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**The Sentinel.**  
He paces round the fortress wall  
For hours and hours together;  
Afar his ringing footsteps fall;  
Through wild and wintry weather  
He paces round the fortress wall  
Hours and hours together.  
So love doth guard the loving heart—  
For years and years together;  
Grief cannot stay, nor angel start  
Whatever be life's weather.  
So love doth guard the loving heart  
Years and years together.

## THE MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.

The news that "Bishop" John D. Lee, of the Mormon Church, has determined to turn State's evidence against his accomplices in the Mountain Meadows massacre, September 18, 1857, on account of the efforts of the faithful to impede his defense and thus sacrifice him that others might escape, is by no means unlikely, says the *World*, and it is probable that Lee will soon publish a full and critical statement of the terrible affair. It will be looked forward to with much interest. The following story of the massacre has never before been told:

According to the Mormons the train of immigrants so ruthlessly massacred contained several families from that part of Missouri whence the Mormons had been driven; one member claimed to have been at Carthage when the prophet, Smith, was killed, and another displayed a pistol which, he said, "had shot Joe Smith and was loaded for old Brigham." These in the then excited state of Mormon religious feeling, whose first element was a superstitious reverence for the living prophet, and a burning desire to avenge the martyrdom of the dead one, would furnish at least a pretext for popular violence. Again, the train contained several Arkansians, neighbors of McLean, the man who killed the apostle, Parley P. Pratt, for robbing him of his wife, and one of their number was said to have been concerned in the killing. Among the minor reasons that the Mormons declared had excited hostility against the train were the naming of two oxen "Brigham" and "Heber" (the latter after Heber C. Kimball, first counselor); the use of profane language, an offense against the Territorial laws, for which, indeed, it was sought to arrest some of the immigrants at Cedar City; the harboring of apostate Mormons; the wanton destruction of fences and grain and killing of stock belonging to the saints; and the poisoning of a spring at Corn Creek, to kill Indians. Another potent reason may have been found in the excited state of the Mormons at the approach of Albert Sidney Johnston's army, and their intention, after having been driven from Illinois and Missouri, to fight for Utah.

On the other hand evidence is adduced to show that the immigrants were orderly and respectable folk; that they held religious services on each Sabbath, and that the poisoning of the spring was a sheer invention and a physical impossibility—indeed the Indians at Corn Creek afterwards gave them thirty bushels of corn, the solitary evidence of kindness that they received in Utah.

These circumstances impartially related, the character of the hostile demonstrations may next be examined. At Salt Lake they were refused provisions and ordered away. Similar refusals met them all along the southern route, and they were summarily driven from the customary camping grounds at least two stations, so that they were literally starving in a fertile land, at harvest time, in a season of unusual abundance. Inasmuch as the Mormons were invariably hospitable to such trains, this circumstance indicates that the universal hostility towards this train was not spontaneous, but had its origin in official circles. Indeed we find that George A. Smith, now first counselor, had preceded the train and warned the Mormons, under penalty of excommunication, not to aid its members. This the Mormons admit, though the motive they declare to have been that of making preparation for possible emergencies. At Corn Creek Smith met the train, and when asked advice by its leaders as to a camping ground, recommended Gane Spring, the spot where they were attacked.

The original plan of massacre, as devised in council of war at Parowan by George A. Smith, William H. Dame, I. C. Haight and John D. Lee, was an attack in Santa Clara canyon, with detachments beyond to make sure that none broke through, and guards at all the springs behind to cut off stragglers who might attempt to escape homeward. The Utah militia was officially called out, and ordered to come "prepared for field operations." To the Indians—to whom Lee, then Indian agent, had promised the spoils of the train—the attack was committed.

This official participation or preparation of the militia is, it may here be said, the only circumstance which even remotely connects Brigham Young with the tragedy beyond the fact. There is positive evidence that when complaint was made of the violent and abusive conduct of the immigrants, he ordered them to be allowed to pass in quiet, adding: "We have trouble enough already; when I want martial law proclaimed I'll let you know." Nevertheless, being commander-in-chief of the militia, and it being almost incredible that his subordinates should have ventured on such sanguinary work without orders, informal sanction, or some con-

science of approval or immunity, he cannot be considered wholly free from suspicion.

