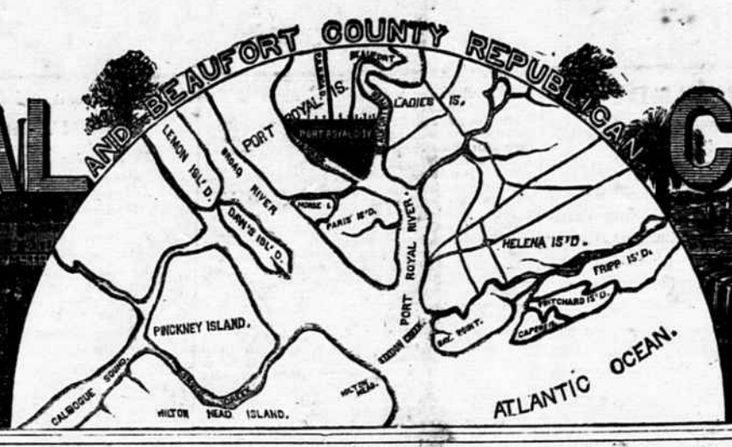
PORT ROYAL AND BEAUFORT COUNTY REPUBLICAN COMMERCIAL



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Over the Wall.

She is my neighbor, and over the wall,
As I sit silently sipping my wine,
Often at evening I hear her call
Her little King Charles, the same name as mine.

Under the wall, both hers and mine,
Whisp'ring, I answered, "I'm here, love, here!"
Kissing the branches whose tendrils twine
Over the wall to touch my dear.

Only a voice—but with such a tone!
Only a dog that she bids to her feet.
Only a fool, that is list'ning alone—
List'ning alone in his retreat.

A MOTHER OF GOVERNORS.

The settlement of this continent by Europeans brought out phases of life which never occurred before, and can hardly exist again. Many a pleasing romance has sunk from our view in the waters of oblivion; only here and there, like Ararats above the flood, brief passages, startling in their suggestiveness, are still occasionally to be lighted upon by the brooding doves of the imagination. In this simple sketch I propose to relate some passages in the life of a personage who played an important part in our early history. Whatever of that life is covered I shall not pretend to reveal; but the imaginative reader has full liberty to reconstruct from the facts here made known what must have been a remarkable career.

It was in 1723 that a ship laden with merchandise, and bearing also a goodly number of emigrants, left Cork, in Ireland, for the shores of New England. Though a continent was to be settled, emigrants were not so numerous as at present; yet, among those who came, Ireland, then as now, furnished its proportionate share; and in general they were a class equal to the best who have sought our shores from the Green Isle in later years.

Wandering lonely among the gossiping groups on deck was a man of superior appearance to the others, both in manner and figure. He held no conversation with any, further than brief but courteous replies to some question or remark concerning the voyage, the rare sight of a sea-bird in mid-ocean, or the wide, the vast, the awe-inspiring sea itself, beating unceasingly yeasty waves along the curving bows of the sturdy vessel. His dress, his carriage, his preoccupied look, forbade familiarity, while his entire unacquaintance with the other passengers indicated that the voyage had been undertaken for some pressing purpose and in much sorrow. It will not be foreign to our subject if we delay the narrative a moment longer to relate his painful story.

He was a member of an ancient and worthy family of the Irish gentry, a native of Limerick, whither he had been recalled from his studies on the continent a few years before. Left alone by her other sons, who had joined the armies in one country or another, his widowed mother desired that John, who was more given to study and quiet than the others, should remain with her at home until, at least, the present commotion had passed. But children always will be doing something not approved by the parent; so John, not to be an exception, fell in love with a young woman somewhat below his rank, and, honorable man, as he was, desired to marry her. His mother was so bitterly opposed to the match that she not only refused her consent, but declared that if he married the girl he should never have any portion of the estate. This threat, if persisted in, would effectually prevent the marriage, as the girl's relations would not consent to her union with a penniless man. Neither were the lovers able of themselves to commence life without the aid of their families; for he had not been trained to any profession or occupation, and he knew not how he could make even his own living. "Mother," replied he, with passion, "if you do not withdraw that threat and consent to my marriage with the lady of my choice, I will go where you shall never see me again."

