

ESTABLISHED IN 1825.

Jefferson Davis—His Home and Family. (Continued from page 1.)

Beauvoir, the house of Jefferson Davis, is a part of the property which was bequeathed to him by the late Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsay. Her relatives attempted to set aside the will, but the Supreme Court recently confirmed the decisions of the lower courts in his favor.

It is situated on the gulf coast in Mississippi, between Biloxi and Mississippi City. Near by are the campgrounds where the Methodists hold their annual summer meetings. The house is an old Southern mansion, such is quite common in this section. Its wide halls and many galleries speak of ante-bellum days, of the old time when wealth and luxury here were the common lot of all.

Beauvoir mansion stands something less than one hundred yards from the blue waters of the gulf. It rests upon brick pillars twelve feet high. Broad steps reach from the ground up to the wide front gallery, which is a private library. Many of these things were the property of Mrs. Dorsay, and included in the bequests she made Mr. Davis.

In the wide, airy hall are divans and lounges, upholstered in chintz by Mrs. Davis's own hands. On the walls hang her paintings and those of her daughter. Round on every side are curious relics of other days and other lands. Beyond the hall to the left is an ell containing the bed chambers, with large windows and doors opening on the latched porches. Across an intervening court opposite is the dining room, with its wealth of old silver and glass, pictures and ornaments.

In the yard toward the front of the house are two pavilions of two rooms each. The one on the left is furnished as bedrooms for guests. The other on the right, is Mr. Davis's study. The latter is modestly furnished with a lounge, tables and chairs and contains quite a library. Here the great man spends much of his time in reading and writing. A small room adjoining is his daughter's study, containing many little articles de notitia woman's occupancy. The window opens on a small garden of rare and beautiful tropical flowers.

A few orange trees are scattered in the garden and yard. The stable, pines, and cypresses stand around in forest-like grandeur. From their branches wave the festoons of fragrant moss. Again, it hangs in graceful pendants, or interlaces the pine cones and green foliage of the trees. In the rear of the house, on the left may be seen the cottage occupied by Robert Brown, Mr. Davis's body servant, who still follows, as he never has done, his master's fortunes. It was he who took care of the children and carried them to Canada when Mrs. Davis followed her husband to a prisoner's cell. He is a dark malatto with a mixture of Indian blood. His hair is long and nearly straight, and now quite gray. His bearing is that of a polished gentleman.

There is another less faithful friend, though he is a dumb brute and said to be without a soul. It is Traylor, a great Newfoundland dog. Lord Byron pronounces a dog the most disinterested friend of man. Perhaps he was right. Traylor is the constant attendant either of Mr. or Mrs. Davis. When next with one he is surely found near the other.

He welcomes the stranger with glad demonstrations and taking his hand gently in his great mouth, leads him up the steps into the house. He stretches himself on the rug at his master's feet whenever there are guests in the parlor; he walks with the family and friends to the dining room and soberly seats himself near the hearth until the meal is finished. He remains quiet until his kind and good thoughtful master fills a plate with food and tells him to speak if he is hungry. A wag of his tail and a "bow-wow," and he is immediately served just outside the door on a mat.

Whenever Mrs. Davis drives out Traylor accompanies her. When the phaeton is ordered the dog immediately goes to the beach for a bath, retreating in time to join his mistress at the door. He trots along beside the phaeton through the woodland roads, stopping to bathe in every clear-running brook let by the roadside. Shaking his long silken hair so white and black until it is almost white, he resumes his journey, passing through the villages of Biloxi, Handsboro, or Mississippi City, as the route of his mistress may determine. Traylor was the property of Mrs. Davis's son, who fell a victim to yellow fever in Memphis, Tenn., in 1878. His young master was very much attached to the dog, and had placed him in the care of Mrs. Dorsay at Beauvoir. She also very fond of him.

Between the dog and Ned, the horse, there exists an affectionate regard. Lazy Ned, as he is familiarly called, trots more briskly

while in Traylor's company. If the dog is left behind, the horse will turn his head in the direction of his cries, and he can only be urged forward by the whip.

Among other pleasant recollections of Beauvoir is the sweet, sad face of Martha, Mrs. Davis's attendant. For years she has been with her. She lost her two brothers, they were her all, in the Confederate army. She united her fortunes to those of her generous friends, and is truly appreciated by the family.