The Indians, animated by greed, attacked the train before it reached Santa Clara canyon, at Cane Spring, killing seventeen immigrants and wounding fifteen. This was at daybreak on Monday, September 10, 1857. The immigrants promptly formed a corral and, throwing up earthworks, repulsed the savages, of whom three were wounded, two mortally. These were taken back to the camp at Cedar, and by Bishop Bigbee anointed with the sacred oil on which, in connection with prayer and the laying-on of hands, orthodox Mormons depend for the healing of wounds and curing of diseases. An Indian runner brought back the news of the repulse to Cedar, and militia were sent on. Subsequently Lee called for more reinforcements from Cedar and Washington. Meanwhile William Aden and a companion, who were returning from the train for assistance and provisions, were met by Bill Stewart, "the Avenger," who killed Aden while his horse was drinking. The other man escaped. Stewart is still living at Cedar City.

The rest may briefly be told. The immigrants, crowded behind their wagons in a small plain surrounded by hills, on which the besiegers were posted. They had neither provisions nor water, a fact of which the Mormons were made aware by their three spies, Willets, Reeves and Stewart, who joined the train pretending to be "apostates" desirous of escaping to California. A woman ventured beyond the corral to milk a cow and was shot; so were two little girls of eight years who were sent to the spring for water, in the vain hope that the innocence of childhood would shield them from the bullets of the foe.

The siege had lasted four days when the immigrants drew up a letter giving their names, residences and occupations, their religious beliefs, the lodges of such of them as were Masons or Odd Fellows—and there were a great many members of these orders in the train—and the nature and value of their property. Three men volunteered to carry it, and, after prayer in the corral, broke through the lines at midnight and rode for California.

The Indians were at once put on their track. One was killed while sleeping between the Clara and Rio Virgin; the letter was taken from him and some time afterwards destroyed, though its contents are known. Forty miles further on the other two messengers were taken, stripped and made to run for their lives. One, wounded sorely, made no effort to escape, and was tortured and burned to death; the other, though wounded, distanced his pursuers. The Vagas Indians, whom he met fifty-four miles further on, gave him some clothing and food; eighteen miles beyond, at the Cottonwood, two Californians, the brothers Young, gave him a horse. He, however, was so much exhausted that he took the desperate resolve of returning with them. The Indian trackers soon met them, but the Youngs kept them at bay till Ira Hatch, another Mormon, brought up another band, and telling the Californians that "they were all right," ordered the death of the messenger. He was shot and his throat cut.

On the 18th the immigrants were induced to surrender to the Utah militia by Lee, who bore a flag of truce to them. They laid down their arms and marched out under the protection, as they supposed, of the American flag that was floating over the troops. As soon as they left the corral the order to fire was given by Lee and repeated by the subordinate officers. Volley after volley was discharged by the militia, the Indians came to their assistance, and the men were all killed. The women, after most of them had been violated, had their throats cut or brains dashed out, these eight ones being driven by the butcher in the wagon they were unable to leave. Lee killed one woman who had drawn a dagger against him, and shot another who was clinging to his arm. James Pearce, now a middle-aged man, bears the scar of a bullet wound inflicted by his own father for refusing to kill a girl that had clasped his knees. Bill Stewart and Joel White were set apart to cut the throats of all the children who were "old enough to remember," and did their work faithfully. The bodies, one hundred and twenty-seven in all, were piled up. A few months later an old Mormon buried them on his own responsibility, but the wolves dug them up, devoured them, and scattered their bones over the field of blood. With Aden, the three messengers and two children who were subsequently killed, one hundred and thirty-three persons were massacred.

**Frightened.**  
A writer in the Boston Transcript relates the following incident: An elderly lady at the South End was suddenly awakened out of a sound morning slumber by the outcry of the fish fiend—"Mack-e-rill! mack-e-rill! mack-e-rill!" Being partly awake and partly asleep, she thought it was a voice from the unknown world shrieking into her ear: "Make your will! make your will! make your will!" and was immediately thrown into spasms, which lasted almost uninterruptedly for the space of twelve hours, thereby greatly alarming the family physician, and causing the gravest apprehensions among the relatives and friends.

