North Carolina Gazette.

Published by J. H. & G. G. Myrover, Corner Anderson and Old Streets, Fayetteville, N. C.

VOL. 4---NO. 17.] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1876. [WHOLE NO. 171.

North Carolina Gazette.

J. H. & G. G. MYROVER,
Publishers.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year (in advance)	$2 00
Six months "	1 00
Three " "	50

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One square (9 lines solid nonpareil)	one insertion	$1 00
" " " " "	two "	1 50
" " " " "	one month	2 50
" " " " "	three "	5 00
" " " " "	six "	9 00
" " " " "	twelve "	15 00

Longer advertisements charged in proportion to the above rates. Special notices 25 per cent. more than regular advertisements.

Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
Dryden.

HANS, THE POACHER.

A LEGEND OF FRANKFORT.

Deep within the strong tower of Frankfort lay handsome Hans Von Winklesee, the bravest heart in all the German land and the best shot that had ever brought gun to shoulder.

A troublesome poacher was this selfsame Hans, and very free indeed had he made with the game in the forest; so free, in fact, that the Lord of Elsenburg, who dwelt near by the city's wall and claimed sole right to Elsenburg forest, swore right roundly that the frank and hardy forester should suffer if the game-keepers of Elsenburg ever laid hands upon the free son of the forest.

But not a game-keeper was there in all the wood eager to attempt to lay handsome Hans by the heels. One and all feared the unerring aim of the poacher.

Not by open force was Hans taken, but by secret cunning. The black friars of Saint Lazarus planned far more wisely than the old, hot-headed soldier, the Lord of Elsenburg. The good monks desired to get the gay poacher in their power, not that they cared for his lawless acts in the forest, or that they wished to please the Baron of Elsenburg, but because they shrewdly suspected that the poacher owed his unerring aim to some secret compact made by him with the Prince of Darkness; and when they heard men tell of the poacher's wondrous feats with the rifle they piously crossed themselves and asserted that Satan himself must surely aid the forester.

The worthy Abbot of Saint Lazarus had meditated long upon the subject; and, after frequent consultations with the Mayor of the city of Frankfort and his wise council of Burghers, he came to the conclusion that it was his duty to ascertain whether the forester was an adept in the "black art," as the commerce with Satan was called, or merely owed his surprising skill to human gists.

No easy matter was it for the good fathers to lay hands upon the wily son of the great forest, but by trick and cunning they succeeded at last.

Upon the borders of the forest dwelt a wood-cutter named Dederick Willers, and with him lived his only child, a maiden of rare loveliness, Gertrude by name. In his wanderings in the forest the daring poacher had chanced to seek the hut of the wood-cutter for a drink of water, and there beheld the fair girl. The poacher was a man of taste as well as skill, and he instantly decided that the daughter of the wood-cutter would make him an excellent wife. So Hans came often to the little hut, and rare presents of toothsome game, the trophies of his skill, he brought with him.

Now, the old wood-cutter was a sensible man, and knew that a deer tasted none the worse because Hans, the poacher, had shot it, rather than its rightful owner, the stern old Baron of Elsenburg. He was only careful to put it upon the fire as quickly as possible, for fear that some one of the game-keepers might happen along.

Both father and daughter smiled upon the handsome forester, and Hans was just beginning to think about giving up his wild life and settling down quietly as a married man, when the retainers of the Abby of Saint Lazarus pounced upon him.

The monks had learned of the poacher's visits to the wood-cutter, and had quietly set a dozen stout fellows in ambush. Hans came as usual after nightfall, and hardly had he got quietly seated by the roaring fire of the old man when the watchmen filed into the room. With stout cords the retainers of Saint Lazarus trussed handsome Hans, hand and foot, and then they bore him bodily away to the strongest cell in the strong tower of Frankfort.

At first the poacher was inclined to lay his capture to the malice of the Lord of Elsenburg, but soon discovered that he had to answer to a much more serious charge than simply killing a little game without license in the forest. Three grisly black fathers sternly sat in judgment upon him, and, to the utter astonishment of the poacher, he found that he was accused of no less a crime than having sinful dealings with the Fiend of Darkness. Vain was the denial of the woodman; his judges knew better. No human could perform such wonderful feats unaided by Satan. Either his rifle had been forged in the flames below, or else by fiends his bullets had been run.

