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HAVE associated themselves in the practice of Medicine and Surgery, and may be found, when not professionally engaged, at their Office, over the store of W. H. Morrison, Statesville, N. C.  
February 27, 1871

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WOULD respectfully inform the people of Iredell, and the adjoining counties, that he has permanently located in Statesville, and will be pleased to receive the calls of those who may need his services.  
Charges very moderate.  
Office over Carlton Brothers' Store.  
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OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Statesville and surrounding country in the practice of Medicine and its collateral branches. Especial attention will be given to all Chronic cases committed to his care. Office at his residence, formerly Walker's Hotel.  
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WILL practice in the City, Circuit, and in the Federal and Supreme Courts at Raleigh.  
March 27, 1866-17

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Wilmington, N. C.

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Office in rear of the Court-House, adjoining Judge Mitchell's.  
Sept 22, 1868.

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WILL practice in the Counties of Catawba, Alexander, Iredell, Burke and Lincoln, also, in the Supreme Court of N. C., and the District and Circuit Courts of the U. S.  
22-1870

**ARCHIE G. DRAKE,**  
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WILL attend to any business requiring the services of an Agent, as the purchase of lands, Collections, &c. I have been long a resident of the Northwest. Refer to E. B. Drake & Son, Editors of the American.  
441

**H. KELLY, M. D.,**  
Offers his services to the Public, and may be found at his office when not professionally engaged.  
Dr. H. KELLY has associated Dr. M. W. HILL in the practice of Medicine, who may be found at Hall's Drug Store, during the day, and at Hampton & Co's, at night.  
Jan. 1, 1871

**GEO. H. LOWRANCE,**  
**WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,**  
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Respectfully solicits the patronage of the citizens of this place and surrounding country.  
Particular attention given to all work entrusted to his care.  
All work warranted to give satisfaction.  
309-310 Broad Street Post Office.  
May 6, 1871

**W. H. WILLIAMS & CO.,**  
NEWTON, N. C.

Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Produce, &c., &c.  
Add orders by Express, Store, Iron, &c., all at the lowest market price, on commission.  
Being associated with an Iron Foundry, in this country, they can supply all kinds of cast-iron pipes, which will be supplied at lowest possible prices. W. H. WILLIAMS, M. W. SHERRILL,  
Aug 14, '71

worth noting down in the possession of the people of the country. But these traditions are fast passing away.

ANOTHER INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

A certain town, which was a county seat had often been alarmed by reports of the attacks of Indians and their allies, as usual, by night.

It was situated on the side of a hill behind which was a large mill-pond. In a very severe drought in summer this pond dried up, and one night a multitude of great bullfrogs crawled out upon the top of the hill that overlooked the town and made a loud and united croaking. The people heard the noise, and not knowing the cause, their active imaginations converted it into the war-whoops of the savages, and the commands of the French officers designating the citizens by name for massacre—"Col. Dyer! Elderkin, too!" &c.

They roused up, collected together, and armed themselves with such weapons as were at hand—pitch-forks, axes, &c.,—and marched out to meet the enemy. It would be dangerous at this day to mention "bull-frog" to the people of that place.

[From South Carolina Gazette, Feb. 1760.]  
Extract of a Letter from Augusta.

An affidavit made before Mr. Varn at Broad River, 29th ult., by John Downing, Jas. Butler, Barnard Hughes, Andrew Cairns, and John Macpherson, transmitted hither, bears, "That on 22d ult. James Russel and James Crawford were killed by the Cherokees in their nation; the first at noonday. Next day the Indians set off to waylay and kill Lewis Brannon.

"John Kelly was killed at Notely by the people of that town and those of Hiwassee. On the 23d ten Indians came to Nocassee to kill Downing, but were prevented by the Man-killer."

