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FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

CHAS. B. AYCOCK, EDITOR.

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CHAPEL HILL, N. C., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1879.

NO. 25.

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 13th to the 23d.

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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Chapel Hill, N. C.

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S. R. STREET & SON.

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Shaving, 15 cents.
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Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

A Summer Day Idyl.

MORNING.
Morn on the mountains wide and far
His rosy wealth is flinging.
And drowsy mists from gorge and brier
Their upward flight are winging.
Come, friend, the lark is in the sky,
The golden hours are fleeing;
The cloudless eyes of youth and hope
Are surely best for seeing.
There is a glamor in the gleams,
Where rustic bells are chiming;
The glowing hills beyond the fens
May yield a prize in climbing.
We'll journey on by flood and field,
We'll run and laugh together;
And love and truth will be our stay
Through clear and cloudy weather.

NOON.

Here let us linger for a while—
The green leaves clustering o'er us
The lay of life is soft and sweet,
When bird-throats swell the chorus.
The zephyr wows the passive bough
That steals by broomy cover;
The mated snch on blossom'd spray
Pipes to his nestled lover.
Ambition seeks the upland path;
Wealth care-born fancies follows;
But love is found in humbler ways,
Mid green and peaceful hollows.
Oh eyes that droop with tender grace!
Oh lips that bloom for kissing!
If love waits truth upon her face,
This is her hour of blessing.

EVENING.

'Tis sweet to stray by violet nooks
When birds their mates are calling,
And sweet, sweet is the voice of love
When evening dews are falling.
Oh helpful hands that fain would rest,
Rest sweet nor dream of sorrow;
Think you the heart that loved to-day
Will love you less to-morrow?
The flowers that shine about our feet
Sleep safe in winter's keeping,
And wake to-day to fragrant life
More sweetly for their sleeping.
What though we find the changeful sun
His weary charge forsaking,
We'll lay us down in hopeful rest,
And dream of brighter waking.

THE FAIRY GUEST.

John and Peggy Donnel lived half-way up Doohish Mountain, in a region of frequent mist and storm. Far down below them lay Gartan Lough, embosomed in rugged, farn-covered hills, and above and around stretched mile upon mile of mountain—acres of heather, the shade of grouse, innumerable patches of grass where droves of sheep and cattle grazed, and inaccessible heights, known only to the golden eagle and her wild brood.
Donnel was a drover, a, e, he bought up cattle, let them graze upon the mountains, and sold them, when fattened. He was very comfortably off, and his cottage was well built and thatched. He found no difficulty in paying his rent to the day, and had always abundance of such simple food and clothing as satisfied his desires. It was a November night of storm and rain. The gusts thundered at the door, tossing the bare arms of the few stunted cypresses that grew near the house; they had swept along mountain ridges and across the gray waters of the lough, and now shrieked and howled madly round the gable. An occasional fall in the storm brought the clamor of seagull and cry of plover to Donnel's ear. He looked the door, stuffed a wisp of straw under it to keep out the cold wind, and sat down opposite Peggy in the ample chimney corner.

'God send the cattle has found shelter the night!' said he, shaking the ashes out of his pipe.

Peggy was spinning. She stopped her wheel suddenly to ask, 'Did you not hear something, John, dear?'

'Aye, Peggy, I heard the sough o' the wind.'

'Whist, whist, honey! there it was again; it was like the wind.'

'Sure it was the seagull an' the plover,' replied her husband, carelessly.

Just then another blast of hurricane swept across the lake and thundered at the door, tossing the carefully arranged wisp of straw into the middle of the kitchen.

'It was a pitiful cry; but it wasna the birds, let alone the wind,' said Peggy, listening intently.

'What was come to we'r door the night?' asked John, impatiently. 'You're aye talking foolishness since that villain, that thief o' the word, Tim O'Brien, went awa'.'

Two days previously the servant had taken his departure without giving warning, or letting his master and mistress have the slightest inkling of his intention. They had both been over-worked since then, and the consequence was that one was cross and the other tired and nervous.

Again the whistling, raging blast—Mrs. Donnel shivered, and muttered a prayer for sailors and wanderers as she threw more turf upon the blazing hearth. There was a strange cry at that very moment. She went to the door and unlocked it, and while the wind burst in resistlessly, it brought something like a human figure in along with it.

'Woman! woman!' screamed the outraged husband, jumping up with an oath to resheat and look the door.