Mr. Davis has now but two children, both daughters, Margaret or Maggie, is married to Addison Hayes, of Memphis, and is the mother of two little girls; Varina or Winnie is still of her father's household. The leading charm at Beauvoir, she is accomplished and affectionate, and her presence is to her parents a "well-spring of joy." Upon her, by bequest, Mrs. Dorsay entailed a portion of her estate.

Mrs. Davis's maiden name was Varina Howell. She was one of the oldest and most honorable families of Mississippi. A noble specimen of the Southern woman, she is above the average both personally and mentally.

Like Mary and Martha Washington, Mrs. Davis has united the gentle, loving mother, with domestic virtues, to grander womanly qualities.

Whether at the National Capitol, bearing the honors of the wife of the Secretary of War, and later, listening to the loud acclamations that greeted his election to the United States Senate, or at Briarfield, as the mother and mistress of the household, we find the same type of noble womanhood.

In prosperity, as in adversity, whether the consort of the President of the Confederacy, or the wife of the exile of Beauvoir, the same grand nature pervades her life. Still moving forward with an undaunted spirit—which sustained her in so many hours of trial, which supported her amid the changing chains at Fort Monroe—she glances fondly and untrusting to her husband in his declining years. The friend and companion, she is all to him now in his quiet house.

A native of Kentucky, Mrs. Davis was reared in Mississippi. For his home his attachment is unbounded. He firmly put aside all temptations to live abroad, and cast his lot on the Gulf coast of his much loved State. The heart of his history is his, and it will remain faithful through coming years. Time has not bent his proud form, nor age dimmed his wonderful mind, though four score years are his. His life is blessed with the love of all who know him. Among his acquaintances there are no cavaliers. It is only those who do not know him who misunderstand and misapprehend him. He takes no interest in politics. He desires no office. He is not even a citizen of the country, in the service of which the best years of his life were spent. He desires nothing more than to live quietly among his own people and to feel that in death, as in life, he is ever dear to them.

Beauvoir is to him a sacred place beautiful, heart satisfying and real. There is a harmony in the sobbing breezes as they move, sighing through the plumes of the pines that tower above. Melodious strains, low and sweet, linger faintly in the soft evening air. The clamor of the seas, a trifle louder, soon follows in rymths, like the distant notes of the bass viol, whose bow is held by an invisible hand. Now and then a chord is lost, or a note broken, and a thousand quivering chimerae are heard in the distance, growing lower, lower, until silence reigns supreme.

Joined by Steel Bands. The City of Mexico—That ancient city of the Aztecs—is now in direct railroad communication with New York. On Saturday the last spike was driven at Central Railroad from El Paso, on the border, to Mexico, the capital city. Through traffic will open about the 20th inst., and in April Pullman cars will be attached to all the express trains. The formal opening is fixed for May 5, which is a national holiday in Mexico. A cry to the city concurred by Cortez and immortalized by Prescott can then be made in six days, and travel all the distance in Pullman cars. Arriving at Chicago any of the through lines can be taken to Kansas City, where connection is made with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, which runs to El Paso, where, after lunch and the examination of baggage by the Custom House officers, the traveler can step across the track and enter the cars of the Mexican Central. The distance between El Paso and the City of Mexico is 1,224 miles and this is expected to be covered in about two days. The traveler will pass through a district populated by about 5,000,000 inhabitants through Aguascalientes, Guadalupe, San Luis Potosi and other cities of almost unpronounceable names, through a territory rich in its deposits of gold and silver and iron and its acres of agricultural land.

And yet the completion of this great undertaking, which ranks next in extent with the trans-Atlantic cable, and joins together the two Republics by a band of steel, has been accomplished with so little stir or noise and in so short a time that many people learn for the first time that there was such an enterprise only when the last spike has been driven. The undertaking is distinctly a Boston one, and has been pushed to completion by the same hands which built the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, New York, Chicago and other cities, however, contributed largely to the capital required to build the road.

Congressional Sophomores.

