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A Dollar or Two.
With circumpect steps as we pick our way through
This intricate world, as all prudent folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of a Dollar or two.
For an excellent thing is a Dollar or two;
No friend is so staunch as a Dollar or two;
In country or town,
As we stroll up and down,
We are cock of the walk, with a Dollar or two.
Do you wish to emerge from the bachelor-crow,
And a charming young innocent female to woo?
You must always be ready the handsome to do.
Although it may cost you a Dollar or two,
For love tips his dart with a Dollar or two;
Young affections are gained by a Dollar or two;
And beyond all dispute,
The best card of your suit
Is the eloquent clink of a Dollar or two.
Do you wish to have friends who your kidding will do,
And help you your means to get speedily through?
You'll find them remarkably faithful and true,
By the magical power of a Dollar or two;
For friendship secured by a Dollar or two;
Popularity gained by a Dollar or two;
And you'll not want a friend
Till you no more can lend,
And yourself need to borrow a Dollar or two.

THEY MET AND PARTED.

About twenty years ago a steamship sailed from a European port to this country. Among those on board were a French Huguenot gentleman and a young English lady. They had never met before; but no sooner did they see each other than an attachment sprang up between them, which soon ripened, upon acquaintance, into mutual esteem and enduring love. The vessel, when seven days out, struck upon Cape-Race Rock, and became a total wreck. Most of the passengers were saved, among them the two persons alluded to, and landed, in small boats, at Chance Cove, a few miles north of the cape. Here they remained for several days, living in a Robinson Crusoe, until they were observed by a coasting vessel and taken off in small parties to St. John, Newfoundland. At this place the subjects of my story were united in marriage. The only means of getting away from St. John was either to wait for the relief steamer, which the captain of the wrecked vessel had by way of St. John, New Brunswick telegraphed to his port of destination in the United States or, take the fortnightly mail-steamer to Halifax. As this latter course involved the payment of passage, and most of our shipwrecked people had lost their all on the sharp-pointed rocks of Cape Race, but few could avail themselves of it. On the other hand, to await the relief vessel involved a further detention at St. John, it was believed, fully two months—not a very pleasant prospect in such a place. In this dilemma our hero resolved upon a *ruse*. He and his wife hid themselves in different places on board the Halifax steamer when she was ready to sail. Their plan was to remain concealed until she was out at sea, and then to discover themselves. The gentleman had friends at Halifax, and knew he could obtain funds when he arrived there. They were both young, giddy creatures, and hardly understood the foolish nature of their enterprise.

Well, the vessel put to sea; and, after a few hours of seclusion, the French gentleman made his appearance. This was the signal for a volley of curses from the captain of the vessel, and a cruel order condemning the stow-away to the martyrdom of a coal-bunker. But our hero cared nothing for either the heat of the furnace or the smut of the coal. He had gained his passage, and his misery would be over in two days. The only thing he cared about was his wife. So he went to work at stoking coal with a will, determined first to allow the captain's rage to blow over, and then to search out his hidden sweetheart.

Imagine his horror and despair when he heard, shortly afterward, from a brother stoker, that his wife had been discovered before the vessel left port and put ashore. In vain had she called upon her husband, who could not hear her; in vain had she asserted to the infuriated captain that her husband was stowed away on the vessel, and that she would not be parted from him. She was heard with derision, and treated as an unscrupulous and vicious person; so that she was doubtless landed in St. John not only without her husband, but also *minus* a character for respectability. At least, this was the conclusion to which her unhappy husband arrived as he looked over the trackless waters about the vessel and cursed the repeated misfortunes they had accomplished. However, there was no help for the situation until he could reach Halifax.

Next day, or the day after, he was kicked rather than put ashore, and found himself in the streets of Halifax in a guise so suspicious that, but for his obvious air of gentility, he would not have been received at the Arcadian Hotel, where he had had the courage to apply for board.

To make the story short, he succeeded in finding his friends and having his drafts honored, a thing he could not have accomplished in Newfoundland. Then he offered to pay for his stolen passage in the steamer, an offer which was implicitly refused by the agents. He finally took passage back in the same vessel for St. John, with the view of

rescuing his wife from her uncomfortable and perilous position there. But new troubles were in store for him. When he arrived at St. John he found that the relief vessel from the States, and that his wife had taken passage in her. She had left a letter behind for him, explaining that she had deemed it best to pursue this course rather than lose the only opportunity that promised of getting away from a place so odious, and where she had no friends; that she could not be certain of the success of his enterprise to Halifax; that she had written to him at Halifax, and to their common port of destination in the States, to the same effect; and that she would await his arrival at the last-named place with the friends with whom she was traveling.