They add in their deposition that they were informed that John Elliott and all his people at Keowee were killed, and that five hundred were gone to besiege Fort Prince George, and then to fall on the back settlements. They set off 25th, at night, the next day, all James Butler's goods, horses, &c., were shared at Keowee. Yesterday one Atwood escaped from the Cherokees, arrived here, and confirms the above with the further circumstances in his affidavit taken by Mr. Rac.

"The Mortar was arrived in the Cherokees with one hundred Creeks, but on what errand is not known. One of the soldiers at Fort London was shot at during the very time Captain Donere was talking to the Little Carpenter. Mr. Atkin informs us that a great many French Indians are come in to the Cherokees, and that they out Kelly's body into pieces, which they hung upon poles."

This shows us how people in other parts of the country were exposed to attacks of the savages at the same time that the Indians were troublesome here.

During the troubles with the Indians 1755-63, while the people above here were staying at Fort Dobbs, some men had a still in operation near Morrison's Mill, on Third Creek, above Watts' Mill, where Mr. Hart now lives.

They had at one time some liquor ready to finish off, and went over one evening just at night to attend to it. They started the fire three times, and it went out every time. Becoming alarmed, they thought it an indication of danger, and retired to a house some distance off and spent the night. Returning to the still early in the morning, they discovered a party of Indians leaving the still-house who had been lying in wait for them.

At the place where the late James S. Byers, Esq., lived and died, fourteen miles from town, on the Beattie's Ford road, there was a mill in operation, it is said, in 1751. This is evidence that the country had been settled about there for some years to need a mill. It was owned then by a man named Lambert, after whom the creek is now called, though it was owned subsequently by John Olyphant, who lived at Sherrill's Ford. Lambert was famous for hunting bears, which abounded in the country at that time. At one time he came home and learned that the Indians had been at his house abusing his family and taking what they liked.

He put his hounds on their track, which soon came up with them and freed them. Having amused himself by pointing his gun at them, he called off his dogs and let them go. They did not trouble him any more. In those spiny days, soon after the first settlement of the country, some hunters passed through here catching buffaloes.

They fell in with a large drove about where Bethany Church is, of which they killed a great many, gave the meat to the inhabitants, and took the hides away to trade.

Near where Captain Eagle lives was a block-house or fort, which has altogether disappeared. A man by the name of Henry Reed lived about that spot. One Sabbath day, as the parents were at church here, some children were left at home, the oldest about fourteen. A large buffalo came near the house, and the little boy ran his father's gun through between the logs and shot him; for which daring act his father the next morning gave him a severe chastisement.

A little below there, on Fourth Creek, a Mr. Beard was building a house. They had the walls complete, and sent up a man called "hopping John" Wilson, because one leg was longer than the other, to fix the rafters. While he was at work on the top of the house they sent up a bottle of liquor to him; but as he was raising it to his mouth he espied an Indian lurking in the bottom among the bushes. Without drinking he slipped down, took his gun, and ran off. No one knew what his object was till they heard the report of the market. He killed the savage.

There are people in the eastern parts of this country who, from the traditions of their ancestors, think they can trace through the woods the trail followed in ancient times by the buffaloes from Rescher's Ford, on the South Yadkin, across to the Buffalo Shoal Ford on the Catawba.

So there are many matters of history

[From the New York Independent.]  
**Typhoid Fever.**

BY STEPHEN SMITH, M. D., HEALTH COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK.

Typhoid fever is the great autumnal scourge of our country. It attacks the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the resident of the country, village, and city. The family of the most humble and lowly seems to be more liable to it than the family of the most exalted wealth and rank. It is no more respect for the royal family of England than for the poor peasant's household. Prince Albert fell a victim to it, and today the heir apparent is prostrated under its remorseless grasp.

We may gain some idea of the vast harvest of sickness and death which this reaper annually gathers from the following facts: It is estimated that from 100,000 to 150,000 people annually suffer from this disease in England alone.

