Chapel Hill two or three times during the session of College, and often if he finds it necessary.  
Notice will always be given in this paper of his coming.

**DR. J. D. DAVIS,**  
**DENTIST,**  
Permanently located in Durham and Chapel Hill. Office will be open at Chapel Hill twelve days of each month, from the 12th to the 22d.

**JAMES SOUTHGATE,**  
**General Insurance Agent,**  
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Large lines of Insurance placed at short notice in first class Companies. Term policies on Dwellings and Farm Property, a specialty.

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**S. MCK. BOWLES,**  
PLASTERER, BRICK-MASON and WHITE WASHER, is now ready to do work at short notice. All of his work is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call on him and have your work done neatly. Refers to citizens of Chapel Hill.

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RALEIGH, N. C.  
S. R. Street & Son, Owners and Prop's  
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**TONSorial ART EMPORIUM!**  
**THOMAS DUNSTON,**  
HAS FITTED UP HIS  
**BARBER SALOON,**  
ON FRANKLIN STREET,

in the most improved style, and will be glad to see his customers any time. He guarantees good work.  
Shaving, 15 cents.  
Hair cutting, 25 "  
Shampooing, 25 "  
He has a boot-black always in attendance. Give him a call.

**\$66** A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try none else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance.  
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**\$1500** TO \$2000 A YEAR, or \$5 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money.  
Address GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland Maine.

**\$300** A MONTH guaranteed. \$12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as any one can do right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their address at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money.  
Address TRU & CO., Augusta, Maine.

**The Good Old Farm.**  
There's got to be a revival  
Of good sound sense among men,  
Before the days of prosperity  
Will dawn upon us again;  
The boys must learn that learnin'  
Means more'n the essence uv books,  
And the girls must learn that beauty  
Consists in more'n their looks.

Before we can steer clear uv failures  
And big financial alarms,  
The boys have got to quit clerkin',  
And git back on to our farms.  
I know it ain't quite so nobby,  
It ain't quite so easy, I know,  
Es partin' your hair in the middle  
An' settin' up for a show.

But there's more hard dollars in it,  
And more independence, too,  
And more real peace 'n contentment,  
And health that's ruddy and true.  
I know it takes years of labor;  
But you've got to hang on in a store  
Before you can earn a good livin'  
And clothes, with but little more.

And you steer well clear uv temptation  
On the good old honest farm,  
Oh a thousand ways 'n fashions  
That only bring ye to harm.  
There ain't but a few that can handle  
With safety other men's cash,  
And the fate of many who would try it  
Proves human nature is rash.

So, when the road of State prison  
Lays by the good old farm,  
And the man sees a tollin' brother  
Well out of the way of harm,  
He mourns he hadn't staid there,  
A-tillin' the soil in peace,  
Where he'll yet creep back in dishonor,  
After a tardy release.

What host uv 'em go back broken  
In health, in mind 'n purse,  
To die in sight uv the clover,  
Or linger along, which is worse!  
And how many mourn when useless  
That they didn't see the charm,  
The safety 'n independence,  
Uv a life on the dear old farm.

So preach it up to 'em, parson,  
Just lay it out plain 'n square,  
That land flows with milk 'n honey,  
And health, 'n peace are there,  
And call back the clerks 'n runners,  
And show 'em the peaceful charm  
That waits to cheer and bless them,  
On father's dear old farm.

**A SEASHORE IDYL.**  
**'DEAREST GERTY:**  
Doing precisely as I'd be done by,  
I write in the greatest hurry to tell  
you that, unless you can prevent it,  
your father will be married to a fascinat-  
ing, intriguing kind of cousin of mine,  
who is doing all in her power to make  
him and every one else in love with her.  
'What a scare for nothing!' interrupted  
Jack. 'He is only in love: I thought it  
was all fixed.'  
'Wait until you hear more,' solemnly  
replied his sister:  
'She is a widow, and fatally, danger-  
ously charming. I hate her, but am  
forced to acknowledge this. Every  
creature, except me, whom she looks at  
likes her. She has light hazel eyes, won-  
derful hair, an exquisite white skin, and,  
whether she walks or sits still, looks up  
or down, is irresistible. Her very voice  
would charm the bird off the tree. I hate  
her because I am jealous of her, and, al-  
though she purs over me, will not be  
friendly. Very well, I'll come to the  
point. I heard your father entreat, be-  
seech her, to marry him. I listened:  
yes, I was so base, even as that—sat  
near a window—they were on the piazza.  
He told her he'd settle a million on her,  
alluded to all of you, and seemed to  
think no one but William would like it.  
'There is no use in my saying more.  
Come on in full force. She's a cowardly  
little thing—has scruples. I think you  
can prevent it.'  
'Yours, with much sympathy,  
'NINA MONTGOMERY.'

