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**To-morrow.**  
O thou to-morrow! Mysterious!  
O day that ever runs before!  
What hast thou hidden hand in store  
For mine, to-morrow, and for me?  
O thou to-morrow! what hast thou  
In store to make me bear the now?  
O day in which we shall forget  
The tangled troubles of to-day!  
O day that laughs at duns, at debt!  
O day of promises to pay!  
O day from all present storm!  
O day in which we shall reform.  
O day, best day for reform!  
Convenient day for promises!  
Hold back the shadow of the storm.  
O blessed to-morrow! Chiefest friend,  
Let not thy mystery be less,  
But lead us blindfold to the end.  
—Joanna Miller.

## BLESSEDNESS.

### Single, Double and Treble.

"I will never marry, never," said William Blake to his father; a patient, weary-looking old man, with thin gray hair stretching across his bowed head. He answered, reflectively: "Well, I think you're right; there are men that can manage women, but your mother has been too much for me."

"It seems half selfish for me to go off and leave you alone with her; but what can one do, with work that wants planning, and that continual scolding in one's ears?"

"It's the crying fits that masters me, snuffing into her apron; looking at me that reproachful, till I'm half brought to believe that I have committed murder, or something, in my sleep."

"I sometimes think, do you know, father, that in those times it is that she is sorry; for her temper is, in fact, repenting."

"It's an awfully unpleasant, unfair kind of penitence, then; but I don't know; she's been buzzing in my ears so long that I get fairly bothered sometimes, and don't feel clear about anything."

"I'll tell you what you must do when she gets past bearing; just come off to me; it won't be far, you know."

"So I will, my boy; so I will."

Accordingly, the next morning, when Mrs. Blake began the day with prophetic indications of being what she called "upset," her husband prepared to escape, greedily to her displeasure.

She had resented Will's removal and "setting up for himself," but then, as Mr. Blake remarked, "she couldn't be any crosser than she was before," so he departed in comparative comfort.

Will's room was a poor little place. He was not earning much as yet, and he said "anything does for one's self"—nothing, in his desolate state that somewhat contradicted his philosophy of loneliness; still his work improved wonderfully, and in that he was always happy. Will was a designer of moldings.

Mr. Blake found him busily stitching an old coat.

"Turned tailor, Will?" he asked.

"Tisn't work enough for a tailor, and I am afraid my bungling would not pass for one, either. I tried gins, but somehow it wouldn't answer, and one must keep one's self looking decent. I am going after orders by-and-by."

"Women are of some use after all, if they were not such unreasonable creatures," said the father, with an involuntary glance at the table, which looked rather like the wreck of a kitchen, heaped up as it was with a little of everything.

Will was accustomed to have all his tools round him in his work, and so had gradually gathered the household implements together in the same fashion.

"We will have breakfast presently," he said; "it would have been ready before, only while I was gone for a loaf the kettle boiled over."

"It won't do that this time," said Mr. Blake, lifting the tilted vessel from the fire.

"Why?"

"Then they both laughed; Will had forgotten to put in the water.

But the blunders were soon remedied—there was no one to scold over them. Father and son were chattering pleasantly over the end of their meal, when a bright young voice was heard on the landing outside, calling: "Willie, Willie."

"Made friends, already?" asked Mr. Blake, looking up, surprised.

"No, it is somebody lodges overhead; her little brother has run off down stairs. He seems to give her a deal of trouble, but she never speaks any sharper than that."

"Doesn't she now? It's a wonderfully pleasant sounding voice."

By-and-by it seemed that the culprit was hunted up the stairs home again, a merry hum, with much laughing on both sides, and as they passed Will's door, a quieter "Willie, Willie."

on the stairs, accidentally, for the purpose. "That was how your mother and I got acquainted."

"I did not know that, father." Will spoke with an air of regretful apology that was understood and accepted, but silently.

Dreamily, in the hush of old memories, the father walked away to his work.

