State Historical Society

The Weekly Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

DON.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

This is Don, the dog of dogs, sir,
Just as Iona outrank frogs, sir;
Just as eagles are superior
To buzzards, and that tribe inferior.

He's a shepherd, lad—a beauty—
And to praise him seems a duty;
But it puts my pen to shame, sir,
When his virtues I would name, sir.
"Don, come here, and bend your head now,
Let us see your best well-bred bow!
Was there ever such a creature?
Common sense in every feature?
"Don, rise up, and look around you!"
Blessings on the day we found you!

Sell him! Well, upon my word, sir,
That's a notion too absurd, sir.
Would I sell our little Allie,
Barter Tom, dispose of Sally?
Think you I'd negotiate
For my wife, at any rate?

Sell our Don! You're surely joking.
And 'tis fun at us you're poking!
Twenty voyages we've tried, sir,
Sleeping, waking, side by side, sir.
And Don and I will not divide, sir;
He's my friend—that's why I love him—
And no mortal dog above him.

He prefers a life aquatic,
But never dog was less dogmatic.
Years ago, when I was master
Of a tight brig called the Astor,
Don and I were bound for Cadiz,
With the heiress of Indiez,
And her boy—a stalwart, hearty,
Crowing, one-year infant party.
Full of childhood's myriad graces,
Bubbling sunshine in our faces,
As we bowled along so steady,
Half-way home, or more, already.

How the sailors loved our darling!
No more swearing, no more jarring;
On their backs, when not on duty,
Round they bore the blue-eyed beauty—
Singing, shouting, leaping, prancing,
All the crew took turns in dancing.
Every tar played *pantaloile*
With the pretty, laughing fellow,
Even the second-mate gave sly winks
At the noisy and day high jinks.
Never was a crew so happy
With a curly-headed chappy;
Never were such sports gigantic,
Never dog with joy more antic.

While thus jolly, all together,
There blew up a change of weather,
Nothing showy, but quite forcing
And the wind grew damp and wheezy,
Like a gale in too low spirits
To put forth more than half its merits.
But, perchance, a dry land ranger
Might suspect some kind of danger.

Soon our staunch and gallant vessel
With the waves began to wrestle,
And to jump about a trifle,
Sometimes kicking like a rifle.
When its slightly overloaded,
But by no means is exploded.

'Twas the coming on of twilight,
As we stood aloft the skylight,
Scampering round to please the baby,
(Old Bill Benson held him, maybe,)
When the youngster stretched his fingers
Toward the spot where sunset lingers,
And with strong and sudden motion,
Leaped into the wildering ocean!

"What did Don do?" Can't you guess, sir?
He sprang also—by express—sir.
Seized the infant a little dress, sir,
Held the baby's head up boldly
From the waves that rush so coldly,
And in just about a minute
Our boat had them safely in it.

Sell him! Would you sell your brother!
Don and I love one another.

Select Story.

THE AERONAUT'S PERIL.

FROM A BALLOON TO THE GUILLOTINE.

On the 29th of July, 1867, M. Godier made a balloon ascension from one of the many public gardens of the lower order, which, until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war and the downfall of the Empire, were popular in Paris. The occasion was the observance of a *fete* of an association of cheap restaurateurs, whose class of customers at their shops could readily be judged by the character of the crowd presented. There were grisettes, lorettes, dissipated workmen, *sans culottes*, and not a few who had more than once been in charge of the police for crime.

M. Godier was not a professional aeronaut; his legitimate business, beyond that of being a patron of the wine shops and the lover of a girl named Fasse, was a matter of mystery. The balloon was an old one, and had been hired by the proprietor of the garden. An aeronaut, engaged to manage this not very large gas bag, had failed to appear; so it was that Jacques Godier volunteered his services. The ascension occurred at seven o'clock. The patched air vessel, loosened from its fastenings, shot straight upward to a great height. The sky was cloudless, and the upper air seemed perfectly without motion. Godier waved his hat; the assemblage cheered wildly. They watched the balloon until, floating away to the eastward, it seemed a mere mote in the fading sunlight. Then the crowd, chattering, jesting, drinking and dancing, forgot Godier, and thought of the fire-works and revelry to come.

Present were three or four *mouchards*, (detectives,) in plain clothes, by order of the Commissaire of Police.

"If the balloon shall collapse?" said one of the officials.

"There would be one rascal less to give us trouble," was the reply.

"He for whom the knife of La Roquette is sharpened will not drop from a balloon," added a third *mouchard*.

