VOL. IV. NO. 2.

BEAUFORT, S. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1873.

#### NEW SPRING GOODS.

#### Jas. C. BAILIE & BRO.

RESPECTFULLY ASK YOUR ATTEN
tion to the following DESIRABLE GOODS offered by them for sale:

#### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.

24 feet wide, and of the best quality of goods manufactured. Do you want a real good Oil Cloth? If so, come now and get the very best. Oil Cloths cut any size and laid promptly. A full line of cheap FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, from 60c, a yard up. Table cloths all widths and colors.

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French Tambourd Lace, "Exquisites." Nottingham Lace, "Beautiful." Tamboured Muslin, durable and cheep, from \$2.50 a pair and upwards.

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Rosewood and Gilt, Plain Gilt, Walnut and Gilt Cornices, with or without centres. Curtain Bands, Pins and Loops. Cornices cut and made to fit windows and put up.

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Store Window Shades any color and any size.
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New and beautiful Rugs.
Door Mats, from 50c, up to the best English Cocca,
nat wear three years.
100 sets Table Mats, assorted.

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New Matting, Plain and Fancy, in all the differen widths made.

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3,000 Rolls Wall Papers and Borders in new pat-terns, in gold, panels, hall, oaks, marbles, chintzes, &c., in every variety of colors—beautiful, good and cheap. Paper hung if desired. HAIR CLOTHS

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Plain and Striped French Terrys for Curtains and phoistering purposes, Gimps, Fringe, Tassels, Loops and Buttons. Moreons and Table Damasks. Curtains and Lambraquins made and put up.

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## New patterns in any size or width wanted. To all of which we ask your attention. All work one well and in season, by James G. Bailie & Brothers,

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Wheelwrights & Carpenters.

Carts, Wagons and Carriages repaired in the best manner at low prices.

All kinds of jobbing promptly attended to.

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# Dr. Goethe offers his professional services to the public. He may be found at his residence,

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CHARLESTON, S. C. meh25-1y E. H. JACKSON

Redeem Your Lands.

The Acts of Congress and the Regulations of the Treasury Department in regard to the Redemption of Lands now in the possession of the United States by reason of the Direct Tax Commissioners sales can Corner Bay and Ninth Streets. by reason of the Direct Tax Commissioners sales can be had at this office. Price ten cents. By mail fiffeb13-1v

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Yellow Pine Timber and Lumber

CYPRESS SHINGLES, ALSO,

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Plaster Lathes, ALL KINDS OF JOB SAWING

Promptly Done. Flooring and Ceiling Boards Always on Hand.

Orders for Lumber and Timber by the cargo promptly filled. Terms Cash.

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Will give his personal attention to the repairing of WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY. Ornamental and plain Engraving done at short notice.

Gentlemen having fine Watches can test them at this establishment by one of HOWARD & CO.'S \$500 REGULATORS.

Having added to my stock one of J. BLISS & CO.'S fine Transit Instruments, I am now prepared to furnish Beaufort time to the fraction of a second.

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# A. MARK,

BOOTMAKER, Bay Street, Beaufort, S. C.

# Having opened a shop upon Ray Street, I am pre-pared to do first-class work, nich20-1y A. MARK. PURE WATER ascended

# Guaranteed by the use of the

AMERICAN DRIVEN WELL,

Now being put down in this County. They are

Cheap and Durable, And give universal satisfaction. Pure Water can be introduced into any house by the AMERICAN DRIVEN WELL in a few hours. Apply to

M. L. MAINE, Sea Island Hotel, or to E. G. NICHOLS, Permanent Agent.

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HARDWARE, Liquors, Segars and Tobacco, Net Yarns, Fish Lines & Cordage,

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The Savannah Independent, A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

of only ONE DOLLAR A YEAR:

## INDEPENDENT,

W. G. CAPERS,

## Upholsterer and Repairer.

# I'm Nearer Home To-day.

"One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er. I'm nearer home to-day, Than I ever was before.

- "Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be. Nearer the great White Throne, Nearer the crystal sea.
- "Nearer the bounds of life Where we lay our burden down, Nearer leaving the cross,
- Nearer wearing the crown. "But lying dark between, Winding down through the night, Is the dark and shadowy stream
- That bursts at last into light. "Father, perfect my love, Strengthen the might of my faith, Let me feel as I would when I stand On the rock of the shore of death.
- "Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping down on the brink, For it may be I'm nearer home, Nearer than I think." -PHORBE CARY.