So strong was the belief that Satan could, under certain conditions, give wondrous aid to a mortal that there were hardly ten persons in the city of Frankfort who did not believe in the guilt of the unfortunate Hans. In the forest, however, it was different; the woodmen knew better; they did not believe in the mummery of the magic bullets. Too often had they seen the forester borrow a comrade's ammunition when his own had given out and drive the ball with as true aim as ever. And Gertrude, too, the old wood-cutter's daughter—nothing could make her believe that handsome Hans was not as good a Christian as old Father Anselmo himself, the worthy Abbot of Saint Lazarus.

The girl had always been accustomed to seek advice from a recluse who occupied a lonely cell in the forest. Father Michael was known far and wide as a good and holy man, and when, urged by the girl, he appeared to plead on behalf of the doomed forester the monks of Saint Lazarus, perforce, were obliged to listen to him. Not a brother in all their community, from the Abbot downward, could "hold a candle" to the old hermit as far as holiness was concerned.

The grisly Abbot, who believed with all his soul that he had got hold of one of Satan's chief instruments, was loth to resign the conviction; and, in fact, if it had not been for the interference of the old hermit, the poacher would most surely have been burnt without more ado. But when Father Michael asserted that he had serious doubts as to the prisoner's guilt, and urged that a further trial should be given the unfortunate man, the monks hesitated, and then finally agreed that the poacher should have one more chance.

And then, prompted by the girl, who, through the influence of the priest recluse, had been permitted to penetrate to the prisoner, Hans made a bold proposition.

"Give me my rifle," said he, "and let any monk in Frankfort town run me nine fair bullets. Then take gun and lead and bless them with all the holy rites of the church; and after that is done I'll take the gun and bullets, and through the vane of the five-pointed tower on Eschenheimer street I'll put nine holes, forming the figure nine with the work."

Long and earnestly the monks pondered upon this bold offer, which in a twinkling became the talk of the town and, in truth, of all the country around. That the offer was a fair one neither monk nor layman attempted to deny. And so the grisly Abbot, stern Father Anselmo, accepted the challenge.

"If the forester does this task with blessed bullets it is plain that the Evil One cannot assist him," the aged Abbot asserted. "So if he succeeds he shall go free."

Hans was only too ready to undertake the job, and within three days all the preparations were completed.

Such a scene was never witnessed in Frankfort before. Every forester for twenty miles around had flocked within the city wall, eager to behold the wonderful trial, and the streets were filled with people.

As cool and steady as though he stood within the great green wood, handsome Hans took up his rifle, and the grisly Abbot handed him the bullets, one by one.

Every mouth in the crowd stood agape as shot succeeded shot.

That the woodman succeeded, the vane, pierced with the nine holes, to this day testifies.

Frankfort offered Hans position and honor, but he preferred the free life of the forest, and, after wedding the faithful maiden, departed in haste from the spot where his life had been placed in such dire peril.

A ROYAL WEDDING.—The Marquis of Tavistock, son and heir of the Duke of Bedford, was married to Lady Adeline Somers Cocks, daughter of Earl Somers, in London, on October 24, at the Chapel Royal, in Whitehall, "by Her Majesty's gracious permission," no wedding having taken place in that august spot for ten years previously. Also, "by gracious permission," the marriage was registered in the "Royal Register," in which are recorded all the royal marriages since 1761, including those of Frederick, Duke of York; Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Cumberland, the Queen, the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and, lastly, that of the Duke of Edinburg—the leaves containing the record of the royal marriage having been brought from St. Petersburg and carefully inserted among the pages. The Court Circular adds that after a "wedding breakfast" the newly-married pair proceeded to Woburn Abbey. "The bride's traveling dress was of brown vigogne, with cut velvet bodice and hat to match. She wore also the diamond solitaire earrings presented by Lord Somers' tenants on the Herefordshire and Worcestershire estates." This marriage connects anew two of the great historical Whig families of England. In conformity with an essentially coarse and ostentatious custom, almost or quite gone out of vogue in this country, there was a great show of the "wedding presents," and a long list of them, with the donors' names, was printed in the papers.

