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## Jessie.

Jessie is both young and fair,  
Dewy eyes and sunny hair;  
Sunny hair and dewy eyes  
Are not where her beauty lies.  
Jessie is both fond and true,  
Heart of gold and will of yew;  
Will of yew and heart of gold—  
Still her charms are sorely told.  
If she yet remain unsworn,  
Pretty, constant, docile, young,  
What remains not here compiled?  
Jessie is a little child!

—Bret Hartie.

## THE SNUFF-COLORED SUIT.

I scarcely know how it happened, but a timber must have fell and struck me on the head.  
The first thing that I realized after it was that I was straight and still on something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so. I concluded that I must be in some very tight, dark place, for I could not see; in fact I soon learned that, though perfectly conscious, I could do nothing but hear. A door opened and footsteps approached; but I felt a cloth taken from my face, and a voice which I recognized as that of Mr. Jones—the father of my wife that was to be—said:

"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I knew to be the village undertaker, Hopkins by name, lightly, "Better-looking dead than alive. How does Jerusha feel about it? Take on much?"  
"Oh, no, she had her eye on another fellow anyhow, and a better match, too, excepting the money part. Though I had nothing against Ben, only he didn't know much, and was about the homeliest man I ever knew. Such a mouth; why it really seemed as though he was going to swallow a knife, plate, and all, when he opened it at dinner."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure me for my coffin, for it seemed that I was dead. I had heard of undertakers who always whistled joyfully when they got a measure, but I never believed it before. But that man actually whistled a subdued, dancing tune while he measured me, and it seemed to me that three or four icicles were rolling down my back, to the music of his whistle.  
His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my own reflections, which were not particularly comforting, although I had often heard it remarked, that meditation was good for the soul, and this was the best chance I had ever had of trying it.

An hour must have passed when the door again opened, and two persons came whispering along to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell upon my ear.

"I dread to look at him, Bob; he was so mortal homely, alive, he must be frightful, dead."

I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow, and expressive mouth; and how she had often declared that if I were taken away from her she would surely pine away and die.

One of them raised the cloth, and I knew they were looking at me. Bob was her second cousin, and I knew that he was that "other fellow," whom her father had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying," "Rusha," remarked Bob, mediately.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my dear betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. If he had lived I should have married him, because he was rich, and father wanted me to; but I was getting about sick of my bargain, for I knew I should always be ashamed of him, he looked so like a baboon."

"But you loved him," remarked Bob.

"No, I didn't! My affections were wasted long ago upon one who never returned my love; and my last-living idol sighed heavily."

"They had covered my face by this time, and were standing a few steps from where I lay."

"About how long ago, 'Rusha'?" asked Bob.

"A year, or such a matter," with another deep sigh, which ended in a fit of sneezing.

"About the time I went away?" interrogated the cautious Bob, coughing a little.

"Well, yes, some're near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I—"

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith!" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now, see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you liked me all the time!"

and they had a jolly time of it, although it was against my principles to enjoy it on so solemn an occasion.

It seemed an age until morning, but it came at last and they went away. I heard them say that I was to be buried that day at 2 o'clock, and I was beginning to feel decidedly shaky, when Jerusha and her mother came into the room and began arranging for the funeral.

"Rusha," said her mother, "here is that snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's; of course he will never have any more use for clothes, so just put them away among your carpet-rags; they'll make a splendid stripe."

Now that particular suit of clothes was just the nearest one I ever owned, arm-holes, collars, wrist-bands, buttons, all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly of using them for stripes in a rag-carpet. They kept on talking as they swept, dusted and cleaned up the room.

"Bob says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha, cheerfully, "and as soon as we are married we shall go to housekeeping in that little cottage close to the road. Now I must get my carpet done, just as soon as possible, for I want it in that nice little front room. These duds of Ben's will make out enough rags, I guess. His folks live so far away they will never inquire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it, we could ask old Mother Smith about coloring yellow; she's sure to be here to-day."