#### THE GOLD FIEND.

Some twenty years before the Declaration of Independence had been written, there lived on the very summit of the Orange Mountain, in New Hampshire, a most violent, ill-tempered man. Kraus was his name-Farmer Kraus he was called, for he owned many a goodly acre on the meadow side, and he was me ?" famous all over that country of forests for his skill in clearing the thick undergrowth and fine old trees that had lived in undisturbed solitude probably many

His house, poorly built of rude logs, stood on a bold rock that overhung the road, and on each side stretched dark and gloomy forests of magnificent trees. Far away in the blue distance rose hill upon hill, undulating like the big waves of a mighty sea. Here and there the sparkling waters of a little lake met the eye, but it was all cold, cheerless and desolate, for King Winter had set his icy hand upon the face of the earth and the noble pines and hemlocks and spruces were clad in their virgin garb of white. Yes, it was cold and cheerless, but grand and striking. Our Farmer Kraus, however, did not enter into the poetical nature of the scene as he gazed from his door-step over the magnificent prospect before him. He stood with his arms crossed, hugging the muzzle of a long fowling-piece to

his breast, and he muttered between his set teeth-"Yes, yes, we shall see-all these goodly acres will be mine-mine, but I must work carefully, cautiously. He, the fool, refuse me his sister—hush! Let him look to himself, for I will mur

"Ah! ah! ah!" Kraus started in terror.

"Ah! ah! Ah! ah! ah! Kraus for ever! Ah! ah! ah!"

The farmer reeled, for he was faint with terror. Big drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, his knees trembled beneath him; never in all his experience had he heard anything half so awful. He listened in anguish, expecting every moment a dreadful death, but the gloomy forest presented its former vista of dusky darkness, and

the hush of silence overspread the Kraus rose. He had dropped on his knees in his fright. He kicked the door of the hut open, and lit the pine wood gathered on the hearth. Then he

took a burning brand from the fire, lit his pipe, and cursed again. "Bah," he said, as the black smoke

ascended in spiral wreaths to the rafters. "Bah, it was my imagination, or the wind whistling through the trees.

Kraus jumped to his feet. Again, and yet again came the curdling yell, breaking distinctly on the "Ah! ah! ah! Kraus! Kraus! noble Kraus! Ah! ah! ah!"

This was too much for the farmer. He rushed to the door, barricaded it with heavy logs, and then returned to the fire, near which he spent the night in the grestest agony of mind.

But Kraus soon forgot all about the mountain spirits, and went on as usual with his busy, bad schemes for acquir-ing property wrongfully.

Far down in the Orange valley, near the spot where the little town of Canaan now stands, lived Robert Montgomery, a hearty, well-to-do Scotch-man. Kraus hated this man with all

the bitterness of a malignant heart, for Montgomery was an upright, God-fearing farmer, and had always stood up against the wrong-doings of his mountain neighbor.

Robert had an only sister—Clara—celebrated in all the country round for her gentleness of demeanor and striking beauty. She had been sought in marriage by all the young men of those parts, but more particularly by Kraus, who had frequently met her in the

But her brother gave him distinctly to understand that his sister never would or could be his.

"Sooner," said he, "would I see her dead at my feet than the wife and companion of such a man."

Kraus said nothing, but he returned to his log hut, took down the fowlingpiece hanging over the chimney, examined the priming and put it back

"Not yet," he had said. Six months had passed away since that day, but Kraus still bore the insult Winter had now set in with a vengeance. Snow fell fast and thick for

days at a time; but the farmer went on

with his work—falling huge trees and drawing them out of the forest with oxen as if nothing had happened. One evening as Kraus sat by his lonely fire, smoking his pipe and gazing at the burning brands, he heard the

immediately after a loud knock broke upon his listening ear. The farmer drew the bolts quickly and flung the ought to be taken."

you pretty considerably lately. But where no harm was meant no offense out freely.

"Take this pen," said the king, "and door open, growling out his displeasure at being disturbed at such a time of the night. A little dapper man stood before him, warmly clad in furs, a thick beard spread out over his breast. He laughed gayly as he slipped into the

"Good-evening, neighbor," said he. "What do you want?" said Kraus,

gruffly.

"Nothing particular, my friend," said the little man, as he sat down on a log, "nothing particular," and he looked at the farmer roguishly.

Kraus felt uncomfortable.

"Then you had better clear out of here," he said. "Come, come, neighbor, the weather is not fit for a dog, let alone a man. Ah! ah! ah!" Kraus felt hot.

menacingly.
"Just a little chat with you on business," returned the little man, as he warmed the palms of his hands before the fire. "Sit down." The farmer sat down.

