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Enoch Arden Outdone.

Some time prior to the war a young couple met and loved. After a short courtship they were married and lived happily together. Children came to bless the union and they prospered well. When the war broke out his patriotic soul would not allow him to stay at home, and he shouldderd a musket and sought the battle-field in the defence of his country. Letters come regularly for a time and then ceased entirely. Word was sent home that he had been taken prisoner, and soon after the dread news came that he was dead. The news was considered so authentic that the Government allowed the widow and the children a pension. After a reasonable time she listened to the pleadings of another suiter and married him. They came to Atlantic, where her father is an honored citizen, having moved here from the eastern Iowa town which had been the home of the family. The second husband proved to be a worthless drunkard, and after a time spent in mutual bickering, she got a divorce on the ground of intemperance and general cussedness, so to speak.

Not content with her bad luck, she concluded to marry again, this time a man who was even a worse failure than her second husband, and who deliberately shook the dust off his feet and "lit out" between two days, after living with her for a time. In the meantime, a quiet and unassuming man had come to Atlanta and hired to a prominent contractor here. He formed an acquaintance with the lady and her husband, dropping in at various times to spend an evening, and was on intimate terms generally. To have seen him no one would have thought for a moment he was acting out a strange romance. Time passed on, and the husband skipped out as aforesaid. One evening, after a little preliminary conversation, he revealed himself to the astonished woman. He was the veritable first husband, so long considered dead, on account of which the pensions were still coming to the children. Explanations followed in which it appeared that he had, after being released, written several letters home, but the family having removed from their former home, and despairing of again hearing from them, had let the matter rest. He came to Atlanta without the slightest idea that he would meet any one he had ever seen, but recognized his former wife at once. Finding that the recognition was not mutual, he concluded not to disturb the couple, but went on with his daily duties as of old.

The above are the facts in the case as given us by the attorney for the woman. What the outcome of this strange affair will be, we have no idea, nor do we believe have the parties themselves. We have not mentioned any names, because the lady is quite sensitive in regard to the matter.—*Iowa Messenger.*

THE production of steel effected by Great Britain last year was 808,527 tons. In the same year the United States made 732,226 tons of steel; Germany, 240,000 tons; France, 140,000 tons; Belgium 75,000 tons; Sweden, 20,000 tons; and Austria, 25,000 tons. The aggregate steel production of the world was thus something over 2,000,000 tons last year.

THE United States ships from Brazil alone, more than twice as much coffee as is exported from that country to England and the various other nations of the earth. During the year 1877 there was shipped to this country 949,870 bags; in 1878, 1,118,657 bags; in 1879, 1,262,197.

THE

COAST  MAIL.

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The Sickles Tragedy.

On Sunday afternoon, the 27th of February, 1859, on President Square, opposite the White House, in the City of Washington, Daniel E. Sickles of New York, shot and killed Phillip Barton Key, of the City of Washington.

Mr. Sickles was at that time member of Congress from the City of New York, and Mr. Key was, as his father had been, United States Attorney for the District of Columbia.

Mr. Sickles was born in the City of New York in 1821, was brought up in the printing business, but turned his attention to law. He studied in the office of Benjamin F. Butler, of New York and was admitted to the bar in 1843. He early became a leading Democratic politician, and in 1847 was elected a member of Assembly to the State Legislature. He was afterward elected a member of the State Senate. When Mr. Buchanan was appointed American Minister to England, Mr. Sickles was, for a short time Secretary of Legation, and with George N. Saunders, of Kentucky, urged forward measures for the acquisition of Cuba by the United States.

In 1856 he was elected a member of Congress and was re-elected in 1858, one week before the expiration of his first term, and after his re-election the tragedy in which he was the chief actor occurred.

He took an active part in the late war of the rebellion, and raised what was known as the Sickles Brigade, and attained the rank of Major General of Volunteers. He was conspicuous at the battle of Gettysburg, which his disobedience or misunderstanding of orders somewhat precipitated, and in the early part of it was seriously wounded and lost one leg.