Will sat down before the window, to finish some drawings, but the thick square pencil made idle marks, while the eyes that should have guided it sought the only bit of nature within sight—the strip of changing sky between the house-tops. Many a bold design had come from those sweeping cloud-kaleidoscopes. None came now. Will was musing. How could a man work, with that sweet, imperious "Willie, Willie," ringing in his ears?

It was a worse distraction than his mother's scolding, for he could not be sure that he really wanted to forget this.

"I am glad I have never seen her," he said, with a long breath that did not sound like content. Then he tried to say "Willie," in her tones, and as a look of impatient disgust marked his consciousness of failure, he put on his cap and went out.

The haunting voice became a presence, all too soon. As Will came home she met him in the passage; a little, swift-gliding figure, with soft, dark eyes set in a pale, fair face. "Not a bit like mother," he thought, with a curious feeling of satisfaction; but as she passed he saw that her eyes were humid with fear and grief.

"What is the matter?" he asked, involuntarily.

"Willie! choose a doctor!" she answered, rushing into the street that was wet with a stormy rain.

"Stay! I can go faster," cried Will, following her. "You go back to your brother." She obeyed at once with the quick docility of a gentle intelligence; and he thought again: "Mother would have talked for an hour."

The doctor came soon, but not soon enough. Willie was very ill. Bravely the little fellow struggled, but the foe was too strong for him.

"Strange," the doctor muttered, impatiently; "the last cases are so often the worst. I thought it was over for this year."

A week before another lodger in the same house, a gluttonous man, had made himself ill feasting on mussels and plums and beer; he recovered, but the poison thus brought into the house fastened on the weakest there.

The child died. There was nothing more to be done for him. All at once, for the first time in his little life, Willie wanted—nothing; not even his sister. She went about her necessary work with an oppressive, bewildered sense of leisure upon her. And Will—if the joyous voice alone had distracted him so, how could he work now?—now that it recalled the meek, desolate face of the mourner; now, that the cry had changed into such a pitiful, beseeching "Willie! Willie!"

The day after Willie was buried it happened that Will paid his rent, and took that opportunity to inquire after his fellow lodger.

"Poor young thing," said the motherly landlady, "it makes my heart ache to see her, up there in the little room, where they were so happy, those two. She says the very walls seem written with his name, and the things he used to touch cry 'Alice, Alice,' just as he called for her at the last. It is enough to craze her; there isn't an empty room in the house, or she should have it for a bit."

"Ask her to change with me," said Will, eagerly; "tell her I should be so glad, if she would not mind; the light there would suit me better."

Alice consented doubtfully. "It seems like deserting Will," she said; "and yet one has no right to let one's self get ill; tell Mr. Blake—I accept his offer gratefully."

She had grown a little stately in her solitary grief, and Will stammered over his premeditated speech. "My name is Willie, too; couldn't you take me for your brother?"

"Oh, no," she answered, with direct simplicity. "He was so naughty, the darling; I never could have him out of my thoughts for a moment."

Alice herself had this kind of naughtiness for Will, and now, living in her room, he seemed to be encompassed by her presence; his tools and work seemed rough and coarse amidst the little dainty arrangements that marked a womanly hand.

"If it hadn't been for knowing mother," he mused, one evening, "I might fall in love, I do believe; as it is I know better."

So "knowing better," he shrank from an intercourse that might, in some sharp answer, bring Alice down from her pedestal, on which he still chose to place her, justifying his bright dreams to himself by saying: "It is pleasant to 'make believe' as children say."

Alice, meanwhile, had found a cheering employment in putting Will's room straight, as she called it. "Such a pity, poor man, for him to live in such a muddle, and him so clever, too."

She had found some torn drawings in the littered fireplace, and carefully smoothed them out as treasures overlooked.

Will, coming for a book, found her thus busy, and said smiling:

"They are of no use; I don't want them."

"They seem wonderful to me," she said, looking up frankly.

"Ah! just as women's work does to us. I put a bit on my cuff this morning, and it is off already."

"Let me see it, I have a needle here."

Will muttered something about "troubling her," but she answered: "I ought to do anything I can; you don't know what good the change of rooms has done me. I suppose like rich ladies going out of town."