I seem to see now in fancy my departed friend on that far-off shore. His once soaring spirit in peaceful repose at last, basking in the glad sunrise of an eternal morning. From that infinite height may we not fancy him comprehending in the vast sweep of his perfected vision the places, events and interests that attracted his thoughts and engaged his energies in life? So shall he look down upon a grateful country, her reverent millions paying the tribute of tears to one who served their interests faithfully, whose devotion to the cause of social regeneration and whose championship of the rights and dignity of American labor equalled their sincere admiration. In the van of them all will be held the sorrowing hosts of his own State watering his grave with tears and bedecking it with lily and immortelle. When these flowers fade and their fragrance perishes surviving affection will rear a sculptured column above his life, and the enduring marble will still shall crumble and decay, yet his name and fame fade from recollection.

Dying is but a disappearing mist from the crest of the mountain. How many ships with full sails go out into the bosom of the ocean only to return battered and worn. How many hearts commenced life joyful and glad, and afterward beat irregularly, like a clock out of time. He was plucked from us in the very springtime of his days, with the pulses of thought strong, vigorous and clear. How enchantingly the rainbow of future promise must have appeared to him, and with what endearment he must have embraced the prospect of the future. It is inexplicable and to witness the scissors of death severing the threads that bind the human soul to this earth. What hopes are crushed, what anticipations are frosted. The ocean that separates this world from the next to human eye can penetrate. Oh, what is death but a rebirth into that larger life where we go forth as spirits. Who can measure the compass of our existence? We come here without our consent and depart without being consulted.

The wrecked bark rides an anchor without a disturbing wave. On his grave the morning sun will rise and evening twilight fade. As the years go by the stars will shine upon it and the gloom of the nights that are features of it in blackness. The winter winds will shriek above it, and in the springtime the melody of the bird song and the perfume of flowers will environ it. There, in the solemn calm of the grave, we left him to await the call of the angels.

Several important things, as yet unknown to the country, occurred at the recent meeting of the Democratic National committee in Washington. For instance, the treasurer of the committee reported every reasonable claim upon him adjusted and paid in full, \$1,800 cash in his hands. The books were there to show every dollar of the receipts and every dollar of the expenditures. There was nothing to conceal, either as to where the money came from and where it went.

Shortly after the Presidential election of 1880 it was charged by many Democrats, and the charge was elaborated in a prominent Democratic newspaper of the West, that the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden, piqued at the failure of the Democracy to force upon him a nomination, had had formally and voluntarily declined, secretly endeavored to effect General Hancock's defeat, working particularly through his trusty friends in the all-important State of New York.

If any member of the National committee was weak enough to believe this charge, what must have been his surprise, upon looking at the books placed before him, to find that sums were subscribed and paid as follows: By S. J. Tilden, of N. Y., \$51,500; By W. H. Barnum, of Conn., 40,000; By W. L. Scott, of Penn., 43,000; By Henry B. Payne, of Ohio, 20,000; By Oliver H. Payne, of Ohio, 31,000; By W. J. Gordon, of Ohio, 5,000.

These gentlemen are all in political parlance. "Tilden men," and yet they were among the most liberal contributors to the fund raised to pay the legitimate expenses of Gen. Hancock's campaign. If Samuel J. Tilden and his friends desired the defeat of Gen. Hancock, they chose a most unusual method of carrying their desires into effect.

Third Assistant Postmaster-General Hazen has received a musty and curious volume from Connecticut. It is the Postoffice regulations in force in 1793. It is printed in the old style and the words are faint and yellow with age. On the cover is this inscription: "Samuel Tilden's book, postmaster at Stonington, Conn., 1793." It contains the act establishing the Post-office Department, which is signed by F. A. Muhlenberg as Speaker, John Adams as Vice-President, and George Washington as President; also contains the Postoffice regulations in force June, 1790; and which are signed by Timothy Pickens as Postmaster-General. In a memorandum on this note, "No postoffice is yet established in the city of Washington, and it is uncertain when one will be established there." It also contains the number of postoffices and post routes in operation. There are less than 1,000; now there are 48,000 postoffices alone.

More than sixty millionaires may be found in Chicago.

Fence Cutting in Texas.

