

BIG SATURDAY NEWS

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

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LOUISA LAWRENCE CO., KY., OCTOBER 8, 1885.

OLD SERIES, VOL. III.—NO. 13

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith as the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct. Progressiveness is the motto of this journal, because of the serious nature in which they are written.

REMARKING ON THE WEATHER.

As I was passing o'er a stile,
I and my sweetheart true together,
Said he: "What think you, let me hear,
Will be to-morrow's weather?"
Then stood we on the top step there,
My sweetheart and myself together

I gazed up to the bright blue sky,
The winds from West were gently blowing;
And, on the fields of waving rye,
The noon-day sun was warily glowing.

I could not but indeed, not I,
I said I was a simple-minded fellow;
There might be rain, there might be shine,
Or morn'g's trouble past or coming;
So off, I whispered, every sign
Doth tell for shadows close pursuing.

He kissed my lips as there I stood;
"Alas, what could I do for blushing!"
Then cried I: "Oh, my pretty maid,
You are most rudely crushing!"

He kissed my lips; I knew 'twas wrong,
Yet joy went thro' my heart swift, rushing;
He held me in his arms so strong,
My pretty maid quite crushing.

The sorrow brought its wealth of beams
And strewn them all the meadow o'er;
For to my heart brought brighter gleams,
And to my breast to me my lover.

He kissed my lips; what could I do?
And sweet was love heart-true forever;
"From shadows all so close pursuing,"
Said he: "Now let my pretty maid,
And let us haste the wedding over."

And every time we cross that stile,
I and my sweetheart true together,
Somehow my maid slips off the while,
A few bright moments we beguile,
Remembering on—
—M. Brennan, in Current.

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Driven From Sea to Sea, Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POSE.

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CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

From Erastus they heard but seldom, but knew him to be at work on his claim at the Slough.

Mrs. Parsons had written him of the destruction of the old home, and of their removal to the new, some after its occurrence, and also of Jennie's marriage to Esau and their removal to Chicago.

Of Lucy's breaking with Mr. Anselmy she did not write, thinking possibly it might not be permanent, in which case it would be better for Erastus, if still feeling attached to Lucy, not to have his hopes raised to be again dashed to the ground.

Mr. Anselmy, however, did not plead very earnestly with Lucy to reconsider her action in dismissing him. It was several weeks before his reply came; and then, while he expressed regret at her decision, he did not urge her very strongly to reverse it. Knowing that his parents would oppose his marriage with a poor girl, he had not informed them of his engagement, and no comments would therefore be made at its being annulled; a fact upon which he had congratulated himself.

He had already begun to feel his affection for Lucy weakening with absence; was, in fact, becoming enamored of another young lady in whose society he had frequently been thrown since his return to New York, and whose position in wealth was equal to his own; and although he told himself that Lucy's letter had broken his heart, it is probable that after the shock of his self-esteem was over he was rather glad than otherwise.

If Lucy expected or desired a more vehement protestation of love from her disgraced suitor than she received, her manner upon opening his letter did not reveal it.

She read the letter in the presence of the family, and then calmly handed it to her mother. The next day she replied to it, reiterating her desire to be free from their engagement and asking the return of her letters.

"I shall send yours, together with the ring and other jewelry, by the same mail that takes this letter," she wrote him, and having sealed it and seen it, in company with the package, safely on its way to the office, she went about her usual duties with a cheerful, even merry air, which was a great source of comfort to her parents, and of especial satisfaction to her father.

"If Rastus had only come back now it 'ud be all right," he mused, and feeling certain that the young man's affection for Lucy had not waned because of absence, fully expected him to come back and ask her to be his wife.

For this he waited with impatience, wondering at Erastus' delay and inventing excuses for it.

"Spec't the poor fellow hasn't jest got the money by him to come on," he said to himself.

And then again: "May be he's a puttin' in his crop an' wants to finish so it will be growin' while he's gone." Or, "like enough, he's a-workin' for some body else for a spell an' can't honorably get off right away."

But as the weeks passed into months and the only evidence that Erastus had not forgotten them was a letter expressing his sorrow at the loss of their home, and a hope that he might some time assist them if they should require it, but never a word about Lucy or any intention of visiting the family, all hope of seeing Lucy married to the man whom he loved as a son and respected for his manly qualities began to die out of John Parsons' bosom.

