

# The Fayetteville News.

VOL 2.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., TUESDAY, JULY 9, 1867.

NO. 66.

## THE NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

H. L. & J. H. MYROYER,  
Editors and Proprietors,  
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

TERMS:  
Weekly, One year, \$3 00  
Do. Six months, 2 00

### Rates of Advertising.

One Square, (1 inch or less) first insertion, \$1 00
For one year, each subsequent insertion, 50
For six months, one square, 15 00
For three months, 9 00
For Quarter Column, 5 squares, 3 months, 25
For Half Column, 10 squares, 3 months, 40
For One Column, 20 squares, 3 months, 75
For One Column, 20 squares, 6 months, 125
For One Column, 20 squares, 1 year, 200

### THE BEST MAN WINS HER.

#### CHAPTER I.

Hide away in the loveliest part of Berkshire, nestling among the oft-sung Braes of Balquhider, lies Loch Voel, upon the shores of which Rob Roy lived and died; and where, in the quiet lonely kirk-yard, rests "Clan Alpine's own and her aid." There are M'Gregors still in the chieftain of Balquhider, M'Gregors who speak with glowing eye and heightened color of the chiefs, and amongst whom no tales are so popular as those which treat of the wild days when the clan with the "name nameless by day" was at once the terror and protection of the country.

Some ten years ago a descendant of Rob Roy's, Helen M'Gregor, was the beauty of Balquhider. Helen was a fair, blue-eyed, golden-haired lassie, with whom life had been one long laugh, and to whom the world seemed to bear neither frowns nor clouds. Her father, Tam M'Gregor, was a farmer, and well-to-do for his station; his sous helped him on the hills, and Helen was a tidy hand in the house, quite able to take many cares from her mother's shoulders.

The cottage stood away from the chateau, near the foot of Meal-meach. A lovely little steading it was, too, with high grey rocks on one side, on the other an oak and birch wood, among the branches of which the soft summer breezes, when they had kissed the lake into a ripple of delight, would sigh and whisper their pleasant songs of brighter and warmer lands.

Tam's cottage had served the wants of many a generation of M'Gregors, here a little and there a little being added, as the owner's family increased, or his fortunes prospered. The thatch was matted together by a flourishing growth of various plants, wall-flowers and house-leek predominating. Roses and honeysuckle flourished in the narrow border, and clustering round the windows, met gay and thriving geraniums, votive offerings from the gardener at Glenbuckie, who was one of Helen's many admirers. Helen, being fancy-free herself, was wont to make a joke about love; and nor caring for either fair or gatherings, escaped much of the gossip which attaches to other girls. Yet, quietly as the little maiden lived, she could no more avoid lovers than can the violet hide away her treasures from the bee. "Love will venture in where he darna weel be seen," and accordingly Helen's lovers were neither few nor slack in making their way to the farm; woe, much to the girl's discomfort, her mother took pride in counting the stalwart, well-to-do lads who would take a place by the ingle nook, and while talking to the farmer of the ewes, wool and markets, would hope to catch a stray glance, kinder than usual, from Helen; who, however, went on with her spinning as if no eyes were seeking hers, and there was no such thing as love or wooing. And many a lad doubling thought, with Hobbie Elliot, that "whirling a big stick wi' a thread trailing to it," was but poor and tiresome work.

One came oftener than the rest, so often that it was whispered about that Helen and Duncan were courting, nor did Duncan attempt to deny what in his inmost heart was true. He had loved Helen long, and only waited for a farm to enter the lists openly. Now he had a farm and decent house to take a wife to, he thought the right time had come; and soon seeing he had the good will of both father and mother, he was content to wait patiently until some happy day when Maggie's heart would wake up and his love meet its reward. And if Duncan was patient it was because, never having doubted his success, he experienced a sort of gratification in beating down his passion, or anticipating from a distance the time when Helen would spin by his own hearth, and pay him back tenfold for what she made him suffer now.