On this same evening, near the village of Corbeil, in the Department of Oise, by the Seine, six leagues from Paris, the household of M. Cabareau at their usual hour. M. Cabareau, a retired money broker, had rented the chateau for the season. It was comfortably furnished, but was sadly in need of repairs, so that the rent was very low. He was wealthy, somewhat of a miser, a bachelor of fifty, and his household consisted of an old housekeeper, a gardener, and a servant-man. These he brought with him from Paris. On this night, as was afterward stated by the servants, all had retired at nine o'clock, and the doors fastened. Only one light was burning, and that was in M. Cabareau's sleeping-room, which was in an angle of the chateau, facing the main road leading into Corbeil. No noise or unusual occurrence was heard during the night—nothing save the howling of a dog, which, belonging to the gardener, was chained in one of the outhouses at the rear.

In the morning at six, the housekeeper was up, and proceeded below stairs to awaken the gardener and servant. In passing the little bay window at the head of the stairs, she paused to look out toward the low wall which guarded the front lawn from the road. There she beheld a singular spectacle. A second glance, and she uttered a cry of terror. There, upon the grass, lay a great wrinkled mass of greasy cloth and silk, a tangled heap of network and ropes, a large basket, and upon the white gravel of the wide pathway, the form of a man, the pale face flecked with blood, and the arms outstretched. Uttering this cry, she ran to M. Cabareau's door and knocked loudly.

There was no answer.

"Monsieur! monsieur! Something terrible has happened!"

There was no answer. The stillness appaled her; yet again she knocked and cried to her master. Her noise, resounding through the passages, awakened the gardener and servant, and they came up as frightened at her.

The gardener at last burst open the door. The light, an argand lamp, was still burning on the table. Everything was in confusion. On the floor, near the window, was stretched the dead body of M. Cabareau. The hard, polished, oaken floor, where his head lay, was covered with blood, and a ghastly, gaping wound in the throat was a terrible attestation of the cause of this death.

One of the servants, the house-maid, ran out horrified and screaming, the rest following, to the road. A group of farm hands were passing. One of them hastened to the village, and gave the alarm. Meanwhile, the four other servants gathered about the senseless form lying on the gravel path in the lawn. They speedily discovered that he was not dead. They moved him as gently as possible to the grass, and when, in a little while, officers of the Corbeil police, the Commissaire and a surgeon arrived, the man was restored to consciousness, but he spoke feebly and hesitatingly. The Commissaire and the officer entered the chateau, and made their way to the room where the dead Cabareau lay weltering in his blood.

The man on the lawn gave his name as Jacques Godier. The wreck was his balloon.

His story of his mishap was brief, and apparently truthful. He had left Paris at seven o'clock.

"I arose to a great height. I was dizzy—bewildered. How long I remained in the air, I do not know. All I remember is, that feeling my limbs growing numb with cold, and the balloon beginning to swing, I became terrified. I pulled violently at the valve-rope. Night was upon me, when I began to descend rapidly. As I reached the earth, the warmth revived me—the motion of the balloon was more gentle. All at once, the basket struck the earth, rebounded, struck again, and then remained still. Two men had grasped the car, and their weight was enough. They fastened it by the drag-rope, to something in the ground. It was pitch dark. There was a light in only one of the windows of the chateau. I was about to speak, and thank the unknown men who had so fortunately aided me, when, like ruffians, they sprang upon me, and hurled me to the ground. As well as I could, in such a sudden onslaught in the darkness, I struggled to escape. My resistance maddened them. A heavy blow from a bludgeon or club, and I know no more. The men never uttered a word during the struggle. I did not see their faces, but I am sure one of them had a heavy beard and a bald head, for he it was I first closed in with, when they attacked me."

The balloon was examined. It had collapsed through the bursting of one of the many patches with which it had been repaired. In the basket car were found a small bag of gold Napoleons and notes, a pocket-book, large in size, filled with memoranda, papers and stock receipts. These were all identified as the property of M. Cabareau, the murdered man. Between the basket-car and where Jacques Godier was lying, the searchers found a carving-knife, the blade and handle smeared with blood. This blade was identified as belonging to the kitchen of the chateau by the honsekeeper.

