Ho! tired and heaft-sore traveler! Hard is the load you bear—
You deem it heaviest by far
The aching heart can wear;
But thousands, man, have borne it,
Have borne it and kept heart,
As many thousands more shall do,
Who act the hero's part.

Shake off your griefs, shake off your doubt—
Begin anew this morn;
Drive all your dark forebodings out,
And welcome Hope new-born.
The Past is dead; the Present lives—
The New-Year is begun;
Oh, hall the light that Promise gives
From its new-risen sun!

Ofttimes the yoke seems heavier, man, Because we make it so, By losing faith in what we can, With courage, surely do.
Oh, brave is he who ever strives
To wear a smiling face!
Who knows that labor honor gives—
That sloth is deep disgrace.

So, while the bells are throwing out
Their welcome to the year—
While ring the merry laugh and shout,
Cast off your frown and tear.
This is the time for fortitude,
For hope and course, man,
The hour t'enlist among the good,
And try to reach the van.

Start out with Honor for your guest,

With purposes anew,
Determined e'er to strive your best,
The New-Year's work to do;
Let sorrow pass, let joy arise,
In effort put your trust,
And learn, by triumph true and wise,
That He is always just.

THE OLD POCKET-BOOK. A New Year's Story.

It was New Year's Eve. Every store was open, from the grand palace em-poriums to the narrow stalls where pen-

nies were treasures.

Out of the busy throng who wended their way through the noisy streets, there was one with whom my reader is asked to take a brisk stroll upon the New Year's Eve in question. He is a tall man, past fifty, with curling, iron-gray hair, kindly blue eyes, and a face that, having a gravity resting upon it habitually, can light to sunniest brightness when kindness or humor stir the radiant smiles.

Into the jeweler's to select a pair of costly bracelets; out again to enter a neighboring toy-shop, where a life-size baby doll, a rocking horse, baby house and sled were only foundations for the piles of expensive toys that caught his eyes; over to the confectioner's, where white paper bags multiplied under his directions; into a dry goods store, for an Indian scarf his wife had admired a day or two before, and where dresses the servant girls could be selected ; in and out, busy and happy, piling pockets and arms, Charles Haughton spent nearly two hours in the heart of

Broadway. Everywhere he met the most prompt and deferential attention. Smiling clerks moved with alacrity to fill his orders, and courteous cashiers gracefully accepted his handsome checks. For his face was well known as that of a prosperous merchant, and his name was good for over a million dollars. His pretty, winsome wife was a belle in the most aristocratic circles, and his children had never had a wish ungratiwell known for its lavish hospitality and the heauty of every appointment, and no handsomer equipages or more costly horses were found than those that carried Mrs. Haughton from her home and

back again. Charles Haughton had nearly completed his purchases, and was hurrying from the front of one of the toy stores he patronized, when his foot struck something upon the pavement, and looking down he saw a small pocket-book. He lifted it and looked around thing upon the pavement, and him for an owner; but there was no one who seemed to miss such an article. There was no time to examine it, so he thrust it into his breast pocket and

hurried on. Having completed his arrangements for the morrow, he went to his library for a quiet smoke before retiring. He was puffing slowly, when he recalled the pocket-book he had picked up in the street. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, he brought it to the light.

It was a very shabby affair, the leather worn at the corners, the inside dilap-idated, and the fastening a piece of Some poor soul, who could ill af-

ford it, has lost this," the merchant thought, pityingly; "and on New Year's Eve, too. It is too bad. Let me see if there is any clue to the owner. He took out two folded papers, each

containing a small sum of money, and each eloquent of the poverty of the owner. At the sight of the first Charles Haughton started and sank into a revery, painful and sweet at the same time. The paper was a grocer's bill for four dollars and eighty-three cents, made out to "Mrs. Edward Hill," and inside was

The thought of the man who looked at it ran something in this wise:
"Mrs. Edward Hill! Can that be "Mrs. Edward Hill! Can that be Mattie Hunter—pretty, dark-eyed Mattie, who ran away with Ned Hill because her father would not give his only child to a man who found too much comfort in a whisky bottle. Pretty Mattie! How angry she was with me when I tried to make her see that Ned was not the arged or here she imagined him. the angel or hero she imagined him. She said I was jealous. Well, perhaps

And the prosperous city merchant went back in imagination to the days when he was a country boy, desperately in love with the minister's daughter, Mattie Hunter. He recalled his bitter jealousy of the gay city fop, Edward Hill, who came to the little village and fascinated Mattie by his fine dress, his smooth courtesy and airs of superiority. He thought of the father's oppression, his grief and his death, when holding Charles Haughton's hand in his own, he left his forgiveness for the willful child, should she ever return. She left a void in the honest loving heart that was not filled for many years. Restless and lonely, Charles had gladly accepted an offer from an uncle in New York to I was." and lonely, Charles had gladly accepted an offer from an uncle in New York to enter his counting-house, and rising rapidly, he had finally, at his uncle's death, inherited his fortune and business, and when past forty had married a belle of soc'ety, whose love was his great hapiness, and whose children were the idols of their father's heart.

