# DGE BLADE.

VOL. IV.-NO. 15.

MORGANTON, N. C., SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

WHOLE NUMBER 171.

#### THE OLD BARN.

d in the upper story, Wanting boards in the floors,

Beams strung thick with cobwebs, Ridgepole yellow and Hanging in helpless innovance Over the mows of hay. How the winds turned around it-

Winds of a stormy day— cattering the fragrant hay seed. Whisking the straws away: Streaming in at the crannies Spreading the clover smell, Changing the dark old granary

Into a flowery dell.

Oh, how I loved the shadows, That cling to the silent roof, Day dreams wove with the quiet, Many a glittering woof;
I climbed to the the highest rafters,
And watched the Assistant at puty Admired the knots in the boarding,

And rolled in the billows of hay. Palace of King couldn't match it. The Vatican loses its charm, When placed in my memory's balance, Beside the old gray barn.

And I'd rather scent the clover, Piled in the barn's roomy mows. Than sit in the breath of the highlands. Poured from Appenine brows.

#### Barb'ry Tom.

He stood and looked at her. Mabel Freeman was evidently a new creation to Tom. In a morning wrapper of blue, that set off her fair complexion somewhat as the azure of the sky contrasts with the white of the snow, with soft brown hair and tender brown eyes, with her rather tall, slender figure, she affected "Barb'ry Tom" even as a flower that suddenly springing out of the ground and blooming at once into an unusual beauty would challenge all our

And she stood and looked at him. He was known as "Barberry Tom," or, more correctly, "Barb'ry Tom." He daily hawked about the red clusters of wild fruit now piled up in his basket. This stout, sturdy boy was about fifteen. His clothes were rough, his feet were bare. And yet, chance to have come back into the neigh- came be poisoned no one can say. A from the very moment the young lady at borhood that was your early home, and we learned professor declares they must the door saw Tom's eyes, darker than her's, are near the family from whom I but like them in their tenderness, with a complexion as fine naturally, only turned up to the sun too long, she was magnetical-

ly attracted toward hin "Don't you want to buy any barb'ries?" he said, hesitatingly, and dropping his eyes | railing of the bridge. as the blue morning-glory hung its petals

"Tell him we don't want to buy any barb'ries to-day," screamed a voice within, filing to make its edge as disagreeably fine

"Sorry," said the young lady; "but—but, perhaps, if you will come another day, we may want some then." Her voice was so kind and musical that Tom wished he had plunged down into the water. When he something else to be refused, so he could came to the surface, bringing Mabel with hear her again. "Thank you."

Mabel laughed. "What do you thank me for?'

"Why, folks ain't always so kind in I'd rather have some folks step

I don't believe you'd step on anybody." Mabel laughed again at these complimentary remarks. Tom, this gatherer of possession sufficient to reach one arm down Flora's red coral, slung his basket upon his arm and slowly went down the lawn path. "There!" said Mabel, in a minute. "What did I let that boy go away for? I

"I have come here to spend the autumn,

light behind them. When will it be, miss?" "Next Sunday afternoon, at two." needed me so much I couldn't spare the

"Do come, then!" and Mabel said-the

musical instrument where some of the keys are broken, and yet a skillful hand can find a boy drowning!" The men searched and and bring out notes of sweetness and ten- found Tom. They carried his body to Mr. had them laid out on the ground in derness. Tom's soul responded in that way Freeman's house; but all attempts at resusto Mabel's touch. He dropped a certain citation were fruitless, and everything was roughness of manner. He showed in a still then made ready for the grave. more marked degree at home the kindness children better clothes, mended the torn crown held above his head. curtains, and hung pictures on the dull An interesting conversation happened one

'I think I ought to tell Mabel," observed

"Tell her about her family?" asked the same voice we have already noticed, and that the years had filed down to a knife-like

"Yes, I ought to tell her. Mabel is not really our child, although legally adopted. True, she knows no other parents; but then here we are, after our long stay in Europe, near the home we took her from Her brothers and sisters have grown up since her adoption, or have come into the world after that date. She don't know about them, or they about her. Her old granny die!" is blind and can't indentify her features. or she may find it out in an unpleasant way. I think she sometimes suspects she is not our child. I ought to have told her long

from that home running over me," squealed New England.

