Hail f monarch of the leafless crown With ice for scepter, robes of snow,
Thy throne—the stream's arrested flow—
Stern tyrant! whom the hast'ning sun
Doth loathe to serve, by vapors dun
Begirt, a melancholy train.
O'er nature holding saddest reign.
Lo! of thy rigor birds make plaint,
And all things 'neath thy burden faint.
Nor cheered are they by message cold,
In answer by thy north wind teld,
The envy of thy grevious sway,
When thou wouldst drive all hope away
From nature, yearning to restors
To earth the bliss it knew before,
When summer ruled with empire mild,
And autumn, still a ruddy child,
Lay cradled 'mong the greenery
Of whisp'ring grove and laden tree.
The brook that prattled to the air
Of golden harvests, scenes as fair
As poet rapt in fancy's maze
Could scarce enshrine in mortal lays,
Now rude and angry huris along
The hearers of his summer song—
The branch and leaf that once repaid
His music with their tender shade,
And catching zephyr's honey'd tone,
To his sweet tuning joined their own.
Or bound, porchance, in durance slow,
Full faint he wends, and moaning low.
Fit dirge he makes o'er freedom lost,
In joy of which he wanton tossed
The falling blossoms on his wave,
For water-nymphs to catch and save.
Now stript of his green bravery,
In pitcous plight the weary tree
Is blown upon by mocking winds,
Whom changed now he sighing finds
From those gay playmates welcomed erst
In glee by his young leaves when first
They wove their merry breeze-taught dance,
And broke their feathered ledgers' trance,
What time the eastern wave did gleam
Neath fore-feet of the golden team.
Not busy now with tender care,
For coming brood the birds prepare
Their airy cradle, rocked unseen
By Dryad hands behind the screen
Of leafy curtains, where no eye
Of mischief curious may pry.
The thrush that erst with welling voice
Made all the tangled brake rejoice
In echoes of his mellowed strain,
To mope in eilence now is fain:
Nor ever pipes from straining throat
The varied wonders of his note.
So bleak the scene, so sad the day,
Too harsh, O winter, is thy sway!
—Chamber

SORER AS A JUDGE. I don't care? I say it, and I stick to it, and, if it were necessary, I'd swear it on the biggest testament or prayer-book that was ever used for taking an oath upon in any court of justice in the king-

You say it's all nonsense, that it was imagination, that I didn't see 'em; but, in the name of all the wise men in the East, how the dickens can you know? You can tell what you see, but that's no reason why you should be able to tell what I see. My eyes were never in your head any more than yours were in mine. So I say it again, and I'll maintain it through thick and thin, round or solid, that I saw those two as plain as eyes

could see them, and that they were there. This is how it was. Jack Bigley had just done walking his wards at Fawkesl's. His governor had come down stunning, bought him a share in an old country practice, and Jack was off to mend broken legs, liniment old women's rheumatics, and to take little strangerswhom, as a matter of course, he would dig up with a golden shovel from under the large plantation of rose bushes in his back garden-snugly in his coat-tail pocket to all the married couples in the

district who needed a supply.

He was always a good fellow, was Jack; and many's the jolly night he's had in my room in Double street, Borough. I'll bet anybody a sovereign even money that there isn't a man living who could brew such good punch out of

bad spirits as could Jack Dingley. Oh, the loo we've had, and the rubbers we've played; the oysters we've eaten, and the songs we've sung long after midnight! And when, of a morning, we've gone down to the hospital with a buzzing in the head and a sensation as of sick millstones going round and round, who could ever contrive better than Jack a pleasant little pick-me-up in the dispensary? one which really did pick you up, you know, stand you upon your feet, and set you going wound up tight for

the remainder of the day.

Jack took me by the sleeve one morning in his last week, just before we were going into the theater, where old Bogus was going to perform his celebrated operation of removing a man's head without chloroform—his operation you know, for turned brain—and whispered: To-night-eight sharp-tripe and

Of course I went, and was there to the minute. Tripe! Yes, I should glass of steaming brandy and water, as think there was tripe, and hot potatoes if about to drink my health, nodding at in their jackets; four great dishes of me as I came in. oysters-fat little natives, mind younone of your shabby Scotchmen, sprawling all over a spongy shell. There was the biggest lobster I ever saw; a splendid salad; a whack of pickled salmon; and, just as I entered the room where the supper was spread out, the fellow from the pub round the corner was just putting a bright pewter pot of porter, with a head on it like a cauliflower, at every man's elbow—for they were al-ready seated—seven, and a place left

for mc.