And now twenty long years after he

And now, twenty long years after he had last seen her face, Mattic's name stirred all these old recollections in his

"It may not be the same," he thought "it is a common name."

Then he unfolded the second paper, and here a penciled slip, folded over a two-dollar note, explained the errand on New Year's Eve that had resulted in

the less of the pocket-book. For the pitiful memorandum ran:

Minnie, 10 cents; candies, 15 cents; dinner,

"Eddy! Mattie!" Charles Haughton "It is Mattie Hill! Ah me! She must be very poor when she calculates so closely. Let me look at the grocer's bill. Bread, milk, brown sugar, cheap tea—everything of the meanest kind and in smallest quantities. Poor Mattie! Little children, too! Oh I wagon brought a sewing machine must find out about her, and—let me marked like the note. "From an observed like the note." see. I owe her father many a kindness, and I am a rich man. I'll begin a new year with a payment of hit. It is his day.

goodness to me, if I find it is his day.

Mattie, comforted and cheered by

He opened his pocket-book, and He opened his pocket-book, and taking a crisp bank-note, folded it in a paper, upon which he wrote, "Mattie Hill, from an old friend," and put it in the shabby pocket-book. Then he glanced at his watch, and whispered: "Only a little after 10. Everything will be open late to-night, and I can find this grocery store and make some inquiries.

Before he left the house he hovered few minutes over the collection of toys in the nursery, selecting a few, and then he hurried on his errand, to find the grocer just putting up his shutters.
"Can you tell me," he asked, "any-

thing about a Mrs. Hill, who deals with The man put down the shutter and motioned the questioner into the store. His round, good-natured face wore a troubled look, as he asked:

"What do you want to know for? She's in sore trouble, every way, and if its bad news-"It is not," was the emphatic reply, 'I want to do her a kindness." "Poor soul, she needs it. She is

dying by inches, and two little ones. Five she's buried, sir."
"Where is her husband?" "Dead, sir, the Lord be thanked!

He went off three years ago in delirium " How does she live?"

"From hand to mouth, sewing by hand for a tailor's store, and that is poor pay, now machines are so plenty. She did better while Miss Mattie could work too, but now she has her to nurse and feed. To-night, poor soul, she was to get ten dollars for some work, and she came in here an hour or more ago to tell me that she had lost her pocketbook and the money. Her hands were chilled and it slipped out." Charles Haughton looked round the little store and his eyes brightened as a kindly idea came to his mind.

"You could fill a large order?" "Oh, yes sir."
"Fill this one for me, and send it to Mrs. Hill's address in the morning. What is the bill?"

Never, probably, had so large a sum for one order passed over the little counter, as the grocer consented, in happy excitement.
"I'll send them in, sir," he said, taking the money, "and I promise you they shall be the best I can buy."
"Will you give me Mrs. Hill's ad-

dress ?'

and he could hear quite distinctly the voices of women conversing in the room he sought. One was broken by sobs; the other weak and often interrupted by a hard, dry cough. The latter voice

was saying:
"Don't ery so, mother; some honest
person may find the money and return

"Was Mr. Hart angry about his bill ?"

"No, he was very kind. But there is Mr. Lee coming day after to-merrow for the rent, and not a cent to meet it, even if we are not all dead with hunger

Charles Haughton drew from his pocket the shabby pocket-book, and knotting it fast to the string of the package of toys and candies he carried, put it before the door of the room. Mattie's weak voice greeted him as he

Mattie's weak voice greeted him as he stopped, saying:

"God will provide, mother!"

A rap at the door startled both women, but the widow, candle in hand, opened it at once. Nobody greeted her, for Charles Haughton was hidden behind a curve in the wall, but her foot the startlet the hundle and she looked down struck the bundle and she looked down. With a cry of joy that thrilled the heart of the hidden listener, she lifted

it, saying:
"Mattie! Mattie! it is here!"

upon the floor, and the pallid woman upon the bed.

With trembling fingers the mother and daughter untied the pocket-book.