Upstairs the investigation of the Commissaire resulted in the discovery that robbery had been the intention, murder the result. It was evident that the murder or murderers had entered M. Cabareau's sleeping room while he was yet awake, and struck him down in the throat with the knife, and left him to die. Entrance to the chateau had been effected by a picklock at the rear door, leading to the servants' work-rooms, and after the gory work, the perpetrators had gone out through the main doors to the front. There was blood upon the stair-rails; upon the doors, the marks of bloody fingers. Above all, a soft felt hat, new, with the name "J. Godier," was found in the main hallway, near the foot of the staircase.

All these discoveries of the police officials pointed to Jacques Godier, the aeronaut, as being implicated, if not the principal, in the brutal murder of M. Cabareau.

His wounds were superficial, and bled profusely, and, in the Commissaire's theory, were inflicted not by any conflict with outside parties, but by M. Cabareau, in his death struggle.

The shrewd official argued that Jacques Godier had told the truth as to his trip from Paris in the balloon, but that the rest of his story was false. Godier had landed the balloon there, saw the solitary light in the lonely chateau, and then the thought of robbery came to him, and he went at the evil, fatal work.

The blood on his hat, the stairs, the carving knife, the blood-stained bags and pocket-book, were damning proof, not only of his entrance into and exit from the house, but established the inference that his intention, having placed his plunder in the car, was to again ascend in the balloon; that, fortunately, it had collapsed, and that he, weakened by his desperate work, and the blows inflicted upon him by his victim, became insensible, and so was found.

Jacques Godier was taken to Corbeil, thence through a special order of the Minister of Justice conveyed to Paris, where he underwent the usual preliminary examination. A week later, he was put upon his trial for the robbery and murder of M. Cabareau. The chain of evidence was complete; apparently, no link was wanting. Added to this, the accused had a bad character. He had twice before been arraigned for petty robbery, and playing tricks of confidence upon the unwary. Through all, Godier adhered to his statement pertinaciously. The trial lasted three days. On the third day he was adjudged guilty. Trembling, he heard his sentence pronounced, then fell to the floor in a paroxysm of terror. He was carried to the prison supitied and friendless.

On the afternoon of the morning on which he was sentenced, August 19th, there came to the office of the Prefect of the Seine, an old woman, shabby in dress and repulsive in feature; she demanded to see the official.

"Monsieur," she said, "I live in the Place de Essroc, a court running out of the Rue de l'Enfer. Last week, a man rented of me my spare lodging, which is the next room to mine. He was rough-spoken—a workman, I thought. Some nights he did not come in at all; then he slept all day. Last night, he came in, accompanied by another man. It is only a thin papered partition that divides my room from his. It was three o'clock in the morning. For a while, they conversed in whispers. Then they quarreled and cursed each other. One said, 'After they guillotine that fool, Jacques Godier, what do I care what you say?' Then the quarrel became fiercer. Then came a terrible oath from a lodger. I heard distinctly. Then a struggle, as if they had clinched, and heavy breathing; then one of them fell, shaking the door frightfully. I cried out. There was a silence for an instant; then I heard the sound of a man rushing out and down the stairs. I waited till daylight; then I went to my lodger's room. He was lying there—on the floor, bleeding, scarcely able to speak. I was so frightened, Monsieur, I did not go out; I knew not what to do. At noon my son—he is a coachman—came in. He made me come here to you, and forbid me calling the Commissaire. I am here. My lodger is still alive. You will not arrest me, will you, Monsieur?"

The Prefect did detain her, and proceeded at once, with a police surgeon, to the woman's house. Her lodger had been stabbed in the breast with a knife. He was sinking slowly, but was perfectly conscious.

"Shall I send for a priest?"

"No," said the dying man; "send for no one except Jacques Godier, who is innocent. My scoundrel of a pal has stabbed me, as well as robbed me of what little we got away with from our bad job at the chateau. Jacques Godier told the truth about the affair, single handed. We were on our way from the road to the chateau, when in the dark we stumbled upon the car of his balloon, which struck the ground before us. We knew at once what to do with him. We left him senseless on the gravel walk. I took his hat into the house. I and my pal fastened the balloon. My pal it was who 'did' for old Cabareau with the knife we found in the kitchen. We brought our plunder out and put it into the car, and intended to get away in the balloon, for it was still inflated. It suddenly collapsed, and we stole away and came to Paris."

"Your pal—who is he?"

"An—he—the ingrate! He thinks his knife killed me! He—why, he is Pierre, the 'Wild Boar.' You may know him by his heavy whiskers and his bald head, and by a broad scar across his forehead.