"Fence cutting," said a native who knows Texas like a book "is the protest of very peculiar people against evils quite as remarkable and nearly as outrageous as the present trouble growing out of them. Scattered among the public and private lands in the grazing country are school lands that could be made to produce a revenue that would pay away with the school tax. In the same country are little farms worked by settlers, and little nests which used to be the headquarters of those liberty-loving Texans who pastured their cattle on the open country, and never dreamed that it did not belong to them and to all mankind in common. In this country there are few roads. You might confine yourself to patches as big as half of New Jersey, and say there are no roads at all. Water holes and water courses, regarded as God's endowment to the cattle raisers, seem the prairie. Imagine great corporations, whose stock is owned in Paris, London, New York and Chicago, suddenly buying up vast tracts and fencing in whole counties, even two whole counties together. Imagine their vast herds let loose to pasture on the public lands (used, though with no better right, by the nesters), and only taken into the fenced lands in the winter.

"Imagine," he continued, "these fenced-in squares of school land that never have been leased, boxing in water holes and streams that the nesters and cattle depend upon for life, inclosing the little farms and nesters' tracts, and pasture lands of small beginners; shutting in the roads and trails, and everything for miles upon miles of territory in their tremendous grasp. Imagine, also, to fully understand the matter, a population growing so fast that there had been in 1880 more than 90 per cent added to the sum of inhabitants in 1870, and that, in the shape of farmers, a fixed and settled character to what had before been a quasi-nomadic population, composed of men on horseback and women on foot, who can measure the Southwest was as good a place to live in as another. The permanent farmers, who were fenced within the heart of great pastures, and the communistic nesters, who were fenced out of the pasture lands of bygone years, cried aloud for relief, and got none. They could not get it from the stockholders of Paris and New York, or from the capitalists of these persons in the pastures."

Nym Crinkle on the Production of "Peck's Bad Boy."

Many plays are imbecile, and a very few are infamous. The reeking rubbish that was put on the other night at the Comedy Theatre, under the name of "Peck's Bad Boy," is both.

We have reason to think twenty years to Harper's Drawer if we attempt to find the genesis of precocious irreverence in American literature. But that early stuff was drawn from the wood, so to speak, and was comparatively innocuous. The latest tap is from the brass itself and is loaded with the corrosion of ignorance and fanciful brutality.

The play bill with consistent elegance says this is the only authorized version, and is written by Charles F. Pidgin, of the celebrated bad boy sketches; by which I understand that nobody on earth has had the temerity to fetch the language of the cock-pit and the coarseness of the lagoon into the domestic circle except the vulgar humorist of Milwaukee conceived not only the play but the person to play it. And it must be confessed that the parentage of talent is equally conspicuous in both.

Of the persons who engaged in the tomfoolery it is sufficient to say that judged from what they do in it they are not actors. This remark is spared to the professor of the "Bad Boy" has the facility that comes of the penny gaff, the volubility of the street stroller and the insensibility of the parent who conceived the rubbish.

Who Turn Dat Hog Loose?

At a certain hotel in Peoria, where the men were not always what they should be, a merchant traveler, one day, sat down to the table. He put a dollar under a tumbler, and calling a waiter, said: "Do you see that dollar, Jim?" "Yes, sah," replied Jim, with a grin.

"Well, now, Jim, I want you to get me a real good, first-class dinner. You understand?" "Yes, sah," and Jim set out about furnishing a feast fit for a king. He had no time to see to anybody else. He hunted up new dishes, put extra touches on everything, and kept his eye on that dollar. Finally the M. T. finished, and, wiping his mouth, he winked at Jim: "Yes, sah," grinned the darkey, in satisfaction.

"Jim, do you see that dollar?" putting his hand on it in a generous way. "Yes, sah." "Well, you will never see it again," and it went into his pocket and out of the dining-room, while Jim indignantly remarked: "Fo de Lawd, who turn dat hog loose in heah?"

A Real American Girl.

