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$2 A YEAR,
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# Logansport Weekly Journal.

A REPUBLICAN PAPER; DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, POLITICS, LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS.

Vol. 25. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA; SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1873. No. 34.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| Space. | 1w | 1m | 2m | 3m | 6m | 9m | 1y |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| One square | $1 | $3 | $5 | $6 | $8 | $10 | $12 |
| Two squares | 2 | 5 | 7 | 9 | 12 | 17 | 20 |
| Three squ'rs | 3 | 6 | 9 | 12 | 16 | 23 | 28 |
| Four squ'res | 4 | 7 | 11 | 15 | 20 | 28 | 35 |
| Five squ'res | 5 | 8 | 13 | 18 | 25 | 33 | 40 |
| ¼ column | 6 | 10 | 16 | 22 | 33 | 40 | 45 |
| ⅓ column | 8 | 13 | 22 | 28 | 42 | 50 | 56 |
| ½ column | 10 | 17 | 30 | 40 | 60 | 73 | 80 |
| One column | 15 | 25 | 45 | 60 | 90 | 115 | 140 |

The space occupied by ten (10) lines of this type constitutes a square.
Special place or double-column advertisements from ten to twenty per cent. extra.
Special Notices will be charged 25 per cent. additional to the above rates.
Local notices, 15 cents per line. No notice however short, inserted for less than $1.
Notice of application for license $5.
Legal advertisements (less than a month) $1 per square for each insertion—charged to the party ordering their publication.
Communications for the promotion of private interests charged as advertisements.
All bills presented quarterly.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

## RAILROAD TIME-TABLE.

### Pittsburgh, Chicago and St. Louis.

| Arrives. | *Logansport—Chicago.* | Leaves. |
|---|---|---|
| 12:35 a m | Chicago Express, | 12:35 a m |
| 11:05 p m | do do | 4:00 a m |
| 1:00 p m | do Mail, | 3:35 p m |
| | *Logansport and Cincin'ti.* | |
| 3:45 a m | Richmond Express, | 12:45 a m |
| 3:25 p m | do Mail, | 1:20 p m |
| 5:45 p m | do Accom'odat'n | 6:31 a m |
| | *Logansport and Columbus.* | |
| 2:10 a m | Columbus Express, | 6:15 p m |
| 6:40 p m | do Mail, | 6:10 a m |
| 6:00 p m | do Accom'odat'n | 6:25 a m |
| | *Logansport and Peoria.* | |
| 5:55 a m | Peoria Express, | 6:55 p m |
| 6:00 p m | do Mail, | 8:50 a m |
| 1:00 p m | do Accom'odat'n | 10:30 a m |
| | *Logansport and Indianapolis.* | |
| 2:20 a m | Indianapolis Express, | 8:00 p m |

### Toledo, Wabash and Western.

| Going East. | | Going West. |
|---|---|---|
| 3:37 a m | *Lightning Express | 5:37 a m |
| 9:42 a m | Mail, | 7:10 p m |
| 7:10 p m | Express, | 4:54 a m |
| 5:00 p m | Accommodation, | 12:15 p m |

*Except Monday.

### Logansport, Crawfordsville and Southwestern.

| Arrives. | | Departs. |
|---|---|---|
| 11:35 a m | Mail, | 5:30 a m |
| 12:10 a m | Express, | 7:15 p m |

### Detroit, Eel River & Illinois.

| Arrives. | | Depart. |
|---|---|---|
| 6:55 p. m. | Mail. | 7:50 a. m. |
| 4:50 p. m. | Accommodation. | 7:00 a. m. |
| 4:50 a. m. | Express. | 11:15 p. m. |

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

*Comprising the Leading Business and Professional Men of Logansport.*

Cards, not exceeding four lines, inserted in this Directory for $6 a year, in advance.

**ATTORNEYS.**

CHAPPELOW, JOHN A., (Flory & Chappelow, office at No. 21 Fourth street.

CROCKETT, F. S., Attorney at Law and Notary Public. Office opposite the Court House.

JUSTICE, DeWitt C., office on Fourth street, opposite Court House. Notary Public.

JUSTICE, J. M., office opposite Court House.

McMINN, T. J., office on Fourth st., opposite Court House. Notary Public.

ROLLINS, T. S., Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Fourth st., Logansport, Ind.

SWIGART, FRANK, office 21½ Fourth street, opposite Court House.

**BOOKS.**

CITY BOOK STORE, No. 38 4th street. Sign of big book. School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, &c.

TANGUY, GEO. B., dealer in Books, Stationery, Wall Paper and Fancy Goods, 46 Market street, opposite Barnett House.

**BOILER MAKERS.**

MANGAN & FLOYD, Manufacturers of Portable and Saw Mill Boilers and Sheet Iron Work, corner of Canal and High sts., Logansport, Ind. Repairing promptly attended to.

**BOOTS & SHOES—Wholesale.**

WALKER, RAUCH & CO., No. 78 Broadway, 2d door east of Post Office. Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps, at wholesale and retail.

**CONFECTIONERS.**

WINEMILLER, J. H., No. 70 Fourth street, and corner of Market and Fourth streets. Wholesale and Retail Confectioner and Baker. Dealer in all kinds of Game, Fresh Oysters, Fruits, &c. In connection has one of the Finest Dining Rooms in the city. Fresh Oysters, Game, Meats, &c., served at all hours.

**DEEDS AND MORTGAGES.**

SHEEFIN, SIMON P., Recorder of Cass county; Writer of Deeds and Mortgages, Office in Court House, Logansport, Ind. Special attention given to preparing Abstracts.

**DENTIST.**

OVERHOLSER, DR. D. L., Office No. 105 Broadway, south side, above the canal.

**DRUGGISTS.**

BRINGHURST, W. H. Established 1856. Market street, east of Bridge street.

BROWN, GEORGE W., Wholesale and Retail Druggist and Practical Pharmacist, No. 76 Market st., below Fourth

HANAWALT, V. C., Prescription Druggist, 112 Broadway, (Leonard, Dale's old stand.)

LEONARD, DALE & CO., City Drug Store, No. 41 Fourth St., Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

STRAIN & SHULTZ, corner Broadway and Pearl street. Drugs, Medicines, Paints, and Eclectic Family Medicine Depot.

**DRY GOODS.**

GRAY, JOHN W., No. 41 Fourth st., One price to all.

McCAUGHY, J. W., No. 61 Broadway. Dress Goods, Prints, Muslins, &c.

MERRIAM & RICE, Nos. 105 and 107 Market street. Dry Goods, Carpets, Hardware, &c.

**FURNITURE.**

BURROW, G. W., No. 40 Fourth street, manufacturer and dealer in Furniture, Mattresses, &c. Largest and best assortment in the city.

MANLY, W. T. S. & SON, dealers in Furniture and Undertakers, Broadway.

**GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.**

GUGGENHEIMER, T. M., 78 Market street, Opera House building, City Hatter and Gents' Furnisher.

**GROCERS—Wholesale.**

PIERCE, THOMAS, successor to Smith & Pierce, No. 89 Broadway, wholesale and retail dealer in Groceries, Liquors, &c.