The honest folks in Balquhider called Helen a lucky lassie, and watched the courting with general interest, not unmixed with envy, for Duncan was one of the handsomest and steadiest of the young men; more than that, and what perhaps went even further among the girls, Duncan was the champion wrestler, runner, and hammer-thrower, and twice had he carried off prizes from the Braemar Gathering. Duncan's courting made no further impression upon Helen when the gathering of 1855 drew on. All the world went to Braemar that year, and Duncan, much to his surprise

and the indignation of the Balquhider people, was beaten both in wrestling and throwing by a new comer, a young man, who, by his superior style of dress and manner of speech, was evidently from a different part of the country, if not indeed of a different rank in life to that of the irate young Highlander; and when standing hot and angry after his last failure, he was by no means comforted by seeing Helen's cheeks redden under the glances of the victor, who, cap in hand, introduced himself to Tam M'Gregor as the son of his old friend, Niel Lesley, and saying that he had come to the Gathering on his way to Balquhider, his father having told him of the sheep-farming there, and how, for auld acquaintance sake, he might be lucky enough to get his lessons in farming from Tam himself, a lesson he meant to put in practice as farmer in Australia. Tam was pleased to find his friend had not forgotten him, nor was he proof against the compliment neatly offered to his farming skill. Moreover there is never a lack of hospitality among the Celts, and Tam made his young friend welcome to the best his house afforded, so long as he liked to stay.

Niel was a fair-haired, blue-eyed man, tall and light-limbed, but with the muscles and sinews of a prize-fighter. He had been at the high school in Edinburgh, was well up in modern topics, and able to hold forth upon subjects which rarely reached the ears of the inhabitants of the Braes, except when the shooting season brought down the great folk, and the great folk brought down their servants; then politics, parliaments and the courts were familiarly discussed in every shieling.

Niel was no idler, either in work or play, or love. Everything he set his hand to he did in the manner, we are told, is sure to succeed. So no wonder that, falling in love as he did at once, he roused what poor Duncan had watched and waited for in vain, and wakened up the sleeping heart, brought the love light into the sweet hazel eyes, that softened and drooped now as they had never done before any man's gaze. There was no question of love speech between the two, and yet, before the summer came Helen had found out what a different place love could make the world. There had never been such heat on the hills, or bracken and wild roses on the braes, as now bloomed; the love filter was acting, and nature took tone, as it always does, from the heart.

"How bonnie you're growing, Nelly," said Tam one day, as Helen came running up the grass, her hair escaping from the sky-blue snood, the gray cotton short gown coming half-way down the striped linsey petticoat, which was just short enough to show her neatly clad feet and shapely ankles, coquettishly arrayed in bright stockings, with elaborately-embroidered cloaks. "What's come to the lassie, wae? She's broken the hearts o' half the lads in the place. There's Duncan, poor lad, fient a smile he'll gie now, but gangs as dour!"

"Where's that?" cried Helen, shutting her mouth with a rosy little palm. "Here's Duncan comin'!"

As she spoke Duncan stalked up to the door. It was easy to see that something had gone against the grain; the expression of his face, the tone of his voice, his very gait, were changed; his clothes were thrown on with a carelessness unlike former days, and his eyes, restless and bloodshot, turned uneasily to Helen, as he made some commonplace remark to her father concerning the weather.

Helen's color deepened. Something in the man's eyes struck like a knife to her heart, and lay there rankling, making the hot blood spring to her face, and the hand that had been on her father's mouth clench fiercely, as if it beat back some burst of anger indignation. But the flush faded the next moment, and a shudder shook her from head to foot, for Niel came in from the hill, and as he turned the corner of the hedge, and Duncan's eyes fell upon him, Helen saw the thick black brows drawn passionately together, the big veins start like knotted cords, and the strong teeth set hard in the nether lip. She saw this, and even then her heart sank with an undimmed fear but it was not until some days afterwards, when the braes were ringing with the mysterious disappearance of Niel Lesley, that the full significance of that look was revealed to her.

#### CHAPTER II.

Many and various were the reports circulated, until by the expiration of four days they all settled down into one strong judgment against Niel—a judgment which Helen's outburst of grief and pale stricken face unwittingly strengthened; and it was firmly believed that Niel, having won her love, had grown tired of her, and to rid himself of her and his debt of gratitude to her father at once, had made a moonlight flitting. Duncan openly took little part in all that was said, so much so, that those busy people who are always, in all ranks, looking after their neighbors' affairs began to hold him up as an example of unselfish generosity. There was one, however, to whom his silence had a different significance, and that was Helen, who, from the day the alarm was given, had remembered that afternoon when she saw, as plainly as written in black and white, the hatred unto death stamped in Duncan's face. She alone, watching as none other could, heard the impatient manner of speech and saw the strange look that had come upon the

man's face; and a horrible suspicion and dread filled her mind, harder to bear than all the cruel things raised against Niel's character. There was one small ray of comfort left—a colley dog she had given Neil had disappeared the same day he was missed. He must be alive if Moss was with him; and if he had run away, as the people said, he would scarcely take such a continual sting to his conscience as the faithful dog must be. So, in spite of the deadly fears that would at times overwhelm her, Helen held fast by hope, hiding her anxiety as best she could by getting away among the hills; and wandering about where she would meet no one to pity or console with her.