"It is all here, Mattie," the mother cried, "and a folded paper—'Mattie Hill, from an old friend, and inside! am I awake! Mattie! it can't be true. A hundred dollar bill."

" Mother !" you shall have a fire at night, a blanket, and some nourishing food. You will get well, Mattie!"

and some nourishing food. You will get well, Mattie!"

And here happy sobs came too fast for words. Mattie drew her mother into a close embrace.

"Come, you forget your bundle," she said gently. "Oh, only look, Eddy's ball, and such a beauty! A doll for Minnie, and a lovely one, too; a top and a tea set! And pounds of candy!"

Then a violent fit of coughing reminded the mother of the open door, and Charles Haughton, shut out in the dark, crept softly down the stairs, full of kindly resolutions. Before he had reached home, several stores had had a call from him, with orders for the morrow, and he bent over his own sleeping darlings with a heart happier for the evening's work.

evening's work.

It was long after midnight when Mrs.
Hill, still wondering who her "old friend" could be, lay down to sleep, only to rise at dawn half afraid her happiness was all a dream.

Before the breakfast was over, while
Minnie watched her doll, and Eddy
held his ball fast in his hand, the neighbors wondered if the Hills had come

sent in a supply of groceries that seemed Paul Boynton's Swim, as Related by inexhaustible. A dry goods wagon inexhaustible. A dry goods wagon brought a pair of warm blankets, rolls of cotton and flannel, shawls and a great square of thick, warm carpet. A market basket was left with an enormous goose, oysters, celery, oranges, grapes jellies and other good things too numer marked like the note, "From an old

friend." No need to touch the note, which year with a payment of Mr. Hunter's Mattie put aside carefully for a rainy

this sudden influx of plenty, rallied little by little, gaining strength in the well warmed room, with good food and an ease of mind long a stranger to her.

Nobody knew the story of the old pocket-book, and Mattie did not guess who sent her such noble New Year's gifts; but the rich merchant finds no happier thought in his record of the year than the generous act that opened it, and the memory of Mattie's happy face and voice as he last saw them from the dark entry of her dwelling-house.

Distributing Christmas Presents. The Christmas tree and the time honored stocking are the common and generally satisfactory methods of dis-tributing Christmas presents, and so often have they been celebrated in song and story that they are likely to retain a foremost place so long as rhymes stand for reasons and tradition exercises its influence over the imagination.

Moreover, there is variety even in Christmas trees. Here is the little one, set in its green stand covered with "Poor soul, she needs it. She is very poor, with a consumptive daughter lying by inches, and two little ones. Five she's buried, sir."
"Where is her husband?"
"Dead, sir, the Lord be thanked! Christmas-party tree comic, which grows jumping-jacks and tin whistles and Japanese oddities; and the Christ-mas-party tree serious, which displays embroidered handkerchiefs, elegant pany entered upon his awful journey. slfppers, curious sleeve-buttons, and even sets of coral and gorgeous bracelets. Then there is the church Christmas tree for the poor and the church of his condition after being tossed Christmas tree for the children, the on these mountainous seas first of which deals in stockings and seven long hours; how he was cast into comforters, and the latter in cheap dolls the rocky fissure on the Irish coast; comforters, and the latter in cheap dolls and boxes of candy, varied by books and oranges, which last must be considered the most sensible. But though you can hardly improve upon the idea of the Christmas tree for persons in whose hard lives few poetical associations find a place, yet, socially, we sometimes want a method to vary the monotony and cause a surprise. To effect this, a figure of Santa Claus is sometimes dressed in the long coat, great beard, and fur cap, all tufted great beard, and fur cap, all tufted with snow (or cotton batting) and in-

"Three doors above, sir, on the third floor. You go in at the open floor the host anathematizes for not making next the c'othing store." its appearance before, and laboriously

round in a circle, each one provided with a number, and ask the spirits to favor them with some manifestations. Mounted on steps inside the curtain the distributer throws one parcel after another over its top, so that it will fall upon the table with much clatter and confusion. Each parcel being number-ed and folded in several papers, it takes even buy a paper to see if it is found.

And I promised the children a piece of meat and some candy and toys for New Year, because we could give them no Christmas gifts."

And I promised the children a piece of meat and some candy and toys for New Year, because we could give them no Christmas gifts." time to find the right owner and to aware of the purpose of the sitting, and have sat down for a regular seance.