The causation of typhoid fever, though long enveloped in obscurity, is now well known. It is one of the so-called "filth diseases" of modern sanitary writers. Its most ordinary exciting causes is air or drinking water befouled with excremental matters. It is also certain that a person suffering from this fever may himself infect the air of his room or the water which receives his excreta with germs of the disease so as to transmit it to others. A single case may thus be the fruitful source of a wide-spread epidemic.

The facts illustrating the origin of typhoids from excremental matters in drinking water are now very numerous and very instructive. Every experienced physician can give striking examples occurring under his own observation. It is not infrequently happens that the actual source of the disease is very obscure, and can only be discovered by the most persistent and intelligent inquiry; but the scientific student is generally rewarded with complete success. The following examples will illustrate the methods of communicating the fever.

In a small German settlement in the upper part of the city there was a severe outbreak of dysentery and typhoid fever. A physician, called to attend some of the cases, set to work to find out the cause. On inquiry as to the water-supply, he was directed to spring on low ground in the midst of the settlement, so situated as to receive the surface drainage. The water was pure and sparkling to the sight and taste, and was loudly praised by the owner of the spring. A quantity put in a bottle and allowed to stand for a few hours threw down a thick sediment of most offensive matter. The people ceased to use this water, and the epidemic ceased at once.

In a neighboring village, typhoid fever broke out, and prevailed with great violence in a given locality. Search was made for the cause by the attending physician, but in vain. They appealed for aid from the health authorities of New York; and an expert officer examined the history of the outbreak and the locality, and predicted that a certain hydrant which supplied the victims with drinking water communicated at some point with house-drains or the street sewer. The water-pipe was examined, and at a distance from the hydrant a house-drain was found leaking into it at a point where they traversed each other. The repair of these pipes was the cure of the epidemic.

While visiting in an interior township of this State famous for healthfulness and the beauty of its scenery I became interested in the history of a family which was suffering from typhoid fever. Of eight members five had perished, and one was then fatally sick. On visiting the locality the house was found situated on an elevation, and all its surroundings were admirably arranged for health. One could readily believe the statements that there had not been a case of sickness in the house for twelve years. The following history of the present sickness was given: A few weeks before the fever appeared the pump in the well broke, and the farmer, being driven with his work, neglected to have it repaired. Meantime, the servant brought the water from a spring at the foot of the hill, which soon became low, owing to the drought. He then resorted to a small brook, and from this source the family were supplied for two or three weeks. This stream, higher up, ran through several farm yards, and received the surface drainage. The first symptoms of poison on his water were slight nausea and a mild diarrhoea; after several days typhoid fever in its worst form was ushered in. Of the entire family but two escaped an attack, and they did not use the water. An examination of this water revealed a sediment of excremental matters.

The death of Prince Albert by typhoid fever gave to much discussion as to the cause of the poison. Expert sanitarians contended that he had been exposed to sewer gases or their equivalent. Court physicians denied that there was any possibility of such exposure at Windsor Castle, where he had spent several weeks, preceding the attack. A careful search was made of the drains, sewers, etc., of the Castle, but no leakage or possible escape of gases could be discovered. At length an old sewer man of the district was consulted, and it was found that before the Castle was built an old sewer ran across the grounds, draining an adjacent settlement. The sewer was now explored, and at a point directly under the library, where the Prince spent much of his time, there was a break, allowing the escape of sewer gases directly into the library.

One of the most important lessons for households to learn is that excremental matters polluting the air they breathe or the water they drink will cause typhoid fever. It should be called "excrement fever," so that when the name is spoken every one is reminded of its cause. Far too little attention is given to this most fruitful source of sickness and death in cities, towns, and villages, and by country residents. Excremental matters should be at once disposed of, so that they cannot by any possibility taint the air we breathe or the water which we may readily drink. It should be effected by disinfectants, of which the best is dry earth. Drinking water should always be taken from wells or springs situated above the level of human habitations, or so deeply, as artesian wells, that they cannot receive surface drainage.