In 1856 President Johnson nomitated him as United States Minister Resident to the Netherlands, which he declined. He was afterward appointed a Colonel in the regular army, and brevetted a Major General and was in command at Charleston, in South Carolina, during the throes of reconstruction, and was complained of as exercising unnecessary harshness in the discharge of his duty. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention, which, in 1868, nominated General Grant for President, and in 1869 was appointed by President Grant United States Minister to Spain. Mr. Sickles is a man of pleasing presence, fair complexion, blue and expressive eyes, firm mouth, and massive hair and moustache. His manners are graceful in form and movement. His use of the crutches seems the perfection of easy grace and manner. He is about the ordinary size, well built and possessed of remarkable coolness, dignity and determination.

Mr. Key was a member of one of the oldest and most celebrated families of Washington. His grandfather, John Ross Key, and his granduncle, Phillip Barton Key, were both noted men. His granduncle was a captain in the English army at the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, but was member of the United States Congress in 1807-13. John Ross Key married a daughter of Governor Lloyd of Virginia. Their son, Francis Scott Key, father of our present subject, was the famous author of the "Star Spangled Banner," and their daughter married Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Mr. Key was about forty years older than Mr. Sickles. His sister married George H. Pendleton, who was at this time a member of Congress from Ohio 1857-65, and was a candidate in 1864 for Vice-President on the ticket with George B. McClellan. His father, Nathaniel G. Pendleton, a native of Georgia, was a member of Congress from Ohio, 1841-3, and his grandfather Nathaniel Pendleton, was the second of Alexander Hamilton in his duel with Aaron Burr.

Mr. Key, at the time of the affray was a widower, with four children. He was about six feet in height, of good presence and fine figure, with agreeable address and fascinating manners, which rendered him popular in the brilliant society which then shone at Washington.

In 1852, Mr. Sickles married Miss Teresa Bagioli, daughter of a celebrated composer, and teacher of music in New York.

She was then a lovely girl, just from school, and only about sixteen. The type of her beauty was that of Italy, of which country her father was a native, with eyes of deep and lustrous softness, like an Italian sky, youthful, lovely, and beautiful in person and manners.

Shortly after their marriage she went out with her husband on his appointment to London as Secretary of the American Legation, in the household of Mr. Buchanan, and there the young bride attracted universal attention by her personal charms and by her innocent gayety and girlish joyousness.

For a time after their return from Europe they occupied a charming residence at Bloomingdale, overlooking the Hudson, and when he took his seat in Congress he fixed his residence in the elegant house on President Square, afterward occupied by Speaker Colfax, and more recently by Richard W. Thompson, the present Secretary of the Navy. At the time of the tragedy their only child, Laura, was about five years of age.

The detrils of the scandal which led to the tragedy it is not for me to reproduce. Enough to say that Washington gossip whispered suspicions that Mr. Key was too attentive to Mrs. Sickles. He had been a constant visitor to the Sickles mansion, and was always received as a welcome guest. In the recess of Congress, he visited them in New York, and on the reassembling of Congress, in December, 1858, continued his familiar calls. Mr. Key made his headquarters at the club house on the opposite side of the square, and frequently rode out on his spirited horse, stopping at the Sickles' mansion.

Three days before the tragedy, Mr. and Mrs. Sickles entertained a large party at his usual Thursday evening dinners. On these occasions Mr. Key and his sister and her husband, Mr. Pendleton, were frequently present. On Friday, the day after this party, Mr. Sickles received a letter signed R. P. G., detailing the meetings of Mr. Key and Mrs. Sickles, and designating a house in Fifteenth street which Mr. Key had rented from a colored man named John A. Gray, where they frequently met. Nearly a year before this Mr. Sickles had had his suspicions aroused by some story communicated to him by Geo. B. Woolridge, of Mr. Key riding out on horseback, on the Bladensburg road, while he was in New York, but was satisfied that there was nothing in it; but this letter of R. P. G. was so specific in its statement that on examination Mr. Sickles believed it true. The next evening, Saturday, after examining the matter, he confronted his wife with the facts and proof, and she made and signed a confession that she had met Mr. Key at this house on Fifteenth street. The next day, Sunday, Mr. Key passed the house of Mr. Sickles and waved his handkerchief, which had been a signal between them to go out to meet each other.