"Your love made a grand improvement here," said Will, looking round; the same room, the same furniture; but what had been a dreary confusion was now fair peace.

"I wish you would stay here always," he added.

Alice was about to answer: "I do not mind," not understanding him; but something in Will's eyes made her own droop, the little fingers trembled over their work; suddenly Will had caught them. "Alice, will you stay here? will you let me love you—be my wife?"

She shrank away from him. "I must not—I must not."

"Why not? Tell me, darling."

"Mother said, when she died 'Child, never.' Father made her so wretched."

"We are kindred in trouble, then, that is all," said Will; "mother, somehow, tormented my father so, that I resolved to live and die alone—let us both give up our hard purposes—will you, Alice?"

Will's tones pleaded better than his words; they gained him the victory.

From the wreck of the past seemed to spring a bright future, like the flowers from out of last year's dead leaves.

By-and-by, there was a wedding; the motherly landlady gave Alice away, and Will took her as the great gift of his life.

As they came home from the church, he said, brightly: "We have both resigned single blessedness, what shall we have instead?"

"She nestled close to him and answered: "Double blessedness."

Peacefully and brightly the years went on, till even Mr. Blake learned to be brave in youth and love and happiness; more especially when a little fairy grand daughter came to clasp his hand and tinkle in his footsteps.

One day, when, for a wonder, Will's sleeve had no button, he came to his wife for her to sew one on, something in her attitude, as she sat before him with the sunshine on her hair, reminded him of that first work of hers when his love grew up almost in a night.

"Do you remember the first button you put on for me, like a fether round my wrist, enquiring Alice?" he said, smilingly.

"Would you be loosed now, if you could?" she asked with a tender look of defiance.

"Ah no! this, our life is"—a tender, merry voice broke in, calling, "Father!"

—he ended, with a thankful sigh: "Triple blessedness!"

## At Long Branch.

There is a constant entertainment in studying human nature, as it is presented on the balcony of our hotel, says a Long Branch correspondent. We have here a moving panorama of life centered in this little world of our own. If you have nothing particular to do, you can draw your chair closer to the edge of the balcony, and watch the other people who are moving and sitting about; and if you are a close observer, you will find enough to interest you.

See the lady with the blond hair and gray eyes with her head raising languidly on the shoulder of the gentleman with the Dundreary whiskers. You pity her, I suppose, and think that her head must ache badly, the poor dear, and how you would like to hold up that sick head and smooth down those blond tresses. Of course, greedy, you are wrong again; her head don't ache, and I saw her consume a Spanish mackerel and a Monmouth county spring chicken for dinner, so she cannot be very sick. She is only spooney, that's all. She was married to Dundreary about four years ago, and after that event found feather pillows so hard that she had used her instead ever since. She takes a malicious delight in making those three old maids, sitting on the bench near the door, feel bad, because they have no husbands they can use as pillows. I think she takes some delight in torturing one lone bachelor also, who are not so favored, for every time I pass her in that position there is a roguish look in her eye, which seems to say: "Would you not be happy if you could hold somebody's head up?"

## One Idiot in the Family.

The *Idiot* (Mass.) *Gazette* narrates the following: A firm in a neighboring town being obliged to suspend operations on account of the unfaithfulness of one of its members, a number of citizens subscribed certain sums to effect a resumption of the work, and to encourage home industry. But their kindness was imposed upon, and they found themselves so much out of pocket. One of the parties in filling out the census paper, placed under the head "How many idiots in the family?"—one.

"How is that?" inquired the census taker. "I was not aware that there were any in your family." "Oh, yes, there is one. I made a fool of myself when I signed that subscription paper."

## A MAN OF NERVE.

### Walking Through the Woods with a Treacherous Companion.

As a test of nerve, the recent experience of a wayfarer, traveling a wood road near Olympia, Washington Territory, was as remarkable as any on record.