That was a supper—the remains were not worth much-and the noise we had made over it was only the overture to the play about to begin; for no sooner was the table cleared than Jack's big spirit stand was fetched out; a kettle of hot was singing on the hob; the waiter brought in lemons and sugar, pipes and tobacco; Jack put his cigar-box beside tobacco; Jack put his cigar-box beside them; and then, while we religiously set to work to fill the room with smoke, Jack slipped out into his bedroom, re-turned with his wash-hand basin, which he swore was perfectly clean for the occasion, and in it brewed the biggest jorum of punch I ever saw in my life. It wasn't too big for us, for we went

again and again, Jack's face beaming as he ladled out the steaming compound. And then the harmony! Talk about he ladded out the steaming compound. And then the harmony! Talk about making the welkin ring! You should have heard us make the glasses ring till somebody in the next house hammered at the wall; when, taking it for applause, we immediately sang him "Rambling Dan," with the "Ha! ha!" chorus, and the five "Hurrahs!" at the end of every verse. You mayn't know the song, but it is always sung with a full orchestral accompaniment—poker, shovel and tongs—teaspoons on the edges of glasses, and the chairman, of course, beating time with a hammer upon the mahogany

We had no sooner finished than there was a tapping on the wall on the other side, which of course meant "Encore!" so we sang it again with two extemporized verses composed for the occasion by Jack Bigley. Directly after this there was a knock at the door, which opened, and a man said something about a noise; but as we all with one consent made a rush at him he fied, and we were allowed to enjoy our harmony in peace for the rest of the evening.

It wasn't all singing, you know. We had a game at cards, but it was voted slow; and Tom Burrows did the frog on the stone in the middle of the table, with slow; and Tom Burrows did are solved as a candle at each corner. Bob Rummins, he was standing on his head.

"I say!" he said, "don't do that."

"Why not?" I said. "What do you mean by coming and taking possession of a fellow's room?"

"Spose I'd got my thoracic viscera with me, and you'd abraded the surface of my lungs, or scratched my pleura; you wouldn't have liked it, I know."

"Well, perhaps not;" I said, "but anyhow, I wish you'd go."

"Don't hurry us," he said; "we

you; and they shook hands, and were the best of friends; when, to keep the game alive, Jack Bigley went and got a pint Guinness' stout bottle, cleared the didn't care for it; so I lit a cigar, table, and, putting the neck downward, sat on the bottom, and spun himself round. Bless you, it was beautiful. I never saw anything like it. His hands and legs flew out, and he went out like a tectorum or a top, till Tom Burrows must be like a tectorum or a top, till Tom Burrows must poil it by making believe the bottle was his peg, and wanting to take him up in a

We were all too good-humored to quarrel, and we did have the jolliest night you ever knew. We had more singing, and when the song hadn't any chorus we made one-a good rattling one, too-and we encored one another two or three times over, and then began again. We never had the slightest idea of

breaking up, and should have gone on until the milk came round if it had not been for Tom Burrows, who, from being the larkiest fellow of the whole lot, suddenly broke down and began to cry.

It was no use slapping him on the back and trying to comfort him—he would keep on crying and talking about his mother, and saying if she only knew; till it upset Bob Rummins, who wiped one of his eyes, and said he hadn't been

to church for nine Sundays. That spoiled it, you know, for Bob got worse than Tom Burrows, and would keep on saying that he meant to turn over a new leaf. Then Tom Burrows came and called him brother, and they stood and shook one another's hands, and cried into the same pocket handkerchief; till Dick Wharton said he would go home now, and went and laid himself down under the table amongst the oyster shells, with a big lobster claw under the

I'm not quite sure about which way I went home, but I remember how nice and fresh the cool night air felt, and that all the policemen were walking in pairs. I mention that last, you know, lest you should thing that I was in the slightest degree overcome. In fact, when I dropped my umbrella, and then when my hat fell off, as I stooped to pick it up, remember what I said to the pair of policemen who were civil enough to pick them up; and we chatted so that they walked home beside me; and, as I'd got thick gloves on, they felt in my waist-coat pocket for me, and got out my latch-key,

and opened the door.

