

# The Fayetteville News.

THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

VOL. 3.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., JUNE 16, 1868.

NO. 115.

## THE NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

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

Weekly. One year \$3 00  
Six months 1 50

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Prices Reduced!

One square (1 inch x 6 lines) 1 insertion,	\$1 50
" " " " 2 " "	1 00
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Special Notices 20 per cent. additional on regular rates.  
Leading Notices 25 cents per line.  
Contract advertisements may be changed at option and kept on inside pages by payment of 15 per cent. on regular rates.  
Annual advts. payable quarterly in advance. All others payable at first insertion.

## POST OFFICE.

FAYETTEVILLE, May 12, 1868.  
Post office at Fayetteville, N. C., on the following days and at the following hours:  
East and South via Warsaw—Monday  
West and North via W. R. R.—Haywood, at 11 p. m.  
North and West via W. R. R.—Haywood, at 11 p. m.  
South and North via W. R. R.—Haywood, at 11 p. m.  
East and South via Warsaw—Monday  
West and North via W. R. R.—Haywood, at 11 p. m.  
North and West via W. R. R.—Haywood, at 11 p. m.  
South and North via W. R. R.—Haywood, at 11 p. m.

## SCALE OF DEPRECIATION.

ADOPTED BY THE LEGISLATURE OF NORTH CAROLINA  
Scale of depreciation of Confederate Currency  
the gold dollar being the unit and measure of value from Nov. 1st., 1861, to May 1st., 1865.

Months.	1861.	1862.	1863.	1864.	1865.
January	\$1 20	\$3 00	\$21 00	\$50 00	\$50 00
February	1 20	3 00	21 00	50 00	50 00
March	1 50	4 00	23 00	60 00	60 00
April	1 50	5 00	20 00	100 00	100 00
May	1 50	5 50	19 00	100 00	100 00
June	1 50	6 50	18 00	100 00	100 00
July	1 50	9 00	21 00	100 00	100 00
August	1 50	14 00	23 00	100 00	100 00
September	2 00	14 00	23 00	100 00	100 00
October	2 00	14 00	23 00	100 00	100 00
November	2 00	14 00	23 00	100 00	100 00
December	2 00	14 00	23 00	100 00	100 00

## From the N. O. Crescent.

**"Head" Undertakes to Keep Hotel.**

CITY HOTEL, N. O., May 20, '68.

"He's a pretty good fellow, but he can't keep hotel," is an old expression but a good one. Laying no claims to being a "clever feller," I nevertheless thought I could 'keep hotel,' so I hired the one above named for one day, and tried my hand at it. I am not keeping any hotel any more, it isn't my 'forte' eductly. I think I can do better at newspaper writing, or picking up in chips in a ship yard, or scouring knives and forks. However humiliating the confession may be, I will tell you of some of my experience during the day and night I undertook to run a hotel.

I arose early in the morning, put on my Sunday go-to-meeting clothes, a span new billed white shirt with frills, my diamond pin which I bought of "the original J. & C.," a new scarf with all the colors of the rainbow, and boots that reflected my face. In this garb I went behind the counter. Up stepped a man to register, and I let him put his name down. I asked him if he had any baggage, and he said "I should think so, you nikkop!" He pointed to a trunk which it took two porters to carry up stairs. I ascertained afterwards that he stayed two weeks in the hotel on that trunk, and then left. The trunk was sold at auction, and was found full of bricks and "lightwood." But I obeyed the Bible injunction: He was a stranger and I—look him in!

That ain't all. He took me in!

The next that came to get a room was a colored member of the legislature. I told him we kept a white man's hotel and couldn't accommodate him. He got indignant, and asked me "if I went back on the Constitution which guaranteed equal rights to all." I told him I had never read it. He opened his carpet bag, took out a bound copy of the same and told me to refuse him a room if I dared. I dared, and he went to U. S. commissioner Shanon right off. Rather than shed the blood of a man with whom I had fought, bled and died for my country, and to have my license revoked, I was obliged to give the colored gentleman a room, "all of which is respectfully submitted." The result was a row, in which all of my old boarders refused longer to eat hash in my house, no matter how fine I had it chewed up.