**Edward S. Stokes.**

Edward S. Stokes, who has obtained a degree of notoriety by his cowardly assassination of James Fisk, Jr., which he could not otherwise have hoped for, was born in Philadelphia in the year 1841, and is consequently in his thirty-first year. His parents, who were possessed of amodest fortune, and moved in the best society, removed to this city in 1850. He received an excellent classical and English education at the Philadelphia High School. He acquired knowledge readily, but was especially noted for his fondness for athletic sports, in which he always excelled. From early youth he is said to have exhibited a fierceness of passion and ungovernable temper amounting at times almost to insanity. Always sensitive to insult, and quick to resent an injury, he has frequently involved himself in serious difficulties. He began life as a clerk in his father's provision establishment in Chambers street, and showed considerable business tact and ability. Stokes is five feet nine inches high, and weighs about 140 pounds. He is slightly built, but is very virg and active on his feet. In conversation he talks quickly and to the point, and hurries his affairs through as rapidly as possible.

Stokes is a man of fine appearance, of a dark complexion, with piercing black eyes and regular features. His hair, which was jet black a couple of years ago, is now partly gray, and were it not for his active movements he would pass for a man of fifty-five years. Mr. Stokes married a lady of good family some ten years ago, and has by her one child—a very beautiful girl of nine years of age. In June of last year Mrs. Stokes, who was in bad health, visited Europe to seek some benefit from the mineral springs of Central Germany, and when last heard from, as late as December 3d, was in Paris.

The family, while in New York, had an elegant suite of apartments at the Worth House, corner of Fifth avenue and Twenty-sixth street. These apartments were furnished with every article of luxury and refinement that taste could devise or that money could buy.

Nearly two years ago Stokes became acquainted with Fisk, and engaged with him in various business enterprises. Through Mr. Fisk he formed the acquaintance of Helen Josephine Mansfield, the *deceased* wife of an actor. An intimacy sprang up between the two, which has just resulted in the tragic death of Mr. Fisk.

The suits and counter-suits between Fisk on the one hand and Mansfield and Stokes on the other hand have occupied the courts and filled the columns of the newspapers for a year past. Stokes accused Fisk of endeavoring to deprive him of property to the amount of \$200,000, which he had accumulated in the oil-refining business. This charge was repelled by Fisk, who arrested Stokes on a charge of fraud. The fraud not being proven, the latter was released, and brought suit against Fisk for false imprisonment. The litigations growing out of this and other causes have continued without interruption for nearly twelve months past.

These expensive proceedings have rapidly absorbed the remainder of Stokes' fortune, and it is said that he would not have been able to maintain the fight longer for lack of funds. He has expended nearly forty thousand dollars in lawyer's fees alone in the hope that he would recover ten times that amount from Fisk. The quarrel has undoubtedly been stimulated and the feud increased by Miss Mansfield, who was herself peculiarly interested in the result of the proceedings.—*New York Star.*

**Non-Explosive.**—Here is a bit of grotesque humor from New Orleans. "Mr. Gray discovered a non-explosive fluid. To show how safe the new compound was, he invited a number of his friends to meet him in his rooms, whither he had brought a barrel of the fluid, which he had once proceeded to stir with a red hot poker. As he went through the roof of his house, accompanied by his friends, he endeavored to explain that the particular fluid in the barrel had no such burning in it; but the gentleman said he had an engagement higher up, and could not wait for an explanation. Mr. Gray continued his ascent until he met Mr. Jones, who informed him that there was no necessity for him to go up higher, as everybody was coming down. So Mr. Gray's widow offers for sale the secret for the manufacture of the non-explosive fluid at a reduced rate, as she wishes to raise money enough to buy a silver-headed coffin, with a gilt plate, for the late Mr. Gray. No cards."