The British Arctic exploring expedition is back, having failed to reach the North Pole. That point of the earth's surface Capt. Nares, commanding the expedition, says cannot be reached by man. We must, therefore, for the present, at least, be content with the North Pole as our imagination pictures it, and give up the dream of nailing the Stars and Stripes there, unless, perhaps, Mr. Bennett shall undertake the journey some bright day in his four-in-hand coach.

There are 119 life-saving stations on our coast from Maine to Florida, thirty on the lakes and eight on the Pacific, employing 1,100 men. The coasts of New Jersey, Long Island and North Carolina are the most dangerous. Each keeper gets $200 a year, and they have saved 3,168 lives in the last four years.

The actors call Anna Dickinson "a reformed lecturess."

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

My life is shortly told. My first impression was the sensation of a tremendous but short squeeze, which instantly awoke me into life and thought. I was now spread out to the light, and a glow of intelligence completely pervaded me My ideas were at first new, multifarious and confused—nations, politics, courts, wars, speeches, merchandise, fightings, feasts, marriages, ditties, poetry, etc., etc., made up all my thoughts, which were various and mixed. I lay in a silent state of wonder and amazement.

I soon found that I was but one of a very large family, which was ushered in to this curious world at the same time. Our whole family was laid in regular order in a pile; my situation, being one of the first born, was particularly uneasy, damp and uncomfortable. I had a silent, intuitive, longing wish to get into the world, which was at last gratified.

Morning came, and I was carefully folded and laid, Moses-like, in a basket by a boy who was called the carrier, and borne into the street. The said carrier I soon found was an object of interest and desire. He was soon accosted by an elderly-looking man, with thread-bare, rusty breeches.

"Have you a spare paper this morning, my boy?"

"No, sir," was the short reply, and he trudged on with us, muttering: "Not as you know on, old gripes. You are the same chap that promised me some coppers for the paper the other morning, and h'aint paid me yet. You are too stingy to take the paper; you won't get another from me, I guess."

My brethren were now fast leaving me, being deposited at their proper destinations. At length my turn came, and I was tucked in the crevice of a shop door. The first sample of life was not at all alluring. I had not been long in my new situation when a reluctant early riser, swinging a door key in his hand, wistfully eyed me, and, casting a look about him, feloniously seized me and thrust me in his pocket. My rightful owner, by virtue of advanced pay, being in sight, hailed and arrested the pilferer, and with threats compelled him to relinquish his prize. He entered his store, and I soon found that I was the first object of his attention. After hastily drying me by the fire, in which process I narrowly escaped conflagration, he ran over me, and fixed his eyes upon sales at auction, advertisements, etc. I was then more particularly examined, and dismissed with a condemnation:

"Nothing but foreign news, congress and cabinet, love stories, and accidents by flood and field. A newspaper should be a commercial report—one side at least should be devoted to prices current." I was then pettishly thrown upon the counter, but was soon in requisition. A boy came in with a "Please to lend me your paper for a few minutes, just to look at the ship news?"

The request was reluctantly granted, with something about the plague of paper borrowing, and a determination to stop it. I was soon borne to a neighboring house. The good old woman, whose husband was at sea, eagerly sought the ship news, but was quite disappointed in her search.

"How negligent and careless these printers are," said she; "not a word of intelligence of the *Wind Bird;* they print of Poland and poetry, and fill their columns with advertisements, and that is all they care about."

Miss now took her turn. She sought the stories, poetry and marriages, which in half an hour were all devoured, with a "wonder that they put anything else in the paper." An elderly lady then took me, who, adjusting her spectacles, surveyed me a little while, and declared me "a terrible uninteresting paper—hardly a column of deaths, and not more than fifteen or twenty murders and accidents."

In this way I passed through all the hands of the family, and, after being well soiled and somewhat torn by the little ones, was sent home. For three whole days I got no rest, but was continually borrowed and abused. At the end of this period I was supplanted by a new face, and was then discarded and thrown aside, like old servants when they have become useless. I was, however, again resuscitated, and employed as a wrapper to some merchandise, and sent into the country. There I again became the object of interest, went the rounds of the neighborhood, and was a "nine days' wonder."

I am now quietly hanging up in a shattered condition, in a farmer's kitchen, from which I have written this brief memoir. I have seen much of the world, and learned that mankind are unreasonable and ungrateful, and that in a world of great variety of tastes and wishes it is impossible to please all.