**GROCERS—Retail.**

FINNEGAN, JAMES, No. 95 Market street, retail Groceries and Liquors.

SPENCER, B. O. & CO., No. 89 Market street, Grocers and dealers in Flour, Bacon, Fish, Green and Dried Fruits.

**LUMBER DEALER.**

CRAWFORD, J. C., dealer in all kinds of Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Doors, Sash, &c., office and yard corner of North street and Canal.

**MERCHANT TAILORS.**

MILES, R. R., No. 59 Market street. Complete stock of best goods, made up at reasonable prices.

RIDINGER, N., No. 46 Fourth Street. A full stock of new goods. Orders solicited. Prices low. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**MILLINERY.**

MICHAELS, M. No. 43 Fourth street. Millinery and Ladies' Furnishing Goods. Largest stock in the city.

**PRINTING.**

JOURNAL OFFICE, No. 74 Broadway, over Post Office. All kinds of Card, Book, Job and Letter Press Printing promptly executed.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC.**

FETTER'S Celebrated Gallery. The only place where fine large Photographs are made in colors and ink from life or old pictures. Bon-Tons and Gems.

**PHYSICIANS.**

SHULTZ, JOHN H., M. D., with J. B. Shultz. Office, 77 Fourth Street. Residence, 127 Market street.

**PIANO MOVING.**

BROSIE, JAMES, is prepared, with a cushioned rack, to handle Pianos, without damage. Leave orders at Agricultural store, cor. Canal and Broadway.

**REAL ESTATE.**

McNARY & McNARY, Real Estate and Collection Agents, 70 Broadway, Logansport; 57 Broadway, Peru; opposite Court House, Anderson, Ind.

RICHARDSON, S. B., Real Estate and Intelligence Agent, Office corner of Broadway and Fourth streets, up-stairs.

**SADDLES & HARNESS.**

FULLER & TUCKER, No. 75 Market street, Manufacturers and dealers.

**STATIONERS.**

MATTHEWS, CITY BOOK STORE, No. 38 4th street. Every variety of School and Office Stationery, at wholesale and retail.

**STOVES & TINWARE.**

GHARIS & EBERLINE, No. 60 Market street, dealers in Table Cutlery and House Furnishing Goods. Special attention given to Roofing, Spouting and Repairing.

PICKERING & FORMAN, No. 99 Market street. Stoves, Tinware, Roofing, Spouting, Stove Furniture, &c.

**TOBACCONISTS.**

CONOVER & GUTHRIE, No. 42 Fourth street, wholesale dealers in all kinds of Tobacco and Cigars.

## JOURNAL STATE JOTTINGS

Attica had a case of cholera, last week.

Horse thieves are raiding Elkhart county.

Peru has had a taste of incendiary fires.

A street car company is talked of at Madison.

Iron ore has been discovered in Clark county.

Hog cholera is raging near Knightstown.

The word "saloon," is not seen over any door in New Castle.

Bartholomew county has $78,000 county bonds, in the treasury.

The South Bend *Register* has entered upon its twenty-ninth year.

Almost an entire family were jailed at Connersville, recently, for stealing.

Three cases of cholera, in a mild form, have occurred in Montgomery county.

Kentland pays the board of its contumacious drunks, at LaFayette, for thirty days.

The chinch bug has made its appearance in Harrison county, and is playing havoc with some of the crops.

Burglars and horse thieves were "fooling around" in Wabash county, last week, but didn't make good hauls.

A pet pig, at Danville, measures nine feet in length, three feet two inches in height, and weighs 810 pounds.

The base ball fever rages at New Albany to such an extent, that the women engage in the sport on the public streets.

A lady at New Albany died last week, from the effects of a thorn which she ran into her foot two weeks previous.

The *Spy* says a hundred drunken men were in and around a certain saloon in Rochester, on a recent Saturday night.

A pike was caught near North Manchester, recently, which measured over three feet in length, and weighed 16 pounds.

Miss Reinman, an Indianapolis girl now studying music in Europe, has been offered $9,000 to sing for one year, at St. Petersburg.

The Randolph county fair will wind up with a grand sale day for such articles exhibited as the owners may desire to dispose of.

Cussedness, at Lebanon, takes the form of breaking into a saddle and harness shop, and cutting new harness and saddles to pieces.

"Old Man Ross, of Monroe county, has wrestled with his hash for 113 years, and is still able to kick up a dust on the streets of Bloomington.

Wilson V. Hiatt, a well-to-do farmer, in Randolph county, committed suicide, last week, by hanging himself in his barn with a halter strap.

Oliver Harter, a farmer, who lives near North Manchester, Wabash county, threshed 12 acres of wheat last week, that yielded 35 bushels to the acre.

Twelve hundred out of the fifteen hundred voters of Benton county, have signed the petitions for the removal of the county seat from Oxford to Fowler.

The Grangers of Jasper county spent about $300 in Rensselaer, for banner material, printing, painting, etc., to be displayed at the picnic, near Remington, last week.

Thomas Bedden, of New Albany, has received patents for a self-acting car-coupler, and for a machine which works a bolt and stamps a thread on it at the same time.

The New Albany *Ledger* states that the truck patches below that city, turn out an annual product in value as follows: Potatoes, $375,000; onions, $200,000, and cabbage, $375,000.

It is said that Rockport young men correspond with their sweetnesses through the cheap medium of the postal card. When did the postmaster become blind, or deaf and dumb?

Rebecca Keller, of Reynolds, kindled a fire with coal oil, on Monday, of last week, but, as usual, her own clothes and person furnished the fuel. Death soon came to her relief.

A young lady was knocked down on the streets of Peru, last week, by a flying flock of geese, and now she laments that her lot is cast amid the bucolic dangers of that otherwise quiet village.

Red Hot, John C. Hardesty, has sold his interest in the Anderson *Herald*, to his partner, Mr. Stephen Metcalf. He wants a vacation, to cool off. Mr. Metcalf promises to keep the *Herald* warm.

A Peru gentleman has rented a hen. One of his biddy's perversely went back on his contract to incubate some rare breed eggs, and he was compelled to re-let the job or lose the expected brood.

Thirty-eight acres of wheat, on the Pefferman Mississinewa farm, Miami county, averaged, this season, 32 bushels to the acre. The average of 80 acres on the same farm, was 26 bushels per acre.

General Reub. Williams, editor of the Northern *Indianian*, is worrying through dog-days, as a defendant, in a $50,000 libel suit, wherein Ignatius Mattingly, editor of the Bourbon *Mirror*, is plaintiff.

A farmer, near Alamo, Montgomery county, has had a pike fish in his well for twenty-five years, during all of which time, it has only grown to be a foot and a half in length. That well has not been well for it.

The insatiate steam-thresher has incendiary proclivities, and will gobble up a barn and wheat crop "on the double quick," if it is not closely watched. Our exchanges, last week, contain several accounts of its ravages.

A daughter of Hon. John C. Shoemaker, eloped, last week, with a man named "Scrap," and was married. Has it come to this, that our Hoosier girls are compelled to take a "Scrap" of man in order to get a husband?