"Boys," said Mabel, "I want you I me some way in which we can give a proof of our love for them?" any Puff, the avenue to whose finest ptibilities seemed to run through his ite, thought it might be to let some-else have "the last piece of pie." Boyd, who had a great passion for ad line, thought it might be to give ther feller the best chances for bites." kept on making their guesses low or They kept on making their guesses, low high, according to the standard of the "Now tell me," said Mabel, "what sacrifice yofl think would be the greatest?"

Tom's soul felt the pressure of Mabel's influence. She was touching the deepest-finest keys of his being.

"I s'pose, teacher, it is what you read about last Sunday, when any spoke of Him who laid down His life for His enemies."

"It would be hard to do that for signals." "It would be hard to do that for friends

even, sometimes, Tom."

Tom said nothing. He looked up with an honest admiration in his eyes, and thought it might easily be done for some. A third interesting conversation took place a few days after. Mr. Freeman and Mabel were walking down a road leading to Long Bridge, It crossed a wide pond. The pond had once been used for picnic purposes extensively. Pleasure parties had de-serted it for more fashionable resorts, and the bridge had been left to the gentle decay of old age. The floor timbers were weak. The railing was still weaker. Mr. Freeman and Mabel were so absorbed in something he was saying that they did not observe the warning with which the entrance to the

bridge was placarded.
"Mabel, I want to have a talk with you. suppose you do not remember further back than the age of four.

Mabel did not recollect. "I have a confession to make. Dear to me as if you were my own daughter, it may startle you to know that you are not. Per haps you have suspected that. Have you?" Just a flush of Mabel's agitated features told Mr. Freeman that she had had her suspicions. Then the color went like the glow of a fire vanishing from a window-

pane, leaving as little trace on her white "After our long residence in Europe, we

and adopted you. Mabel was now looking up to Mr. Freeman with a most anxious gaze of inquiry. The glow of the fire within came again to

"Don't lean on that railing!" It was a cry of warning from some on hurrying along the bridge. The cry came too late. The railing had already began to Mr. Freeman, who was struck with amaz ment and astonished into helplessness, i seemed only the lapse of a moment when some one rushed swiftly to the gap and

him. Mr. Freeman saw that it was "Barb'ry "Quick, sir!" gasped Tom. "Lean over and-pick her up-when-I get to-tha pile of the bridge

on me than have others pick me up. They Tom clung to it with one arm, and supwould step on me so kind, you know. But ported Mabel with the other. Mr. Free- his mistress lying dead on the floor. man acted like one stricken with a night- He immediately gave the alarm. Mamare. He recovered, however, his selftoward Mabel, almost touching her! "Try hard, sir. Do! do!" was Tom

Mr. Freeman tried and failed again. like him. I might have him in my Sunday What could he do? He looked about him, and saw where a timber ran under the Down the path she flew, gracefully as a bridge; and if he could reach it he could blue bird. "Look here, please one mo- reach Mabel. He frantically worked at a plank in the flooring of the bridge, dis-Tom looked around, and then stepped placed it, and, lowering himself, reached the timber. He heard an ugly splash! Tom and Mabel both had disappeared. and have started a Sunday school class in Tom, in trying to make his hold on the our house. Wouldn't you like to join it?" bridge more secure, had lost that hold and culpate the prisoner. Tom's eyes flashed like diamonds with a lost Mabel. In a moment up came Tom again, still clinging to Mabel. Mr. Freeman could see that Tom was much exhausted; but he struggled for the bridge and "I will come. I ain't been since father reached a pile once more. Mr. Freeman and mother died. Granny and the children now grasped Mabel and drew her up to his own position. He saw the light of a great, time to take the long walk to church; but triumphant joy in Tom's face; and then, like the light of a torch, it was quenched as the face sank under the water. Mr. "do" like a bobolink making his sweetest Freeman hardly realized all this at the time;

but afterward he remembered each detail. So "Barb'ry Tom" came to Mabel's He lifted Mabel to the bridge and carried school. It was noticeable what a change her to a grove near by.