His mother persisted in her purpose. Pale and trembling, he besought her to take till to-morrow to consider. The next day the cruel woman repeated the threat.

At the evening meal John was missing; in the morning his bed was found to have been unoccupied; and from that day his native country saw him no more.

Instead, however, of seeking surcease of sorrow in the world of spirits by an easy leap into the friendly waves of the Shannon, as others might have done, he projected himself upon the unknown regions in the present state of being; thereby showing that there was an unextinguished spark of health within him still.

With heavy sorrow at heart, it is not strange that he sat apart, wrapped in silent gloom, or paced the deck unregardful of the babble of the light hearted emigrants. Self-expatriated, without hope or interest in the future, and in the recent past a great pain which smothered all pleasant recollections, there could be nothing in common between him and the moving forms who stared at him askance, save the usual matters of physical sustenance and comfort; and even in these the conditions of his life had caused a wide difference of feeling. One person alone attracted his frequent attention, as her bright blue eye caught his own, or his ear was arrested by her cooing and prattling to the several babies on board, her musical snatches of song, or her sweetly plaintive voice, when the loneliness of her situation, and the recollection of friends she had left behind, seized upon her thoughts.

John had watched her with some interest, partly, perhaps, for her beauty, but chiefly for her peculiar relation or, rather, un-relation, to any on board. Seeming at first, like himself, a stranger to the others, she was soon mingling freely and familiarly with every family in the ship; yet he was unable, watching with increased interest, to discover any relation or connection whatever, other than the most casual, between the girl and any family or individual in the vessel. She, also, marked his loneliness, and seemed to be affected by his evident sorrow; and one day she boldly put herself in his way with some trifling question. Yet her demeanor was modest and in her eye, of the hue of the sky where it meets with the sea flashed forth no unholy gleam. Brown, hair, a clear complexion, with especially rosy cheeks, and a graceful figure, made this girl of nine years more attractive to the beauty-loving eye than any other on board—though presenting the attractions of more developed forms and conscious womanly feeling. A brief conversation showed that the girl was without a relation or friend on board.

Surprised at this fact the young man inquired, half-earnest, half in sport:

"What can you expect to do by going over to America?"

"Do? why, raise governors for them," was the instant, laughing answer.

What could have induced the girl to have left home and friends with no better defined purpose than indicated by this reply was a mystery. She did not have the enthusiasm for the new country needful to set even an adventurous boy upon so wild an enterprise as crossing the thousands of miles of sea, to reach a cold climate and an uncultured shore. Subsequent years, however, furnished a possible explanation of the mystery. During the remainder of the voyage there was a growing intimacy between the young man and the light-hearted girl, whose beauty attracted, and wit amused him, winning his mind from brooding so darkly over his woes. The vessel, from design or stress of weather, made port at York, in Maine. Here other strange facts were developed. The girl—whose name was Margaret Brown—had no means to pay for her passage, and it was necessary that some one should pay for her, or she would have to be indentured—sold to service for a sufficient time to reimburse the person who should advance the passage money. This was according to a law existing and needful in those times; and through most of our colonial period there were many, both of black and white, held in temporary bondage. It was, of course, to be expected that the young gentleman who had been so much entertained by the girl during the passage should wish to relieve her in this difficulty, and there was none else able or disposed to render such aid. But the young man was no better off than the girl, both were penniless. Both were therefore indentured to service to reimburse Mr. Nowell, the master of the vessel; the young man John being, if we may trust tradition—bound out to the town of Hampton, in New Hampshire, to teach school.

Finding this situation unprofitable or unpleasant, he applied to Rev. Samuel Moody, of York, for aid, in a letter written, tradition says, in seven different languages. Why, he might have taken a professorship at Harvard College, only for this reason: he had been brought up a Roman Catholic. In reply he received from Mr. Moody a loan sufficient to set him free from the remainder of his indenture, and enable him to open a school at Berwick.

Not long after he redeemed Margaret from service; and he seems from this time to have adopted the girl as his child. The proceeding was not considered at all improper, as she was now only ten, while he was thirty-two years of age.

For eleven years this relation was continued, Margery living in the house of her foster-father, while he strove to kindle in her mind the love of learning, but without any great success. He must have had a stormy time of it, for Margery was early and long distinguished for her "ebullitions of temper."

