# THE COURIER.

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OPELOUSAS LA.

## THE GIRL-PROFESSOR.

Fair as the wild-rose, blushing on the hill,
Pure as the lily drooping o'er the rill,
Modest and maiden
As violets dew-laden,
Rare as the tuberose in the orient air,
All that is best
Of beautiful and blest,
Is the gentle Girl-Professor with the bonny brown hair.

Grim Geography kindles 'neath her smile;
Crafty Arithmetic lays aside his guile:
Reading and Writing,
Heart and hand uniting,
Charmed round her dance, a gay and happy pair—
Ah! who can tell
How sweet it is to Spell
To the dainty Girl-Professor with the bonny brown hair.

Ah! what dignity sits upon her brow—
Yes, all Minerva swells her bosom now!
With what a queenly
Air she reigns serenely,
Throned on the hight of her professional chair!
And she looks so wise
From her saintly blue eyes,
Oh, that solemn Girl-Professor with the bonny brown hair!

But, beware! There are dimples in her cheek,
Where all the Laughters play at "Hide-and-seek."
What; or how demurely
Teacheth she, yet surely
Ever she is schooling thee, all unaware,
In that sweet lore
The angels taught of yore—
Ah! that roguish Girl-Professor with the bonny brown hair!

## BY THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

A bitter December midnight, and the up express panting through its ten minutes' rest at Rugby. What with passengers just arriving, and passengers just departing; what with the friends who came to see the last of the departing passengers, or to meet the arriving ones; the platform was full enough, I can assure you; and I had some difficulty in making my way from carriage to carriage, even though I generally find that people (almost unconsciously, perhaps), move aside for the guard when they see him moving up or down close to the carriage-doors. This difficulty was increased, too, by the measures of my companion, a London detective, who had joined me to give himself a better opportunity of examining the passengers. Keenly he did it, too, in that seemingly careless way of his; and, while he appeared to be only an idle, lounging acquaintance of my own, I knew that under his unsuspected scrutiny it was next to impossible for the thieves he was seeking to escape—even in hampers. I didn't trouble myself to help him, for I knew it wasn't necessary; yet I was as anxious as hundreds of others were that those practiced thieves, whom the police had been hunting for the last two days, should be caught as they deserved.

Sometimes we came upon a group which my companion could not take in at a glance, and then he always found himself unusually cold and stopped to stamp a little life into his petrified feet. Of course for me this enforced standing was the signal for an attack of persistent questioning with which railway guards are familiar; and, in attending to polite questioners who deserved answering, and unpolite ones who insisted on t, I had not much time for looking about me; but presently I did catch myself looking at a girl who stood alone at some distance. A girl very pretty and pleasant to look upon, I thought, though her face, and her dress, and her attitude were all sad. She stood just at the door of the booking-office; a tall, slight girl, in deep mourning, with a quanty of bright, fair hair plated high upon her head, as well as hanging loosely on her shoulders, with a childishly innocent face, and pretty, bewildered eyes. I wished I could have gone straight to her, and put her into one—the most comfortable—of the line of carriages at which she gazed so timidly. Just as I hesitated, a very remarkable figure elbowed its way to me; a stout, grandly-dressed old lady, panting painfully, and almost piercing me with a pair of restless, half-open eyes, that looked out through the gold-rimmed spectacles perched on her sharp nose. Two porters followed her laden with bags, cloaks, umbrellas and flowers—the only flowers in the station, I expect, that winter night—and one of the men winked at me over her head, while the other guarded her treasure with a face of concentrated anxiety, and thoughts engrossed by possible fees.

"This is the London train, is it, ga'ad!" she asked, peering sharply into my face with her half-closed eyes, as if she found it difficult to distinguish me through her spectacles.

From her whole attitude I guessed her to be deaf, but I never guessed how deaf until after yelling my answer so loud that the engine-driver must have heard it eighteen carriages on, she still remained stonily waiting for it.

"Deaf as a dozen posts," said the detective, aloud, giving the old lady an expressive little nod in the direction of the train.

"Slow train?" she asked, in that plaintive tone which the very deaf often use.

"Mail?" I shouted, putting my mouth as close to her cheek as I fancied she would like.

"Ale!" she shrieked back at me, the spectacles shaking a little on her thin nose. "Why should you want ale for listening to civil questions that you are paid to answer? Ale, indeed! I believe that railway men think of nothing else."

Then she shook her head angerly and waddled off, looking as acid an old party as I should ever try to avoid. In at every door she peered through her glittering glasses, the two porters following her, until she made a stop before an empty second-class carriage near my van, and with much labor and assistance got herself and her packages into it.

When I passed, a few minutes afterwards, she was standing in the doorway, effectually barring the door to any other passenger by her own unattractive appearance there, and prolonging with an evident relish the anxiety of the obsequious porters, I fancy that though the purse she fumbled in was large, the coin she wanted was but small, for I passed on and left her still searching and still asking questions of the men, but hearing nothing either of their replies or of the loud asides in which they indulge to each other. I had reached the other end of the train, and was just about making my way back to my own van, when the young lady I had before noticed went slowly in front of me toward the empty first-class compartment near which I stood.

"Am I right for Easton?" she asked me gently, as she hesitated at the door.

"All right, Miss," I said, taking the door from her and standing while she got in. "Any luggage?" For from that very moment I took her in a sort of way into my charge, because she was so thoroughly alone, you see, not having any friends there to see her off.

"No luggage, thank you," she answered, sitting her little leather sachel down beside her on the seat, and setting herself on the corner furthest from the open door. "Do we stop anywhere between here and London?"