took place in him. Tom's soul was like a "Oh! help! help!" he shouted to some

"I. want to see him," said Mabel, who and self-sacrifice native to him. He became had come out of the chamber whither she prayerful, studious of God's Word, and had been led, her face white, sweet and used reverently the day once given to fish- pure as a lily rescued from the drowning ing in his odd moments. Tom was a faith-ful attendant at Mabel's school. And Ma-into the room where Tom lay in the hush waters of the pond. Mr. Freeman led her bel was a faithful visitor at Tom's home. of death. He raised the lowered gas-light, She cheered up the blind old granny, giving turned back the sheet and took off the white her a look out upon the world through her face cloth. The triumph that Mr. Freeman own bright eyes. Mabel had traveled a saw in Tom's face just before sinking still good deal, and her memory was a gallery lingered in his features, though softened of scenes worth looking at. She gave the now, like the pale lustre shed from a golden Mabel thought of the conversation upon

saerifice in the Sunday school class, and burst into a fit of violent weeping.
"Mabel," said Mr. Freeman, "I did not

finish our conversation this afternoon about your relatives. Barb'ry Tom was your brother!"

and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you that It is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must

"Well-a-day! That is remarkable! poor George. I know hops are good."

-Zalmon Sturgis, of Weston, Ct., is ninety-eight and his wife is ninety-four. "I should hate to have the low things They are the oldest married couple in om that home running over me," squealed New England.

man, you know, built in that way, year, and is a diagrace to the governous lose his speech?" could knock the back of his head ment.

A great number of capital crimes have recently been committed in and around Paris without the police being able to lay hands on the authors, and it ppears that the old dietum of "Murder till out" no longer holds good. A few years ago five or six murders were amitted in rapid succession, and eviently by the same person or persons, at Limoges, but the assassins still enjoy immunity, in spite of all the efforts of the Paris detectives. Only to deal with the police are unable to unravel the affair of the Ogress des Lilas, a woman who managed under various pretenses to get hold of new-born children, who were, never more heard of. The Ogress is in prison, but the police have been unable to discover who see is, or what has be come of the stolen children. The affair is enveloped in mystery, impenetiable to the eyes of the Rue Jerusalem, which is our Scotland Yard, At the St. Maude, one of the most ill-famed quarters of Paris, a grocer boy was recently found in his cart with his throat cut, but the murderer is still at large; nor have the police been able to obtain any clew to the would-be assassin of M. Simmonet, at Montreuil, and Mme. Ratillon, at Aubervillers. The perpetrator of the crime at the Courcelles Station has also to be discovered. This station, be it remarked, is almost in the centre of Paris. Between the St. Lazare terminus and that station a young man got into the same carriage with Henriettie Picot, and because she resented his familiarities he stabbed her, and quietly got out of the train at Courcelles, leaving his victim weltering in her blood on the floor of the carriage, where she was discoved on the train reaching the Porte Maillot. The poor girl is not dead, but the information she has been able to give as to the appearance of the man has not led to his arrest. A few days ago two young men were found poisoned in the Rue de la Petite Truanderie. How they have inhaled mephitic gas, but how and where is more than they can tell-Nearly a month ago Maria Fellerath, a woman of bad character, was assasinaher face. She stood leaning against the ted, and a Pole was arrested on suspicion of being the author of the crime; but, although Jules B. is still in prison the police have been unable to substantiate the charge against him. The sharp as if there had been a life-time of crack, and it abruptly broke, letting Mabel | Pole had been in Maria's company eardown into the deep, dark waters. To ly in the evening, and had been playing at cards with her mother, who; in addition to being a concierge, acted as couple of hours afterward and got into

B., who had long been an ardent ad- organ, held by a boy, resting on her mirer of Maria Fellerath, declares that knees. With the clock's last stroke after leaving the concierege he went to the miniature organ is set in motion the Passage Saulnier and knocked at | and plays a tune, the toy keeping time Maria's door, As there was no an- with his head. On the left arm of the swer, he went away. He returned a figure is a bright starling, which as the apartment by a skylight, and found the melody, accompanied by the moveria appears to have been murdered with | derful. The clock is surmounted with | a Japanese dagger; on the floor was a a figure representing a juggler in Orisleeve-button with the initial C.; a ental costume, seated behind a golden robbery had been committed. Neither table. To his right stands three large the dagger nor the button appears to have belonged to the Pole, and, if he plundered the victim, it was probably only with the view of misleading the police. Here the police are once more at rault, and it must be said that the

### A Question of Bones,

evidence at present elicited is very

"What are the facts in this case, doctor?" asked the magistrate, as Dr. Busby took the stand.