Thus their lives went on, until a nicely dressed young gentleman, passing by, near the house, observed the young lady drawing water from the school-master's well. Admiring her beauty, he stopped and engaged her in conversation; and such a passion was at once developed in his breast that he then and there proposed marriage. Probably she referred him to her foster-father; for the young man immediately proceeded to interview the school-master about a wedding in the family. Very likely the young lady had flirted mischievously with the young gallant—a performance to which we may believe her fully equal—from this description of her from an authentic source: "She was somewhat below the middle height, remarkable in her younger days for beauty and vanity, at all periods of her life for talents and energy." Yet it was very proper for her to be thinking about the selection of a beau, for she was now twenty-one years old.

School-master John, after hearing the plea of Margery's suitor, sought his foster-daughter in the kitchen. I am inclined to the belief that she made some strangely exhilarating confession to the pedagogue; for he went back to the waiting gallant in high spirits, and showed the over-hasty lover out of the door with an intimation that further prosecution of his suit would be suitably resented.

Yet there was really a wedding in that house shortly after, to which the handsome Margery and the young pedagogue were the chief parties.

"Young pedagogue!" exclaims the reader, with emphasis.

Aye, young, I reply; for John Sullivan lived over sixty-one years after this happy event. Here is a description of his appearance at a much later date:

"A tall, slender but athletic man, six feet in height, with dark hair, black eyes, and a florid complexion, very erect, and well proportioned."

He lived in possession of his faculties and his physical strength to a remarkable degree, till he had reached his hundred and fifth year. It is recorded that he spoke and wrote both Latin and French fluently when even a hundred, and this Irishman never drank spirituous liquors. Was not School-master Sullivan a husband worth having?

All their children were of more than usual ability; one of them being Gen. John Sullivan, of Revolutionary fame, and afterwards Governor of New Hampshire; and another, James Sullivan, the able lawyer of Woolwich, and, later, of Biddeford, who was twice elected Governor of Massachusetts, then including Maine, having previously occupied several other honorable positions.

So little Irish Margery was, all unknown to herself, a real prophetess when on the sea, she uttered these strange words to a man in the prime of life—whose worldly prospects seemed to himself to be utterly destroyed.

But, dear reader, I know no more why she left her home and set forth alone to a new and far away land than these facts reveal.

Fixing the Fire.

"Woggles, my dear, would you attend to the fire?" The voice is low and sweet, but there is no reply. "Woggles, the fire is very low!" Voice not quite so sweet; still silence reigns. "See here, Woggles, if you don't attend to that fire it will be out!" Great firmness and rising inflection of the voice. Woggles rises, too, lays down his book with the calmness of despair, and goes out for a chunk. Selecting one with a view to being let alone the rest of the evening, he returns to the sitting-room, and, with the rocking-chair tidy, removes the cover of the stove, calmly ignoring the remark from Mrs. Woggles that he "might know that that stick is too big!" Carefully balancing it on the top of the stove, he bends forward and peers down into the fiery depths, mentally calculating to put it in big end first; but, as the smoke ascends, he forgets the balance and misses his calculations, for the stick plunges in small end first. Mrs. Woggles was sitting behind him, and, of course, he wouldn't look around, but he saw her face in the mirror over the mantle, and that smile nerved his arm. First he tried to get it down so the cover would go on. He pounded and shook to make it drop, but the more he pounded the less inclined it seemed to move. He tugged and wrestled to turn it, but when he paused to cough and rub his streaming eyes there was no perceptible difference in its position. Another seraphic smile beamed on him from the mirror, and then began the struggle to get it out. Grasping it about midway on both sides Mr. Woggles raised himself on tip-toe and pulled, but soon concluded that the force must be applied underneath. Now the chunk was suspended several inches above the bed of the coals, and Woggles saw at once that there was room for his hand, which he inserted, intending with one good tug to unsettle the obstinate thing; but he didn't, and as he rubbed the leg of his pants with the smarting member he audibly wondered "who'd have thought it was so infernal hot?" "Any one but a born idiot," sweetly answered Mrs. Woggles, and the mirror reflected another smile. Then that "born idiot" put on his overcoat and banged the front door.