Just to show you that I was perfectly correct. I'll mention what the pair of policemen said, and that was-

"Of course you can find your way up-And they wouldn't have said that if I had been in that reprehensible state in which some young men return home from a bachelor's party.

Ah! I recollect everything perfectly.

How they had left no candlesticks forme in the proper place, and how something was left in the passage way for me to stumble over, and then the rug at the foot of the stairs was rucked up, and two stair-rods loose, so that three times over I was nearly stumbling up the stairs.
"There's a light in my room," I re-

member saying.

And that accounted, of course, for there being no candle left in the passage. So I smiled to myself, as I paused for a moment on the landing, and tried to hum over the chorus of "Rambling Dan," just to amuse my landlady, and to let her know that I was back safe. But I was so out of breath that I forgot it, and turning the handle with my left handmy left hand because I held my umbrella

saw. For there, with my camphine lamp on the table, the bottle of brandy and a jug of hot water, sat two skeletons in the easy chairs, one on each side of the fire. One of them was sitting looking at the fire, and evidently musing; his right elbow rested on the table, and with his left hand he held a long clay pipe be-tween his teeth, and puffed out a cloud of smoke. The other seemed in a rollicking frame of mind as well as body, or rather bones, for he sat with his legs crossed and hanging on the arm of the easy chair; one of my cigars was between his teeth alight, and he held up a

I was not frightened, not a bit of it for I'd known these skeletons for the last two years. They lived, when at home, in the second case on the right hand side as you went into the museum at Fawkes'; but how it was that they had taken it into their heads - skulls. I mean - to come out and visit me, was a puzzler. rollicking one actually began to chant be-

like castanets.
"Your health, old fellow," he said

And removing his cigar, he drank a hearty draught of brandy and water.

"I was frightened, I tell you; and I was perfectly clear in the head, I tell you; for I was so surprised then that I remember looking down into the easy-chair to see if there was a pool of brandy and water trickling down through the

empty ribs.
But no—I could see the sacrum and the upper bones of the pelvis, and they were quite dry.
"Absorbed, my boy, absorbed," he

said, laughing; and it was a strange, harsh laugh. "Now, then, Rattler, have a drink of this," he said to his bony vis-

But the other skeleton only nodded his head slowly twice, and went on smoking, the wreaths curling up toward the ceil-

"Shut the door, old fellow," said the rollicking skeleton to me. "I don't want rheumatism in my bones, if you do in yours. That's right," he continued, as I complied. "Now come and sit down, and I'll give a lecture on osteology; for you're horribly shaky about your

"Who told you?" I said, I determined to keep a bold face on the mat-

"I heard old Bogus abuse your articulation paper, and tell you that you'd put the patella in the wrong place. Ha! ha! ha! we hear a good deal, don't we, The other skeleton nodded its he

slowly again; and this solemn, slow movement did give me something of a chill. As for the rollicking fellow, I didn't mind him a bit; and to show him that I didn't, I spirked him with the ferule of my umbrella in the same way that Rummins did Tom Burrows when

didn't care for it; so I lit a cigar, and sat, smoked, and looked at them. "That's good brandy," said the rol-licking skeleton, after another draught. "I say, what do you think I died of?' "Hung for burglary, I should say, or

entering people's houses in their ab-"Get out." he said. "I had d. t. horribly. Take care of yourself-don't

"Not if I can help it," I said.

And then I started, for Rattler had gone. Now, I didn't see him go, and I know he didn't pass my chair. But he was gone, and there was an end of it.

"It's a curious life, mine," said the rollicking skeleton, "wired together as I am. I'm glad of a change. A case bottle's all very well, but a glass case is too much of a good thing."

Then he leaned over toward me in a curious, sneering fashion, laughing with his feet, if I may so express the way in the control of the firm. The result was that he beared of the control of the firm. The result was that he beared of the control of the firm. The result was that he beared of the control of the firm. The result was that he beared of the control of the firm. The result was that he beared over the control of the firm. The result was that he bear of the firm. "Not if I can help it," I said.

his feet, if I may so express the way in which he made them quiver; and he annoyed me so that I said to him at last:

"Pray keep still."
"I would," he said, "but it's time to get up."
And he rose from the chair and walked into the wall, straight in, without a pause; and somehow those words of his made such an impression on me that they seemed to hang in the air, and they were the very first I heard later on in the morning, when my hot water was

brought to the door. Ah! you may say what you like, but if it's possible for two skeletons to get out of a case and come down several streets in the dead of night, and visit a medical student, those two visited me.