In a short time Mr Sickles sailed out, met Mr. Key near the club-house, and exclaimed, "Key, you secundrel, you must die!" He drew a pistol from his overcoat skirt pocket and fired. The shot took effect in the groin. Key hurled an opera-glass at Sickles, and grappled with him. They then separated, and Key retreated up Sixteenth street toward the club-house. Sickles followed and fired again, the shot passing through Key's body below the heart. At the second shot they were about three paces apart. Sickles approached still nearer, and, with his pistol close to Mr. Key, fired the thrid time, the ball entering near where the second shot had taken effect. Four or five shots were fired while Mr. Key was making frantic appeals for his life. He fell upon the side walk near a tree, a few paces from Pennsylvania avenue, which I believe was struck by one of the balls. The bark and fragments of the tree were carried away as relics.

After Mr. Key fell Mr. Sickles, accompanied by his friend S. F. Butterworth, who had left Mr. Sickels' house and spoken to Key just before Sickles met him, went to the office of Jeremiah S. Black, Attorney-General, and gave himself up, and was soon after conducted to jail. Mr. Key was removed to the parlor of the club-house and was soon dead.—Harpers Weekly.

PROSPEROUS TIMES IN NEW YORK—NEW YORK, February 22d.—The *Tribune* says: There is no surer indication that the present tide of business prosperity has come to stay a longer time than the rise of the real estate here in New York. This kind of property is not subject to sudden fluctations, and cannot be forced up by mere temporary or fictitious activity in trade. The increase in rentals of stores and offices down town, and the brisk market for building lots and dwellings up town show plainly that the business of the metropolis is in a healthy condition. Among purchasers of houses are said to be a number of capitalists from California, who have concluded to transfer themselves and possessions to a place where the Kearneys and Kallochs of the Pacific coast cannot apply their communistic experiments.

Paris and its Miseries.

Misery, in the abject form of absolute houseless pauperism, is, as you know, not recognized by the French law. It sets its face steadily against it, and will have nothing to do with it. If it comes across a shivering wretch under a lonely arch, it simply puts him into prison to teach him that he has no business to be wretched. It is, on system, as hard hearted and callous as the Alderman in "The Chimes," who never missed a chance of "putting poverty down," and who was as convinced that there ought not to be any starvation as that he, the Alderman, was a model of acuteness and logical common sense. The Government, so needlessly meddlesome and paternal in most matters, obstinately skirks the great question of pauperism, refuses to believe in it, ignores it on principal, scouts it, flouts it, and locks up the audacious individual who thrusts the objectionable reality under its nose. The plan keeps misery out of sight—not a small boon to society (the richer part of it)—and it largely diminishes the public taxation. And yet opponents of the system might urge, with a fair show of reason, that misery is not abolished by being hidden in dark corners; and that difficulties so real and awful as famine, cold and disease are better faced than evaded. Thanks to the revolution, property has long been more equitably distributed amongst French people than it is, perhaps, in any other country in Europe. Great fortunes are rare. Great poverty is rare too, though it is commoner since the war of 1870. There are no Vanderbuilts or A. T. Stewarts in France, and there are no quarters in Paris comparable to the back slums of New York, or the noisome lanes of the New Cut and Seven Dials in London. Socially they come nearer to equality here than you do, probably, in the free States of America; and no doubt they owe this, in some measnre, to the absence of regular refugees and homes for the poor. But there are moments when system, logic, rule and measure are insults to reason; when want, gaunt and hollow-eyed, will break from its covert, and cry aloud upon the house-tops for pitiful sympathy. Such has been the case this last week in Paris. It has snowed, with scarcely a day's interruption, all the week. The roads are choked up, and rendered hardly safe by man or beast, by a foot and half of frozen snow. The gutters are so many traps for careless travelers. The night air is laden with consumption and death. One hour in the streets soaks your feet and chills your body. It looks so fair and pure, this white sheet spread over the whole face of the great city; and it is cruel as the grave. Heaven help the poor of Paris in such weather! The Frence have little idea of comfort at all times. In their home arrangements they are criminally unthoughtful. To look at the stone floors, the draughty windows, the fireless rooms, the filthy drainage arrangements, inseparable from the dwellings of the French poor, you would think that the landlords here were heartless, and worse than heartless. Nor would you be far wrong. It is well enough—or bearable enough—in the summer, and even in an average winter, when people can get out and about; but seasons like that of 1870, and this of 1879, upset all calculations. You must have warmth, or you cannot work. You must work, or you have no money, and you starve, or fall an easy prey to fever and consumption. Private charity can do, and does wonders; but it is powerless against such general misery as that which Paris is filled with at present. Fancy this: One hundred and forty-nine thousand people, roughly speaking, are at present registered on the books of the Bereaux de Bienfaisance, or Relief Offices. Seven thousand five hundred applicants are praying for admission to the city hospitals, which are crowded and overcrowded already! Think, too, of all those whose pride and sensitiveness will not let them make known their wretchedness; of those who prefer to fight on alone, to suffer stoically and to die, rather than to be beholden for their salvation to public charity.—*Paris Corr. Chicago Tribune.*