Then came another who was dissatisfied with his room. So I rung the bell several times, when up came the porter, cook, watchman, baggage master and 2 or 3 bell boys. I told them to remove John Smith's baggage from 65 to 67.

They did it.

Mark the result, as I persued.

Bye and bye came a man who registered

Saml. Jones and lady. I put "Sam" in 104 and "lady" in 80. Evening came, and I was congratulating myself on being able to keep a hotel. All of a sudden there was a jerk of the bell of the private parlor, and I sent the "call boy" to find out what was the matter. Pretty soon he came back looking very red in the face, and said as how "there was two ladies as wanted to see me in there."

I went in the P. P., and found—2 women en dishabile as we creoles say, and walking the floor and crying like mad. As quick as I went in they both went for me, and began:

"You're a smart man, aint you, to go and put a strange man in my room! What do you mean sir?"

I began to be frightened, and I stammered, "did I put a man in your room?"

"Yes you did."

"What is the number of your room, madam?"

"87, you wretch!"

It was true. I had done been and done it. I had ordered John Smith's baggage from 65 to 87, and he had come and gone into this room when it was occupied by a young lady to whom he had never been introduced! O, Heavings!

Then up come the other one with her pocket handkerchief wet through, and began on me:

"Yes, and here I am put in a room all alone by myself, and exposed to all the dangers of a large city, while my husband is separated from me, and put—I don't know where! Pop-hoo-hoo! O, you good-for-nothing, heartless creature!"

Here was a nice box for a nice young man. There stood one young woman crying like thunder because there was a man in her room, and right beside her, another, crying because there wasn't!

What was a fellow to do? I rushed for the office, and sung out through the speaking tube for the chambermaid to put in order No 114 for the young miss who had the strange man in her room.

I thought I was all right now, sure; but pretty soon there was another jerk at the P. P. bell. I had sung out through the wrong speaking tube. Instead of calling to the chambermaid on the ladies' side, I called the chambermaid on the gents' side! The result was, that the young lady left the hotel in disgust, or in a cab, I forget which!

The other lady, who had been married and lost her husband in another room complained to him, as soon as she found him, and he came to pay me a visit at the office.

"Why didn't you put me in a room with my wife, sir? Do you keep a Quaker house?"

I began to quake. "Why didn't you put her down as your wife?" said I.

"I did, sir," he said.

I referred in triumph to the register.

"There it is, you see, Saml. Jones and lady! It don't say anything about her being your wife. I keep a respectable house."

He looked at me one moment, with scorn depicted in his countenance, called for his bill and left in the next omnibus without paying it. I knew he was a friend of mine by a remark he made, as he was about leaving. No matter what he said.

I got in a huff. I rung for the porter, and rung so many times it brought the cook. I wanted the watchman, but called the chambermaid. I sent baggage up Red River that ought to have gone to Mobile, and sent the owner of it off on the Jackson Railroad! I got the baggage out of a lady's room and sent it off with a Texan to Galveston, and when he got there, he had no thing but an extra bonnet, a hoop skirt, two sets of corsets and some—a change! The Texan threatens to lasso me the next time he catches me.

In the evening, among the other guests at tea, was a raw Frenchman, who could not speak English. He wanted a waiter to bring him something, and so he sung out "Garcon, garcon!" and beckoned with his finger. The waiter came up, and he came up, and he repeated it—"garcon!" The waiter, who was of noble birth (from Limeriek), looked up at the gas-light and exclaimed, indignantly, "There's gas on now; what 'd'ye want of any more gas on?"

The Frenchman "didn't see it in that light!" Of course he appealed to me, and as I talk French fluidly (having learned it in the French market), I explained to him that my waiters did not understand French, but they were some on "Greek!" The Frenchman thought I referred to Greek fire and that my servants were all Fenians, and so he left without paying his bill.

I began to get furious, and as I didn't care to attack anybody bigger than I was, I commenced on my boy Sidney, and threw all the blame on him. But my guests were so uncharitable and mean as to say that I "didn't know my business," and I "better go to Algiers and go to settin' hens for a livin'," or "drivin' geese to water," and all such uncharitable suggestions. When I went through the pantry and other places, the fellows sung out to me to "pay my footin'," until I had a notion of footin' every one of 'em.