As the cloud of turf ashes began to settle again, the figure, the gift of the storm, was more distinctly seen. A miserable, stunted boy, thinly clad,

without any or shoes and stockings, crouched over the fire, holding his parched hands to the warmth. He had red hair, large blue eyes, and a gentle, intelligent face. Peggy Donnel felt her heart drawn toward him at once.

'Poor wee! but you're killin' wi' the wet an' cold. Did you come far the day?' she asked.

The poor boy lifted his large, soft eyes to her face without speaking.

'Be seated an' warm yourself; the guide man makes you welcome.'

The boy sat down on the stool she placed for him before the fire, and smiled at her in silence.

'Who had the heart to let the likes o' you travel the night? What do they call you, my poor wee man?'

No answer. 'I declare he's a dummy, John,' cried she; 'the poor wee!'

The storm raged on; but the wanderer was safe and happy. He stretched out his bare feet on the warm flagstone, and the steam rose from his rags, which had been soaked through with the rain.

Meanwhile Peggy set back her wheel, lifted the pot from the crook, and filled a wooden bowl with mealy potatoes. The boy eyed them hungrily, and when she spread a handful of salt on a stool, and put a tin of milk into his hand, he required no further invitation.

John Donnel's ill temper vanished as he watched the child eat his supper and heard his sighs of contentment.

'Where shall he sleep? Tim O'Brien's bed's no made yet.'

'I'll shake straw in the corner there near the fire,' replied Peggy, 'an' throw a wheen sacks over him. He'll sleep right, I'll warrant him.'

'Aye, it'll be better nor the back o' a dike,' I'm thinking,' returned John.

The poor creature was now quite dry and warm; he lay down on the straw that the kind woman prepared for him, but he first caught hold of her hand and looked it over his lips upon it.

'Look, John, look, cried she, with tears in her eyes; 'did you ever see the like o' that?'

It was twenty years since a child had slept under that roof; full twenty years since a small black coffin had been carried down the mountain, containing Peggy Donnel's son, and more than half her heart. She dreamed of her dead son that night as she had not dreamed for a very long time. She fancied that he came to her bedside, and begged her to be good to the 'friendless' child for his sake.

The storm lulled before dawn, and by the time the Donnels got up to their work the stranger was up also. 'When Peggy took her milkpail, prepared to go out to the byre, he sprang forward and caught her by the hand. Smilingly she consented to let him help her milk Mollie and Buttercup and strain up the milk; then, while she made breakfast, he signed to John that it was his wish to assist him also. Very useful he was in finding the cattle and driving them to fresh grazing ground; and he did a hundred helpful things during the day.

'He's a sight better than Tim O'Brien. Let us keep him, an' he'll be as good a boy as we could get,' said John Donnel that evening.

'What name shall we call him?' asked Peggy, quite pleased at her husband's proposal.

'Niel' was a good enough name, thought John.

So the dumb boy was called 'Niel,' was given a suit of gray frieze, and shoes and socks, and became the servant instead of the truant, Tim O'Brien.

A season of extraordinary prosperity began for the Donnels from the day Niel came to them. No accident happened to the cattle that winter or spring; the hens laid diligently, so that Peggy made quantities of money by selling eggs; the churn was always so full of butter that the staff would hardly move in it; and butter was bringing eighteen pence per pound in Letterkenny market. If Donnel sold, he gained more than his neighbors; if he bought, everything was cheap for him.

'We did weel to shelter the boy,' he was wont to remark when any striking instance of Niel's industry or cleverness came under his observation; but sometimes, to his wife's anger and disgust, he would animadvert upon the large appetite of the little servant.

Niel gained the good-will of the few neighbors who lived on the mountain; but, what was more remarkable, he seemed to have a strong attraction for all birds and animals.

The very night after his arrival he made a handsome bow, and each evening while Peggy sat at her spinning-wheel, he made arrows, tossing them, as he finished them, up to the loft. There was a large sheaf of arrows lying beside the bow, but he never shot a single one.

'Why, but you tak' your bow an' arrows outbye an' play yourself a wee, Niel, dear?' asked Mrs. Donnel, when the bright spring evenings came, but no answer of any description was forthcoming.

It was a real vexation to her that she had no means of discovering why he had made the bow and went on making so many arrows.

One November morning, a year after Niel's arrival, John Donnel came into the kitchen, pale with grief and dismay.

'The cattle are all away!' he cried—'all driven off the mountain in the night. Thieves! robbers! Oh, Niel, avick!—Oh, Peggy, mavourneen, what'll I do, anyway?'