"Don't stop again, Miss, except for a few minutes to take tickets." Then I looked at her as much as to say, "You're all right, because I'm the guard," and shut the door.

I suppose that, without exactly being aware of it, I kept a kind of watch over this carriage, for I saw plainly enough a lazy young gentleman who persistently kept hovering about it and looking in. His inquisitive eyes had of course caught sight of the pretty face in there alone, and I could see that he was making up his mind to join her; but he seemed doing it in a most careless and languid manner. He was no gentleman for that reason, I said to myself, yet his dress was handsome, and the hand that played with his long, dark beard was small and fashionably gloved. Glancing still into the far corner of that one first-class compartment, he lingered until the last moment was come; then, quite leisurely, he walked up to the door, opened it, entered the carriage, and in an instant the door was banged to behind him. Without the least hesitation I went up to the window, and stood near it while the lamp was fitted in the compartment. The gentleman was standing up within, drawing on a dark overcoat; the young lady in the distant corner was looking from the window as if even the half darkness was better to look at than this companion. Mortified a good deal at the failure of my scheme for her comfort, I went on to my van, beside which the detective waited for me.

"No go, you see," he muttered crossly, "and yet it seemed to me so likely that they'd take this train."

"I don't see how it should seem likely," I answered, for I hadn't gone with him in the idea. "It doesn't seem to me very likely that three such skillful thieves as you are dodging, who did their work in this neighborhood so cleverly too nights ago, should leave the station any night by the very train which the police watch with double suspicion."

"Doesn't it?" he echoed, with a most satirical knowingness. "Perhaps you havn't yet got it quite clear in your mind how they will leave the town; for it's sure enough that they haven't left it up to now. That they'll be in a hurry to leave it is sure enough, too, for this isn't the sort of place they'll care to hide in longer than necessary. Well, what's the hardest place for us to track them in?—London. And what's the easiest place for them to get on sea from?—London. Then naturally enough to London they'll want to go. Isn't this a fast train, and shouldn't you choose a fast train if you were running away from the Police?"

I didn't tell him what sort of a train I should choose, because I hadn't quite made up my mind; and he was looking cross enough for anything in that last glimpse I caught of him.

Having nothing better to do, I wondered a good deal how these thieves could arrange their getting away while the walls were covered with the description of them, and every official on the line was up in it. There was no doubt of their being three very dexterous knaves, but then our detective force was very dexterous too, though they weren't knaves, (and I do believe the greater dexterity is generally on the knavish side,) and so it was odd that the description still was ineffective and the offered reward unclaimed. I read over again the bill in my pocket which described the robbers. "Edward Capon, alias Captain Winter, alias John Pearson, alias Dr. Crow; a thick set active man, of middle hight, and about fifty years of age; with thick iron-gray hair and whiskers, dark gray eyes, and an aquiline nose. Mary Capon, his wife, a tall woman of forty; with a handsome, fair face, a quantity of very red hair, and a cut across her under lip. Edward Capon, their son, a slightly built youth of not more than fifteen or sixteen," (though, for the matter of that, I thought that he might have had cunning enough for twice his age,) "with closely-cut black hair, light gray eyes, and delicate features."

We all knew this description well enough, and for two days had kept our eyes open, hoping to identify them among the passengers. But our scrutiny had all been in vain; and as the train rushed on I felt how disappointed the Police at Euston would be when we arrived again without even tidings of them.

I was soon tired of this subject, and went back to worrying myself about the sad-looking, yellow haired girl, who had so evidently wished to travel alone, and been so successfully foiled in the attempt by that intrusive fop with the handsome beard. Foolishly I kept on thinking of her, until, as we were dashing almost like lightning through the wind and darkness, only fifteen or twenty minutes from Chalk Farm, the bell in my van rang out with a sharp and sudden summons. I never wondered for a moment who had pulled the cord. Instinctively I knew, and—it was the carriage furthest from my van! I left my place almost breathlessly as the engine slackened speed, and, hastening along the footboard, hesitated at no window until I reached the one from which I felt quite sure that a frightened young face would be looking out. My heart literally beat in dread as I stopped, and looked into the carriage. What did I see? Only two passengers buried in their separate corners. The young lady raised her head from the book she held, and looked up at me astonished—childishly and wonderingly astonished.

"Has anything happened to the train?" she asked timidly.

The gentleman roused himself leisurely from a seemingly snug nap. "What on earth has stopped us in this hole?" he said, rising; and pushing his handsome face and his long beard past me at the window.

It was only too evident that the alarm had not been given from this carriage; yet the feeling had been such a certainty to me that it was long before I felt quite convinced to the contrary; and I went along on the footboard to other carriages very much more slowly than I had gone at first to that one. Utter darkness surrounded us outside, but from the lamplit compartments eager heads were thrust, searching for the reason of this stoppage. No one owned to having summoned me until I reached that seconed-class carriage near my own van, (which I hastened past before), where the fidgety, deaf old lady who had amused me at Rugby sat alone. I had no need to look, in, and question her. Her head was quite out of the window; and, though she had her back to the light and I couldn't see her face, her voice was cool enough to show that she was not overpowered by fear.

"What a time you've been coming," she said. "Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

But though I yelled the question with all my might and main, I believe I might just as hopefully have qustioned the telegraph-post which I could dimly see beside us, and have expected an answer along the wires.

"Where's the small luncheon basket?" she inquired, pulling out her long purse with great fussiness. "A small luncheon basket, my good man, and make haste."

