Weekly Clarion.

BY POWER & BARKSDALE

L. Barksdale, J. L. Power, Harris Barksdale.

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THE WEEKLY CLARION.

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A CAROL FOR THE YOUNG WIFE.

Come forth, thou pretty bride! With dainty feet
Tread thy fair world, where sun-driven shadows fleet;
This earth is thine, with thine own sky above,
And these thy flowers, wherewith the earth blooms love.
Come forth, where all things wait!

See! this is not the world, where thou wast born;
This is no world thou sawest yestermorn;
The mead, the water, rock, and height, and tree,
A new life wear, this day, sweet bride, for thee!
Come, ere the hours wear late!
—Robert Lowell.

HIDDEN TREASURE.

A Part of the Unwritten History of Arkansas.

From the Little Rock Gazette.]

EDITOR GAZETTE: Seeing those articles of the Rev. W. C. Stout in your excellent paper, on the unwritten history of Arkansas, I am induced to add my mite, thinking it would add one link to the history of Arkansas, and be of some interest to your readers:

Some years ago Dr. J. K. Riddell immigrated from Louisville, Ky., to the State of Mississippi, and practiced medicine on a plantation. Some time about the year 1858, his wife came to him and stated that there was an old Indian squaw on the verge of her departure from this life, and wished to see him, to get bodily relief. He and his wife went to the old woman's cabin, and found her very feeble. He asked her her age; she said, as near as she could give it, she was about 120 years old. The doctor and his wife took good care of the old woman until she died, which was in a few days. On her death-bed she said to the doctor and wife, "I am about to quit this life, and, to reward you for your kindness, I will leave you a large legacy; I will now reveal a secret to you, which you may use as you please. I am of an Indian tribe of Mexico; when about seventeen years old, I was with a company of Mexicans, about sixty in number, and passed with them from Mexico into Arkansas and joined a small company of Spaniards in Arkansas, who were at work in a silver mine not more than a day's journey from the Arkansas river. This Mexican company had a large quantity of coined silver with them, and the two companies together had a quantity of silver bullion. After uniting it was their intention to make their way to Old Spain, by building canoes or other boats to descend the Arkansas river to New Orleans, thence to Spain."

But receiving intelligence of some political or military disturbance in Louisiana, they postponed the journey. Thereupon they divided the company: forty remained with the treasure, the other party returning to Mexico. The company remaining in Arkansas, finding the Indians in their neighborhood somewhat troublesome, they concluded to bury their silver. They dug a hole in the earth some eighty feet deep, and excavated dirt all around it at the bottom and put the silver in it—about twelve barrels in quantity—filling the whole with dirt, within two feet of the top, placing a flat rock on it, covering the rock one foot with earth, and removing all trace of the digging by throwing top dirt and leaves over the spot. Some time after a party of several hundred Indians surprised the camp, killing every man, but saving the woman alive, taking all the spoil and departing, without finding the treasure. The woman remained with those Indians for some time, but succeeded at last in making her way down the river as far as the State of Mississippi, endeavoring to reach Mexico and her old tribe, but failed in reaching her destination, remaining in the State of Mississippi until her death.

This Indian woman told Dr. Riddle to find the buried silver, he would have to ascend the Arkansas river to the first rock bluff on the south side of the river, thence up the river to the first large creek on the south side, thence up the creek to a parcel of ground about seventy acres in extent, covered with white oak and hazel, the spot of land resembling an island or fork of creek, about three miles from the Arkansas river, and within sight of a tall round mountain at no great distance, about north of the deposit of silver. The treasure was deposited about the centre of the described ground.

Dr. Riddell, after receiving the said secret, remained in Mississippi some ten years. After losing his wife and becoming insolvent, he thought of seeking the treasure in Arkansas. He made his way to Louisville, Ky., seeking assistance to search for the silver; but not getting the required assistance in Louisville, he went to Cincinnati. Here he engaged the aid of two gentlemen, a Mr. Conley; the other name has been forgotten. They, according to the doctor's description, came to Arkansas in 1866, and found the parcel of ground, as they supposed, and probed with a round bar of iron for the rock covering the silver, but did not find it and returned to Cincinnati. In 1868 Dr. Riddell came to Arkansas himself to try his luck, boarding with E. L. Maynard and myself some eight weeks, using every effort to find the hidden silver, but did not find it. Being disappointed and heartbroken he went down in the southern part of the State and died.

About the year 1858 or 1859 one Stewart, a Spaniard from Mexico and Texas, came to Little Maumelle, 18 miles above Little Rock, and remained some six months, searching for the same treasure, but without success, and passed back into Texas. Before he left he told a number of citizens there was an immense quantity of silver buried on the Little Maumelle creek, but never stated where he got his information. It was supposed he received his knowledge of the deposit from some of the company which passed back into Mexico before the deposit was made.