A Hungry Bull.

AN Omaha dispatch of the 21st ultimo, has the following relating to Sitting Bull: Dr. McGillicuddy, agent at Pine Ridge agency, where there are 7,000 Red Cloud Indians, enroute to Washington. He reports everything quiet among the Indians. He says that messengers from Sitting Bull state that he is in great need of food, buffalo having become very scarce. Furthermore, they would all return to the United States if they were sure of being received without any punishment, and that they would be taken care of. Dr. McGillicuddy, who is a practical man and a successful Indian agent, says that they will return in a few months and then they will have to be taken care of. He will recommend that they be kept on a separate reservation near the Missouri river, away from other agency Indans who are becoming settled and inclined to civilization.

A Fighting Hired Man.

Our correspondent at Derry sends the following: Michael Kelly, or Mike Kelly as he is usually called, was an eccentricold farmer living in one of our suburban towns. Born of poor parents: by industry and perseverance he had become possessed of one of the finest farms of that section of which he was justly proud; but no prouder than he was of his own physical strength and agility, that had assisted him in accumilating his property, and made him a most excellent boxer and wrestler, and he had a corresponding contempt for men of inferior power. One spring, when help was unusually plenty, he determined to have the farm run that year by a strong team. So when a man presented himself and asked for work, after inquiring of a man as to his habits, etc., he would finish up by asking him to fight. In this way he disposed of quite a number of applicants and was beginning to dispare of his "strong team," when one morning he was standing in the barn door, a young man came up the road, and seeing him, called out.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," gruff.

"Do you want to hire a hand to work on your farm sir?"

"Perhaps so; want to hire out?"

"Yes, sir, I am looking for a job."

"What can yon do?"

"All kinds of farm work, sir; I was born on a farm."

"Can you fight?"

"What sir?"

"Can you fight, I say; can you lick me."

"I don't know sir, whether I can or not; but I can try."

And he did try. The first thing Kelly knew he was on his back on the floor, with two teeth down his throat; the next, the man was astride his stomach, with a fist in each eye, and his nose bleeding. Then he let him up, and was just picking up his bundle to walk off, when he was called back and set to work, and he proved to be as trusty and industrious as he was brave. The farmer's daughter needed just such a man for a husband, and now he may be seen any day superintendending the work on the farm, while Father Kelly sits in the armchair and tells to his grandchildren the story of his last fight.—*Concord People.*

Kearney Frightened.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 24.—At a meeting of the eleventh ward club of workingmen this evening, resolutions were adopted premising that there was an attempt to be made to prevent the condemnation of Chinatown, and that being law abiding citizens they would defend with their lives their leaders in enforcing the law, and offer one thousand armed men to aid the government in carrying out its previsions.