A "permitted" Cambridge City saloonatic has sold out his stock, declaring that he "cannot sell intoxicating liquors at a profit under a permit, as provided in the Baxter law, without endangering the securities on his bond."

A horse-power thresher caught fire from a hot line shaft, in Wabash county, recently, and was burned up, together with a barn and about 400 bushels of wheat. The horses were saved with great difficulty. Loss about $2,000.

Now comes Ezra Roe, of Walkerton, St. Joseph county, with a "mad stone," which is said to cure every case of mad-dog bite to which it has been applied, and a sinful, doubting generation inquires: "When and where was it applied?"

Mr. I. N. Julian, of White county, wrestled with a little thresher, the other day, and was thoroughly cleaned out. His left arm was broken in three places, below the elbow, and all the clothing yanked from his person, except his boots and one wristband.

The colored man who married a white woman in Jeffersonville, sometime since, was sentenced last week, by Judge Dunham, to one years confinement in the State Prison, and to pay a fine of $1,000. Query: Can he keep his wife after he pays the penalty?

Mrs. Sumption, of South Bend, has a cow from which, in seven weeks, she sold 367 quarts of milk, and gave away 64 quarts. She also has a grand-daughter who is the happy pet of seven grandmothers, but this last fact has no bearing on the milk question. The pre-sumption is, that the cow is the boss-y of that contract.

Judge Dunham recently instructed a grand jury, that if it came to their knowledge that any person had left the state to get married in another, such persons were liable to indictment for violating the marriage laws of this State. Thus it appears that the state of matrimony, in this State, is legally bounded by the State's limits.

The report of the Department of Agriculture, for July, puts the Indiana wheat crop, above the average in eight counties; average in fourteen counties; below the average in thirty counties; other counties not heard from. The cut of hay was very heavy. Fruit, about a three-fourths yield. Wool clips, larger than usual. The prospect of an average crop of corn and potatoes, good.

Mrs. Lee, the wife of the owner of a portable sawmill, at Xenia, Miami county, thought she would edge a few boards, the other day, for a boy whom she sent off on an errand. After sending one board through, she gathered up her two fingers, that were lying around loose, wrapped up her mutilated hand, and went home and sent for a doctor. Hereafter, Mrs. Lee will keep herself afar off on the *lee*-side of a buzz saw.

T. L. Beckwith has been postmaster in Perkinsville, (Madison county,) for thirty-seven years, consecutively. The Noblesville *Ledger* asks: "Is there any other officer in the State who can equal this tenure of office?" Perhaps not, but that is nothing. We know at least a thousand men in this city who would be glad to be postmaster during the remainder of their natural lives, and then hand it down to their descendants for all time to come.

An old lady named Wright, was killed, recently, near Fairmount, Grant county, while the rest of her family were at a Friends meeting. She was shot, and the nature of the wound indicates that she died instantly, and apparently without a struggle. It is thought the murderer entered the room where she was found, to fire the fatal shot, as powder marks were visible near the wound. A boy only 12 or 14 years of age, has been arrested on suspicion of being the murderer. The old lady and the boy both belong to respectable families.

Moses King, of Fulton county, and his son, aged about eleven years, were suffocated recently, by foul air in a well. The father had gone down in the well to fix a pump valve. Returning no answer when he was called, Mrs. King sent the son down to see what was the matter. Hearing nothing from either, the mother induced a young man to go down and rescue them. When about half way down, the young man called out that he was suffocating, and he was drawn up. The bodies were recovered sometime afterward.

A recent shooting affray in Lake county, had a better ending than usual. One Williams, filled himself with bad whisky, and then repaired to his home for the purpose of "regulating his domestic affairs in his own way." His wife hearing of his threats, barred the door and refused him admission. Williams then swore he would take her life, and, procuring an axe, soon reduced the door to kindling wood, and advanced upon his wife, whereupon she sent him an admonisher from her little revolver, which hit him hard enough to sober him and send him off in confusion to get his wound dressed. She retired from the conflict with colors flying.

## Wheat.

The wheat crop of the United States last year yielded nearly 250,000,000 of bushels, a considerable increase over 1871, when a yield was not quite 231,000,000. Pennsylvania, years ago, was the wheat-producing State of the Union, but its comparitive yield has since declined, so that in 1872, producing 11,603,000 bushels, it was only the ninth State in the order of wheat-growing, Pennsylvania's yield being exceeded by Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and California. Last year's wheat crop in Pennsylvania was a short one, however, our yield in 1871 having been over 19,000,000 of bushels, an amount exceeded by but one State —Illinois—which grew over 25,000,000 of bushels. Last year the heaviest wheat crop was that of California, over twenty-five and a half millions of bushels, Illinois coming second, with twenty-four and three-quarter millions.—*Pittsburgh Commercial.*

## MY FATHER.

BY JOHN PAUL.

Who hailed me first with rapturous joy,
And did not fret and feel annoy
When the nurse said: Why! she's a boy!
My father.

Who gave that nurse a half-a crown,
To let him hold me—awkward clown,
Of course he held me upside down?
My father.

Who ne'er to cut my hair did try—
Jabbing the scissors in my eye,
And cutting every hair away?
My father.

Who set me in the barber's chair
Instead, and had him cut my hair
Like my big brother's, good and square?
My father.

Who when I had a little fight
Because Tom tore paper kite
And bit me, said I did just right?
My father.

Who when Tom licked me black and blue
Did not turn in and lick me, too—
Saying, "'Tis my duty so to do?"
My father.

Who told me pluck and luck must win,
And taught me to "put up a fin,"
Till I could trounce that Tom like sin?
My father.

Who pennies ne'er refused to plank,
Nor dropped them in that mimic "bank"
Where I could only hear them clank?
My father.

Who when I wished to buy a toy
Ne'er thought 'twould give me much more joy,
To send tracts to some heathen boy?
My father.

Who bought me ponies, guns, and such,
And gave me leave to fork and pitch,
While he raked up to make me rich?
My father.

And who at last, when all was done,
Passed in his checks, and, noble one,
Left all he had to me his son?
My father.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## GUELDEN'S LAST DRINK.

I have traveled this road every day of my life, ever since it was laid, in charge of the San Francisco, the prettiest, and best engine on the line. It was a southwestern road, running, as we will say, from A. to Z. At A. my mother lived, and at Z. I had the sweetest little wife in the world, and a baby the very image of its pa. I had always had a dollar or two put by for a rainy day, and the boys spoke of me as an odd kind of man. To be shut up with an engine, watching with all your eyes and heart and soul, don't make a conscientious man talkative, and I never squandered my leisure spinning yarns and listening to railway jokes in the round-house. My wife's name was *Josephine*, and I called her "Joe."

I never had belonged to any of the railway clubs or other organizations, and never should if it hadn't been for Granby. Granby was a nephew of our Division Superintendent, and it's a failing of we men of the road that we like to be noticed by the fellows at headquarters, if only permitted to touch the hem of their garments. Granby was a showy fellow, and often rode with me from A. to Z. He had a good opinion of me, and as far as I know we were good friends. Once he said to me:

"You ought to belong to the Railway Scientific club, Guelden."