A Cool Burglary.

The Bryan (Ohio) Democrat gives the following burglary story: For coolness, deliberation and audacity the burglary of Wertz Bros.' grocery, on Sunday morning is without parallel in the criminal history of the country. So deliberate and impudent was the transaction from beginning to end, that it seems like a huge joke. About 2 o'clock Sunday morning a gang of thieves, variously estimated from five to eight in number, stole Andrew Smith's horse, hitched him to S. C. Moore's bob-sled and then drove to the west side of Wertz Bros.' grocery, southwest corner of the public square An entrance into the grocery was easily effected through a side door. Once inside, the fire was smothered with salt, and the work of pillage began. Every drawer was ransacked and the cellar searched. Some change was taken from one of the drawers, and several hams lifted from a barrel in the cellar. Then, to cap the climax, the audacious rascals actually lifted and carried out an iron safe, weighing nearly 1,000 pounds. Once they attempted to start, but Smith's horse was too conscientious for the business, and refused to pull. Care-fully placing him in the stable, they went to David Gettle's stable, over half a mile away, got out his dray horse, drove up through the heart of the village, hitched him to the bob, and away they went. They drove south on Lynn one square, then east on Maple, crossing Main, to near Allen, where they halted, turned the horse adrift, and within ten rods of Mr. Barstow's residence, deliberately cracked the safe by smashing the door to smithereens. Alas, for all their pains they found no lucre—nothing but between 2 and 3 o'clock. The safe fell off the bobs twice en route, and the thieves carried cord wood and built up a tramway to aid in reloading. The safe was smashed within ten rods of where Barstow and his family were sleeping. About 4 o'clock a young man, returning home from a protracted visit to his girl, saw the party at work, but hadn't sufficient curiosity to go over and see what

him from getting out speedily, unless by the dangerous feat of jumping out, and he attempted to put out the flames with-out leaving the wagon, and in doing so his clothing caught fire. He then got his pipe. -St. Louis Republican.

A gay Parisian, who has been famed for his luxurious apartments and turn out and general high airs, has just come to grief and been sent to jail. His name is Hyacinthe Auber. He was in jail once before, but was pardoned out by Napoleon III., to whose dynasty he vowed eternal devotion. Having a knowledge of all the inns and outs of Paris

A UNIQUE DEATH.

Hoop Enters the Brain of a Drunken Man by Way of His Ear and Kills Him-His painfully at his son. William was de-Widow Recovers Damages from the Liquor

(Evansville (Ind.) Letter to Chicago Inter-Ocean, A case very interesting to the advocates of temperance was decided in the Circuit Court of this county last week under the famous Baxter law. One of the clauses of this law provides that the widow of a man whose death has resulted from intoxicating beverages may recover damages from the parties who sold the liquor. The plaintiff to this suit was a German

of the firm. The result was that he became hopelessly intoxicated, and was placed in his wagon by the defendants, and a neighbor hired to drive the team. Standing upright in the wagon was a barrel of salt that Heilman had purchased in the city and was taking home. While driving along the road, the night being dark, the wagon was driven over a log that lay in the road, causing it to jolt, and overturning the barrel of salt upon the prostrate form of Heilman. By some means or other a hoop became de tached from the barrel, and the end of it entered Heilman's ear. The constant jolting of the wagon only helped to drive it in deeper, and when they had reached Heilman's house it was found necessary to draw it forth by main force. Heil man lay in the wagon perfectly insensi-ble from pain and loss of blood. He was carried into the house and placed in bed, from which he never rose alive, the wound causing his death in about a month after the occurrence. The widow was then thrown upon her own resources for a livelihood. The farm, with no one to look after it, soon became valueless, and was sold at a sacrifice. By the advice of friends she brought suit against the parties who had sold her husband the liquor, laying damages at \$5,000. The case, while being tried, attracted great attention, it being the first of the kind that loft as sugar. has ever been tried in the State, and was considered in one way as a test case. After consuming three days in hearing the testimony and listening to the arguments, the case was submitted to the jury, who returned a verdict giving the widow \$325. The advocates of temper-

The Toilers of Age.

ance consider the verdict a victory to

Among those whom Gov. Tilden inwithout the daily task. In addition to Stewart, there is Moses Taylor, who is nearly of the same age. He is President of the City Bank, and is worth

