St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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E. L. STONE & CO.

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[illegible] & SWITZER, Main Street.

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St. Johnsbury.

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Best ENGLISH STEEL, and at the lowest [illegible]

Patronized by every leading firm in Vt. and [illegible] N. H. Send for circular and price list.

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MEMPHREMAGOG HOUSE,
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A first class Hotel, with all the modern improvements. Accommodations for 200 guests.
N. P. KELLER, Manager.

ST. JAMES HOTEL,
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A first class hotel in every respect.
CROCKER & BUCK, Proprietors.

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PORTLAND, MAINE.
GEO. F. WARD, Proprietor.

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225 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
On the American and European Plan.
N. B. STEVENS, Proprietor.
Formerly of Trotter House, Bradford.

The Prodigal.

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thy world and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homward come.

Hast thou wasted all thy powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In the heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Fall before him on the ground
Pour thy sorrow in his ear.
Seek him, for he may be found
Call upon him. He is near.

—*James Freeman Clarke.*

Bearing the Cross.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

The heavier cross, the nearer heaven
No cross without an God within
Death, judgment, from the heart are driven,
Amidst the world's false glare and din
O! hope, be with all his loss,
Who in God faith set beneath the cross.

The heavier cross, the better Christian
This is the touchstone God applies;
How many a garden would be wasting
Unless its leaves from weeping cries
The gold by fire is purified—
The Christian is by trouble tried.

The heavier cross, the stronger faith
The loaded palm strikes deeper root
The rose grows sweetly smooth
Which men have pressed the closed thing foot
And cottage grows where danger is come
Like pearls beneath the salt sea foam.

The heavier cross, the sweeter prayer
The trusted herbs most fragrant are
It want and care were always fair
The author would not watch the star
And Joy of a pilgrim had it not been among
If grief his heart had never wrung.

The heavier cross, the more inspiring
From valleys we climb to mountain crest
The pilgrim of the desert thirsting
Longs for the Canaan of his rest
The dove has love its nest in night
And to the ark the wings for flight.

The heavier cross the easier dying
Death is a friendlier face to see
To life's decay one bids defying—
From life's distress one flies to free
The cross sublimely lifts our faith
To Him who triumphs over death.

Christ's merited. The cross I carry,—
The longer now it shall not be
And let I could wish here I carry
Implant thou such an heart in me
That faith hope, love may flourish there
Till for my cross the crown I wear.

Rates of Postage.

POSTAL CARDS.

Posted cards, one cent each, go without further charge to all parts of the country and to all parts of Canada.

LETTERS.

All letters, to all parts of the United States and Canada, 3 cents per half ounce.

LOCAL OR "DROP" LETTERS.

Local or "drop" letters, that to, be the city or town where deposited, 2 cents if delivered by carriers, and 1 cent if there is no carrier system.

THIRD CLASS MATTER, MATTER.

Under the new law one cent per each ounce or fraction thereof is now the legal rate of postage on all third class matter.

BOOK POSTAGE.

Books, 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, weight limited to four pounds.

PRINTED OR MISCELLANEOUS MATTER.

All other printed or miscellaneous matter, as pamphlets, transient newspapers, handbills, circulars, proof-sheets, book manuscript, &c., and also seeds, cuttings, bulbs and roots, 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, always to be prepaid.

On merchandise, letter envelopes and wrappers, imprinted cards, plain and ornamental paper, photographs, and all other articles for which other rates of postage are not prescribed, and which are not by law excluded from the mails 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof weight of package limited to *four pounds*.

PRIVILEGES AND RESTRICTIONS.

Undelivered letters can be re-sent to a new address without additional charge.

Stamps cut from stamped envelopes are rejected by the post office.

LETTERS, NEWSPAPERS, &c., FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Letters to all parts of the New Dominion (Canada), 3 cents per half ounce; newspapers 1 cent for each ounce or fraction thereof, prepaid with U. S. postage stamps.

Patterns and samples of merchandise for Canada must not exceed eight ounces, so wrapped as to be readily inspected. Postage on each pattern or sample, 10 cents prepaid.