American girls in London lately have completely eclipsed the fame of the professional beauties as Mrs. Langtry, Corwallis West and Lady Dudley. Corwallis West, at the feet of Miss Chamberlain, Miss Mary Anderson and Minnie Palmer, they are now ravishing over the charms of Julia Jackson, the daughter of the heroic Stonewall Jackson. She must be riding in Boston Row when she captured the nobility and gentry of the United Kingdom, for in this country at least, her beauty would hardly attract attention in a crowd. But she is the most graceful and magnificent horsewoman I ever saw. I was introduced to her at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, a few years ago and rode with her frequently over the difficult mountain roads in the neighborhood. She seemed born to the saddle, guiding her steed with all the ease imaginable, and challenging the emulation of her male companions by her fearlessness in galloping along the edge of a yawning chasm, hundreds of feet deep, jumping stone walls and leaping ditches. Her figure is petite and willowy, but her complexion is sallow and the plainness of her features is only relieved by the magnificent lustre and sparkle of a pair of big black eyes. She will certainly astonish the Britishers by her rare combination of good sense and culture with a taste freedom from conventionalities. On horseback she is every inch her father's daughter, and by no great stretch of imagination one could fancy her leading a desperate charge with all the spirit and ardor of martial inspiration. Miss Jackson is quite young, still in her teens, in fact. Her life has been mostly spent in the country and she was hardly thrown in Northern society until a few months before her departure, when she visited Boston, was handsomely received and created a genuine sensation. Her family is comparatively poor, having lost nearly everything by the war. But it is to be hoped that by way of legitimation for the capture of so many of our best bred young men, the English lords, she may make captive some wealthy scion of the British nobility.

In commenting on the terrible tornado which has lately raged in the South, the New York Herald says that the tornado which is reported to have demolished a thousand residences in the northwestern part of Georgia was a typical storm of its class, evidently due to an unusual northward movement of the Gulf air, laden with tropical vapor. Such violent gatory winds, consequently upon excessive condensation of vapor, can only take place in the presence of the humid equatorial current. But as the latter is now struggling to spread itself over the Gulf States, and will gain fresh force with every day's advance of the sun toward the northern tropic, tornadoes will increase in frequency till July.

Out of nearly six hundred tornadoes examined by Mr. J. P. Finley, of the Signal Service, the relative frequency of their occurrence by months was twenty-one in February, thirty-seven in March, ninety in April, after which the numbers slowly increase to one hundred and twelve in June.

The peculiar shape of the barometric depression which gave rise to Tuesday's tornadoes should be noted by meteorologists, as it suggests the conditions under which these storms originate in greatest intensity and may be more surely foretold. On Tuesday morning, February 17th, the depression was taking a distinct trough shape, arching from Lake Superior to Arkansas in connection with just such a depression ("much elongated in form and extending from Louisiana to Kentucky) occurred the fearful tornadoes which ravaged Alabama and Georgia on March 20th, 1875. The northerly extension of a low pressure area over the country, by facilitating the rush of warm, vapor laden atmosphere from the Gulf and allowing its elevated strata to acquire great velocity, seems to favor the genesis of the most destructive tornadoes. That this explanation is correct is confirmed by the fact that the storm bearing Gulf current of Monday, Feb. 18th, and P. E. Beane, Adjutant General of Louisiana, who lives in New Orleans.

Of the twenty-one lieutenant-generals but nine are living: General Wade Hampton, United States Senator, Columbia, S. C.; General Gordon, ex-United States Senator, Atlanta, Ga.; H. D. Hill is president of an Alabama college; P. S. Stewart is president of a university of Mississippi; Jubal Early is a principal owner of the Louisiana lottery at New Orleans; S. B. Buckner is a farmer in Kentucky, and a possible governor, and Joseph E. Wheeler is a member of Congress from Alabama. General Longstreet is a United States Marshal for the State of Georgia.

While a New York was nosing around Birmingham, Ala., in search of a coal or iron mine at a bargain, a native accented him with a request for ten cents, and added: "Only yesterday I owned a coal mine worth \$20,000."

"And why don't you own it today?" "Because a man got me drunk and coaxed me to trade it for an old mule."

"And how will ten cents help you?" "Why I want to buy whiskey to get him drunk enough to trade for a blind dog and an old back gun. Stranger, don't let me lose \$20,000 for the want of ten cents."

He got it.

Healing Diseases by Mental Processes.