"Rastus was always awful proud," he said to himself, "an' I reckon he can't get over the girl's preferrin' of

that young jackanapes to him in the best place."

He still supposed that Mrs. Parsons had written Erastus of Lucy's dismissal of Anselmy, and it was not until months had passed and summer was giving place to fall that he learned differently.

He had never mentioned his hope that the young folks would "make up" to any one.

Erastus knew that Lucy was with her parents, but supposed her only waiting for her affianced to come and claim her, and so worked on, striving to conquer his love, but never succeeding, even for a moment.

And Lucy, although knowing that she loved Erastus, had always loved him, either supposed that he knew of her broken engagement, and knowing it was silent because he had no love for her, or, if she suspected he did not know, was restrained by maidenly reserve from taking any steps to acquaint him with the fact.

One day Mrs. Parsons was helping her husband in the garden, when something was said about Erastus.

"I wonder," remarked Mrs. Parsons, "what he is doing now? It is a good while since we heard from him. I wish I knew how he is getting along. Poor boy, he must have a hard time of it with no one to keep his clothes in order or do a thing for him. I wonder if he ever thinks of getting married?"

"Of course he must," she added, answering her own question; "he has got a little start by this time and every young man on a farm needs a wife. I hope he'll get a good one when he does marry."

John Parsons gave his clothes a little hitch, a habit he had when at a loss for a word. Then turning his back to his wife and putting an extra bit of force into the hoe he was using, said:

"I had sort o' thought may be he an' Lucy'd make up, now Anselmy's out o' the way, but it seems they don't. 'Fears like 'Rastus is too proud to take up with best' second choice, though I don't b'lieve the girl ever cared half as much for that as popenjays Anselmy as she did for him, even if she did promise to marry him. I wish she'd write to 'Rastus and tell him so. I know that 'ud fetch him. 'Ras ain't the fellow to get over that kind of a thing in a hurry, and I know he loved her dear, an' it seems no more'n fair that she should take the first step towards makin' up, under the circumstances."

His manner of saying this showed that he intended it to be an argument too strong for his wife to rebut, showing reason why Lucy could, and should, let Erastus know that she had changed her mind and was ready to marry him if he still desired it.

When he passed he felt that he had not made the case as strong as it should be, but not knowing exactly how to make it stronger he waited for a reply from his wife, still keeping his back towards her and his hoe going vigorously.

But Mrs. Parsons knew that her husband had not finished what he wished to say, and she remained silent. Pretty soon he began again:

"You see, Marty, it holds to reason that Lucy should be the one to speak first. 'Rastus loved her, an' she knew it; leastwise he thought she did; an' knowin' it she went an' engaged herself to that ar fellow from New York an' so gave 'Ras to think she wouldn't have him no way it could be fixed. So he went off to git away from the sight of 'em. An' now, though knowin' that Anselmy's got his walkin' papers, he don't know as Lucy'd have him no more'n she would afore; an' 'Ras ain't the kind as goes spoonin' round beggin' for what folks don't want to give him. I know the girl 'ud give everythin' she's got in the world to have him back, that they should be kept apart jest because it's customary for the man to speak first. He has spoke first once an' now it's her turn."

All the time John was speaking Martha Parsons was thinking. She believed that Lucy loved Erastus and was secretly in hopes that he would yet return to her, but she was not sure, and she saw the delicacy of the situation more clearly than did her husband, who had never been able to discover any necessity for the concealment of the true feelings of either party to a love affair.

When her husband had ceased speaking she was silent for a moment and said simply:

"Are you sure Erastus knows that Lucy has broken with Mr. Anselmy?"

John Parsons suddenly stopped hoeing and turned quickly around facing his wife.

"Didn't you write him that, when the girls first come home?" he asked in surprise.

"No, I did not; I was not certain that she cared for him and feared to awaken anew, hopes that, after all, might be useless. It was not certain that Lucy's engagement with Anselmy might not be renewed, or that because she dismissed him she loved Erastus, and I thought it best to let him learn of it by accident. I supposed he would find it out through Jennie or some one else, but I do not think he has."

Her husband made no reply but resumed his hoeing and the subject was not referred to again. Indeed very little further conversation occurred between them during the entire afternoon, both appearing busy with their own thoughts.

At the supper table that evening Mr. Parsons proposed that the two women should go to town the next day with some butter and eggs and such other articles as they could spare, and make an exchange for family supplies.