"Never heard of it," said I.

"We meet once a fortnight," he replied, "and have a jolly good time. We want practical thinking men of your sort, and I'll propose you if you like."

I was fond of such things, and I had ideas that I fancied might be worth something. But the engineer don't have many nights or days to himself, and the club would have one evening a fortnight from Joe. I said:

"I will ask her. If she likes it, yes."

"Ask whom?" he said.

"Joe," said I.

"If every man had asked his wife, every man's wife would have said: 'Can't spare you, my dear,' and we should have had no club at at all," said Granby.

But I made no answer. At home I told Joe. She said:

"I shall miss you, Ned; but you do love such things, and if Granby belongs to it they must be superior men."

So I said "yes," and Granby proposed me. Thursday fortnight I went with him to the rooms. The real business of the evening was the supper.

I had always been a temperate man. I did not know what effect wine would have on me, but coming to drink more of it than I had ever before at the club table, I found it put steam on. After so many glasses, I wanted to talk, and after so many I did.

I seemed like somebody else, the words were so ready. My ideas came out and were listened to. I made sharp hits and indulged in repartee, told stories and even come to puns. I heard somebody say: "Granby, by George, that's a man worth having. I thought him dull at first." Yet I knew it was better to be quiet Ned Guelden, with his ten words an hour, than the wine-made wit I was.

I was sure of it when three hours after I stumbled up stairs to find Joe waiting for me, with her baby on her breast.

"You've been deceiving me," said Joe; "I suspected it, but wasn't sure. A scientific club couldn't smell like a bar-room."

"Which means that I do," said I.

"And look like one," said Joe, as she locked herself and baby in the spare bed-room.

One night I was dressed in my Sunday suit, ready to go to the club, when Joe stood before me.

"Ned," said she, "I never had a fault to find with you before. You've been kind and good and loving always; but I should be sorry we ever met if you go on in this way. Don't ask what I mean —you know."

"It's only club night," I said.

"It will grow," said she.

Then she put her arms around my neck.

"Ned," said she, "do you think a thing so much like a belted and straped down demon as steam is fit to put into the hands of a drunken man? And some day, mark my words, not only Thursday night, but all the days of the week you will be the same. I have often heard you wonder what are the feelings of an engineer who has about the same as murdered a train full of people must be, and you'll know if you if you don't stop where you are. A steady hand and clear head have been your blessing all these years. Don't throw them away. Ned, if you don't care for my love, don't ruin yourself."

My little Joe. She spoke from her heart, and I bent over and kissed her.

"Don't be afraid, child; I'll never pain you again."

And I meant it; but at 12 o'clock that night I felt that I had forgotten my promise and my resolution. I couldn't go home to Joe. I made up my mind to sleep on the club sofa, and leave the place for good the next day. Already I felt my brain reel as it had never done before. In an hour I was in a kind of a stupor. It was morning. A waiter stood ready to brush my coat. I saw a grin on his face. My heart seemed ready to burst; my hand trembled; I looked at my watch; I had only just five minutes to reach the depot!

Joe's words came to my mind. Was I fit to take charge of an engine? I was not fit to answer. I ought to have asked some sober man. As it was I only caught my hat and rushed away. I was just in time.

The San Francisco glistened in the sun. The cars are filling rapidly. From my post I could hear the people talking—bidding each other good-bye, and promising to write and come again. Among them was an old gentleman I knew by sight—one of the shareholders. He was bidding two timid girls adieu.

"Good-bye, Kittie; good-bye, Luc," I heard him say; don't be nervous. The San Francisco is the safest engine on the line, and Guelden the most careful engineer; I would not be afraid to trust every mortal to their keeping. Nothing could happen wrong with the two together."

I said, "we'll get through it somehow, and Joe shall never talk to me again. After all, it was easy enough." I reeled as I spoke. I heard the signal. We are off.

Five hours from L. to D.; five hours back again. I knew now that on the last run I should be myself again. I saw a flutter, and never knew what it was until we had passed the train at the wrong place. Two minutes more and we should have had a collision. Somebody told me, and I laughed. I heard the shareholder say, respectfully:

"Of course, Mr. Guelden, you know what you are about?"

Then I was alone and wondering whether I should go faster or slower. I did something and the cars rushed at a fearful rate. The same man who had spoken to me before was standing near me. I heard the question:

"How many miles an hour are we making?"

I didn't know.

Rattle, rattle, rattle! I was trying now to slacken the speed of the San Francisco. I could not remember what I should do—was it this or that—faster or slower? I was playing with the engine like a child.

Suddenly there was a horrible roar—crash. I was flung somewhere. It was in the water. By a miracle I was sobered, not hurt. I gained the shore. I stood upon the ground between the track and the water's edge and there gazed at my work.

The engine was in fragments, the cars in splinters; dead and wounded were strewn around—men and women and children, old age and youth. There were groans and shrieks of despair. The maimed cried out in pain; the uninjured bewailed their dead, and a voice unheard by any other, was in my ear, whispering "murder!"

The news had gone to A., and people came thronging down to find their lost ones. Searching for an old man's daughter, I came to a place under the trees, and found five bodies lying there, all in rigid horror—an old woman, a young one, a baby, and two tiny children. Was it fancy—was it pure fancy, born of my anguish?—they look like—oh, heaven! they are my mother, my wife, my children—all cold and dead.

How did they come on the train? What chance had brought this about? No one could answer. I groaned, I screamed, I clasped my hands, I tore my hair, I gazed on the cold face of her who gave me birth, on the lovely cold face of my wife, on my innocent children. I called them by name, there was no answer. There never could be —there never would be.

A whistle! Great God! Onward up the track thundered another train! Its red eyes glared upon me; I threw myself before it crush me to atoms! * * *

"His head is extremely hot," said somebody. I opened my eyes and saw my wife.

"How do you feel?" said she; "a little better?"

I was so rejoiced and astonished by the sight of her that I could not speak at first. She repeated the question.

"I must be crushed to pieces," said I, "for the train went over me, but I feel no pain."

"There he goes about the train again," said my wife.

Why I tried to move—there was nothing the matter with me. I was in my room; opposite to me was a crib in which my child was asleep. My wife and child were safe. Was I delirious, or what could it be?

"Joe," I cried, "tell me what has happened."

"It's 9 o'clock," said Joe. "You came home in such a state from the club that I couldn't wake you. You weren't fit to manage steam and risk people's lives. The San Francisco is half way to A., I suppose, and you've been frightening me half to death with your dreadful talk."

And Joe began to cry.

It was only a dream—only an awful dream. But I had lived through it as though it were a reality.

"Is there a bible in the house, Joe?" I asked.

"Are we heathens?" cried Joe.

"Give it to me this moment, Joe."

She brought it, and I put my hand on it and took the oath (too solemn to be repeated here) that what had happened never should occur again. And if the San Francisco ever comes to grief, the verdict will not be: "The engineer was drunk."