The Boston correspondent of the Hartford Times recalls what he terms the Quimby method of healing diseases, which was to heal entirely by mental processes. No medicine of any kind was used. There was no pretended exercise of will power, no spiritualism, and no special faith was required to effect the cures. The "method" is thus described: "The patient sits quietly in a chair beside the practitioner, face to face as in conversational attitude (the exact position in the Quimby method is not being important), for about half an hour at each sitting, and has nothing to do but to listen, or to think his own thoughts, while the practitioner explains somewhat of the other's true condition, and follows this with fifteen or twenty minutes silent mental work, which he alone can understand. The number of visits required depends upon the case, varying from one to many. This writer could fill a whole page of a good sized newspaper with instances he has known of persons seriously sick having been cured by this apparently singular mental treatment. But want of space prevents giving such illustrations in this article, which is mostly of a historical nature. Not all patients are cured whose cases are undertaken. The practitioner is successful in his efforts in proportion as he understands the principle, and if his time is given to the work, he gains that understanding and power constantly; and this results in a greater work. I have said truly that this is essentially a spiritual work. Its principle is in harmony with the Bible, and Dr. Quimby's writings are full of Bible quotations, illustrative of the fundamental truth developed by his practice."

Dr. Quimby was a native of Maine, who died eighteen years ago without having been extensively known. The writer of the article concerning his peculiar methods of treating diseases knew him intimately, having been a student under him, and bears testimony to his wonderful success. There are now in Boston four different schools all based essentially upon this theory of mental practice. Still, the doctors who dose with material things kept on sale in drug stores are not greatly alarmed, and we notice that when a quinine jumps from \$1.40 to \$1.80 per ounce.

A Texas Tragedy. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, March 12. Ben Thompson and King Fisher shot each other dead in the sandville theatre last night. Joe Foster, who attempted to interfere with the combatants, was shot in the leg and will probably die of hemorrhage. Thompson and Fisher had been drinking together and entered the theatre in company. They met Foster in the dress circle and some words were exchanged. The dress circle was quickly emptied; the occupants jumping into the parquette below, and through the side windows into the street. No one seems to know who fired the first shot; or how many were wounded in the shooting. Before the theatre was fairly cleared of its occupants, 1,500 persons on the outside were clamoring at the closed doors for admittance. Shortly after the shooting Thompson's brother put in an appearance, but was promptly arrested. A jury was hastily empaneled, and it was ascertained that Thompson had received four mortal wounds, and that Fisher had been wounded three times, two of which would have caused instant death.

The remains of the victims were taken in charge by the host of friends, and the obsequies have been ordered on the grandest scale, regardless of expense.

The theatre where the affray occurred was the scene last year of the killing by Thompson of Jack Harris, who was proprietor of the place. Fisher and Thompson were probably the two most desperate and widely known men in Texas. They have each killed a large number of men.

Surviving Southern Generals. (Southern Divisions.) Only two of the five full generals of the Confederacy are now living. These are Joseph E. Johnston, Ex-Member Congress, residence Richmond, Va., and P. E. Beane, Adjutant General of Louisiana, who lives in New Orleans.

Of the twenty-one lieutenant-generals but nine are living: General Wade Hampton, United States Senator, Columbia, S. C.; General Gordon, ex-United States Senator, Atlanta, Ga.; H. D. Hill is president of an Alabama college; P. S. Stewart is president of a university of Mississippi; Jubal Early is a principal owner of the Louisiana lottery at New Orleans; S. B. Buckner is a farmer in Kentucky, and a possible governor, and Joseph E. Wheeler is a member of Congress from Alabama. General Longstreet is a United States Marshal for the State of Georgia.

Had an Object. While a New York was nosing around Birmingham, Ala., in search of a coal or iron mine at a bargain, a native accented him with a request for ten cents, and added: "Only yesterday I owned a coal mine worth \$20,000."

"And why don't you own it today?" "Because a man got me drunk and coaxed me to trade it for an old mule."

"And how will ten cents help you?" "Why I want to buy whiskey to get him drunk enough to trade for a blind dog and an old back gun. Stranger, don't let me lose \$20,000 for the want of ten cents."

He got it.

A Secret Well Kept.

Between forty and fifty years ago an old log church stood on the South Common in Allegheny City, Pa. It was then in the open country. Adjoining and belonging to the church was a graveyard, fronting on the public road. About daybreak one morning in 1840 a farmer who was on his way to Pittsburgh with a load of dressed meat heard sounds issuing from the graveyard as if some one was knocking a box to pieces with an axe. He climbed the fence and stole along in the direction of the sounds. He had gone but a short distance when he found a man engaged in robbing a grave. He had been so absorbed in his work that he had not heard the approach of his discoverer, and he was in the act of lifting the body from the coffin when he heard the footsteps of the farmer. The grave was that of a prominent young lady who had been buried only the day before. The farmer was so filled with horror and indignation at the crime that before the man could spring out he seized a club that lay near, and dealt the robber a powerful blow on the head. The man fell to the grave and neither stirred nor moved a muscle. The farmer became alarmed, dropping into the grave himself, he raised the man's body. The grave robber was none other than the sexton of the church, a man standing high in the community. He was dead.