Thirty years ago in California men would walk a mile to catch a glimpse of that rare spectacle, a woman. Early one morning it was noised about the Canon Camp that a woman had arrived in the night. Everybody went to the camping ground, but only the hem of a calico dress was visible. "Fetch her out, we want to see her," said the rough miners to the husband. "My wife is sick," said he; "we have been robbed by the Indians, and we want rest." "Fetch her out," was the only reply. She came to the door, they swung their hats, gave three cheers and a tiger, collected $2,500 in gold for her, cheered again, and went home satisfied.

London policemen are to have cork helmets. The cork is supposed to preserve their fizz-ique and to increase their popularity.

JANE SHORE.

Jane Shore was daughter to a citizen of London; her youth and beauty being her chief portion, she was induced to marry, much against her inclination, Mr. Matthew Shore, a goldsmith in Lombard street, a person extremely rich, but much advanced in years. The fame of this lady, far from being confined within the limits of the city, soon reached the ears of Majesty, for Edward IV. made his addresses to her, and won her. Her husband left England, she repaired to court, and shone with splendor in the sphere of gaiety and festivity. Historians represent her extremely beautiful, remarkably cheerful, and of most uncommon generosity. The king, they tell us, was not less captivated with her temper than her person, as she never spoke ill of or endeavored to prejudice him against anybody. She often, indeed, importuned him, but always in behalf of the unfortunate. She scorned to be rewarded for her good offices; her riches, therefore, were trifling, when she fell into misfortunes. By all the accounts we have of this lady, she had as many excuses for female frailty as ever came to any woman's share. Her mind was formed for magnificence, as her heart was for virtue; both of them could not be gratified, and virtue sank in the unequal contest; yet with so much modesty did she employ the ascendancy she had over Edward, that even the pride of the Queen, the most sensible sufferer, was never offended at their intimacy. The friendship she had gained by her munificence, her benevolence and her affability, had made her considerable, even in the beginning of this reign. Upon the death of Edward it was that her scene of adversity began to show itself. With the amiable Lord Hastings she continued her unlawful commerce; but this nobleman was so much devoted to the love of his royal master that he did not, till the death of the king, discover his passion for his favorite mistress. And now both she and her noble lord began to show themselves so unalterably devoted to the young monarch and his brother as to render themselves objects of hatred to the protector Gloucester, afterwards Richard III., who looked upon them as the main obstacles of his deep-laid ambition. To give some color to his proceedings against Hastings, whom he caused to be beheaded, he directed the Sheriff of London to arrest Mrs. Shore, as his accomplice, and sent her to the Tower for examination. It has been said, also, his hatred pursued her to such extremity that it was dangerous after this for anyone to accommodate her with lodgings, or the common necessities of life; thus far the generality of historians.

ANECDOTE OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.—A gentleman connected with the Newfoundland fishery was once possessed of a dog of singular fidelity and sagacity. On one occasion a boat and crew in his employ were in circumstances of considerable peril, just outside a line of breakers, which, owing to some change in wind or weather, had, since the departure of the boat, rendered the return passage through them most hazardous. The spectators on the shore were quite unable to render any assistance to their friends afloat. Much time had been spent, and the danger seemed to increase, rather than diminish. Our friend, the dog, looked on for a length of time, evidently aware of there being great cause for anxiety in those around. Presently, however, he took to the water, and made his way through to the boat. The crew supposed he wished to join them, and made various attempts to induce him to join them; but no! he would not go within their reach, but continued swimming about a short distance from them.

After a while, with several comments on the conduct of the dog, one of the hands suddenly divined his apparent meaning. "Give him the end of a rope," he said; "that is what he wants." The rope was thrown out, the dog seized the end in an instant, turned round and made straight for the shore, where a few minutes afterward boat and crew—thanks to the intelligence of their four-footed friend—were placed safe and undamaged. Was there no reasoning here? No acting with the view to an end, or for given motive? Or was it nothing but ordinary instinct?

