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Past and Present.

This age is wise with wisdom slowly eoled,
And men, grown bold like well trained
hunters, leop
From crag to crag of truth, with sight un-
dulled,
O'er precipices steep.
But when our fathers trod the level plains,
The stars shone brightly in the gentle
streams,
The rainbow arched above the summer rains,
And sleep brought happy dreams.
The world is rolling swift and far away
From morning mists and early morning light,
And in the fullness of the middle day
No shadows meet the sight.
But reaching from that soft and shifting sky
Of early dawn a radiant pathway shone,
And angels in the morning ventured nigh,
Who in the morn are gone!

IN THE FAR WEST.

An Exciting Adventure of a Party of Immigrants Among the Mountains.

The revival of interest in the Mountain Meadow massacre recalls a curious incident in which I became involved about that time, the particulars of which were only understood by three persons besides myself.

It was in the summer of the same year, 1857, that a party of immigrants from Missouri penetrated the Territory of Utah on their way to California. This company numbered precisely fifty persons, among whom were eighteen men, the rest being women and children. They were amply provided with baggage wagons, oxen and horses, and were unusually fortunate in coming through the Indian country without the loss of any of their number, and with no serious deprivation of their baggage. It was my fortune to be one of the leaders in that enterprise, and my wife and child were with me.

When we had gone some hundreds of miles into Utah we were approached by a noted frontier character known as "Bill Leggett"—a grizzly, shaggy fellow who galloped over from a neighboring camp upon a splendid little mustang, never halting until the animal almost ran over us. This Leggett was a curious compound of the desperado, miner and scout, a man capable of the most atrocious deeds, and yet at times showing feelings as tender as a woman's. As he reined up his horse and looked around, he paid no attention to the numerous salutations he received, but as he drew up abruptly to know "Where the devil is the leader of this procession?" several pointed to me, and he looked down from the back of his horse, carefully scanning me from head to foot.

"So, you're the leader of this funeral, ar' you?" he asked, with a sly chuckle peculiar to himself, and when I nodded I expected to hear some characteristic slur upon my appearance, but the old borderer was disposed to be gracious that day. "You look like a purty decent sort of a chap, and I've got something to say to you—so, if you're a mind, just walk out here beyond earshot, and we'll orate."

We went off together. Leggett, swinging one of his immense legs over the saddle of his mustang, stepped down to the ground, and leaning with his back against the horse, looked me keenly in the eye, and asked me:

"How many men have you got?"
"Eighteen."
"All armed, be they?"

"All armed and ready to defend the company at any time. They've learned something of Indian ways while crossing the plains."

"They have, eh? Wal, they've got to learn a thundering sight more afore they reach California. Do you know that the very devil will be to pay afore you can strike the Sierra Nevada?"

I replied that we apprehended no unusual danger, and asked him to be more explicit. He seemed to have a peculiar reluctance to explain the particulars of some important knowledge that he had gained within the last day or two. He said that he was in the neighborhood of Salt Lake City when he learned that we had passed, and he found out too that an Indian plan was arranging for destroying our entire party. Beyond this he seemed unwilling to communicate what he had learned, but he finally ventured the opinion that if we were attacked at all it would be at a place known as Murderer's gulch. If we could get beyond that without disturbance, or if we should prove ourselves able to repel any assault, we might consider all real danger passed. Having told me this much, Leggett leaped into the saddle, galloped up the ridge, and vanished.

The guide to our party was a '49er, who had crossed and recrossed the plains, but whose knowledge of the country was less thorough than we had a right to expect. He had led us astray several times, but when I came to speak of Murderer's gulch, he recognized the place at once, and assured me that he participated in the ceremony of its christening. He was one of a party of miners who encamped there a half-dozen years before, there being a round dozen of them, when they got into a fight, which resulted in the death and dangerous wounding of eight of the number, most of whom were left upon the spot.

Murderer's gulch, as it was called from that day, was only five miles away, and it was now early in the afternoon, so that it could be easily reached before night-fall. So we set forth, and when we halted the sun was still an hour high.