The Idyl of the Streets. \$5,000,000, but his application to business is of an unremitting character, Commodore Vanderbilt, at 80, may be found daily at his office. This is not in being supplied by his son William), but is next to his residence in Fourth street, a quiet and retired spot suited to a calculator. The front room is occupied by a clerk, and in the rear office the Commodore receives special visitors, and goes through his daily duty. His library of railway reports is well read, and he has books of calculations upon transportation, and all the minutize of his realm, which are thoroughly studied. If he omitted this, he would soon sink into dotage. The Most Remarkable of Casualties. William B. Astor, who is more than 80, On Monday occurred in St. Louis county a casualty so singular in some of its features that no one would have believed beforehand that such a thing was possible. The subject was Mr. J. J. Kelly, nurseryman, who for the past twenty or twenty-five years has lived near Webster, on the Pacific railroad. Mr. Kelly is a large, heavy man, fifty-eight years of age. Yesterday he was riding where he carries on daily routine. Ed. years of age. Yesterday he was riding in a light spring-wagon from Kirkwood to Webster, and to keep his feet warm had put a lot of hot bricks in the bottom of the wagon and covered them with in legal practice, though he objects to going the wagon and covered them with in legal practice, though he objects to going the wagon and covered them with in legal practice, though he objects to going the wagon and covered them with in legal practice, though he objects to going the wagon and covered them with in legal practice, though he objects to going the wagon and covered them with its content of the wagon and covered them with the institution which he foliated a ward Matheway he was riding to the carries on daily routine. Edtween his teeth—and, mind you, without dropping his cigar—the chorus of "Rambling Dan," finishing off by clanking his bony legs together, his phalanges rattling Mr. Kelly's size and weight prevented amount of happiness. I may add that all our millionaires (except a few who in-

herited wealth) are over 60. Our oldest working pastor is four years younger than Bryant. I refer to Stephen H. Tyng, rector of St. George's Church, attending to putting the fire out on his own clothing, ran to the horse's head and seized the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree, and is able to satisfy the tastes of the bridle to prove the fire out on his a remarkable degree. own clothing, ran to the horse's head and seized the bridle to prevent his running away. He stood in that position, apparently dumfounded, until he was so burned that it is considered impossible for him to recover. One of his ears was actually burned off. A neighbor passing on the road found him in that situation, and, after extinguishing his burning who is Type's inview by only three and, after extinguishing his burning who is Tyng's junior by only three clothing, conveyed him to his home near years. To these is to be added the once Webster. It is supposed by some that the brilliant Samuel H. Cox, who, though flames did not originate from the hot pricks, but from a burning match with which Mr. Kelly had probably lighted nati Gazette.

story for physicians: Mr. Bunnell was sick abed when his son William, 15 years of age, read about a book entitled "The Influence of Music on Disease," in which, it was stated, the writer explained which, it was stated, the writer explained what diseases it was necessary to fiddle at, what to play the flute over, and what to treat to the accordeon once every two hours—and so forth. William meditated Napoleon III., to whose dynasty he vowed eternal devotion. Having a know to the accordence once every and what to read to the accordence once every are to the accordence once every to the controlled in various ways to the necessities of life at Chiselburd awhile, and then concluded he would be approximated that instrument, took a port of the perial several deputations went from perial several deputations went from Paris. One of them was charged to other that instrument, took a procured that instrument, took are procured to the procured that instruments, took are procured to the procured that instruments are procured to the procured that instruments are procured to the procured that the procured that instruments are procured to the procured to th

give it up so," and Mr. Bunnell now swung his left leg out of bed and gazed

THE Hon. Scott Wike, Congressmanelect from the Quincy (Ill.) district, in-tends making an extended tour of the Southern States.