The man was a speculator, looking out wild land, and he trudged through the forest, following the almost unused path formed by an old road made by pioneers in the wilderness. His mind was devoted to one subject—the critical examination of the kind of trees upon the land about him, and of the character of the soil, and he failed to notice for some time a "pit-a-pat" upon the dead leaves near him. He at first scarcely looked down, when he felt something rubbing against his legs and heard a slight purring sound; but when he did look his heart came up to his mouth and a cold sweat started as suddenly as though he were suspended by a wisp rope over Niagara. Pressing himself softly against the logs, twisting about him as he walked, he moved his feet as if he were walking on a bed of needles, but with never a sound, turning up his eyes and looking almost like a terrible laugh in them, was a cougar! No chicken was this man in the woods, but his account of the manner in which he was raised by his hair is not to be considered as exaggerated at all. Sleek and supple and muscular the beast glided about, and at intervals it would come closer again, and press its body against the legs of the man, the light touch making gooseflesh of every inch in his form.

It was a terrible experience, that interview with the cougar in the forest primeval, and it was well for the man that his nerves were of the kind to do honor to a frontier adventurer. Steadily pursuing his course with steps that would falter occasionally, he kept on, and with him the beast continued its treacherous gambols. At times it would glide a few paces to the front, and roll over and over in the road, and wait for the man to come up, and then it would circle around him again until the impulse, almost too strong to be resisted, would come upon him to spring upon the brute, opposing fists to fangs, and ending the intolerable suspense at any risk. The movements of the terrible animal were but as the playing of a cat with a mouse, and the man knew it. The moment came, at length, when the strain could be borne no longer, and the man kicked desperately at the beast as it passed him. In an instant it bounded in front and crouched for a spring, growling hoarsely and showing its teeth. The man stopped and shouted hopelessly for aid, while the cougar did not spring at once, but appeared waiting to gratify its humor a little longer. The shout, fortunately, was not in vain.

There were hunters and dogs in the immediate vicinity, as rare fortune would have it, and the hounds dashed suddenly from the covert as the cougar, seeing them, leaped for a tree. A few moments later the beast fell a victim to bullets, and the man with whom it had taken a stroll was telling his story and trying to restore the normal condition of his nerves. It was one of the episodes which turns men's hair gray—one which would, doubtless, have brought death to a man with less nerve than the hero of the affair.

## For the Rich as Well as the Poor.

Several incidents have lately been given tending to show that in England the wealthy when breaking the laws suffer equally with the poor. One fit incident in connection with the case of Alexander Collicie & Co., a wealthy firm charged with frauds, is worth notice. When the heads of the firm were first brought before the magistrate, heavy bail was demanded. They were not allowed to go home while their friends hunted around for bail, but were remanded to Newgate. Their lawyer begged that they might at least be allowed to go to Newgate in a cab. The magistrate replied that if poor men were brought before him they would have to go to prison in the common van; that there was no difference in the offense with which the prisoners were charged, whether committed by rich or poor—consequently, he declined to grant the privilege applied for. The two Collicies had to march down in front of the Mansion House before a crowd of spectators, and to make the journey to Newgate in the prison van, or "Black Maria." We need not say, says the *New York Times*, that they would have been treated with much greater consideration here. Easy bail would have been demanded, and if they had found any difficulty to get that, they would have been allowed to go to some fashionable hotel, or even to their own homes, under the nominal surveillance of a sheriff's officer. Beggars, thieves, even murderers, find no difficulty in getting admitted to bed by our magistrates. A man nearly killed a police officer the other night, and was instantly admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000. How much better off Messrs. Collicie & Co. would be to-day if their offense had been committed in New York instead of London!

## How It is Done.

At some houses of entertainment it is customary to place a board and lodging is \$50 per day. These tickets are \$25, drinks at the bar \$10, and billiards \$100 a game. In all these cases notice is given of "a liberal discount to friends." The object is to avoid the penalties of the civil rights bill.