In the museum at Hesse-Cassel, Germany, is a library made from five hun-dred European trees. The back of each volume is formed of the bark of a tree, the sides of perfect wood, the top of young wood, and the bottom of old. When opened, the book is found to be a box containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree, either dried or imitated in wax. At the Melbourne International Exhibition of 1866, Colonel Clamp exhibited specimens of Victoria wood converted into small boxes of book form, according to a design adopted by that gentleman at the Victoria Exhibition of 1851, and then suggested by Baron Ferd Mueller. Nothing could be more interesting than a library (to speak allegorically) of such imitation books, representing the different timbers of various countries which could be systematically, or alpha-"Mattie! Mattie! it is here!"

"Your money, mother?"

"My pocket-book—tied to a bundle!"

"In her excitement she left the door open, and from his hidden place her old lover could see and recognize her. She was very thin and pale, and her hair was thickly strewn with gray, but it was the shadow of the face he had loved twenty years before. The open door showed him the wretched room, the two children asleep upon a mattress upon the floor, and the pallid woman upon the bed.

betically, or geographically arranged. Australia alone could furnish of such a collection over a thousand volumes. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867, Russia showed a similar collection of wooden books cleverly designed, showing the bark as the back binding, and lettered with the popular scientific names of the leaves and fruit of the trees, and a section and shaving, or veneer of the wood.—American Educational Monthly. betically, or geographically arranged. Australia alone could furnish of such showed a similar collection of wooden books cleverly designed, showing the bark as the back binding, and lettered with the popular scientific names of the wood. Each book contained samples of the leaves and fruit of the trees, and a

Wooden Railroads.

The following description of a wooden railroad now in use in Bay county, Mich., will be interesting to those residing in sections rich in hard wood, but where the dearness of iron or the thinness of population prevent the use of metal rails.

thinness of population prevent the use of metal rails:

There are, first, logs laid crosswise, about five or six feet apart. The logs are from twelve to sixteen feet in length. Then gains are cut in the logs and flattened timber laid in these gains; this prevents the road from spreading. Our rails are of hard maple. Before spiking the rails down we put ties across the stringers, notching the stringer enough to let the tie down even with the top of it, and spike the tie fast before the rail is laid on. The ties are of two-inch is laid on. The ties are of two-inch hemlock plank, from six to twelve inches wide; this prevents the stringer

inches wide; this prevents the stringer from rolling,

We would recommend any one who wishes to build a road on the above system to build it as straight as possible. We have some curves in our road, and we have been obliged to dispense with wooden rails on the curves, and lay down iron. We operate our road with locomotive power. Cost of building, without rolling stock, is about \$2,000 per mile. The stringers are made of elm, oak, pine, and ash, and are flattened on two sides to ten inches in thickness.

THE New York Graphic has it bad. It remarks of an individual it describes : the less of the pocket-book. For the into a fortune.

For, first of all, a ton of coal was dumped into the widow's coal box, with anything yet produced by the new graphic process.

Col. Forney writes from London to the Philadelphia Press: "Capt. Paul Boynton, of the New Jersey Life Guard at Atlantic City, is now here after his extraordinary feat of throwing himself into the ocean, from the National steamship Queen, on the stormy night of Oct. 21, seven miles off Fastnet rock, on the Irish rock-bound coast. He began his experiment east of Baltimore, where the cliffs are 180 feet high and more, and after being seven hours in the water, swimbeing seven hours in the water, swimming over forty miles, he finally guided himself, in the midst of the tempest, into one of the fissures on that terrible shore. He was clad in the life-saving apparatus recently invented by another American, Mr. Merriman, and aided by American, Mr. Merriman, and aided by his great skill as a swimmer and a diver, his cool courage and strong constitution, performed a feat which, when the news reached London, was regarded as a hoax, and generally commented upon as another evidence of American exaggeration. You have heard the story kow he attempted to get passage on several of the outgoing American steamers from New York in vain, because the captains knew that he because the captains knew that he would attempt to leap from the ship to prove the American apparatus of Mr. Merriman, and how, finally, he obtained a berth on the National steamer the Queen, and was prevented only by main force from jumping overboard when 300 miles from New York, and how at length, at 9 o'clock on Tuesday evening, Oct. 21, off the Irish coast, he persuaded the captain to put him down the side, and all alone, in a dark, tempestuous night, clothed in his Indiarubber air-tight suit, with its inflated air-chambers, with food for three days, a compass, a bull's-eye lantern, some books, several signal rockets, an American flag, with a number of letters belonging to the passengers, in his inside pocket, with his bowie-knife and ax at Every soul on board believed that was the last of the brave fellow. I wish you could hear him tell the story beheld Columbus, or Robinson Crusoe's man "Friday," stared at troduced into the drawing-room, provided with a huge pack from which he distributes his gifts.