## To Make a Married Couple Happy.

Men and women expect to be happy when they wed each other. And why not, if they marry wisely? The man should always be a little bigger than his wife, and a little older, a little braver, a little stronger, a little wiser, and a little more in love with her than she is with him. "The woman should always be a little younger, and a little prettier, and a little more considerate than her husband. He should bestow on his worldly goods, and she should take good care of them. He may owe her every care and tenderness that affection can prompt; but pecuniary indebtedness to her will become a burden. Better live on a crust he earns than a fortune she has brought him. Neither must be jealous, nor give the other cause for jealousy. Neither must encourage sentimental friendships for the opposite sex. Perfect confidence in each other, and reticence concerning their mutual affairs, even to members of their own families, is a first necessity. A wife should dress herself becomingly whenever she expects to meet her husband's eye. The man should not grow slovenly, even at home. Fault-finding, long arguments, or scoldings, end the happiness that begins in kisses and love-making. Sisters and brothers may quarrel and "make up." Lovers are lovers no longer after such disturbances occur, and married people who are not lovers are bound by red-hot chains. If a man admires his wife most in striped calico, she is silly not to wear it. If she likes him most in black cloth, he is a fool to neglect to indulge in it. They should contrive to please each other, even if they please nobody else, for their mutual happiness can only be the result of their mutual love, and that love will never fail to exalt its object.

**Fortunes of Singers.**  
Mme. Parepa-Rosa is said to have died worth some \$250,000. She was a very thrifty woman, and looked well after the pennies. Mme. Nilsson-Rozeaud has certainly not squandered her means, and is reported to have \$500,000 invested in stocks and real estate. Miss Kellogg is worth probably \$200,000 well invested, and would be worth more if she were not so generous. She, or her mother, who acts for her, is close at a bargain, but liberal with money after she once gets it. Adeline Patti is extravagant and avocations, too. She makes a great deal of money, and spends a great deal as well. But she has saved a fortune. Mlle. Albani is just beginning to make money; so she has not saved any so far. Mr. Gye, however, will see that she does not lose anything. Lucia is more like the old-fashioned prima donna. She does not save a penny, though she makes a great many. De Murska, also, is improvident. Adelaide Phillips is poor, through her generosity to her relatives, I am told. Miss Annie Louise Cary would save if she could only get a little ahead. But she is so kind-hearted. Mme. Anna Bishop belongs to the improvident, or rather, unfortunate generation. She has made fortunes, but only to lose them, and is a poor woman to-day. Carl Formes, Mario, Tamberlik, neither have anything left, not even their voices. Of the present generation, Wachtel is well off; so are Santley, Sims, Reeves, Fauro, and Niemann. Campanini saved; so did Carpi. Capouli didn't, neither did Maurel nor Brignoli, and the tenors and baritones of the second class are poor.

## Preservation of Timber.

For the preservation of timber from decay, so many and different methods have been introduced, that the best engineers and constructors appear to be in doubt as to which is on the whole to be preferred. It is, however, found that one of the most effective of these curious processes consists in subjecting the wood to a temperature above the boiling point of water, and below 300 deg. Fah., while immersed in a bath of creosote a sufficient length of time to expel the moisture. When the water is thus expelled, the pores contain only steam; the hot oil is then quickly replaced by a bath of cold oil, by means of which changes the steam in the pores of the wood is condensed, and a vacuum formed, into which the oil is forced by atmospheric pressure and capillary attraction. It is thought that a wooden platform, thoroughly treated in this manner, would last twenty or thirty years, and prove superior to a stone platform during the entire period.

## To Banish Crows.

J. W. Bliss, of Bradford, Vt., adopted a novel way to keep crows from his corn. A few days ago he found quite a flock busily engaged in a twelve-acre lot belonging to him. He procured a couple of small spring traps, such as are used in catching muskrats, and set them some distance apart between the rows, scattering along a few kernels of corn. Not long after he heard a hubbub and cawing in the field loud enough to awaken the mythical seven sleepers, while the fence and trees near by were nearly black with crows. He didn't trouble them for a couple of hours, though they did him by their continual noise, after which he released the two caught in the traps. Since that time the crows have given that field a wide berth, not having been seen in the immediate vicinity. This way of getting rid of crows seems much preferable to shooting, as no Northern bird does so much scavenger work as the crow.

## A Duck Hunt in Japan.

An American gentleman traveling in Japan has sent us the following account of a duck hunt in which he participated some time ago, some features of which will doubtless strike the American sportsman as novel:  
The other day I went on a wild duck hunt with my interpreter and one guard. We started early, and, proceeding through the rice fields for some distance crossed a low line of hills lying to the north, and passed up a fertile valley about four miles. Here was a village where the people had made preparations for our coming duck hunt in anticipation of a grand day. Near by was a small lake, snug among the hills and near the base of the mountain called the "Dragon's Clan."