Then, somebody stole the key to the wine room, and everybody got drunk. The chambermaids got on a "strike," and the bar-keepers got on a strike, too, and "struck out from the shoulder." A man from the country, who occupied one of the rooms, blew his gas out and died on my hands without a cent to bury him with. A sloop-

bucket was tipped over up stairs, and dirty water from bath tubs and wash-basins came trickling down on the chignon of belle who was playing "Champagne" on the piano in the parlor. Of course she didn't send for me and give me fits, and I was glad to let her leave without paying her bill.

Then along came the editor of the "Call of Freedom," or the Gopher of the Good and gave me the following notice:

"We had the pleasure of stopping at your popular and well known hotel in New Orleans, kept by the chivalrous, high-toned and gentlemanly landlord, Mr. A. Head. What he don't know about a hotel aint worth nothin'. Always attentive, courteous, god-natured, accommodating, self-sacrificing and sociable, a perfect connoisseur and cure, he stands at the Head of the hotel business in this country or Africa. His table is excellent, and his buck wheat cake is called E. Pluribus Unum. Long may he wave."

The above was entirely disinterested on the part of this editor. He was the only man that really appreciated me.

But at 12 o'clock at night I gave up the keys of the hotel, and quit. Although I am "some" with a knife and fork, I "can't" keep a hotel. I am now in the bone-boiling business, and find that my genius holds more in that direction than hotel keeping. But if any of my old customers that stopped with me while I kept a hotel come to New Orleans, I am afraid they won't have a bone in my body to boil.

SILENCE IN NATURE.—It is a remarkable and very instructive fact, that many of the most important operations of nature are carried on in unbroken silence. There is no rushing sound when the broad tides of sunlight breaks on a dark world and floods it with glory, as one bright wave overtakes another falls from the fountain, millions of millions of miles away. There is no clanking of heavy axles or groaning of cumbersome machinery as the solid earth wheels on its way, and every planet and system perform their revolutions. The great spheres bring forth their boughs, and shade the earth beneath them—the plants grow for themselves with buds, and the buds burst into flowers; but the whole transaction is unheeded. The change from snow and winter winds to blossoms and fruit and the sunshine of summer is seen in its slow development, but there is scarcely a sound to tell of this mighty transformation. The solemn chant of the ocean, as it rolls unchanged and its ceaseless voice, the roar of the hurricane, and the soft notes of a breeze, the rushing of the mountain river, and the thunder of the black-browed storm; all this is the music of nature—a great and swelling anthem of praise, breaking in on the universal calm.—There is a lesson for us here. The mightiest work in the Universe is the most unobtrusive.

FOREIGN CUSTOMS.—We clip the following from a lecture recently delivered on street life in Europe: "A man can walk through the capitals of Europe and learn much that he would not otherwise learn. One thing that is noticeable in the streets of Europe is the greater independence or individuality of the people. In America public opinion rules everything. Men here think before they speak, and then speak in accordance with public sentiment. In England one will find a degree of bluntness that will often be thought uncourteous. There is the same independence in dress. In seven cases out of ten a man's occupation can at once be found from his attire, in Europe. In this country it is not so. In passing the guard at Paris he had a cap on. The guard told him he could not pass, because none but servants wore caps, and he only got admission after he had assured the man that he had a hat at home. There is in Europe more frankness than in this country. In America people desire to avoid what they call a 'scene.' He had seen a father, in Boston, in separating at the cars from his daughter, refuse to kiss her when she asked him, because the bystanders would see it. But in Paris he had seen whole crowds of people buried in kisses."

A reporter having dined with some friends, attended a lecture afterwards with the following report:

"The lecture last evening was a brilliant affair. The hall ought to have been filled, but we were sorry to say only forty persons were present. The speaker commenced by saying that he was by birth an ecclesiastical deduction; gave a learned description of Satan, and his skill in sawing trees. Among other things he stated that the Patriarch Abraham taught Ceterops arithmetic. We trust the eloquent divine may be induced to repeat the lecture at some future day."