The Massingales, old settlers of Little Maumelle, told me and others, thirty-eight years ago, that there were two men came to Little Maumelle some twelve years before that time looking for a lot of silver which was buried somewhere on the waters of Little Maumelle.

C. J. ELLIOTT.

Solemn and Beautiful Tribute.

Utica Observer.]

He lay upon his dying bed. Calling his weeping son to him he said; "Remember that industry and perseverance are the factors of success, but if you have occasion to enter a bank vault after office hours let a Yonkers mosquito do your drilling."

Horatio C. King has left New York journalism and is now C. King to earn his bread as a lawyer.—New York Times, Temperance Journal. But this is better than office C. King.—Bench and Bar.

The Brave Northern Girl.

A LETTER WHICH SPEAKS FOR THE PLUCK AND SELF-ABNEGATION OF THE VOLUNTEER YELLOW FEVER NURSE.

From the Chattanooga Times.]

It may seem to some people to be rude to print the following, but there is so much of the true woman, so much practical Christian heroism in it, that we thought best to request to publish it. Miss Ackerman wrote it after she had entered on her work as a yellow fever nurse, which we all sorrowfully remember terminated in her death:

MY DEAR FRIEND: When you open this I shall be safe from all care, or sorrow, or danger. I want to ask a last favor from you, to whom I owe so much. You cannot think how much I have appreciated your kind care for me, and what a haven of rest your home has been for me. God will bless you for it all. Please write to my father for me. Tell him I died doing my duty, and that I would rather my body should lie in Chattanooga, the home of my choice. His address is B. P. Ackerman, Oxford, Mich. I would like my watch and chain sent to my niece, Hattie Loomis, at Prescott, Arizona. To my niece, Miss Emma Landon, send my cuff-buttons and pin. I want her to have the sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher my mother went to keeping house with; also my grandmother's sugar-bowl. They are with my sister, Mrs. Barnes, in Hadley, Michigan. Give my writing-desk and large Bible to Annie McClure. Give my German Bible to May Wilder. You will please accept my large dictionary, my vases brackets, cones, and Rev. Dr. Dr. Thomas' picture. Give Fannie Chandler the mats—the last work I did. I have a note of acknowledgment for $75 in the Discount and Deposit Bank, with two vouchers for $30 each. The balance of that and unpaid salary for this month will bury me, or, if the city I have served choose to bury me, give that money to the Women's Christian Association, together with my sewing machine; it will be of benefit to the Orphans' Home. Give my clothes that are not destroyed to the poor, also my school-books. If I leave any clothes not suitable to be given the poor, let them be sold for the benefit of the Orphans' Home. Ask Mr. Loomis to accept my hammock. It is at Mr. Tyler's. Somewhere in my trunk or boxes is a small gold pencil with a garnet in the end. Give it to your little daughter Jessie. There are some zephyrs and aprons in my zinc trunk, belonging to the building fund. The books of the association are in the First National Bank. Divide my ferns and mosses between Mr. A. Burns and Mr. T. Richmond. I promised them some from Roan mountain. There is a "log-cabin" built at Mr. Campbell's, into which I sewed some happy thoughts of a bright home of my own, years and years ago. Please keep it and all the odds and ends that I have accumulated. All is well with me. I am so glad that I have been permitted to help in this work. You know the "lonesome" rest. Just think how blessed I am in being allowed to suffer and die in this work. God bless and keep you and yours. I have thought of all my loved ones in these solitary watches, and prayed God to bless them and make them all His. Yours, lovingly.

HATTIE ACKERMAN.

Friday, September 27, 1878.

The letter was addressed to Mrs. J. F. Loomis, Miss Ackerman's near and trusted friend. It was sealed, and on the envelope is indorsed, "To be opened only in case of my death in this work."

Gov. Colquitt, of Georgia.

Governor Colquitt, of Georgia, has addressed the following special message to the Legislature of that State:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ATLANTA, GA., Nov. 9, 1878.

To the General Assembly:

A grievous necessity has been imposed upon me to demand at your hands a thorough investigation of my motive and conduct, as the Executive of Georgia, in placing the State's indorsement upon the bonds of the Northwestern Railroad. This necessitates those slanders and innuendoes, vile and malignant, and so mendacious and wicked as to make all comment and paraphrase upon them utterly futile. Nothing but a thorough sifting of my every motive and act in regard to these bonds, as far as human insight and judgment can reach these, can satisfy aggrieved honor, or give such entire assurance to the people of Georgia as they have a right to demand in the premises. To a man who values his good name far more than life it would be an act of supreme injustice to deny the most plenary vindication, rendered in the most august and authoritative form known to the laws or to public opinion. To the people of this great Commonwealth it is of the last consequence that they should know beyond all peradventure, that the man who fills at their call the chief seat of authority is above reproach or suspicion. My denunciation of an awful and stupendous slander, forged and uttered to dishonor me, will not be enough. The General Assembly of this State, a co-ordinate power, is appealed to for that justice, which, while it will, I know full well, exhonorate me as a man, will also vindicate the fair fame of Georgia, assailed by cruel slanders on her Chief Executive.