I was getting very mad now, indeed. I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone. Jerusha picked them up—I knew it, for I heard the buckles and buttons jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. I laid there, outwardly as quiet as a lamb, inwardly boiling with wrath. It was too much; the deepest trance could not hold out against the loss of that suit. With a powerful effort I sprang up and screamed. Jerusha dropped my clothes and her mother the duster, and both fled from the room and the house, never stopping until they reached Dr. Brown's, across the street. With difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I had just got them fairly on, when Mrs. Jones and her daughter, followed by a numerous company of men, women and children, came peeping cautiously into the room. I sat on my board and looked at them. Such a scared-looking crowd was enough to amuse an owl, so I laughed; I knew it was unbecoming, but I couldn't help it if they had chucked me into my coffin—trying the undertaker was just carrying part of the window—and buried me the next minute. I laughed until I jarred the chair out from under one end of the board, and down I went with a crash. Then the doctor ventured into the room, saying, "rather dubiously:

"So you are not dead yet, Ben?"  
"Well, no, not exactly," I replied; "sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however."  
"Yes," he said, rather absently, "bad, rather—that is—ahem!"  
"Pooled out of that snuff-colored stripe?" I thought, as I looked at Jerusha.  
"Go and speak with him," said her father, in a stage whisper. "He's got the stamps, and you had better marry him after all!"  
They began to gather around me and congratulate me on my escape. I noticed that they cried a great deal more than when I was dead. Jerusha came and hung around my neck, sniveling desperately. I gave her a not over-gentle push and told her to wait next time until I was safely buried before she set her heart on my old clothes.  
"O, I am so glad!" she said, sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about the clothes—"that you are not dead, Benny dear. My heart seemed all withered and broken to see you lying all cold and white. I wept bitterly over your pale face, my beloved."  
"Yes," I replied, "I heard you and Bob taking on terribly. It was a lucky die for me."  
"Could you hear?" she gasped.  
"I rather think I could some," I replied.

She looked toward the door, but it was crowded full, so she made a dive for the open window, and went through it like a deer. She shut herself up in the smoke-house, and would not come out until after I had left the house.  
Bob would not fill his promise of marriage with his cousin because she tried to make up with me again; so she is living a life of single blessedness.  
While I am writing, my wife is cutting up my snuff-colored clothes to make a stripe in a new carpet for our front room.

Skates. Skates, sonny? Why, yes, bless your heart, you shall have a pair of ten-inch club skates for your feet and a pair of six-inchers for your hands, and a couple of hand-axes for your knees, a hard rubber cap and a bushel of excelsior to upholster your trousers' basement. Let your course be onward and upward, my son, and when you drag your tired, hungry frame homeward, Bridget shall have quail on toast ready for you, warm from the oven, and your little sister shall yield her place at the register. Be an honor to your family name. Hence, get to the frozen lake. How different 'twas in "those days" when we were young. It was hard to get a pair, even of old skates; harder yet to get them fastened on tight, and hardest of all to limp home with an ache in every silent point, only to hear a "Good enough for you."

A Singular Accident.  
A sad case was heard at the Green-which police court, in London, the other day. A young woman named Florence Helps was charged with wounding William Mann in the face with an umbrella. It appears that the prisoner and another young woman, while out walking, were followed by a knot of troublesome boys. One of the party took on Miss Helps' dress, and made offensive remarks to her. She told them to go away, but they continued to molest her and her friend, and at last Florence Helps made a thrust at Mann with her umbrella. Unfortunately the umbrella struck him in the face and in the left eye. He fell down, hitting his head against the curbstone, and became insensible. Florence Helps assisted in raising him and carrying him to the nearest surgery. She gave the medical gentleman his fee, and also paid for a cab in which the unlucky lad was conveyed to the seamen's hospital, Greenwich. Subsequently she called on the boy's parents, and the next morning she went to the hospital to inquire after him. The case is, according to the medical testimony, very peculiar, for, although he is likely to recover from the effects of the wounds made by the umbrella, rupture of the brain has supervened on the blow of the head he caught on falling, he has become paralyzed on one side, and has lost his memory. Miss Helps was committed to jail, to await her trial ball being refused.