**Paying One's Debts.**

To pay one's debts is obviously one of the simplest dictates of honesty. The basis of all dealings among men is the expectation that an obligation to pay will be respected by the debtor. The credit system in the advance of civilization, scarcely known in barbarous States, has grown out of this confidence, and with its growth has come the opportunity and temptation to be dishonest. The system is necessary in civilization, but it has been extended beyond all bounds of necessity and has demoralized the country. The man who buys goods on credit, or borrows money without giving security, or who induces his neighbor to be his endorser, incurs a liability to do his neighbor wrong; and in many cases the rashness with which he took the risk was criminal, and his failure to pay may justly involve him in positive dishonesty. Yet very few men think themselves dishonest simply because they fail to pay their notes when due.

**HONESTY IN BANKRUPTCY.**

Then comes in a bankruptcy law which releases men from the legal obligation to pay their debts: a law which in the opinion of many cannot be moral, because no law should relieve a man from the obligation to do his moral duty. Great hardships would result from the establishment of this doctrine, and it is not at all probable that a commercial age like ours will tolerate the principle; but it is true, nevertheless. Greater hardships result from the bankruptcy laws never take those evils into account. But men who go into business incur liabilities and make promises to pay, ought to have the consciousness that no law of God or man will ever let them escape from the positive and perpetual obligation to pay their debts to the uttermost farthing. It may require toil and care and economy and fasting and suffering; but no honest man will ever imagine that a bankruptcy law has taken off from his soul one straw's weight of duty to pay principal and interest, every cent he owes.

**PUTTING PROPERTY INTO YOUR WIFE'S HANDS.**

There are many ways in which men avoid paying their debts, which will not bear the test of honest investigation. Many a man falls in business, and when his creditors come upon him it is suddenly discovered that his reputation for wealth was built upon the possession of a splendid house and grounds which he had made over to his wife. He had been trusted because he was supposed to be rich. But his riches were false pretences. His wife was rich, and under our laws, which are far more favorable to women than to men, she holds the wealth, and the creditors are defrauded.

**EVADING TAXES.**

The subterfuges to which men resort, to evade the payment of their debts, are better known to men of the world than to others; but some of these ways and means are so common that they have almost ceased to be looked upon as dishonest. Probably few men have scruples that prevent them from evading taxes if they can. It is not the duty of a citizen to put himself in the way of the assessor, and it is very true that, in most cities, assessments are made without justice and with great partiality. But the wrong-doing of officials does not absolve the citizen from his obligation to tell the truth. The concealment of property, and giving deceptive answers, are just as dishonest when designed to evade a government tax, as when made to an individual to escape the payment of an ordinary debt. The Income Tax, perpetuated without justice or expediency, is an odious and demoralizing imposition upon the people; but he who makes an untruthful or partial return of his income, to escape his full measure of taxation, is not honest, and cannot keep a good conscience in the sight of God.

**Causes of Crop-Failures.**

A writer in the Nashville Union and American, who is strongly endorsed by that journal as "a gentleman of elegant accomplishments, discriminating judgment and sound common sense," assigns, four principal reasons why Southern crops have for the past few years been failures. The first is that too large a surface is taken in hand. The writer says the true way is to take but half the quantity and begin by thoroughly preparing, enriching and generally breaking and sub-soiling the Fall before the seed are to be sown. The second is late planting. He thinks that the corn crop of this whole section of country was reduced fully one-third by inattention last Spring. The third is that our farming implements are generally behind the age. The writer says: "Our plows go in the furrows rusty, dull and misshapen. They are often drawn lazily along by an animal which ought never to be accepted as a gift by a sensible farmer. It were the height of folly for a mechanic to economize on the first cost of his tools by picking up at half price a rusty saw here, a dull jack-plane there, and a broken chisel yonder; and equally so for a farmer to put up with poor tools or poor stock. Better have two good strong horses than four poor, weak ones."