## The Coming Horse.

Writing from Olathe, Kansas, a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe* says:

"The great sensation among sporting men of the West at the present time is the trotting stallion, 'Smugler,' which has been training on Elm Park, at Olathe, Kansas, for the past few months. The horse is fifteen and three quarter hands high, and a dark bay, borderin on brown of powerful frame. He is seven years old and was broken to trot less than a year ago. He has made a heat in less than 2:20, which was never made by a stallion horse. He is perfectly gentle and kind, can be driven by any one, and does not become excited when racing. This morning a number of horsemen repaired to the Olathe Fair Grounds, which encloses the finest track west of Buffalo, to witness a trial of speed by this wonderful horse. Your correspondent marks the time which this fleet-footed steed, on the wings of the wind, as it were, incircled this beautiful mile course in 2:19¾. There is no denying the fact that Kansas has the horse of the age. He is a large, strong, handsomer, kinder, safer horse than Dexter ever was, and can beat the time he has made with the training. He has worked less than six months, and goes below 2:20. He now draws a driver that weighs near 180 pounds. His gait is the perfection of trot and action. There is no hop, skip and jump about it. When he breaks, which is seldom, he loses badly. He has never been taught the art of making time by breaking. All in all, he is a prodigy on the turf, and will soon startle the sporting world."

Some of the patent bitters vended are called "Appetizers," because one can get up a happy tight by drinking them.

## Renan's Anti-Christ.

The *Nation's* Paris correspondent writes of Renan's new work, "Anti-Christ." After a vivid description of the horrors of the Neroic *persecution and of the fall of Jerusalem*, the work proceeds to give the author's idea of the Apocalypse which the correspondent thus sums up: The author addresses himself to the seven churches of Asia. He writes in Patmos, which was a naval station between Rome and Ephesus. The somber enthusiast, thrown on its shores, has no eye for the calm majesty and peace of the Archipelago, for its azure sky; his eye is filled with awful visions. Renan's interpretation of the long dream of John must be read in his book, and *I can not follow all its* details. The four and twenty elders represent humanity. The lamb slain is Jesus, the paschal victim; the four beasts, full of eyes represent, as in Ezekiel, divine attributes, wisdom, power, omniscience, creative force. The Lamb opens the book with the seven seals; the prophetic drama begins. As the first seal opens we see the triumph of the roman empire, its apotheosis under the form of a white horse, with a crowned cavalier armed with a bow. The red *horse means war*, the revolt of Vindex, the revolt of Judea. The black horse with a rider who holds a balance means the famine under Claudius in the year 68 of our era. On the opening of the fourth seal comes the pale horse, Death. Then comes the martyrs who were slain for the testimony of God, when the Lamb had opened the fifth seal, and the signal for earthquakes and meteors is given by the opening of the sixth seal.

All seems ready now for the consummation; but the fundamental idea *of the Revelation* is the constant adjournment of the final judgment. An angel imprints his seal on the 44,000 persons who belong to the tribes of Israel. The prophet shows us also the innumerable multitude of all men of all races who have been persecuted. The seventh seal is opened, but the consummation does not take place. There is a long silence; a new act of the drama begins. The seven arch-angels come forward with their trumpets. Every blast of the trumpet is a signal for some new phenomenon; earthquakes, shooting stars, the invasion of the Parthians, which was thought imminent. We expect the end with the blowing of the seventh trumpet; but at that very moment begins a new drama. John looks upon Jerusalem, and shows us only the temple preserved *after long struggles*. Two prophets will appear. At the sound of the seventh trumpet the doors of the celestial temple open, and a new series of visions begin at once. The Church of Israel appears as a woman; before her is a red dragoon; its seven crowned heads mean Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero, Galba; the woman is delivered of a child, which is the Messianic faith, which the Lamb places next to God. All the following details apply to the dispersion of the first churches, and to the persecutions. The first beast is the Roman empire, which has conquered Israel for awhile, but will be conquered in its turn. The second beast is Nero himself. By adding the letters of Nero's name in Hebrew, according to their numerical value, one finds the apocalyptic number 666 (Nero Kaiser). The scarlet woman, the new Babylon, is clearly Rome, which has corrupted the whole world and persecuted the saints. The world, delivered from her, is ready for the *Messiah*. Nero, who *has come to* life again as the Anti-Christ, fights the last battles of idolatry. Satan, the old dragon, is seized and bound for a thousand years. The millenium begins.

## Giant Powder.

Chemistry is at a loss to estimate the power of nitro-glycerine, and yet this new agent of death is twenty per cent. stronger. That our readers may be enabled to form a faint conception of the danger of such a preparation we will give a brief description of the process by which nitro-glycerine, giant, and Hercules powder are supposed to be manufactured, and of the extreme caution necessary in their manufacture.

In the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, two tubes, each about a quarter of an inch in diameter and six inches in length, lead into a single tube of double their capacity but of the same length. Nitric acid is introduced into one and sulphuric acid into the other of these small tubes. The large tube contains glycerine. The two acids are then forced quite gradually into the glycerine, and the chemical combination thus forms an explosive article of incalculable power. So powerful and dangerous is this article that not an ounce of it is allowed in the manufactory, while this little tube, 6 inches long and half an inch in diameter, is being filled, and this tube is kept constantly swathed in ice during the process. To make giant powder, this nitro-glycerine is allowed to drip upon a clay (similar to meershaum) imported from Germany. The clay is the only perfect absorbent of nitro-glycerine known. As Hercules powder is darker it is believed that that explosive article is manufactured by the same process, charcoal, an imperfect absorbent, being used instead of said quality of clay. If, in the manufacture of nitro-glycerine, a strong tube is kept swathed in ice, and a quantity of the liquid only six inches in length and a half an inch in diameter is allowed in the building at the same time, no wonder that General Von Bokkelen, with *his preparation twenty* per cent. more powerful, remarked that he would have it handled thermometer in hand.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

## A Digger Dinner.

Riding through the foothills, near Rocklin, I saw a curious and unexpected sight. There are still a few wretched Digger Indians in this part of California; and what I saw was a party of these engaged in catching grasshoppers, which they boil and eat. They dig a number of funnel-shaped holes, wide at the top, and then, with rags and brush, drive the grasshoppers toward these holes, forming for that purpose a wide circle. It is slow work, but they seem to delight in it; and their excitement was great as they neared the circle of holes, and the insects began to hop and fall into them. At last there was a close and rapid rally and halt a dozen bushels of grasshoppers were driven into the holes; whereupon, hats, aprons, bags, and rags were stuffed in to prevent the multitudes from dispersing; and then began the work of picking them out by handfuls, crushing them roughly in the hand to keep them quiet, and crowding them into the bag in which they were to be carried to their rancheira. "Sweet, all same pudding," cried an old woman to me, as I stood looking on. It is not a good year for grasshoppers this year; no they like the year of which an inhabitant of Roseville spoke to me latter in the day, when he said, "they ate up every bit of his garden truck and then sat on the fence and asked him for a chew of tobacco."

