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WHOLE NUMBER 183.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

In the twelve years ending with 1878, Louisiana paid \$9,381,000 as interest on its public debt.

In the year 1878 there were only 3 men killed by Apaches in Arizona, against 107 in 1877.

In the ten years ending June, 1881, the chief English railroads had to pay \$1,655,000 compensation for injuries received by railroad accounts.

Geneva will hold in 1881, an international exhibition exclusively confined to watches, jewelry, snuff boxes, and musical-boxes.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, the English actor, prides himself on having played Hamlet more than 500 times in all quarters of the globe.

Some 250,000 copies of the 23rd Geneva Convention deposits aggregating \$247,168, and 33 general banks, whose total assets amount to \$3,783,965.

The Philadelphia mint coined during April \$50,800 of half-eagles; 1,300,000 silver dollars; \$18,680 of base coin (cents)—total 1,351,480.

The daily circulation of the most popular newspaper in the city of Mexico, with a population of 200,000, does not exceed 2,000 copies.

A lady near Pickwickton, N. J., a short time ago ran a splinter under her finger nail, and has since died of lockjaw.

The Hotel de Ville, in Paris, the old seat of the Municipal government, which was destroyed in 1871, is far advanced in rebuilding, and will be completed in 1881, at a total cost of about \$4,400,000.

George Fortham, the jockey, under the term of Baron Lionel Rothschild's will, receives a present of \$10,000 and an annuity of \$1500 a year for life.

The English Factories act requires that no woman shall be employed continuously for more than four hours and a half. After working that length of time she must have a rest.

In the south, the centre and the west of France the grape crop will, it is said, suffer seriously. In consequence the importation of wines from Spain and Italy into France is increasing.

Mrs. Frank H. Delano, of New York city, has given \$5000 to St. Paul's American Church, in Rome, with which she has been connected for many years, to build a new altar and to finish the aisle walls and put a railing around the church lot.

Secretary McCrary will retire from the Cabinet about the 1st of September next and accept the United States Judgeship for the Eighth Circuit, in place of Judge Dillon, who has decided to resign.

The rate of taxation in Buffalo was reduced last year 16 on the \$1,000 of real and personal estate. The assessed valuation of Buffalo for the current year is \$88,462,440 against \$87,979,940 in 1878.

The second sale of Queen Christina's jewels has produced \$1,800,000. One broad grail of sapphires and brilliants sold for \$8,420, and a magnificent necklace of diamonds, worth about 10,000, brought \$1,800.

Mrs. Hannah Cox, of Holderness, N. J., celebrated her 103rd birthday recently. The venerable lady is in full possession of all her faculties, with the exception of her hearing, which is impaired.

During the first year of the reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Sandwich Islands, our imports from the islands show an increase of fifty-seven per cent. over the preceding year, and our exports to the islands of 125 per cent.

Mitley Williams, a miser of Easton Cross Roads, N. C., was accustomed to invest her earnings in gold, \$1 at a time. Her dwelling was recently destroyed by fire, and her savings melted gold, worth about 10,000, were taken from the ruins.

A watch lost two years ago in a barnyard, near Lebanon, Pa., was found the other day by a grandson of the loser in a meadow hard by while plowing. The watch was complete but very rusty.

There are twenty-five Mennonite villages in Menasha, Wis. The Mennonite culture, 362 farms and some 2,500 cows and oxen, and have already large stores of grain and other products.

A return as to the religious persuasions of the non-commissioned officers and men of the British army shows that of a total of 91,843 men, 62,860 are Roman Catholics, 7125 are Presbyterians, and 3385 are Protestants of other denominations.

Kimira, N. Y., is making extensive preparations to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Newtowm (now Elmira), which was fought August 19, 1779, by Federal troops under General Sullivan. Towns along the route of General Sullivan's march will contribute to the celebration.

The next electoral college will not be based on the census of 1880. The electoral votes of the states in the next presidential election, will stand as they did in 1876, the whole number being three hundred and sixty-nine, with one hundred and eighty-five necessary for a choice.

The exports of Egypt in 1878 were about \$40,000,000. In 1877 about \$60,000,000, and in 1876 about \$90,000,000. These figures, says a correspondent of the London Times, are worthy of study by every one who holds Egypt a rich country and able to pay her debt. The reason of the falling off is the falling off of the crops.