Speaking of this resolution, Kearney said that he had been informed from a reliable source, that a secret movement is on foot to crush the anti Chinese crusade, the Chinese Six Companies and some of the merchants being instigators, and the police department and National Guard tools; that enemies of the workingmen were to inaugurate trouble by starting a fire or row. Then Kearney and the mayor were to be assassinated by policemen in the disguise of Chinese highbinders and Chinese, armed to the teeth, were to be let loose to massacre men, women and children, selecting the laboring portion of the city as their victims. Regarding the test case now before the U. S. circuit court involving the constitutionality of the law forbidding corporations employing Chinese, he said that he would accept no decision but that of the people, and they say "the Chinese must go." He would leave a list of names of persons that must be gillotined in case he was assassinated, as his assassination would be a blow at every workingman and woman in the civilized world.

He announced that tomorrow the ward presidents, mayor and workingmen city officials would meet at the headquarters of the party. The purpose of the meeting was not stated.

Treatment of a young Cow.

It is too ofton the case when a young heifer has her first calf, says the *Live Patron*, that the farmer says: Well, she will not give more milk than will keep her calf in good condition and I'll let them run together this time, and teach her the mystery of being milked when she has her next calf." In this decision there are two mistakes that go far to spoil the cow for future usefulness. In the first place the cow will never be so easily broken nor so gently when broken as now. Cows are largely creators of habit, and with their first calf everything is new and strange to them, and they readily submit to being milked and think it is all right; but suffer them to run with the calf the first season and a vicious habit is established that they will hardly forget in a lifetime If they ever submit to be milked quietly it is evidently under protest; but, in the second place, there is a more formidable objection than this. The calf running with the cow draws the milk every hour or two, so that the milk vessels are not at any time distented with milk, though the quantity secreted in a given time may be large. This is the natural time to distend the milk ducts and expand the udder to a good capacity for holding milk. When with her next calf, you require the milk to be retained twelve hours, the ubber becomes hard and painful and the milk leaks from the teats, or, more likely, nature accommodates the quantity of milk to be secreted, the cow becomes permanently a small milker. Much of the future character of the cow, therefore, depends on her treatment with her first calf.

Booth.

There is an old red leather diary which was found in Booth's pocket, and which has been preserved. There are but two entries in it. They are made with a pencil, and are rapidly becoming indistinct. The first entry on the diary is dated Friday, April 14th. Under this date Booth says:

"Until to day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we have worked to capture. Our cause being almost lost, something decisive must be done. * * * * *

I struck boldly, and not as the papers say. I walked with a firm step througha thousand of his friends—was stopped, but pushed on. The Colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper* before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I can never repent it. I meant to kill. Our country owed all its troubles to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. Our country is not what it was. This forced union is not what I loved. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night, before the deed, I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I freely set forth our reasons for our preceedings. He or the South."

The second entry in the diary, under the date of April 21st, says: "After being hunted like a dog through swamps and woods, and being chased by convoys. I was forced to return, wet cold and starving, every man's hand against me. I am here in despair. And why? For doing what Brutus was honored for—what made Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down a more cruel tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My act was purer than either of theirs. One hoped to be great himself; the others had both his own and his country's wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country, and that alone—a country ground beneath this tyrant. I now behold the cold hand that is extended to me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. I cannot see any wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little I left behind me to clear my name the government will not allow to be printed. So ends all. For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy; brought misery upon my family, and sure there is no pardon in heaven for me since man condemns me so. * *

To-night I will once more try the river with the intention to cross. I have a great desire, and almost a mind, to return to Washington, and, in a measure clear my name, which I feel that I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain. If the world knew my heart, that blow would have made me great, though I do not desire greatness. To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more, but who can read his fate? God's will be done. I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh! may He—may He spare me that, and let me die bravely. I never hated or wronged any one. This brave boy with me often prays—yes, before and since—with a true, sincere heart. Was it crime with him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but yet must fight the course. 'Tis all that's left me."