Another way is to have a ship arrive and unload its cargo, among which is a package for everybody present. Christmas suppers sometimes close with the introduction of a huge bean pie, which the host anathematizes for not making the sight of the shipwrecked sailor; more than a triumph; the "man-flah, as he is called, became an object of wild "Good-night."
"Good-night, sir, and God bless you for a kind-hearted gentleman."
It was a very narrow door that Charles Haughton entered, and a narrow flight of stairs that led him to the third floor. Ouiet reigned in the miserable house.

Is appearance before, and laboriously cutting into it discovers paper parcels curiosity and admiration. Crowds followed after him, and when he got to Cork he was welcomed at the theater by the company singing the "Star Spangled Banner," and on the 27th of October exhibited himself in the harbor hour. He proved at once the efficiency of his life-saving suit and his own daring courage.

A horrible story is told in the Allentown (Pa.) Herald of a lunatic named Levi Handwerk, who was discovered by a hunter on Blue Mountain imprisoned in a brick cell, about four feet square, where he had been immured for twelve years. The father of Handwerk died when the latter was a young man, leaving him \$1,000. The mother married a second husband, after which young Handwerk was bricked up in this prison in the woods, and left to live or perish as he might. After the discovery was made the Coroner and others from Allentown proceeded to the place in Washington township where Handwerk was imprisoned, and found a constable from Slatington already making preparations for the deranged man's rearations for the deranged man's removal. The iron bars guarding the entrance were taken down and the unfortunate man was found lying on a patch of straw, nude and incrusted with dirt, while the surroundings were too filthy for description. His limbs had become paralyzed, and he was unable to stand upright without assistance. It is said that the reason given for his imprisonment in this filthy den was that was unsafe for him to be at large, and that if he had been sent to an insane asylum the money he possessed would have been appropriated by the State for his support. Handwerk has been sent

to the county almshouse. A Great Farmer. Dr. H. J. Glenn, of Jacinto, Colusa county, Cal., has raised and harvested this year, on his own ranch, 600,000 bushels of wheat. This is equal to 18,000 tons, and will load eighteen 1,000ton ships, and all of this he has in his own warehouses ready for shipment when the water of the Sacramento river rises sufficiently. The doctor's freights, to put his wheat in San Francisco, will amount to \$90,000. In the plowing amount to \$30,000. In the plowing season he runs ninety gang-plows, and in harvest any number of headers. He threshes his wheat by steam power, using some half dozen steam threshers. He has about 200 miles of good board fence on his farm. But his farming operations are not confined to wheat-growing alone. He markets about \$100,000 worth of stock each year. Dr. Glenn is a practical farmer, and man-Glenn is a practical farmer, and manages all his business himself. He can mend a trace just as well as he can get the highest price for his grain.—Santa Cruz (Cal.) Sentinel.

Dsssolution of Partnership.

Among the Burmese the marriage Among the Burmese the marriage knot is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching manner: They respectively light two candles, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait until they are burned. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house forever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the preperty of the other party.

BLACK HILLS GOLD DIGGING.