ANDY JOHNSON will meet in the Senate only one member who voted against his impeachment—Senator McCreery, of THE Democratic gubernatural slate in Ohio for next fall is made out. For Gov-

ernor, William Allen; for Lieutenant-Governor, S. F. Carey. THURLOW WEED has given the Tennes ee Legislature a new name. He says

"the whirligig of time has returned Andy Johnson to the Senate. SENATOR-ELECT EATON, of Connecticut, writes a Hartfford correspondent, will be a prominent figure in the next Congress. is a bitter opponent, a rabid party man, and a thorough believer in the Dem-

ocratic party. He will say "salt" when he means salt, and not attempt to pass it THE Albany Times reminds us that while Virginia used to be called the "mother of Presidents," New York is earning the title of the mother of Sena-The newly elected Senators from

Michigan, Nebraska and Wisconsin— Messrs, Christiancy, Paddock and Cam-eron—were all born in New York. THE Milwaukee Wisconsin says: "In reply to the numerous reports here and elsewhere which are in circulation relavited to attend the Bryant reception was tive to the probability that Senator Car-A. T. Stewart, who replied by a polite penter will leave the State and reside in A. T. Stewart, who replied by a polite note. He could not spare the time. In New York or Washington, we can speak fact, Stewart has not been in Albany since he attended as a lobbyist, in order no such intention, and that he does not, to prevent the Broadway railway. Stew- in any event, propose to leave Milwaukee art is 74, and being the owner of many to practice law elsewhere, or accept any millions, might indulge in an easy mode of life, but such is not his disposition.

This leads me to observe that New York contains a remarkable group of laborious showing to his friends that he will stand old men—toilers con amore—amateurs by them as they have stood by him, and of work, whese zest of life would be lost will leave the future to determine whether

She was a stout, florid woman, remarkably stout and florid, but she was richly dressed, and as she came down Olive her lip and turned up her nose at women whom she passed more plainly appar-eled was frequent, and painful, and free, as the poet expresses it. She was leading a poodle by a ribbon—why is it that fat, florid women always wear a poodlet— and the dog was a marvel in its kind. It was very small and very vicious, snap-ping at the feet of pedestrians, and its diminutive and homely body covered with frowzy wool, was almost concealed by an elaborate blanket, which left only head and legs and tail exposed. And so they came sailing down Olive street, fat, ristocratic woman and small, aristocratic dog, and they were perfectly satisfied with themselves, though no one else might be. But tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis, and sometimes the change occurs with depressing suddenness. Some careless shop-keeper had thrown a pail of water upon the sidewalk the night before, and the bitter cold had transformed the water into a surface hard s adamant, smooth as the highway to perdition. She came along with the stately tread adapted to her style, but she did not see the sidewalk in its icy guile. Her double chin was elevated far of a placid and contemplative inner consciousness to admit of noting things terrestrial. Like a Spanish galleon of the olden time sne came still sailing on until she touched the ice patch. How shall one paint the transformation scene? Two pudgy feet pawed frantically the glistening surface, then shot swiftly forward as the body they supported started back There was a fierce rush downward of waving arms and gros grain and seal-skin and adipose tissue, and the earth absolutely shook with the concussion? Slowly and painfully the stately female rose and glanced about her, but the dog—oh, where was he? There he lay, but what a spectacle! Come to the bridal about the rose in course water. chamber, Death; come in consumption's ghastly form, the earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm, et cetera, but do not come to a small dog in the shape of two hundred and twenty-five pounds of solid female flesh, if you want to hear him give a single yelp! Crushed beneath a mass The Normstown nerata tells this little tory for physicians: Mr. Bunnell was lick abed when his son William, 15 years of age, read about a book entitled "The influence of Music on Disease," in which, it was stated, the writer explained So late a wonder among pets, he was now better fitted for a book-mark in a family Bible! And the stately woman sobbed asthmatically and hired a boy to

THE CONFEDERATE TREASURE.

painfully at his son. William was delighted at his success in raising the old man, and pitched into "The Last Rose of Summer" with renewed energy, rushing through the air without once going back to pick up dropped notes and things. And "The Last Rose of Summer" was the last of William. The influence of music upon Mr. Bunnell's ailman at Richmond and sent South, intended to improve the summer of the confederate States, to be placed on trains at Richmond and sent South, intended to improve the summer of the confederate states. tending to convey it to the trans-Mis ment was marvelous. It seemed to imbut him with new life and strength, for just as William was about to saw out "Pop Goes the Weasel," his "pop" popped out of bed, wrenched the violing from his son's hands, splintered it over his head, and with his right foot lifted him out of the room in the most hurried officers. The rest of the money, belonghim out of the room in the most hurried and emdhatic manner on record.

It is a question now which recovers first—Mr. Bunnell or his son. The doctor thinks the chances are in favor of father.