As it subsequently turned out, it seems that this inexperienced young creature had made two very important mistakes. In the first place, the relief-vessel did not go to the port to which the wrecked vessel was bound; and, in the second place, her friends did not live at the last-named place, but somewhere else, supposed to be out West. So that when, after many detentions, our heart-broken Frenchman found his way to the port of destination, he could discover no trace of his wife.

Among the requirements of the State laws upon immigration is one that demands of each alien passenger his name, vocation, place of destination, etc. After some weeks of knocking about at the seaport, our Frenchman, in the hope of finding his wife's name and place of destination. Although he expended a good deal of time and money in this search, the archives were so fragmentary and disordered that nothing came of it; neither did he obtain any intelligence through the post-office.

Ten years passed away. About this time a Federal Bureau of Immigration (now abolished) was established in the State Department. I have, in a previous paper, explained the various functions of this bureau came to be turned over to the Bureau of Statistics. Well, one day, some two years later, a card, bearing a well-known French Huguenot name, was brought into my office. The bearer of the card was in the department of the Bureau of Immigration, and bore the traces of long suffering. His object in visiting me was to solicit permission to examine the lists of immigrant passengers which he understood were filed in my bureau. I explained to him that, although the strict returns of immigration were compiled and collated in my office, the lists of passengers, if there were any such lists, were required by law to be deposited in the State Department. Upon this he apologized for his intrusion, and withdrew.

About a month afterward he came again—this time with a look of the deepest dejection, almost in tears. "Oh, sir," said he, "for the love of God, help me to find my wife!" and he related to me the story I have just told.

It seems that he had gone to the State Department, and, being accorded permission to search the archives, had found them in such utter confusion—letters, newspapers, returns, copies, books, maps, all higgledy-piggledy, without dates, order or arrangement—as to render it a physical impossibility to search them. Presuming on the integrity of his wife, he had written a brief visit had awakened in me, he had come to ask my advice what to do.

I told him that, with regard to the archives of the State Department, it did not concern him, in respect of the matter in hand, what condition they were in; that the archives, and the arrival of his wife in this country twelve years back, and that the Federal Bureau of Immigration had not been established over two years. It could not, therefore, possess any list of passengers upon which his wife's name as an immigrant should have been placed. I advised him to advertise in the personal columns of the leading seaport and interior newspapers. He listened with what I fancied was an air of incredulity to my explanation about the State Department archives, evidently believing still that she was not in the States; but, as he had destination on record there, and thanked me for my advice, which I saw very plainly was not to his liking. A few weeks afterward I read in the papers that he had committed suicide by shooting himself through the heart with a heavy pistol. Some time after I found in his pocket, addressed to "Julia,"

It is true that this story turns not upon the bad condition of the Federal (out of the State) archives, nevertheless it incidentally refers to the former, and shows how the archives of the Federal, State and Foreign Departments are, or at least were then, as in confessed a state as those of the Treasury.

—A. Delmar

Lightning Conductors.

An extraordinary account has appeared in a French agricultural journal, to the effect that straw forms admirable lightning conductors. It had been observed that straw had the property of discharging Leyden jars without spark or explosion, and some one in the neighborhood of Tarbes had the idea of constructing straw lightning conductors, which were formed by fastening a wisp of rope of straw to a dead stick by means of brass wire, and capping the conductor with a copper point. It is asserted that the experiment has been tried on a large scale, around Tarbes, eighteen communes having been provided with such straw conductors, only one being erected for every six arpents, or 750 acres, and that the whole neighborhood has thus been preserved from the effects not only of lightning but of hail also. The statement comes from a respectable source.

A California horse-car conductor was civil to a lady passenger, some time ago, and she has now requited him by dying and leaving him her entire fortune.