One million dollars in gold weighs 3,685 5-6 pounds avoirdupois; 1,000,000 trade dollars weigh 60,000; \$1,000,000 of 42 1/2 grain weight \$8,928 1/2; \$1,000,000 of 40 grain weight \$9,142 2-7; \$1,000,000 of five cent nickels weigh 220,457 1-7; \$1,000,000 in three cent nickels weigh 141,856 1-7; \$1,000,000 in one cent pieces weigh 68,714 2-7.

It is expected that the St. Gothard Tunnel, through the end of November, the 1281 metres, that on the Gotthard side the 649 metres from the centre of the mountain; and it is expected that the junction of the two galleries will be made some 300 metres from the centre on its southern side.

LIFE IS TOO SHORT.

Life is too short to waste
In unavailing tears,
Too short to spend in bootless grief,
In coward doubts and fears.
Too short to grieve it
To pleasure, or to sorrow
One hour in guilt, to yield at last
Eternity of woe.
Time lags not on its way,
But spans our days in haste;
If life should last a thousand years
There still too short to waste.
For, short lived as we are,
Our pleasures yet we see,
Vanish too soon, they live, indeed,
E'en shorter days than we.
But ever with us here
Sorrow's slow, pain and care;
The shortest life is long enough
Its lotted grief to bear.
To the old end is high;
To the young far off it seems;
Yet neither should dare to toy with life
Or waste it in idle dreams.
For by each Time's servant waits,
Though not for service's sake,
And the same woe awaits the bud of youth
That gnaweth the root of age.
Live, therefore, as he lives
Who earns his share of bliss,
Strive for the prize that Virtue wins,
Life's not too short for this.

Phantom Lovers.

Before I begin my story I must tell you I am a commercial traveler, born and bred, so to speak, to the business. I have my wits about me, and, as I often happen to have a good many valuable articles also, I have need of them. I am an Englishman—English to the backbone—and live on roast beef, bottled ale and old port wine. If you could feel my arms, and look at my cheeks, and measure me across the shoulders, you would have no doubt that I am one of the men who does not dream and do not fancy. When I see a thing I see it. And when I hear a thing I hear it. And what I saw and what I heard on one particular occasion I mean to tell you. You will not offend me at all if you doubt it. I should doubt it myself if any one had told it to me. I cannot expect of any one the credence that I would not give myself. Nevertheless I shall, as I said, tell the story. It was in the year 18—, and the month was May, and the place was England. I had left London five days before, and now I was miles and miles away from it, in the very heart of the country, traveling toward a little town where I had business. It was an old fashioned place, and the people were kind and obliging. You do not look for such qualities on the road now—days, if you are a traveler of experience; but here they came upon me at the inn I stopped in a way to make me think better of human nature. Travelers did not stop often at that inn, I suspect, for they were as particular about my meals as though I had been a prodigal son come for the holidays. They killed the fatted chicken for me, and to crown all, as the train did not stop to take me on as I wanted to go, and as it was only a matter of five miles or so, what did the landlord do but hunt up a rusty old coach that was tucked away in the coach house, and order his man to drive me over that evening. It wasn't an extra mind you. It was sheer good will. So I took hands all round, and I remembered the chambermaid and the waiter with half a crown each, and off I rode—the old coach creaking, and the old horse wheezing, and the old driver coughing up on the box, and it was like a bit out of an old novel, with an adventure in the middle of it. It was getting dark fast, and the road wound away among the hills in a very romantic sort of way. I do not know much about art myself, but I think if that painter with the white umbrellas that used to sit about in the mud making pictures could have seen some of those points, he would have touched them up with pleasure. When the sun went down and the moon came up white and bright, and up against it on the rocks you could see all the delicate, trembling little weeds and grasses, and there were big, black shadows under the trees, and glimpses of you did not know what under the bushes. Why, it made you think of ghosts, if you were a commercial traveler. "Here's the place," says I to myself, "where the gentlemen of the road would have liked to meet me and my black bag fifty years ago." A pretty joke it would have been to have handed my valuables over and danced a jig for their amusement besides fifty years ago. A hundred years ago, anyhow, I shouldn't have felt so safe as I do now. Just then the coach came to a sudden pause. "Hallo!" cried I out of the window, "what's the matter?" "It's more than I can tell, sir," said the man. "Black Jane has turned sulky. She won't move a step." "With that he began to shout and crack his whip, I, with my head out of the window, watching him, and suddenly the beast started off like mad, and I drew in my face and saw I had company. While the coach was at a stand still, a lady and gentleman had slipped in. They sat on the seat opposite me; and though it was an intrusion, I had not the heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I never saw in my life. If he was twenty-one, it was as much as he could be, and she was not seventeen. I have seen a pair of china lovers on the mantel-piece, the perfect image of what they were, and they were as pretty and dressed much the same. His hair was powdered, and lower too. She had on a yellow silk, lower in the neck than a would like a daughter of nine to wear it, and her arms would have been bare only for her long kid gloves. She had pearls in her ears and on her throat, and she had just the most innocent little face my eyes ever rested on. As for the boy, he had a chocolate velvet