The gulch was simply a ravine, a hundred feet wide, with sloping sides, that were less than a dozen feet high. The quantity of the place was that the bottom was covered with the richest kind of grass and near the center was a spring of deliciously cool and clear water, so that it possessed every requisite for a camping site, with the single exception that in case of attack the advantage was with the assaulting party. In view of the warning we had received from Leggett the question was debated whether we should halt here or pass further on. The grass continued along the bottom for several miles further, but this was the only spot where water could be obtained, and at every place the banks were much higher.

We had seen Indians at a distance during the whole day, and we had exchanged shots more than once with some of their horsemen. There could be no doubt, therefore, that we were in a very dangerous section of the country, and a careful review of the situation led us to adopt a rather novel defense, the success of which depended upon the darkness of the night.

Before dark three camp-fires were kindled, and their smoke was clearly outlined against the sky. The teams were unhorsed and set grazing the succulent grass, while a number of us took pains to show ourselves on the slopes, so that there could be no doubt that the redskins were fully apprised of what we were doing. This continued until some time after dark, the fires burning brightly, while the confusion and bustle were greater than usual. An hour after sunset the entire caravan, with the exception of four men, started silently up the gulch and never halted until they had reached the open prairie, fully a half-dozen miles away. When they set off they left behind them two large baggage-wagons, and each of us four men had his own horse.

There was every reason to believe that the Indians intended to attack us at this place, as Leggett had told us, and we adopted this not very original artifice in the hope of throwing them off the track. Favored by the darkness, we believed we could make them think the entire party was in camp, and by making a gallant show, hold them at bay until the women and children, with their escort, would have time to get beyond their reach. After the departure of our friends, we permitted our camp fires to smolder, or if there were too much light a keen-eyed Indian would be apt to detect the trick we were attempting to play upon them. All this being arranged as carefully as possible, two of us stationed ourselves on one side the ravine and two upon the other, our horses being protected a short distance below us, where they could be reached at a moment's warning. All of us were lying flat in the grass near the top of the hill, so that we could peep into the gloom without the danger of being seen ourselves while we were enabled to make better use of our ears than our eyes, for by applying our ears to the ground we were sure to detect the approach of a horse, no matter how carefully he was guided. We had lain upon the ground less than two hours, when I heard the faint but distinct sound of a horse's hoofs, to which were instantly joined those of several others. I gave utterance to a low, soft, tremulous whistle to apprise the others of what was coming, and the replies instantly came back.

Within five minutes I caught the shadowy outlines of a horse, whose head was directly toward me, and who approached within twenty feet before I could make certain that he had a man upon his back. I took the best aim possible and fired. The horse wheeled and dashed away, but as he turned, I saw the arms of his rider thrown up in the air. Almost at the same moment the crack of a rifle was heard upon the opposite side of the gulch, and immediately after the sound of a third gun, directly up the ravine, in the direction taken by the caravan. This last shot caused us great uneasiness, for it looked very much as if our ruse had been detected, though it had been our belief up to that moment that the women and children were all of two miles away.

After these shots all remained quiet for an hour, when I began to give way to my drowsiness, and assuredly should have fallen asleep but for another report up the ravine, evidently from the same rifle which we had heard before. Several times during the night we heard the sounds of hoofs, and, in several cases, of men moving about, but we could see nothing of them, and no further shot was fired within our hearing during that watch. We remained on the alert until near morning, when we mounted our horses to ride away, certain that if the redskins found out how few we were they would make a rush for us; but when we came to mount we found our number was reduced to three. An examination proved that the fourth had been killed and taken away, while the dead bodies of the Indians themselves had been stealthily removed during the darkness.

Galloping a short distance up the gulch, whom should we meet but old Bill Leggett, on his mustang, riding towards us at an easy canter. Leading us up out of the gulch to the prairie above, he pointed to two dead bodies in the grass.
"You heard my gun twit in the night, didn't ye?" he asked. We replied that we did, and were afraid it boded ill to the caravan. "They're all right," he

added, with one of his terrific oaths, "the first shot picked off that loafer and the next that one. They was down in the gulch, and I hauled 'em up here, where I could keep 'em till daylight."