THE MADMEN AT GHEEL.—The town of Gheel, situated in the province of Antwerp, has been for six centuries an abode of madmen, and tradition even takes the story back eleven centuries. There are 11,000 people in the place, and they have charge of 1,300 lunatics from abroad, who are boarded around in the families and treated with great consideration. The children from youth are familiarized with the business, and all the people know how to manage those committed to their care. The inhabitants are all, so to speak, engaged in the surveillance of the lunatics. One of the greatest social punishments that can be inflicted upon a family is to declare that it is unfit to receive such boarders. The lunatics are disposed of among the inhabitants according to their wealth or stations, wealthy patients being sent into the better families and the poor into the poorer. The cures average from sixty to seventy-five to the hundred. Gheel is divided into four districts, each with overseer and physician. Large sums of money are spent in the place by the patients, and families generally are always desirous of having one or more lunatics on their hands.

The Countess of Cardigan has had her yacht painted light blue, with a single band of silver running round it. It is also French polished, and the masts are white as paint can make them.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

When St. Paul was in its infancy, a young blacksmith and his wife lived near the junction of what is now North First street and Hennepine avenue. Not successful in business at that time, the young husband, whose real name was John Felix, though he bore the most tender affection for his young wife, as the sequel shows, started for the far West with the determination to obtain wealth and independence. Here he remained until the breaking out of the war, when he enlisted. While in the army he met a comrade who told him of the sad misgivings of his former wife, (who, for some reason, had never heard from him, though he had written several letters) and of her marriage to a second husband. Felix then informed his comrade that he should never return to his home until he had acquired the independent fortune he had first unsuccessfully striven to obtain. Upon the close of the war he once more turned his sorrowful footsteps toward the West, and there soon laid the basis of that fortune he had so long been searching for. Starting on a ranch in Wyoming Territory, his flock grew in number, and fortune smiled as blandly as his ambition could desire, and he was, most naturally, as time passed, overcome with the desire to visit once more the spot where his happiest moments had been spent. About six months since he wrote to hisson, who at that time happened to reside near Minneapolis, and who received the letter. The boy, who was an infant at the time of his father's departure, and never knew him, could not understand its meaning, and gave it to his mother, who instantly recognized the writing, and, with a woman's nature, her first love so dwelt in her heart that she told her second husband, without a moment's warning, that she could live with him no longer. John Felix, after an absence of over eighteen years, returned to St. Paul, and having learned that she who was once his wife was keeping a boarding house on First street, immediately went thither. He called and recognized her. He appealed to her charity by telling her that he had no money. She told him he was welcome to such fare as her home afforded. While waiting upon him he asked her numerous questions, and finally wound up by asking her if she ever knew a man named John Felix. Her curiosity being greatly aroused at hearing a name pronounced she had seldom heard for years, and divining through the magnetism of love who the man before her was, she threw herself into his arms and gave way to the joyful tears that remained unwept through all her long waiting. John says he cried too. John further says that he intends soon to return to the land that has prospered him, and where, we are credibly informed, he is reckoned among the first of those wealthy ranchmen who inhabit the fertile plains.

THE WOMEN NEEDED.

The weary old world wants women. It has had enough of those who call themselves so; enough of those who frown upon worth and culture, and make fashion and family and position over-ride all other claims; enough of indolent self-indulgence and pretenses, and it groans in travail for the genuine woman, representative of all that is possible, high and noble in her sex. It waits for those who shall dare to be true to every womanly instinct, assert and defend every womanly conviction in the womanly spirit, and send out into society and through all the earth the light and grace, the heavenly aid and power that comes of woman.

Everywhere in society, it is women that we want. As the reach and crown of man's life is to be manly, as that sums up all that we have to say or to aspire to, so to be womanly is the one worthy object of feminine aspiration; and the true womanliness is not only the culminating of the sex, but the divinest beauty that God gives man to see. I plead for it because so many in the glare of the life that now is have forgotten the glory it might be made to be; because so many are looking for peace, satisfaction, award, where they never can be found.

I plead—for every day, and more and more, I feel the want of women for every need and deed of life; women not of genius but of character; not of position but of influence; women saintly and tender and true. It was a genuine outburst that broke from sweet lips, and many a woman says it; "I want to be all above the meanness and follies and frailties that spoil so many women." Only let women see to it that these are uprooted and flung away; only let womanly grace and virtue abound, and the work is done, and she who is said to have lost us Eden will have gained us paradise.