POSTAL CARDS TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Postal cards may be sent to Newfoundland, Switzerland, and Germany, by the payment of additional postage of one cent on each card to be prepaid by stamps. To Canada without further charge than the original stamp on the card.

POSTAL RATES WITH EUROPEAN COUNTRIES.

The following are the postal rates with Europe, prepayment in the case of letters being optional, that of newspapers compulsory. Letters to France if unpaid or insufficiently prepaid are subject to a fine on delivery. Letters to Germany, unpaid or partially paid are charged with double the amount due. Unless otherwise indicated the rates for letters are for the half ounce or fraction thereof, and those for newspapers for four ounces or fraction thereof.

To Great Britain and Ireland, letters 6 cents, newspapers 2 cents; France, letters, direct mail, 9 cents, via England for one-third ounce and under, 10 cents. From one-third to one-half ounce, 16 cents, newspapers 3 cents each; Spain, via New Orleans, letters, 10 cents; via England, letters under one third ounce, 14 cents, one-half ounce and under, 20 cents, newspapers 2 cents each; all parts of Germany, including Austria, letters, direct mail, 6 cents, closed mail via England, 7 cents, newspapers 3 cents; Denmark, letters, direct mail, 9 cents, Newspapers 6 cents each; Switzerland, letters, direct mail, 10 cents, via Bremen or Hamburg, 8 cents, newspapers 4 cents; Italy, letters, direct mail, 10 cents, newspapers, 4 cents; Russia, letters, direct mail, 11 cents, closed mail via England, 12 cents, newspapers 6 cents; Norway, letters, via England, 10 cents, newspapers 4 cents; Sweden, letters, via England, 9 cents, newspapers 4 cents; Turkey, European and Asiatic, letters, direct mail, 11 cents, closed mail via England, 12 cents, newspapers 7 cents.

WITH ASIATIC COUNTRIES.

For Asiatic countries the half-ounce limit for letters, and the four ounces for newspapers, still holding good.

To Australia, letters, via Southhampton, 16 cents, via Brindsi 22 cents, to be prepaid, newspapers 4 and 8 cents by the respective routes; British India, via San Francisco, 10 cents, via Southampton, 22 cents, via Brindsi, 25 cents, to be prepaid, newspapers via San Francisco, 2 cents each, by the other routes 4 and 8 cents respectively, per four ounces or fraction; China, letters, via San Francisco, 10 cents, direct 23 cents, to be prepaid, newspapers, 2 cents each; Japan, letters, via San Francisco, 15 cents, to be prepaid, newspapers 2 cents each.

Lizzie in the Mill.

Many years ago, in a pleasant village of New England, lived the little girl whose true story I am about to relate. Lizzie Stone the only daughter of the miller.

Lizzie was a child whom everybody loved; not only because she was so pretty, lively, and intelligent, but for her being so sweet, gentle, and peaceable, so truly good. Lizzie had two brothers a few years older than herself, who were very fond of her, and of whom she was very fond. These three children always went to school and to church together, and played in perfect agreement.

It happened that one sunny autumn afternoon they had a visit from two little girls, their cousins, who lived about a mile distant. They had a wild, joyous time; they played in the yard, in the barn, and all over the house. Mrs. Stone, who was a kind, pleasant woman, looked on and laughed, if she did not mingle in their sport. She got them a nice early tea by themselves, and, when the visitors, after one last merry game, were about leaving, she said to Lizzie,

"Your brothers will go home with Alice and Celia. You may go with them as far as the mill; but be sure to stop there, and come home with your father."

As the cousins set out, laughing and frolicking along, Mrs. Stone stood in the little front portico of her cottage, looking after them, as they went down the lane, and thinking what handsome, and happy, and above all what good children they were. She smiled at Lizzie's affectionate way of taking leave of her, though she was to be gone so short a time. Lizzie never parted from her mother, even for a half hour, without kissing her lovingly, and bidding her good bye in a voice as sweet and tender as the cooing of a dove. Now, as Mrs. Stone went into the house, she said softly to herself: "It is nearly ten years since God gave me that child, and she has never yet caused me one moment's sorrow."