Preserved Pumpkin.  
To each pound of pumpkin allow one pound of roughly pounded loaf sugar, one gill of lemon juice. Obtain a good sweet pumpkin, halve it, take out the seeds and pare off the rind; cut it into neat slices. Weigh the pumpkin, put the slices in a pan or deep dish in layers, with the sugar sprinkled between them. Pour the lemon juice over the top and let the whole remain for two or three days. Boil all together, adding one-half pint of water to every three pounds of sugar used, until the pumpkin becomes tender; then turn the whole into a pan and let it remain for a week; then drain off the syrup, boiling it until it is quite thick; skim and pour it boiling over the pumpkin. A little

## A Curious Explanation.

A gentleman from New York city, Mr. John Forsythe, a mineral explorer by occupation, is in jail in Webster county, W. Va., charged with the murder of Mr. Phineas Barton, of Philadelphia, in whose company he visited Webster county. Mr. Forsythe's version is, that on the 13th of November last they both ascended Terror's Peak, a high, dreary-looking knob, eight or ten miles east of Addison, for the purpose of examining some curious meteoric stones which were said to abound near and upon the summit, and that while up there they were overtaken by a violent meteoric shower, composed of fiery missiles of various sizes, some of which exploded like a bomb-shell in their fall, and that Mr. Barton was killed by a blow on the temple, causing a wound not unlike that made by a pistol ball. Night intervening Mr. Forsythe watched over the corpse of his friend until morning, when he returned to Addison for assistance. There the people, suspecting foul play from certain contradictory statements, and the fact that Mr. Barton's valuables were found upon his person, arrested Mr. Forsythe, who was so excited and distracted by all that had happened to him within the last twenty-four hours, that he could not find the place where he had abandoned the remains, which were accidentally discovered by a hunter on the following day. Mr. Forsythe appeals to scientific men of the country to extricate him from the suspicion of a heinous crime by a thorough investigation of the catastrophe, and feels perfectly confident in the vindication of his innocence. This is undoubtedly one of the most singular and mysterious cases of death we ever heard of, and hope that no pains may be spared to arrive at the facts.

## High Prices for Cattle.

A letter from Waukegan, Ill., to the Chicago Journal says: "Hon. M. H. Cochrane, member of the Canadian Senate from Province of Quebec, and Simon Beattie, Esq., of Whiteville, Province of Ontario, have just purchased from George Murray, Esq., of Racine, Wis., about one-half of his select herd of short-horns. The purchase is said to be the largest in amount ever made at private sale in this country, including in all fourteen head, among them six females of the celebrated Duchess tribe, and eight females of other choice, popular families. The price paid for the lot is not as yet made public, but must be in the vicinity of \$100,000, for it is a well understood fact that soon after the great New York Mills sales, held near Utica, N. Y., in September, a year ago, Mr. Murray refused \$15,000 each for the six Duchesses of Slawsondale—which are included in the purchase. The cattle will be shipped in a day or so to Mr. Cochrane's farm, at Hillhurst, Canada."  
A letter from Racine, Wis., from a gentleman of standing, in referring to this sale as given above, says: "This is no humbug. The six cows and heifers Murray sold at \$10,000 each were all the products of a heifer that he bought of George N. Bedford, of Kentucky, five years ago, for \$4,000. She has had four heifer calves, and one of these has a young heifer calf, making the six head. The other eight head of short-horns were of Murray's own raising, but not of the Duchess blood—pretty good blood, however, to sell for \$1,250 a head, six months to three years old."

## Food for Children.

Children do not like fat meat, so give them good bread and butter, and allow them plenty of sugar. A chemist will tell you that both fatty substances and saccharine or sweet substances are eventually oxidized in the body. Sugar is the form to which many other things have to be reduced before they are available as a heat making food; and the formation of sugar is carried on in the body. It has been proved that the liver is a factory in which other constituents of food are transformed into sugar. Now, it is probable that your children really need sugar to keep them well, and it is fortunate that most children are fond of vegetable acids. A saucer of berries, or a ripe apple, is often a better corrective for children's ailments than a dose of medicine; yet the majority of parents give the nauseous dose preference over the fruit. It does seem sometimes as if parents were occupied more in denying than gratifying their children's appetites. This is neither necessary nor fair. They get as tired of bread and milk as you would. And what comes of it? Simply, that as soon as they have an opportunity, they indulge their love for fruits and sweets to excess.

## Clover With Wheat.

It is not long since we saw it stated that no man ought to sow wheat without sowing clover with it. The farmer who made that statement hit very near the truth; but it is not for the sole purpose of diverting the chinch bug (why should any one call it "chintz bug"? some do), from the wheat plant by fattening him upon clover. Clover with wheat does not injure the wheat and does benefit the soil, either if plowed under or allowed to remain and decay on the surface. One of the best wheat farmers we ever knew sowed clover seed with his wheat seed annually, until his entire farm was full of clover which grew spontaneously in place of weeds. He thus increased his ability to keep stock which increased his grain products. It has come to be settled among our best farmers that there is no need of allowing land to "rest" in the Jethro Tull style—but that a succession of crops of diverse character is better than barren idleness for the land.

bruised ginger and lemon rind, thinly pared, may be boiled in the syrup to flavor the pumpkin. From one-half to three-quarters of an hour will boil the pumpkin tender. Vegetable marrows are very good prepared in the same manner, but are not quite so tender.