The fifth day had come; it was a busy time, too, for they were gathering the flocks off the hills previous to the shooting season, and so it came about that Helen fell in with a flock in a lonely pass on the road to Ben Lodi, and eager to escape the shepherds, she scrambled up the banks and hid herself among the whins.

Down the pass came the sheep, filling the air with their voices, stopping now and then to snatch a mouthful of heather. Presently, glancing away to the hill-side, Helen caught sight of a dog bounding down over scur and bush; but not until it was nearer, and diverted by the sounds in the glen, had turned aside and taken its stand upon a rock, along the foot of which the sheep were passing, did she recognize her old colley, the very Moss she had given Neil. Helen's heart leaped to her mouth as she leant forward to watch the dog, who, falling into his old trade, stood yelping and howling over the flock, winking every eye in the pass, and rousing a perfect storm of bleating.

Helen tried to whistle, but her lips were shaken and dry. Then she called him by name. The dog came rushing up to her and was soon whining at her side, licking her hands and face. As soon as she could see anything clearly through the tears that were blinding her, she saw that a blue ribbon was tied round Moss's neck, nearly hidden amongst the thick wool. Helen recognized the ribbon; it had once been hers; and she knew no hand but Neil's could have tied it there, and— But suddenly she ceased thinking. She had unfasted the string, and found a little bit of white calico, and read on it written in blood, the words, "Help! Reiver's Crag."

Helen cannot tell to this how she got home; but in little more than half an hour the chieftain was deserted, and the men and women were all on their way to the Reiver's Crag, a barren rock among the mountains, from which it was said a Cumberland reiver had been flung in the old days. The miles of moss and muirland were soon crossed, and by evening Neil Lesley was rescued from a living death, and safe, but not sound, at Tam M'Gregor's. Sound, poor lad! they whispered, he never would be again.

"He had slipped over the Crag, and in going down had caught at a whin bush, which checked the impetus of his descent, and instead of going to the bottom of the cleft, he had fallen on a ledge. Here Moss had followed, but it was the fourth day before he could get the faithful dog to leave him, and bear tidings that might save him."

Such was the account Neil gave, and such was the story that met Duncan as he came home from Callender, whither he had gone early in the day.

Time passed on, and the shooting season brought many a visitor to Tam's cottage; for Neil's story was the romance of the year. He was still unable to walk, but his health was all right, and the doctors said he might get well again in time. Neil never complained nor could he with such a nurse as Helen fluttering round him, propping him up with fragrant pillows, stuffed with fresh gathered heather and bracken, gathered, too, by the little hands that were so strong and ready with their labor of love. It was only when pain kept him restless at night that the thought of being a cripple for life crushed him, and brought out all the training given by a good mother, and the staunch religious feeling inherent in almost every Scottish heart, the spirit that gave the world what Alexander Pelen called "the praying folk," who carried their religion triumphantly through these terrible days when a bloody scaffold was thought a good shelter.

It was nearly a month since the day Neil had been carried home from the Crag. Night had just come, still, warm, and almost like twilight. Tam was sucking his pipe preparatory to his early bed-time, the women folk were knitting and Niel, lying upon a couch the lady's sister had sent him, was reading "Rob Roy," aloud, much to Tam's perplexity, who interrupted many times with denunciations against the text. Suddenly the open doorway was darkened and Duncan stood in the entry.

"Welcome, lad!" cried Tam. "Ye're just in time to bear the havers they buik folk pit in prent about the M'Gregors. Read that again, Niel, that what he says!"

But Duncan interrupted.

"I didna crass the door to hear less read, I came to speak about a lee, to tell ye" and his voice grew louder as he spoke—to tell you that me ye looked weel is a lee. We're a frien's here," he said in a different voice, looking round.

"Ay, ay, man. Sit down," said Tam, taking his pipe out of his mouth and turn-

ing to have a better look at Duncan.