The children played so much along the road, and stopped so often to pick flowers and berries, that it was nearly dark when they reached the mill. Then, when the girls come to part, they had yet so many things to tell each other, so many invitations to give, so many good byes to say it was no wonder that they lingered a while.

It seemed that Lizzie could not let her cousins go. She parted from them in her loving way so many times, that her brothers grew a little impatient, and George, the eldest, said, "Why, sister, I don't see but that Nett and I will have to help you to your kissing, or you'll never get through."

Then Alice and Celia, blushing and laughing, broke away from their cousin, and ran towards their home. The boys soon overtook them; and Lizzie, after watching the group a while, and thinking how good was God to give her such amiable cousins, such noble brothers, and such dear parents to love, turned and went into the mill. She found it going, and was almost frightened by the din it made, and by the darkness; for night was fast coming on. She called her father's name, and he answered, but the machinery made so much noise that she did not hear. Thinking that he had already gone, she turned to go home alone. She took a way she had often safely taken, over the flume, by the great water-wheel. But to-night she was bewildered, lost her footing, and fell off on to the wheel, which whirled her down, down, crushing and tearing her in a shocking manner! It happened that just at that moment her father, thinking that Lizzie had been sent to call him home, stopped the mill and began to search for her. Led by her cries, he came to the wheel, and there found what had occurred. "Are you badly hurt, my daughter?" he asked, in great grief and terror. "Yes, father. I seem to be all crushed to pieces, and I cannot stir; but I think I shall live till you get me out. Leave me here, and go for help."

The neighborhood was soon roused, and many men hurried, with saws and axes, to the mill. But they found that only one or two could work at a time in cutting away the strong, heavy timbers, and that it would be some hours before Lizzie could be taken from the cruel place where she was held so fast and crushed so dreadfully; and they said that to move the wheel backward or forward might kill her at once.

When Mrs. Stone came, one of the men let a light down into the wheel, so she could see her poor child. When she saw Lizzie's white face, and the bleeding arms held toward her, he shrieked and cried bitterly. But Lizzie called up to her as sweetly and cheerfully as she had ever spoken in her life, and said, "Don't cry, mother! They will get me out before long; keep up good courage, and pray to God for me."

And so she continued to talk, hour after hour, while the men kept cutting and sawing at the great timbers; so she cheered and comforted her parents, and her poor brothers, when they too came to the mill.

Once her voice grew very low and indistinct,—then it ceased altogether; the doctor looked down, and said she had fainted away, and they sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she revived, she began again to say comforting things, and to beg her mother and brothers not to cry. She said she did not suffer so much pain as at first, and that she was sure she should live to be carried home.

It was nearly midnight when the last timber that held her was sawed away, and a workman lifted her gently up and laid her in her father's arms. The pain of being moved caused the poor child to faint again, and she did not revive until she had been carried home. When she opened her eyes, she found herself on her own little bed, with her dear father and mother and brothers at her side.

The doctor carefully dressed Lizzie's wounds, and gave her some opium to make her sleep; but he told her father and mother that she could not possibly get well. When he heard the dreadful words, Mr. Stone groaned, and covered his face with his hands, and, for a few moments, Mrs. Stone leaned her head on her husband's shoulder, and cried. Then, lifting her eyes, and clasping her hands, she said, "Thy will, oh, Lord, be done!" and went and sat down calmly by Lizzie's side and watched her till she slept.

The poor little girl remained sleeping most of the next day. She would often ask for water; but she then seemed hardly to know where she was, or who was with her. Her cousins, Alice and Celia, came to see her; but she did not recognize them, and they went away, sobbing bitterly.

Early in the night, however, she awoke, and seemed better. She knew all about her, and smiled on them, but said that she must leave them very soon. She told her father that she wanted to hear him pray once more; and Mr. Stone knelt down by her bedside, and asked God to take safely home the little daughter he had given them, and thanked him for leaving her with them so long. Then Lizzie said to her mother, "Will you sing me just one verse of the hymn I love so much, 'Jesus sought me?'" Her mother tried, but she could not sing for weeping; and Lizzie said, "Never mind, where I am going there is beautiful singing. Yet it seems to me that I shall hear no voice so sweet as yours, mamma. Why do you cry? Only think, mamma, if I should live, now, how crushed and sickly I should be. I might be a poor hunchback and give a great deal of trouble and sorrow to you all. Will it not be better to bury up this crushed body, and let the pleasant grass grow over it, and have a new and glorious body such as the angels have?"