## A New Power.

Mr. William Wells, of Salem, has just perfected an apparatus for running stationary or locomotive engines by vapor power, which, if it *fulfills all that is expected of it*, will entirely revolutionize the the method of running engines of every description. The new apparatus was set up a few days ago, and on Saturday afternoon was put in practical operation, for the first time, in the presence of several gentlemen well versed in machinery and the application of power. The working of the engine was entirely satisfactory, and all present expressed themselves as highly pleased with the success of the invention, which had been considered by all but the designer as an experiment.

The whole apparatus is very simple in construction, and the new power can be applied to any engine. The whole peculiarity in construction is in the boiler; the engine being precisely like any other, and the vapor being conveyed to the cylinder of the engine just the same as steam. The boiler is an upright one, and is really a *double* boiler; that is, it has two heads at each end one a few inches from the other. The two chambers thus formed, one at each end *of the boiler*, are filled with water, and are connected by tubes, which are for the circulation of the water between the two chambers. The second or inner boiler, that between the two inner heads, is filled with a preparation of bisulphide of carbon, the vapor from which is the motive power and takes the place of steam. Beneath the boiler is a small fire-box, from which flues run up through the two boilers to the smoke pipe. These flues pass inside of the tubes already mentioned, and the fire in passing through heats the chemicals. By this arrangement it will be seen that the bisulphide in the inner boiler receives the requisite amount of heat without coming in direct contact with the fire flues, as the water, as has been explained, is kept in circulation through the tubes. Mr. Wells claims that with a comparatively small fire a great amount of power can be obtained, and it has been practically shown that, with the water at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, or the boiling point, a pressure of sixty-five pounds to the square inch is obtained on the vapor boiler, and of course if a greater heat is applied to the water, the vapor pressure will increase proportionately. It should be mentioned that the chemical preparation is used over many times, as the vapor, after *passing through the cylinder of the* engine, passes into a condenser, and is then returned to the boiler to be used again. The waste of chemical material is said to be very small. It is estimated that at least two-thirds of the amount of fuel can be saved by the use of this invention, but the exact amount can be better determined after further experiment. Mr. Wells has been at work eight years in perfecting this apparatus, and judging from the test of Saturday, his labor and pains have not been thrown away. —*Boston Globe, July 14.*

## A Bit of Romance.

Mr. R. M. Boatwright, of St. Louis, has lately received intelligence that his brother Alexander, whom he supposed to have been killed *twenty-six years ago*, during the Mexican war, is alive and well, he being a resident of Goliad county, Texas. The story is thus told by the St. Louis Democrat:

"In 1846, Mr. Boatwright, while on a visit to Southern Illinois, where he formerly resided, took the war fever and joined Capt. Coffee's company of volunteer infantry bound for the seat of war in Mexico. At the battle of Vera Cruz he was severely wounded in the shoulder, and not being able to be removed, was placed in the house of a Mexican lady, near the battlefield. As he did not rejoin his company, and was not heard of at the close of the war, he was placed on the list of the dead, and his land warrant issued to his father, who erected a monument to his memory in the family burying ground, in Franklin county. Boatwright, however, did not die. He was tenderly nursed by a dark-eyed senorita, a daughter of the lady at whose house he was left, and when, after many months of suffering, he was restored to health and his wound healed, he found himself a captive to the charms of his beautiful nurse and he married her and settled in Vera Cruz. His letters to his relatives having miscarried, and some one informing him that his family had removed from Franklin county, he ceased writing to them. In 1849 *he went to California, and af*terward settled in Texas. Several years after the close of the war, the family in Franklin county heard rumors that Alexander was still living, and agents were sent to California and to Mexico, but failed to learn any tidings of him, and he was given up for lost. A short time ago Mr. R. Boatwright happened to see a letter written by his brother to an old friend in Franklin county, and recognizing the name, was rejoiced to find that the brother who was mourned as dead *for twenty-six years was still living.*"

## The Charms of Sin.

A young and fashionably attired lady, in a Boston street car, was overheard to say a few days ago, that on a recent visit to New York she went to the Tombs to see Stokes. She further vouched the information, in tones loud enough to edify all the people in the car, that when reproved by her husband for such conduct she had informed him she "would rather see Stokes than any other man living." There seems to be no place in New York more attractive to a certain class of romantic young ladies than the "murderers' row" in the Tombs. Even young school girls, supposed by their parents and guardians to *be deeply engrossed in the mysteries* of geometry or the beauties of botany, manage to find time on their way to and from school to "call" at the abode of thieves and murderers and gaze through the iron bars upon the well clad and well fed forms of assassins. And this kind of morbid sentimentality is not confined to the great metropolis. Yesterday morning, Wagner, who stands convicted of one of the most barbarous and cowardly crimes on record, was returned to his cell at Alfred, Me. His explanation of the motives that led to his escape was that he wished to see some of the pretty girls with whom he flirted in court. If any sense of shame is left in these young manias they can hardly feel pride in thus having their folly brought to their minds. Wagner evidently felt that the conditions were not favorable for his receiving calls at his cell from the young ladies in question, and that common courtesy required that he should allow them the opportunity of seeing him by traveling around the country and exhibiting himself.—*Boston Globe.*

"Will you have some strawberries?" asked a lady of her guest. "Yes, madam, yes; I eat strawberries with enthusiasm." "Do you? Well, we haven't anything but cream and sugar for 'em this evening," said the matter-of-fact hostess.

## Texas Cow Boys.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal thus describes the Texas cow-boys.

The "Cow Boys" of Texas are a peculiar breed. They are as distinct in their habits and characteristics from the remainder of even Texan population as if they belonged to another race. The Lipan and the Comanche are not more unlike the civilized white man than is this nomadic herdsman to the Texan who dwells in the city or cultivates the plains. The Texan rangers who galloped after Hays and McCollough were wild and daring men, and a life of adventure stamped them with strange peculiarities. But the "ranger" had not been bred to *his* occupation; he took it up from choice. Many of them were educated, even cultivated men. Henry McCollough, Lane, Ford, and Baylor are the best surviving types of this class—perfectly brave and essentially adventurous, but much like other men in the main. But the volunteer cavalryman is no more like the Kayble or the Tartar than are the rangers identical with these men who sleep, eat, and live on horseback, never leave their "bunches" of cattle except to chase the Mexican or Indian marauder, and know and care for *nothing* but their avocation.

Nor is cattle-herding an easy life. Think of driving the wild, fierce brutes from the Rio Grande to Kansas, compelled to watch them day and night. If they stampede, as they often do, the cow-boy must ride after or before them, and the dangerous race is most frequently made during dark nights, through drenching storms, over yawning barrances and in the midst of tangled thickets that fearfully test the strength of the leather fenders on his *arms and the cowskin leggins* which protect his lower limbs. These men already possess organization, after a fashion, in their distinctive traits and occupation, and their *esprit du corps.* Nor would it be difficult for an officer who understood them to teach them discipline enough for all practical purposes. Like all other Texans, they are, with occasional exceptions, of course, temperate.