"What was that for?"
"I'll show you."
With that he leaped over one of the men and with some water from his canteen rubbed the side of his face. Then he split the sleeve of the other's hunting shirt. The result in both cases was the discovery that the skin was as white as our own. Both men were Caucasians, as no doubt were all the others concerned in this little incident which took place less than three months previous to the massacre at Mountain Meadow.—World.

Insanity and Responsibility.

The London Spectator speaks as follows concerning the defense of insanity in criminal cases: At the best we can only make a shrewd guess at these questions of responsibility. For anything we know, many men who seem responsible for their crimes are not really so responsible; their education may be responsible for these crimes, and not the men themselves. For anything we know again, many men who do not seem responsible for their crimes, really are so. It is only a reasonable presumption we can reach at the best. But if that presumption is to be founded solely or chiefly on the criminal act itself, there is an end at once of all chances of intimidating unprofessional and exceptional criminals. They will always be able to escape the consequences of their crimes by the help of the apparent eccentricity of it and the favor of the doctors. Nothing can be more dangerous. We confess to the deepest distrust of professional medical opinions on this subject, if only for the reason we have named, that the experience of medical men is limited so much to cases of diseased brain, that their imagination and their memory are dominated by the precedents of physical disease till they can hardly be said to have any opportunity of a really impartial judgment. If they have thoroughly broken down the obsolete and quite untenable legal doctrine on the subject, they have set up precedents of their own which are still more dangerous and still less reasonable on the other side. The public must beware of professional bias on this subject, whether legal or medical. For this is eminently a subject where the evidence of specialists may be useful, but the judgment of specialists is utterly untrustworthy.

A First Sight of Napoleon.

The memoirs of a noted Frenchman, just published, give the following picture of the first Napoleon: I was strangely surprised at his appearance, for nothing could be more remote than this from the conception I had formed. In the midst of a numerous staff I saw a man of stature below the middle height, and extremely slight. His hair was powdered, and cut in a peculiar manner, squarely below the ears, and then fell behind on his shoulders. He was dressed in a close-fitting coat, buttoned all the way up, and ornamented with a very slight embroidery of gold, and he wore a tri-colored plume in his hat. At first glance his appearance was certainly not handsome. But he had marked features, a quick and searching eye, while his animated and sharp gesture showed ardor of soul, and his large and thoughtful forehead profound power of reflection. He made me sit down by him, and we talked of Italy. His way of speaking was brief, and at this time very incorrect.

A Terrible Crime.

A report is in circulation at Halifax of a horrible crime committed two years ago which has only now come to light by the confession of a sailor named Greenwood. The schooner Mary E. Jones sailed from Clyde river, Shelburne county, for Boston, and two sisters named Sutherland were passengers. Shortly after sailing the two women were brutally outraged by the captain and the crew, except one man, who now tells the story. They were then killed, and the bodies thrown overboard. The crew afterward landed in their boats on the coast, and reported that the vessel met with heavy weather and was thrown on her beam ends, and the young women drowned in the cabin, but the vessel subsequently drifted into Barrington bay, when the deckload was still on and there was no appearance of her having been on her beam ends, and no bodies were found in the cabin. The captain's name is Swain, and he is now bound to a New Brunswick port, where he will be arrested on his arrival.

The Way to Hitch Up a Team.

Always get the lines undone, and in shape to pick them up any time before hooking the tugs. Some people put up the neck yoke the first thing, and then hook the tugs before taking down the lines. Then if a team start they have no control over them whatever.

In unhitching, the tugs should be unhooked the first thing. Never throw the lines off, one each side of the team, as you would have no control of them. Let them lay in the wagon till you do them up, when everything will be safe. A little thought in regard to such things might save a sad accident sometimes.

THE LATE HORACE BINNEY.

A Man whose History is that of his Country.