There was a marriage at the upper end of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Road the other day.

A great big chap, almost able to throw a car-load of lumber off the track, fell in love with a widow who was cooking for the hands, and after a week's acquaintance they were married. The boys around the mill William three calico shirts, a dress-coat and a pair of white pants, and chipped in a purse of about \$20, and the couple started for Detroit on a bridal tour within an hour after being married. "This 'ere lady," explained William, as the conductor came along for tickets, "was my bride. Just apliced fifty-six minits ago. Cost \$2, but durn the cost! She's a lily of the valley, Mary is, and I'm the right-bower in a new pack of keards. Conductor, salute the bride!" The widow had freckles and a turn-up nose, and kissing the bride was no gratification. "Conductor, salute the bride or look out for tornadoes!" continued William as he rose up and shed his coat. The conductor saluted. It was the best thing he could do just then. "I never marry," put on my style before," muttered William, "but I'm bound to see this thing through if I have to fight all Michigan. These 'ere passengers has got to come up to the chalk, they has." The car was full. William walked down the aisle, waved his hand to command attention, and said: "I've just married; over thar' sots the bride. Anybody who wants to salute the bride kin do so. Anybody who don't want to, will hev cause to believe that a tree fell on him!" One by one the men walked up and kissed the widow, until only one was left. He was asleep. William reached over and lifted him into sitting position at one movement and commanded: "Ar' ye goin' to dust over thar' and kiss the bride?" "Blas' your bride, and you, too!" growled the passenger. William drew over the back of the seat, laid him down in the aisle, tied his legs in a knot and was making a bundle of him just of a size to go through the window, when the man caved and went over and sa-luted. "Now, then," said William, as he put on his coat, "this bride tower will be re-saluted as usual, and I'll have the square hands or git to laying heads on each other's shoulders I shall demand to know who luffed about it, and I'll make him e-magine that I'm a hull boom full of the biggest kind of sawlogs, an' more comin' down on the rise. Now, Mary, hitch along an' let me git my arm around ye!" **Circumstantial Evidence.** A young lady—I forgot the name, but we will supply fictitiously—Mary Adams, was missed from her home. Her disappearance caused intense excitement, and that excitement ran wild when it was at length ascertained that she had been murdered. Her body had been found on the shore of a tributary of the Hudson River, with bruises upon her head, which gave ample evidence that her death had been a violent one. Such bruises might have been gained by falling upon the ground, but the remains were found, but there were other circumstances that pointed in another and more ghastly direction. A young man named William Claypole was arrested upon accusation of the murder of Mary Adams. A preliminary examination before Judge Johnson, who had a client evidence to bind him over to appear before a jury. Claypole had waited upon Miss Adams for a year or more, and during the two or three months last past their intercourse had not been of the happiest kind. She was proved to have been gay and laughter-loving, with a light, rosy disposition, a heart full of merriment, and impatient of restraint. Claypole, it appeared, had been exceedingly jealous and exacting, prone to fault-finding, and ready to make his affianced miserable and fearful if she dared to look smilingly upon another man. It was proved by several witnesses that Claypole had threatened Miss Adams with terrible vengeance if she ever caught her being certain trifling things again; and a man of the town—a man respectable and reliable—had seen the twain together in an angry discussion on the very night of the disappearance. He had been on his way home on foot, and walking leisurely along by the river's bank, not a hundred yards from where the dead body had been found. He had heard Claypole use language of terrible significance, and one sentence, spoken loudly and distinctly, he could repeat word for word, and swear to it. It was a bright moonlight evening, and he had gained but a short distance from the angry pair when he saw the man grasp the girl by the arm and fiercely exclaim: "I'd rather kill you and throw your body into this cold river than live under such torture, you've made me suffer for the last few weeks. Beware! I tell you, woman, I am desperate." To this the man swore most positively. He remembered the circumstances and the exact date, and this was the evening on which Mary had left her home not to return. William Claypole was committed for trial, and in due time he was brought before the jury. If anything, the evidence before the jury was more conclusive than had been the preliminary evidence. There was more of it, and it all pointed directly to the accused. It was absolute impossibility that any one else could have done it. That she could have killed herself was a proposition not to be entertained. William Claypole told his story. Most of the evidence he had heard he acknowledged true. He had been exceedingly jealous, and he had threatened the girl, and though he could not clearly remember all that might have said under the influence of strong passion, yet he would not deny that the man who had reported his last reported speech upon the river's bank, had reported it correctly. He said he had been there with Mary on that evening, and he remembered that he saw the witness on the road. After seeing witness, he spoke the angry, impulsive words to Mary. He could only swear to the simple fact that very shortly after using the language just presented he had become startled by his own fierce passions, and had sent the girl from him—had bade her go to her home, telling her that he hoped he might never see her again. With that she had left him, and he knew no more. Claypole's story bore the stamp of truth