"Why what ails ye, man? Mickle ails me, Tam M'Gregor, and I came on a grouseome errand. I hae come to tak' awa' yu're faith in man for evermair, and to shame a hypocrite wi' the fair truth."

Helen laid down her knitting and drew nearer Neil; Tam glanced at him too—Niel's face was crimson, and his eyes all dilated and eager, stared up at the great wild looking man glowering down upon him, and went on speaking.

"Niel says he slipped down the Crag. He dianna slip. An enemy—" "Stop him, Helen!" shouted Niel, trying to get up, but falling, he pushed the girl towards Duncan. "Stop him, for God's sake! The lad's mad. He doesn't know what he's saying. Don't listen to him, Tam. He's a fine fellow, and you all hear me say it. Duncan, man, shake hands with me, and do go quietly away, and let well alone."

Duncan's answer was to drop down upon his knees by Niel's side, and covering his face with his hands, sob aloud.

"Na, na, Niel, I canna let alone. I maun tell them. Let me bide, lad; it's the fittest place. And when I hae your forgiveness I'll gang on my knees to the Almighty; but I canna ask Him till I hae confessed my sin."

"Well, let me tell it, Duncan," said Niel, gently laying his hand upon the kneeling man's shoulder.

"No!" cried the other sternly, "I no get the worst. Tam and Helen, I am a murderer, or as bad, for I had the thorn in my heart to take his life. Niel cut me out wi' you, Nelly. Mad wi' jealousy, I said we'd gang to Reiver's Crag and fight, and the best man shall win ye. Niel wad hardly gang till I told him I'd e'en him through the country side for a coward, and then he went. But when I got to the top o' the Crag the diel got possession o' me, and catch' him unawares I hurled him ower, thinking dead men tell me tales. When I heard tell he was fond, I like to gang mad. Every fat I tuck was a polli; but when the days passed and Niel never tauld, it was war than a'. The hot burnin coals were heaped on my head, burnin' and smotherin' i' the brain, till this gloaming the thorn came to make a clean breast, and then gang awa, whar I'd never see a kennef face till the day o' judgment. Oh! Niel, man, ye ken what loving' he is; but even you canna tell what my heart was, and how neither build nor damnation were any worth if I only ha' won her here. Ye canna forgie me, Nelly, lass, for I hae made him cripple; but just say, 'Duncan, I'll ask the Lord to forgie ye,' and I'll awa' content."

Tam was the last to hold out the hand of forgiveness; but he, too, did so at last, and then Duncan went away.

Upon the top of the bank he turned, and cap in hand, stood looking at the cottage. "Fair lad! he's prayin', maybe," thought Mrs. M'Gregor, who had followed her old favorite to the door.

Two years afterwards, and a few weeks after Niel and Helen were married, a letter came to the former, a letter written by a comrade of Duncan's, and then they knew for the first time that he had enlisted, and, going to India with one of the gallant regiments, afterwards nicknamed "Sir Colin's petticoats," the poor broken-hearted had found the death he coveted before the walls of Lucknow, and was lying mortally wounded in the hospital, where he dictated his first and last letter to Niel, bidding him good-bye, and telling him to let the Balquhider folk know the true story of the Reiver's Crag.

From a London letter to the New Orleans Republican.  
The Royal Family of England.

Not long ago I was coming down St. James street; I saw a crowd assembled in front of Marlborough House, and I remembered that her Majesty had arrived in town that morning, had held a court at Buckingham Palace, and had then gone to see her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, who was lying dangerously ill at Marlborough House. The crowd were waiting to see the Queen come out, and as it had been more than a year since I had seen her Majesty, I waited also. The crowd was large and made up, as all London crowds are, of every class of society. I amused myself by listening to their conversation. One name was very often mentioned by them—it was that of "Mr. Brown." I had often heard of him, but had never seen him. I will not repeat what I heard; it was only a repetition of what had been whispered to me more than two years ago, and that I had since heard, in parlors, in club rooms, on the street, and in confidential discourse. It is not necessary to say whether I believe it—the point is that the people believe it. There was a little stir about the gates of Marlborough House; the policemen cleared the street and made the people stand back to the sidewalk. A signal was given, and the gates were thrown open.