What the Lecturer said to the Reporter:

Dear Sir.—In a report of my lecture in your beautiful city, you have made some mistakes, which I wish to correct. You make me speak of myself as by birth an ecclesiastical deduction. What I said was, that I was not by birth, but only ecclesiastically, a Dutchman. Instead of speaking of Satan as 'sawing trees' I spoke of him as sowing tares. I said nothing of the 'Patriarch Abraham teaching arithmetic' but spoke of the Arabians, as nomades of patriarchal simplicity, and said that Ceterops was the founder of Athens, and instructed the people in agriculture.

CHARITY OF THE POPE.

The Pope is pretty tall and stout, without being obese. The furniture of his private room is a square table, with two chairs and an arm-chair for himself. The room is very small, with a low ceiling, no curtains, and the walls covered with paper of the cheapest sort. Those of the grand official saloon are covered with silk. His bedroom has yellow curtains, no carpet, and a brick floor, with a little bedstead of iron without curtains. He is very neat in his person; his hands which are half covered with white mittens, are particularly attended to. He rises at 6 o'clock, shaves himself, and says his mass in a little private chapel; and then hears another. At 8 o'clock he takes a small cup of chocolate, and at 8 1/2 o'clock receives his Ministers. Cardinal Antonelli comes every day to the Vatican, and when prevented from doing so, the Under-Secretary of State, Monsignor Marini, takes his place. The other days of the week the other functionaries in their turn transact business with him. At 10 1/2 o'clock the Ministers withdraw. The audiences then begin, and are not over till 1 o'clock. At 2 o'clock the Pope dines in his private apartments. His repast is of the most modest kind, and it always ends with a sweetmeat of which all Italians are fond. From 2 1/2 o'clock to 3 he takes his siesta, at 3 o'clock he reads his Breviary, and at 5 1/2 o'clock goes out for a drive in a carriage with four horses, accompanied only by two young priests; if the weather permits he alights and walks in the most retired parts of the city; nevertheless, he is followed by upwards of two thousand persons, who walk after him in silence. When it rains, his Holiness proceeds to the galleries of the Vatican when the visitors have retired. He is a great lover of antiques, as proved by the restorations he is continually making. On his return home at six o'clock the audience recommence, and last till 10 at night, when he retires to sup. He goes to bed at 11, and the next day goes through the same routine. Though advanced in years, he sings very well, and what is quite unknown even to many Romans, plays well on the violoncello. When I was received with my companion, the chamberlain plucked me by the sleeve to make me kneel. The Pope, perceiving the movement, spared us the genuflection, and made us approach the table at which he was sitting. "So then," his Holiness said, "you are two journalists, friends, going together to Naples?" He spoke about Naples, and asked us how we liked Rome, adding that people found themselves very free during their stay. He then took two photographic likenesses of himself, one for each of us, and with a shy smile said, "I am going to write something for the journalists," and, in a firm hand, traced the words:

"Dignitas veritatum, filium Dei,"

after which he held out his hand to us. His affability is extreme. He speaks French with as much accent as Rossini; and the impression he produced on me was that of a pleasant and tranquil old man who appears to be but little occupied with external matters.

EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Not many years ago two Frenchmen, one wealthy and in the possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless, occupied, by chance, the same room in a hotel. In the morning the 'seedy' one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his own forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his terrified companion: "It is my last desperate resource; I am penniless and tired of life; give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!" The other lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma, but the cogency of his companion's argument struck him 'cold.' He quietly crept to his pantaloons, handed over the amount, and the other vanished, after locking the door on the outside. Hearing of this, another Frenchman, of very savage aspect, one night tried to room with a tall, raw-boned gentleman of Arkansas, who had been rather free with his money during the day, and evidently had plenty more behind. Next morning, 'Pike' awaking, discovered his room-mate standing over him with a pistol levelled at his own head, and evidently quaking with agitation. "What the deuce are you standin' thar for in the cold?" said Pike, propping himself on his elbow, and coolly surveying the Gaul. "I am desperate," was the reply. "You give me one hundred dollar, or I will blow out my brain!" "Well, then, blow and be darned!" replied Pike, turning over. "But you will be arrested for ze murdair!" persisted the Gaul, earnestly. "Eh, what's that?" said Pike. "Oh, I see!" and suddenly drawing a revolver and a five-pound bowie from under his pillow, he sat upright. "A man may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb," he coolly remarked; and at the word he started for the Gaul. But the latter was too nimble; for the 'boss-pistol,' innocent of lead, exploded in the air, and with one frantic leap our little Frenchman was standing in his night-robe at the foot of the staircase—a proof that what will suit one latitude will not answer for another.