Two hours later, in one of the dens in the Rue Renard, Pierre, the assassin, was captured, brought in the presence of his dying confederate, and identified. A stay of proceedings in the case of Jacques Godier was obtained. In possession of the "Wild Boar" was found M. Cabareau's gold watch, his card-case, and a gold pencil, marked with his initials.

A month later, Jacques Godier was a free man, and on September 8th, the assassin was guillotined.

YANKEE DIPLOMACY.

An Anticipated Report of Minister Wallace's Interview with the Sultan.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 18.—The *Sunday Herald* gives the following as an expected extract from the next report from our Minister to Constantinople:

I had just returned from this long interview when the door-bell rang, and the confidential messenger of the Sultan was ushered in to inform me that his imperial master desired to see me again, if convenient. I took my way to the palace, between the same rows of soldiers who had been drawn up to salute me on the previous occasion, and was soon in the presence of his majesty, in his private cabinet. He threw himself upon my bosom and burst into tears. "Low," he said, "old Seymour has fired on the forts, just as he said he would." Though I thought my European combination had been strong enough to prevent this result, I was able, like Metternich, to betray no surprise. I soothed and sustained his agitated form, and said, "Cheer up, Ab., old boy. Low is still with you." This seemed to afford him some consolation, and he was able to ask my advice more calmly. I pointed out to him that his only choice lay in implicitly trusting to my counsel and dictation, in order not to interfere with the plans I had laid for disentangling the present muddle all around. He said he was eager to do so, if I would just stand by him, and desired to know if I could not move my things up to the palace and stay there until the worst was over. I told him I feared this was impossible, as I desired to preserve the attitude of disinterestedness, which was one of the sources of my strength. He admitted the expediency of this. Just at this time the department's letter informing me that I must keep out of European politics, under penalty of having my salary stopped, came to hand. On such compulsion I am obliged to yield, but my country will never, never know what a beautiful piece of diplomacy has been utterly spoiled.

The Bible in Long Island.

The Rev. Mr. Cooks, of Sag Harbor, said recently, that of five hundred families visited by him, one hundred had never seen a Bible. The Rev. Mr. Wheeler stated that at Calverton, near River-head, there are ninety people anxious for spiritual regeneration. "There was only one Christian lady in the place," said Mr. Wheeler, "and she had formerly resided in Brooklyn." Of course, there is no school, no church within five miles of Calverton, and very few people have ever seen a Bible." Mr. Campbell, of Blue Point, found an old couple over 80 years of age who, together with their daughter, had never heard of Christ. Surely it is useless to send missionaries to Asia and Africa, and build Baptist chapels in Rome, while such a state of spiritual darkness exists within a few miles of the city of churches.

ADVICE TO AN ORPHAN BOY.—Go into the country as far away from the city as you can, and get work on a farm. You will have a better chance to get along there than in this crowded town. Those 720 will be able to save a large share of what you earn; if your wages are small, and if your conduct is good you may marry a farmer's daughter within ten or fifteen years, and become the owner of a farm yourself.—*New York Sun.*

AMONG the gifts presented to Miss Annie Foster, daughter of the Governor of Ohio, on the occasion of her wedding, was one from Mrs. Garfield, with the message: "May you be the queen of marriage—a perfect wife."

Miscellaneous.

THE VOICE OF EGYPT.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

Kark! a sound of awful import
Breaks the silence of the Nile,
Wakes it from the sleep of ages,
Echoes from each storied pile;
Sweeps along the breathless desert,
With a note of wild alarm,
Thunders through the quiet valleys,
Summons Egypt's sons to arm.

Arm, and hasten to her rescue,
In this hour of sorest need;
Arm to fight, and die it may be,
For a country and a creed.
Let all Egypt be united
Let the world feel, with a thrill,
That the dead were not the bravest;
Heroes live in Egypt still.

"Egypt for Egyptians only,"
Is the watchword of to-day.
Let Egyptians prove that in them
Lives the will to do away
With the evils that enslave them,
Prove that they are really men;
Then will they obtain their freedom,
And deserve it. Not till then.

Egypt is not dead, but sleeping;
Egypt lives for Egypt's sons.
Is the answer to the challenge
Thundered forth from foreign guns.
'Tis the answer to the riddle
Graven deep on Sphinx's face
Once more let the oldest nation
Lift her head and take her place.

ALEXANDRIA.