'Gone? Stolen?' exclaimed Peggy, and she was unable to utter a word more.

'Aye, gone—stolen!' repeated the bereaved owner, crying bitterly.

'Whisht! said Niel, coming forward quietly, and speaking in an authoritative tone—'whisht this minute, an' sad-

dle the mare, an' let us awa' after the thieves!'

The surprise of hearing Niel calmed John at once. He let him bring out the mare, and helped him to put on the saddle. Then he mounted, and it seemed quite natural that the boy should spring up behind, first taking his bow and arrows from the loft.

'Follow me,' commanded Niel, when they reached the high-road; 'I see the tracks o' the beasts.'

Donnel could not see any tracks, but he trusted Niel to guide him at each cross road. The day was far advanced before they caught sight of the drove, about a quarter of a mile ahead of them, accompanied by two—poories and four men.

'How'll we fight a thae thieves an' rasals o' the world?' cried John, again reduced to the depths of despair.

'Leave it to me,' replied Niel, bending to one side, and shooting an arrow in the direction of the drove.

There was a strange connection ahead when that fairy arrow reached its goal, for the animal hit at once turned round and galloped back to its owner. Another and another arrow followed that one, till at length the whole drove turned about, and presently surrounded John and Niel.

There stood the four robbers, gazing after them as if spell-bound.

'Now,' said Niel, 'we may ride home again; the cattle will go before us.'

On and on they rode, driving the recovered heifers. No word of gratitude had Donnel spoken, and as the glow of pleasure caused by the restoration of his property died out a little, his usual fretful temper returned; but Niel did not appear to notice his morose silence.

'Will you be pleased to stop at this house by the road, John, till I get a drink?' asked the boy, who was tired and thirsty.

'We havena the time to stop, an' night comin' on; sure you can wait till we get home,' replied the churlish master.

Niel said nothing until they reached another house, a mile further on, when he again made his request, and was again refused. But Donnel himself began to be thirsty and weary, and at the next roadside cabin he drew up.

'Good woman,' called he, 'be pleased to gie me a drink.'

The woman hurried out with a bowl of water, from which Donnel drank; and then he said to Niel, 'Here, boy, you may as well drink.'

'No, John Donnel,' returned the boy, 'you are a selfish, ungrateful man, an' I'll neither eat nor drink mair frae your hand. I brought your cattle back, but you wouldna stop a minute to let me drink; an' you'd tak' the drink yourself before you'd hand the bowl to me. If it wasna for Peggy, I'd just send the beasts back to the thieves; but I'll leave your house, an' that'll be punishment enough for you.' So saying, Niel jumped down from the horse, and climbing a ditch disappeared.

'Oh, Niel, avick! Sure I didna mean to affront you. Oh, come back! How will I get the beasts home, anyway?'

No answer—no trace of Niel, search where he might. With the utmost difficulty, and after hiring a couple of men to help him, Donnel did succeed in driving his cattle home, and it was late at night when he entered his own kitchen, and sank down by the fire.

'Where's Niel?' was the first thing Peggy said.

Her sorrow and dismay overwhelmed her as she listened to her husband's story.

'Oh, John, you unfortunate, foolish man; don't you know what you've done? You've banished luck frae we'r roof. Sure I knowed what he was the minute I heard him speak this mornin'.'

The poor woman threw her apron over her head and wept as she had not wept since her son's coffin left the house one-and-twenty years before. And good reason had she for her tears. From that moment nothing prospered with John. His health failed; his cattle met with accidents; his luck attended him in everything he undertook. He had, indeed, abundant cause to mourn for the loss of his fairy guest.

Reminiscence of a Great Novelist.

This charming little anecdote of Mr. Thackeray is told in the 'Memoir of Henry Compton.' I well recollect my brother and myself meeting my father returning from rehearsal through Hyde Park, in company with a tall, burly man of a ruddy complexion. My father carelessly introduced us as two of the 'varmints'; his friend shook hands with us, and inquired about our school affairs and sports more kindly than did most middle-aged gentlemen we knew. They were both engaged in conversation which we did not understand, till, just before reaching the barracks, my father said: 'Well, we have to part here, as you are going to Oxford-st.' 'Yes,' said his friend, 'I must leave you and your boys now; and turning to us he wished us good-bye very heartily; then, as he was shaking hands with my father, he added, 'I wonder what there is in my purse?—There, Compton, take it, and give the young 'uns what there is—not much, I'm thinking.' 'No, no,' said my father; 'you must not do that. Nonsense, my dear fellow; I was a schoolboy once, and know the value of tips. Everybody should tip schoolboys—it does them good.' So saying, he hurried off, leaving his purse with my father. 'Who is that?' we both exclaimed. 'That's a very celebrated man called Thackeray,' said my father. 'How much is there?' was the next very natural question. I forgot the exact amount, but we both went home some five or six shillings richer, much impressed with the celebrated man who had such 'stunning' ideas, and carried them out so well.