China has its big trees as well as California. About 30 miles from Nikko, an avenue of sugi, or cedar trees, begins, and, with an occasional break where there is a village, it reaches the whole distance to the shrine of Lyeyas—the longest avenue of shade in the world. These great trees are from five to seven feet in diameter at the base, and tower without a branch for 50 or 80 feet, and then lift their heads 40 or 50 feet higher. They resemble the giants of the Yosemite. The trunks are faultlessly straight and the bark is deeply veined. There are about 30,000 trees on the avenue, and all of them were planted after the foundation of the shrine, about 250 years ago.

Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.

Tennessee has 226 convicts at work on the Cincinnati Southern railroad.

A DREAD REVENGE.

Many long years ago, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, in the Island of Mull, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity his lady attended, with his only child, an infant, then in a nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, flew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find. Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing; but the animals rushed with such impetuosity that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death; but his punishment was commuted to a whipping or scouging in the face of the clan, which in those times was considered a degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest menials and the worst of crimes.

The clansman burned with anger and fierce revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and, bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood upon an inaccessible cliff, projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their child was placed, may easily be conceived. Maclean implored the man to give back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had in a moment of excitement inflicted on his clansman. The other replied that the only condition on which he would consent to restitution was, that Maclean should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been. In despair, the chief consented, saying he would submit to anything if his child were but restored.

To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief. The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and lifting high the child in the air plunged with him into the abyss beneath. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and which still threaten the inexperienced navigator on the shores of Mull.

AN AFRICAN KING'S RECEPTION.—Colonel C. C. Long, of the Egyptian army, now visiting with his family friends in St. Louis, gives the following account of his reception at the court of King M'tesa, to which he had penetrated with two attendants only: My reception by this strange and mysterious king was unique. Covering the hilltops that characterize the mountainous districts of the lake regions were thousands of the people of Uganda, assembled to welcome the "Great White Prince," as they called me. King M'tesa, surrounded by his courtiers and harem, as I arrived, sent a messenger to ask me to appear before him and show him the strange animal upon which I was mounted. I was riding the first horse that had ever been seen in Uganda. At a quickened pace advancing toward the king and courtiers they fled precipitately before me, while I, turning my horse, regained the hill from which I had descended, and, throwing my foot from the stirrup, in the act of dismounting, I was surprised to see the people scatter in every direction in dismay. I learned from the interpreter that they had supposed, up to that moment, that I and the horse were one animal—that I was a kind of centaur. I was presented the next day to the king—a tall, graceful man dressed in a flowing Arabic robe, bound at the waist by a girdle, to which a scimetar was suspended, and with sandaled feet, who eyed my horse with affrighted glance and retreated toward his throne. Prostrate bodies covered the entrance and floor of the hut. It was here that the king held audience with his different sheiks and chiefs, and the heads of the different branches of his government. The ceremony ended in a slight inclination of the head of the king to his messengers, who, unrolling from their heads neatly bound cords, threw them around the necks of the assembled throng at the door, and dragged them, holloaing and struggling, away to an executioner, who, as the fancy struck him, had them poinarded or choked to death, or had their brains dashed out. This is a sacrifice which is made to all African kings.

ORIGIN OF THE POLKA.—As the dancing season has opened, it may be of some interest to our young ladies and gentlemen to know of the origin of the dance known as the "polka." The following is from the *Algemeine Familien Zeitung*: "About 1830 a peasant girl, being in the service of a tradesman's family at Elbetsteinitz, in Bohemia, beguiled herself one Sunday afternoon in her kitchen by endeavoring to invent a new step, adapatable to a village song. While thus disporting herself she was surprised by her employer, who, quite interested, made her repeat the experiment the same evening in the parlor, where Joseph Neruda, an eminent musician, happened to be present, and noted the air and step. Not long afterwards the new dance was danced at a citizens' ball in the town, and in 1835 came into fashion at Prague, where, in consequence of the half steps which occur in it, it was called the *Polka*, which means in Tcheque, half. Four years later a band of musicians brought the dance to Vienna, where it had a great success, and in 1840 a dancing master of Prague, named Raab, danced it for the first time in Paris."

A Mrs. Kay, of Cleveland, buried her little black-and-tan with mock funeral ceremonies, and died within 23 hours herself, from some unknown cause.

WATCHING A DEAD BODY.