How a Robbery was Effected.
Confirmation has been lent to the story of Luther Bryant, the New York coin dealer, that he was robbed of \$120,000 while he lay a prisoner in the Tombs. It comes, says the *Sun*, in the shape of the arrest of two men with part of the property that was stolen. The robbery was a romance in the calendar of crime. An old man, well educated, a member of a learned profession, but so eccentric to the verge of craziness, having experienced every vicissitude of fortune, became a dealer in old and rare coins. Ten years ago he first displayed his treasures for sale in front of the Old Dutch Church. About the same time, by the death of his brother, he fell heir to a property, and this he at once converted into \$60,000 in gold coin, double eagles, each piece of which he marked by making a dent in the figure of the Goddess of Liberty. These he concealed in the furniture of his apartments. His inheritance fell to him when banks and other places of trust were suspending, and he therefore hoarded his wealth in his own room. Although he lived in a tenement in which many families dwelt, he swept his own room, made his own bed, and admitted to the privacy of his apartments only one family, a mother and daughter, and even they visited him so seldom that he had reason to suppose them ignorant of his wealth.

For years he rich coin and gathered gear from the rich of antiquarian tastes. When the mania for stamp collecting prevailed he added the collection and sale of stamps to his trade. His business was profitable, for in ten years he gathered around him rich furniture enough to furnish a Madison avenue mansion, at the same time adding nearly fifty thousand dollars to his accumulations, and all was invested in rare coin, in American minted gold, in postage stamps, and in United States legal tender notes. Two years ago he discovered an attempt to break into his apartments in season to frustrate it, and he moved his family to a new street, where he occupied rooms in the third story. He took his meals at Crooks's Hotel, transacted his business in front of the Old Dutch Church, and occupied his richly furnished rooms in a mean tenement only at night. "I did not think they could break into my walls," he said, "for I had hidden behind my trebly-wolth door." He said,

On the 10th of October he was arrested by a firm of private detectives on charge of buying from office boys postage stamps which they had stolen from their employers. He was imprisoned in the Tombs, and three days in might have obtained bail by ordinary exertion, his secluded life had so far benumbed his faculties that he lay in prison four days after the robbery, the circumstances of which are now to be detailed.

The morning after his first night in the Tombs a little girl who lived at No. 1 Forsyth street told him that the outside fastenings of his rooms had been tampered with. He was that morning called for examination on the charge of buying stolen postage stamps. Weighing on his mind the presentment that his accumulations had been stolen, he made a very poor defense. He was unassisted by counsel, although he had retained in his defense a well-known firm of criminal lawyers. He was nevertheless able to impress the justice with his reason to apprehend the theft of his wealth, and he was accordingly granted. Confirmation of his worst apprehensions was brought to him on the next day by Miss Neugebauer who was one of his two confidential friends. On the first night of his detention in the Tombs thieves pried off the inner and outer fastenings of his apartment, and everything easily portable was carried off. His gold coin wrapped in convenient packages, and amounting to \$70,000, was stolen. Postage stamps amounting to \$20,000, and old coin, treasury notes, silverware, and jewelry, worth at least \$15,000, were also taken. The old man was three days in impressing upon his jailors any adequate sense of the magnitude of his loss; indeed, they were rather inclined to treat him as an impostor, who was endeavoring to work upon their sympathies. After his examination had been disposed of, and his bail had been duly executed, the story of his robbery was investigated by detectives. They thought the coincidence of an arrest and a robbery on the same day was suggestive, to say the least. Their inquiries elicited one suspicious circumstance, scarcely amounting to a clue, that two strangers were seen at the door of 1 Forsyth street by a neighbor at about 10 o'clock on the night of the robbery.

The two men were arrested, and considerable of the stolen property was found in their possession. They learned of the old man's wealth, and had him arrested so as to rob him, which they did.

A Prison Romance.
A singular prison romance has just been disclosed in the Canadian penitentiary at Kingston, where Elizabeth Jones has for six years been confined for the murder of her cousin, sentence having been pronounced on her own confession. Her father was executed for the same crime, notwithstanding the declaration of the girl that she alone had committed the deed, and that he was not guilty—indeed knew nothing of the murder. She has now admitted—what has always been generally believed by the public but by herself strenuously denied—that her father was the murderer, and that she had accused herself of his crime to shield him, at his desire. She took no part in the crime, and was not aware of his commission till her father told her he had done it and implored her to save him, a task which she devotedly attempted and persisted in after it was hopeless.