As she spoke these words, she smiled, and did not weep; but afterwards, she asked for the faithful house-dog, and her pretty Maltese kitten, and they were brought to her, and she burst into tears. "Good bye, old Rover! good-bye, Kitty!" she said. "I cry, mamma, to part from these, because I never, never shall see them again; for they have no souls, poor things! But you and papa will come to heaven before many years and you, too, brothers, if you are good boys."

A little while after this, she said, "Georgie, give my love to Alice and Celia, and tell them I am glad I kissed them so many times last night. Eddie take care of my flowers; and, boys, don't miss too much in your play."

After lying very quiet for some moments, she again spoke, and said:

"Mamma, are the shutters open, and has the morning come very brightly?"

"No, my daughter," her mother answered, "it is still dark night."

"O, then," said Lizzie, "it must be the windows of God's celestial palace I see with the pleasant light shining through. I am almost there! Good-bye, mamma, and papa, and brothers, good-bye!" and, with a smile spread over her face, Lizzie stretched out her arms, looked upward, and so died!

When Lizzie lay in her coffin, that smile was on her sweet face still, brighter and purer than the white roses that lay upon her pillow, and Mrs. Stone tried not to let her tears fall upon it, for she said, "God has taken back a little angel he lent to me for a few years, and who should I weep for, my happy, happy child?" *Grace Green wood in "Personal Recollections."*

The Shooting of Carruth.

WHAT "BROTHER EDITORS" THINK OF PERSONALITIES IN JOURNALISM.

We gave last week the substance of Mr. Landis's account of the assaults by editor Carruth upon his wife and children, and his recollection of the shooting. We herewith append some comments of the press in that vicinity, who have known both parties, and are acquainted with their history for the past few years:

(From the Vineland Advertiser.)

The circumstances, as near as we can gather them from the employes in the office and from Dr. Bidwell, who was first on the spot, were as follows: Mr. Landis stepped into Carruth's sanctum and inquired for Carruth, who was not in, but a boy was sent to call him. During his absence Landis was walking back and forth until Carruth arrived and entered the sanctum, when Landis drew forth an article clipped from the last issue of the Independent, and a few words were exchanged between them, but not understood by the hands in the adjoining room. Scarcely a minute had elapsed, however, after Carruth entered his sanctum before he rushed into the composing room and made several efforts to close the door, and then ran for the opposite door, opening into the hall, which he reached just as Landis leveled his pistol and fired. The employes seem to have been panic-stricken and fled from the office, for when Dr. Bidwell arrived he found no one there except Carruth, who was lying on the floor, and Landis who was standing over him, and exclaimed as the Dr. entered "I've killed him! I've killed him! I was obliged to do it. I killed him in the cause of God and humanity! I am sorry for it. I hope he won't die." Mr. Landis immediately surrendered himself to Deputy Sheriff Cortiss, and waiving an examination was committed to the county jail.

Mr. Landis states that when Carruth came into the sanctum he showed him the article from the Independent and asked him if he wrote that, Carruth replied, emphatically: "I did, and I would do it again."

This case is indeed a sad one. As we go to press the report is that Mr. Carruth is sinking rapidly, but still able to converse. His family, consisting of a wife and five children will share the sympathies of this entire community.

The sympathy is not all bestowed on one side, however, for it is well-known that for the past six years the Independent has assailed not only the public acts and private character of Mr. Landis, but has heaped abuse on his family also, and even while Mr. Landis was absent in Europe there was no cessation to these assaults, and the result has been that after goading a sensitive nature beyond the power of endurance he has brought a terrible retribution on his own head.

We are no apologists for crime, whether it be the stabbing of one's reputation and domestic happiness by newspaper threats, often repeated until wounds are inflicted which time cannot heal, or whether it be by shooting one dead on the spot.