In the course of nature no event would be more natural than the death of a citizen in the ninety-sixth year of his age. And yet the announcement of the death of Horace Binney will be heard throughout the country with profound regret. In the course of nature but a little time was left to him. In his death America loses one of its illustrious and honored sons. Sixty years ago Horace Binney was a distinguished man. Nearly seventy years have elapsed since he was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. Fifty years ago he was deemed fit by even as severe a critic as John Quincy Adams to be minister to France. He began his political career under Jefferson; he practically closed it under Jackson. For a generation he has lived in complete retirement in Philadelphia, preserving his remarkable faculties to the last and fading away in extreme old age.

It is hard to realize in our hurrying world how many years are embraced in the life of this one man. He was eight years older than Byron, ten years older than Shelley. He, no doubt, saw Franklin and Washington, and was on terms of friendship with many of the great men of the Revolution. Lincoln belongs to the past. Horace Binney was old enough to have been the father of Lincoln and the grandfather of General Grant. He was the contemporary of Dr. Samuel Johnson and Frederick the Great, and of that Oglethorpe who founded Georgia and who fought in the wars under Marlborough and Prince Eugene. He was only eleven years younger than Napoleon, and was in full manhood when Ansterlitz was gained.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Webster and Calhoun died, full of years and honor. We regard them as of a generation long past. Horace Binney was older than either. When he was born this republic was composed of thirteen colonies. He could well remember the admission of every State into the Union, from Vermont, which came in in 1791, to the admission of Nevada and Oregon. When he entered manhood the Union had little more than five millions of population. He could have voted for president in 1801 as he voted for president in 1872. He could remember the execution of Marie Antoinette and of Robert Emmet, the reign of terror, the career of Napoleon from Rivoli to Waterloo. When he was an active public officer the politics of America were under the control of Jefferson and Burr; the politics of England under that of Pitt and Fox. He saw the rise and fall of empires, and that remarkable movement of thought which began, so far as we can see the end, with the abolition of American slavery.

Horace Binney's career covered the whole life of the republic, if we regard the formation of the confederation as the beginning. He heard the bells which rang out the surrender of Cornwallis. His life had become almost a sacred heritage to Philadelphia. Many and fervent have been the prayers that it would be spared till the centennial year—that one who had seen the foundation of the republic might grace with his presence the celebration of the centenary of our independence. But this was not to be. All that remains of Horace Binney is the memory of a blameless, an honored and a useful life. He belonged to the far past, representing its patriotism and its glory. It will be well for us in this sad time, with the degradation which has fallen upon so much of our social and political life, if we cherish well the lessons of such a career and imitate the virtues of the age in which he flourished and of the great men with whom he labored to strengthen the foundation of the republic.—N. Y. Herald.

Protection From Hawks.

In the Southern Cultivator we find the following suggestive hints for the protection of chickens from hawks: Several years ago I settled in the woods, with swamps on every side except the south. For several successive springs the oak stumps in the yard put out their annual sprouts, which soon reached the height of several feet. The hawks invariably caught all of my young chicks until the yard became sprouted in the spring; after this they generally quit. I think several literally starved to death in a vain effort to catch my chickens; one, at least, came every day for a month, and failed every time. The best plan that I know of is to have a large yard—say two acres; sow the whole of it in rye in the fall, skipping the paths. Check your industrious wife, and do not let her set the hens too early. The green rye draws numerous insects having a delicious flavor to the palate of poultry. The matured rye they dearly love. The hawk is not very fond of going like a bullet through anything that tangles his legs, and while he is combating with the rye, the hen is on her back dealing motherly blows, and the little chicks are using their instinct; wife is screaming, and the landlord is in full trot with his old musket cocked. The hawk soon learns that the game is not worth the candle. If flowers are not wanted, sow the balance of the yard in rye. If the yard is stocked with fruit trees, sow about two-thirds of the space between the tree rows.

The most cutting remarks are made by the blindest men.

A MODERN SAMSON.

The Prodigious Feats of a St. John River New Brunswicker.