Shall I ever forget the sharp expectancy of the old lady's eyes as they looked into mine, first over, then under, then through her glittering goldrimmed spectacles? What surprised me most particularly was the fact of her decidedly not being as any one might suppose, a raving lunatic.

"Be quick with the small luncheon basket, please," she said, resignedly sitting down, and pouring the contents of her purse out into her lap, "I'm as hungry as I can be."

I suppose that when she looked up at me from the silver she was counting she saw my utter bewilderment, I didn't try now to make her hear, for I knew it to be hopeless—for she raised her voice suddenly to a shrill pitch of peevishness, and pointed with one shaking hand to the wall of the carriage.

"Look there! Doesn't it say 'Small luncheon baskets. Pull down the cord.' I want a small luncheon basket, so I pulled down the cord. Make haste and get it for me, or I'll report you to the manager."

Seeing now that she was almost as blind as she was deaf, I began to understand what she meant. On the spot to which she pointed above the seat opposite her two papers were posted in a line; one the advertisement of "Small luncheon baskets" supplied at Rugby, the other the company's directions for summoning the guard and stopping the train in cases of danger. As they happened to be placed, the large letters did read as she had:

"Small Luncheon Baskets. Pull down the Cord."

While I was gazing from her to the bills, getting over a bit of my astonishment, and she was giving me every now and then a sharp touch on the shoulder to recall me to my duty and hasten me with her refreshment, we were joined by one of the directors, who happened to be going up to town by the express. But his just and natural wrath—loud as it was—never moved the hungry old lady; no, not in the slightest degree. She never heard one word of it, and only mildly insisted, in the midst of it that she was almost tired of waiting for her small luncheon basket.

With a fierce parting shot, the director tried to make her understand that she had incurred a penalty of five pounds, but he couldn't though he bawled it at her until the poor old thing—perhaps mortified at having taken so much trouble for nothing; perhaps overcome by her hunger; perhaps frightened at the commotion she saw though didn't hear—sank back in her seat in a strong fit of hysterics, and let the shillings and six-pences roll out of her lap and settle under the seats.

It seemed to me a long time, before we started on again, but I suppose it was only a six or seven minutes' delay after all. I expect I should have waited to explain the stoppage to the pretty young girl of whom I considered myself a sort of protector; but as I said, she was at the very opposite end of the train, and I was in haste now. There must have been a good laugh in several of the carriages where the cause of our stoppage got whispered about. As for me, whem I got back into my van, solitary as it was, I chuckled over it until we stopped at Chalk Farm to take tickets.

It seemed to me that the train was taken into custody as soon as it stopped there.

"Of course you have the carriage doors all locked, and I'll go down with you while you open them one by one. My men are in possession of the platform."

This was said to me by Davis, a detective officer whom I knew well by now, having had a good bit to do with him about this Warwickshire robbery.

"It is no use," I said, before we started; "the train was searched as you may say, at Rugby. Every passenger has undergone a close scrutiny, I can tell you. What causes such scientific preparation for us here?"

"A telegram received ten minutes ago!" he answered. "It seems that two of the thieves we are dodging are in this train in clever disguises. We have had pretty full particulars, though the discovery wasn't made until after you left the junction. Have you noticed"—he dropped his voice a little here—"a young lady and gentleman together in either carriage?"

I felt a bit of an odd catching in my breath as he spoke. "No!" I said, quite in a hurry. "No young lady and gentleman belonging together; but there may be plenty in the train. What if there are though? There was no young lady or gentleman among the robbers!"

"Among the robbers," rejoined Davis, with suppressed enjoyment, "was a woman who'd make herself into anything; and you must own that a gentleman with a dark, long beard isn't bad for a lady known to us pretty well by her thick red hair and a cut on her upper lip."

"But the young lady?" I asked, cogitating this.

"Ah!" the young lady. True enough; well, what would you say, now, if I told you she grew out of that boy with the closely cut, dark hair, that we were after?"

I remembered the pretty plaits and the loose, falling hair. I remembered the bewilderment in the eyes that entirely hid their natural expression, and I didn't answer this at all.

"I wish I had as good a chance of catching the old fellow as I have of catching the woman and boy," continued Davis, as we moved slowly past the locked luggage van. "I know they're here, and that I shall recognize them under any disguise; but we've no clue yet to the old rascal. It's most aggravating that, by some means, we've lost sight of the biggest rogue of all. Come along."

I did come alone, feeling very stupidly glad that there was all the train to search before we could reach the carriage at the other end where sat the girl whom I had, in a way, taken under my protection.

"When are we to be allowed to leave this train, pray? Call me a cab," cried the deaf old lady, plaintively, as we reached her carriage, and found her gazing in most evident and utter ignorance of all that was going on around her. "I am locked in, ga'ad. Do you hear?"

I heard; aye, sharp enough. I only wished she could hear me as readily. Davis aside watching while I unlocked her door and helped her down. Then, seeing her helplessness, and her countless packages, he beckoned a porter to her, winking expressively to call his attention to a probable shilling.

Carriage after carriage we examined; though Davis detected no thief, he turned away only more and more hopefully from each. He was so sure they were there, and that escape was impossible. We reached the last carriage in the line, and now my heart beat in the oddest manner possible.

"Is this compartment empty, then?" asked Davis while my fingers were actually shaking as I put my key in the door of the center one. "Empty and dark?"

"Even if it had been empty it wouldn't have been left dark," I muttered, looking in. "Hallo! what's come to the lamp?"