"You know the Devil's Peak?"

"What do you want?" he asked,

said the little man. Kraus nodded. " I live there !" Kraus nodded again, but feebly.
"I own all the land and forest round

the Peak." "Then you are—"
"Farmer Upton," said the little man.
"Ah!" said Kraus, with a sigh of elief. What is your business with relief.

"Gold !" repeated the other. Kraus' left eye twinkled with delight. "Good," said he.
"And plenty of it," returned the

little man. "Where ?" said Kraus. " On the Devil's Peak. "Then why don't you take it yourself ?"

"Because I haven't the courage, my friend. It requires a man of money, bold as a lion and true as steel. Such a man I know you to be. I want you to help me, and I will make you richer than any sovereign in the world." "I'm your man," said Kraus.

"Good," returned the other. will be dangerous. The treasure lies at the bottom of a subterranean passage, extending many hundred feet in the earth." "All right," said the farmer, "I

"Give me your word that you will come," said the little man.
"I swear it," said Kraus.
"Ah! ah!" laughed the little man.

"Noble Kraus! Kraus forever! Ah!

can do it.

ah ! ah !" There was something so demoniac in this terrible mirth that Kraus' thoughts reverted for an instant to his fright on the mountain, and he felt uncomfortable. The laughter was so much alike.

"I never heard of you before," said

"I dare say not," replied the little The confines of the dark forest glowed with a red supernatural light, and demoniac peals of laughter echoed across the mountains.

"Ablahlahlahlahlahl Kraus"

"I dare say not, replied the little man. "Very few people round here know me. But you will become better acquainted with me in a short time. I'm a very good fellow. I like people I'm a very good fellow. This people is the light with light with the light with the light with the light with the ligh to enjoy themselves. Ah! ah! ah!

The little man adjusted his furs and rose to depart.
"Stop," said Kraus. "When is it to be ?"

"To-morrow, at midnight."

"Where?" "On the Devil's Peak." "The summit?" "Yes! Take the road of the Witches' Hollow. Follow that till you come to Skeleton Marsh. Cross over and ascend the mountain till you strike Spirit Glen, and then whistle three times. When you hear an answer push boldly up to

the sun mit, where I shall be waiting for you. Good night." The little man opened the door and was gone.

Kraus peered out in the darkness, but all was solitude. The stranger had vanished as if by enchantment. Kraus re-entered the hut and meditated deeply. At last he was about to reach the haven of delight—the richest man in the world. The farmer scratched his head to assure himself that he was not dreaming. No, it was reality; but was the stranger's taletrue or false?

The sequel would show. Kraus never slept that night. He conjured up pictures of untold gold glittering in the subterranean caverns of the peak, mixed up with hosts of brilliant diamonds. He imagined the beautiful Clara "ready and willing to take him as her lord and master-Farmer Kraus no longer, but Prince Kraus -his heated imagination having alpowerful what could he not become? So he passed the night until the gray of morning proclaimed the dawn of an-

other day.

But Kraus could not work. He took his fowling-piece down from its resting place and wandered out through the mountain passes into the valley beneath. It was a lovely morning, cold and frosty; the kindly sun sending his benignant rays in glorious brilliancy over the mountain top. Even the birds seemed to catch and inhale the thrilling feeling that impregnated the atmosphere. Kraus, however, took no notice of the sun, or the birds, or the landmountain passes and who really loved scape; he was still thinking of his gold -of the wealth that would accrue to him, and of the beautiful Clara. Suddenly he started back. Right in his path stood Robert Montgomery.
"Good morning, neighbor," shouted

the young man.
"Good morning," said Kraus.
"Out so early to breathe the pure air and hear the birds sing ?" said Robert. "Bah!" returned Kraus, "what do I care about the morning or the birds ?"

"Better for you, friend. It would make you a happier man." "Bah !" said Krauss again, "I have something better to think about. "Well, every one to their occupation and tastes. Out shooting, I see "No, I took the gun with me unawares. I might, however, find some

lit malignantly on Montgomery. The young farmer laughed. "I've no doubt you'd like to have a pattering of feet outside the hut, and shot at me, neighbor. Iknow I've riled of the demons inserted the point of a proved of.

ought to be taken."
"I suppose you have not reconsidered my proposal?" said Kraus. "Look ye here, neighbor, that sub-ject must be dead between us. What I said then I shall stick to now; Clara never can be your wife. You are not

parchment.

sullenly.

straight.