An extra from the same office later in the day, gives this further information:

It now appears that Mrs. Landis first called her husband's attention to the article she had clipped from the Independent and asked him how long she had to endure those slanders from that source. He took the paper from her hand and said he would try to find the author and started immediately for the Independent office. The details of the transaction in the office we have already given.

When the first persons rushed into the office Landis handed his pistol to Ward Bidwell and surrendered himself to the sheriff remarking as he did so, "I've shot Carruth but I hope I haven't killed him. I'd give all the world if I hadn't done it. My wife handed me that article from the paper and I rushed up here under the excitement and shot him. I'm sorry for it and I hope he won't die."

On arriving at Bridgeton, Landis told his wife to telegraph to Philadelphia for two of the best surgeons to come down immediately and do all they could to save Carruth. He also told the sheriff he asked no favors but expected the same treatment other prisoners received. Mrs. Landis refused to leave her husband and was locked in the cell with him.

In regard to Mr. Landis, it can truly be said of him as it was of Henry Clay while living, that his warmest friends and bitterest enemies were found in his immediate neighborhood. It could hardly be expected, however, that any man could carry out an enterprise like the founding of Vineland and be instrumental in building up a town of 12,000 inhabitants without incurring the displeasure of somebody. We believe, however, that if the criticisms of his enemies had been confined to his public acts, instead of parading before the public his private affairs and domestic relations, no such tragedy would ever have occurred. As it was, however, he was goaded to a phrensy by the repeated assault of his enemies for years in succession, and it is believed by his more intimate friends that his visit to Europe the past season was prompted by a feeling that if he remained here he might, under intense excitement, do something in the matter as he would afterwards regret. *Advertiser.*

The power of the press is so great and is so often given over to imprudent or unexperienced persons that the wonder is not that it is abused, but that its abuses are not immeasurably greater than they are. Even journals which are comparatively careless in promoting the good can be used with immense effect for evil. It is as easy for an old scow sheet to start an immense scandal as for a spark to kindle the fire that shall destroy a city. Every paper that is printed is like a sound which once uttered cannot be checked again. What is once said cannot be unsaid, and there are few conscientious and experienced journalists, who do not profoundly feel their responsibility, and hesitate in attacking measures and men lest they ignorantly destroy what can not be easily restored.

It is impossible, we think, not to associate the shooting at Vineland, N. J., to a false theory of journalism. We need not enter into the original merits of the difficulty to discover this. No public acts that Mr. Landis may have committed justified Mr. Carruth, the editor of the Independent, to make him and his family for six years the objects of personal attack. This, Mr. Carruth is said to have done; certainly the article which enraged Mr. Landis, and was the immediate occasion of the crime, should never have been published. It was coarse, malignant, malicious. Its purpose evidently was not to benefit the community, but to pain an enemy. There is nothing so mean as to use a great power like the press to gratify a personal hatred. There is nothing so cowardly, for it is not often that the person attacked by a paper can reply to it with effect. Vindication, says William Godwin, is itself an evil, for it circulates anew the slander it is intended to destroy.

Censure of the course impulsively adopted by Mr. Landis is unnecessary. He was guilty of a crime, for which the penalty is affixed by the law. His offence must not be excused because of the offence of his enemy. But that which makes the case different from the majority of such cases is that the enemy was clothed with extraordinary power to goad and torture. It was not what Mr. Carruth said that wrought up Mr. Landis to the perpetration of the deed, but what the Independent printed. The editor was within reach of his arm, and thus the false journalism, which used its strength to gratify a personal hate, taught bloody instructions, which, being taught returned to plague the inventor. The one used his paper to stab his enemy, and the other retaliated with the pistol."—*N. Y. Herald.*

The shooting of an intensely scurrilous editor in Vineland, like the shooting of James Fisk in this city, is to be deplored and condemned on account of the unlawfulness of the act; but no one can have any sympathy with the person shot. The bitter personalities and articles on private persons' affairs which are being handled about between the editors of several leading journals in this city, raise doubts of the fitness of these editors for the responsible position they occupy. *N. Y. Witness.*