A detachment of mounted soldiers emerged, then came an open carriage drawn by four horses ridden by postilions. Upon the back seat was a lady dressed very plainly, and wearing a black bonnet with a widow's cap. She seemed to be asleep—her face, very full and flat, was flushed; her eyes were dull and almost closed. Upon the driver's seat were two flunkies, with powdered hair, and coats covered with gold lace; upon the knife-board behind two footmen similarly arrayed; between them and

the queen sat another person. He was dressed in plain clothes, the ordinary costume of a private gentleman. He was a raw-boned, tall, uncouth, sandy-haired and red-faced Scotchman. It was "Mr. Brown." As the Queen's carriage appeared, Her Majesty began to bow to the people—first to the right, then to the left, mechanically and continuously with no change in the sleepy and apathetic expression of her face. The people received her with perfect silence; a few hats were taken off, chiefly, I believe by foreigners like myself, but no voice cried "God bless her." Another carriage followed, in which sat the King of Denmark—a sad, silent and withered man; another troop of soldiers closed the procession and the crowd dispersed. Who was that in the carriage with the Queen? I asked of a policeman near whom I stood, and with whom I had been talking. "Bless your heart," said he, "did you never see him before? That's Mr. Brown, the greatest man in all England."

"They do say that he can't 'elp it—she will never let him go out of her sight—day or night. And to see her with that widder's cap on 'too! I 'ope poor Prince Albert sleeps comfortable in that fine tomb she's built for him—that's all." And the Bobby morntally shook his locust truncheon in the air, and proceeded up Pall Mall. Now, a throne, to be stable, should be founded upon the awe, the reverence, and the love of the people. Neither awe, nor respect, nor love sway the hearts of the English people when they look upon their queen. I do not think she is half so bad as her subjects believe her to be. But she does some curious things. One of the most lamentable acts was compelling her daughter Helena to marry prince Christian who as all the world knew, was already married, "by the left hand," and was the father of a family of daughters, old as the Princess Helena herself. Disolute and unprincipled as the Prince of Wales is proving himself to be, he could not bear the spectacle of seeing his sister thus degraded, and having exhausted all remonstrances with the Queen he manifested his disgust by absenting himself from the ceremony of the pretended marriage.

The London papers lose no opportunity of sneering at Prince Christian, and the other day when the unhappy girl who is called his wife was delivered of a child, the announcement of the event was not coupled with any of the usual congratulatory remarks, while one of the papers went so far as to speak of the infant in terms which appropriately but coarsely designated its illegitimacy. Prince Christian is a pauper; he lives on the Queen's bounty, who is not very generous, and the Prince is sometimes hard up for ready money. Last winter she endeavored to provide for him by giving him a commission in the guards, and placing him, as colonel, over the heads of the English noblemen who comprise the roster of that regiment. But the bare suggestion of this raised such a clamor that the Prince has not yet ventured to present his commission and claim his rank.

The hopes that were entertained of the Prince of Wales winning back the popular reverence for loyalty that the Queen has done so much to destroy appear to have all faded away. Since the death of his father, Albert Edward, not to speak it profanely, has been going to the bad. Perhaps he may yet reform, but he has already alienated the affections of the people from him, not so much by his dissipations as by the grudging and ungraceful manner in which he performs the few public duties required of him, and neglect which he too openly manifests for his suffering wife. Some time ago, at a great public dinner at which the prince had consented to preside, the Archbishop of Canterbury was delivering an elaborate eulogy upon the character of prince Albert, the Queen's late consort. "Cut it short, my lord!" exclaimed the Prince of Wales, to the consternation of the prime and the disgust of the company. On the night of the first debate on the reform bill, the Prince, accompanied by his brother, Arthur, was seen in the gallery of the House. As his wife was then lying very ill and scarcely expected to live, it was supposed that the deep interest excited by the reform question had tempted him from her bedside. But in the midst of Disraeli's speech the two princes disappeared, and were soon afterwards found in a private box of the Alhambra Theatre, a house at which no decent women ever are seen, and to which gentlemen go only *sub rosa*. These are trifles—but they are the kind of trifles that indicate important things. At the time when the people of England have attained a political power they never before possessed—at the time when they can, if they will, sweep away any and all abuses, and rid themselves of any and all useless incumbrances; at this time, the royal family of the kingdom have alienated themselves from the people, and the people from them; and have left nothing to bind them to their subjects but the vague and lifeless traditions of loyalty, and that fear of change which is one of the strongest influences that control the English people.—This tradition and this fear will do well enough so long as the skies are bright and the seas smooth; but when a storm arises, they will be found to be utterly powerless.

