A Singular and Fatal Affray.

[From the Siskiyou Courier.]

A few months ago we published an account of the death of Mrs. Hudson and four children, who perished in the flames of a burning building, at Shiloh, in this county. The husband of the woman and father of the children appears to have been but little affected by the appalling manner of their death, and since that time has conducted himself in a style that plainly showed him to be devoid of all respect for himself or the memory of the dead. On Saturday last (Oct 5) this man ended his career under the following circumstances:

On Friday, Hudson and one Frank Martin were engaged in playing cards in the bar room of the Millville Hotel, and in the course of the game Hudson accused Martin of cheating, and said he had swindled him out of $250. Martin denied that he had cheated, and remarked that any man who said he did so was a "d—d liar." Hudson then left the house. On the following day Hudson drank considerable liquor and tried to borrow a pistol, saying he had been imposed upon, and would not stand such treatment. He was refused a weapon, but finally he and one of his friends forcibly took a pistol from a man named Glasscock. Shortly after obtaining the pistol, Hudson approached Martin, who was standing just outside the hotel door, and presenting the pistol, within a few feet of his breast, ordered him to take back what he had said. Martin immediately rushed upon Hudson and caught him around the neck, drawing his head down upon his breast. After some considerable scuffling, Hudson raised the pistol above his head and fired downward, with the evident intention of shooting Martin, but the ball entered his own head on the right side, and piercing the brain, lodged in the base of the skull on the left side. Before entering his head the ball cut off the thumb of Hudson's left hand, besides grazing one of Martin's arms. Hudson lived until Monday morning, when he expired, the victim of his own rashness and evil habits. Justice Guptill, of Millville, impanneled a jury and held an inquest over the remains of the deceased, when the jury returned a verdict in accordance with the above narrated facts.

A Genuine Ghost Story.

The Monongahela (Pa.) Republican says: Not very long ago the young and beautiful wife of one of our citizens was called to her final account, leaving her husband disconsolate, and, bereft. She was buried in the adjacent cemetery, and the husband returned to his desolate home—but not to forget the loved one. She was present with him by day in spirit, and in his dreams at night. One peculiarity of his dreams, and one that haunted him, being repeated night after night, was this, that the spirit of his wife came to his bedside and told him that the undertaker had not removed from her face the square piece of muslin, or napkin, which had been used to cover her face after death, but had screwed down her coffin lid with it upon her; that she could not breathe in her grave, but was unrest on account of the napkin. He tried to drive the dream away, but it bided with him by night and troubled him by day.

In despair he sought the undertaker, Mr. Dickey, who told him that the napkin had not been removed, but urged him to forget the circumstance, as it could not be any possible annoyance to inanimate clay. While the gentleman frankly acknowledged this, he could not avoid the apparition, and the continual stress upon his mind began to tell upon his health. At length he determined to have the body disinterred, and visited the undertaker for that purpose. Here he was met once more with the same advice and persuasion, and again convinced of his folly, the haunted man returned to his home. That night, more vivid than ever, more terribly real than before, she came to his bedside and upbraided him for his want of affection, and would not leave him until he promised to remove the cause of all her suffering. The next night, with a friend, he repaired to the sexton, who was prevailed upon to accompany them, and there, by the light of the moon, the body was lifted from its narrow bed, the coffin lid unscrewed, and the napkin removed from the face of the corpse. That night she came to his bedside once more, but for the last time. Thanking him for his kindness, she pressed her cold lips to his cheek, and came again no more.

The best capital to begin life with is a capital wife. If the capital don't increase, the family will.