Thomas, or Tom Gardner, as he was familiarly called, was born on the river St. John, one mile above the mouth of the Mactaquack stream, in the year 1798. Viewed casually, Gardner gave no evidence of unusual power, but when stripped his muscular development was tremendous, and it is affirmed that instead of the ordinary ribs he possessed a solid bony wall on either side, and that there was no separation whatever. He stood five feet ten and a half inches, erect and full chested, and never exceeded 190 pounds in weight.

The late Charles Long informed the editor of the New Brunswick Reporter that at one time he saw Gardner lift from a tub a puncheon of corn, containing at least twelve bushels, and, swinging around, deposit it on the sand. In so doing he tore the sole of his boot. On another occasion a number of men were trying to lift a stick of timber. In all the crowd only one man could raise it about two inches from the skids. Gardner told four men to sit upon it, and then lifted it so high that the men jumped off to save themselves from the fall. Mr. McKean has frequently known him in lifting to break boom poles six inches thick. He has known him also with one hand to lift, by the rung of a chair, the chair itself and a man weighing nearly 200 weight. Once in attempting to lift a very heavy man he wrenched the ruff entirely from the chair.

Gardner at one time possessed of a balky horse with which he exercised great patience; but when patience ceased to be a virtue he would fell him to the ground with his clenched fist, striking him behind the ear. It is related of Gardner's sister that on one occasion a famous wrestler traveled all the way from Miramichi to Tom's home in order to "try a fall with him." Tom was absent, but the sister, looking contemptuously upon the intruder, declared she could throw him herself, and, suiting the action to the word, in a fair trial threw him fairly three times in succession. The stranger's experience with the sister was sufficient; he never sought a future interview with the brother.

The greatest feat which Gardner was ever known to perform was on one of the wharves in St. John. Mr. McKean saw him lift and carry an anchor weighing 1,200 pounds, numbers of other witnesses standing by, some of whom are yet alive. Frequently he has seen him carrying a barrel of pork under each arm, and once he saw him shoulder a barrel of pork while standing in an ordinary brandy box. When about forty years of age Gardner removed to the United States, and never returned to his native province.

It is commonly reported and believed that he met with a sad adventure on board a Mississippi steamer. A heavy bell was on board as a portion of the freight, and the captain, a great, powerful fellow, was concerned as to how he should remove it from its place in order to make more room on deck. While captain and passengers were at dinner, Tom, in presence of the crew, to their utter amazement, lifted the bell and carried it to the opposite side of the boat. When the captain returned he asked how that had been accomplished, and when Gardner laughingly remarked that he carried it there, the former gave him the lie, and as one word brought on another, he presently struck Tom in the face. This was too much, and for the first time in his life the strong man gave blow for blow; but one buffet was sufficient. The captain never spoke again, killed dead on the instant. Tom made his escape, went West, and has never been heard of since.

Talking Like Mamma.

How many parents realize that children are but mirrors, inasmuch as they reflect the doings and sayings of their elders:

"Jack!" screamed a bright-eyed, golden-haired, fair-faced little girl of not more than six summers, to her younger brother, who had dumped himself under the wall, where he was digging sand with a strip of shingle. "Jack, you good-for-nothing little scamp, you are the torment of my life! Come right into the house this minute, or I'll take the very hide off'n you! Come in, I say!"
"Why, Totty," exclaimed her father, who chanced to come up at that moment: "what in the world are you saying? Is that the way you talk to your little brother?"
"Oh, no, papa," answered the little child, promptly and with an innocent smile. "We was playing keep house, and I am Jack's mamma and I was talking to him just as mamma talked to me this mornin'. I never really spank him, as mamma does me sometimes."

The Reason.

A female teacher in Rhode Island writes as follows to the New England Journal of Education in regard to her seventeen years' teaching and remuneration: My salary has increased from \$321 per year, for the first year of my teaching, to \$400 a year for the last two years only. Now permit me to ask, how far toward supporting this mortal body will \$400 go, if the female teacher devotes her time when at home to mental improvement and rest?

Detroit Free Press Currency.

A Cleveland paper asks: Are you fool enough to buy a lottery ticket!

Sundown seems to come a good deal sooner than there is any occasion for.