ly if he were so inclined. He doats on  
papa. So do we all, she added with a  
sigh, 'only we don't want him to be mar-  
ried. It is undignified, it is preposter-  
ous!' with rising indignation. 'We can  
prevent it. Nina says she's cowardly: let  
us use our utmost endeavors. I shall  
start to-day. Harry telegraph papa to  
secure rooms for me; and, Archie and  
Jack, you come as soon as I send for you.  
In the meantime I'll write to William—  
he is at the White Mountains—and I'll  
lay the whole matter before him. If he  
chooses to evade the responsibility, he  
may: he cannot say that he has not  
been warned.'

'Dear papa, I could not live without  
you a moment longer,' whispered Ger-  
trude as she emerged, faint with fatigue,  
from the lumbering coach and kissed the  
old gentleman tenderly.  
Her maid followed with bags and  
wraps.  
'I rather thought you'd meet me with  
a carriage at the station,' she continued,  
gently reproachful.  
'I am sorry, my dear,' replied Mr. Lee  
with some embarrassment, 'but I had  
made up a party to go off in my yacht,  
and, in fact, had to shorten the sail to  
meet you at all.'

'Dear papa!' ejaculated Gertrude, press-  
ing his arm tenderly.  
Mr. Lee looked doubtfully on the fair  
little face nestling against his shoulder;  
he was evidently ill at ease. A look of  
relief passed over him when Mrs. Grant  
announced her intention of remaining  
in her room for the evening and having  
her tea sent to her. She summoned,  
however, secretly, Miss Nina Montgom-  
ery.  
'I shall be perfectly frank with your  
cousin,' she said to that young lady. 'I  
mean to write to Mrs. Page and propose  
an interview. No skirring. I'll come  
to the point directly.'

That astute young person looked  
doubtful: 'She is hesitating: may not  
opposition decide her—the wrong way?'  
'No, it will frighten her: you said she  
is cowardly. No temporizing or hesita-  
tions for me: I hate masterly inactivity.  
I am going for her!—a common expres-  
sion,' she remarked.  
They were playing croquet on a  
very poor croquet ground, with a large  
piazza.  
'Mr. Lee,' whispered Mrs. Page, 'will  
you walk on the beach after the game? I  
have something to tell you.'

'I hope it is something agreeable,' he  
replied, disturbed by her manner.  
'No; it is something very disagree-  
able.'  
The new moon gleamed uncertainly  
on the water; delicious salt breezes blew  
upon them as they walked up and down  
upon the sands.  
'Mr. Lee, I have had an interview with  
your daughter, Mrs. Grant—a very un-  
pleasant interview. If I had made up my  
mind to be her step-mother, I think I  
should retract: as it is—'  
'What did you say, my dear Mrs.  
Page?' asked Mr. Lee with a serenity he  
was far from feeling.  
'I said very little. If she had coaxed,  
I should have told her how little she had  
to fear.'

'Ah! in a tone of dismay.  
'As she did very much the reverse, I  
was cold, dignified and non-committal.  
She was very disagreeable'—and Mrs.  
Page wept at the remembrance of her  
wrongs—'accused me of entrapping and  
intriguing—talked of your money—'  
Mrs. Page actually sobbed—in short,  
my dear Mr. Lee, I think I had better  
leave to-morrow morning.'

And if you go, what will be the result,  
so far as I am concerned?' he politely in-  
terrogated.  
'If I go it will greatly inconvenience  
me, and of course my only object in  
going will be to end this matter;  
Mrs. Grant the immediate propelling  
cause.'