## Pre-Historic Man.

At the excavations now being made for the foundations of the Thames embankment extension, to the south of the House of Parliament, some interesting relics of a probably pre-historic age were discovered by the workmen employed there. These consist, for the most part, of bones supposed to be those of extinct species of quadrupeds and birds; but among them was found the under jawbone, retaining all the molar teeth, of a man, apparently belonging to an early type of the human race. Some of the bones discovered have adhering to them small fresh-water shells, and other fresh-water shells were found near to them in great abundance. One of the most remarkable objects found in these excavations is the upper jaw, palate, facial bones and eye-sockets of an animal of the rodentia or gnawing order. This is only wanting in two teeth, namely, those belonging to the center of the front of the mouth, which the sockets show were, like the rabbit's, gnawing teeth. The other twelve teeth remain in the jaw, the molars being eight and the incisors four, but the incisor teeth are placed two on either side of the central gnawing teeth, and not between the two canine teeth, as in the carnivora, including man. This fragment of the mouth and facial bones of an animal is nearly of the size of the like parts of the human frame, and, except for the position of the rodent teeth and the absence of the canine teeth, it might at first sight be mistaken for a portion of the human head. No animal of the rodentia order of so large a size is now, however, found in this country or known to have existed in it within the period of human history. With these animal remains, and about the same spot, a flint knife was found, evidently formed by early human skill. Most of these ancient remains were discovered at about thirty-two feet below the surface of the bank of the river opposite Abingdon street, and five feet above the level of the London clay, imbedded in a deposit of black vegetable mold containing numerous pieces of the smaller branches of trees, become black as peat oak. Some of the bones, including those of the rodent animal, mixed together with shells, were, however, found in a gravelly sand or drift, and it was in a deposit of this kind that the flint knife was obtained.—*Manchester Guardian.*

## Useful Hints.

The juice of caladine or "touch me not" is said to cure the poison of ivy.

To remove paint splashed upon the window panes use a hot solution of soda and soft flannel.

If a door does not shut with a slam put a drop of sweet oil on the catch; if it creaks put oil on the hinges. Soap will do, but not so well.

Save your old rubber boots and overshoes. It is estimated that over eight hundred tons of them are annually manufactured into our springs in Boston.

To take mildew from linen, mix soft soap with powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and a piece of lemon, and lay it on both sides with a paint brush; let it be in the open air—on grass is preferable—till the stain is removed.

When milk sours, scalding will render it sweet again. The whey separates from the curd, and the former is better than shortening in bread.

Any absorbent will give relief from bee stings. But perhaps nothing is more effectual than lean raw meat. The sting of a bee or wasp may be almost instantly relieved by it. It is said to cure the bite of a rattlesnake and to relieve erysipelas.

Furniture oil may be prepared as follows: Mix half a pint of olive oil with one pound of soft soap. Boil them well, and apply the mixture to your oiled furniture with a piece of cotton wool. Polish with a soft dry flannel.

Take a piece of common yellow paper, also another of green, and fit it into the top of your hat, so as to stay tightly, and not only will you never be sun-struck, but the headaches and similar troubles of hot weather will be avoided. Try it.

## In a Dark Cell.

A Paris correspondent writes: The *Gazette* has a good story to tell about a certain English actor named Walter Hastings—a story, so sensational that it seems scarcely worth while to spoil it by incredulity. This Mr. Hastings, it appears, was, in 1865, dining with Lord S. at a club, and chanced an conversation to express an opinion that solitary confinement is by no means so terrible a punishment as it sounds. Lord S. disagreed with the speculative actor, and forthwith offered him £10,000 if he would be punished in this way for ten years. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Hastings left the stage to pass the next decade of his life in a dark cell of fifteen feet by ten. He was allowed candles and books and writing materials and plenty of food, but was served by a silent and invisible attendant. He has now won his £10,000 and is spending it in Paris, whether he is glad to escape in search of health after his confinement in his lodgings is a matter which he does not say. He appears to be at least sixty; but he is, says the *Gazette*, extremely anxious to begin once more in his realistic career. He seems to have made up for the part of Le Comte with great determination.