Gov. Houston's Tribute.

In his message to the Legislature of Alabama, Gov. Houston says: "While we have been sadly afflicted at some points in our State, by a sudden visitation of the dreadful scourge, yellow fever, and have been and are now deeply grieved at its severe results wherever it prevailed, we sympathize, not only with our fellow-citizens, because of their troubles and bereavements, but also with those of our sister States whose afflictions were greater than our own. In this connection I return my sincere thanks, and yours, and those of our constituents, to those noble and generous people everywhere, not alone in the States of our Union, but those in foreign lands, who so freely contributed to the relief and comfort of our afflicted and dying people. We should also in the true spirit of Christian resignation return our heartfelt thanks to the Great Ruler of the Universe that it was no worse, and that it has been abated and removed from among us."

A Fascinating Woman.

Washington Post.]

One of the ladies who have enjoyed a more universal reputation as an American belle, Mrs. Sallie Ward Armstrong, is about to marry for the fourth time. No heroine of romance had ever had a more varied career than this lady, whose beauty, though great in her youth, was always second to her powers of fascination, which she still retains to so great a degree that no sooner is she free than a claimant for her hand seeks to win her. Her first husband was Bigelow Lawrence of Boston, from whom she was divorced in less than a year by special act of the Kentucky legislature. Her married life with Dr. Hunt, her second husband, was very happy, but he fell from a window of a hotel in Chicago and was killed, soon after the close of the war, during which he had served in the Confederate army. After several years of widowhood, Mrs. Hunt married Mr. Armstrong, a little more than two years ago. This, also, was a happy marriage, but lasted only about a year, being dissolved by his death. The gentleman whom she is soon to wed is Major Downs, a Louisville merchant, of suitable age and fortune.

A Swiss Colony in Tennessee.

Knoxville Tribune.

Ex-Mayor Staub has just returned from a visit to the Swiss colony in Grundy county. He reports the thriving people of the little colony as prosperous beyond precedent. All are actively engaged in agricultural or mechanical pursuits, improving each year in farm products and general business prosperity.

WHEN a tramp demands a meal of an Arkansas woman, she sticks a pistol under his nose and tells him to "eat that."

STRUGGLING WITH A MANIAC

Told to Take a Choice Between Being Drowned or Shot.

From the Erie Dispatch.]

A story thrilling enough in its details to be woven into fiction has just come to us from Fair Point, Chautauqua lake. On Saturday last a finely dressed and well appearing man landed at Fair Point, Chautauqua lake, and engaged board for a fortnight at the Palace hotel. There was nothing unnatural in his appearance, nor did it seem at all remarkable when he attended church on Sunday morning and bowed in fervent prayer near the altar. People noting his conspicuous position looked with admiring wonder upon the man who, regardless of the scrutinizing vision of the whole congregation, manifested his religious zeal in the most emphatic manner. On Monday morning the stranger strolled out near the lake and there met George Irwin, a somewhat noted duck hunter, who had just come in with his dog and his gun. The finely-dressed stranger affably greeted Mr. Irwin, and asked to be allowed to examine his gun. Mr. Irwin unsuspectedly handed over the weapon, when the stranger carefully examined it, then cocked it and holding it toward Mr. Irwin, asked him how he would rather die—would he prefer being drowned or being shot? Even then the man seemed perfectly natural. Mr. Irwin regarded the question as a joke, replied that if it was necessary for him to die right there and then, he preferred taking a turn in the water. It was then that the stranger's eyes glared with the maniacal frenzy. He grappled with the now terrified Irwin.

The struggle was a desperate one. The maniac was a powerful man, and with an iron dragged the sportsman to the water's edge, when the struggle for life and death became even more desperate. Finally they both fell into the water, and while floundering there some men who stood at a short distance ran to the rescue and were scarcely able to release the victim from the maniac's clutch. His clothes were nearly all torn from his body, and he was terribly bruised by the brief but fearful encounter. Just about that time a small steamer came up to the dock. It required four strong men to put the wild maniac on board. He was taken to Mayville and lodged in jail. He presistently refused to the last to give his name, declaring as a reason for his conduct that it was necessary to sacrifice some life to the consecration of the Sunday school ground at that place; that he had been chosen as the instrument of death. He seemed to talk sanely about the matter, and regarded Mr. Irwin as an unappreciative man, because, as he said, it was clearly in his power to shoot Irwin upon the spot, whereas he had given him his choice of death, and when about to yield preference four worldly friends appeared upon the scene and interferred.