A Strange Case.

The Waite-Waller polygamy case is certainly the most singular that ever that ever came before the courts of Maine. Mr. Waller, Mrs. Holden, his sister, Mr. West, a brother-in-law of Waller, and Waller's sister, Elizabeth, identified Mrs. Waite positively as old Waller's wife. His daughter Carrie, eleven years old, and son John, seven years old, testified that she was their mother. John H. Stiles, of Pictou, also identified her, and several witnesses swore to her identity, and photographs of her children were produced and proved to have been in her possession. The indictment in the case charges that Catharine Waller, alias Carrie M. Kent, alias Carrie M. Waite, on the 29th of May, 1862, married John Waller, at Pictou, Nova Scotia, and on the 24th of April, 1873, while her husband Waller was still living, no divorce having been granted to either party, and no separation of seven years having occurred, she was married in Portland to Edward F. Waite, feloniously, knowingly and unlawfully committing the crime of polygamy. The defendant is about thirty years old, of slight figure and attractive appearance. She denies ever having seen Waller, who claims to be her husband. Also ever having known the five children who appeared as witnesses. During the entire trial Mrs. Waller-Waite has maintained the most perfect composure. The evidence is overwhelmingly against her, and if she is guilty, her acting is wonderful. Her last husband (Waite) still believes her innocent.

How Herrings Feed.

Herrings, as is well known, swim about in immense shoals, miles in length and breadth, coming to and from particular stretches of sea, in what seems a rather capricious manner. There have been several theories respecting these migratory habits. One thing appears to be certain: they obey the instinct which leads them to favorite spots for feeding, and also for spawning. That instinct, however, is universal in fish. They do not go where there is a deficiency in their appropriate food. The Mediterranean, for example, has no fish worth speaking of, except the sardine. The reason is, that there being no recession of tides, and consequently no seaweeds to encourage the growth of crustacea, as food for fishes, the water contains comparatively little animal life. The food of the herring is believed to consist chiefly of minute crustaceans and floating infusoria, but small fishes are also devoured. The quality of the herring is very various, and is evidently dependent on the nature of the feeding-ground.

ROBBERY OF A FARM-HOUSE.—A bold and successful robbery was perpetrated at the house of Andrew Murray, an aged farmer, living in the town of Gailderland, N. Y., about eight miles from Albany, by four masked men, who bound Mr. Murray and his sister, the only occupants of the house, with cords, and then robbed the house. They stole a pair of valuable horses, which they harnessed to a sleigh, and then made good their escape.

A Bear Story With a Moral.

A man killed a bear and brought the meat to town to sell. I asked him if it was good to eat. He said, certainly it was, and cheap as dirt at twenty-five cents per pound. I asked him why bear meat should be any higher than any other meat. He told me bear meat had a peculiar effect on the human system; that those eating it would partake for a time, not only of the meat, but of the nature of the animal; that bears were great fellows to hug; that if I was a married man I should buy some for my wife and get her to eat it for supper, and she would undoubtely hug me.

Now my wife isn't an angel, so I bought four pounds and paid that man a dollar—my last dollar, and he folded it up, rolled a paper around it and put it down in his pocket. Then he slapped his pocket to see if it was there. He then went on to say that sometimes when the bile wasn't right the meat had the contrary effect, and made the woman growl; and sometimes in place of wanting to hug her husband she would want to hug the man that killed the bear. I told him that I didn't like bear meat, and never did; that I felt sick; that I owed a man the dollar and he would sue me if I did not pay him right off. But he told me he had just paid his internal revenue tax and hadn't a cent in the world. I thought then, and still think, that he must have told a lie. In fact, after thinking over the matter, I would not believe him under oath. Now, I am a poor man, and could not afford to throw the meat away, and so I took it home, and Mary Ann (that's my wife's name) cooked it, and we ate it for supper. It tasted good. I think bears and 'possums are made out of the same timber, only put up on different plans and specifications.