It was a most picturesque place, with a pine grove skirting the margin of the water, and clumps of bushes and reeds scattered along in various places. The entire surface of the lake was covered with ducks, while clouds of them hovered over the trees and wheeled to and fro in wild confusion. The whole neighborhood was literally alive with them.

This lake had long been the resort of ducks, but the people had never allowed a gun to be fired in the neighborhood, and had contented themselves with now and then catching a few with nets. The consequence was that the ducks had never known what it was to be shot at, and were comparatively tame. When it was known that I was coming there to hunt, the customary order was revoked, and everybody was given permission to come with his gun and join in the sport. The men had constructed low mounds of pine branches, resembling Esquimaux huts, along the edge of the lake, and at the points most frequented by the fowls. As soon as each one of us got fairly settled, either under a mound or a tree or bush, we began to blaze away at the innocent ducks which lay in thick masses before us. As the first shot echoed among the hills, a myriad of quacking creatures rose in one great cloud from the surface of the water, and for a time the air was completely filled with them.

I never before saw such a spectacle; the sky seemed darkened with feathered fugitives, and the noise made by their wings was like that of a mighty rushing wind. Especially wild was the noise as one flock after another wheeled directly over my head; then they suddenly turned a short curve, their white breasts flashed for a moment in the sun, and the rapid motion of their wings made a breeze like a great fan upon the face. They had not learned yet what the sound of a gun meant, and as no person was to be seen they ere long settled again quietly on the water.

Another volley soon started them up again, however, and they rose into the air, leaving many of their dead and wounded companions on the surface of the lake. Now their flight became swift and broken, and as they passed close over our heads we fired indiscriminately into their midst, causing the flocks to scatter in frightened confusion. The poor things knew not what to do; the lake had always been their quiet home, and they knew not whither to flee. So, as none of their cruel enemies were in sight, down they came again upon the death laden surface of the water. They were completely tired out, and as shot after shot skipped along beside them, they only "necked" their heads and remained where they were. The firing continued the whole morning, and the waters around their formerly peaceful retreat were reddened with the fruits of the bloody slaughter.

At one time during the day, while somewhat withdrawn from the party, I heard a peculiar "whir-r" of something in the air, and turning quickly saw a bullet strike the bank beside me. A shower of mud was spattered over me, and at a little distance a Japanese man was in full flight. There was nothing near me for a proper target; and there is little doubt that this was a manifestation of the bitter hostility to all foreigners, for which, I have since learned, this neighborhood is noted. At that very time many of the inhabitants had shut themselves up in their houses in fierce rage at the idea of a detested "Tojin's" being entertained among them.

A shot fired at something (or somebody) else rebounded from a rock and hit a young fellow; but his painful wound was at once dressed by my guard Meiji, who had dressed more than one wound in the recent civil war here. I gave the best direction I could, and the boy was carried to a native hospital, where he has since died, really from want of decent medical treatment. But death makes very little impression in Japan.

## A Foolish Drunkard.

At a hotelery in Lancashire, not long since, several men were assembled, and among a sinner named Roscoe. During the evening the conversation turned upon what is called "crucifixion," which means nailing a man's ears to the door for some such valuable consideration as a pot of beer. Roscoe, who was in the humor for amusement, consented to have his ears nailed to the door, with the additional provision that he was to drink a pot of ale while in that situation. He said that the ordeal was nothing to him, but he wanted to know whether it "wasn't hard to get all the beer out of the jug." He succeeded in drinking it all, however, and his ears were then unnailed.

## "SCULPED."

**Experiences of an Indian Fighter.**  
"Injuns, stranger—Injuns! Yes, I know the whole gang of 'em, from Red Cloud and Spotted Tail down to the toddling papoose. I ought to know 'em—I've fit 'em for nigh on to thirty years."  
He was a grim looking old man, with grizzled locks in view under his coon-skin cap. He had on a bearskin coat, Indian moccasins, buckskin shirt and leggings, and he held a long rifle between his knees as we talked.