Passion for American Girls.

A London correspondent writes: I give you my word, the passion for marrying American girls has developed into a regular craze with the English nobility, like the rage for old blue, or for a chip of Cleopatra's needle. Formerly a man of high birth never dreamed of linking himself to a woman of rank less exalted than his own, and that rule still holds good in regard to all other beautiful Americans, c'est toute autre chose." The best and richest and prettiest of them having no birth, of course birth is a matter quite out of the question. The American girls were never born; they growede.

I see very decided signs that this tendency on the part of the British noble man is to be fully exploited on the part of the American mamma. You would be surprised to see the number of Americans who have engaged rooms for the winter at the Langham and other London hotels. The thing is most unusual, because generally Americans who winter abroad go to Nice or Florence, or "do" Egypt. But now nothing can make them budge from London, and girls who, on a former trip, hated the sight of London, and could not get out of the smoky old place fast enough, and on to Paris, now assure me that they think London the loveliest place in the world, just quite too nice for anything, and far superior to the continent in every respect, especially society.

The other day I was twirling over the leaves of a stupid book of so-called rhymes, written by an Englisman and entitled "Edward VII; or, The Coming King," when the following apostrophe to the varied charms of the American girl met my eye:

America! You may say that her manners
Are free, that she brags, talks tall-y and bounces,
Yet all the sweet scents of her own bright savannas
Come out of her ribbons, her ringlets and flounces.
Say that her nice nasal tone's an offense, or
The way that she flirts is a tempting of fate—
Well, then, go and dine. Immaculate Censor,
Dine at the Langham at 8!

There you will find them all, dear country "cousins,"
Outshining native-bred spouses and sisters,
Flirting and eating, and chattering by dozens,
Their adjectives plain, their appetites twisters.

Outres their dresses, outragenus, delightful,
Making our women folks wither with hate,
If you'd think all Bond street dowdy and frigatful,
Dine at the Langham at 8!

Naughty 'Cicty Belles.

New York Herald Quebec Telegram.]

Fashionable society in this city is considerably scandalized over an incident which occurred a night or two ago at the Governor General's residence at the Citadel. His Excellency Sir Patrick McDougall, the incumbent of the Vice Regal chair until the arrival of the Marquis of Lorne, gave an official dinner followed by a dance, to which a number of leading ladies and gentlemen of the best Quebec society were invited. During the progress of a waltz, four or five couples, including some of the belles of the place, entangled themselves in the agreeable mazes of the Boston reverse, which, as danced in this Dominion, does not always present the appearance of a strictly high-toned performance. The General, who, notwithstanding the escapades told of his younger days, always wears the air of stern discipline and strict morality, at once instructed his aid de camp to request the couples already referred to to change the programme. No sooner was the order given than all the parties concerned repaired to the cloak room and dressed and disappeared. The matter creates quite a sensation among the upper ten.

THE report of Dr. E. O. Brown, of the Louisville yellow fever hospital, shows that during the late epidemic in the South "fifty one or more" cases of yellow fever originated in that city, twenty-eight resulting fatally. — Memphis Avalanche.

Weaned from His Cups.

A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was sick and to lie down at once; and in a moment or two he was comfortably settled on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, his breathing heavy, and altogether he was a pitiable object. The doctor was sent for, post haste, and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came he felt his pulse and examined him and found that he was only drunk, and said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged," or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and notwithstanding the blisters were eating into the flesh it was not till near morning that the began to beat about, disturbed by pain.

About daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, putting his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still—you musn't stir," said the wife; "you have been taken very sick."

"I'm not sick."

"O yes, you are; you have brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the victim; "what's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I'm better now—take off the blisters, do!" he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands were still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for the doctor, and above all don't blister me again."

"O, indeed I will—all that saved you were the blisters, and if you ever should have another such a spell, I should be more frightened than ever, for the tendency I am sure is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you would be likely to die, unless there were the severest measures used."

He made no further defence; suffice to say he never had another attack.