Carruth, who is a venomous, sarcastic writer, through his Independent has been heaping insult and abuse upon Mr. Landis, upon Vineland, and upon every one whom he did not especially love. His blackguard articles were so worded that Mr. Landis could not get at him by law, and so he had to use other means(!) Had he stopped after heaping opprobrious epithets against that gentleman, it would have been well, as Mr. Landis took no notice of his contemptuous writings; but Mr. Carruth went further he went so far as to publish mean insinuations against Mrs. Landis. Still the founder of Vineland forbore to notice him, until being shown the article which appeared in the last issue of the Independent. A mild article, considering some that have appeared from time to time in its columns. *Ad. and Review, Bridgeton.*

When Carruth became editor of the Independent he began pitching into everybody. Landis advertised extensively in his paper and was for a time spared. He kept his advertisements in the Independent nine months after Carruth began to abuse him, but when his family was attacked he withdrew his patronage from the journal and forbade its being left at his house. The Independent did reach his dwelling, however. Sometimes it was thrown through the open windows or doors, and frequently Mrs. Landis' attention was called to the scurrilous articles. Those who know Landis say that he must have been goaded to madness when he shot Carruth. None of his friends pretend to justify him in the act. They say he should have horsewhipped the editor. Carruth was heard to say that Landis was too much of a coward to attempt to do him bodily harm. It has long been known in Vineland that Mrs. Landis was in delicate health, and that she grieved much over Carruth's articles on her husband and herself. Her mind has been unsettled at times, and it was feared that she would become insane. Her father, Commodore Meade, was in an asylum for the insane just previous to his death. When Landis was in Europe last year Carruth continued to ridicule him, and on his return home he found his wife almost distracted. *N. Y. Sun.*

Mr. Landis deserves to have the public informed of the nature of the offence perpetrated against him by Carruth, so that it may be seen that not a single paragraph, but a long series of violent assaults upon him and his family, wrought him to desperation. Carruth is one of those editors who believe that indulgence in fierce personalities is a necessary thing if a paper is to be made "lively." His columns therefore have for years been filled with violent abuse of all against whom he conceived a dislike. Clergymen, women, journalists and other private citizens have been ridiculed, attacked and bullied in each number of his paper. He had a venomous and scurrilous pen, and he was a master of that less form of invective which gains in vehemence what it lacks in intellectual force. He never displayed any especial ability outside of this peculiar field, and it was probably his consciousness of his deficiencies in the best qualifications for journalism that induced him to indulge this offensive power so largely. Ever since his appearance in Vineland he has been attacked against Mr. Landis, and he has not only abused that gentleman coarsely, every week, but he has quite frequently made the wife and family of Mr. Landis the subject of his vile billingsgate. This sort of thing is very hard to bear, especially in a small community where the latest indecency is a subject of general conversation. But Mr. Landis would have done better to have borne it manfully and patiently rather than even to have stooped to chastise his assailant. To attempt to take his life was only to bring fresh trouble upon himself and to exalt Carruth to a place in popular sympathy to which he could never otherwise have had a title. *Evening Bulletin, Phil.*

We here insert a portion of Mr. Landis's statement of the act and its causes:

After stating that ever since Carruth has been editor of the Independent his assaults upon him (Landis) have been merciless, Mr. Landis said that "As long as Carruth confined his attacks to me I felt like a general in a battle, who knows that if he can stand pounding he will tire out the enemy; and I knew that if I could not outlive his scurrility I did not deserve to succeed; but when he began to attack my wife and children, it was a far different matter. Not only was it my duty to protect them at all hazards, but my wife is of a very excitable nature; insanity is in her blood, and these allusions to her actually drove her mad. Copies of these articles were thrust under the door or thrown into the window, spite of all precautions, and she finally became so violent that she was dangerous, and I had often to call the servants to help me hold her. On the day before Carruth's last article appeared I urged Dr. Lane to give her an anodyne. She talked continually of the articles in the Independent. She was *concrete*, and there was a certainty, this the doctor assured her, that her reason would be permanently overthrown unless the excitement was removed. He said that if he gave her an opiate it would endanger life, and the only remedy was to remove the exciting cause. She had often been insane for a week at a time, after a slanderous article in the Independent. On the morning of the shooting, I went to my office early, leaving her a little quieter than she had been. At half past nine o'clock I returned home and found her in a state of violent and dangerous excitement, with the slip from the Independent in her hand. Some one had sent it to her. I do not know who. I never could keep them out of the house. She showed it to me. I saw her condition. I remembered the doctor's words. I knew the danger to her reason and her life. I saw the folly of the efforts I had made for years to keep these articles from her knowledge I became desperate. * * * I was in despair. My wife's reason and her life itself depended upon the cessation of this cruelty.