After supper we sat down by the stove. Mary Ann went to sewing, and I sat looking at her. Directly my bear meat began to take effect, and I felt like I wanted to hug Mary Ann. So I put my arm around her, and she told me to take it away, and wanted to know if I hadn't been drinking again, (I never drank a drop in my life). I hugged her a little and she growled. I knew then the jig was up, and the bear meat had gone back on me in her case, but I thought I would try it again. Her arm flew back and I saw a thousand stars. This riled me, my bear meat turned on me, and I slapped her square in the mouth. Well, I have confused remembrance of seeing her spring toward me, of hearing a frightful roaring in my head, and feeling a sensation as if I was being run through a threshing machine, and then all was blank.

I can see a little out of one eye this morning, and can set up in bed with a pillow behind me. Mary Ann has gone out to buy some chairs. The servant girl says they all got broken. I feel sore and bad, and I don't want any more bear meat in mine, and if ever I get hold of the man that sold it to me—well, you know how it is yourself.

A Horrible Scene.

The Sydney *Empire* publishes a narrative of a shocking occurrence which recently took place at Newcastle, New South Wales. Among other demonstrations, it says, to celebrate the abolition of the tonnage dues, there was a bonfire on Shepherd's Hill. The firemen, eager to make the affair as successful as possible, poured kerosene oil upon the burning heap, but for some time this had simply the effect of creating a momentary blaze, which would subside as soon as the kerosene was consumed. Lewis Wood, a member of the brigade, then mounted the heap, took the can in his hands, and commenced pouring the oil on the fire. He was warned by some of the danger herein, but took no heed of what was said. Presently, an awful explosion took place. A dull sound, like the booming of a distant cannon, was heard, and an immense volume of flames shot out among the crowd. When the shock was over, the unfortunate man Wood was seen rolling down the burning heap in a sheet of flame. The oil had apparently splashed over his clothes, and as he emerged from the heap he was a mass of fire. He struggled to his feet, and gained the open space, his cries of despair being terrible. The flames had got such a complete hold of his oil-saturated uniform that the work of putting them out was next to impossible, and he sank to the ground exhausted. Some of the firemen took off their coats, and tried to beat the flames off, but they still clung to their unhappy victim, and it was not until he had been wrapped up in several of the large coats of the firemen that the flames were subdued. His heavy uniform had protected the trunk of his body, and his helmet had also prevented the flames from reaching his head, but his face presented an awful sight to look at. He lingered, in indescribable agony, till Sunday afternoon, when death put an end to his sufferings.

Water for Children.

It is particularly with those who have been accustomed to water drinking, that it would show its good effects in after life. During the first nine months the infant is to be nourished by its mother's milk, which serves as food and drink; it is gradually accustomed to other sustenance during the period of weaning. After this is accomplished, however, the infant should have fresh water as well as milk.

By water drinking in childhood and youth, the foundation of a durable stomach is laid, and thus a healthy body throughout life. The nervous and blood systems are over-excited by spices, beer, wine, chocolate, coffee, etc., and thus a constant artificial state of fever is maintained, and the process is so much accelerated by it, that children fed in this manner do not attain, perhaps, half the age ordained by nature. Besides this, experience has taught that they generally become passionate and willful, having neither the will nor the power to make themselves or others happy.

The Whisky War.

Ohio Ladies Praying and Singing Down Rumsellers—Retaliations and Injunctions.

The women's whisky war shows no signs of abatement, says a Cincinnati correspondent. At Franklin, Warren county, the siege of the saloons is kept up without intermission. On commencing their work for last week the ladies directed nearly all their efforts against one saloon, kept by a Mr. Webber. Bravely did they stick to their post from early dawn to late at night, watching and praying in front of the saloon—he would not allow them inside—from Monday until Saturday evening. Webber was summoned on Saturday afternoon to appear before a justice to answer the charge of selling to minors. He asked his case to be postponed until Tuesday, and started out to get bail, but when he returned and found that another charge had been made against him, and that they were ready to follow that one with still others, he came to time and signed the pledge never to engage in the business again in the place. The committee then presented the pledge to a Mr. Spader, who also signed. After signing the pledge Webber opened his doors and invited the ladies in, and they had a general prayer and praise meeting. None seemed to enjoy it much more than he did, shaking hands with the women who had prayed so fervently for him during the week, and he seemed happy that he had taken the step at last. Only two saloons and one drug store remain which have not complied with the conditions of the pledge. These, of course, will receive all possible attention now.