"Why, you see," said the doctor, Jones, the coroner, here, yesterday discovered a lot of old bones in the cellar of a stable which was torn down. Being a little hungry for fees he determined to hold an inquest, and he sent for me to get a professional opinion. They were bones of a horse; you know; but when I got there, Jones something like the form of a man; and when I remonstrated with him, he said they certainly were the bones of a man, and he was under a solemn obligation to hold an inquest."

"You say," asked the justice, "that they did not resemble the bones of a human being?"

"Well you know, he had one leg made out all right, but when I called his attention to the fact that the bone of the other leg ran clear up into the body and stuck out eight inches bevond the top of the skull, he said the man may have been peculiar, he may have been deformed. He said he had an aunt whose leg bone projected so far from her head that she had to put a hole in the top of her bounet." "Did he produce the said aunt?"

"No. And when I showed him that the right arm had three elbows, while "Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up the left contained no joint of any kind, and looked like the breast-bone of a chicken, he said there was a man in Peru who had eight elbows, and that

> had the horse's hind leg inserted just New Grenada." This trade in children entirely speechless, as heretofore." below his man's shoulders. A real is carried on more extensively every "Do you know what caused him to

against the back of his cont-tails, and I doubt if he could keep from turning back somersaus most of his time."
"You are the

ing back somersaus most of his time."

"You say the "Joner was not impressed with the Fiews?"

"No sir; he allowed that the man may have been a ficus actor, and have had a hinge put whis back on purpose. But when I police out that the man had a row of test is his shinbone, and that some of then were as big as a walnut, and showedhip that for a man to attempt to eas his mais with Ms shins, or for a man to have life toothache near to his toes, was in when the antagonism to all precedent, at rell as to the ascertained facts about aman physiology, he said the man facth may have been shifted by discoulor something, and Chybe that I have a killed him. He said his granding that knew a man in Illinois whose testh slipped down in Illinois whose teath slipped down and began to grow upon his ribs, with

fatal results." "Had he his grandmother's affidavit to that effect ?"

looked as much like a foot as a clothes- a wife; and at thirty he longs to be sinpin looks like the Goddess of Liberty, gle again. and as the other foot was made up of strenuously with the comner."

"What did he say?" "He said that kind of a man was the kind, speaking generally, that was put together in the Garden of Eden, and while I might think I could get up a better one, he wouldn't trust me to tack together an idol for a Digger Indian, or words to that effect. So I replied, and he hit me with the horse's fibula. I retaliated with the tibula, and in about two seconds he had heaved all the skeleton at me that I hadn't heaved at him. Ther-be winked at the jury, and it sudderly brought in a verdict of death from cause or causes unknown,' and then I had him arrested for assault and battery "

bonds to appear at court, and when that functionary had given the bond, he moved off to collect his fees for the

Remarkable Clock Mechanism.

In the late French horological sechandsomely attired Greek lady, a figure char-woman to her daughter. Jules hardly a span high, with a small barrel soon as the piece is played out repeats ments of the lady's head. The mechanism of the second clock is more wonsilver bells on a plate. The juggler raises himself as the clock strikes, and convince them that it is empty, then seizes another bell, and puts both on the table. He lifts them up again and nicely balanced. One-half is sufficient to condemn, and the other half to exand instead of two, three or four eggs are seen. The little magician's performance reaches its climax when he turns up the third bell and displays a bronze ball to the astonished au lience. This bronze ball bursts immediately after, and a Lilliputian bird, about the and defiant. No moderate estimate length of a finger nail, makes its exit and cover the amount of punishment Chief pipes a tune. The next moment all vanishes again, and the clever performer, atter a graceful bow, resumes his

## Trade in Children.

naturalist travelling in Brazil, tells about a practice prevailing along the upper Amazon, as follows: At one of the houses we met a trader who had come from the river Japura. He had on board a boy and girl of the Miranha tribe for sale. Senor Batalbia bought the boy, a bright-looking little fellow, for fifty milrays, or \$25. The little girl cried pitifully when separated from her brother. The trade in children is spoken of by Bates, who was at Teffe twenty-five years ago; it is prohibited by the government, but openly carried on. The Miranhas are the most powerful tribe on the Japura; they are a warlike nation, who for a knife or gallon of rum, sell captured children. Numerous raids are made by them upon their weaker neighbors; and men and women are killed and the children sold his oath as coroner did not obligate him | aos. On my return on the steamer Ru to account for all the phenomenal freaks | Branco the captain was taking to Para

Childhood, Youth and Manhood,

It is man's destiny still to be longing after something, and thus the gratification of one set of wishes but prepares the unsatisfied soul for the conception of another.