## The City Sharp.

When a young man from the country visits New York, says the Times, for the first or second time in his life, he bears with him many warnings. His parents and experienced friends picture to him the city rascal, morally sure that he is "one of those scamps." The frank, bluff, and jolly-looking young drover whom he meets on the train is a pleasant acquaintance, and our young friend likes the free-and-easy way with which he produces a flask of spirits from his frieze overcoat, and shares its contents with a stranger from the country. The drover has not been to the city often; he only comes once or twice a year to see his sister, but even that is often enough to find out how the sharpers flock about the railway depots, hotels, and other places where unsophisticated people do congregate. And he warns Rusticus, with the imprudence of a man "who has been there," of the snares and pitfalls of wicked Gotham. Our young friend, strong in his own keenness, is a little nettled by this far-off echo of the paternal counsel, and, warmed with the genial drover's drink, says that he is not afraid of anything, although he was born in the woods. When the slim, scholarly-looking gentleman in black, who has been playing three-card monte in the smoking-car, passes through, Rusticus does not see the telegraphic quiver of the eyelid with which the honest drover says to the pale gentleman, "I've got him."

The rest of the story has been in the papers so often that it hardly bears repetition. Rusticus likes his honest friend, who has been in the city once or twice before, and who speaks of his sister up town as "a little stuck up and stylish, but a good gal." And the drover has such a pleasant, taking way that Rusticus goes to his sister's house with him, and has a cup of tea and a sandwich with that charming young woman. For her part, she is modestly "glad to see any friend of brother John's." Our young philosopher from the country, who would give odds to the sharpest sharpener in New York and beat him at his own game, is unaccountably sleepy after supper, falls into a doze in the corner of the sofa, where his kind friends have left him. He finds himself, about daylight next day, shivering on the streets, with a queer feeling in his head, and with scarcely garments enough on his limbs to cover him. He never sees the honest drover again, nor the honest drover's sister, nor the few hundred dollars he had when he went into the honest drover's sister's house, though he seeks it carefully and with many contrite groans. His simple story is duplicated in the experience of hundreds of confident young men, and older men, too, for that matter. The too-confiding stranger, much warned and counseled, avoids the swaggering ruffian and sleek-looking Pharisee, only to be embezzled by "one of the best-hearted fellows in the world."

A Concscience-Stricken Man.  
George Peters, who has kept a hotel in Annville township, Lebanon county, Pa., for many years, attempted to commit suicide for the third time recently, by hanging himself. He has since delivered himself to the sheriff of the county, and declares that his repeated attempts to make way with himself are prompted by remorse. He confessed that he murdered his first wife sixteen years ago. She was found one morning in 1858 in the hotel barn, lying under a horse in one of the stalls. Her skull was crushed, and it was supposed that she had been kicked to death by the horse. Peters now says that he deliberately killed her. There had been a misunderstanding between them for some time, owing to frequent long visits of Mrs. Peters' relatives to their house, against which Mr. Peters strongly protested.

On the day of the tragedy a brother of Mrs. Peters was expected at the hotel, and she was making great preparations for his entertainment, against her husband's wishes. She went to the barn to catch some chickens. Her husband followed her, and as she was stepping over to seize a chicken she had penned up in a stall, he struck her over the head with a pitchfork handle. She fell to the floor and never spoke afterward. Horrified at what he had done, he dragged the body of his wife to a stall occupied by a horse, and placed it there, to give color to the theory that she had been kicked to death. The plan worked as desired, and no suspicion ever arose that there had been foul play.

Peters married again some years afterward, and says that he subsequently told his second wife the particulars of his crime. Peters has always been looked upon as a good citizen, and is quite wealthy. The greatest excitement prevails in the community over the extraordinary revelation.