This city, situated on the Mediterranean, 112 miles from Cairo, has cut a somewhat prominent figure in history, ancient, as well as modern. It was founded by the great Alexander, after the destruction of Tyre, 332 B. C. It was regularly laid out and intersected by two main streets, upward of 100 feet wide, running from north to south, and from east to west. On the island of Pharos a light-house of vast height was erected, and this island itself was connected with the main land by a dyke, which formed two ports from the outer harbor, and through which vessels could pass by means of movable bridges. The east end of the town was called Bruchium, and here was the royal palace of the Ptolemies. Under them Alexandria was the great centre to which the trade of Europe and the Mediterranean with Arabia and the Far East converged. It had about 300,000 free inhabitants, of various nationalities, and became the centre of universal learning. Here the schools of Grecian philosophy, and especially the Platonists, flourished. Among its ornaments were its library and museum, an establishment in which scholars were maintained at public cost. Its library contained 100,000 volumes, at the death of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and was said to be the largest in the world, prior to the invention of printing; it afterwards grew to 700,000 volumes. In this city the Scriptures were first made known to the heathen by the Septuagint version, and here Christianity took root, although the city soon became the scene of rancorous and unchristian disputation and violence. In no place were religious conflicts more frequent or more sanguinary. It also witnessed much political strife, and fell permanently under the power of the Romans in 30 B. C. Notwithstanding the removal of many of its most precious works of art to Rome, its greatness continued till the establishment of the seat of empire at Constantinople. From the rise of the latter city, though still an important centre of commerce, Alexandria, as a capital, began seriously to decline. It fell into the hands of the Saracens, in A. D. 648. In 964, Cairo was made the capital of Egypt, and the discovery of the route to India and the East by the Cape of Good Hope, completed the decay of Alexandria. At present, the underground cisterns for the preservation of the Nile water are the only perfect relics of the past.

Modern Alexandria is situated on the causeway which once formed the communication between the mainland and the Pharos, and which, by constant accumulation of sand and material, is now formed into a neck of land. There are two forts, one at the extremity of an extensive roadstead, west of the Pharos, in which ships of the line may lie; the other, the modern fort, on the west of the Pharos, is less advantageous. Lake Marcotis was dried up by the accumulations of sand, but in 1801 the British army cut through the narrow strip which separated it from the lake of Abonkir, and let in the sea again. Alexandria has, of late years, been growing rapidly, and is fast becoming as populous as it was in the days of antiquity. In 1873, it looked more like an Italian than an oriental city. The ruins of the ancient city, as well as the wretched habitations of the Arabs, are fast disappearing. Large streets, well paved, and lighted with gas, are seen in European quarters, and abound with fine residences. The great promenade of the Mehemit Ali square, formerly the square of the Consuls, is the central and most animated point in the city. Its population, in 1870, was estimated at 238,888, and is considerably larger now. It included then, besides Arabs, Copts, Turks, Persians, Americans, and Jews, 25,000 Greeks, 20,000 Italians, 15,000 French, 12,000 English Maltese, Levantines of miscellaneous European descent, 8,000 Germans and Swiss, 8,000 various foreigners, comprising a number of American officers in the Khedive's army, and American engineers and missionaries. Railways connect the city with Cairo and the Suez Canal, and with Ramleh. It is as a place of transit for passengers that Alexandria is now most remarkable, the steamers to and from India, the Mediterranean, and the Levant, all contributing to its prosperity. In 1869, there were 56,900 passengers in the 2,000 sailing ships, and nearly 80,000 in the 1,000 steamers which entered the port, besides men-of-war.

Ice-Floes and Sun-Spots.

The presence of ice-floes off Ireland and in the Western Atlantic, during the past few months, was due, to some extent, says E. Douglas Archibald, to the unusually warm winter, which seems to have prevailed pretty uniformly over the North Atlantic and North-west Europe. "Though it is improbable," he adds, "that we shall find any such regular periodicity in the amount of these ice-floes in the Atlantic as in that of the Indian winter snows and rains, it is worthy of notice to observe that they have decided tendency to occur to an unwonted extent about the times of maximum sun-spots—like at present." He then gives the following table, prepared by Professor Fritz, of Zurich, showing the years of greatest frequency of floating ice, and the epochs of maximum sun-spot:

Floating ice.	Sun-spots.	Floating ice.	Sun-spots.
1789	1788.7	——	1837.2
——	1804.2	1837-38	1848.1
1816-18	1816.4	1862-64	1860.1
1828-29	1829.9	1867 } 1869 }	1870.6
1835 } 1837 }			

"Just as it has been inferred," says Mr. Archibald, "that the regular recurrence of periods of diminished temperature in Europe is due to the regular movements of ice in the polar area, so we may reasonably conclude that abnormal movements of ice, especially in the Spitzbergen area, are likely to produce periods of abnormal coolness, such as that which at present prevails. In any case, the moral to be drawn, if we really intend to solve the weather problem, is by all means to have a meteorological station in Iceland."