"These Western railroads are rapidly civilizing the country—fast killing off Indians, wolves and buffaloes!"  
He looked around the car, which was handsomely furnished and finished, and sighed as he replied:

"Yes, times are gettin' wuss an' wuss down this way. I've been thinkin' of goin' up to the Yellowstone, whar a man can go out any time o' day and git up a squar fight with a grizzly, or raise a rumpus with the reds."

"You must be quite an old man!"  
"Only 'bout sixty. I ain't quite so limber on a long run, an' can't sleep quiet so well with the rain pouring down in my face. But if I thought I wasn't good for any three Injuns on the plains, or any grizzly that ever stood on legs, I'd ax ye to shoot me."

"You must have seen wild times out here!"  
"Purty wild; purty wild," mused the old man; "there used to be heaps of reds out here, to say nothing of the wolves, bars and rattlesnakes; an' thar was times when death rose up to shake hands with me."

"Ever taken prisoner?"  
"I might hev been—I guess I was," he said, as he uncovered his head.

"Why, you've been scalped!"  
"They call it sculping, stranger!"  
"And who did that?"

"This same blasted Red Cloud. He didn't use the knife, but he stood by and hollered, and encouraged the chap who did it."

"Your sensations must have been terrible."

"There wasn't time to feel any sensations, stranger. They sneaked in on me an' Tom as we dozed, an' when I woke up Tom was riddled, and my scalp was hanging to an Injun's belt!"

"And what then?"  
"Nothing much. I got up and killed two, wounded another, and legged it to a canyon and got away. If I were to do it over again I'd git my topknot back or fight the whole Sioux nation till somebody went under!"

He seemed lost in reflection for a moment, and then continued:  
"I don't know what scalps are worth in the market, but I guess I've got the full value o' mine. I've knocked over risin' of thirty Sioux since that night, an' I guess I'd be willin' to pass receipts!"

"I suppose you've had a turn at half a dozen different tribes?"  
"Less see," he mused. "Thar's the Sioux, Blackfoot, Pawnees, Arrapahoes, Shoshones, Cheyennes, an' three or four other tribes. They've all hunted me, and I've hunted them, an' I can't say as they owe me anything."

"I notice a bad scar on your face."  
"Purty good scar for a common man, but I kin show you the scalp lock of the Pawnee who made it. He jumped on me just after I had swum a river, an' he thought he'd got hold of a jackrabbit. 'Twas a bad cut, and it kind a 'mazed me at first, but when I did come to, he was gone afore he could yell twice. I said it was a purty good scar, but it isn't quite ekal to this."

And he pushed up the leggin on his right leg and exhibited a scar which made me draw back. The foot, ankle, and the leg, as high as I could see, had been burned by fire.

"The Blackfeet had me fast to a stake once, ye observe," he explained. "That was the time they poked each other in the ribs an' said they had a dead sure thing on all Carter; but they wuz mistaken. They had me three days, an' I'd been kicked an' cuffed around until there wasn't any more fun in it, an' then they tied me to a stake an' lighted a fire around me. 'Twas pretty cluss, stranger—pretty cluss!"

"And how did you escape?"  
"Half a dozen of my old pards came along just in time to knock over half the band, and save me."

There was silence again, while he unbuttoned his shirt and showed me a bosom literally gridironed with scars.

"Well, that may be two or three knife-cuts thar," he explained, "but the heft o' them scars was made by a grizzly. He wasn't one of those bar calves that sum folks knock over and blow about, but a reg'lar three-story, old-fashioned grizzly, such as ye don't find outside the darkest canyons in the Rockies. I wuz bendin' over the fire when the varmint slid down a canyon, an' wuz right on hand afore I had any warnin'."

"And was it a hard fight?"  
"It wuz a purty fight, stranger, because it wuz a fair fight. I had a big knife, an' he had teeth an' claws, and we went in ter kill. He wuz good grit, but a little slow. There wuz about thirty days after that little episode that my pard had to nuss me like a child."

"And you mean to die out here!"  
"That's for the Lord to say, but I 'spect yer more'n right. The Injuns is purty quiet down here, an' these keers are bringin' heaps o' people West, but I'm goin' up whar a white man won't disturb the Lord's work for a hundred

years to cum! I feel kinder mean an' small down here—as if I wuz huntin' rabbits; but up the Yellowstone a feller kin brace up, after he's knocked over a red or two, an' feel as if he wasn't foolin' away his young days!"  
And that was old Carter.