A FRIGHTFUL DEATH.
Thrilling Adventures in a Coal Mine—An Explosion of Fire Damp.
Four men, strangers, desiring to see the interior workings of a coal mine, entered the Columbia tunnel, near Rough and Ready mine, Pittston, Pa. Some distance from the entrance the passageway diverges, leading in one direction into the working part of the mine, and to a large unused chamber in the other. This chamber has been abandoned some time, and, as a consequence, has become filled with fire damp and other noxious gases arising in a coal mine. The visitors, being without a guide, found their way along the dark and slimy passage by means of a lantern, carried by one of the party, and took the tunnel leading to this infested chamber. Entering it, they walked about until they began to feel the effect of the poisonous gases. Aware of the prevalence of fire damp in mines, they knew at once the cause of the peculiar sensation, and endeavored to find the way by which they entered the chamber, in order that they might escape. Before the entrance could be found three of the party were obliged to succumb to the influences of the fire damp, and fell to the ground. The fourth, carrying the lantern, found the passage, and succeeded in reaching the outside gallery in a weak condition. He soon recovered after coming in contact with the pure air, and at once set himself about the rescuing, if possible, of his companions. He was fearful that if he left the mine for aid they would be dead or beyond the hope of resuscitation before he could return, so he determined to re-enter the noxious chamber and drag his friends forth into the air himself. Hastening in, he discovered by the dim light cast by his three companions, the bodies of his three companions lying on the floor. Connected with the poor-house breath of fresh air, he again rushed into the chamber and drew the remaining man out. Losing no time, he dragged his senseless friends toward the mouth of the entrance to the mine, taking one several feet forward, then going back and bringing the others, one at a time, until he brought them to the fresh air at the entrance. Before he got them out, he was rejoiced to notice signs of returning consciousness in them all. It was some time after reaching the mouth of the mine before the three men were able to comprehend their situation and to realize that they had escaped from the very jaws of death by almost miraculous aid was procured for them, and they were taken to one of the hotels in the place; and their remarkable adventure made quite a sensation in Pittston.

In the chamber a fearful tragedy was enacted. Westley Willis, a young man who had just hired out to work in the mine, while awaiting orders, thought to take a look at things inside. Unfortunately he was not aware of the fire damp chamber, and followed the passage directly into it. No sooner had he entered the foul place, when the gas was exploded by Willis's mine lamp on his hat, and the young man was hurled out of the chamber against the jagged side of the gallery. The report was heard for a great distance round, and the passage was soon filled with steam and smoke. Another time he found mangled and mutilated so as to be almost unrecognizable. His face burned black, and nearly every bone in his body was broken. He was the only support of a widowed mother and orphaned brother.

One Hundred Snakes.
Last spring, says a Springfield, Minn., paper, Will Moody moved out of his log house in Union Grove, and it stood unoccupied and desolate for several weeks, but last July Ed. Asher purchased the property and moved in. The first night in the house there was a great rustling on the floor, like the pattering of myriads of mice, but it wasn't mice that made the noise; it was the sound from dozens of snakes as they dragged themselves across the floor. In the morning Mr. A. used to get up, shake the reptiles out of his clothes, grasp a pitchfork, and pitch the slimy devils out of doors. It was no uncommon thing to slaughter half a dozen in the morning. The second and third days were worse than the first. At breakfast one morning, Mr. A. felt something crawling up his leg, and glancing downwards found a beautiful little striped fellow working his way up in the world. Another time he found a three-foot fellow in his overcoat pocket, who greeted him on his approach with a friendly hiss. The nuisance became intolerable. The house was old, and the mortar in the clinking had given away in many places, and in the straw no sooner was the lamp lighted than a serenade of hisses would begin, and nearly every one of the holes would be ornamented with a snake's head. At the end of the fourth day Mr. Asher grasped his shovel and went to the banking of the house, a mass of straw and dirt that had not been moved for several years, and there were their snakeships in all their glory. It was a perfect massacre, for in that banking he found and killed an even hundred garter snakes. Thirty were found in one nest.

FRANCING.—All our young lady practices who have their four hours' piano practice every day will understand the following: "One and, two and, three and—oh, my! One and, two and—oh, dear me! One and, two and—oh, shocky on the old thing! One and, two and—oh, plague take it!"