"Dr. ——— wants to know if you'll please to pay this bill now?" Old gentleman looks over the items, and replies: "Tell Dr. ——— I'll pay him for his medicines, and return his visits."

Essay on Trees—By a Blue-eyed Girl.

Trees are ornamental as well as useful. When people villa-fil romantic places they always have them around. They are useful in so many ways, that as Eusebius pleasantly remarks, "I can't enumerate." They are excellent to hitch clothes lines to, and for the little birds to get up and roost on. If there were no trees we would have no lumber, nor would Tom tear his pants half so often. Trees have trunks but not valises. They are inanimate, yet they have hearts, tho' not like us girls have. And so polite! When they take their leaves in the spring they do it with many a bough. I'll branch out with my subject and state that they are very ancient. The New England Primer, which is said to have been the only light reading in the ark, says:

"Zachery, he  
Did climb a tree,  
His master for to see."  
"The limb did break,  
And he did fall;  
So you see he did not see  
His master then at all."

It goes on to state—

Notwithstanding the high standing trees occupy in society they are remorselessly cut down and then considerably cut up by millers who take them into board. From boards, ships are built, the soles of soldiers' shoes made, and cradles manufactured.

There are many famous trees. When my brother Bob was in California, he saw a stump with a Methodist church, an ice-cream saloon, and a pistol gallery erected on it. A bowling alley had been built on one of the twigs. The next tree to it was so tall that a man in trying to see the top of it was six days before he could do so. He looked up as far as he could the first day, and commenced looking the second day where he left off the evening before, and so on. The worst of it was he got his eyesight entangled among some of the branches, and being unable to get it down was blind ever after—so Bob says.

The "Charter Oak" was a famous tree. One time the ugly Britishers were going to take away from Rhode Island—the Clam State—the right to elect their own aldermen—which was men. Parton says in his "Universal History,"

"The King cocked his crown on his left year, and was about to freeze onto the chart when—

"Snyder was there! . . . .

"And Snyder doused the olim, threw himself around the document and hid away to hide the precious paper in the oak."

That was very considerate in Snyder, wasn't it?

In South America they have a bread fruit tree, Bob says that must be bully! By careful cultivation they have introduced an already buttered variety which I am sure must be real nice.

This is all I know about trees.

MARY ANN SNETHEN.

A Remarkable Invention.

It is stated that a German glassmaker has recently made a remarkable discovery. He has invented a telescope, or magnifying glass, by means of which the most intricate nerves and vessels inside of the body may be seen from the outside. In fact the whole arrangement and action of the interior organs may, by means of this glass, be distinguished. The discovery will probably be of immense benefit to mankind, as by means of it the physician will be able to tell, with unvarying accuracy, the nature of any particular disease, and the proper manner for treating the same. The name of the inventor, who will probably realize a fortune from his discovery, is Gottlieb Juntz. He is very poor, but a well-read and highly intelligent man. He has an aged mother an invalid wife, six children and a blind sister, all dependent upon him for support. His mother was well acquainted with the poet Goethe, and it was probably her many anecdotes of this illustrious person which first inspired her son to do something to win the respect and esteem of his fellow men. The glass he has made probably places him among the first rank of inventors, and wins for him the esteem of whole nations. By means of this invention he has already cured his wife. Six months ago a well known doctor said she could not live, and pronounced her disease an affection of the heart. Juntz has however proven to him, by the aid of his wonderful telescope, that he was entirely mistaken—the stomach being the part affected.