The child of a year old wants little supplied with a sufficient supply of out, otherwise I would have been either of these things, than he begins killed." whimpering or yelling, it may be for the other.
At three, the young urchin become

enamored of sugar plums, apple ples and confectionery. At six, his imagination runs on kites marbles and tops, and abundance of

playtime. At ten, the boy wants to leave school and have nothing to do but go liked

At fifteen, he wants a beard, and s watch and a pair of boots. At twenty he wishes to cut a figure

and ride horses; sometimes his thirst for display breaks out in dandyism, and sometimes in poetry; he wants sadly to "He neglected to produce it if he be in love, and takes it for granted had. The skeleton's left foot was com- that all the ladies are dying for him. posed of the horse's breastbone. It The young man of twenty-five wants

From thirty to forty he wants to be about three teet of the animals boinal rich, and thinks more of making money column, while the neck was formed of than spending it. About this time he

the horse's upper jaw. Iremonstrated dabbles in politics, and wants an office. At fifty he wants excellent dinners and considers a nap in the afternoon indispensible.

The respectable old gentleman of sixty wants to retire from business with a snug independence of three or four thousand, to marry his daughters. set up his sons, and live in the country; and then, for the rest of his life, he wants to be young again.

Harnessing an Elephant. An elephant keeper in Philadelphia Pa., tried the other day to get a venerable animal named Old Chief to draw a wagon. Old Chief didn't object much while the harness was being placed on him. He merely blinked steadily and secutors, as though he would say that his time had come. His actions puzzled his keepers not a little, and they began to suspect that he was brewing tion at the Exhibition, were two their hooks into his trunk and began to other. clocks remarkable for ar mechanism. pull on him. Chief sported a little and On the top of one of frem is seated, a shook his head disappropriate. They shook his head disapprovingly. They the boy on the barrel trying to get pulled harder. Chief snorted and down. flapped his ears like the roofs of two houses coming together. They gave the other. This thing has been figured his trunk a jerk. Chief lifted his ears right to a science. If forty-five thou-

up with a vell and made a dash for- sand pound of explosives raised Hell hook and projecting it out before him will raise you just exactly the fiftieth like a bayonet, tearing through the part of an inch. Den't make an alarmscattering the affrighted spectators in every direction. He went tearing di- boy. agonally across the long yard, taking making straight for the gap in the low- keep your mouth shut, but that's safeer corner of the enclosure. As he guard enough. Now, then, keep quiet chusetts Bank Commissioners has just dragged the wagon over the pile of and listen for rumbling noises. sent back to the stable, still snorting by a machinist." will have to receive before he is reduced to subjection."

### Speaking Hardly Ever.

In 1865, an old gentleman llving

about three miles east of Nelson Furnace, Kentucky, named Lloyd Wimsatt. was taken violently ill with a disease Ernest Morris, the roung American that kept him in confinement for many cians gave him up. Being under the be his last, yet at the same time posthe minister was early at the bedside. family, and for some time the patient recovered, and in a short time was up er heard that Mr. Wimsatt had spoken to his son, and in order to be satisfied into slavery. At Teffe there is not a that he had, interrogated Stephen house in which you will not find child- Wimsatt, aged about 19, upon the subren of all ages, as you also will at Man- ject, the result of which was as follows:

"Sickness, I think. He can hear and and more before Christ was born.

answer by signs. He will not notice a stranger however?" "When did he speak last before

this ?"

"A bout three years ago. I cut down tree and it commenced falling before noticed it, add he halloed to me sayfood and sleep; and no sooner is he ing, 'Look out, Stephen,' so I did look

"What did he do after that exclama-

"He then began making signs again, and his utterance last night was the first that any of the family or anybody that knows him has heard since."

"Do you think there is any truth in he neighborhood report that the clergyman commanded him to stop speak-ing in case he recovered from his sick-ness in 1865?"

"No, sir; I am satisfied that part of his history is without foundation, tor nobody knows what passed between the priest and my father at that time." "Then you think he lost his speech

n consequence of that sickness?" "Yes. I think it was the work of God; but that is about as far as I can

"Then your father has only made the two exclamations you speak of as yourself or any of your family

within the past fourteen years, so far know ?" "Yes, sir."