Midsummer Musings.

The advent of the hot wave, which is now causing so much discomfort to good citizens, and helping the laundry trade in fine linen, was predicted properly enough, and many who had opportunities at hand to escape or prepare for the rise of the thermometer, have reason to be thankful for the Signal Service system.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The wise man drinks sparingly of excessively cold drinks, and nothing at all of stimulants on a hot day; but the fool fills himself with brandy, beer, and other heating beverages, and straightway begins to swear because it is so terribly hot.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Almost every one feels a morbid impulse to say something about the heat, which is coupled with a curious irritation, when some one else makes the heat a subject of talk. We have, therefore, the apparent contradiction that we are absurdly ready to speak about the weather, and as absurdly irritated to be spoken to about it.—*Boston Journal.*

When the mercury reaches the nineties, and flesh becomes a burden and a weariness, the natural irritation and exasperation of mankind is increased by convocations of theorists and twaddlers, who, about this time, begin to fulminate all sorts of foolish doctrines. In New England, these queer people resolve themselves into a Summer School of Philosophy, and worry the superheated air with mystical utterances concerning thingness, muchness, and the oversoul.—*New York Times.*

A POLITICAL MEDAL OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The idea of the 306 medal is not original. In Preston, Lanchashire, in the celebrated Parliamentary contest of 1830, between H. Hunt and Lord Derby, the former was chosen by a poll of 3,730 votes. A penny subscription was taken up throughout England, to purchase silver medals for the Liberal electors. One of them is in possession of James Lester, Rochester, whose father, Robert Lester, was one of the 3,730. The medal is somewhat larger than a quarter dollar. On one side is this inscription: "The grateful tribute of the people of England." Separated by a wreath and in the centre is this inscription: "One of the 3,730 electors of Preston, 1830." On the other side is the following, on the edge: "The time is come. Triumph of principle." In the centre is the following: "H. Hunt, Esq., M. P., Preston, Dec. 24, 1830."—*Buffalo Courier.*

THAT superannuated joke about "now that the Democratic party is about to resume the reins of power," is going the rounds again among the Democratic papers.

MADEN, a Leadville gambler, had a brain weighing 62½ ounces, or 8½ ounces heavier than Daniel Webster's.

MRS. LINCOLN'S DEATH.

Recollections of Her Romantic Marriage to the Foremost Illiniean—His Former Loves and His Broadsword Duel for Mary Todd—Her Pride of Ancestry and Lowliness.

The release of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, by death, from the shadow of mental and physical affliction, that for years encompassed her, suggests some reference to the career of this remarkable woman, who exercised peculiar influence over the mind of one of the most remarkable men of the century—a man and President not readily influenced by political compeers, or the friendships of a lifetime.

Her first acquaintance (1839) with the illustrious man with whom her name was subsequently linked, led to his entire abandonment, for the first an only time in his political career, of those legislative duties he had sought at the hands of the people, and his compulsory flight into another State, lest her continued presence should drive him to distraction. It was not through love of her that his friends feared his suicide, and carefully kept out of his sight all deadly weapons; and affection certainly did not dictate his absence from the ceremony, as first appointed, that was to unite in marriage Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd. The fact is, that Lincoln was, as Charles Dickens once said of himself, "very human." He was not above the fancies and foibles of ordinary men.

Mrs. N. W. Edwards, sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and at whose residence the marriage ceremony was to have taken place, thus tersely certifies Mr. Lincoln's first failure to respond:

"Lincoln and Mary were engaged; everything was ready and prepared for the marriage, even to the supper. Mr. Lincoln failed to meet his engagement. Cause—insanity."

Lincoln, after his courtship of Mary Todd and engagement, had fallen madly in love with Miss Edwards, her sister-in-law. He had been madly in love before, and inconstant with other women. His first love, Ann Rutledge, at least to the extent of peculiar hallucinations. The restraint of law was once thrown around her, a commission de lunatico inquirendo at Chicago adjudging her insane. The time spent in seclusion improved her physically and mentally, and while still needing watchful care, to prevent display of her peculiarities in purchasing large stocks of unnecessary goods, when restored to her friends, and still oppressed with the hallucination that she was poverty-stricken—when really comfortable in this world's goods—and destined to die a pauper, she had not greatly, or at least dangerously, aided until recently. Her life, however, was in all respects a sad one to herself and to those connected with her by ties of consanguinity. To the people at large, her condition presented itself as calling for charitable sympathy, and that was never withheld. Her release came in her 64th year, surrounded by loving relatives and acquaintances. The estate she leaves, exclusive, of course, of her life interest only, is considerable. Vice-President Davis is the executor of the Lincoln estate.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Cheerful Dog-Days.