in everything save the bearing upon it of the fact already stated.

Everybody was sorry. Nobody believed that William Claypole ever committed murder in his life. It had been but the creature of dreadful impulse. Yet the evidence was all against him—all, and not a point whereon to hang a doubt, and he was found guilty of murder. One bright, pleasant day, while William Claypole lay crushed and broken in his dark cell, and the people shook their heads in sorrow that one so young and promising should meet so terrible a fate—on such a day Mary Adams appeared before the jailor and demanded to see the prisoner who had been accused of her murder. The jailor came next to fainting with agonizing terror, but by and by the applicant succeeded in opening the door, and she was a throb of blood and black, like other women, and he admitted her to the prison. We need not describe the scene that followed the meeting of the lovers. In some respects it was sacred. In due time the custodians of judicial power and authority came, and in prison, where they listened to a new revelation. Mary Adams was not dead at all! The story which her lover had told was true. On the night of the quarrel, fearing that he might do some rash thing, and really desirous, for the time, of getting out of his way, and beyond his reach, he had, in a secret way, taken her home, where she made up a small bundle of necessary clothing, and then, unknown to any one, she crept away, and before morning was beyond the possibility of reach or recognition. Having found a new home in a far-away, mountainous region, and not seen any newspaper until she had been several weeks in her new home. She read the account of her own death, and the arrest of her old lover for her murder with astonishment, and now she had come to set matters right. As fortune would have it, on the very day of Miss Adams's return an officer from the forest, where, according to the Indians, the elephants were in the habit of coming for their sports. Arrived on the opposite shore of the lake, we left our prahous (a species of pirogues), and repaired to the spot where, according to the latest advice, we were to find the elephants. We advanced, and the marchioness, besides us the native chiefs, and M. du Laurens—behind us. Very soon the sight of giant tracks communicated their first emotion to the beaters; the effect was electric; M. du Laurens turned pale. Each took his post behind an animal of choice which he had selected against the stag. The corner which we occupied was not less than two or three feet wide; so all the hunters could, thanks to the underwood, hide there comfortably. They inspected their guns and carbines; the hunting knife, the *klewang* and the axes gleamed. All was the most lively anxiety. Already the *kriss* were set to give the alarm to our aids and their packs of dogs; and scarcely had the Indians advanced, when frightful cries, or rather a howl swelled by a multitude of howls, issued from the center of the forest and froze us with terror. It seemed to me as if a hurricane had passed through the foliage. There was no room for doubt, a herd of elephants were there, in the inclosure, at a few paces from us. There was an instant of panic terror. The ideas which we had, issued from the center of the forest, issued from these animals, who could overthrow everything in their passage, little disposed the men to await them with firm foot. The hunters therefore dismounted. Though native chiefs, more experienced, in vain retained their courage, the confusion redoubled, and most of the Indians fled toward the lake. Unfortunately, the lake is full of caymans, and the cry arose: *Bonaj! bonaj!* They knew not which way to flee; on all sides they saw themselves surrounded with monsters. Several had climbed the trees; M. du Laurens was of the number, and he and we regained our post with the greatest coolness. When I say our courage, it is a plural which is singular and regards only myself, for M. de Fienne had not shrunk for an instant. The marchioness, firm also, yet betrayed the most lively emotion. She was impugned, and she had conflict commence, and prepared, not only to be a spectator of this drama, but to play a part in it. Suddenly thirty elephants issued from the forest, arranged in close columns, and advancing with a majestic air. They were formidable to behold; they marched with their trunks high and threatening, like wounded serpents; their large ears beat their temples with redoubled blows; their breath would have overthrown a man, and the ground seemed to tremble beneath them. The moment was critical and