The Two Breaths.  
So far as pure air is concerned, some hints are given by Canon Kingsley which may be useful even to the poor, or employers who care for the poor. He describes what he calls "the two breaths," and their effects. The two are, of course, the breath you take in—which "is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid"—and the breath you give out, which "is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters, which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid." He then points out that this carbonic acid gas, when warm, is lighter than the air, and ascends; and, when at the same temperature as common air, is heavier than that air, and descends, lying along the floor, "just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells or old brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it." Hence a word of admonition is addressed to those who think nothing of sleeping on the floor; and hence, as "the poor are too apt, in time of distress, to pawn their bedssteads and keep their beds," the friends of the poor are entreated never to let that happen, and to "keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from the carbonic acid on the floor."

## The Story of a Hindoo Judge.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London Times writes as follows: "I heard a pretty story the other day, circumstantially told, and if it is not circumstantially correct it ought to be so. It certainly is true generally, and it presents a picture of one beautiful trait of Hindoo character—the Hindoo's attachment to his earliest home, and how they made their way to honor and usefulness against all odds, from Dick Whittington downwards. Here is a story of a Hindoo lad, as brave a lad as ever stepped—the late Mr. Justice Mitter, Judge of the High Court. He was born in a little Hindoo village, and of parentage that the old story tellers would have termed poor, but honest. He received his education I know not where, but he came to Calcutta, as many a young man has gone to London, to carve his way to fortune; only in his case there was contention against a dominant race. He held his own, however, through all reverses, through good report and evil report, till the time came when the poor lad became a judge of the High Court! Perhaps this may help to correct some of the prevalent silliness about Bengal sallowness. He worked splendidly, subdued self, sat in modest dignity (I speak from knowledge, for I have seen him) on the bench of the High Court, deciding intricate cases as a judge and a gentleman. At last he was seized with a fatal disease. He asked to be taken to a sanitarium, and he was obeyed. Time went on, but he only became worse. It was death, the doctors mournfully said. Then he had but one request. He had sat on the judicial bench, had been a marked man at the levees and drawing-rooms, at public gatherings for institutions which sought distinguished names. Englishmen of the first distinction—possibly Sir Barnes Peacock—did themselves an honor which will not soon be effaced from the minds of the people of Calcutta by making the "native judge" their friend. Now, then, had come the grand issue of all, and the dying judge begged to be taken to the village, and I suppose to the house, in which he was born. In this way the two ends of life came together—simply as in the play of children, and grandly as in the truly heroic stories of manhood. There, where the trees which he had loved in childhood waved before his eyes, the pure and noble judge died. The poor Hindoo when he feels his last moments coming to an end tries his best to crawl to "home," to the muddy tank, the grove of cocoanuts or bamboos and to the family gatherings at eventide which few Hindoo ever forget, go where they may."

## A Watch-Making in Switzerland.

Horological industry has grown to extraordinary dimensions in Switzerland. The following are the statistics: In the four cantons of Neuchatel, Berne, Vaud and Geneva, more than 25,200 men and 12,700 women are employed in the various branches of the business, of whom 16,600 belong to Neuchatel and Berne. The trade has grown of late most rapidly in Berne, where at present half a million of common watches are produced annually, their value being set down at an average of forty francs each, making a total of £800,000.  
In the canton of Geneva the number made annually does not exceed 150,000, but nearly all of them are in gold cases, and ornamented, so that the total value is about the same as the half million produced in Berne. Vaud makes about the same number as Geneva; the movements are generally well finished, but many of them are exported without cases; the value is considered to average about 55 francs, giving a total of £320,000. The same canton also produces about 80,000 musical boxes of the value of £50,000. One-half of the whole of the watches made in Switzerland are produced in Neuchatel, and in value, 55 per cent. of the whole, or 1,400,000 per annum.  
The total number and value of watches produced is given as follows: Switzerland, 1,600,000 of the approximate value of 3,520,000; France, 300,000, value 660,000; England, 200,000, value 640,000; and the United States of America, 100,000, valued at \$300,000. It will be observed from the above figures that while the average value of Swiss watches is about 4s. 6d. each, those of France reach an average of 4s., those of England 6s., and those of America 6s. The fine balance-spring of a watch is said to furnish the most remarkable example of the increase of the value of a raw material by the application of skill. It would be curious to know the cost of the material employed to produce the 2,200,000 watches of the four countries quoted, of the approximate value of \$4,800,000. Still more curious would be the relative value of a first-rate chronometer, and the materials with which it is produced.