A BRUTAL OFFICIAL.
The guardian of the county charity and honor of Kent county, Michigan, appears to have been principally distinguished for brutality worthy only of a jailor of the Middle Ages. He seems to have delighted in torturing the weak and starving the strong into submission. Whenever a healthy pauper was guilty of the impropriety of proclaiming that the demands of his appetite were by no means satisfied by the meagre diet accorded him in the poor-house, this gentle official was wont to beat and otherwise maltreat said healthy pauper until complaints were no longer possible, inasmuch as there was no more breath in the complainant's body. If an idiot was confined to the care of the tender-hearted overseer, he forthwith stabled the wretched creature like a cow or a pig. When the investigation prompted by the complaints of the much-maltreated Kent county pauper disclosed their wretched condition, it turned out that the inmates of the poor-house had been beaten on many occasions until their starveling frames were covered with bruises; that many of them had been allowed to lie for days in wretched receptacles, unworthy the name of rooms, on straw and saw-dust; and that this model county institution had a department, called the "fools' room," into which all disagreeable cases of infirmity or poverty were dismissed, and whose inmates died from fright or privation, much to the satisfaction of the overseer.

The examination which the county officials were finally induced to make, says the *New York Times*, disclosed other equally astonishing facts. The overseer and his assistants were convicted of having on numerous occasions beaten weak-minded and aged women until they could not stand alone; and the testimony shows that it was then customary to drag the fainting creatures by the hair of their heads to the cell-like rooms allotted them, or even to thrust them into the "fools' room," in case they rebelled against such outrageous treatment. This "fools' room" seems to have been a species of black-hole, connected with the poor-house by a species of jail, into which paupers were thrust on very slight provocation. A word of complaint, a grimace from a lunatic, a demand for a proper quantity of decently-prepared food, were enough to procure the unlucky inmate a sojourn in one such as the vilest criminals are rarely familiar with. So strict was the discipline in this abominable institution, and so careful had the overseer always been to keep complaints of his infamous conduct from the outer world, that it is remarkable that the paupers succeeded in calling attention to their heavy grievances.

The Michigan overseer who has shown such brutality, and to whose account several deaths are clearly chargeable, will undoubtedly be severely punished. The people of his neighborhood in calling on the poor-house demand that heavy penalties be visited upon such a monster. They are naturally shocked at the manner in which he has betrayed their confidence. But there is scarcely a State in the Union from which there has not, at one time or another, come some abominable stories of cruelty similar to those now told of the Michigan overseer. Many of the "poor-houses" in New England and the Middle States have long been no better than they should be.

Extraordinary Swimming Adventure.
The *Cork Constitution* has the following: "A most extraordinary feat was performed by an American gentleman named Paul Boyton, who, by the aid of a newly-invented swimming apparatus, has swam a distance of upward of seventeen miles. Mr. Boyton was a passenger from America by the National steamer Queen, and it appears he joined the steamer at New York with the intention of lowering himself into mid-ocean, a couple of hundred miles off Sandy Hook, in a life-saving apparatus which has been recently invented by Mr. Merryman. The apparatus consists of a trowsers with a steel spring bolt and a tunic covering the upper portion of the body. There are air-apparatus in the machine, the object being to keep the wearer afloat. The position which the wearer is to assume on reaching the water is to float on his back, and the apparatus is then worked by a pair of paddles, one at each side, on the principle of the canoe. Equipped in this apparatus, Mr. Boyton intended, as we have already mentioned, to enter into mid-ocean about 200 miles off the Fastnet, but when the captain of the Queen became aware of his intention, he point blank refused to allow him to carry it out, but promised to allow Mr. Boyton to make his experiment on the Irish coast. The steamer arrived off the Irish coast, when, in opposition to the captain's orders, Mr. Boyton equipped himself in his apparatus, and set out seven miles off the Fastnet. The sea was at the time running very high, and the wind blowing very strongly, rain coming down in torrents, so that frequently before Mr. Boyton had performed his task, he had to shade his face with his hands to protect it from a heavy rain that was falling. He worked away with his paddle for some time, floated and drifted along alternately, until he had been about six hours at sea, when he lighted three signals more, but still receiving no response, he broke off on a road, and soon after arrived in Skibbereen via Baltimore. In both places he was treated most kindly by the coast guards."