there was not a moment to lose if we did not wish to be destroyed. When they were four or five paces from the thicket, which concealed us from their view, we received them with a close fire from our carbines, which we had taken care to load with balls of tin and copper. Woe to us if we had used leaden balls, they would have been flattened by the large ears of the elephants, and would have rendered them more troublesome to us, without having the chance of killing one. "Near the ears! near the ears!" was the exclamation on all sides, and each suddenly returned to the charge, aiming at the sensitive spot which made at first more noise than they did harm. Meanwhile the monkeys, seized with terror, recoiled and retreated to the forest; but the barking of the dogs, which did not bite, constrained them to turn back almost immediately. Their numbers had increased to sixty; a great part of those animals had not come out from the woods at the first attack. We had had time to charge anew our guns and carbines; and, more assured, like soldiers after the first fire, we received the first. The elephants then dismounted with a terror mingled with fury, crushing everything in their passage, and, seeking a refuge, uttering cries which were enough to make one sink into the earth. There was something gigantic in such a spectacle. These elephants were for the most part twelve and thirteen feet in height. Their refusal to combat contrasted strangely with the powerful organization with which they were endowed. The marchioness, by the aid of her interpreter, manifested her astonishment when she replied, with uncounted frankness, that the herd was composed only of females. Madame de Fienne smiled, and, by way of reply brandished with her

An Elephant Hunt in Sumatra.

I had often, in my childhood, heard Sumatra spoken of, and had for a long time experienced a desire to visit an island which promise so many mountains and marvels to my imagination. So, when I landed on the southwest coast of the island, I was enamored with the beauty of the climate, that I had no courage to find it too warm. And yet my thermometer marked in the shade thirty-seven centigrade degrees. We were in June, 1848, precisely at the period when it was warm also in the streets of Paris. I may be permitted to prefer the fires of Bengal to those of cannon. Not that Sumatra has never enjoyed revolutions; this beautiful country, like so many others, has had her own, but they are not the principal merit of this island, heretofore a *tabula rasa* to the productions, which rival those of the tropics; it is, dare I avow it, almost entirely in its elephants, its most ancient as well as its most legitimate sovereigns. Their strength is disputed by no one, and their swiftness, if not words, are in every mode. In the judgment of them, every mode of their own territory, through the large trees of the forest, and in the free exercise of their powers, I soon had an opportunity of observing in an exciting hunt in the company with the Marquis and Marchion de Fienne, and the Parisians, whom affairs of interest had brought Sumatra. There was a third person, a French Jew, a banker of profession, Mr. Isaac du Laurens, a friend of the marquis. A great lover of hunting, a still more intrepid boaster, there was no trophy of this hunt which he could not offer to the counterpane. Such were the members of our expedition. We were joined by some native chiefs as guides, and a great number of Indians, laden with munition and arms, or leading packs of dogs impatient to enter upon the campaign. The rendezvous was fixed beyond a great lake which separated the forest, where, according to the Indians, the elephants were in the habit of coming for their sports. Arrived on the opposite shore of the lake, we left our prahous (a species of pirogues), and repaired to the spot where, according to the latest advice, we were to find the elephants. We advanced, and the marchioness, besides us the native chiefs, and M. du Laurens—behind us. Very soon the sight of giant tracks communicated their first emotion to the beaters; the effect was electric; M. du Laurens turned pale. Each took his post behind an animal of choice which he had selected against the stag. The corner which we occupied was not less than two or three feet wide; so all the hunters could, thanks to the underwood, hide there comfortably. They inspected their guns and carbines; the hunting knife, the *klewang* and the axes gleamed. All was the most lively anxiety. 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prety hands the gun which she had been valiantly using.