Glving Gifts. A writer on this subject says truly: The gift season is now at hand. All things have their season—there is a season for sorrow and a season for joy. Man lives for a time, and when he ends his earthly career he dies, but he goes this earth lamented according to will remark that John Montgomery was will remark that John Montgomery was will remark that John Montgomery was season for joy. the amount of usefulness and joy he has dispensed. All have their joys and sorrows, only some are blessed more than others. Some have much, others lite; some have great talent, others not; about the time the first red-nosed toper. some have much of this world, others little. Just in proportion as we have means and opportunities, in that pro-portion do our responsibilities increase. This rule applies to the dispensing of gifts. The Great-Giver had this world at his command; he gave it to his children. To save this fallen worle he gave his Son as a sacrifice. Christ came to us as a gift—He came on Christmas day. For this reason this day has become a day of giving gifts, and it is for this reason Christians, esgifts, ly, love to observe Christmas as a meann of joy and delight. Giving pecial therefore, has become a favorite seasos of commemorating this annual festive occasion; just as firing guns, pistols, crackers and displaying the American flag are means of com-memorating the Fourth of July to the American people. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is a truth fully comprehended by the open-handed, lib-eral giver; the close-fisted, selfish, begrudging giver may not enter into the spirit of that saying. To give gifts, then, requires means, judgment and liberality. The world is rich—our country and people are now rich—but no doubt some, like the foolish man, have buried their talent or locked it up, and will refuse to put it out for the benefit of others—nor will they profit by it. A means thus locked up becomes a curse and makes men peor, endangering them, so that they must suffer in mind and means. The curse of this sin rests on them. Such, of course, will refuse to give gifts. Such are too poor in their own estimation to give or enable others to do so. But the liberal, able others to do so. But the liberal, the Christian, ever happy and making happy, will give to those they love. They will seek to make others happy by giving, and will be happy themselves in the consciousness of having made one happy. The needy poorshould come in for a share. Christ said, "You have the poor with you always, but not so with me." He meant by this that there was a time to care for the suffering bag, seal the bag with sealing-wax, put the bag in a box and lock the box se-curely, then throwing a cloth over the dium is found sitting on the cover, the bag, seal. and cord being found inside was a time to care for the suffering and that, too, by a young man of good character, never a Spiritualist, at least poor; as you have them with you always, plenty of opportunity is offered to care for them. It should not be for-gotten that winter is now upon us, and that the poor and helpless may not be well housed, clothed and fed. Let it not until thirty days since, and entirely above and independent of mcreenary motives. well housed, clothed and red. Let it not be forgotten that our crops have been large, the prices profitable, and that our people must have plenty of bread and money. The panic has not ruined our people; it has only frightened them; and now that the danger is rapidly passing away, let fear be dispelled. Let the money safely and wastefully locked up be put out at interest again, in good real estate and other good securities—let business have the full benefit of it-let the poor workmen have work and wages to support his family and himself—let Christmas, the season of gifts, inspire our people with financial courage and liberality. Every one that has money and debts should use it at once and pay. You will do a but it is remarkable that she should benefit to all classes. Let all have the means to give gifts. Giving gifts is a pleasure—it is full of benefit—it is a claim to superior intelligence and scientification virtue—it is a blessing and a claim to superior intelligence and scientification virtue—it is a blessing and a claim to superior intelligence and scientification virtue—it is a blessing and a confession. comfort to giver and receiver, and its influence extends far beyond this. May it cause a turn in the events of the day -a source of change for the better, with the whole country, financially and otherwise.

The Freedman's Bank Swindle.

The reports which have been current The reports which have been current so long regarding the desperate condition of the affairs of the bankrupt Freedman's Savings Bank are more than confirmed by the report of the Commissioners appointed to liquidate them. It would have been less cruel to the depositors had the full truth been told long ago. It has been apparent during the past six months that there was no hope for the unfortunate depositors, and, notwithstanding this fact, the truth has only been partially told at long intervals, the policy of letting down easy having prevailed. The negroes of the North and South who had intrusted their little savings to the corrections of a Philadelphia boarding-house, and smiled angelically at the folly of her victims. This scraphic two-hundred-year-old maiden counted her dupes by thousands. They were not only the credulous victims who through the requirement of the country and witnessed her antics with wide-open mouths and eyes, talked angelic bosh to her, and emptied their tall lap, but there were thousands of others who had never seen her—old men and women grown fond and foolish, and young men and women of airy fancies and morbid musings—who were dazed with Katie King.—Chicago Tribune. intrusted their little savings to the cor-morants who managed the bank, have thus been kept in a state of alternate hope and despair, now expecting to re-ceive their money, and again doomed to disappointment; while all the time it must have been apparent to the Trustees that there was no hope for the vic-

The developments made by the Commissioners show that the main cause of the collapse of this bank was not the panic, but the corruptions and mismanagement of the bank offi-cials. The assets show that the President of a Washington club-house the panic, but the corruptions and mismanagement of the bank officials. The assets show that the President of a Washington club-house got \$22,500, secured by law. Howard University had \$75,000, and it is not very creditable to that uneasy seat of learning that the debt was secured by college property of little value. One man had \$2,000 secured by the stock of a bankrupt manufacturing company in Maryland. Some of Jay Cooke's friends got several thousand dollars without giving any collateral whatever. District of Columbia officials and constructing that the debt was secured by the stock of a bankrupt manufacturing company in Maryland. Some of Jay Cooke's friends got several thousand dollars a seductive cigar from a handy box of Flor del Fums. "But haven't ye got laterals which had no estimable value. F. A. Dockray, an adventurer, got \$6,514 out of the bank on a security of \$6,514 out of the bonds of Fremont's thousand by bubble, the Memphis and E. Paso Railroad Company, which recently got the latter into trouble in \$10,000 of the bonds of Fremont's showy bubble, the Memphis and E Paso Railroad Company, which recently got the latter into trouble in Paris. Thus the list of assets reads to the ehd of the chapter—reckless waste, corrupt management, and moneys loaned out without security. The assets which were without collateral were as good as those with collateral, and neither were good for anything. The liabilities of this bank and its Southern branches were almost exclusively to negroes.—Chicago Tribune. branches were almost exclusively to negroes.—Chicago Tribune.