A Boy's Terrible Fall.

A few days ago the Salt Lake Utah Herald casually mentioned that an Ogdon tight-rope walker would undertake the feat of breaking his neck if a sufficient collection could be raised to pay his funeral expenses. Though the intimation did not prove true, it is rather a matter of regret, as one younger and proportionately more innocent suffers from the foolhardy exhibition. Last night was the time set for the feat, and in addition to walking the rope at a great height, Megginson, the rope-walker, promised to carry a twelve-year-old boy on his back across the rope, to stand on his head upon it, to lie down on his face, balancing the pole over his back, and to carry two pails of water from one building to another. The rope was stretched across Main street. He commenced his exhibition, and while endeavoring to carry the boy across he lost his balance and dropped him to the pavement, fifty feet below, after having walked within ten feet of the end. The rope was on an incline of about three feet. In stepping on this incline the professor seemed to lose his balance, his pole swinging to the perpendicular, and almost instantly after the immense concourse of people who had assembled to witness the affair were horrified to see the boy whirling through the air, striking his head with a sickening thud. Megginson threw himself over, catching the rope with one hand in his fall, and after hanging a few seconds in mid-air succeeded in gaining a window, going hand over hand. The boy, whose name is stated as William Allen, is said to be a son of the city marshal of Junction City, Kan. It is alleged that he ran away from home and was taken up by the traveling performer, many exhibitions having been given successfully.

The boy struck the pavement on the right shoulder and head, partially dislocating the neck and causing concussion of the brain. He is still alive, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. Megginson is arrested.

Singular Law Suit.

A law suit of a singular kind is shortly to occupy the attention of the magistrates at Milan, Italy. An amateur of art, residing in the above-named town, recently died. On his death-bed he sent for a confessor, but the priest who obeyed the summons of the sick man absolutely refused to absolve him unless he

ly fine canvases signed by Rubens, which the rigid son of the church found too rude to meet his bigoted views of propriety and morality. The proprietor of the paintings pleaded hard for his *chef d'oeuvre*, which, with the rest of his art collection, he wished to bequeath to his heirs, but finding the priest inflexible, and what remained to him of life rapidly ebbing away, he at last consented to the act of vandalism exacted of him, and the two Rubens were committed to the flames. This done, there remained just time for the priest to absolve the dying man before he breathed his last. His son, who inherits the property, was absent at the moment of his father's decease; but having since discovered the circumstances under which those two valuable paintings were destroyed, he has determined to prosecute the priest for having abused the confidence of a dying man, and thus diminished the value of his inheritance by 30,000 francs. This sum he claims from the confessor, who refuses to pay, urging that the paintings were burned with the free consent of their late owner. It remains to be seen what view the judges will take of such fanatical conduct.

London's Water Supply.

London is not so progressive in some other matters as in the construction of the road-bed of her streets. It will hardly be credited that this vast metropolis, with its population of three millions, has no municipal water supply. That is to say, there is no supply of pure water direct from its sources under the administration of metropolitan authority.

The quotation is from the language of a resolution passed at a recent meeting held to consider the question, and at which such prominent men as Sir Chas. Dilke, Sir John Lubbock, the bishop of London and Cardinal Manning were among the speakers.

At present the city is supplied by no less than eight trading companies, whose dividends are enormous. Their net profits for last year are said to amount to nearly \$4,000,000. Of course, the effect of the water supply being in the hands of these greedy corporations is to make the world-wide expression 'as free as water,' a grim sarcasm to the swarming population of London. Indeed, one of the speakers at the meeting to which I have referred rather wittily remarked that the head of a great manufacturing house in London had made a calculation of the water used by his establishment and found that it would be cheaper for him to connect his premises with the nearest brewery and use beer at the cost price, instead of water!

Educational Statistics.