An angry gleam shot from Mr. Lee's  
eyes. 'I'll take care,' he said, 'that you'll  
not be annoyed in future. Mrs. Grant  
shall humbly apologize, and she must  
leave, not you.'  
'My dear Mr. Lee, promise me that  
you will never speak to your daughter  
on the subject. I am a cause of discord  
in your family! Promise me; I insist, I  
entreat that you never allude to me.  
Promise me, dear Mr. Lee,' continued  
the coaxing voice.  
'On one condition'—Mr. Lee seized  
his advantage—'that you, say, and that  
what Mrs. Grant has said shall have no  
effect on your conduct or decision. I'll  
take no denial,' he gently whispered.  
'How does our little negotiation stand  
at present? I am at your mercy; you  
are doubtful, hesitating, but the scales  
weigh a little in my favor, do they not?'

'Oh, no. Indeed I have never thought  
seriously of marrying you, I only dislike  
to refuse you.'  
'That last is an admirable frame of  
mind: preserve it; and, as they had  
left the beach and were within hear-  
ing and observation, the conversation  
ceased.  
Archie and Jack appeared the next day,  
summoned by an imperative telegram  
from Mrs. Grant.  
'Now, boys, you must exert yourselves:  
I've done all I can,' said their sister.  
'She is obstinate and odious—would not  
tell me anything.'  
'Perhaps it is all a scare,' exclaimed  
Archie.  
'You are very much mistaken. Papa  
is devoted to her and I to me. There's  
no time to lose. We are so intimate with  
the Montgomeries, you can be constantly  
at the cottage, and chance will throw  
opportunities in your way.'  
'Whose turn will it be to speak first?'  
cried Archie. 'I'll throw up a penny.'  
heads win, tails lose. It's mine!' with a  
glance of despair.  
Archie clung pertinaciously to Mrs.  
Page's side on the piazza, set next

her in the omnibus which took them  
to the bathing beach, walked home  
with her through the shady lane after the  
bathing.  
She was delighted with the gay young  
fellow. At length he showed a little claw:  
'Mrs. Page, we are all very much afraid  
you are going to marry papa.'  
'Would you not like me for a step-  
mother?' and she smiled deliciously at  
him.  
His tender heart melted: 'Like you!  
who could help liking you? But—and  
he hesitated—'we don't want a step-  
mother: step-mothers are detested in the  
west.'

An involuntary smile appeared on  
Mrs. Page's face: then she sighed.  
The good-hearted fellow felt compunc-  
tion as he heard the sigh. 'Hang it!' he  
burst forth, 'Gertrude set me at you. She  
expects me to be disagreeable, but who  
could fight a dove? It will be dangerous  
to marry papa: we shall be in love with  
our step-mother.'  
'Jack,' he cried to his brother a few  
moments after, 'I made a perfect mess of  
it—began to flatter and all that. She's  
an angel!'

'She is detestable!' returned Jack: 'I  
hate your purring, coaxing women. She  
shall have a piece of my mind, I can tell  
you.'  
Mrs. Page appeared to have a com-  
prehension of danger, for she avoided  
Jack Lee skillfully for two entire days.  
He shot fierce glances toward her at  
the dinner table, glared at her from  
under his bushy eyebrows in the ball-  
room, and when she came up dripping  
from her bath she could scarcely stagger  
past him, his sarcastic eyes were so over-  
powering.  
She avoided the piazzas, and on the  
third day had hidden herself with a book  
behind a rock, when, bristling and pug-  
nacious, he appeared: 'Pardon my intru-  
sion, but I am exceedingly desirous of  
seeing you, and alone.'

She bowed stiffly.  
'Mrs. Page, we have been told of my  
father's proposal, and that you think of  
accepting him. The idea is very dis-  
agreeable to all of us—to all of us,'  
repeated firmly: 'in fact, we can  
scarcely think well of you. It puts  
you in a most conspicuous, really odious  
light.'  
Mrs. Page did not look dovelike at this  
moment: her light brown eyes flashed  
indignantly at him.  
'There is but one object in marrying  
my father,' he resumed after a mo-  
ment's pause: 'it is a transaction com-  
mon enough in Mohammedan countries.  
You are purchased with a million of  
dollars: I think that was the sum men-  
tioned.'