An Eye Fight on the Cars.

A clergyman writes : "Did you ever A clergyman writes: "Did you ever have an eye fight—have some person look at you persistently, catching your eye every time you looked toward him? Did you ever get annoyed and fix your eyes on him, and struggle and wrestle with him, and finally throw him? I have many a time. I was once riding in the cars with a beautiful young lady who was in my charge. A man sitting Lieutenant-General Sheridan expresses utter want of belief in stories recently telegraphed from Sioux City, of the presence of a prospecting party of miners in the Black Hills country. All advices received by the General from the commandants of the military posts on the borders of the Black Hills country. It is commandant to the military posts on the borders of the Black Hills country go to show that no white men have penetrated into that region since General Custer's expedition of last summer.

Davenport Brothers Beaten.

A Gallipolis correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial writes: appeared to take Lis matutinal dram. appeared to take his matutinal dram, divers and sundry of the mothers and daughters of Gallipolis appeared and began to sing "Come to Jesus," which melody, with sundry others of the same nature, had a wonderful effect in keeping John's bottles on the shelf full and ing John's bottles on the shelf rull and his pocket-book empty. After about one month's siege, John showed signs of capitulation, in that he kneeled reg-ularly at all the prayers and sung with lusty vigor, "Without one plea, except that Jesus died for me," etc., which signs were accepted as repentance, and John was allowed a breathing spell Being a disciple of Horace Greele John thought that the easiest way resume was to resume, and so the red nosed fraternity returned, and John's pocket-book waxed fat. As I said some ime since, John's salcon has now been visited by veritable ghosts, spooks, or spirits, and this has been about the programme they played:

The medium, a lively chap of this place, came into the saloon and calling place, came into the saloon and calling John aside, said, "Putone of your hands upon my shoulder and with the other take hold of both my wrists," which being done, John's coat calmly and gently as a child slumbers, slid off his shoulders upon the floor. Of course John was astonished, and when he was handed thirty feet of "trot" line, and told to tie the medium to a chair in a sitting posture, and having done so, saw the medium arise without a rope sitting posture, and maring saw the medium arise without a rope saw the medium arise without a rope about him, he was more astonished, as this was not allayed when the aforesaid cord was found in the hall, all of the windows and doors being fastened. But the most astounding feat of all is, that the medium allows a man

The Katie King Swindle.

(any one) to tie him, sew him up in a

box, in less than sixty seconds the me-

intact. This has been accomplished

The exposure of the wretched swindle so long maintained by Katie King knocks the bottom out from under that sham of the Spiritualists, "materializa-tion of the spirit," and brings the whole shallow legerdemain of the mediums down with it. That such a sham could have been sustained so long, almost passes comprehension. It is not remarkable that ignorant and superstitious persons should have been deceived by it, or that imaginative young people of immature judgment, and addicted to running after every new ism that turns up, should have accepted this female charlatan as a "materialized spirit;" Dale Owen, and misled others laying tific knowledge. Katie King, by her own confession, now appears to have been only a very shallow swindler, who practiced the panel-game upon her dupes, and found her reward in the valuable presents with which her admirers loaded her. Rings, lockets, crosses, diamonds, and toilet goods showered in upon her daily, and at night she soared away with them into the seraphic regions of a Philadelphia boarding-house, and smiled angelically boarding-house, and smiled angelically and morbid musings—who were dazed with Katie King.—Chicago Tribune.

. A Tale of Two Poets.

James Russell Lowell, the elegant and high-cultured poet and Professor of Harvard University, who has just re-fused Grant's offer of the Russian mission, took occasion, in visiting this place, to call upon and make the acquaintance of a more youthful child of Parnassus whose roseate productions had attracted his notice. The poetical sapling (let me call him X.) felt quite tween some animals and then allow no more

established themselves in a co-opera-tive attitude of mutual admiration like unto that which they might have en-

unto that which they might have enjoyed by reciprocally quaffing the oracular beverage of the Castalian font.

Such is Lowell—one of the friendliest, freest, and juiciest of the hightoned products of literary culture,—

New York Cor. Cincinnatt Commercial.

In Plano, Ill., Mr. Mosher sold Mr. Selvy a pair of boots, both lefts. Mr. Selvy clamored for his rights, but the court decided that a pair of boots was a pair of boots, and if Mr. Selvy had to wear them both on one foot it was a case which the laws of Illinois could not reach.