Hardly she had given it to the Indian to reload, when an enormous elephant, separated from the herd and larger than any of the rest, came toward the ambush behind which we still remained. It was furious, and seemed to wish to revenge the defeat of his brethren. He was fourteen feet high. "It is a male! It is a male!" exclaimed the native chiefs; and more prompt than these words, thirty shots of the carbines hit and struck dead his new enemy. He staggered a few yards and fell exactly at the foot of the tree in which brave Du Laurens was still clinging, who, instantly shaken by this shock and by fire had nearly followed the colossal in his fall. Several elephants were seen to issue on the opposite shore, and the marchioness, by leaping against those who had not yet been struck and who supported them in a fraternal manner. There was something very affecting in the scene. But it was less that of which we were witnesses an instant after. A young elephant, grievously wounded, maintained his equilibrium with difficulty, and with the aid of his mother who was watching over him; at last he fell on the ground before the continual fire of the hunters; the poor mother did not desert her post, she uttered howls of anguish and fury, and tried to protect the corpse of her child; but she soon paid for maternal devotion with her life. The marchioness, whom this picture moved to tears, wished to obtain the life of this noble animal; she even solicited it earnestly, but it would have been dangerous to have granted it, and the firing continued. There were no more enemies on the battle-field; only corpses strewn the ground in every direction. The air echoed with a joyous merriment, and each began to relate his exploits. The hunters celebrated the victory most noisily, as usual, those who had not dared to take part in it. There are men who, in times of peril and emergency think they afford much aid by expending their action in words and cries. Such was the dear and deafening Du Laurens. He had descended from the tree only after the danger was passed, and by own account it was he who had killed the most elephants. "What there is prodigious about it," said M. de Fienne, "is that you have accomplished these fine exploits without burning any tinder. But perhaps you used the sourous instrument with which the soldiers of Joshua made the walls of Jericho fall. In this case, worthy son walls of Israel, I will no longer be astonished at the sound of your trumpet." During this time the Indians were despoiling the elephants of their enormous jaws, and preparing to carry them home as a remembrance of this glorious day. Thus ended this famous elephant hunt, a scene of excitement and some danger.

A Boy's Adventure.

Little John Green, of Louisville, Ky., having heard how once upon a time Benjamin Franklin experimented with a kite, resolved to do something in that line himself. His idea was to test the relative strength of his kite and his pet pigeon with the design of basing some grand invention upon the result. So he took kite and pigeon and wended his way to the nearest common several days ago. He ran the kite up to the limit of his yard, and with his hand blowing a stiff breeze from the west the while. Then taking the pigeon from his basket he tied the bird by the leg to the end of the kite string which he had held in his hand. The pigeon, feeling half free, flew toward home, which was directly against the wind. The resistance of the kite caused him to rise upward, and in turn, the efforts of his wings caused the kite to sail higher in the air. For a while the bird seemed to have the best of the struggle, making slow progress for at least a square, but in spite of all efforts to take a direct course, flying higher and higher, he was gradually carried to a height of perhaps four hundred feet, the kite being about one hundred feet higher still, it was plain that the latter had greatly the advantage. It was flesh, blood and feathers against the untiring winds. Unable to conquer the strain the pigeon, unable to resist the force of the wind, and unable to resist the force of the kite, was carried to a height of perhaps four hundred feet, the kite being about one hundred feet higher still, it was plain that the latter had greatly the advantage. It was flesh, blood and feathers against the untiring winds. 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