I might well ask what was come to the lamp, for the compartment was as dark as if it had never been lighted; yet had not I myself stood and watched the lighted lamp put in at Rugby? And—the carriage was empty, too!

"Why was this?" asked the detective, turning sharply upon me. "Why was not the lamp lighted?"

"But the lamp was lighted, and burning now as sensibly as the others—if we could but have seen it. As we soon discovered, the glass was covered by a kind of tarpaulin, intensely black and strongly adhesive, and the carriage was as completely dark as it no lamp had been set there at all. The perplexity in Davis' face was as great as my own, when I told him who had traveled here. "They could'nt have left the train here, at any rate," he said; and I knew that as well as he did.

But you have guessed the end. During those few minutes that we stopped on the line, the two thieves—darkening the lamps even after we had left them, and using their own key—had left the carriage under cover of the darkness; managing their escape in their black dresses out into the blackness of the night as cleverly as they had managed their theft and subsequent concealment. But how could they have depended on this unusual delay—this exquisite opportunity given them by the utter darkness, close to the city, yet at no station? When I officially made my deposition, and explained the cause of our stoppage; something of the truth, seemed to break upon us all; but it wasn't for a good while that it settled into a certainty. Then it got clear to everybody that the older scoundrel had duped us more ingeniously than the younger ones. As the incapable old lady (deaf as a stone, and so blind that she had to peer through her glittering glasses, with eyes always half closed, and so hungry that she had to stop the train for a luncheon basket) he had played upon us the neatest trick of all. Where on earth were the thick iron-gray hair and whiskers by which we were to have identified him? But by the time the Police saw the whole thing clearly it was too late to follow up any clue to him.

The cab which had taken the excentric old lady and her parcels and flowers from Euston was lost in the city, and could not be tracked. A high reward was offored for information, but no one ever won it. My firm belief is that it was no legitimately licensed cab at all, but one belonging to the gang, and part of the finished fraud. I verily believe, too, that sometimes now—though perhaps on the other side of the channel—those three practiced knaves enjoy a hearty laugh over that December journey by night-express.

Davis still assures me, with the most cheerful confidence, that he shall yet have the pleasure some day of trapping three of the most expert and skillful thieves in Britain. I wish I felt as sure of it.—*The Argosy.*

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A citizen of the United States, who happened to be in the south of France during the recent extreme cold weather, astonished the natives by appearing on the ice with a pair of skates. People flocked from the neighborhood for miles, and lined the shores by thousands to witness the novel sight of his evolutions.

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We call the attention of our readers to the card of Messrs, Garretson & De Barry, of Chicago, the leading Stencil firm of the Western States. All parties requiring goods in their line would do well to givethem a trial.

[Special Correspondence.]

## MILWAUKEE WISCONSIN.

Plankinton House Feb. 21, 1872.

*Dear Editor:*—To satisfy the inquiries for northern business and references I hereby transmit a few items of interest from this, the largest wheat market in the world. During this dull season the receipts of wheat the past week were 60,510 bushels. Milwaukee is said to have the best harbor on the Lakes, with 15 miles of cheap Dockage. In addition to her facilities heretofore enjoyed for shipping East they now have during the season a line of steamers direct across the lake connecting with the Milwaukee & Detroit Railroad, and will have another on the opening of navigation connecting with the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. It will be interesting to your readers to learn that the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad company are pushing a branch of their lines from this point to Chicago. This will give a direct competing road for the Southern and Western commerce and no doubt awaken a lively interest between that location and this city. The future of Milwaukee is only a question of the amount of enterprise displayed to hold her position among the first cities of the United States. Among the several other railroads now building, and projected, to this point efforts are being made to complete a connection with Omaha via. Sobula and Oscaloosa which will add greatly to the commerce of Milwaukee. The hotels here are ample for their guests. Of the Plankinton I can say it is in every teature a first-class home to the traveler. The Grand Duke paid this house a compliment by sleeping in one of its beds two nights having first examined the bed furnished by the genial host W. H. Cottrill.

NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.

not only the boasted pride of this city but of its 35,000 members throughout the country your correspondent included. Fathers, husbands and brothers of prudential thoughtfulness point to their policies in this substantial company and count the investment just as safe and equally as good as so much money deposited in the best savings bank. Yes I add with thanks from thousands of widows and orphans who have received benefits through its dispensations, it is much better to hold a policy in this company assured against all creditors than to possess bank stocks, bonds or legacies of any kind whatever. The very just laws of our country gives the monies secured by life policies to those who might otherwise be left destitute. By this great blessing many families have been saved from want and made happy. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company was organized in the year 1858. At the close of the year 1865 it stood twentieth on the list doing business in the United States. It has steadily gained by rapid growth until this company now stands the eighth. June 1st, 1859 this company had issued only 137 policies, June 1st. 1860 it counted 414, January 1st 1872 its policies in force numbered 34 349. During the year 1871 the number of policies issued were 5 662 covering insurance amounting to $12,694,852. The total income of the year just closed was $3,772,591,69 of which $3,-113,545 84 was received from premiums and $650,208,68 from interest from its investments. It is very gratifying to its numerous members to learn that the interest money received exceeded the amount paid out for losses by death of members nearly $50,-000. The company has the past year paid its first mutual endowment policy $1,-333 33. It is worthy of note owing no doubt to the healthy location that the mortuary record ot this company still continues to fall short of that estimated in the premium tables. The above statements show that the management of the company and its funds have been judicious. Their magnificent building located on a well chosen corner in this city erected by the officers in charge is a judicious and paying investment, a worthy abiding place for the home of so noble an institution. I am pleased to announce that the officers have the confidence they so richly deserve and have again been re-elected to their high and responsible positions.