The farmer hurried back home, and telling his relatives of what had occurred, he at once left the State. Only five persons ever knew the secret of the graveyard tragedy besides the living principal. Who found the body of the sexton dead in the grave was not positively known by them, but as it was given out by his family that he died suddenly, and no investigation was ever made, they supposed that the body must have been discovered by some one of the family before its position was known to any one else.

The sexton's family soon afterward moved away. His slayer had to an Ohio town, where he married and grew into prominence and wealth. He died last week. His secret was never divulged, and even his wife and children lived in ignorance of it. The secret, at the time of his death, was in the keeping of two persons alone, the other three having having died. One of these persons is a leading clergyman of Allegheny. The other is the writer's informant, a resident of the oil regions. He says that the death of the principal in the graveyard tragedy has released him from all pledges of secrecy. He refuses to reveal the names, but affirms that the story is true in every particular.

How Two Young Men Were Wrecked. (Continued from page 1.) Two of the handsomest and brightest young men that have grown up in the Capital City of Kentucky since the war were Thos. Crittenden, grandson of the great and good John J. Crittenden, and James Arnold, son of Rev. Isaac Arnold. With physique lithe and sinewy and grow into prominence of that bluegrass region with the heritage of honored names and wealth that was lavished upon their schooling, these two young men and bosom friends might have climbed to any position of honor among a people who love to bestow honors upon robust men of courage and culture. But Tom Crittenden and Jim Arnold early took to drink in a town that boasts the manufacture of the finest whiskey in the world, and introduced the breezy affluence of the frontier dash into the very proper society of a staid old village.

In a word, they painted the town red, and that made it too hot to hold them. Arnold drifted west and became the prince of cowboys. Crittenden went to Louisville and took leadership among bar room broilers. Arnold, while driving cattle on one of the Western trails, in company with a legitimate son of Lord Paget, was shot and killed by a negro. Crittenden killed a negro for testifying against him at a misdemeanor trial before a magistrate and has just been sentenced to confinement in the Kentucky penitentiary for eight years. Both leave behind them honorable fathers and loving, but heart broken mothers. Arnold left a tenderer tie than that of father or mother and a not less tenacious. Whiskey wrecked all these lives.

The Decay of New England. In a recent address before the Boston Mechanics' Society, Wendell Phillips, the late orator, is reported to have said: "The handwriting is so plain on the wall that none but a fool need mistake it. New England is doomed just as sure as natural laws will produce fixed results. New England has no soil worth mentioning, and her wealth has all been derived from her manufactures. These are gradually leaving her, and eventually they will all go; some to the West, but most to the South, where the advantages for profitable manufacturing are all located. The coal and iron in the South are easily gotten at in inexhaustible amounts, and the iron mills, foundries, and machine shops can go to these better than they can be carried to the shops. Then the cotton and woolen mills must go there, for the raw materials are, and are to be produced there, most cheaply, uniformly and better. Then look at the advantages of the cotton bolls to daylight in a year's run. This of itself, is no year's matter. As the South grows stronger, the wealth, culture and power of the country will be centered there, until she will become, not only the mistress of America, but the central empire of the world."

Short Staps.

An inventive informer was hanged last Saturday night, in Floyd county, Va., by moonshiners.

In the Adirondacks, says an Albany paper, a first class tree consumes as much water as a first-class horse.

There comes a report from abroad that Miss Nellie Hunt, the daughter of the late Minister to Russia, is engaged to a Russian nobleman, who is one of the household officials in the Imperial Palace.

The Denver papers agree that Miss Patti captured Denver with her singing and brought the public like slaves to her feet. Senator Tabor wore his Major-General's uniform and took the great prima donna out driving in his coach with four.

Denver News: Speaker Carlisle must have some spite against Colorado, or he would not permit Belford to talk so much. Belford is a blather-skite, and his maddening babblings simply tend to bring his constituency into disrepute before Congress and the country.