THE JEWS AND THE KEYS OF JERUSALEM.—From early times the Jews always enjoyed a large measure of self-government: they also cherish certain old and curious privileges. One of these is the coming of a sort of money—"small squares of brass foil, stamped with the Hebrew words meaning visiting the sick. The practice seems to have originated in adopting a fictitious currency, on temporary occasions, as a means of almsgiving, in anticipation of real money coming to hand. In the Jewish bazaar these pieces are current for all purposes of trade, and are sometimes accepted and passed among other inhabitants of the city as paras, though inferior in value to even that small coin. Did now and then take the trouble to prohibit it. The Jews, however, are proud of their show of independent royalty, and even if willing to discontinue it, would find it difficult to call in these tokens so long as their heavy debt remains, for they do actually represent a certain amount of metallic value. The other custom is that of getting possession of the great keys of the city gates on the decease of each Sultan of Constantinople, and after a religious service of prayer, and anointing them with a mysterious preparation of oil and spices, allowing them to be returned to the civic authorities on behalf of the new monarch. For the exercise of this traditional custom they make heavy presents to the local Governors, who allow of a harmless practice that has prescription to show on its behalf. It is a matter of 'bakhsheesh' to them, and there is always a class of superstitious people to be found in Palestine who think that the benediction of the ancient 'children of Israel' is worth having; the Jewish feelings are gratified, for their expectation of the future is refreshed, and the Jerusalem rabbis are enabled to boast all the world over among their people that they suffer the Sultan of Turkey to keep possession of the Holy City."—Finn, Records from Jerusalem.

"You Promised Me First."

"GO ON, 'SQUIRE, WE ARE HALF-MARRIED NOW; FINISH UP THE JOB."

From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

A special from Vincennes, Indiana, says that Johnson township, in that county, was the scene of a funny attempt at a wedding last Wednesday, which has just been developed this morning. In that locality lives Melissa Underwood, the fair daughter of an honest and respectable old farmer. Two young men, one P. H. Donavan, a farmer, the other William Ayres, a miller, were paying court to the fair Melissa. She could not decide which one to favor, having promised each one to marry him, but finally being woed more ardently by Ayres, she consented to take him if it could be kept secret from Donovan. Ayres came to this city, secured a license and the necessary outfit, and on Wednesday, in company with Wm. Selzer, a Justice of the Peace of this place, proceeded to the Underwood farm. The bridal party were on the floor and the 'Squire had nearly finished the job, when Donovan, to the surprise of every one, rushed in and declared that the ceremony should proceed no further. Donovan grabbed the girl by the waist and exclaimed, in piteous accents, "Oh, Meliss, don't you consent, for you promised me first." Ayres had her around the neck, and yelled in stentorian tones, "Go on, 'Squire, we are half-married now; finish up the job." The Magistrate, under the circumstances, refused to proceed, and Ayres, although half-married, is no better off than before, and Donovan is disconsolate.

Bad Luck Clear Through

San Francisco News Letter.]

"My darling," says Mr. Sadrake, who has been ostensibly duck-shooting at San Mateo all the day and night previous, "did the office boy bring you those ducks I shot, as I told him?" "No, sir, he did not," replied Mrs. S., in an icy and appalling manner; "but the butcher's boy has been here to say that, as he cannot fill your order for wild ducks to day, he sends you a half dozen tame ones instead." Tableau.

THE balance of trade is slightly against the farmer who comes to town with a load of new wheat and returns home loaded down with "old rye."—Venango Citizen.

THE GIRL OF THE CRISIS.

From the Edinburgh Scotsman.]

Broken and crushed and sad,
Father comes home now at night;
Rogues have stript him of all that he had,
And his hair is thin and white.
Bravely he toils all the day.
And thinks that we do not see
His heart in his mouth, when he looks the way
Of Mother and Winnie and me.

Work with the hand or the head,
With needle or broom or quill,
Daily work for my daily bread,
Work I must have, and I will.
I have youth and health and brains—
They said I was clever at school;
Others are earning their honest gains,
And why should I sit here, and pule?

I know that he does not care
For the cost that is no more new,
Or the dingy house or the scanty fare,
If he could but pay all men their due;
But it pains him to think that we
May not lounge in our easy chairs,
With music and novel and afternoon tea,
And gossip of other's affairs.

O, if he only just knew
How weary I was of all that!
How I longed for a life that was earnest and true
And some useful work to be at!
I heed not what people may say,
All the bondage of fashion I scorn;
To bring girls up in that idiot way—
It were better they never were born.

But what can I do? I could teach;
But scores will be eager to try,
With their music and German and French, and each
Far abler to do it than I:
I had nice, nimble fingers of old
For trimming a bonnet or gown;
But now folk will find better use for their gold
Than to flaunt in gay dress about town.

I know I could tidy a room,
And give it a lady-like look;
And I'm almost sure I could handle a broom,
And iron a little and cook;
But I must be at home every night
To kiss him and plague him a while,
And comb the old hair that is thin now, and white,
And send him to bed with a smile.

Work! O dear, what can I do?
I hurt my soft hand, and it bled,
And I wished it were roughened and blistered too,
If it would only win me my bread;
Yet I shrink from the girls at the mill;
I watched them last night in the dark
Coming out, and it smote my weak heart with a chill;
But I could be a telegraph clerk.