The Coast Mail.

DEVOTED TO
ALL LIVE ISSUES.

THE INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON ALWAYS FOREMOST.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our harbors, and railroad communication with the Interior, specialities.

The Theories of Atlantis.

One of the most plausible and believed by many scientists to be the true theory is this: Ages ago the Americans presented a very different appearance from what they now do. Then an immense peninsula extended itself from Mexico, Central America and New Granda, so far into the Atlantic that the Madeiras, Azores and West India islands are now fragments of it. This Peninsula was a fair and fertile country inhabited by rich and civilized nations, a people versed in the arts of war and civilization—a country covered with large cities and magnificent palaces, their rulers, according to tradition reigning not only on the Atlantic continent, but over islands far and near, even into Europe and Asia. Suddenly, without warning this whole fair land was engulfed by the sea, in a mighty convulsion of nature. Now, this catastrophe is not impossible or even improbable. Instances are not wanting of large tracts of land, several hundred miles in extent disappearing in like manner. The island of Ferdinanda suddenly appeared, and after awhile as suddenly disappeared. In 1819, during an earthquake in India, an immense tract of land near the river Indus sank from view, and a large lake now occupies its place. The whole bed of the Atlantic, where Atlantis is said to have been situated, consists of extinct volcanoes. The terrible Lisbon earthquake of 1655, and the latter American shook, created a commotion throughout the whole Atlantic area. That Atlantis possessed great facilities for making sudden exit cannot be doubted. Its very situation gives color to the narratives of ancient Grecian historians and Toltecian traditions, that "it disappeared by earthquakes and inundations."—E. H. Thompson.

An Unfortunate Sovereign.

The maxim "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown," was never better illustrated than by the present condition of the Czar of Russia. A late dispatch from St. Petersburg says that lately the Czar has hardly ever left the winter palace, and when he went abroad he was surrounded by a cloud of mounted officers, who concealed the carriage and protected the inmate with their bodies. In the palace he was accessible only to diplomatists, dignitaries, and officers of the household. At the chapel, detectives occupied seats that were formerly reserved for distinguished visitors. Detectives infest the kitchen. Every dish is tasted by persons of rank especially selected for that purpose. The Emperor does not even venture to open his letters, documents steeped in poison having repeatedly been sent to him. The Emperor and the Dutchess of Edinburg were seated in an open appartment next to the dining-room when they heard the report of the explosion, by which the lights were extinguished and gaspipe burst. The Princess, officers and valets went blindly in the dark and then poured promiscuously through the doors of the royal apartments. The sovereign was found groping his way out of the fatal quarter. All who saw the sight of Alexander the Second leading his daughter away from the mine of dynamite say it was one that could never be forgotten.

Earnings of Convicts.

An excellent bill has been introduced into the Ohio Legislature, which will undoubtedly become a law, to be widely imitated elsewhere. It provides that when a Judge sentences an offender to the penitentiary, it shall be ascertained if the latter has a wife or children dependent on him for support. If so, the facts shall be certified to the warden of the penitentary, who shall keep a record of the convicts earnings, and after deducting twenty-five cents a day for his food and clothing shall pass the balance to his credit, and cause it be applied to the support of his legal dependants. Not only is this a just provision to the innocent victims of the consequences of his crime, but it will relieve society of a considerable burden that becomes manifest in pauper rates. The convict will also have an incentive to be orderly and industrious, being conscious that he is laboring not only as a penalty, but to provide for those he still entertains affection for, however hardened he otherwise may be.

THE Umpqua drains with its tributaries an area of 4,200 square miles.

The next session of the State Temperance Alliance will be held in Albany.

THE champion hunter of Green Valley, Douglas county, boasts of having killed in 1879, 365 deer.