"Johnny and me'll keep house while you're gone," he said; "we're capital 'n keepin' house, ain't we, Johnny?"

And mother'll bring you some candy or somethin'."

There was nothing very unusual in this proposition. Mrs. Parsons and Lucy had made similar trips on several occasions, leaving Johnny and his father at home.

John Parsons hated to "peddle," as he called it, and his wife always got better prices for the butter and eggs and chickens than did he; besides which she knew better how to invest the proceeds economically in necessities for the family, and there was need of economy now. And as neither of the women liked either to go to town alone, or to stay alone with Johnny while the other went with the husband or father, it had become the rule for both to go and leave Johnny to the care of his father, and so they decided to do now.

Accordingly such vegetables as they were to take were gathered and placed in the spring wagon. A hunt was made for eggs, which were carefully packed, small end down, in oats, to prevent their breaking, and the bit of butter which they had saved was taken from the well where it hung by a rope, and rewrapped in white cloth.

When it became dark they went with a lantern and caught two dozen chickens and put them in a crate, previously made and kept in which to take fowls to market; and bright and early the next morning the horses were hitched up and they started.

When they were gone John Parsons washed the dishes, which the women had not stopped to do, tidied up the house the best he knew how, talking to Johnny all the time, and then went into the garden to work, taking the boy with him, as was his almost invariable custom when the weather was fine, and placing him in his wheeled cart, where they could talk together as the father worked.

The fresh air and sunshine did the child good, and he amused himself in many ways. The chickens and turkeys learned to regard him as a friend and would come around him, often jumping upon his cot for some bit of food which he had brought, some of them becoming so tame as to permit him to handle them.

When noon came the man and boy returned to the house, where the father prepared and they ate dinner. Then, when the dishes had been washed and Johnny had dropped off to sleep, as he always did after dinner in the long days, John, Sr., went to the bureau and rummaged around until he found some writing paper and finally a pen and a bottle of ink.

These he brought to the table, drew up a chair and sat down.

"I'll jest give 'Rastus a hint," he was saying to himself, "an' if he's still of the same mind as he used to be, he'll be here in less'n two weeks an' mother an' Lucy'll never know what fetched him."

"Wimin's curis about some things; I never did understand 'em very well. There's Marty, now; best woman livin', tender hearted as a chicken, an' Lucy's jestlike her; but they're a-tettin' 'Rastus an' he break their hearts for each other rather than to speak up an' tell him how the land lays; but I ain't goin' to 'low it."

He dipped the pen in the ink and then let it slip through his fingers and make a great blotch on the white table cloth.

This was unfortunate; it would be a tell-tale spot informing the women of what he had been doing in their absence.

He arose and wet the dish rag and tried to remove the ink spot, but only succeeded in making it larger. Finally he carried the pen, ink and paper to the bureau, took off the table cloth and hung it in the window to dry, brought back the writing materials and again sat down to his task.

It was a long time since he had written a letter; he tried to think how long, and could not remember of having done so since the family came to the coast. Erastus was a tolerable penman, and good at composing, and had, at Mr. Parsons' request, written a few business letters that there had been a necessity for, and since he had left, there had been no business letters to write, and until now John Parsons had contented himself with simply sending his love or supplying some bit of news for Lucy or her mother when they wrote to either of the absent ones on family affairs.

But now he had an object to accomplish and must write, and he squared himself to the task.

Again he dipped the pen in ink, but discovered that he had forgotten the day of the month and got up and consulted the almanac which always hung on a nail driven into the window casing near the clock.

When he had the date safely down he began:

"Dear Rastus:
"Ye mothes and Lucy has gon to town with some chickens and things and are goin to bring back some groceries.
"Lucy ain't a goin to marry Mr. Anselmy after all; she's give him his walkin' papers for good."

"We're gittin long party well considerin, though this place ain't quite so comfortable, and nice as the old one was. There ain't no young folks round here much, and Lucy don't set like she wanted to have anythin to do with any of the young fellows that does come. Hadn't you better come home and make us a visit. Your mother and me wants to see you awful bad and so does Lucy; least we think she does."

"We're gittin the place fixed up some better than it was when we came here. Built a porch over the front door last week and the women has set out some rose bushes on both sides of it; you know Lucy always was terrible fond of roses."