Sick I am weary and sick,
Ever fretting for something to do;
O, wouldn't I work my nails to the quick,
Father and mother, for you?
You are dearer than ever to me,
So meek and gentle and brave,
But your shadows grow long and I seem to see
Them creeping out close to a grave.

Work with hand or with head,
With broom or needle or quill,
Daily work for my daily bread,
Any true work that you will!
O, just for a week to have toiled,
And to give him my wage and his kiss,
Saying, father, dear father, my hands may be soiled,
But my heart is the purer for this.

WALTER SMITH.

A TALE OF LOVE, MURDER AND ASSASSINATION.

The Murderer Devoured by Alligators.

An the 4th of July, 1873, two men sat at dinner on the broad veranda of the coffee plantation house of the Palma Garda, near San Juan, Porto Rico. They were Clarkson Collins a blonde young American, the proprietor of the plantation, and Owens, and they were celebrating the anniversary of their national independence with many a bumper to their distant country and their absent friends.

"Well, Senores Americanos," said a musical voice behind them, "are you not going to thank me for the good dinner I prepared for you with my own hands?"

The two friends turned, and found themselves face to face with a beautiful octoroon girl of twenty years at most, who had just ascended the steps of the veranda with a rush net full of oranges, bananas and a couple of pineapples, all fresh plucked and loading the air with perfume, on her head.

"Come, now," she continued, laughingly, as she placed the fruit on the table, "here is your desert, and here I'm ready for my reward."

"Take it, then, Teresita," exclaimed Collins, "for you have earned it nobly. Your banquet is fit for an emperor," and twinning his arm around her waist he drew her face down toward his own and imprinted a kiss on her lips.

"But did you really prepare the dinner yourself?" asked Owens, imitating his friend's example and drawing the girl to a seat on his knee. "Is it all your work?"

"Every morsel of it," she replied, coquettishly, running her slender fingers through his curling hair. "I would not trust to Maria's clumsy hands on such an occasion as this, you may be sure. She can cook well enough for common folks—"

"Your husband for instance," interrupted a voice hoarse and quivering with rage, and an under-sized; savage-looking mulatto bounded upod the veranda, while the girl started up with a shriek of affright.

"Curse you, you wanton! Since you are so fond of feeding other people but me, go and cook dinner for the devil!"

And snatching a long keen knife from his bosom, he plunged it up to the hilt in Teresita's body before either of the Americans could interfere.

The girl fell dead, and springing upon Owens, whom he seized by the throat, the man yelled:

"As for you, you dog of an American, I have watched you this long while. You wanted my wife, did you? Very well, then, you have enjoyed her. Now go and have your fun with her in h—l!"

And with a circular sweep of his knife, like that of an experienced butcher in slitting the stomach of a bullock, he ripped the overseer open, while the latter who had snatched a fork from the table, drove the tines into his cheek, leaving the weapon quivering there as he fell.

By this time Collins had recovered himself, and, catching up the heavy stool on which he had been sitting, he felled the murderer with a single tremendous blow, and shouted for assistance.

The mulatto resisted furiously, but still made no effort to injure the slaves who secured him, using his knife only to hack and mangle the bodies of his victims until he was finally dragged away and bound, leaving the veranda inundated in blood.

After the bodies were removed the planter, followed by the negroes dragging the prisoner behind them at the end of a rope, led the way to a deep but narrow stream that irrigated the plantation, and commanded the murderer to be thrown in.

The order was promptly obeyed, and the man had hardly touched the water when a score of hideous heads appeared all about, and in a moment more he had disappeared. The alligators had devoured him.

Then Collins returned to the house and sought to drown the recollection of the day's tragedy in a manner which resulted in his being carried to bed by his servants dead drunk.

He awoke late at night with his throat on fire from his debauch, and, after vainly endeavoring to get up, called for a glass of water.

Almost instantly a withered and hideous negress, who had been squatting in the doorway of the room, appeared with the required beverage.

The planter swallowed it at a draught and demanded more.

At this second glass, which he consumed more slowly, he smacked his lips several times, and finally asked suspiciously: "What is the matter with this water? It tastes strange."

"Does it?" returned the hag, with a croaking laugh. "I should think it would. Why, there is enough poison in it to kill a dozen men."

Collins uttered a hoarse cry and endeavored to rise, but the old woman threw herself upon him and seized his throat in her clawlike hands, strangling him and preventing his calling for help.

"You killed my son," she cried, "because he treated his worthless wife and her lover as he ought. Now you shall die and before the breath leaves your body you will wish that you had perished as easily as he did. You have drunk of the devil's grape, each drop of which is sufficient to destroy a man with the most horrible torture."

And she burst into another [illegible] of unearthly laughter, while the planter's frame began to quiver under her hands in the convulsions of unbearable agony.