## A CONSIDERATE GHOST.

There having been stories circulated relating to the "haunted Turner farm," four miles south of the village of Byron, Mich., a lady from Byron recently visited the locality, and sends her observations to the *Detroit Free Press* as follows:

Arriving at the farm Mrs. Turner, in explanation of the phenomena, said that she did at first think the stones were thrown by human persons, but is now perfectly satisfied that they are not. She did not believe in the supernatural, but had always been a Methodist, and previous to August last had never seen or heard anything she could not account for. Continuing the recital, Mrs. Turner said that her husband had purchased the farm a little over six years ago, and at that time it contained a lot which had been used as a burying ground by former owners. According to the terms of the bargain the friends of those buried there proceeded to remove the bodies. Mrs. Turner assisting them in that work. A gentleman, living in Flint, named Brown, had a mother buried there. He was very angry about the removal of the body, and was heard to say many times that if there was such a thing possible, and she should die first, he would haunt Turner for this act.

Last August Brown died, that same month this stone throwing was commenced.

The Turners assert that they did not know of Brown's death until some time after. The first stone thrown was one evening about sundown, while Mrs. Turner was milking, the stone falling by her side, and about the size of a man's fist. She called immediately to her son, about ten years of age, not to repeat the act, as he might frighten the cow and hurt her. He replied that he had not thrown anything. Just then two more came down; one striking near her and the other near the child. Mr. Turner, who was unharmed, his horses near by, called out angrily, looking about to see whence they came: "There, that will do; throw no more stones here or you will find, whoever you are, two come play at that game!" More stones came flying; and both Mr. and Mrs. Turner began to search for the person throwing the stones. They found themselves puzzled to find out from what direction they came, for they could not see the stones till they were within a few feet of them, and apparently coming from all directions. This sort of thing kept up for several days before they informed their neighbors and friends and asked for help in finding the cause. The neighbors came, and the stones continued rapidly falling about them in their search for the person throwing them. Everybody gave up, declaring they could not solve the mystery.

A peculiarity of this stone-throwing has been that with all the apparent recklessness with which they fell, there has been no one hurt. They have passed by the persons so near as to brush their clothing, and then fall to the ground near by, not even denting the soft ground. Mr. Turner last fall was very anxious to have snow fall, as he reasoned that if the stones were thrown by living individuals, their tracks would betray them. The stones continued to be thrown all winter, even when the snow was deep. They would fall upon the roof of the house and roll down, leaving scarcely a vestige of their course in the snow. No tracks of persons whatever could be found. Mrs. Turner says it is more as if the stones were swiftly carried by than thrown. Certain of the stones were carried home by the neighbors and privately marked. These identical stones would soon be found again in Turner's yard. A thousand or more persons have visited the place, and a great many have themselves seen the stone throwing, but vastly many more have waited and went away without seeing it, and have pronounced the whole thing a humbug.

Mrs. Turner says the stones ordinarily commence to fall at ten o'clock in the forenoon and continue to be thrown until dark. None were thrown on the occasion of the visit here described. The shower of stones, is not so great as last summer, and the family are in hopes it will stop altogether.

## Promoting Conjugal Harmony.

Judge Pearson, of the supreme court of North Carolina, has rendered an opinion which is interesting under certain circumstances. In this case the parties had made a contract of marriage, and on the day previous to the marriage the woman executed a deed of gift of her real estate to the value of \$8,000 to her step-mother without the knowledge of the man. After the marriage the husband sued for the recovery of the land back to the wife upon the ground of fraud. The court held that the deed was fraudulent, intended to deceive the man, and the step-mother is ordered to convey back the land to the wife.

## Honesty at a Premium.

Parson Brownlow, a bitter political enemy of Andrew Johnson, in an editorial article in his paper says that the ex-President was strictly honest, and adds: "This trait in his character is worthy of emulation by all public men. His boundless honesty is evidence that the American people appreciate honesty in their rulers and that when they find such they will reward them with their confidence and support."

## MURDER OF CHILDREN IN INDIA.

Some startling incidents of the way in which the little ones are made to suffer.