An Ohio man ran a mile in six minutes the other day. So did his wife. She was after him.

Suet butter is not a success. We are willing to take the word of a man who lost \$38,000 in its manufacture.

Train your voice if you want to be an alderman in Denver. The alderman who yells the loudest gets his bills through first.

Any girl in Georgia, old enough to have a beau, will tell you just how many moonlight nights there'll be between date and January.

When you go out to shoot and find that you can't hit a barn door at five rods, it's a consolation to know that England and Ireland were nicely scooped by American riflemen.

Senator Jones ordered a \$7,000 hat-rack the other day, but there was a time when he was glad enough to hang his old hat on a ten-penny nail, and there is a chance for the rest of us.

Memphis is preparing herself for another visit from the cholera. Some one counted one hundred and twelve dead dogs in her alleys the other day, to say nothing of old boots and a few cats.

Two Connecticut farmers have just become good friends after a feud lasting twenty-one years, and we may trust now that the time will come when Bob Tombs will let Parson Brownlow hold him on his lap.

By the way—what about Sharkey? After every newspaper in the country has expressed the earnest hope that he would be brought back and hung, it isn't right for him to hang off and be so modest about coming.

An Indiana girl wanted to see if her lover really loved her, and she got a boy to yell "mad dog!" as they were walking out. The lover flew over a fence and left her to be chewed up, and she went right away and married a store clerk.

The Floods and Tree Planting.

One of the worst injuries done by the recent rains is the blow which has been struck by them at the tree planting industry which has begun late to flourish throughout the entire Northwest. It has been the story for years of the scientific men and meteorologists that the extraordinary droughts to which portions of the land have been subjected were directly traceable to the destruction of the forests. Very ingenious, indeed, have been the arguments by which this position was sustained; and, best of all, the facts seemed to support it. Where the trees had been most ruthlessly destroyed there had the rainfall most signally decreased and the springs failed; and where the forests were still untouched the windows of heaven were still opened with delightful frequency and the earth moistened with refreshing showers. So plausible were the arguments, so convincing the proofs, that men at last accepted them and began to plant trees in self-defense, until over a large portion of the territory denuded of its timber the growth began slowly but surely to upraise itself.

And just as the theory has come to be fully accepted and acted upon, down came the floods over all the region that ought, under the theory, to be an arid, rainless desert, and the theory comes to naught. Along the shores of the Ohio, where the fields have been ruthlessly cleared, and in Colorado and Wyoming, where there have been no trees in the memory of man, there has been the same universal down-pour, and the man of science who should now traverse these regions with the homilies for the farmers on the inadvisability of tree-cutting would find but scanty audiences.

And yet it is to be hoped the theory will not be lightly abandoned. There were so many facts that seemed to justify it, and the tree-planting to which it gave rise was really so beneficial, in any view, that no harm can be done by clinging to it a little longer. It may be that the season is an exceptional one, that Jupiter or Mars is wreaking his spite upon us, or that the absence of "Old probabilities" from his post at Washington has something to do with the unusual fall of water. Let the farmer have another chance and let the tree planting go on.

Irish News.

After the best end of a neck of mutton has been used for roast or cutlets, the scrag and cut it up, and the ends of the cutlets cut up in small pieces; the bones must not be broken. Put one pound of meat to two pounds of good old potatoes peeled and cut in pieces, onions, pepper and salt, and a little water in a covered saucepan. When half done add a few whole potatoes, and by the time these are quite cooked all the water should be absorbed, and the ingredients well amalgamated, and no gravy apparent. It is best served in a deep dish.

HEAVY RAIN-FALL.—The amount of rain which fell in one day in August, in the territory with New York as a center and Philadelphia, New London and Albany as the limits, was equivalent to that of the two months of May and June together, while the first twelve days of the month of August show a higher result than that of the entire thirty-one days of July preceding.

J. THOMPSON'S SUSPENSION.

Altogether Too Much Annoyance From Postmaster James & Co.

(From the New York Sun, Aug. 15, 1874.)