"Johnny is—jest the same as when you left. He and I has been at work in the garden this forenoon, but he's asleep now that's the reason I'm writin' you. You see I don't want to know if you are so awful curis about such things. I spec't Lucy 'ud think it wasn't proper if she knew it. I reckon she thinks you can't never forgive her, or love her any more, cause she went and engaged herself to that feller Anselmy, fore she knew what she wanted. You see a woman thinks she must 't chirp about of her heart in a breakin'."

"Well, they'll be comin back fore long an' I must quit writin and set ready for 'em. When you come up you needn't say anything to Lucy or mother about my havin writ to you, cause you see it would do her any good to know it, an' Lucy might not like it; might think you come out of pity for her or somethin. They're awful curis critters, wimin."

"This from your affectionately,
"JOHN PARSONS."

He read the letter over slowly and carefully, and then added:

"P. S. It was Lucy's doing breaking off with Anselmy, an' I don't see why she should have done it if she hadn't loved somebody else better."

The letter finished, he sealed it up, directed it and placed it in the inside pocket of his vest.

He had yet to get it to the post-office without the knowledge of the family, and he was at some loss to know how to accomplish this, as it was fifteen miles to the landing, and he could think of no excuse for going there immediately after his wife and Lucy had purchased all needed family supplies; but he determined to bring it about somehow.

"He said, mentally, as he replaced the pen and ink in the bureau, 'I hope they will; of they do I'll jest lope a horse an' ride over there to-morrow an' mail this letter, for I'm bound to give 'Rastus a hint of how the land runs.'"

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LOVER'S MEETING.

Although having said, in his letter to Erastus, that he expected his wife and daughter soon and must prepare for their coming, John Parsons didn't really look for them yet for some hours.

It was fifteen miles to Phippsburg over a hilly road, and it required the whole of a long day to make the trip, dispose of the articles taken, and return; and it was not yet the middle of the afternoon when the letter was finished. Yet John Parsons had no intention of telling a falsehood. Luns and cowards were his special detestation, and this slip of his from the path of truthfulness, like nine-tenths of the white lies so common among all classes, was the result of an inability to readily command language in which to express his thoughts.

He had given the "hint" which was the purpose of his writing, and could think of no proper way in which to close his letter and at the same time tell Erastus not to mention to Lucy or to Mrs. Parsons, the fact of his having been written to. The whole affair was intended to be a fine stroke of diplomacy by which the father hoped to reunite those whom he loved, and whom he believed were warmly attached to each other, without wounding the modesty and self-respect of his daughter.

It was dusk when Mrs. Parsons and Lucy returned.

The husband and father met them at the gate which opened into the inclosure where the shanty stood, and kissed as he helped them, dusty and tired, to descend from the wagon. Then he handed out the bundles and packages which they had purchased, after which he cared for the horses while the women entered the house.

They found the fire burning brightly, the tea-kettle simmering on the stove, and the table set. The ink-spot on the table cloth was not visible, for it had been carefully covered with a broad dish; and if Mrs. Parsons noticed it when she removed the cloth and shook out the crumbs that evening, she was wise enough not to mention it, and in the morning a clean one was substituted and the stained cloth thrown into the wash.

Johnny was of course anxious to see the various packages unwrapped, but was persuaded to defer seeing all except the articles purchased especially for him, until they had eaten and cleared off the table, when they would all take a look at them.

As the family sat at supper they talked of the day's journey, the prices received for chickens and eggs and vegetables, and what they had purchased with the proceeds; of what those who remained at home had done, and of what they would do with the money to be obtained from the next bit of produce which they would have to spare.

"Just as soon as possible we must put up the addition to the house of which we have been talking," said Mrs. Parsons. "It won't cost much, and will add more to our comfort than anything else we could get with that amount of money."

"Did you ask the price of lumber at the landing?" asked her husband.

"Why, no; I did not suppose we could buy it now, and so did not think to ask."

"Well, I d'know; we've got a few dollars laid up now, and by sellin' the calves we might scrape up enough to buy the lumber and get it home before the rains set in. The roads'll be too bad for haulin' after that. If we had the lumber home, then we'd get the nails and other things along as we was able, and I could do the work myself during a clear spell in the winter."

"But can we sell the calves for a fair price? Who is there to buy them?"