The banks of Virginia, in keeping of their officers. The rest of the money, belonging to the Confederate States, was placed in wagons, and the retreat continued. The brigades of Gens. Basil Duke and Vaughn, who had succeeded in escaping from East Tennessee, and had arrived at Charlette for the control of the room in the most hurried of the banks of Virginia, in keeping of their officers. Political Memoranda.

Charlotte a few days before, were placed under the orders of Gen. John C. Breck-inridge to act as an escort to the treas-The New York Graphic thinks the next Senate will be remarkable only for the men who are not there.

WHEELER, of the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Company, is a prominent Democrat in Connecticut.

The Hon Scott Wilson Cause and secort to the treasure, and the command proceeded South until Greensboro, Washington county, Ga., was reached. At this point information was received that the Federal General, Wilson, had captured Macon, a few miles distant, and in the line of retreat to the trans-Mississippi Department. The news soon got among the ment. The news soon got among the men. They became demoralized, and a rush was made for the wagons containing the treasure. It was speedily divided up among them, the officers being unable to restrain the men. Among the lucky ones were two soldiers belonging to Company sender Third Tennessee mounted infantry, Vaughn's brigade, from Monroe county, Tenn. One of them was named Albert Stevens, and the other we will call J. T. Jones. They had charge of a wagon containing \$150,000 in gold; and when the panic spread among the soldiers, and the cry was "sauve qui peut," they retained their presence of mind, and drove off in the woods, where they divided the money, making some \$75,000 apiece, and separated, Stevens taking his to his home in Tennessee, where he buried it, confiding its hiding place to his mother, a very old lady.

In presiding over the Maine Constitutional Commission, Hon. Edward Kent. occupies the same chair in which he sate as Governor of the State thirty five years. place to his mother, a very old lady. Finding that it would be dangerous for him to remain in Tennessee, owing to the unsettled condition of things there, the people being equally divided on the question of the war, he went to Georgia, where he found Jones, who had bought a small place and was quietly waiting until it would be safe for him to return home. Stevens staid awhile with Jones, and then went off to another part of Georgia to visit some relatives. Before going, however, he informed Jones about the hiding place of his money and his mother's knowledge of its whereabouts. As soon as Stevens was gone Jones mounted his horse and made a bee-line for Tennessee, to the place where Stevens lived. Arriving there he presented his comrade's mother with a forged letter, purporting to come from her son, directing her to deliver the money to Jones, which the old lady did. Jones then started direct for California. Arriving here he purchased a large track of land land bridged to be ridden.—

Richard Bumbold, when on the confidence of the land bridged to be ridden.—

Richard Bumbold, when on the confidence of the land bridged to be ridden. here he purchased a large tract of land in Mendocino county, land being very low at that time, and has since amassed a large fortune in addition to his ill-gotten

gains, and is now highly respected and a for home, possibly dreaming of a future West in search of his faithless friend, the average cow yields only 7,000 gallons wowing to shoot him on sight, and only of pure milk. Let's see: 7,000 gallons for milk—14,000 gallons of water—206 pounds of whiting—well, call it 22,000 gallons altogether. will shortly be made to bring Jones to account through the courts.—San Francisco Examiner.

A middle aged woman had a letter handed her at the general delivery in the Postoffice yesterday, and she sat down on a window-sill and read it. Her interest was intense from the start, and she spoke was intense from the start, and she spoke 95,879; the third week, 96,557; the spoke 95,879; the third week 95,879; the third week 95,879; the spoke 95,879; the s

After reading a few more lines she

"And he misses my society so much!"

Half way down the page she spoke again:
"And he calls me his sunbeam—his

guardian angel."

She climbed up on the sill a little further, turned the letter over, and mused:

She reached the top of the fourth page and exclaimed:
"What! going to Flint, eh?"
Further down she growled:

'And he met that red-headed widow Kernshaw on the cars, ch? I'll see about that. He probably didn't tell her he was married!"

She got down to the "P. S.," glanced over a couple of lines, and then yelled

right out:
"Not coming home until next week!
Trains snowed in! Great press of business! I'll see whether he isn't coming!

Bub, where's the telegraph office?"

And she ran across the street and sent him a dispatch which made the operator's hair stand up as he received and read it.—Free Press.

looked at the pen was handed mm. He looked at the pen, scrutinized the pay roll, and hesitated so long that the clerk poked him up. "Let's see," mused the darkey, as he looked up at the clock; "it's now 10 o'clock, and I've got to meet a feller at the City Hall at noon; I

Miss Kuttone is said to be clearing \$2,500 per week for her share in English

In some of the new styles there is no-change. Poor relatives are cut the same as last year.