The printing of the report of the commissioner of education for 1877, as authorized by Congress, has just been completed. It shows the increase of pure States and Territories (Wyoming not included) to be \$86,869,166. The expenditures (Wyoming not included) \$80,233,458. The school population of thirty-eight States and nine Territories is said to be 14,227,748. The bequests made to educational institutions for the year equaled \$3,000,000, of which sum institutions for the superior instruction of women received \$163,976.

Handsome sapphires and amethysts are found in Jackson county, N. C.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The population of New Orleans is 280,000.

Scarlet fever is so prevalent in Indianapolis that the advisability of keeping the public schools closed for a time is being discussed.

The drought in Roumania continues. A partial famine is likely to ensue in many districts unless the government assists the inhabitants.

Forty-one of the candidates on the Workingmen's ticket in San Francisco were foreigners, and of that number twenty-four came from Ireland.

Since the reduction in the tobacco tax the loss thereby to the internal revenue department has been over three-quarters of a million of dollars per month.

All the directors of the West of England and South of Wales District bank except one, have been committed for trial for publishing false balance sheets.

King Messa, ruler near Victoria, Nyanza, Africa, has abolished slavery throughout his dominions. At least half a million of slaves were liberated on Saturday.

Eggs imported from Chicago last month were eaten at Dublin breakfast tables, and good American butter at 8d. per pound was and still is on sale on the Dublin quays.

James Bullock, of Walton county, Ga., while hoeing in a cotton field recently, found concealed in a stump \$10,000 in gold and silver and a pile of greenbacks. The paper money had rotted.

A span of the Great Kaw river bridge, Kansas, gave way, precipitating 270 cattle and two herders a distance of eighty feet. One herder was badly injured, but less than a dozen cattle were injured.

Early in 1880 the Bible revision committee hope to give the public a sight of the New Testament. Two editions will be issued—one small and cheap, for general use, and the other a large, handsome octavo.

A negro was watching negroes in Griffin, Ga., play billiards. In turning, his stick knocked down several coats, in the pockets of one of which was a derringer, which being discharged inflicted a mortal wound.

Indian Agent Newell, at Rosebud Agency, Dakota, reports during the month of August the Indians made good use of the twenty mowing machines and

Four thousand tons of good merchantable hay has been harvested by them.

The king of Abyssinia claims the whole of the strip of coast which was ceded to Egypt in 1877, and also several towns and the territory in which they are situated. If his demands are rejected war is apprehended. General Gordon has been empowered to offer a compromise.

The New York produce exchange has issued a circular to the manufacturers of flour throughout the country, recommending that hereafter all barreled flour intended for shipment to that market shall weigh 200 pounds, and all flour in sacks 100, 150, or 200 pounds, the number of pounds to be marked on each package.

In the chancery court of Campbell county, Kentucky, Chancellor Menzies rendered a written opinion that the lottery commonly known as the Commonwealth Distribution Company of Kentucky is an illegal enterprise, subject to suppression at any moment by grand jury, and that purchasers of tickets have no security for payment of prizes.

A new colony to be introduced in Georgia will be composed of many wealthy members, who will bring a printing press with them and publish an organ styled *The Worker*, edited by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, a lady of great wealth, noted for her many noble acts of charity, and who gave last year over \$30,000 to the yellow fever sufferers of Memphis.

A terrible disease has appeared in Pauding, Harrison and Polk counties, Georgia. It has been fatal to all persons attacked. It appears to be a sort of typhoid fever with unusual symptoms, and it is quickly fatal. Physicians say they cannot tell what it is. One doctor had twenty-nine cases and lost them all. The disease has carried off sixty young men in the three counties mentioned.

A railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is to be built by a Massachusetts man who has secured from the Mexican government the right of way and the promise of a subsidy of \$12,000 a mile. The line will be an important rival of the Panama railroad, and will be of immense advantage in assisting the Mexican authorities to enforce order in a large section of their turbulent republic.

A Milan, Italy, correspondent, referring to the Philadelphia and Reading locomotive exhibited at Paris last year, says that it has given most satisfactory and creditable results on the R. man and Alta Italia railway, burning every kind of lignite found in Italy, and, according to the report of railroad engineers who made the tests, more successfully than any other, at the same time doing better service and drawing heavier trains than the best Italian engines.

A young Kentuckian named Thompson, who was happily engaged to a fair widow, got intoxicated while in the company of some exciting companions, whereupon the lady broke the engagement, declaring she would never marry a man who drank. This decision worked upon the man's mind that after moping about for a few days he descended into an unused well and held his face in the shallow water until dead. When found the body was on his knees, and the shoulders and back of the head were not even damp.