RAILROAD IRON.

The production of iron from the ore of this State was fully inaugurated upon a large scale in 1870. Its important relations to the business and commerce of Milwaukee, has been demonstrated in a substantial manner by the Milwaukee Iron company, whose rolling mil is city is a great success. This Mill contains all modern improvements and is conducted by large capitalists and gentlemen who have large interests in other mills, and years of experience in the iron business. They have their own mines, consequently take the ore from its bed and turn it out in finished rails. Their facilities are such as to enable them to put their superior manufactured stock in the market at the lowest market value.

THE LEATHER INTEREST

Here assumes a magnitude second to no city in the country. The Wisconsin Leather company numbers among the first establishments in the world. The senior member, Mr. Rufus Allen has been engaged in the business since 1809 without cessation. This firm advocate free duties on raw goods in their line, and a reduction of taxes on manufactured stock.

TOBACCO WORKS.

Milwaukee takes a front rank in the branch of manufacturing tobacco, especially smoking and fine cut tobacco. Messrs. F. F. Adams & Co., proprietors of the Badger State tobacco works, paid taxes on their stock manufactured in 1871 to the amount of $198,071,04, which clearly shows that their superior brands have become very popular.

COFFEE, AND SPICE MILLS &C.

Messrs. W. & J. G. Flint, and the same firm, Flint & Evans of St. Louis, enjoy a very extensive trade in their star brands of teas, coffee, spices, &c. The former firm also form the first name of Flint & Kneeland of this city, engaged in manufacturing tobacco. They have an extensive reputation for their "May Queen" fine cut chewing. Messrs. Flints are also engaged in a marble quarry at Rutland Vermont.

E. A. HARRIS

Is about to erect an additional foundry to supply the increasing demand for his superior malleable castings which are giving universal satisfaction to his customers. All kinds of small castings are turned out from these works.

IRON AND STEEL RAILWAY SUPPLIES &C.

Are represented on an extensive scale by the firm of Messrs, Pierce & Whaling who have the confidence of a numerous number of customers throurghout the country.

PACKARD'S MACHINERY DEPOT.

Mr. O. L. Packard has recently established a depot for the sale of iron and wood working machinery. He has agencies for many of the best works East and West.

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

This branch of trade here, is largely represented. Messrs. A. J. W. Peirce & Co., general commission merchants, make a specialty in green and dried fruits, butter, eggs, and cheese; filling orders South and other points for butter and Wisconsin factory cheese.

MESSRS JONES & SAXTON,

storage, forwarding and general commission merchants and dealers in dried fruits, seeds, flour, provisions &c., make a specialty of cheese and hops.

MR. M. L. SKINNER,

gives special attention to grain, besides handling the various products, he does a large business in butter and eggs.

MR. S. R. KEMPER,

handles the general products of the country, giving special attention to eggs, butter, cheese, green and dried fruits.

THE TOWER CLOCK.

This is a wonderful and beautiful piece of mechanism, the invention of a scientific German, who has devoted twenty years to bring his clock up to its present perfection. The entire works, pendulum included, is inclosed in a tight box with glass front, can be placed on the ground if desired; the dials, from one to four are placed from fifty to one hundred feet above, connected with the works by rods. The labor of ascending a great height to wind the clock is avoided. Town clocks now in use, require weights of from one thousand to two thousand pounds to drive four fifteen feet dials, and from three to six hundred pounds to drive one dial, same size. The Milwaukee Tower Company's clock, is run with less than two hundred pounds, and one dial with forty pounds.

I am satisfied that there will be a large demand for these clocks as almost all towns, large or small, would be benefitted by having a correct standard of time, placed in some prominent building. The price ranges from $500 upwards, depending upon size and number of dials it glass or wood; if the former they could be illuminated at night. D. E Power, of this city, is the general agent of the Tower Clock Company.

SASH AND DOOR INTEREST.

The establishment of Mr. John Hiles, successor to Judd & Hiles, which was burnt about one year ago, has been rebuilt on a much larger scale, with all the modern improvements. This sash, door and blind factory is considered, with its late improvements, dockage and railroad facilities, the most complete works in the United States. With these modern advantages, Mr. Hiles is enabled to put his wares in every market in the Union at lowest prices.

CREAM CITY IRON WORKS,

Messrs. Filer, Stowell & Co., proprietors, manufacture lumbermen's machinery, general machinery, and water wheels. Their circular saw mills, with edgers, have cut 77,-500 feet of hard Norway Pine in 11 hours. Their new gang lath mill will make 60,000 lath in 10 hours. Their gang bolter will make bolts for 120 000 lath in the same time, with less hands than it takes to make 12,000 the old way. Their lath machines are working a revolution in this line of machinery. Besides doubling their works within the past year, they are about to increase their present works in the same proportion.

HARDWARE TRADE.

To say that this branch of business is well represented by Messrs. John Nazro & Co. would but tamely express the idea. This house deals in hardware and shelf goods, keeping a variety of nearly everything that can be mentioned in their line. This house is pointed out to strangers with a just pride. Mr. Nazro is often called the Iron King, or, comparatively speaking, the A. T. Stewart of Milwaukee. Western and Southern dealers will do well to give this market due attention. Interested parties will find the establishments named above in every way worthy of confidence. See Milwaukee cards in another column. See cards in another column.