Her lip quivered like a child's, indigna-  
tion and tears strove for the mastery,  
but cry she would not: he never should  
have that satisfaction.  
'Mr. Lee,' she exclaimed, 'I don't  
know what you think of your conduct:  
I think it is cowardly, dastardly. You  
are afraid of remonstrating with your  
father, but you hurl cruel, insulting words  
at me, a poor, defenseless woman. I ad-  
mire your father, I am even fond of him,  
but I was very far from consenting to  
marry him. Now I think I will. What  
his entreaties could not effect, your  
insolence has.' She arose, and with a Juno-  
like air swept away.

'Et tu, Brute?' exclaimed Mr. Lee  
senior to his son William, who had  
walked from the station, and was regis-  
tering his arrival in the book in the  
office.  
'Not at all, my dear father; and he  
took his father's arm and led him away.  
'I only came to see that you had fair  
play. Marry whom you please and as  
you please. But what is the lady's  
name?'

'She is a Mrs. Page—a widow.'  
'Ah!' exclaimed William, and his cor-  
diality to a degree vanished.  
'Let me introduce you,' said his  
father.  
'No, I am dusty and tired; I'll make  
my own way. They say she is staying  
with the Montgomeries.'  
Mrs. Page began to be very weary with  
all these complications. She felt hem-  
med in, beleaguered, by the Lees, and  
was taking a brisk morning walk on a  
dusty highway toward a neighboring  
town, in hopes to escape them for a time.  
Some one, however, was in swift pur-  
suit: she felt that it was a Lee. The foot-  
steps gained upon her.  
'Alice!' exclaimed a full melodious  
voice; and William Lee seized both her  
hands. 'Alice, is it really you?'

Mrs. Page trembled and grew very  
pale. He placed her on a large stone  
which stood conveniently near, and sat  
down beside her. 'Alice, where were you  
I traveled over Europe in search of  
you. Will you forgive me, my dar-  
ling, my suspicions, my anger, my ab-  
surd jealousy?'

Mrs. Page closed her eyes and tears  
rolled down her cheeks.  
At this juncture Mr. Lee senior,  
breathless with his chase after her, came  
up. He felt that this was a scene, and  
waited for explanations.  
'My dearest father,' exclaimed Wil-  
liam, rising, and seizing his arm, 'she  
loves both of us, but she promised to  
marry me first. I am sorry,' he con-  
tinued ruefully.  
'Dear Mr. Lee,' said Mrs. Page, seiz-  
ing his other arm, 'you are so like him  
—your bearing, your smiles, your  
tones—really, if I could not have  
married William I must have married  
you.'  
A cloud passed for a moment over  
Mr. Lee's face, but during his seventy  
years, whenever there were heroic, un-  
selfish qualities to be displayed, he was  
never wanting. 'My dear,' he said in  
that pleasant voice so like his son's,  
turning with kindly courtesy toward her  
'my dear, it is best as it is—more nat-  
ural, more appropriate.'

**An Old-Time Duel.**  
Among the many bloody duels on re-  
cord as having been fought by Con-  
gressmen was one of which James Jack-  
son, of Georgia, who had been and who  
was afterward a United States Senator,  
was the challenged party. He was 'an  
Englishman,' like the hero of 'Pinafore,'  
by birth, but he went to Savannah when  
a lad, studied law, was a leading Free-  
mason, and fought gallantly in the rev-  
olutionary war. He killed Lieutenant  
Governor Wells in 1780 in a duel, and  
was engaged in several other 'affairs of  
honor,' until he finally determined to  
accept a challenge on such terms as  
would make it his last duel. So he  
precribed as the terms that each party  
armed with a double-barreled gun, load-  
ed with buckshot, and with a hunting  
knife, should row himself in a skiff to  
designated points on opposite sides of  
the Savannah river. When the city  
clock struck twelve each party should  
start and row his skiff to a small island  
in the middle of the river, which was  
wooded and covered with underbrush.  
On arriving at the island each party  
was to moor his skiff, stand by it for ten  
minutes, and then go about on the  
island until the meeting took place. The  
seconds waited on the mainland until  
about one o'clock, when they heard  
three gunshots and loud and angry cries.  
Then all was still. At daylight, as had  
been agreed upon, the seconds went to  
the island and found Jackson lying on  
the ground insensible from the loss of  
blood, and his antagonist lying across  
him, dead. Jackson recovered, but  
would never relate his experience on  
that night, nor was he ever challenged  
again. He died in Washington, serving  
his second term as United States Sena-  
tor, March 19, 1806.