Kraus obeyed.

Kraus closed them.

"Now open them.'

"Is that all?" he said.

"No," said the fiend. & "Come here.

Peak, with the little man by his side.
"Where's the gold?" said Kraus.

you like when you want them."

Kraus shouldered a bag.

"Hold," said the flend, "you haven't

finished your night's work yet."

making his way over the rocks."

"All right," replied Kraus.

" Are you ready?"

Kraus bent on one knee, and aimed

the man for her." "Perhaps I am not rich enough?"
"No, not that. You know it. If you possessed all the money in the world my answer would be the same, and hers

"Well," said Kraus, "you will repent of this some day." "Not I," said Montgomery. "How-ever, don't let an ill-feeling take possession of you. I don't mean offense."
"But I take it," replied Kraus, "and
let me tell you, friend, that Clara shall be mine, and that, too, at no very distant date."

"Beware," said Montgomery, "what you say."
"Bah," said Kraus. "The girl herself would accept at once if left to her own inclinations. However, you go your way and I'll go mine, and let the sequel show." And so Kraus shouldered his gun, and left the farmer to resume his morn-

ing's ramble. The crafty backwoodsman prepared himself early that night for his perilous undertaking. He filled his belt with pistols, and throwing a fur cloak over his shoulders, grasped his rifle, and was

soon far on the way to Devil's Peak.
It was a dark, cloudy night, but the farmer knew every inch of the way, and by half-past eleven had passed Witches'

Hollow and reached Skeleton Marsh. He now felt his way cautiously up the deep ravines and gullies that crossed the mountain side. On he toiled, breathing hard with fatigue, till at length surmounting an immense bar-rier of rocks that obstructed his path, he stood within the glade known as Spirit Glen. Just then the moon peeped from beneath a cloud and revealed the spectral appearances of the place. Tall trees, all blasted by the lightning, stood along the pleasant intervals, like immense giants covered with snow, and over these shone the cold silveny rays of the orb of night. cold silvery rays of the orb of night. Kraus never stopped to shiver. He

whistled shrilly three separate times. High up on the mountain side he heard the answer.
"Ah! ah! ah! Kraus forever. Ah! ah! ah!" came the demon laughter.

The farmer's blood curdled; but it was too late to recede. Up he went, springing like a goat from rock to rock, catching at stumps and trees as he passed, for support.

The little man was standing on the

"Good evening, Kraus." "Good evening, sir." "Are you ready?" "Yes."
"Then come along this way." And to the farmer's astonishment the little

man disappeared down a ravine that Kraus had never noticed before. The backwoodsman followed. "Where does this lead to?" he ventured to remark.

man, as he skipped into a cave that suddenly appeared before them. "You shall soon see; follow me." Down they went in the darkness—down, down. A heavy, damp smell seemed to pervade the atmosphere, but the ground was hard, and Kraus by extending his arms could feel the solid. rocky walls of the passage as he walked along. They might have wandered in this purblind way over a mile when the little man suddenly stepped back and

grasped Kraus by the hand. 'Are you timid?" said he.

"Good. Quite ready for business?" "Yes." "Then listen." Immediately the crashing of thunder was heard, heavy reports like the roar of cannon filled the air, and the whole place was suddenly inundated by so dazzling a light that the farmer was

half blinded for some time.

When he recovered his self-possession he found himself in a spacious hall by the side of the little man. The floor was covered with gold and diamonds, and brilliant lights streamed from porcelain vases across the apartment. The scene was so dazzling and splendid that the farmer's heart beat within him. He was about to rush forward to seize upon the glittering treasures when the little

man caught him by the arm.
"Patience," he said. "Look." Kraus shuddered. Before him stood, as if by enchantment, hundreds of demons, their fiery eyes glowing with so ready assumed a noble title. Rich and baleful a light that Kraus was almost overpowered with fear. He looked for the little man, but a throne now occupied the place where he stood, and on a golden chair was seated a terrible

monster of gigantic propositions. "Ah! ah! ah! laughed the giant. "Are you frightened, Kraus?" "No," said the farmer sturdily. "Who are you?" "I am the Gold Fiend of the Devil's

Peak and this is my court." He stretch-

ed his long fingers toward the assem-

bled demons. "And a pretty shabby-looking court it is," returned Kraus, nothing daunted.
"What did you bring me here for?" "Ah! ah! ah!" laughed the imps.

"For your own good," said the king.
"That remains to be proved, returned Kraus." "Vou see that gold ?" said the flend.