F. R.

## The Orient and the Occident.

The East is the home of invention; but the West maintaining a character for development far in advance of the nations of antiquity. To the superficial observer such may not appear to be the true position of affairs. Long before the continent of Europe had emerged from barbarism, Egypt, China, India, and Persia were the centers of great commercial industries and a thriving commerce. It is true the railroad and the telegraph were unknown to the ancients. Besides, we have no evidence that either of the nations above named had extended postal facilities for the transmission of their letters; storm signals, to aid in the protection of life and property; gas to illuminate their dwellings; or that they were acquainted with the thousand and one ingenious appliances that enter into the daily life of modern society. But it is well to remember that the inventions of the inhabitants of the Orient were the origin of the many useful and necessary improvements that have since followed. The rude germ of creation, in the first instance, made the subsequent development in the same direction possible, and in many instances comparatively of easy attainment.

In many respects the arts and sciences with which the inhabitants of the East were familiar in the earliest ages, have received no material advancement. The carpets, shawls, mats, silks, porcelain, and paper manufactures of the inhabitants of the Orient have never been excelled, and seldom if ever equalled by the most ingenious artizans of the West. Workers in brass and metals in Oriental countries are equally proficient. The swords of Damascus early attained historical renown, and not even the best Spanish blades made at Toledo, have the temper, plasticity, and strength of the original implement after whose model they are fashioned. In the British Museum is an anvil that was made in the time of the Pharaohs. It weighs about seventy-five pounds and is in all respects similar to an anvil made at the present day. Saws are another invention of antiquity, and were conspicuously pictured out on the ancient monuments of Egypt and Babylon. Models of these saws are seen in England, the original of which was used three thousand years ago. The teeth are so set as to cut the up stroke instead of the down. The Chinese manufactured gunpowder and ordnance many centuries prior to its discovery in Europe. In the mysteries of printing they had made considerable progress long before the era of Faust and Guttenburg. Carpets were first made in Egypt, Babylon and Bagdad. Tapestry of Baldedekin or Baldochine, (from Baldak, the ancient name of Bagdad) was a carpet inwrought with gold and silver threads.

The Egyptians, the Chinese and the natives of India understood the art of manufacturing cotton cloth when both France and England were unknown, except only to the barbarous nations of Europe. The name calico is derived from the city of Calicut in India. India muslins have never been surpassed by any of French or English manufacture. They derive their name from Masulipatum, from whence they were first imported. The finest specimens are of the most delicate texture, and some gossamer-like varieties are scarcely discernible.

Jewelry is also of ancient origin, and the Egyptians were very skillful workers in the precious metals. Byzantine jewelry origintated at Constantinople, and is of the most unique patern that has come down to us from remote times. It is elegant, is susceptible of much ornamentation, and is of very delicate outline.

Glass-blowing was known to the Phœnicians, and the manufacture of glass was a thriving industry in the era of Egyptian greatness three thousand years ago.

The inhabitants of the East were well versed in the art of dyeing long before the time of Herodotus, and rendered the coloring matter, of which they had many varieties, ineffacable by the use of mordants. The Chinese obtain from quicksilver the most beautiful vermillion, which is highly prized throughout the world, and the pigment made by them excels all other, both in quality and brilliancy.—*N. Y. Mercantile Journal.*

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"Old John Burns" of Gettysburg, Penn. died at his home, February 7, of pneumonia. According to Bret Hart:

"He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a subborn Mead and a barren field.

* * * * * * *

He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that the country folks call 'swaller,'
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat."

The soldiers joked him about his appearance saying:

"'How are you, White Hat?' 'Put her through!'
'Your head's level,' and 'Bully for you!'
Called him 'Daddy'—begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long brown rifle and bell-crown hat,
And the swallow tails they were laughing at.
'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand."

After the battle—

"John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows."

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At a meeting of a society for the conversion of the Jews in Birmingham, one of the speakers challenged any Hebrew present to a discussion, whereupon an Israelite accepted the offer, mounted the platform, and in a protracted verbal contest met and mastered the challenger, the large audience deciding by a vote that the Jew had the best of it. Encouraged by this victory the Israelites of that city have formed an anti-conversion league, and are now carrying the war into Africa.

## AGRICULTURAL.

Maxims for Farmers.—The following good maxims are well worth preserving for constant reference;

1. Only good farming pays. He who sows without a reasonable assurance of good crops annually, might better earn wages of some capable neighbor than work for so poor a paymaster as he is certain to prove himself.

2. The good farmer is proved such by the steady appreciation of his crops. Any one may reap an ample harvest from a fertile virgin soil; the good farmer alone grows good crops at first, and better and better afterward.

3. It is far easier to maintain the productive capacity of a farm than to restore it. To exhaust its fecundity, and then attempt its restoration by buying costly commercial fertilizers, is wasteful and irrational.

4. The good farmer sells mainly such products as are least exhaustive. Necessity may constrain him, for the first year or two, to sell grain, or even hay, but he will soon send off his surplus mainly in cotton, or wool, or meat, or butter and cheese, or something else that return to the soil nearly all that is taken from it. A bank account daily drawn upon, while nothing is deposited to its credit, must soon respond "no funds." So with a farm similary treated.

5. Rotation is at least negative fertilization. It may not positively enrich a farm; it will at least retard and postpone its impoverishment. He who grows wheat after wheat, corn after corn, for twenty years, will need to emigrate before the term is fulfilled. The same farm cannot support—or endure him longer than that. All our wheat growing sections of fifty years ago are wheat growing no longer; while England grows large crops thereof on the very fields that fed the armies of Saxon Harold and William the Conqueror. Rotation has preserved these as the lack of it has ruined those.