The devil's grape, of the natives of the Spanish West Indies call it, is a small green berry, very closely resembling a gooseberry, which grows on a certain species of parasitical plant that attaches itself to coffe trees where they have become barren and are permitted to grow wild.

Each grape yields from two to four drops of a viscous white liquid of so poisonous and acrid a nature that it will perforate even the thick, calloused skin on the palm of a slave's hand.

Its effect, when introduced into the human system, is to produce indescribably violent headaches, racking pains in the bones, like those of rheumatic gout, terrible convulsions, and final suffocation from the bursting of internal blood vessels. The screams of the poisoned planter, which even the iron grip of the murderess could not suppress, soon raised the house and his servants, flocking into the chamber of death, found him rolling and writhing in horrible torment, with the old woman kneeling on his chest, and burrying her long nails in his throat.

At the appearance of the servants she released her victim, and drawing a bottle from her pocket, shook its contents into the negroes' faces.

The juice of the deadly berry—for the poison contained the supply of poison she had collected that afternoon—rained over the servants like a shower of vitriol, and they drew back uttering execrations and howls of pain.

Then the hag made a rush for the door, but one of the men, who had luckily escaped the painful experience of his comrades, tripped her up, and in a minute more she was a prisoner, bound hand and foot.

By the time this was brought about her victim had uttered a final shriek, and, bounding out of bed, had fallen face down on the floor, a torrent of black blood pouring from his [illegible]

Next day the murderess was hanged, naked and alive, in a cage of iron hoops, which fitted closely to her body, and left to the mercy of the elements.

She lived four days, blistered to madness by the fierce sun and the noxious night damps, and finally perished in agony equal to that of her victim, eaten alive by ants, mosquitos and sand-flies.

This discovery of her fate by the authorities led to the abolition of the hanging cage, which, incredible as it may seem, had been frequently used in the punishment of slaves in Porto Rico up to the time of which we write.

New Dresses, Etc.

At the modistes' openings basques and overskirts prevail in the new dresses, but not to the exclusion of polonaises, though it is remarked that the latter are usually accompanied by demi-trains instead of short skirts. A stylish effect is given to these by having the fronts turned back in revers, or by putting in a plastron vest the length of the whole garment, and by making the black drapery higher, or else having the black very short, and filling out the skirt with flounces in the demi train; still others have a wide scarf draped like an apron, and stopping abruptly in the side seams. The arrangements of two materials in polonaises are very original. Thus a black cashmere polonaise has the vest and the entire back of brocaded silk in a quaint pattern of cherries and leaves; the silk vest extends quite low down, and its end is concealed by an apron of cashmere that is edged with the new chenille fringe, which has no heading, and is of finer strands than that in general use. Down the sides, where the apron stops, are straight pieces, fringed, tied in a knot and left to hang down from the waist. The brocaded back is straight and short, like a long basque, and the demi-trained skirt is covered with flounces. Still another fashion is that of using Scotch plaid satin bands for trimming black cashmere polonaises. These pass straight down the front, and two bands are put around the skirt, quite far apart, and separated by bands or rouleaux of plush, either moss green or deep garnet.

A Most Remarkable Old Woman.

THE LAST CHILD OF THIRTY DYING AT 110 YEARS

N. Y. World.]

Mrs. Mary Pardo Sanchez, of Malaga, Spain, died on Wednesday morning at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Mesea, No. 83 Middagh street, Brooklyn, at the age of 110 years 5 months and 16 days. She was the thirtieth daughter, her mother having had sixteen boys and fourteen girls. She came from Spain fourteen years ago, and was married seventy-three years ago. Both her father and husband were architects. When she was ninety years of age she lost her sight. At ninety-seven she recovered it, and could see much better than her daughter. She was smart and did the housework until after she was 100 years old. She was up and about the house until within a few days of her death.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Burlington Hawk-Eye.]

It took three men, two boys and a brindle dog an hour and a half to drive a sandy pig a distance of two blocks down to the ferry boat yesterday afternoon. When the wearisome drive was ended the dog was bit in three places, the boy had sprained his ankle, broken two windows by throwing stones at the pig, one of the men was tired to death and the other two were drunk, and the pig was two miles back from the river, going west.

VARIETIES.

MEMBERS of the bar—gymnasts.

AN odd looking inkstand is in the form of a pug's head.

ELEVEN out of twelve women seen in a Memphis street car a few days ago were in mourning.

A BOSTON paper says: Codfish have struck in along Cape Cod bay and shore, and in some localities the fishermen are getting from 75 to 150 a dory daily and of large size. In other localities fish are reported plenty, but of a small size.

MRS. TENNYSON, the wife of she poet, is and has long been an invalid. A great part of the time, it is said, she reclines on a sofa in her drawing-room, where she receives their guests and delights all by the wit, grace and cleverness of her talk.