"Bob Meeker, over on t'other side of the mountain 'bout four miles, said the other day he'd buy 'em, an' pay cash, if I'd bring 'em over any time within a week. I guess we'd better let him have 'em an' git the lumber. It'll be mighty unpleasant bein' cooped up here all through the wet season agin', an' if we had the lumber I'd manage the rest of it some way."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—You travel through the country and see some straggling houses and a couple of shanty stores and are told that it is Bungtown. A couple of weeks later, under the head of "special dispatch," you read in the papers that the "business center" of Bungtown has been destroyed by fire, "loss will reach fully \$150,000."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Louisville Leaf Tobacco Market.

Dark and heavy styles have ruled strong and full, with prices 25@50c higher. Regie styles have been especially brisk, and have marked the principal rise, a consequence of more general competition among the buyers of both leaf and lugs. Offerings outside of these categories have been small, with no new features. The abatement of demand latterly for Burley tobaccos is due directly to the negative result of the failure of a strong frost indication, and to the continuance of a term of simply perfect weather for bringing the crop forward successfully through the home-stretch. It is privately reported that an exceedingly bad break in prices has occurred at Cincinnati, while the dark leaf markets are generally strong. We quote 1884 tobaccos as follows for full-weight packages:

	Dark and Heavy.	Regie.
Trash	\$3 50@4 00	\$3 75@4 50
Common lugs	4 25@4 75	4 50@5 00
Medium lugs	5 25@5 50	5 50@6 00
Good lugs	5 75@6 25	6 25@6 75
Common leaf	7 00@7 50	7 25@7 75
Medium leaf	7 75@8 25	8 00@8 50
Good leaf	8 25@8 75	8 50@9 00
Fancy leaf	10 00@10 50	10 00@10 50

—Miscellaneous Items.

TOBACCO business and crops reported unprecedentedly by Louisville authorities.

JOSEPH H. STANLEY, aged ten, fell in the river at Louisville and drowned. Fishing for coal.

MRS. E. FULLER and one child were killed in a runaway near Crofton. Fuller and the baby escaped.

The tobacco crop of Daviess County will be much above the average in both quantity and quality.

The venerable couple, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Perkins, of Covington, celebrated their golden wedding on the 2d.

The Synod of Kentucky will meet in the first Presbyterian Church, Covington, on Wednesday evening, October 21. It is anticipated that this will be an unusually pleasant meeting of this ecclesiastical body.

A LOGAN County neighborhood became terribly excited one night last week over what was thought to be a wild animal of huge proportions. Neighbors were summoned and the chase begun. After an hour's exciting pursuit, during which one horse fell dead, severely bruising its rider, the thing was overtaken and found to be a large black sheep.

ACCORDING to the Tompkinsville Banner, the Court-house of Monroe County is used as a gambling den.

No less than a dozen tobacco barns filled with the weed have been burned in the Purchase counties within two weeks. Callaway reports the largest number.

The epidemic of flux, which has been raging in Butler County for several weeks, is abating in violence. The disease has been unusually fatal, twelve deaths occurring within a radius of two miles from Young's Ferry, and nearly 100 in the adjacent neighborhood.

The quail and rabbit law remains in effect until the 20th.

At Louisville, Julia Kerberg, aged seven years, subject to epileptic fits, was attacked by one while standing in front of a window. She fell to the floor, her head striking a sharp block of wood, and fractured her skull, which brought on concussion of the brain. She can not survive.

On the last bicycle run to Corydon, Ind., quite a spurt took place between the boys from Louisville to Corydon. The distance, eight miles, was traveled in forty-three minutes. Some were so fatigued that they could hardly reach home.

ONLY nineteen letters were delivered in Louisville the first day the special postal delivery went into effect.

HAWESVILLE is being rebuilt rapidly, and with a better class of buildings than those destroyed by the big fire.

THOMAS J. RANDALL, of Lexington, well known in turf circles, is dead.

MR. WYATT SANDRIDGE, a prominent farmer of Lincoln County, and an elder in the Huntville Christian Church, is dead at the age of 68.

AD. HOZ indulged in a fight at a funeral in Harrodsburg, because his wife talked to Elder Caden, a Christian minister of that city.

MR. W. C. PELHAM has withdrawn from the race for the County Clerkship of Mason. This leaves the contest to Messrs. Ball and Watson.

The Board of Trustees of Bradstown have determined to purchase a \$2,900 fire engine.

A HOUSE near Springfield was burned recently, and an idiot colored man perished in the flames.