## Little Johnny's Composition.

This animal is one of the seven wonders of the world, cause its hair is wool, but not cotton wool. If there was no sheep there wouldn't be no wool, except just a little on the hedges, which the birds makes nests of, and if their wasn't no wool were world this cote be? So you see we all are second-hand close, wick we gits from the sheeps.  
The he sheeps is call rams, and the little sheeps is call lambs, and the she sheeps is a you. They is all made of board and close, but some fokes likes beets better to eat. Wen a sheep has been sheerd he don't look like the same. My father had a sheep wick was sheerd, and wen it was sheerd it was so shamed blubstred red, jest like my sister. It had a little lamb, and wen the lamb come up to suck it run up with its eyes shut, as they always does, but wen it got done, and lookt wot it was about, it kep a-backin' off and a noddin' its bed like sayin' I beg your pardon, it was my mistake; and that lamb had to be brot up by hand.  
Sheeps is very playfe wen they are young, but not so much as kitties. Wen the sun shines wot in the spring they turns out and has a good time on the grass, like a circus, Billy says, but no music and no ephalant. Once I saw a ole cow wick was a watchin' a lam wick was a-goin' it. Then the ole cow she stuck out her tale stiff, and give a jump up, and come down with her legs strait like stilts. Then the lamb stop still and lookt at her all over, and then it went strate away in a other field out of site of the ole cow, and begun to go it agin.  
My uncle Ned says the Skanny navons had a god wick could hear the wool a groin' on the back of the sheeps, but wot good did it do him if he couldn't stop it? I pose he wasn't a real live sure enough god, but just somebody live.  
Rams is great butters, and their horns would be good shels for a big snail.

## The Preservation of Meat.

A favorable report has recently been presented to the French Academy on the new frigorific machine invented by M. Teller, with a view mainly to the preservation of meat. The chief novelty in this machine is the employment of methyle ether to produce a cold and dry circulating atmosphere in which the meat is kept. This body is gaseous at ordinary temperature and pressure. M. Teller uses chloride of calcium as the agent for transmitting cold. The apparatus consists of a frigorifer, like a tubular boiler traversed by tubes, a pump, to set in motion the cooled liquid; a large reservoir into which this liquid passes, and whence it is distributed to produce the cooling action; a compression pump; and a condenser, in which the methyle ether, vaporized in the frigorifer, resumes the liquid form under a pressure of eight atmospheres. There is a double circulation, that of the ether, and that of the chloride of calcium solution. The report says that the duration of conservation of meat in the cold chamber may be considered indefinite as regards putrescibility. The edible qualities are perfectly retained for the first forty or forty-five days, the meat then becoming more tender and digestible. At the end of the second month, however, the taste of the meat (as compared with fresh meat) slightly suggests that of fatty matter, the tenderness having increased; but eaten separately, it hardly seems to differ from fresh meat. There is a gradual desiccation, the loss of weight thus amounting to about ten per cent. in thirty days. After that it is very small, and at the end of eight months the interior flesh has still enough moisture to preserve its suppleness, and it is depreciable with the fingers.

## Poor Edgar A. Poe.

In the new volume of Poe's poems, edited by R. H. Stoddard, the editor in the preface thus gives the last scene in the life of Poe: "He started from Richmond October 24, 1849, and arrived at Baltimore between trains and unfortunately took a drink with a friend—the consequence of which was that he was brought back from Havre de Grace in a state of delirium. It was on the eve of a municipal election, and as he wandered up and down the streets of Baltimore, he was secured by the lawless agents of a political club and locked up in a cellar all night. The next morning he was taken out in a state of frenzy, drugged, and made to vote in eleven different wards. The following day he was found in a back room at the political headquarters and removed to a hospital. He was insensible when found, and remained so till Sunday, October 7. The doctor and nurse were with him when he first showed consciousness. 'Where am I?' he asked. They answered, 'You are cared for by your best friends.' After a pause, in which he seemed to recall what had occurred, and to realize his situation, Poe replied, 'My best friend would be the man who would blow out my brains.' Within ten minutes he was dead."  
A Western man paid his first visit to Baltimore a few days ago, and invited a lady acquaintance to visit a theater with him. The lady accepted the invitation, and the young man, following the crowd, walked up to the ticket office, laid down a fifty-cent note for his ticket, and turning to his companion said to her, "the price is fifty cents." The lady happened to have her portmanteau with her, and appreciating the situation, drew from it a fifty-cent note, and her gallant companion passed it with his money, and obtaining two tickets, handed one of them to her, which she quietly accepted, and passed in after her beau.