For several months the Hope Sewing Machine Company has extensively advertised in the newspapers of the country, and circulars have been sent to thousands of households. The agency for the machine styled itself the Hope Manufacturing Company of New York, at the top of the circulars was printed "\$10—Wonderful—\$10," in big letters. Then followed this announcement:

"The new and improved Hope sewing machine, price \$10, with table and treadle complete. A thoroughly mechanical, fully tested, and practical success. Complete combination of all the good qualities, without the faults of high-priced machines. Fully protected by United States government patent from all infringements whatever. The only low-priced machine ever manufactured that will sew all kinds of the heaviest beaver cloth rapidly and with a fine, firm stitch."

A glowing description of the machine's capacity for work, and of its thorough adaptation to the use of tailors, dress-makers, hat and cap manufacturers, ladies' shoemakers, and for family sewing, filled two closely printed pages. The company also announced that in addition to the machines it had for sale a buttonhole worker; price fifty cents; and that it had a full supply of rubber goods, and toilet articles on hand.

Three weeks ago the Rev. J. J. Prather, a Methodist minister of Clay City, Ill., wrote to Messrs. Horace Waters & Sons that he had sent \$10 to the Hope Company, but had not received a machine. His letter was referred to the post-office. Subsequently Superintendent Walling got a letter from J. F. Rudolph, of Nevada City, Cal., saying that he had remitted \$30 to the company, but had not got any machines in return. The money belonged to three of his neighbors, and he supposed that he was to receive a machine free, the company guaranteeing in their circulars to send him one for his services in collecting orders.

Postmaster James suspecting that the company's operations were a repetition of the schemes of R. J. Mulligan & Co., and J. Thompson, Hanna & Co., directed that their post-office box should be closed, and that no registered letters should be delivered to them until they had identified themselves as required by the postal laws. A letter of remonstrance with the printed heading, "Hope Manufacturing Company, manufacturers of sewing machines, materials, rubber goods, and novelties of every description," was sent to the postmaster. It was signed J. Thompson, treasurer of the company, 137 Bowery. Detective Dunn made a visit to 137 Bowery, but failed to find any J. Thompson. He reported that the place was over a stove store, and that Mr. Marks, the proprietor, professed to have authority to sign for letters and packages for Thompson. The detective, therefore, reported that he thought the Hope Company a myth.

This week the Rev. Mr. Prather wrote to Postmaster James that his wife had received a toy sewing machine in return for the ten dollars he had mailed the company, and as the toy machine was worth not more than fifty cents he thought that the interests of justice demanded the company should be prosecuted.

The last letter from J. Thompson to the postmaster announced the Hope Company's regret at not being able to identify themselves to his satisfaction. The writer added that as the company had been placed in a false position and accused of using the mails, it had decided to suspend business as the easiest way out of its troubles.

A Fortunate Lieutenant.

United States Senator Stewart's son-in-law, Lieut. Hooker, is one of those men who, the Hindus would say, if they fell into the Ganges, would come up with a fish in his mouth. Aside from the dowry which his bride received he is offered six months' leave of absence from official duties, with the privilege of joining his father-in-law in his mining speculations, and if he likes the business, or, rather, if fortune smiles, upon him with golden favor, he has the promise of six additional months, in order to make assurance doubly sure, and then, if he chooses, he can resign from Uncle Sam's service. With such prospects success cannot fail to be in kindly waiting to continue him in the pleasant paths which have been, so far through life, devoid of thorns and stumbling stones.

The Effect of Emotion.

It is related by Sprengel, in his "Geschichte der Arzneikunde," that the Arabian physicians sometimes relied with great success on moral means for curing disease, of which the following is a striking instance: One of Haroun Al-Raschid's wives suffered from paralysis of both arms. Dechibrail, the court physician, induced the caliph to summon all the leading nobles to a large hall in his palace, and then introduced the lady to the assembled multitude. Without a word of preface he raised her veil, when feelings of shame and fear restored strength to the palsied arms. The lady hastily drew her veil down again, and was cured from that hour.

When a man has nothing else to tax, he taxes his resources.