A good deal of stuff has been written about Texan intemperance as well as Texan lawlessness. Less liquor is drank in Texas than in Jefferson county, or in one Northern village. The climate disinclines one to drink, as, somehow, it seems to make men reticent. Ten thousand of these incipient soldiers roam over Western Texas, all sons of frontiersmen, and inured from infancy to hardship and danger. A little instruction in the drill and the duties of the camp, a few lessons in subordination, and they would become invincible in the service to which they are adapted. A cavalry commander with such troops might safely attempt anything, for he would have a corps rapid as the horsemen of Kaled, resistless as the hordes of Genghis.

## Some Treasury Girls.

No one who has ever lived in Washington, says the Springfield Republican, but knows that a majority of the female clerks come from the best families of the country. It was in the Treasury that Gov. Fairchild, of Wisconsin, found his wife, and she was the beautiful daughter of a distinguished public man. The present United States District Attorney for South Carolina wood and won the beautiful Alice Ingersoll (whose father once occupied the high position of Attorney General of Massachusetts) from the office of the Controller of the Currency, and I might go on for pages telling who is and who has been there. Robert J. Walker, once Governor of Mississippi, Secretary of the Treasury, and retained as an able lawyer in all prominent cases, now has a fair young daughter, who has recently become *an orphan, and is earning her own* support in the Internal Revenue. Mrs. Mary Johnson, daughter of Col. Albert, who for a long series of years was head of the Typographical Bureau, has for ten years been a clerk in the Treasury. Her husband was Consul to Florence, and died there a short time before the war. Not long after her father died, and as she had two sons to rear and educate, she laid aside all pride and become a Government clerk, or to be precise, a female employe, for the Civil Service masters say, inasmuch as women are not clerks, they can not compete for the $1,200, $1,400, or any but $900 positions. There is chivalry, justice, and all the high-flown sentiments of man to woman expressed! Mrs. Johnson's boys are growing up to be worthy young men, and the oldest is about entering the Naval School at Anapolis. Mrs. Tilton, sister of Gen. Robert Ould, is a clerk in the Internal Revenue. The widow of Capt. Ringgold is there. The widow of Major Heap is a clerk. There are many illustrious names to be found in all the Departments. The lives these ladies lead is hard enough at the best, without the tongue of detraction added to their trials. One thing, they are constantly stung by the injustice done them in the difference of pay between them and the men, while they are held to even a more rigid accountability. There is a constant attempt to defraud them from their salaries for any absence, while men can frequently be called away.

## Beer.

The Germans in the United States, and those Americans who affect a fondness for lager beer, don't drink it as it is drank in Germany. They rush into a restaurant and gulph down two or three glasses and pass on. Here a German never thinks of finishing his glass of beer in less than ten minutes, nor drinking it without eating something at the same time, even if it is only a crust of bread. In fact, a German in the Fatherland is constitutionally opposed to doing anything in a hurry, and especially to drinking beer with rapid speed. The consequence is that we do not see men here with great, huge paunches, as at home, capable of swallowing a keg of beer after supper.

They seldom treat one another, but sit down at the tables, and although they drink together, each man pays for what he consumes, whether it be beer or food. This of itself is a great preventive of excess, as if half a dozen were to sit down to drink, as with us, each must treat in turn, and thus six or a dozen glasses are guzzled, whether they want it or not. If our temperance friends could institute what is called a "Dutch treat" into our saloons, each man paying his own reckoning, it would be a long step toward reform in drinking to excess. *In short, beer in Germany* is a part of each man's food. He takes it as a sustenance, and not as a stimulant.

A lady went to one of our dry goods stores, Monday, and bought five cents worth of thread. Then she picked up a palm-leaf, and commented on the weather, and getting her thread walked off with both. The merchant closed his store as early as possible that evening, and taking his aching head in his hands, sat down to analyze the true value of that transaction.—*Danbury News.*

## Does Farming Pay?

The following article which we copy from the Country Gentleman, though written by a New Hampshire farmer, contains many thoughts that our readers will do well to reflect upon:

"This question has been discussed at farmers' clubs, in farmers' conventions, and by writers in the agricultural papers, and seems not to be answered in the affirmative in the minds of the majority, if we are to judge from their talk and manner of proceedure. That farming is poor business, would be the answer of nine-tenths of those engaged in it, if the direct question were put to them. Hence, we find discontent, and a desire to sell, on the part of many. In this vicinity many advertise to sell; yet no one appears to buy. I have always, until within a few years, known men who wanted to buy farms, those which were well located and desirable found ready purchasers—the demand was fully equal to the supply. But of late it has not been so. I do not know to-day of a person who wishes to buy a farm, or to invest money in land for agricultural purposes, nor would any farm about here sell for its real value if offered. There is no doubt that many who are now anxious to sell will live to rejoice that no one appeared to buy. It is that only which will save them from financial ruin. The desire to invest the proceeds in something which shall pay large interest, and live an easy life without labor, is the idea. Large rates of interest are attended with corresponding risk, and the majority would seek such investments as would in a short time leave them penniless. It is a blessing to them that their farms can not be sold. The time will doubtless come when a man who owns a farm free from debt, and a home for his family, will think himself well off. Speculation and the proceeds of money invested will not always prove the greatest blessing. In times of commercial distress these are often not to be trusted, while the farmer who owns his farm has not much to fear.

Farmers do not live up to their privileges. They may have as good a living as those in towns who spend three or five thousand dollars a year for that purpose. Their tables may be better supplied with a greater variety and much better quality of articles. Fresh vegetables, butter, milk, cream, eggs and fruit, a horse and carriage, more leisure—taking all these things into consideration, and reckoning the articles consumed by the farmer's family at the price paid by his city friend, we shall not find so much difference as one would suppose. It would be more apparent than real. Looking at it in this light, we should be better contented with our lot.

It is the few in any occupation that acquire fortunes; where one succeeds, multitudes fail. And perhaps as large a proportion of farmers gain in property as in any other business. Certainly none will deny that the small farmers are better off than any other class of equal means. If people would live as economically as formerly, probably as much money could be laid up as at any previous time. Habits of extravagance have done much to bring the business into disrepute, and it is apparent in almost everything. We see it in houses and furniture, clothing, carriages and harness. A stable-keeper recently told me that he formerly found a ready sale among farmers for his second-hand carriages, after running them for a couple of years or so; now he makes no sales to farmers—the best have become none too good for them. This is true in regard to almost everything else. Our easy means of communication have brought the country and city into closer relation, and the result has been that many have become discontented with the slow but sure gains of agriculture; and haste to become rich has done much mischief to the rural population.

If people would view the matter as it is, I think they would find that the farmer has as many advantages as men of any other calling—and on closer examination might find that farming paid.