THE value of coal produced annually from all sources of England is estimated at \$620,000,000.

Ir is rumored that the Herald establishment will issue an illustrated daily torival the Graphic. A Minnesora man, who prophenied! mild weather for January, was found frozen to death in bed.

WHY is the number of wise men so small!

Because to be stupid's so easy—that's all.

How to be contented-Look at the hole in Jones' coat sleeve, and then at the neat patch on your own.

YALE has turned out two hundred Congressmen. Fathers, think of this, and send your sons to Harvard.

"I came off with flying colors," as the painter said when he fell from the ladder with a pallette on his thumb. Mr. Sherman has introduced into the

New York Legislature a bill regulating the time for fishing throughout the State HoE & Co. of New York, have a school room in their factory, and compel their apprentices to spend two hours a day in

The fine of \$5,000 imposed upon the sender of a scurrillous postal card in New York the other day ought to serve. as a lesson the world over.

Lasr week six vessels arrived at Baltimore from Rio Janeiro, bringing 28,0009 bags of coffee, containing 3,924,0009 pounds, valued at \$900,000.

great political Derby of 1876.

ago. Ir is proposed to increase the dog tax in England from 5s, which it is now, to 10s. The object of the increase is to reduce the present number of usels

REV. ROBERT LAIRD COLLER, who is: now preaching at Leicestev, England, writes that his health is entirely recov-ered, and that he will return to America. in June.

VASQUEZ, the California bandit, has been convicted of thirty-seven murders. If punished for each offense it would taky about seven hours for him to strangle at twelve minutes a hang.

I NEVER could believe that providence

Mrs. E.r., who flattered the Russian Czar's nephew out of his diamonds, Ned Buntline, Mark Twain, A. J. Butler-Ben's brother—and George Butler, his member of the church.

In the course of time Stevens, having ascertained that it would be safe, started Hannibal, Mo.

A MAN and his wife both eloped from life of case and comfort on some blue- Kearney City, Neb., on the same night a grass farm, raising fat cattle and blooded horses, this being your average Kentuckian's or Tennessean's idea of an earthly paradise. On reaching home he soon found out his loss. Buckling on his re-

Ar Nantes, in France, the Davenport

Brothers gave their usual exhibition, but the knots were tied by an old sailor. The result was not as usual; instead of

fourth week, 97,357, au addition to the list during December of 2,359,

A MAN accomplished the journey from Brighton, Cal., to Sacramento, the other day, in a hand-car propelled by the wind. In the absence of a sail, he unfolded his ears and made the trip in about fifteen minutes. Distance, eight miles.

EVERY friend and admirer of the poet Whittier will be sorry to hear of the great feebleness of his health this winter. "And he's lost three pounds of flesh worrying over my health. He's just a dear, loving old darling, that's what he season has told hardly upon him, and his immediate friends are extremely anxious.

> MR. PETER BICKEL, of Milwaukee, not knowing a bank wherein he could safely deposit his money, deposited \$278 in his coai bin. When he went for it he found some one had been there while he was away. The servant girl admitted that she did it with her little scuttle.

NED Vose used to travel around Colo. NED VOSE used to travel around colo-rado with a performing bear, but a great change came one day last week, and now-the bear travels around alone, thinking over old times, and occasionally leaning against a tree as a pang shoots throughs his bowels. Ned is inside that bear.

him a dispatch which made the operator's hair stand up as he received and read it.—Free Press.

A SLOW WRITER.—Yesterday, while some negro steamboatmen were being paid off, the clerk inquired of each one as he came up to sign the pay roll, "Will you write your name or make an X?"

The first one said he could write his name, and the pen was handed him. He looked at the pen, scrutinized the pay

is going to explore it.

It is a coincidence that Angus Carneron, the new Senator from Wisconsin to succeed Matt Carpenter, was born in the same town as ex-Senator Doolittle, where Mr. Carpenter succeeded. He practiced his profession at Buffalo for several years, but, through dissipation, became very much reduced in circumstances, though he was recognized as having considerable legal ability. Removing from Buffalo to La Crosse, in 1857, he tarned over a new leaf, and, after filling several public offices, was sent to the Legislature, and was elected Speaker in 1867.