A COCKNEY RIGHT FOR ONCE.—An Englishman stepped into an apothecary store not five thousand miles off, one fine morning, to make a small purchase, followed by a valuable dog. While the master was busy before the counter, the dog, keen on a scent behind it, discovered and speedily swallowed some meat heavily dosed with strychnine, left there for the benefit of troublesome rats. The proprietor of the store perceived the fatal mistake of the animal too late to prevent it, and hastily waited on his master, hoping he would leave before the denouement; but the poison worked quicker than the apothecary, and in a moment or two Fido was no more. "Was he subject to fits?" inquired the pharmacist, with an innocent expression of anxiety on his face. "Oh no," replied the Cockney, he never had a fit before, and now (dropping the h) I think it was the cat of the store." The apothecary rather thought it was, but kept silent.—New Bedford Mercury.

From the Advertiser's Gazette.

A Wisconsin paper says: "During a fierce thunder storm near Mount Desert, the lightning came down through the roof of the house and a bed, upon which lay a husband and wife, throwing the man out of bed, thence into the cellar and out through the dreen, and then plowed up the ground to the barn-yard, where it killed a cow."

A Connecticut editor gives an account of a man who "blew out his brains after bidding his wife good bye with a shot gun."

The first instance of a man's raising up 'a large family of children by his own widow,' is given in this obituary, taken from the N. Y. Herald:

"The deceased married many years ago, and survived this widow, by whom he had a large family of children."

And while upon so grave a subject let us chronicle the affecting inscription given by a New York paper, in an account of a 'new monument recently erected in our village church yard':

"Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

Another Wisconsin paper, in describing a large farm advertised in its columns for sale, adds:

"The surrounding country is most beautiful; also, two wagons and a yoke of steers."

A Caledonia paper, in an obituary of a young lady who died lately, closed by saying:

"She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream and other delicacies."

The Salt Lake Vidette has the following: "Correction.—Instead of 'people all very lously,' in a letter from Crystal Park the other day, read, 'people all very busy.'"

The strongest man has just been heard from. He was lecturing to a female assembly at the West, and an editor thus describes the scene: "Three thousand ladies hanging on the lips of one man."

The N. Y. Commercial Advertiser says: "The life of the great showman has been one of vicissitudes. His first Museum burnt up; his second has burnt down."

The Independent, in speaking of a new steam brewery in the town, remarks: "We are glad to see imported articles manufactured at home, at greatly reduced prices."

was telegraphed from New York, which relates the country on 'the escape of the female giants.' We think a male giantess would be a still greater curiosity.

The Springfield Republican tells of a horse which ran away in that city, 'throwing the driver out and cutting a severe gash in one of his hind legs.'

A New York paper says: "A woman may frequently be seen on Broadway, with a baby in her arms, who dances on the pavement, and carries a barrel organ, which she plays." Smart baby that.

The World says that 'ex-Gov. Andrew was born in 1818, previous to which event he had two strokes of apoplexy, one in 1804 and the other in 1809.'

The classic London Spectator makes a curious slip when it speaks of Matilda Griggs, who "was stabbed by a lover to whom she had borne a child in thirteen places."

A New Albany (Ind.) paper says that in that city, 'an iron thief was arrested after a hard chase.'

A notice of a recent steamboat explosion in a Western paper ends as follows: "The Captain swam ashore. So did the chamber-maid, she was insured for \$15,000, and loaded with iron."

An editor referring to patent metallic air-tight coffins, says: "No person having once tried one of these coffins will ever use any other."

Here is a peculiar 'freak of nature' from the Granite State: "During a recent severe thunderstorm in our vicinity a cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who had a beautiful calf four days old."

A political paper in Minnesota, in advertising the election of its candidate, says that its 'standard bearer, Charles E. Flaudra, has twice laid down his life to save Western Minnesota from being devastated by the Indians.' Its opponent thinks a 'dead corpse (d) after all a suitable candidate for a dead party.' Wonder which blundered most?

Here is still another from Wisconsin: "A new disease has attacked pork in Rock county. Three hogs of Mr. McCane, in Janesville, were struck by lightning on Saturday night." A new definition for lightning.

Not typographical, it is true, but none the less amusing are the following: An honest farmer writes to the chairman of an agricultural society: "Gentlemen, please put me down on your list of cattle for a bull."

A superintendent of police once made an entry in his register, from which the following is an extract: "The prisoners set upon me, called me an ass, a precious dolt, a scarecrow, a rag-muffin and an idiot—all of which I certify to be true."