The Duke of Edinburgh is now rendering efficient service in the British Navy by shooting snipe in the island of Sardinia. The Governor of the island changed the date of the close of the shooting season expressly to accommodate the Duke and other officers of the squadron.

Two young men of St. Joseph, Mo., were bitten by two young ladies, "just for fun," and both the young men died in great agony. Nobody feels worse about it than the girls. They don't care about the young men, but it's so mortifying to be considered poison.

Man, "Moan," said the St. Louis man, "there's no room in the business of the Chicago folks. Why, yesterday, I had to thrash a Chicago go drummer whom I found telling my poor, innocent, four-year-old boy that Chicago is the largest city in the world."

The back of Mrs. Langtry's head, which until now she covered with the simple knot of hair worn at the nape of the neck, is said to be the only ugly part of it. She combs her hair to the top of her head this winter; and that part of it is called beautiful in its conical curve.

Some of the new colors are burned cream, baked pears, crushed raspberry, scorched banana, speckled green gage and terra cotta, elephant's breath, monkey's smile and canyon bird's grasp, and the man of the world is to be lynch-ed.

Gen. Longstreet stands six feet and two inches high and weighs over two hundred pounds, but is ageing very fast. His hair is white, his eyes are dim and his hearing hard. In contrast, his youngest son, Robert Lee Longstreet, is a bright, beardless boy of nineteen.

He went for it. "Know Douglas—Stephen A. I Yes, indeed. I knew him when he was a young man," said the Rev. John Fisk in a recent interview. "He had just opened a law office in Jacksonville, Ill., and I was studying with him. One morning as I came into the office, Douglas stood with a letter in his hand and was gazing at it intently, thinking about something. He broke out finally with: 'I have just got a letter from Vandalia saying that they are going to elect an Attorney General day after to-morrow. If I had a horse and a little money I would go down there and see if I couldn't get it.' Vandalia was then the seat of government and was seventy-five miles from Jacksonville. I told him, 'Well, there's that old gray horse of mine, and I've got about \$8, and if that will do you any good you're welcome to the horse and money.' He thanked me and accepted the offer. 'Go get up the horse and Douglas started. He had about 20 miles to go before he struck the prairie, and then there was 20 miles of straight prairie. He had to ride through this in the darkness of the night, but he wanted to get into Vandalia as soon as possible. Well, he not only got there, but he got elected. It was the first office he ever held. After that he kept rising from one position to another, just like so many steps going upstairs."

The Decay of New England. In a recent address before the Boston Mechanics' Society, Wendell Phillips, the late orator, is reported to have said: "The handwriting is so plain on the wall that none but a fool need mistake it. New England is doomed just as sure as natural laws will produce fixed results. New England has no soil worth mentioning, and her wealth has all been derived from her manufactures. These are gradually leaving her, and eventually they will all go; some to the West, but most to the South, where the advantages for profitable manufacturing are all located. The coal and iron in the South are easily gotten at in inexhaustible amounts, and the iron mills, foundries, and machine shops can go to these better than they can be carried to the shops. Then the cotton and woolen mills must go there, for the raw materials are, and are to be produced there, most cheaply, uniformly and better. Then look at the advantages of the cotton bolls to daylight in a year's run. This of itself, is no year's matter. As the South grows stronger, the wealth, culture and power of the country will be centered there, until she will become, not only the mistress of America, but the central empire of the world."

Public Mills. (Danbury Reporter and Post.) The new Code of North Carolina (sections 1846 and 1847) contains following law in regard to public mills: "Every water grist-mill, steam mill, or wind-mill, that shall grind for mill, shall be public mill. All millers of public mills shall grind according to turn, and shall well and sufficiently grind the grain brought to their mills, if the water will permit, and shall take no more toll for grinding than one-eighth part of the corn and wheat, and one-fourteenth part for chipping grain of any kind; and every miller and keeper of a mill making default therein shall, for each offence, forfeit and pay five dollars to the party injured: Provided, that the owner may grind his own grain at any time."

A Hoosier at a dinner on a Mississippi palatial steamer was about to reach out for something before him, but the waiter checking him, exclaimed: "That sir, is dessert."

"Oh," said the Hoosier, "I don't care if it's a wilderness, I'm going to eat it all the same."

He got it.