**Shooting of a Desperate Convict.**  
John Barrett, an inmate of Sing Sing  
prison, New York, refused to work and  
was confined in a dark cell, upon the ad-  
vice of the surgeon, who pronounced  
him fully able to do the labor he was  
endeavoring to shirk. The next morn-  
ing, in making his customary rounds  
among the prisoners under punishment,  
the surgeon threw open Barrett's cell  
door, whereupon the convict deluged  
him with the contents of his slop bucket.  
For this insubordination he was whip-  
ped and again put in confinement. Sub-  
sequently two keepers attempted to take  
him before the superintendent, when he  
drew a sharp table-knife and stabbing  
one of them severely turned and ran  
through the grounis to the molding  
shop, encoining himself in a corner  
where he could only be attacked in front,  
and picking up a hammer dared the  
three keepers who had pursued him to  
make an onslaught, meanwhile calling  
on the 200 prisoners at work to revolt  
with him; and they were only restrained  
by the revolvers of the few keepers. The  
latter urged Barrett to surrender, but  
wishing to shoot him, and fearing to  
throw themselves upon him lest the  
balance of the convicts should spring to  
his rescue. The desperate man chal-  
lenged the keepers to fire, and declaring  
his purpose to kill some one, lifted the  
hammer above his head preparatory for  
a rush on Keeper Good, steadily ad-  
vancing against the pointed pistol, when  
the officer fired and killed Barrett in-  
stantly. The other prisoners sprang  
forward, but the officials cowed them  
into submission. A jury of inquest  
rendered a verdict of justifiable homi-  
cide.

**A Singular State of Affairs.**  
Bristol, Va., is perhaps the only city  
in the world that has two mayors, two  
city governments, police, etc., and that  
is taxed in two States. The line be-  
tween Tennessee and Virginia is in the  
center of Main street and it gives rise to  
many funny scenes, as for example, the  
runaway couple need no coach and-four,  
but arm-in-arm step across Main street  
and are wedded. The fugitive who com-  
mits a crime in Virginia goes to the  
pavement on the other side of the street  
and talks defiantly to the officer on the  
opposite side, who has a warrant for his  
arrest. A stumble or a too bold dispo-  
sition will sometimes, however, bring  
him to grief. Several instances have  
occurred of fugitives being hustled  
across the line by a party prepared  
while in the act of holding such con-  
versation, and they tell of a man who  
defiantly perched himself on a pile of  
store boxes within six feet of the line,  
jeering the officers on the other side,  
but unfortunately for him some more  
law-abiding citizens tilted the boxes,  
and when he reached the ground, to his  
extreme mortification, he found that he  
was in the other State.

**Too Much for Him.**  
The other day a sharp-looking youth  
walked up quickly to the counter of the  
postoffice in a country town, and empty-  
ing a bag of coppers thereon, asked the  
clerk, who was attending to other cus-  
tomers, for a dollar's worth of one-cent  
stamps.  
'Oh, you be bothered!' was the an-  
swer. 'That's not a legal tender; it is  
all copper.'  
'What is a legal tender, then?' asked  
the boy.  
'Why, one cent is a legal tender for a  
one-cent stamp.'  
'Oh!' exclaimed the youth, 'is it?  
Come on, then,' passing a coin from the  
heap: 'a one-cent stamp, please.'  
'The clerk gave him one.  
'Another, please.'  
'A second was given him.  
'Another.'  
'Here, stop that,' the clerk said.—  
'Give me the money. It will be the  
shortest way to get rid of you.'  
After counting the money, he gave  
the value thereof in stamps to the lad,  
who was heard to mutter: 'I thought I  
would tire him out.'

**ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.**  
Texas has 3,674,000 sheep.  
A girl bitten by a skunk died in great  
agony in Tom Green county, Texas.  
Four hundred thousand persons are  
employed upon the railroads of this  
country.  
Each individual in a partnership is re-  
sponsible for the whole amount of the  
debts of the firm.  
For the first time in the history of the  
country we are sending abroad more  
food than fabrics.  
Scythes have undergone no radical  
change in form since they were first  
made, 223 years ago.  
Extensive preparations are being made  
in California to view the eclipse of the  
sun, which will be visible in that State  
next January.  
A poor fisherman at Tallahassee, Fla.,  
while digging worms for bait the other  
day, came upon an old brass kettle con-  
taining \$1,400 in gold coin.  
The first railroad in Palestine has been  
contracted for between Jaffa and Jerusa-  
lem, forty miles. The contractor is re-  
ported to be G. F. D. Lovell, a resident  
of Cincinnati.  
Virginia still retains her right to be  
considered the mother of statesmen, if  
Congressmen can be so considered, for  
there are twenty-two members of the  
present Congress who were born in her  
borders.  
The Gloucester (Mass.) fishermen are  
very indignant at an interference with  
their rights under the Washington treaty  
by the inhabitants of Cape Breton, by  
refusing to allow bait to be caught in  
their waters.  
The fastest one hundred yards ever  
run by an athlete was accomplished by  
George Seward, in England over twenty  
years ago. He covered the distance in the  
unprecedented time of nine and a  
quarter seconds.  
The leg of Mrs. H. A. Doty, a well-  
known lady of Bloomington, Ill., was  
broken by the contraction of muscles,  
resulting from inflammatory rheuma-  
tism. The case is considered very re-  
markable by the physicians.  
England consumes fifty pounds of su-  
gar per head. The United States stands  
next with forty-four pounds. France  
sweeters at the rate of fifteen and one-  
half pounds, and Turkey uses only three  
and one-third pounds per capita.  
There exists in England a catalogue  
of a Babylonian library, compiled over  
4,000 years ago, appended to which are  
directions to the student to write down  
and hand to the librarian the number of  
the book he wishes to consult, the same  
as in modern libraries.  
It is estimated that six countries in  
Europe will this year be compelled to  
buy three hundred million bushels of  
wheat, and that France and England will  
need three-fourths of this quantity, while  
France's share alone will cost her one  
million francs, or a fifth of the sum of  
her famous ransom. This means pros-  
perity for the American farmer.  
A rather novel sight was witnessed in  
the police court at Richmond, Va., in  
the appearance of a colored lawyer as  
the counsel for a white man, who was  
arraigned for some trifling offense. This  
was the first time since the enfranchis-  
ment of the negro that one of that race  
has appeared as the counsel of the  
white race in the courts of Richmond.

Bombay, with a population of 650,000  
and an average to the square mile ex-  
ceeding London, is the second city in  
the British empire in point of numbers.  
The average death rate for the past five  
years has been about all thin and  
London. The people are tall, thin and  
stately in appearance, with fine, intelli-  
gent eyes. The city stands on an island,  
joined by an embankment to the main-  
land.  
The swiftest railroad trains are run in  
England, according to a German gov-  
ernment report—a speed of fifty miles  
an hour being common between London  
and Dover, London and York, and Lon-  
don and Hastings. Trains go at forty-  
two miles an hour on one of the Belgian  
lines. The fastest in France and Ger-  
many do not often exceed forty, and in  
other European countries thirty is the  
maximum.  
Wm. Sawyer, aged seventeen, and  
Maggie Haggert, aged fifteen, eloped  
together from Gloverville, N. Y., some  
time ago, and were chased twenty-four  
hours by her father and an officer, whom  
they eluded, and were married. Last  
Saturday the bride was sentenced to the  
Western house of refuge by a Ulster  
magistrate, on the complaint of her hus-  
band that she was a vagrant, having no  
means of support.  
A farm laborer at Ardleigh, England,  
went to the help of a man who was be-  
ing overpowered by a lunatic in his  
charge and in danger of being killed.—  
He was absent from work an hour and a  
half, and was prosecuted by his employ-  
er for five shillings damages on account  
of loss of services, and the court decided  
against him for not getting permission  
from his employer before going to the  
rescue of a man who was liable to be  
killed at any moment.  
The dwelling of the Wines family, at  
Martintete, Wis., got afire in the night,  
and the lower part was all in flames be-  
fore the three children had escaped from  
an upper room. The eldest, a boy,  
jumped from a window into a bedquilt  
held underneath. A younger lad, only  
eight years old, was about to follow, but  
the mother saw that a three-year-old  
girl was not at the window. The boy  
returned and got his sister, who was  
in his room, but the fire cut him off,  
and his lifeless body was found with the  
little one's clasped in his arms.