Did Not Escape It.
We of to-day look upon George Washington's memory with reverence and respect. It may be a consolation to politicians who have been abused by their opponents in the late campaign to see that even Washington did not escape calumny. The Philadelphia *American* of March 4, 1797, contains the following:
"Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation," was the pious ejaculation of a man who beheld a flood of happiness rushing upon mankind. If ever there was a time that would license the repetition of the exclamation, that time is now arrived; for the man who is the source of all the misfortunes of our country is this day reduced to a level with his fellow-citizens, and is no longer possessed of power to multiply evils upon the United States. If ever there was a period for rejoicing, this is the moment. Every heart in unison with the freedom and happiness of the people ought to beat high with exultation that the name of Washington from this day ceases to give a currency to political iniquity, and to legalize corruption. A new era is now opening upon us—an era which promises much to the people; for public measures must now stand upon their own merits, and nefarious projects can no longer be supported by a name. When a retrospect is taken of the Washington Administration for eight years, it is a subject of the greatest astonishment that a single individual should have clobbered the principles of Republicanism in an enlightened people just emerged from the guilt of despotism, and should have carried his designs against the public liberty so far as to have put in jeopardy its very existence. Such, however, are the facts, and with these staring us in the face, this day ought to be a jubilee in the United States.

Marriage in the Cherokee Country.
John Arnold, a young Cherokee, agreed to meet a young female Cherokee at a certain point on a certain day and marry her. Arnold was there on time, but his intended bride was not. He had come to be married, and could not afford to lose a wife and his time too. So he hunted up another Indian maiden, and was married to her by the officiating clergyman. There was a wedding feast at the bride's father's house on the next day, and the other woman appeared at the party. She explained that she could not possibly meet him on the day appointed, and gave good reasons for her failure. There was great unpleasantness in the house, but the minister thought it was not yet too late to correct the error, if one had been made. Mrs. Arnold was consulted, and as her acquaintance with her husband had been very slight, she agreed to give him up in favor of the first claimant. The good Indian with an annulled the marriage which he had just solemnized, and immediately married Arnold to his first love. The father of the repudiated bride thought it might all be right and regular under the Christian dispensation, but he took occasion to advise the bridegroom not to stay longer than ten or twelve days in the Cherokee nation. So Arnold and his second wife left the house of feasting and the presence of the holy man, and took to the wilderness for safety.

How to Trim Apron Fronts.
The long apron fronts of over-skirts are now the objective points for trimming. There is a fancy for trimming these aprons with three curved or horizontal rows that give the effect of borders for three aprons. Black cashmere over-skirts have three rows of jet fringe headed by passermerteric across the apron front, and dividing it into three equal tiers. Plain colored camel's-hair aprons have three bias bands of plaid curved across them. Tall ladies are especially pleased with this trimming. Short ladies, and particularly those with very long waists, use perpendicular rows of jet galloon on the apron to give the appearance of greater length below the waist. Very slender figures use the triple apron, which is three short aprons overlapping each other, edged with fringe, and draped or festooned across the front breadths. The best plan for those who are too stout is to have five bias bands of velvet sewed down the front breadths of the lower skirt from the belt to the flounce at the foot, and thus dispense with a separate apron. Some novel suggestions for trimming black silks are the shirred band on the wrists, the folded collar, the lapped sash breadths and jet fringe about the neck.

Changes in the Body.
When science discovered that the human body underwent an entire change during a period of seven years, it was thought very remarkable, but Dr. Lyon Playfair sent a letter a few days ago before a British Social Science Congress, wherein he declared that "all the particles of the body changed every six weeks." The same eminent authority wisely declares that the substance of all our sanitary science, accumulated by ages, might be summed up in the pregnant advice of the prophet, "Wash and be clean." This learned physician says that for a thousand years after the civilization of the Egyptians, the Jews, the Greeks, and the Romans faded, there was not a man or woman in Europe that ever took a bath. To this fact he attributes, in a large measure, the wondrous epidemics of the middle ages, which cut off one-fourth of the population of Europe—the spotted plague, the black death, the sweating sickness, and the terrible mental epidemics which followed in their train—the dancing mania, the moving mania, the biting mania, and wish-craft.