Just now the human salamander, who revels in the solar beams, and welcomes the gushing warmth that nature is so profusely lavishing upon us, is in his glory, and comes out strong. To him, in the long, sultry, summer days, the world is full of a larger and more abundant life; the heavens are higher, and there is an affluence of energy all around him.—*Boston Star.*

The height and rest of summer are not found in the day of cherry and hope-chestnut blossoms; it is in July, when the sun is fervid and strong, and the winds both cordial and vigorous, that nature repose in her splendid wealth. There is now a complete sense of comfort and joy in power, and nourishment of beauty, and liberal welcome, such as no other season equals.—*Springfield Republican.*

A COLORADO constable had a warrant for the arrest of a circus man for an alleged assault, but the circus man betook himself to the lion's cage, and safely ensconced therein, taunted that Constable, and invited him in. The Constable withdrew, with his warrant unserved.

IF Congress wanted to prohibit something Chinese, why didn't it tackle the heathen firecracker?—*Providence Press.*

DELINQUENT TAXES,

For the Year 1881.

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE,
TROY, DONIPHAN COUNTY, KANSAS,
July 6th, 1882.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the taxes for the year 1881, on the following described tracts of land and town lots, are now due and unpaid, and that if the same be not paid before the First Tuesday in September, 1882, I will, on that day and the next succeeding days, at the County Treasurer's office, in Troy, Doniphan County, Kansas, proceed to sell so much of each tract of land or town lot as may be necessary to pay the taxes for 1881, and the penalties and costs thereon; sale to be governed in all respects by the law authorizing and requiring the same. The law now fixes the interest on tax sales at twenty-four per cent. per annum.

SAMUEL N. JOHNSON,
County Treasurer,
Doniphan County, Kansas.

LANDS.

IOWA TOWNSHIP.