A WOMAN in Coatesville, Pa., who was tearful of tramps, and who wished to leave the house for a while the other day, placed her husband's gold watch into the stove. During her absence the cook built a fire, and the watch was cooked to ruin.

THE cultivation of celery is being brought to great perfection in Clearfield county, Pa., the product of one farm being established a regular exposition, where specimens of the crop are exhibited, and prizes awarded for superior stocks.

WESTERN, CONN., has an aged couple named Sturges, who, if they live a little more than a year longer, will be able to celebrate their diamond wedding. The husband is 97 and the wife 94 years of age, and they have been married over 73 years.

INFORMATION.—Scene—On board of the steamer Clansman off Gleneig Pier; ferry boat alongside. Captain (sternly)—"Is there nae cargo for that boat?" Seaman—"Yes, sir." Captain—"Then, what is it waiting for?" Seaman—"The cargo, sir."—Judy.

AT Gospel Hall in the Trocadero, in Paris, the Princess of Wales expressed great interest in the evangelical work pursued there, and left a handsome sum behind her. A microscopic Bible in such clear point as to bear the test of a magnifying glass and almost to fit into a signet ring, beautifully bound, was presented to her. French ladies call this the Amulet edition. It is a thing to be set in a reliquaire and worn as a charm.

A SEA captain, just returned from a whaling voyage to New Bedford, Mass., went ashore at a nearer port so as to get home a day earlier to give his wife a surprise. She, hearing of the ship's arrival, had meanwhile rushed to New Bedford to give him a greeting a day earlier than he expected. The result was that she found the ship but no captain, and he found his house but no wife. Surprises have been abolished hereafter in that family.

About Female Beauty.

The Chicago Times has sent out a correspondent to write up the female beauty as shown in the various large cities of the republic. The correspondent has commedced operations in Washington and will probably reserve St. Louis for the last. The wrath of Don Piatt is ington were treated, and he goes off the Times, viz.: "The expressions anent female beauty in Washington, as published in the Chicago Times, come, we think, from the female occasional correspondent of that journal. The criticism of Washington beauty as contained in the article could come from none other than an antiquated maiden or a grass-widow, who finds the sole solace of her life in easing a dyspeptic soul of thin-sounding untruths anent her fellow and more favored sex. The entire bent of the correspondent is to prove that the women of this section of the country are hideous and homely. Had Mark Twain been the author of such a preposterous affair we could have understood and have appreciated the joke. As it stonds, the affair, taken on the whole, reminds one very pertinently of the story of of the inhabitants of a portion of Switzerland where, from the limestone condition of the water, all are afflicted with goitre. A tall, handsome English tourist was riding through one of the villages, and a little double-barrelled throat child seeing him, rushed to its mother with the melancholy howl, and with choking utterance and sincere tears cried: 'Ma! ma! look at that poor man; he hasn't any goitre!' The ideas of beauty in the intellect of this feeble correspondent—supposing an intellect—are built after the fashion and in the mould of this ignorant, innocent little Swiss boy."

Rules for Spoiling a Child.

1. Begin young by giving him whatever he cries for.
2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable.
3. Tell him that he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him.
4. Have divided counsels, as between father and mother.
5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or as a mere whipping-machine.
6. Let him learn (from his father's example) to despise his mother.
7. Do not know or care who his companions may be.
8. Let him read whatever he likes.
9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evening—a good school for both sexes.
10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life; and let him have plenty of money to spend.
11. Be not with him in the hours of recreation.
12. Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; chastise severely for a foible, and laugh at a vice.
13. Let him run about from church to church. Eclecticism in religion is the order of the day.
14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulders, touch not one with one of your fingers. Preach gold, and practice irredeemable greenbacks.

The rules are not untried. Many parents have tried them, with substantial uniformity of results. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will at least have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.

MRS. JENKS' husband is a treasury clerk. A Washington correspondent draws a blood-curdling portrait of him: "He is to a quiet, unassuming manner, but he wears a furtive, downcast look, that throws out feelers of apprehension as to how he is regarded; his face is deadly pale, and his hair of dense blackness; he has a nose like the beak of a bird of prey, revised and corrected; his eyes are intensely black and searching, filled with cautious scenting."

"WOULDN'T YOU."

He told me my face was the sweetest
And fairest he ever had known,
The bobolink envied my singing,
And the nightingale mimicked its tone;
My dimples they quarreled with cherries,
Just under eyes tender and blue;
My tresses they angered the sunbeams.
I smiled on then, "wouldn't you?"

He told me my fingers were dainty,
My lips only moulded to kiss,
"And wouldn't I give one of the sweetest
For such a poor bauble as this?"
Maybe I ought not to vex him,
But he looked so beseeching and true,
And the ring was so pretty I took it,