There is, perhaps, no form of crime more common in India than child murder. The practice prevailed when first the province of Bengal passed into the hands of the British, and it flourishes with scarce abated vigor at the present day. Open at random, the "Decisions of the Nizamut Adawlut"—the supreme court of criminal justice—and at brief intervals will be found such cases as these: In Outback a woman draws a child aside, takes the silver bracelets from her arms, and flings the little victim into a tank, on the surface of which the body is found floating a few days afterwards. In Behar a man strangles a boy nine years old, for the sake of his silver bracelets and gold earrings, and throws the corpse into a sugar plantation. At Moorshabul, a Chango robs a child aged five, and drops her into a deep and rapid part of the river. At Benares a fellow catches a boy twelve years old into his house, and there eats his throat in order to get possession of his silver bracelets; while a friend looks on and mildly exprobrates, but neither secretly intervenes nor gives information to the police. Another takes a neighbor's son into the field, under pretense of helping him to fly a kite, and there strangles him with his wristcloth, and strips him of the tawny shikets with which he was adorned. Yet another conducts a boy, aged nine, to witness a religious procession, but passing near a ditch suddenly throws him down, partially strangles him, bears the silver ornaments from his arms and feet, and flings him into the ditch, which is fortunately dry, and where he is found before life is quite extinct. By the promise of a melon Loda's inveterate Debee Deo, seven years of age from his father's house, beside him with a hoop, and buries his turban and trinkets in a field, leaving the body where it had fallen, and where it was found by the anxious father. This murderer, like the others, on being charged with the crime, at once confessed his guilt, but pleaded as an extenuating circumstance that he was prompted by an evil spirit.

A woman holds a little girl under water until she is drowned, the temptation being a silver collar of the weight of two rupees. Two women one evening ask a child eight years old to come on the morning for some fruit, and when she eagerly arrives, the one holds her while the other passes a rope round her neck and pulls it till the breath has fled. The body was speedily found in the midst of some tall grass near the house, and the spots consisted of a silver collar weighing four rupees. A woman of Tipperah was engaged in cooking her food, when, according to her own account, a child not above six years old came toddling up to her. Suddenly a thick darkness enveloped her, and a voice sounded in her ears bidding her strangle her little visitor. Thereupon she seized the child by the throat and the darkness passed away. So she dug a hole in the floor of her house and laid the body therein, after taking off the few valueless ornaments. A girl, aged nine, herself recently betrothed, drowns her playfellow in a shallow watercourse, while a boy fourteen years old leads in play a youthful companion to the edge of a tank, smashes his skull with a flint, possesses himself of the scanty ornaments and then lays the crime at the door of a neighbor. Similar cases might be quoted to any extent, and they all resemble one another in simplicity. No sooner is the child missed than it is traced to the company of its murderer, who straightway relates the whole transaction and points out where the ornaments have been buried. These usually consist of very thin silver bracelets and anklets, with possibly small gold rings on the fingers and tiny pearls set as earrings, the value ranging from two to ten rupees. The trinkets, and sometimes the body, are buried a few inches beneath the surface, either in the dry soil of a neighboring field, usually the murderer's own plot of ground, or in his hut, where its presence must inevitably be discovered as soon as decomposition sets in. Bodies exposed in the open fields or carelessly thrown into the nearest jungle are quickly rendered unrecognizable by wild beasts and birds of prey, nor does the scanty clothing afford trustworthy means of recognition.

## Come to Grief.

A large expedition to the Black Hills, composed of nearly two hundred men, some of whom were from New York, Pennsylvania and New England, has come to a bad end. They congregated at Sedalia, Mo., about the first of July, each member equipping himself for gold digging and Indian fighting, besides paying \$70 into a general fund. They went by the way of Denver, and were depleted by rumors that United States troops were after them. Further on they dwindled to twenty-three, and those were captured by cavalry and returned to civilization.

Or Cousin Sam Dies.—A middle aged woman fell as she was descending a pair of stairs in a Detroit building, and the first man to reach her feet was a banker who happened to be passing. "Did you fall, madam?" he inquired, as he seized her, "Fall? Of course I fell. You don't suppose I'd sit down in such a place as that to rest, do you?" she snapped. He didn't say.