Owner.	Description	Section.	Township.	Range.	Acres.	Amount.
Unknown	n w qr s e	8	1	19	30	$ 4 66
J A Frame	pt n w fr	8	1	19	63	9 78
Unknown	pt n e	8	1	19	40	4 85
do	pt lots 5 and 6	8	1	19	5	1 67
do	n pt n e	9	1	19	43	12 56
C W Noyes	lot 1	9	1	19	27	3 26
J A Frame	n w cor s w	9	1	19	7	1 04
Unknown	n w cor s w	9	1	19	7	1 67
Mary Fisher	ft pt s w	10	1	19	2	1 40
M S Mauck	ft pt s w	10	1	19	1	6 00
Jacob Edwards	pt s w	10	1	19	40	7 11
Unknown	ft pt s w	13	1	19	100	29 00
John Tarr	ft pt s w	13	1	19	90	26 11
O Tousey	pt n e	15	1	19	10	1 96
Unknown	pt n e qr n e	15	1	19	20	6 00
C W Noyes	n pt n e	15	1	19	15	4 53
W. Faizall	n e pt n e	15	1	19	40	11 75
Paul Tindall	e h f s f h e	21	1	19	40	12 45
Unknown	n w	23	1	19	160	22 45
do	n qr n e	23	1	19	30	4 52
do	lots 3 and 4	23	1	19	60	9 36
do	pt n e	26	1	19	80	14 86
Geo Palmer	e h f w fr s e	35	1	19	40	7 15
Unknown	n w fr s e	35	1	19	40	7 77
S N Perry	pt s h f s w qr s e	36	1	19	5	60
S Jessee est	s qr n qr s w qr n w	36	1	19	5	98
W S Caldwell	s h f s w qr n w	36	1	19	20	2 30
Unknown	pt s e	36	1	19	28	3 30
S N Perry	s h f s e	3	2	19	80	11 78
do	s pt s h f s e	3	2	19	63	9 17
do	n e qr s e	3	2	19	54	8 00
do	n e qr s w	3	2	19	40	5 93
do	n pt s h f s e	3	2	19	40	5 93
John Bell	s w cor s h f s e	13	2	19	1	1 86
Unknown	pt n e	15	2	19	11	3 65
do	pt n w qr s e	15	2	19	11½	3 65
C E Fox	n s f e	21	2	19	145	45 33
—Wing est	pt s e	23	2	19	24	8 19
Unknown	pt s e	24	2	19	50	20 25
do	pt n e	24	2	19	24	8 25
do	pt s e	24	2	19	30	11 50
do	n pt n w	25	2	19	4	1 63
do	s w pt n w	25	2	19	4	1 63
do	pt n e	25	2	19	3	1 27
E Tippett	n e fr	1	2	20	137	8 17
P C Greer	e h f s f n e	10	2	20	40	6 65
Mrs Somerford	s e qr n e	36	2	19	40	14 65
W Adams	w pt w h f n w qr s w	31	2	20	9	1 56
Unknown	pt s w	31	2	20	13	3 34
N Nutting	pt s w	31	2	20	60	8 86
E J Frump	n w fr	7	2	20	140	22 93
Unknown	pt s h f s w	5	2	20	5	80
do	pt s w	10	2	20	155	14 65
do	pt n h f n w qr s w	10	2	20	10	1 63
do	s h f n w qr s w	10	2	20	23	1 96
do	n h f s w qr s w	10	2	20	20	1 96
J F Thomas est	n qr s e qr s w	10	2	20	10	1 19
Unknown	pt n w qr s w	15	2	20	10	63
do	n pt n e qr n w	15	2	20	10	1 10
do	pt n e qr n w	15	2	20	10	1 10
do	pt n e qr n w	15	2	20	10	1 10
J Collins	s w qr n w	15	2	20	60	5 70
Unknown	pt s w qr n w	15	2	20	5	60
D F Rittenhouse	pt s w qr n w	15	2	20	15	1 50
S E Harding	pt qr n w	15	2	20	20	1 96
Unknown	n h f s e qr n w	15	2	20	10	1 19
S Warren est	s h f s h f n h f s w	15	2	20	10	1 10
E Brown	n h f s h f s e qr n w	15	2	20	10	1 10
Unknown	pt s w qr s w	15	2	20	30	2 44
D Jenkins	n w qr s w	15	2	20	40	3 70
Unknown	w h f s e qr s w	15	2	20	20	1 82
E Daw	n e qr s e	15	2	20	40	3 70
Thos Miller	s e pt n e qr s e	15	2	20	5	69
R Hunt	e h f s w qr s e	16	2	20	20	1 85
Unknown	s w qr s e	16	2	20	40	3 70
do	pt e h f s e	16	2	20	40	3 70
do	s pt w h f s e	17	2	20	73	14 67
do	n pt w h f s e	17	2	20	5	1 10
Unknown	s h f s w qr s w	17	2	20	10	2 20
do	n e pt s w qr s w	17	2	20	7	1 65
do	pt s w qr s w qr s w	17	2	20	5	1 25
Jas Sutton	s h f s h f s w	22	2	20	40	7 59
J Simpson	s h f s e	22	2	20	80	15 36
Jas Browning	e h f s e	26	2	20	80	12 19
Unknown	pt s e	29	2	20	24	5 29
Ed Reed	n e qr s w	30	2	20	37	9 13
J G Donaldson	w pt e h f s e	31	2	20	37	7 67
J W Thompson	s w pt n e	33	2	20	22	6 18
Jas Browning	pt s e	33	2	20	40	8 24
Unknown	pt s e	33	2	20	112	23 1
do	w h f s w	34	2	20	35	7 87

WOLF RIVER TOWNSHIP.

Owner.	Description	Section.	Township.	Range.	Acres.	Amount.
W B Stewart	n h f s s w qr n w	4	2	19	120	34 75
J P Harper	s h f s w	7	3	19	80	12 34
do	n h f s w	7	3	19	80	16 12
Unknown	pt s e	18	3	19	73	2 16
A M Crane	s pt w h f s w	21	3	19	15	4 11
Joe Forney	s w pt n e	24	3	19	40	9 36
Chas Jones	pt s e qr n e	24	3	19	5	2 08
F Babcock	s e	31	3	19	160	38 34
Martha Pennell	n pt s w	33	3	19	63	9 17
Mrs G Nelson	s e pt s w qr s w	5	3	20	2	84
I G Donaldson	lot 1 w h f s e	7	3	20	10	3 63
Chas Pennell	s h f s e	18	3	20	80	13 72
McCandless & Smith	pt s e	15	3	20	106	18 18
Sar