At Hillsboro, Highland county, the eighty-three ladies who occupied the tabernacle in front of Dunn's drug store have removed their shanty and suspended operations, on account of having been served with an injunction from Judge Safford. The following is an extract from the injunction:

This is to command you and said above named defendants, each and all of you, from using for praying, singing, exhorting, or any other purpose, a certain plank and canvas structure or shanty erected on High street, in Hillsboro, or in front of the drug store of said W. H. H. Dunn. And it is further ordered that you, said defendants, are ordered to remove the said structure or shanty forthwith, and expand every part of the same, whether plank or canvas, and you are each and all hereby restrained and enjoined from re-erecting or replacing the said structure or any similar structure in said locality, or upon said street, to the annoyance of the said W. H. H. Dunn. And it is further ordered that you, the said defendants, each and all of you, are hereby enjoined and restrained from singing, praying, exhorting, or making a noise and disturbance in front of said drug store of said W. H. H. Dunn or on the sidewalk or on the steps thereof, or in the vicinity thereof, to his annoyance, or from trespassing in or upon his said premises, or in any manner interrupting his said business, and this you will in no wise omit, under the penalty of the law.

The injunction will soon be argued. Several prominent Cincinnati lawyers have offered their services to the ladies. The fight promises to be an extremely lively one.

In connection with this Mr. Dunn has entered suit against the ladies for trespass and defamation of character, laying his damages at $10,000. When the injunction is dissolved the ladies propose to continue their work of love in prayer and song.

In the meantime immense temperance meetings are being held in the churches. At London, Madison county, the temperance excitement is at fever heat. A petition to stop the liquor traffic in the town has received over 1,000 signatures. Crowded meetings, alternating between the churches, have been held every evening. The ladies have called on the druggists, and, without exception, they have signed the pledge and entered heartily upon the work. The dealers, of whom there are from twenty-five to thirty, have not yielded, though they are visited daily by from fifty to one hundred ladies.

The feeling is becoming more intense every hour. Yesterday morning it was resolved to close all the business houses for one hour, from nine A. M., until victory is secured. At the tap of the bell, banks, stores, and shops are closed, and the people assemble for prayer. The morning meetings are had at the Presbyterian and the evening meetings at the Methodist Episcopal church.

Strong symptoms of a crusade have broken out in Logan, Hocking county; also at Cedarville, Greene county. At the latter place saloonists have struck their colors in anticipation of the trouble, and will move away.

At Morrow, Warren county, at Jerold's saloon, they were received kindly by Jerold and his wife, who entertained them and thanked them for the call. Mrs. Jerold joined in urging her husband to sell out. Another saloon keeper called on was courteous, but says though he has banished strong liquors, he will continue to sell wine and beer.

At Waynesville, Warren county, the war for total suppression is actively maintained. Three lawsuits have been begun by wives under the law. One grocery keeper has sold out to a temperance man. The women had a prayer meeting in Raper's saloon. He received them moodily, but let them proceed without interruption.

Hostilities have commenced at Moscow, Clermont county. The first meeting was held, at which sixty ladies were enrolled. The first visit was made next day at 1½ o'clock A. M. Twenty-six ladies went to Winzel's saloon; he took each name at the door in writing. When the ladies got inside they discovered that red pepper had been put on the stove and scattered on the floor. Those who sang were obliged to go outside; but several remained in and prayed, while the proprietor danced and made irreverent remarks. His wife and daughter ordered the ladies away, but were met with pious expostulation. In the afternoon the praying band went to Arns' saloon. The greeting of the proprietor and his wife was polite, and both were moved to tears by the persuasive talk of the visitors. The saloonist, however, would make no promise.

At New Vienna, Clark county, the only saloonist holding out is Van Pelt; the guard over his house consists of eight or ten ladies, who are relieved every two hours. Van Pelt seems to enjoy their prolonged visits, and invites them warmly, and is treating them with every civility. This daily watching does not suit the customers, who object to having their names enrolled as frequenters. Van Pelt says he will not quit the business as long as he can raise money enough to buy a pint of rum, and the women say they will never raise the siege until they pray him out.

The Army and the Indians.