VIRGINIA is constantly receiving im-nigrants from the Northern States. "ABOSE" by any other name would be "got up."

All Sorts. Porrs and pullets chant their lays. THE charities of New York disburses \$7,000,000 annually.

PAPER under-garments for women-have struck the Pacific coast from

A NASHVILLE doctor tells of a woman-who lost her sight by the excessive uses

BLONDIN is going to stretch a rope-from the top of the pyramid of Cheoper to that of Kephron, and walk it.

Two or Robert Bruce's bones were sold in Edinburgh for £5, and one of the vertebræ of William the Lion for

THE St. Louis papers put it thus: "Two niggers and a razor, now one nigger. The Coroner held the in-

Last year railroads in Illinois were assessed for taxation at \$64,000,000. This year at one-half that sum, or \$32,000,000. In the Dakota Territorial Legisla-

ture, now in session, Jolley is President of the Council, and Moody Speaker of the House. CHICAGO has 39 public schools, attended by 49,500 children. The teachers number 640, all of whom, with the ex-

ception of 82, are ladies. WILLIAM KUPP, who died at Douglas ville, Pa. last week, weighed 450 pounds. Not a Kupp one would care to raise to the lips very often.

Santa Anna is living comfortably im the City of Mexico. He is described as-still of an upright, soldierly figure, with-eyes as black as coals, and thin but not-

gray hair. SENATOR BUCKINGHAM, of Connecticut, is so seriously ill at his home that-it is thought he will not be able to-be at Washington at all during the-

MINNMAPOLIS, Minn., has a new jour-nalistic venture in the shape of a daily paper printed on a postal card. This miniature sheet bears the name of the Post Baby.

LASCAR SAL, the original of Dickens opium smoker in "Edwin Drood," died miserably a short time back, in a court in Bluegate-fields, St. George's-in-the-East, London.

Horace Greeney, a nephew of the late founder of the New York Tribune, is a day laborer at the glass works of Stephens, Crandell & Co., Bernhard's Bay, Oswego county, New York. A NUMBER of the large corporations

mercantile firms, manufactories, and newspaper offices in New York contemplate reducing wages on the first of January, as a measure of economy.

They say they have made nothing this year, and are forced to curtail ex-

Ar Houston, Texas, a jury has awarded \$220 damages to Drs. Blake and Parker, homeopathic physicians, from the Medical Examining Board, because the latter refused to sit with the doc-tors named. This decision will break up the board, for none of the allopaths will recognize their homeopathic.

Information Wanted. Will sum benighn being explane to-

Why a dog allwass turns around 8-times before he lies down.

Why a horse allwass gits up oph-from the ground on his forward feet.

Why a goose stands fust on one legand then on tuther.

Why rabbits hav a short tale and hate hav a long one.
Why most all the birds bild their

nests out of different materials.

Why a hen allwass knows her little ones from another's, and why she will hatch out 12 ducks eggs and then think they are her own chickens. Why a bear allwass klimbs down tree backwards.

Why a turkey's eggs is speckled, and duck's eggs blue.
Whether a log floats faster in a river than the current runs, or not.

Why an oyster and a klam are the only things I kno ov with animal life that don't hav to move out of their

places to git a living.
Why a mule's bones are all solid, and t their ears twice az long az a horse's.

Why a pig gathers straws in his mouth and runs about with them just before a rain storm.

Why litening never waz known to tween some animals and then allow no-

I have been much interested in the papers of Mr. Dodge and others, on this subject. The origin of these pests is still obscure, and happily it is likely to remain so, as it is doubtful whether we shall be visited by them again for a number of recovery.

we shall be visited by them again for a number of years.

In conversing with a resident of Montana, recently, he said that several years ago he excavated the side of a mountain for a stamp mill, which was placed on the solid ground, the loose earth lying in front of it. The ensuing spring, the bank of loose earth had a strange appearance. On examination it was found filled with grasshopper's eggs, then being hatched out, of course, eggs, then being hatched out, of course, they left when fully fledged, and noth-ing more was seen of them in that

As no sign of grasshoppers could be previously seen, whence could these eggs have come? I only tell the story as it was told to me. If true, it is, as. Dundreary says, one of those mysteries that no fellow can find out.—" T. of lowa," in Prairie Farmer.

birth of his little daughter by a jubilant telegram to the confirmed old bachelor, Gen. Phil Sheridan: "Don't think of selecting a wife until you see my daughter." Mrs. Heary Clewes has a rival daughter, just two or three days the elder of the two little strangers just taking their first peeps at. existence.