6. Wisdom is never dear, provided the article be genuine. I have known farmers who toiled constantly from daybreak to dark, yet died poor, because through ignorance they wrought to disadvantage. If every farmer would devote two hours of each day to reading and reflection, there would be fewer failures in farming than there are at present.

7. The best investment a farmer can make for his children is that which surrounds the youth with the rational delights of a beauteous attractive home. The dwelling may be small and rude, yet a few flowers will enrich and gladden it; while grass and shade are within reach of the humblest. Hardly any labor done on a farm is so profitable as that which makes the wife and children fond and proud of their home.

8. A good practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind. Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich, when half the sum thus lavished would have protected them far more had it been devoted to the education of their minds, the enlargement of their capacity to think, observe and work. The one structure that no neighborhood can afford to do without is the school house.

9. A small library of well selected books in his home has saved many a youth from wandering into the baneful ways of the prodigal son. Where the parental strictness and severity would have bred nothing but dislike and a fixed resolution to abscond at the first opportunity, good books and pleasant surroundings have weaned many a youth from his first wild impulse to go to sea or cross the continent, and made him a docile, contented, obedient, happy lingerer by the parental fireside. In a family, however rich or poor, no other food is so cheap or so precious as thoughtful, watchful love.

10. Most men are born poor, but no man, who has average capacities and tolerable luck, need remain so. And the farmer's calling, though profering no sudden leaps, no ready short cuts to opulence, is the surest of all ways from poverty and want to comfort and independence. Other men must climb; the temperate, frugal, diligent, provident farmer may grow into competency and every accessory to eternal happiness. Each year of his devotion to his homestead may find it more valuable, more attractive than the last, and leave it better still.

Light Brahmas.—A correspondent of the *Farmer's Home Journal* thus relates his experience with the Light Brahma chickens: "After several years' trial of light Brahmas, and a most careful comparison of them with other meritorious breeds, I am convinced that they are decidedly the fowl for our farmyards, as the short-horns are the cattle for our pastures. The Brahma is a large fowl, and a rapidly maturing one. In two months from hatching they are ready for the table, if they are well attended to. They are hardy, standing much better than the common breeds the cold months of spring when chicks, and the rigors of winter when grown. Brahma poultry commence laying generally when they are five or six months old, and lay a large number of rich, good sized eggs. They are peculiarly a winter-laying fowl, and will give fresh eggs in the worst of weather, if permitted, by giving them food and a house that is comfortable. These chickens are quite gentle for domestics, and make excellent mothers. Their flesh is not strong, but solid and juicy. They eat no more food than the common varieties, and are as large again. They lay a much greater number of eggs than the common fowl, and a much larger and more palatable egg. There are other varieties as good layers, as good table fowls, as domestic, and as large as these, but there are none that can bring size, beauty, table qualities, productiveness and docility in such an eminent degree. Those that produce as many eggs are non setters; those that surpass in table qualities are not so large, nor so prolific layers. So with the other breeds. The Dark Brahmas are the only rivals of the Light Brahmas. These two breeds differ very little, save in plumage, and in this respect the light Brahma has the advantage. We repeat, that pure Light Brama fowls are the best ones that our farmers can use.

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The Girls Who Win.—The time has passed away when women must be pale and delicate to be called interesting—when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge to be called refined and high bred—when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or be called masculine and strong-minded.

It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly and ignorant. Those who affect anything of the kind are behind the times, and must shake up and air themselves mentally and physically, or drop under the firm strides of common sense ideas, and be crushed into utter insignificance.

In these days an active, rosy-faced girl, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insult or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run as fast as her tongue and not put her out of breath; who is not afraid of freckles, or to breathe the pure air of heaven, unrestrained by the drawn curtains of a close carriage; and, above all, who can speak her mind and give her opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people, is the true girl who will make a good woman.

This is the girl who wins in these days. Even fops and dandies who strongly oppose woman's rights, like a woman who can talk well, even if she is not handsome. They weary of the most beautiful creature if she is not smart. They say, "Aw, yes, she is a beauty, and no mistake, but she won't do for me—lacks brains"—of which commodity it would seem she could have little use in her association with him; however to please even an empty-headed fop, a woman must know something.

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By a recent discovery, oxygen gas can be produced at about the same cost as hydrogen, the result of which has been the introduction in Europe of a new, cheap, and efficient illuminating agent, called the hydric light. Common hydrogen is highly carburetted and mixed in the burner, with oxygen, in the proportion of about two of the former to one of the latter, which burns with a pure white flame, far superior to the ordinary coal gas, both in purity and intensity.

## Animals as Meteorologists.

Those who attentively read the newspapers and observe the curious events and incidents of life as they transpire—the ever varying phases of things animate and inanimate—must have become familiar by this time with "Old Probabilities," the embodiment of weather wisdom. He is quite weather sharp, and seven times out of ten has predicted the weather for this latitude with pretty near accuracy. Chance works in many ways. Cæsar would have avoided assassination in the capitol," if, in going to the Senate, he had read a paper handed to him on the way, warning him of his fate. But the "probabilities" of the weather for this or that latitude are not founded upon any known or unknown law of chance or guess-work. It was reserved for the telegraph, coupled with modern science in the shape of a "signal service corps," to correct all the traditions and superstitions and other nonsense, to tell people in Boston that a storm a thousand miles away would either be of no practical use to us or that it is moving in our direction, and that we had better get our umbrella and gum shoes ready or postpone our intended trip.