General Sherman was before the U. S. House Military Committee in relation to the army as connected with Indian affairs. He pointed out on the map a region of country in Texas, 200 miles in length by 100 in breadth, comprising half a dozen organized counties, which, when he passed through it two years ago, was entirely depopulated, the inhabitants having had to abandon their homes on account of the constant incursions made upon them by Indians. He said he had been led to believe that these Indians were Comanches, but it was pretty well understood now that they were Kiowas, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes who raided out from Fort Sill Reservation, 800 miles off, penetrating through the military posts and helping themselves to the horses and stock of their Texan friends, which they preferred doing rather than be at the trouble of raising them themselves. He gave a graphic account of his interview with the famous Kiowa chief Satanta, when he had Satanta, Santauk and Big Tree arrested, double ironed, and sent back to Texas to be tried for an attack upon a wagon train and the murder of twelve out of the seventeen teamsters that accompanied it, one of whose bodies was bound to a wagon wheel and burned. Santauk was killed in an attempt to escape, but the other two were tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. But the influence of the humanitarians had induced Governor Davis, of Texas, to commute the sentence of Satanta and Big Tree, and the same influences at Washington had finally restored them to freedom, and they are now on the reservation, ready to start out on more murderous raids. He reviewed the Modoc difficulties, and gave it as his opinion that General Canby had been a victim of the temporizing policy applied to the Indians. He favored the transfer of the Indians from the control of the Interior Department to that of the War Department, and expressed his conviction that the army was more kindly disposed to the Indians than the citizens generally were, and that if the country demanded extremely charitable treatment of the Indians it could be accomplished by and through the agency of the army better than by and through the agency of those persons who professed more charity than soldiers, but who did not practice it so much.

The Trichinæ Hogs.

Mrs. Threnart, one of the sufferers by the trichinæ in Aurora, Ind., by which half a dozen persons nearly lost their lives, had two pigs, which she was fattening in a pen in her garden for her own family use. During the summer these pigs were allowed to run in the streets for a short time, after which they were again kept in the pen. Within a few days after they were penned up, one of them began to droop and refused to eat; the animal stood upon its legs as if unable or unwilling to move, and when forced to move it appeared to be very stiff and its muscles tense; breathing was somewhat difficult. With the assistance of her son and a neighbor Mrs. Threnart administered repeated doses of sulphur and milk, and after three or four weeks the animal began to eat freely and gained in flesh, and when killed seemed to be healthy and in good condition. The other hog, which was in the same pen, remained perfectly well, and careful examination of his flesh did not reveal any traces of trichinæ. These facts are interesting, as they show that a hog may be fattened in the same pen and kept in close contact with one diseased with trichinæ, without contracting the disease. They also show that hogs apparently healthy may be swarming with trichinæ, making their meat poisonous. The flesh of the hog which poisoned the persons must have contained thousands of trichinæ to every square inch.

There is nothing in the appearance of the flesh of the diseased hog which the eye alone and unaided could detect, except, perhaps, that the meat had rather a lighter color, and some very minute grayish specks were perceptible to the eye. The fat parts looked healthy, and had the proper consistence.

A Perilous Ride.

A few nights ago there was an almost penniless tramp in Woonsocket who wanted to go to Providence, R. I. He applied to the conductor for a free passage, but was refused, and then offered the engineer a drink of whisky to allow him to ride upon the engine, but this was also refused. The fellow felt that his case was an urgent one, so he crawled under one of the cars, took position on the iron rod passing under it, and there, with his feet hanging nearly to the ground, his face within a few inches of the bottom of the car, and his hands grasping the rods for dear life, rode to Providence. Upon arriving at the depot he was nearly frozen and scarcely able to move.

A Fatherly Coal Co.

In Cannelton, Ind., where there are numerous coal mines, the coal companies offer inducements to miners to become property-owners, and the result has been, according to a local paper, that the miners take a real interest in the prosperity of the town, and avoid strikes as much as possible. Continued work has induced steadiness of habits, and in the 30 years during which coal mining has been carried on in the vicinity, the material prosperity of the town has been greatly increased, churches and school-houses have been built, and the relations between the coal companies and the miners made agreeable to the men.

Facts and Fancies.

Three Ashantee chiefs have been hanged for cowardice.