The subject of this sketch is a farmer in moderate circumstances, and is one of those quiet, easy-going stay-athome kind of men, who seem to aspire to nothing of a higher sphere in life. He has an interesting family, and attends to his daily labors with a sound body, mind and hearing, but either cannot or will not talk. There are people hying in the neighborhood who believe that he could if he would; and there are others who say positively that he cannot talk now, or he would do so, because previous to his sickness in 1865 he was an incessant talker. The fact, however of his making two dis- in Chichester, N. H., a tew days ago. tinct utterances, understood fully by and the building narrowly escaped those who heard them, renders the case | burning. a very remarkable one, at any rate.

They were in the back yard. One some mischief. At length they got was a boy of twelve, and the other had him hitched to the wagon. The gap- seen only half as many years. The ing spectators looked on with deep inter- younger one sat on a barrel, and the est. Chief manifested no sign that he older one had two ounces of powder in was going to move. The trainers put one hand and a turning stick in the "I don't want to be blowed." whined

"Keep right still, bub, commanded

"But it'll hurt," persisted the small

"It can't, I say! Haven't I figured on

timber a party of half a dozen, who The powder was well confined under gesticulates with his hands as if in pre- had retreated there for safety, ran for the barrel. Figures were at fault. The paration for his feat, takes up one of the bells, shows it to the spectators to the bells, shows it to the spectators to the spectators to the spectators to six foot wall and fell back to the ground boy went up, the big boy went endwhite as a sheet. When he looked up ways, and when the smoke cleared he saw the wagon, a complete wreck, away things were badly mixed up. not ten feet from him, and Old Chief, The big boy had sore legs. The little Coventry, Engfand, has been sentenced which appears and disappears (repeatedly. Sometimes both eggs disappear sometimes they increase in number, with the broken harness clinging to boy was as black as a coal and choking by Lord Coleridge to four months' imwhole corner of the stable, scattering split to pieces, two pair of pants to be forty or fifty bricks over the ground at patched, one coat-tail on the roof, and his feet. After a good deal of trouble the other just hanging, and the poor ly recommended him to mercy. his keepers succeeded in backing him dog is wedged under the house so out of his tight position and he was tight that he will have to be drilled out

## It is said that the origin of Span-

ish Merinos dated back to the Roman

civilization, and thence to Greece. The Romans had a herd which they called Tarrentine, from Tarrentine, a Greek colony. Hence, they were called also Greek sheep. Their wool is of exceed- Saturdays of the whole year. A writer ing fineness, and it is related of them in a London paper, commenting on this weeks, and at one time his family and that they were protected by coverings for the royal nouse. Without they were protected by coverings for the royal nouse. friends as well as his attending physi- of skin, carefully housed, combed and bathed with oil and wine. From this Duchess of Kent, the Prince Consort impression that the next hour would we may infer that at that time they and the Princess Alice all died on a were highly bred. Columella, who Saturday. sessing his faculties and with full power lived before the Christian era, relates sessing his faculties and with full power of speech, Mr. Wimsatt requested that the priest then officiating at the church that his uncle, M. Columelia, transporting that his uncle, M. Columelia, transpo mirable whiteness brought from Africa turned it into good account by knock-The room was at once vacated by the and crossed them with the coveted or ing out a knot in the side of his barn Tarrentine ewes. The offspring pro- and placing a trough underneath. As duced rams with a fine fleece. Strabo the birds drop their acorns in his hogs and the representative of the church were alone. What happened then and says in his account of the geography of expense to himself. there remains a mystery, as the patient Spain, that in the time of the Emperor Tiberius, wool of great fineness and beauty was exported from Hudilania, a lings and 2841 residents. The immiupon two occasions, he has not uttered part of Boetica, and that the rams were grants from Russia have 18,740 acres a word. Yesterday an Enquirer report- sold in that province for improving the under cultivation, 362 horses and some breed, for a talent each or about \$1000. 2500 cows and oxen, and have already When the Roman empire was over- They are growing rich rapidly and run by the barbarians, the Tarrentine prove the very best of citizens, settling stock of Italy being very tender became all their disputes among themselves extinct; but the improved stock of aud having in their colony neither a Boetica, living in the mountains, sur- constable nor a lock-up vived, and perpetuated by the Moors, "They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could bought for \$35. "The to you last night. Is it so?"