The stories of guides and trappers of the Adirondack region have proved rich mines for Mr Murray. One of the most powerful of these narratives is that of an old trapper depicting his experience in protecting a dead body from the beasts of prey by night:

"Well, Henry, I took my stand at the foot of the bier and kept my death-watch, rifle in hand, steady as a sentry on duty, save when I stirred the fire or lighted a pine knot. For the animils was oneasy, as they always is when a corpse is 'round, and I needed the pine knots more than once, and some of the varmints got the tech of the lead and the smell of powder that night I tell ye, for they was full of their devilments and made me and the hound as wakeful as if we was surrounded by inemies."

"Did you really have to kill anything?" I asked, speaking for the first time in an hour; for the trapper had told his story with such naturalness of intonation and gesture that he had held me spell-bound by his narrative—for no one could hear him tell the strange tale he was telling and not be carried along by the movements of it—and now that he was evidently reaching the climax, I feared I should miss some detail of his experience, which being omitted would mar the narration; so, hoping to help his utterance to the line of actual occurrence, I said, "Did you have to kill anything that night."

"Well, yis, I did," he replied. "I bored a hole through a dog wolf over there on the beach, after I had borne his onnateral howlin' as long as a mortal could; and I dropped a cat from that dead cedar there, arter me and the hound had stood the stare of her eyes ten minutes or more, and about two in the mornin' a litter of panthers crawled in on to us until the bush seemed alive with 'em, and I lifted the scalp of the biggest of the drove, after he had got within forty feet of the corpse, and paid no more attention to brands that I pitched at him than if they were tufts of sod; so with a pine knot all afire in one hand to show me the sights, I drove the lead in between his infernal eyes in a style that taught 'em all manners for the rest of the watch. Yis, Henry, we had a solemn and lively time of it, for sartin that night, and at times it looked as if there would be no funeral the next day; leastways, none that me and the hound would attind, unless we made one for ourselves; but we stood to our post, and between the brands and the lead and the help of the Lord we brought the body through safe 'til sunrise.

"But it was mighty solemn watchin' by the body all by myself in the depths of the woods here that night; for at times the animals would make the air rear and scream, and the mountains to yelp as if the upper world was inhabited with cats and wolves and panthers, and then they would suddenly become quiet, and the world round about was nothing but silence, with the moon shinin' through it; and the dead man's face was as white as the moon and as still as the air, for his troubles was over and the marks of them passed from his feturs when his breath went away. And so me and the hound kept our watch by the dead 'til the sun rix in the east and the hour had come for the funeral."

STRANGE HAND AT WHIST.—Any one can make up a "strange hand" from his imagination, but the one I have now to detail (one of the strangest on record) can be sworn to by a half-dozen most reliable witnesses. It occurred at Joe Zanoni's, in 1872. One side had four honors, and the other side made five by cards. It happened in this way: The honors were divided between the partners, and they had no more trumps. One of the opponents led trumps and two honors fell. The honor side returned a plain suit which the other side took, and then led another trump. The other two honors of course fell on this, and the no-honor men took all the rest of the tricks, making five by cards against the four honors—the only instance of the kind I ever heard of. What you call the "Yarborough hand"—nothing larger than a nine spot—is not considered at all marvelous in whist circles here, though it is quite disgusting to the holder.—*Cincinnati Times.*

ELOPED WITH A GAMBLER.—About thirty-five years ago a handsome planter arrived in New Orleans from Martinique, accompanied by his wife, a creole, in the full bloom of youthful beauty. They settled in a magnificent house near Lake Pontchartrain; three children were born to them; the husband was successful in business; the wife was an attractive hostess; their life was garish with sunshine. One night a gambler met the lady at a *ball masque*, and she fell in love with him. Secret interviews followed, and finally she abandoned her luxurious home and fled to Cuba with her seducer. The husband followed them, but was unable to hunt them down. After his return to New Orleans his children were stricken down by a Southern plague, and he was reduced to beggary. The whirligig of time had crazed his helpless soul. He was taken to a mad-house, where he remained for twenty-three years, and finally, when former friends had forgotten him, and he was no longer an object of interest to the outside world, he was released, helpless and penniless, to die as chance befell him. In his wanderings he reached Baltimore Oct. 31, carrying with him, as a link connecting him with happier days, the New Orleans and Mobile papers, which told the story of his wife's desertion, the subsequent death of his children, and of his confinement in the mad-house.

Henry Saltonstall of Massachusetts recently owned a cow that gave 13,065 quarts of milk in a year.