Is the chiropodist's work always complete because it *in toto*?

Druggists are not inappropriately termed the "pillers" of society.

Some one has discovered that a spoiled child is one who plays with kerosene.

McCarty, the Virginia duelist, helped his case by coming into court on crutches.

Take care of your health and wife; they are the two better halves that make a man of you.

Here is the newest floral sentiment: "If you wish for heart's ease, don't look to mari-gold."

That man is a bore who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

Dio Lewis says that people who use tobacco lose their buoyant spirits and become moody and peevish.

A legal stone weighs fourteen pounds, or the eighth of a hundred, in England, and sixteen pounds in Holland.

At the great fire in Yeddo, Japan, in December, one merchant lost 100,000 bales of silk, valued at $1,500,000.

A grand inter-State exhibition for Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois will be held at Dubuque in September next.

It is affirmed that heating the water in which steel is to be tempered prevents the development of flaws and cracks.

"How the U. P. has prevented the K. P. from discharging its obligations to the U. S." is the head-line in a Kansas paper.

Five women and a yoke of oxen produced seven bales of cotton, and grain enough for home consumption and to sell, on a South Carolina plantation last year.

One cause of coal-oil lamp explosions is said to be using too small wicks, by which a space is left at the edges for the communication of explosive elements.

The entire root of a very large tree was found in a perfect state of preservation in an Indiana coal mine, a few days since, at a great depth below the surface.

Senator Sumner says: "There seems to me nothing in this wide world, either above or below it, that the accomplished newspaper man will not find out."

A Dubuque young lady gave up the man she loved, and took the one her parents favored in consideration of the sum of three dollars and a sky-blue merino dress.

Old Curmudgeon, who has always hated the small boy, expresses his gratification at the mildness of the winter. He expects much from the thinness of the ice this year.

The whaling business is rapidly becoming extinct in this country. The entire whaling fleet of the country numbers but 171 vessels, 30 vessels having been taken off during the year.

According to the official account on exports, the value of telegraphic wires and apparatus forwarded from the United Kingdom last year had increased to 2,359,563*l.* from only 405,318*l.* in the previous year.

The cranberry growers of New Jersey have sent Queen Victoria two barrels of cranberries to eat with her turkey and venison, providing her also with a recipe for cooking and serving them in American style.

A New Orleans paper boasts that their city can produce to the square yard more young men who part their hair in the middle, wear canes, and daily air themselves in front of bar rooms, than most cities of its size.

Cod-liver oil has been used with success for fattening poultry by an extensive owner of feathered stock in one of the city suburbs. The grain given to the chickens is soaked in the oil, and the chickens like it.

The Providence *Press* tells of a married couple who were passing a jewelry store the other day. Her attention was attracted by a "perfectly lovely" pair of ear-rings. Said she: "Oh Ned, go buy 'em!" And Ned went by 'em.

A young German Prince, the cousin of Prince Louis of Hesse, recently lunched with Queen Victoria at Osborne. He is in the German naval service, and is a suitor for the hand of the Princess Beatrice, and, it is said, a successful one.

The House Committee on Invalid Pensions has appointed a sub-committee of five to consider the question of giving pensions to the soldiers of the Mexican war. It is believed the committee will report such a bill with great unanimity.

The Methuselah of horses is still living, hearty, fat and active, in South Durham, Vermont. He is the property of Mrs. Pinkham, and in his forty-second year. Every fair Sunday he may be seen on his way to church—an example to all old horses.

It is now said that many of the Maine logging teams are making a failure, the present winter, in consequence of no frost in the ground and no snow in the woods. It is thought that there will be a very small amount of timber got this winter.

The Director General of the Centennial Exposition declares that he has been asked by eight newspaper correspondents in Washington for money for their influence with Congress in favor of an appropriation.

The varnish applied to tea chests by the Chinese is made of freshly-drawn blood, a little alum, and four parts of powdered slaked lime. One, two or three coats of this mixture, applied while viscid, make the packages impervious to moisture, rendering tinfoil unnecessary.

The New York *Tribune Almanac*, for many years a standard authority in political, statistical and commercial matters, is this year better than ever. Several new and valuable departments have been added, making the work indispensable. Send twenty cents to *The Tribune*, New York, for it.