We are not going to write a cosmographical treatise of twenty volumes octavo upon the above subject. Changes of weather may often be foreseen at long intervals by other aids far more efficacious than those of the moon or of weather cycles. Weather predictions have an antiquated existence. The apparatus required may, with the exception of a barometer and the clouds, be all found in the animal kingdom.

There seems to be a sensibility to atmospheric change in the lower orders of creation, which answers them as instinct and directly gives them information which man only arrives at by the longer road of reason. The scent of the hound is an instance of the delicate sense which we cannot understand, though it may help us to conceive the possibility of "pigs seeing the wind," or of horses and cattle "sniffing a distant storm." A sow carrying straw in her mouth to make her bed is as sure an indication of coming foul weather as any the barometer can give; and when puss turns her tail to the fire, and in that position commences to wash her face, it is said the same event is predicted.

It is as true of the skies of domestic affairs, that when the hen crows a change for the worse is at hand; and, as to the lord of the poultry yard, we have the old saying, that

"If a cock crows going to bed,
He'll surely rise with a watery head."

Robin Red-breast singing in the midst of the rain on the top twig of a tree is an infallible index of a beneficial change to fair, for a few days, at least; and the screech of the owl under similar circumstances, is said to have the same meaning. Frogs also furnish their signs, becoming brown on the approach of rain, but remaining yellow so long as it continues dry. There is a curious weather glass made in Germany, the materials entering into the composition of which are two frogs, small ladders and a cylindrical vessel of water. Frogs and ladders being duly put into the water, if the froggies climb their ladders and look over the vessel's side, foul days are at hand; if they remain below, the sky will continue fine. Leeches in water furnish similar indications, but spiders and snails are the most remarkable of all the weather prophets. When the former make their webs at night, the morning is sure to be fine; if they make them in the morning, the coming day may be relied on for a drive or a walk. Hence the saying:

"When you see the gossamer flying,
Be sure the air is drying."

An instance is on record of a French officer, confined in a prison in Utrecht during the wars of the French revolution, having so closely and accurately observed the habits of spiders, that were his sole companions, that he was able, by their movements to foretell a frost formation days before it came, thus beating "Old Probabilities" with his single service corps clear out of sight. This observation enabled the French army to turn defeat into victory. We thus see that by a careful assortment of spiders, snails, frogs and leaches, and a few domestic animals, combined with a good barometer, and accurate observation of the language of the clouds, and the songs and cries of the birds, any person may easily become a weather prophet of no mean practical wisdom. Pursuing this thought further there is a mystery unfathomed, hence how shall we account for the more distant foresight which some animals have? There is something that teaches the bees to kill their drones early if a wet summer is coming, or the water-fowl to forsake their marshes if it is to be dry. By what vision does the swallow know the approach of a fine summer, and consequently sets forth early on his migration to the Northern regions? We know that the worm burrows deep in the earth if the winter is to be cold. In all these cases there is distant foresight, for action is taken a month at least before the anticipated foul or fair weather can come. Reason confesses itself baffled and excelled by the knowledge enjoyed by insect, and bird, and brute.

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The Baltimore *American* gives the following laughable mistake of a lady: "In the southern section of the city, yesterday afternoon, about dusk, a lady was greatly annoyed by several urchins ringing her door-bell, and who, taking to their heels, enjoyed the joke immensely when she answered the summons. Several times she came down stairs, but was always too late to affect the capture of one. At last she planned a scheme. She stood at the head of the steps and awaited their coming. Pretty soon a step was heard on the porch, and in a moment the bell was given a vigorous jerk. 'I see you, you little rascal!' the lady said, and, rushing down stairs, caught the unresisting figure by the coat collar, and gave him a good shaking. When her strength was nearly exhausted, and she was hoarse with excitement, she looked into the face of the object of her wrath, and discovered, to her intense horror, that it was the diminutive minister of her church, who was looking as red in the face, to use her piscatoria description of him to a friend, as a boiled lobster. A few words of explanation made the matter all right, and it was soon forgotten."

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How to Set Hens.—The nests of setters should be made at bottom of damp earth packed to a concave shape. It is not necessary to place them upon the ground, or to sprinkle the eggs with water, if this rule is followed. It is proper that the eggs should be in some way exposed to moderate dampness during incubation, as otherwise too much of the water in their composition evaporates. An elevated box furnished with nothing but dry litter, is not suitable. Cover the earth with straw, bruised until pliable and broken short. Long straw is apt to become entangled with the feet of the hen, causing breakage of eggs. It should not, however, be cut by a machine, because the sharp ends of the pieces will come in contact with the skin of the hen, or that of the delicate chickens. In very cold weather, line the nest with feathers. We have successfully hatched eggs by preparing a nest thus, in a room where during part of the time of incubation the temperature was below zero. Set hens in a large number at a time, having kept some of them upon artificial eggs till all are ready.
*American Agriculturist.*

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Elizabeth Cady Stanton has contributed one dollar toward the Greeley statue subscription, and a letter wherein she says: "I give it with one proviso, and that is that some woman of artistic skill shall have the glory of cutting and carving the statue of this noble man. here is poetic justice in placing a work of art from the hand of woman where Franklin may contemplate it through those bronze eyes for ages to come, as he was proverbially faithless to the "fair sex." He neglected his wife, did not see her for eleven years, was harsh to his children—at least to those of whom he knew—and Mr. Greeley, speaking to a toast at the recent Franklin dinner, eulogized him as a "philosopher who never loved."

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We recognize goodness wherever we find it. 'Tis the same helpful influence, beautifying the meanest as the greatest service by its manners, doing most when least conscious, as if it did it not.