THE Henry Female Academy has been purchased by B. M. Ayres for \$2,500. The property is to be converted into a Bible college for the colored youth of the Christian Church.

FOUR thousand six hundred and thirty-two barrels of whisky were exported from the Lexington district last month.

In the Circuit Court at Louisville, a few days ago, Charles Saxbee was given three years for horse-stealing; Tip Fogarty, for malicious cutting, one year, and M. Spillman, alias Fay, who did several neat jobs in jewelry houses there, also got one year.

VINCENT FLAVEN, a small boy, was adjudged a lunatic in the County Court at Newport, a few days since. He lost his mind on the National game some months ago. In court he said that if he could only hold McGinnis he would be all right. He was a sure thrower to bases, but McGinnis was too wild and too swift for him. He thought that he could hold Hecker, of the Louisville, and was himself a good batter. He talked continually on base-ball, and thought that the fury wren that had come up to see him catch McGinnis.

There is a project on foot to build a railroad from the city of Henderson to Morgansfield, and a meeting with much encouragement. It is thought that the road will be pushed through without delay.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT

To Robinson's Circus Train in Minnesota.

Five Employes Killed and Thirty or More Injured.

ST. PAUL, MINN., October 4.—A terrible accident happened on the Fergus Falls branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, seven miles west of there, this morning, by which five men lost their lives and thirty or forty more were more or less injured. John Robinson's show left Wabpeton, Dak., for this place, in two sections. When within seven miles of Fergus Falls, near a small place named French, the head or baggage section broke in two while going up a heavy grade, and ten or twelve cars went flying back at a terrible rate.

On the rear of the train were three sleeping-cars occupied by workmen, two hundred in number, all of whom were sound asleep, and not aware of impending danger. The cars which had broken loose increased their speed as they approached the second or cage section, and probably had run a mile before they struck it. The engine of the rear section saw the cars approaching, but only had time to stop his train before it struck him. The brakemen on the loose cars tried to put on brakes, but they had difficulty in running from car to car on account of the engine, which impeded their progress. Had the engine of the rear section had a moment more time he could have backed his train and avoided the calamity. But it was too late, and the cars struck his engine with tremendous force, throwing three sleepers from the track and smashing them beyond recognition. The result was soon apparent. More than a hundred men were buried in the debris. The scene can hardly be described. The night was fearfully dark, and the groans of the men were appalling. The people in the rear section began the work of removing the victims, five of whom were found dead, and many others wounded and bleeding. Word was at once dispatched to the city, and a train in charge of Superintendent Vining at once hastened to the scene, and the dead and wounded were brought here. The work of removing the men from the debris was a sorry task. A man alive and uninjured was taken from between two dead ones, and it was simply a miracle that he escaped. Wilson, the watchman, saw that the accident was inevitable, and he could have saved his life by jumping, but he refused to desert his comrades, and lost his life while trying to arouse the sleeping men. Wilson was torn to pieces, and his mangled remains were strewn along the track for some distance. His heart was found on top of a car.

A Singular Chapter of Accidents.

PARIS, October 4.—A few days ago Jean Combrat, a mason, living at Vallon, near Moulins, fell from a scaffold and fractured his spine, his injuries proving fatal. His brother Tranquille, on returning from the funeral with his brother-in-law, Jalliet, fell into the Berry canal and was drowned, the brother-in-law himself losing his life endeavoring to rescue him. On the following day when the bodies were recovered, the widow of Jalliet swooned away, and falling to the ground fractured her skull.

Peculiar and Fatal Accident.

CENTRALIA, ILL., October 4.—A little girl, the daughter of F. Burdley, residing at Sandoval, Ill., met her death in a very peculiar manner. The tongue of a gang plow had been propped up with a stick under the tongue. An iron kettle, having four sharp pointed legs was turned upside down. The child in playing around the concern kicked the prop from under the plow tongue, which, coming down, caught her head on one of the iron legs, which penetrated her brain and knocked out one eye. The poor child died in great agony.

The British at Herat.

ST. PETERSBURG, October 4.—A dispatch to the Noroc Vrengo from Askabad dated Saturday, says: "The English have taken entire possession of Herat, and have ordered the inhabitants to quit the town immediately. The inhabitants, angered by the action of the English, have thrown up earthworks opposite the citadel. The English are being strongly reinforced." This dispatch is considered to be exaggerated.

Guilty of Her Husband's Murder.

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