"Had the remains any other elbows bout it anywhere?" asked the justice. "Yes, sir; he raised up in his bed and bought for \$35. "They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. They tell me that your father spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats are the spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats and navy. One hundred torpedo boats are the spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats are the spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats are the spoke who, skilled in the sextile arts, could navy. One hundred torpedo boats are the spoke who are the about it anywhere?" asked the justice. 'is very simple—we must have servants said: 'Oh, Stephen' My mother heard Merinos of Spain. If this view is cor-"Not unless you count the joint in and they make good ones; besides they it and we all got up and tried to get rect, the Merino is the most important the middle of the back. The coroner are not Brazilians -they are Indians of him to talk more; but he seemed to be surviving relic of the material civilization of the Greeks and Romans.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Gardner Colby, of Boston, has pre-cented a case of valuable books to Colby University, Waterville, Me.

The great fire of London occurred September 2, 1666. It destroyed nearly the whole city.

The Manion House (London) Hungarian floods relief fund amounts to \$40,000

-Mrs. John G. Northrop, of Bur-lington, Vt., has just given birth to her seventeenth child.

-Gad's Hill Place, the late reside

-The State quarries of Northamptol county, Pa., have nearly all resume poit, this summer, fac rotes armiver-sary of the destruction of that city by an eruption of Vesuvius. -Only three murderers have been hanged in Connecticut during the last twenty years, but there are now three

inder sentence of death. -Bobie is a town in California. Six. months ago it had 500 or 600 buildings and a population of 1400. Now it has some 4000 buildings and a population

-The American Consul at Florence informs Mr. Evarts that American manufacturers could successfully fur-nish steel wheels for the Italian rail-

wavs. During February, 14 vessels of a total of 18,200 tons were launched on the Clyde, Scotland. Of these six were ocean steamers, ranging from 2000 to 3000 tons.

-A large number of heavy, broadired wheels were made in West Chester and shipped to England, whence they will be sent to Southean Africa, where they will be used for heavy haul-

—Ex-Sheriff Hogencamp, of Paterson, New Jersey, who died recently left exactly one hundred descendants: -children, grandchildren, great-grand-children and great-great-grandchildren -The rays of the sun, shining table in the house of George W. West

-The amount of logs cut on the west branch of the Penobscot river, in Maine, during the winter, is estimated at 25,-000,000 feet, on the East branch, 12,000,-

000, and on the Mattawamkeag, 20,000,-A swarm of bees took possession of the chimney of a Middlefield (Conn.) Methodist Church during the summer, and when a fire was kindled in the stove on a recent Sunday the floor of the church basement literally flowed

with honey. -The foundation for a Jesuit Cellege to cost \$500,000 has been begun in San Francisco. It will comprise a college, with all the requirements of modlibraries, studies and rooms for the students and professors, a church and a ward, jerking the trunk free of the Gate twelve feet, two ounces of powder theatre capable of seating 5000 persons.

-Cyrus Degler, of Marion township. Berks county, Pa., awoke on the morning of his wedding to find the snow drifted so high a distance of several hundred yards that his sleigh could not be driven through it. He shovelled out a roadway in two hours, and was at in a pile of tent-poles in his course and it? You may unbutton your coat, and the bride's house at the appointed hour. -The Annual report of the Massa-

that the total deposits in the savings banks doing business in that State on October 31, 1878, were \$209,860,631.18,

slaughter by culpable negligence, and the jury found him guilty, and strong--The first Marquis of France has just died, the Count of Mailly, Prince of Lisle and Marquis of Nesle. He

was the son of Marshal de Mailly, who so heroically defended Louis XVI, on the 19th of August, and great-grandson of Louis de Mailly, Prince of Orange and Commandant of the Gendarmeric of France. The title is as old as the -When Queen Victoria sailed on the royal yacht for France it was on one of

the stormiest and most disagreeable -The California Woodpecker's hab-

-There are twenty-five Mennonite large stores of grain and other produce.

-The present year is a memorable are on the point of completion. Several ironclads also have been lately launched, but have not received their arma--Silk was spun in China 2000 years ments. To these four cruisers have been added by private subscription.