## A Mystery Solved.

The mystery of the robbery of the express car on the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad is solved by the arrest of George Leonard, the fireman on the train, who has confessed to the robbery. He says that he was aided by Clark, the express messenger on the train. Clark telegraphed from Maunuka Chunk, the station below, that the safe containing several thousand dollars was missing from his car. It was subsequently found in a ditch opposite. It had been broken open and rifled of the money.  
Clark was discharged from the company's employ, but not arrested, although there were suspicious that he knew something about the affair. His movements were watched.

A few days since circumstances turned the attention of the detectives toward George Leonard, the fireman. His movements were suspicious, and he was watched. He was keeping company with a young lady at Hampton Junction, named Henry, and although she is the daughter of highly respectable people, a watch was also set on her movements. The officer at Hampton soon ascertained the fact that she had in her possession a large sum of money, and that Leonard had recently purchased several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry. The officer recently called on Miss Henry and made known his errand, telling her that she should save herself trouble by giving him all the facts she knew and delivering to him what money she had of Leonard's. She denied any knowledge of the robbery, but said she had money, but would not give it up. A search was then made, and in a stocking hidden in her room was found \$740. Miss Henry then said that Leonard had given her \$1,040, but had taken \$300 of it.  
Learning that Leonard had been seen since the robbery at Peckville, Pa., the officer proceeded to that place. He found, in the possession of a friend of Leonard's there, \$300, which the latter had left with him for safe keeping. Leonard was then traced to Scranton, and arrested, just after having married Miss Rosa Coleman, of Binghamton, N. Y., who had traveled all the way to Scranton to become his wife. Leonard had \$700 on his person. He was taken to Belvidere and lodged in jail. He made a full confession of the crime, and declared that Clark was concerned in the robbery. Clark was arrested.

After confessing the crime, Leonard said that the remainder of the money taken from the safe was secreted in the woods near Belvidere. He was taken to the locality by the sheriff. Leonard soon lifted a large stone from the ground, which revealed a hole partially filled with leaves. Under the leaves were three packages containing \$3,500 in greenbacks.  
Leonard has been in the employ of the railroad company a long time, and was always considered an honest and respectable young man.

## Watch-Making in Switzerland.

Horological industry has grown to extraordinary dimensions in Switzerland. The following are the statistics: In the four cantons of Neuchatel, Berne, Vaud and Geneva, more than 25,200 men and 12,700 women are employed in the various branches of the business, of whom 16,600 belong to Neuchatel and Berne. The trade has grown of late most rapidly in Berne, where at present half a million of common watches are produced annually, their value being set down at an average of forty francs each, making a total of £800,000.  
In the canton of Geneva the number made annually does not exceed 150,000, but nearly all of them are in gold cases, and ornamented, so that the total value is about the same as the half million produced in Berne. Vaud makes about the same number as Geneva; the movements are generally well finished, but many of them are exported without cases; the value is considered to average about 55 francs, giving a total of £320,000. The same canton also produces about 80,000 musical boxes of the value of £50,000. One-half of the whole of the watches made in Switzerland are produced in Neuchatel, and in value, 55 per cent. of the whole, or 1,400,000 per annum.  
The total number and value of watches produced is given as follows: Switzerland, 1,600,000 of the approximate value of 3,520,000; France, 300,000, value 660,000; England, 200,000, value 640,000; and the United States of America, 100,000, valued at \$300,000. It will be observed from the above figures that while the average value of Swiss watches is about 4s. 6d. each, those of France reach an average of 4s., those of England 6s., and those of America 6s. The fine balance-spring of a watch is said to furnish the most remarkable example of the increase of the value of a raw material by the application of skill. It would be curious to know the cost of the material employed to produce the 2,200,000 watches of the four countries quoted, of the approximate value of \$4,800,000. Still more curious would be the relative value of a first-rate chronometer, and the materials with which it is produced.

## IMAGINATION.—A young man walked into an Indianapolis drug store the other day, and called for fifty cents' worth of strychnine. The clerk, suspecting his object, gave him a harmless dose of "sugar of milk." The youth swallowed it at once and sat down to die. To the surprise of the clerk he soon showed every indication of poisoning, and he thinks that had he not told him of the harmless nature of the potion, he would have died from mere imagination.