"Do you want it ?" .

"Agreed," said Kraus.

"Yes."

"Certainly."

"Well, you shall have it, but on tain conditions." "What are they?" "First and foremost, you must sign a compact with me; in short, you must sell me your soul. And in the second place you must shoot Robert Montgomery on the Devil's Peak this very night."

"Ah! ah! ah!" laughed the imps. "Kraus forever, Kraus forever. Ah! ah ! ah !" game worth shooting," and Kraus' eye

"Fire!" said the fiend."
A blaze of light flashed from the deadly rifle, and Montgomery toppled back over the ravine. With a cry of agony Kraus sprang to his feet. It was daylight. He was all

alone in his log hut on the Orange Mountain. No little man, no Montgomery, no demons. "I must have been dreaming," said the farmer. "Heavens! what a terrible dream, so like the reality. Can it be possible that I have fancied all this?"

Kraus looked around. There was

the expiring fire, flickering mournfully on the hearth, his rifle in its usual

place in the corner, and his fewling-

piece hanging over the chimney. Then came a succession of furious knocks at the door. Kraus grasped his rifle. "It must be the Gold Fiend," said

He opened the door, nevertheless, and there before him, hale and hearty, stood Robert Montgomery. "Why neighbor, what on earth is the matter with you? I've been knocking away at your old door for the last half hour, and the deuce an answer could I

Kraus grasped the young man by the "Come in, Robert," he said, "come in. God be praised that you are alive

"Hullo," said the other, "what's in the wind now?" "I will tell you," said Kraus. And then he poured into his listener's

ears the whole subject of his night's

emotion. Montgomery clasped him by the hand. "Kraus." he said, "you are a better "Never you m'nd," said the little man than I thought. Instead of regret- from a native. ting the reality of your nightmare, you

> a dream." "Yes," said Kraus, "and please God I will lead a better life henceforth."
> "And you shall have Clara," said the wound, which had never healed, and young farmer. And so it was. Four months after that eventful night Kraus led to the

One of Beau Hickman's Tricks. Beau once made a raid on the Baltimore restaurants. He determined to dine well that day, or know the reason why. He walked into Guy's restaurant and

asked for the proprietor. "Sir," said he, "I want the best dinner you can give me."

"All right, sir," said Mr. Guy; walk in here," showing him into a neat little private room. The Beau ate and drank of the best, and, just after he had finished his cup of cafe noir, and had lit his cabanas, a servant entered with a folded paper

on a silver waiter, which he gravely

handed to the Beau.

the proprietor to come here.

prietor.

the best dinner you could give me."

"Well, Beau, you have rung in on me and get the better of me fairly.

other side of the way."

The next day the Beau fared sumptuously at the St. Clair, and the secne was reenacted. The bill was presented, and the proprietor wound up with, Beau, I'll give you \$50 if you will

play this off on Guy."
"My dear, sir," said the Beau, "why didn't I call here first. Guy has paid me \$25 to play it on you."

KING.—Take any quantity of onions, bruise them, put all into a retort, and "Bare your arm," said the fiend.

Kraus turned up his sleeve while one of the demons inserted the point of a proved of.

This is an excellent remedy in the shipped to the Smithson-in Institute, and the remainder are intended for the Purdue Agricultural College. the bottom of the lamp, and it will give of igneous action. A box of these frag-

A convict in the New Jersey State Prison cut his thumb off to avoid worksign your name here."

Kraus took the implement as desired,

Barnum proposes to get up a fifty thousand dollar balloon experiment and wrote his name in full on the

across the Atlantic. The working population of the United States is estimated at 13,000,000—one-

"Put your hand on mine. Shut your third of the population. A mass of copper was recently taken from the Cliff mines, Lake Superior

which weighed thirty tons. The farmer was astonished. He was standing on the summit of the Devil's The Chicago Journal estimates that there are 50,000 people in that city who are living beyond their incomes. It is said that the Louisville author-"There," replied the little man, as ities find it a more speedy cure to send he kicked several bags filled with the precious metal, "and as many more as married drunkards home instead of to

the lock-up. The whole number of horses in the United States is estimated at nearly 9,000,000; representing the value of \$700,000,000 or \$800,000,000.

The farmer let the bag slide to the ground and examined the priming of A wag, in what he knows about farming, gives a plan to remove widows' weeds. He says a good-looking man has only to say, "Wilt thou?" and they his rifle.
"When will he come?" he asked, "Right away. Look. There he is, wilt.