## Concern for His Children.

He wore a slouch hat and carried a whip in his hand, as he sauntered into a Niagara Falls hotel, and by the home-made style he put on, one could see he belonged around there—in fact, was nothing less than a representative hackman. But he looked thoughtful, and the landlord soon noticing it, inquired:  
"What's the matter, Tom? Are you sick, or haven't you made a hundred dollars to-day, or what is it up that you look so pensive?"

"I've heerd suttin' to-day, Colonel, that's not me a thinkin'," was the reply.  
"What is it, Tom?"

"Wal, there was a gentleman with long whiskers and a professorial-looking coat, talking on the 'Merican side, this morn' kinder wisish-like, and I heern him say as how he'd figgered out that in 7,800,000 years the falls of Niagara will be worn away, and there won't be none left at all."

"Suppose there isn't," said the landlord, jocularly, "that will not affect you; you'll be dead and gone long before then."

"No; I know it wouldn't affect me, Colonel," replied the passenger pirate, with feeling, "but I can't bear to think that the chances I'm havin' to make money 'll be taken from my children!"  
And though the landlord tried to console him with a genealogical calculation of the chances yet left for his family, the hackman would not be comforted, and stalked away to meet the incoming train, with the air of a man who was bound to make the most of his opportunity while it lasted.

## Dilution.

Oh, ye milkmen! Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye! Be satisfied that the best of milk, fresh from the cow, has about eighty-seven per cent. of water, and add no more to it. We admit that water is good—that bread, which is the staff of life, has sixteen per cent. of water and eighty-four per cent. of solid matter, with fifty per cent. more water when made into bread, so that with every one hundred and fifty pounds of bread we consume we take sixty-six pounds of water, and we still think it dry food unless we have a cup of water or tea with which we can dilute it as we eat. Lean beef, too, is seventy-eight per cent. water and blood—full as much water as is contained in the potato, which has only seventy-five per cent. of water. Eggs, also, have seventy-four per cent. of water—only one per cent. less than the potato, and nine less than the carrot. Roots, too, contain from eighty to ninety per cent. of water, and so, so grateful to the stomach and so easily digested, are largely composed of water. Plantains, seventy-three per cent.; plums and other fleshy fruits, seventy-five; apples, strawberries, and other small fruits, eighty; melons, over ninety. And all this water is essential to health. In this record, we hope no infatuated lover of greenbacks, or national bank notes, or stockholders in banks, railroads, or other corporations, will take it into their heads to water their stocks. We do not take money into our stomachs, and the dilution of it, or what is represented by it, is simply a delusion.

## A Tornado Story.

An incident of the recent tornado at Detroit, Michigan, is thus told: William Peake, of the Peake family of bell ringers, who lives in the western part of the city, went to sleep, blissfully unconscious of the destruction not a mile from his door. His wife, who was visiting at Buffalo, read of the disaster in the papers, and at once sent the following telegram to her dear William: "Are you alive and well? Sarah." Mr. Peake had not fairly got his eyes open, and not having the slightest idea as to what the message referred to, he sent back in answer: "If you are getting crazy, you had better come home." Subsequently, when he found out what had happened, he sent another despatch of an explanatory and more loving nature.

## To Get Rid of Grapevine Worms.

An experiment was tried by me some time ago, says a writer, to exterminate grapevine worms, which proved so successful that I have drawn up a brief suggestion for farmers and others.

If the vine is growing on an arbor the remedy is simple. Take some common gunpowder and lay a thin trap, about two and a half inches in width, along the center of the arbor, and light it. The worms will fall off in large numbers, and may easily be killed while on the ground. If the vine grows on a frame or wall, it is best to lay such a train as I have described about three feet from the roots of the vines.

## A Mysterious Case.

A few years ago Judge Fish, of Oglethorpe, Ga., was assassinated, and two well known citizens of the place, Holcomb and Lloyd, were hung for murder. It now comes out by the dying confession of a detective engaged on the trial that the latter, Lloyd, was an innocent man, and that the murder was sworn on him to get the \$5,000 reward. The attorney general at the time is unpleasantly connected with the hanging of the innocent man.