## Cholera and Its Causes—Not Air but Water.

A correspondent of the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal writes thus of the cholera and its causes:

Trace the cholera from the banks of the Ganges to the equator, and you find it has never prevailed as an epidemic in a granite country, but in calcareous or limestone districts, or where the water contains organic matter. I will mention a few facts which show clearly that cholera is developed by the character of the water used as a drink. In 1833 the beautiful and cleanly city of Lexington, situated in the blue-grass region—the most fertile portion of Kentucky—was first visited by Asiatic cholera. It swept through the city as a whirlwind. The Angel of Death seemed to hover over the doomed city for days and weeks, claiming all as its victims. But two families escaped the disease—Dr. Benjamin Dudley's and Dr. James Bush's. These were the only families in the city who used cistern water as a drink. Cisterns were then almost unknown. The quick perception of Dr. Dudley had detected the fact that persons using freestone or cistern water were exempted from calcareous affections, viz: stone and calculi. It was to protect themselves and their families from these terrible sequels of limestone water that they had their cisterns constructed, and not against cholera, for none then knew of its coming. Now if this be merely a coincidence, that but two families of a population of some 12,000 should escape, and those two only using cistern water, then it is a coincidence strongly resembling a fact on fixed principles. Again, there has never been epidemic cholera on a single plantation upon the Mississippi river, from Cairo to its mouth, where cistern water was exclusively used, and there is scarcely a plantation on that river, where cistern water was not used, that the disease has not existed as an epidemic. Again, every case of cholera which has occurred in Natchez, prior to and since 1855, could be traced directly to the use of water obtained from springs gushing out through cornelian pebbles, clear as crystal and cold as ice, at the base of the bluff or river bank. In 1855 the cisterns became exhausted by the drought, the citizens were forced to use river or spring water, and the cholera broke out in a most malignant form again. The town of Thibadouxville, situated on the Bayou Plaquemine, in Louisiana, is divided equally by a small bayou. One portion of the town is occupied by Americans, who use exclusively cistern water; the other portion by a French population, who have no cisterns, but rely on wells for water to drink. In 1849 the French portion of the town was nearly destroyed by cholera, and yet not a dozen cases occurred on the American side of the bayou.

In Mr. G. M. Bartholomew's new "Grammar of the Latin Language," Cicero is pronounced Kikero. Kikero be hanged! Let us kick Bartholomew.

## Colorado Society.

The correspondent of the Saint Louis *Globe* writes:

Our butcher is a graduate of Yale, one of the gentlemen working in the printing office is a graduate of Cambridge, and a winner of the Bishop's medal for proficiency in the classes; a ranchman near here is the son of a General in the British army, and a near relative of George Stevenson, of railroad fame. Four other ranchmen are the four sons of a former Governor of Bengal, who is still very wealthy. Two are the sons of an eminent London banker. A graduate of one of the universities manages a dairy, and attend to most of the milking personally. I said to an English lady of culture and refinement, a friend of theirs: "Why is it that these young men choose to leave their homes of luxury to live in this hard, rough way?" It is to escape that they come here. They are tired of it. There seems so little manhood in it."

Within their tents are constant hints of the comforts and luxuries with which they have heretofore been surrounded. Elegant dressing-cases, valuable watches and jewelry, the *finest linen bedding* in quantitie, damasks of equisite quality, while scarcely a week passes that presents from friends testify, not only to their remembrance, but their wealth and liberality. Yet these men lie dow with the stars for their canopy, the earth for their bed, the mountain wing for their song, with only a blanket about them. I asked if they really worked hard, or if it was the romance of "roughing it." "They sought work," said my informant, "they work like galley slaves." A great deal of English capital has been invested here, which, together with the salubrity of the climate, and the beauty of the scenery, has attracted a very good class from that country to settle here. Large shares, not only in railroads, but in lands are held by their capitalists. A villa is to be erected at Monitou Springs this summer for an English lord, and an heiress from that country is just completing a beautiful residence there. The reputation, as a physician, of a gentleman resident here is such in London that he was recently paid £1,000 by a patient, whom he had just visited. In riding, last week, we called at the house of a German Baron, and found him hoeing in the garden, and his lady at work in the kitchen.

## Seeing the Invisible.

We had the pleasure, on yesterday afternoon, of a visit from Mr. J. R. Brown, of Red Oak, Iowa, the young man with the wonderful power of seeing the invisible. Among his exhibitions were the following, which were repeated several times, until every person present was thoroughly convinced that there was no humbuggery in the matter: He directed a gentleman to think of some object in a distant part of the building, and taking the gentleman's left hand, placed it upon his own forehead, and, after a number of vacillating movements, started out through the door of the room in which they were. With few deviations he traversed the various passages, never tripping over chairs or tables, and going through doorways without a bump straight to the object. Again, a number of alphabetical letters were distributed in different parts of the room, when he told a gentleman to call to mind the town in which he was born; then, being blindfolded, he took the person's hand and led him to the several letters, spelling the name of the place. Next he told one present to think of a friend in the city, and where he lived: this being done, after a little hesitation he pointed in the exact direction. He also accomplished the still more difficult task of telling what a gentleman was thinking about, by taking hold of the hand of a third party stationed between them, together with many more exhibitions of his power equally as wonderful.

Mr. Brown himself is not aware of the cause of the means producing these results. He says that when the subject's hand is placed against his head, rays of lambent light appear to emanate from all sides of his brain, following, as he supposes, the thoughts of the other person. When an object is selected to be pointed out, the mind of the subject being directed to it, an unusual line of light appears, and this he follows steadily, which always leads him to the object. The size of this light varies with the size of the object. He states that up to his sixth year he was unaware of his singular gift. At that period, when playing with other children, he found that contact with them produced in him peculiar sensations, sometimes pain; that in a dark room sparks of what seemed fire would fly from the ends of his fingers if his hands were brought suddenly together. His mother used frequently to remark oddities about him, and often spoke of them. Eight years ago he was led to experiment by the accidental passage of a companion's hand across his forehead, resulting in a psychic sympathy between their minds. Shortly after he arrived at results similar to those detailed in the trials above mentioned.

Mr. Brown is about 21 years of age, and of rather more than ordinary general intelligence, and is a native of St. Louis. His home at present is in Red Oak, Iowa, where he has been engaged in some mechanical pursuit with his brother. —*Chicago Eve. Journal.*

## Time Devoted to Meals.

Dr. Derby states that the average time occupied in the process of taking food by the people of Massachusetts does not exceed from twelve to fifteen minutes for each meal. Such haste is injurious to health for many reasons. The process of digestion begins in the mouth with the action of the teeth, and through excitement of the salivary glands by the presence of food. Unless saliva is abundantly mingled with the latter, the first act of digestion is obstructed and Nature's plan is changed. This fluid not only lubricates but acts chemically in the mouth, if a reasonable time be given it, upon all the starchy elements which make up the great bulk of what we eat. Eating in haste, a great deal of air is swallowed. Air is to a certain extent always entangled in the saliva and assists digestion, but when "wads" of food succeed each other very rapidly, they seem to act like pistons in the tube leading from the back of the throat, and drive before and between them into the stomache such amounts of air as to distend that organ and impedes its functions. Another effect of eating in this way is that the masses of food, imperfectly mixed with saliva, become impacked in the œsophagus, checking its muscular action, which is obviously intended to propel only one piece at a time. This embarrassment is overcome by taking at one gulp as much fluid as the mouth will hold, thus distending the elastic tube and washing the obstructed food into the stomach. All this is unnatural and can hardly fail to work mischief.—*Rural New Yorker.*