Sweden has hitherto mainly depended on England for coal, but henceforth she is likely to derive sufficient for her at the advancing man.
"Keep cool," said the fiend. "Aim needs from her own mines, which are in process of development. The charges of bribery against the

Wardens of Newgate, in connection with the plot for the escape of the Bank of England forgers, have been proven unfounded. The walls of a building in the town of Stonehouse, Devonshire, England, which had been recently burned, fell

down, killing eight persons and injur-ing several others. It is a somewhat singular fact that most of the papers called *Democrat* hold Republican principles, and those called *Republican* hold Democratic or Conservative principles. The value of the iron exported from England during the last seven months, was 22 per cent. greater than that sent abroad in the same period last year, but the quantity was about 10 per cent.

less. Some London milk-dealers have been recently summoned before a magistrate for adding water to milk. Each was fined £5 and costs. Several New York dealers have also been fined \$50 for the same thing.

Bavaria, according to the Vaterland of Munich, lost more neavily by far than any of the German States in the late war. Where Prussia, called the "Sword of Germany," lost fourteen, Bavaria suffered the loss of nineteen. A number of Italian emigrants are working on the Ware River Railroad in Massachusetts. It is impossible to write their names so as to distinguish

one from another, so they go about

with leather numbered checks on their

The true Sir Roger Tichborne is now

necks.

reported by a sea captain, in a letter to the Valparaiso Mail, to be chief among the natives of Byron's Island, in the South Pacific. He is tattooed from head to heel and hardly to be known There is a schoolmaster in Waterloo. Iowa, who has been carrying a bullet in rejoice in its being nothing better than

his brain, put there by a school-girl,

the physicians extracted it. Two Indians of the Peavine tribe of root diggers recently murdered a girl.
About a week ago they were seized by village church his beautiful young bride, and in after years, when he had grown gray and old, he often looked back with the tribe and one was lashed to a sycamore tree and cut in twain at the waist

thanksgiving and delight to his wonderful dream on the Orange Mountain. with a dull hand saw. The other was tied to a scrub oak and stabbed to death. The toll for carrying wheat from different points in Minnesota to Milwau-kee or Chicago has been raised from twenty-one to twenty-four cents a bushel, and the farmers are grumbling, as if three cents was an object to them. The total exaction from the farmers of Minnesata by this increase will amount

# to \$750,000.

Journal, as follows:

An Indian Aerolite. A very curious visitor from unknown regions is described by a farmer of Tippecanoe county in the Lafayette (Ind.)

"Mention was made a short time since

of the fall of a wonderful aerolite, in the

lower part of this county. We met Mr. Harter, who discovered it upon his farm, near Romney. The fragments in "What is this?" inquired the Beau.
"De bill, sah," said the waiter.
"Bill; I don't want any bill. Ask a thousand pounds in weight, and some features are presented which will be of The proprietor appeared, bowing and smiling; he hoped there was nothing wrong, and that his guest had liked his struck the earth as compact bodies. dinner.

"I liked the dinner well enough, and the wine," said Beau Hickman, "but I want to know what this means."

"I liked the dinner well enough, and the vast descending globe came hurling to the bill of " and the vast descending globe came hurling to the bill of " and the vast descending globe came hurling the vast descending "That's the bill, sir." said the pro- through the air in one glowing, molton mass, and that at the moment of its im-"Well, I never pay any bills. I am pingement it was in a liquid state. The Beau Hickman. I don't pay anybody. Besides, you have no right to charge me for this dinner. I asked you for It is further evident that the globe was hollow, from the smoothness of the concave parts. The outside presents the appearance of a soft body that has struck upon solid particles, as the inme and get the better of me larry.

Now I'll not only forgive you for this trick, but I'll give you \$25 if you will play this trick on the St. Clair, on the play this trick of the way."

struck upon solid particles, as the indentation of grass blades, straws and sticks are plainly discernible. One of the fragments had fallen on a large that the fragments had fallen on a large stick of wood, and conforms to it exactly. The very texture of the wood can be seen. Further than they fell around the spot where the main bodies were found numerous little balls of the same material varying from a shot to an or-dinary sized marble. They were per-fect spheres, and can be accounted for upon no other hypothesis than that the rapid revolution of the liquid mass in its descent threw off these particles by To PREVENT OIL LAMPS FROM SMo-centrifugal force. Parts of the mate-ing.—Take any quantity of onions, without the least effect being produced, distil; pour a little of this liquor into and they show unquestionable evidence