Items of Interest.
Never wait for anything to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. A true vein of lead ore is supposed to have been struck at Newburyport, Mass.
What becomes of a man's word when he won't keep it, and no one else will take it?
Boston spends over thirty thousand dollars a year in teaching drawing in her public schools.
One of the bridesmaids at a late wedding in Covington, Ky., was the grandmother of the bride.
A field of wheat in Blue Earth county, Minn., is said to have yielded forty-five bushels to the acre this year.
A farmer in Knox, Me., mourns a valuable ox, poisoned to death by eating paper stripped from the walls of the house.
Last year he was worth \$200,000. Then he began to drink whisky and seltzer, and now he's a pauper and lays it to the seltzer.
A dog ordered to lie in a wagon at Taunton, Mass., during the absence of his master, stayed at his post from Friday until Monday without food or water, save a little meat on the first day.
The great central plain of California for six months of the year is a scorched and dust-swept desert. In April it becomes one flower bed, nearly 400 miles long and 30 wide, set under a range of snow mountains.
A Mahaska county (Iowa) hen had raised three broods of chickens this year, and had deposited ten eggs for a fourth, when the grasshoppers discovered and devoured them. The old lady quit the business in disgust.
There is a man living in Carroll county, N. H., poor-house who spent all his property in a lawsuit which the sum involved was only \$2. He had two opportunities of settling the suit for \$5; and he knew all the time that he was wrong.
One of the wretched inmates confined in the poor-house of Milwaukee is a telegraph operator, and she spends most of her time in telegraphing to her husband in Iceland, her danger being worn down to the bone in her constant tapings against the wall in her imaginary dispatching.
Fanny decision in France on an insurance case.—If a house is insured for the total value, the value of the land must be included in the sum, and may be deducted by the company from the payment of loss. So that one must pay premiums for the insurance of that which cannot be destroyed, though he cannot have the benefit of that insurance.
A man in Fitchburg, Mass., developed a fine strategic talent the other day. He was paying a hack fare, when he dropped three bank bills, and the wind whisked them swiftly away. A cunning scoundrel for an hour, a bright idea struck him. He folded a piece of paper and dropped it where the bills fell, followed his flight, and where it rested there he found also his money.
Steam Has Done It.
The employment of steam by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company in extinguishing the Empire Mine has proved a success, which is of incalculable value, not alone in Pennsylvania, but in mining districts everywhere. The fire broke out in this mine the 31st of last December, and the Company worked up to March pouring in water, walking up and using every exertion to quench the flames, but without success.
At this time, the mine boss, Lewis S. Jones, urged the trial of steam. A wall entirely surrounding the old workings was completed with eager haste; all cave holes above were tightly packed with clay, a single airway to be after wards gradually closed, alone remaining. The steam from eighteen boilers was driven down through pipes already inserted, and early in May all eyes looked their joyful farewell to the fire. At that time the thermometer attached to the best pipes registered 176 degrees. A month later the lowest stratum was cold. The steam, however, will be kept confined until the first of January next, to provide against any possibility of lurking danger.
A Chinese Story.
At the small town of Kung Lung, in the province of Hupeh, in China, the wife of a man in affluent circumstances lately gave birth to a son. The midwife employed on the occasion stole a hundred taels from her employers, and being accused of the theft by her mistress, denied it, and was required to attest her innocence by an oath. "If I stole your silver, may I die by thunder given by the woman, who in her turn required an oath from the mother, and this latter prayed that if she had falsely accused the midwife, might Heaven slay her son within three days. Now, upon the midwife devolved the duty of washing the child, and with a view of helping Heaven, she ran a long needle into the stomach of her nursing, which shortly after died. But while bringing the child to its mother, and claiming its death as a proof of her innocence and the justice of Heaven, the midwife was suddenly struck dead by a clap of thunder, and on being taken up two shoes of styce were found in her hands. At the same time the needle shot forth from the child's stomach and he lived again.
THERM AGEN.—An Illinois farmer determines the age of animals over nine years old by the following novel method: After the horse is nine years old a wrinkle comes on the upper lip, and every year thereafter he has one well defined wrinkle for every year after nine. If, for instance, a horse has three wrinkles, he is twelve, if he has four, he is thirteen. Add the number of wrinkles to nine and you will get it.