## Calling Them.

The enumerator inquired of one family in South Bend the name of the head of the family, and was answered John Hines, and asked the further usual questions, when to his surprise he found three children, two sons and one daughter, the two former were named John, and the daughter bore the name of her mother, Elizabeth. The enumerator asked her how she distinguished them, and she answered: "I call them 'Old John,' 'Big John,' and 'Little John,' and 'Young Elizabeth.'"

## Too Young by Half.

She came tripping into the street car, smiling at the conductor as she entered, and took a seat between two gentlemen. Presently she opened a little pocket-book, took out a ticket, and said sweetly to one of the men: "Will you pass it, please!" and when he had put it in the box she smiled sweetly again and said: "So obliged." Then she patted her dress, smoothed down the ribbons about her, pulled gently forward a ringlet which wasn't big enough to show unless well in front, and folded her hands upon her lap. There was a general smile about the car, of which she was unconscious. Had a schoolgirl entered and done the same things no one would have noticed them, but this woman was forty-five at the very least! It was the needless and useless and pathetic effort on her part to appear youthful which made the case remarkable. The ribbons about her were of the hues adapted to girlhood. There was a touch of paint upon her thin cheeks which made the countenance almost ghastly. The hat she wore of the coquette kind—above an exceedingly handsome and piquant face it might have appeared well; upon her it was simply ridiculous. Her hair was not as heavy as it once had been, and it didn't curl naturally, but some of the thin locks were arranged to hang in careful disarrangement down over her forehead, and upon each side of the face one corkscrew ringlet dangled and swayed and bobbed. It seemed impossible that the woman shouldn't have known she was making a spectacle of herself, but there she was, all foolish innocence and pride. Finally she reached her street, beckoned to the conductor smilingly, tripped down the steps as she had ascended them, and went minding away.

## The East River Bridge.

By a recent act of the Legislature of the State of New York the great bridge property, which was commenced as a private enterprise, has become a public work, and the money to complete it is to be supplied from the treasuries of the two cities. The early finishing of the structure is therefore assured, and the work is now progressing with all possible rapidity. The last stone of the Brooklyn pier or tower was laid a few days ago—the last that can be placed until the cables are stretched. The tower now stands two hundred and seventy-one and a half feet high from the tide level. In the tower, as it stands, there are about 85,000 cubic yards of stone, weighing about 70,000 tons. It is expected that the New York tower will be finished before the end of the present season. The engineers also hope to finish the Brooklyn anchorage this season, and it is thought that before next fall the cables will be stretched across the river.

## The Bridge will have a greater span than any work of the kind now existing.

The distance between the river piers is 1,600 feet. The total length of the bridge will be about one mile. The width of the roadway will be eighty-five feet, which is a little more than the famous thoroughfare of Broadway. It is believed that one of the immediate results of the bridge will be to turn the current of increasing population to Brooklyn, and ultimately cause the annexation of that city to New York, in which case the latter will take rank in population next to London.

## Hard Work.

I know a young lady here, says a writer from Saratoga, who works as hard as any banker over his ledger, for she is continually surprising you with the abundance and variety of her toilet. Now she is a nymph in blue, half enveloped in clouds of white tulle, and looking as celestial as it is possible for a mortal maiden to look; next she is as demure as a dove in some soft combination of pale pink and gray, or somber as autumn in black; then bursting upon you like a newly fledged butterfly in all the glory of crimson or saffron; and so on, until she has exhausted more colors than even the college crews. And has this young lady nothing to do, in order to accomplish all this? Ah, who knows of the many cruel sacrifices she is compelled to make; of the hours she must be immured in her room while some brilliant rival belle is flirting with her own favorite beau; who knows of the rides and walks, the city chills and pleasant interviews she misses, that when she does appear, it is that she may be only seen in order to conquer!

## Many an artist spends less labor and exercises less talent in his toiling for fame, than many a woman lavishes upon her toilet.

No wonder that women have so little time to achieve anything durable in this world, when so great a portion of their lives is spent in devising their wardrobes and enhancing their beauty—and all for that thankless creature—man!

## Calling Them.

The enumerator inquired of one family in South Bend the name of the head of the family, and was answered John Hines, and asked the further usual questions, when to his surprise he found three children, two sons and one daughter, the two former were named John, and the daughter bore the name of her mother, Elizabeth. The enumerator asked her how she distinguished them, and she answered: "I call them 'Old John,' 'Big John,' and 'Little John,' and 'Young Elizabeth.'"