The number of feet of lumber manufactured at St. Anthony Falls, on the Mississippi, last year, was over 71,419,543, valued at \$1,856,400.

### RULES FOR COURTING.

The following good advice on the above subject is from the pen of John Quill, who seems to have had rather a blissful experience in relation to such matters:

1. Never go courting the girl's parents. You'd better edge to the charmer herself, at once; for you can't marry her if you don't try, unless she wants you, and you may be able to even if the old folks are laid on you.

2. By all means get the girl's ma down on you as much as possible. If the old lady is always blowing against you, the little dear takes your part, and can't help loving you.

I did this way, and my present mother-in-law used to throw brooms and washboards at me, teach the dog to bite me in the trousers as I climbed over the fence.

N. B.—She's got used to it now, and lives at my house without paying board. If reform ever festers in her soul in consequence of her conduct however, I haven't noticed it yet.

3. If you see any other fellows prowling about always euehre th'm if you can. If you see one of them buying tickets for the opera, go right up and make an engagement with the girl, and get your tickets afterwards; and when they visit the house always act as if you were at home and they were only visitors, and never leave first.

I always did this, and have frequently sat until daybreak, while the fair one snored away on the sofa. You can't bluff me. No, sir, lad! I guess not. I would have been there yet if the fellow had stayed.

4. If the old man has worldly wealth, express a dislike to greenbacks, and a hankering after love in a small house.

5. When you inquire if she will have you, don't fall on your knees—it's ridiculous, besides being rough on trousers. Just take her hand and speak out like a man.

6. When you are engaged, don't go off like an old jockass, and begin buying teaspoons, and wash boilers, and candles. Its very unwise and excites comment.

Why I recollect I was so glad that I went right off and purchased a baby-jumper and a gum ring. It was a long while ere those things were necessary, and the baby-jumper had shrunk so that when we put the first of the little Quills into it, it suddenly jerked up, and came frightfully near battering the devoted child's brains out against the ceiling, while the gum-ring, having been kept in a box with a cock ranch poison, threw the baby into fits, and he (it was a boy) had spams in the crib for four days.

7. If a girl refuses you don't give it up, but try it again. Because two negatives make an affirmative in grammar, however, don't consider yourself accepted when a girl jilts you twice. I asked one female forty-one times, and at last she got to expect it whenever I came, and sometimes would holler out "No!" from the top of the stairs before I got fairly in the house.

8. Kiss all the little children in a house, even if they are dirty and do smear molasses candy in your hair. Let the boy play horse with you and make a fool of you generally. It is a trump card if you play it right.

9. And finally, if there are two sisters, and the old one is jealous, get some one to choke her off while you go in for the younger.

I did that once, and used to get my friends to ask the senior girl out every evening; but she found me out and used to arrange hair pins in the sofa cushions before she went out, so that it was extremely uncomfortable.

If any further information is wanted send me letter enclosing stamp ( fifty cents ) and I will cheerfully give it gratis.

DEMOLITION OF THE LUXEMBURG FORTIFICATIONS.—The Prussians are very busy at Luxembourg packing up all the guns and artillery stores in the fortress, the quantity of which is so great that it will require a couple of months to get through the work. There are a great many ancient guns among the military lumber, some of which are valuable as curiosities, but as nothing else. The Luxemburgers lament bitterly the loss of the garrison, which is not very unnatural, as it has been calculated that the Prussians spent one hundred and ninety thousand pounds a year among the towns-people. As some little compensation King Grand Duke has offered to make the town a present of the buildings previously employed for military purposes; as also of the ground gained by the destruction of the fortifications. As this donation is not valid without the assent of the Chamber, the latter was to meet on the 20th inst. to confirm the act.

Every doctor in respectable practice in Washington has under treatment from twenty to fifty cases of typhoid fever. The disease is unusually fatal.

Philo Bradley, of Hampden Court, daily sends to Chatterton's fruit store, 871 Broadway, strawberries as big as billiard balls, cheap, and twice as luscious.

A Chicago paper thus sums up the results of Hancock's campaign against the Indians: "After marching eleven hundred cavalry a distance of eight hundred miles, with prodigious transportation trains, he succeeded in capturing one old Sioux with a broken leg and an idiotic Cheyenne girl."