The fourth is poor seed. The writer says on this point: "If it pay—and it surely does—to invest thousands in animals for breeding purposes, will it not pay as well to get good seed? Buy at home, if possible, abroad if necessary. Tricky advertisers and dealers are of course constantly before the people trying to get large prices for worthless seed, and we should use, therefore, the more care to get a genuine article. It will never do to fall behind in this important item. "My remarks then, might be summed up thus: Deal in the best only; prepare and cultivate the soil thoroughly, and we will be apt next Thanksgiving Day to thank the Lord for about twice our usual harvests."

**One Hundred Years Ago—The Wonderful Changes of a Century.**

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single white man in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Then what is the most flourishing part of America was a little known as the country around the mysterious mountains of the moon. It was not until 1767 that Boone left his first settler in North Carolina to become the first settler in Kentucky. The first pioneers of Ohio did not settle until twenty years ago this time. A hundred years ago Canada belonged to France, and the population did not exceed a million and a half of people. A hundred years ago the great Frederick of Prussia was performing those grand exploits which have made him immortal in military annals, and with his little monarchy was sustaining a single-handed contest with Russia, Austria, and France the three Powers of Europe combined. Washington was a most modest Virginia colonel, and the great events in history of the two worlds in which these great but dissimilar men took leading parts were then scarcely shadowed. A hundred years ago the United States were the most loyal part of the British Empire, and on the political horizon no speck indicated the struggle which within a score of years thereafter established the great republic of the world. A hundred years ago there were but four newspapers in America! Steam-engines had not been imagined, and railroads and telegraphs had not entered into the remotest conception of man. When we come back back at it through the vista of history we find that to the century just past has been allotted more important events in their bearing upon the happiness of the world than almost any other which has elapsed since the creation.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

**A Singular Dream.**

Two years ago Patrick and Michael Kelley came to this country from Ireland with a view to bettering their fortunes. They were twin brothers and very much attached to each other, and after waiting weeks in New York and not being able to get employment, Michael came on West, leaving Patrick in New York. In course of time Michael obtained labor on the railroad as a section hand, occasionally hearing from the brother in the East, and working himself to the end that he might visit him at no distant day. Yesterday morning Michael related to the boarders at the house where he was stopping, a dream he had the night before, saying that he had seen in his dream, his brother lying dead and coffined at a house in New York, and that while looking at the corpse, it had spoken to him, telling him that he, Patrick, would wait for him. The dream seemed to impress Michael very much, and caused him to be gloomy. Last evening when he came from work he complained of being ill, and went at once to his room. About 9 o'clock he got up and came down stairs, saying that his brother was up in the room and told him to "come." He fell down almost instantly in a fit, and died before assistance could be rendered him. The physician says he died of heart disease. This morning news was received here that Patrick died on Monday in New York. The photo was related to our reporter, and vouched for by Mr. Carney, with whom Michael boarded.—*Ocala News, Dec. 14.*

**Home, Wife and Saturday Night.**

"Happy is the man who has a little home and a little angel in it of a Saturday night. A home, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—so matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it, let the winds blow—close the curtains. What if they are plain-colored, without border, tassels, or any such thing? Let the rain come down, heap up the fire. No matter if you haven't a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes, rendering cloudless, shedding a sunset through the room; just light enough to talk by, not loud, as in the highways; nor rapid, as in the hurrying world, but softly, slowly, whispering, with pauses between for the stern without and the thoughts within to fill up with. Then what the sofa around by the fire—no matter if the sofa is a settee, smashed at that, if it is just enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to some falls on the listening heart then. How mournful swells the strains of "the days that are no more." Under such circumstances, and at such a time, one can gaze almost sixty-nine and a half miles nearer "kingdom come" than any other point in this world laid down in "Malle Brun." May be you may smile at this picture, but there is a secret between us, viz: It is a copy of a picture—rather—done, but true as the bustle of an original in every human heart.

**Flat falsehood.**—Lying on your back.

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