When I went to Carruth's office I was certain there would be a fight and I was prepared to die myself. I am no fighter. I did not want arms as I believe he did, and I was willing to die in an effort to save my wife in a struggle with him. I did not go to shoot him down without giving him a chance for himself. If I had intended that I should have killed him before he reached the second room. I should have fired before I spoke. I said to him and he said to me just what I have told you. There was not a shadow of truth in the article of that morning, and when he said he would continue his persecution of her, I knew of but one course to take, and I fired.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL. An American editor writes in this fashion: The presiding spirit of the past week's campaign has been our devil. This lad has suddenly emerged from the obscurity and soil which has hitherto hid his talents and his face, and given evidence of a comprehensive capacity, a keen eye for detail, and a faculty for dropping things at once awe-inspiring and and startling. The wonderful dexterity with which he has fallen over things, and ran against things, and broken things, is without parallel in the history of the planet we inhabit. The artistic manner in which he has got into the ink, and frescoed the new floor, and blacked doors, and pulled proofs of himself on the walls, has been a revelation to us of undreamed depths in his nature. The manner in which he has disguised himself with glue, and oil, and ashes, and ink, and plaster, and run on errands to the plumbers, colliding with every well-dressed man and woman on the side walk, has been calculated to rouse the admiration of a world buried in sin and wickedness, and has sent a torrent of profanity through the length of James Street. We want to do something for the boy. He has been kept down by adverse circumstances, but we feel like giving him a hand. We have got a club, and three bricks, and an umbrella, and we propose to deal justly with that lad hereafter. He is sick abed to-day, with a fish-pole and box of angle-worms, about two miles down the Mohawk; but he will return, and we shall deal with him as his extraordinary merits deserve.

Advertising for Cats.

(From the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.)

Mr. Stilty lives in the village, and owns a house and lot. He bought some young fruit trees, about three years ago, and set them out, but the mice girdled them the following winter. Mr. Stilty was too good a Christian to display any temper at this, but he was perplexed to know how all things work together for good. The next season he planted a fresh lot of trees, and all advised him to keep two or three good cats. Now Stilty had lived about 60 years, and 30 of them had been as a married man. He never had any particular liking for cats, and Hannah, his wife, hated them; but when Stilty urged the advantage of keeping a few to kill off the mice and save the trees, Hannah consented. The pair never had but one child, and he became a minister, married, and went West several years before. Consequently the old people lived alone together happily, and caught mice with traps. "Well, Hannah," said Mr. Stilty, after they had mutually agreed to keep cats, "if we get these cats, we want good ones. We don't want any of these crawling, squalling, mewing, disagreeable cats. What do you think of the plan of advertising for some?" Hannah thought perhaps it would be best.

They were going away to be gone a couple of weeks; but had set an exact day on which they should return. Accordingly Mr. Stilty concluded to let the advertisement work while they were away, and in the mean time somebody would be prepared to furnish them with a first-class quality of cat. He wrote the notice and it appeared, the very next day, in the Middleville Cauliflower heading as follows:

Any party having a first-class cat, for which they have no further use, and not wishing to have the care of it, will confer a favor by calling with the cat at my residence on Callow street, after office hours, on the evening of November 10. Three good cats are wanted.

JAMES C. STILTY.

It so happened that Mr. Stilty, in naming his son, had with paternal pride perpetuated his own name; and although the young Stilty had offered a "Jr." a sort of rear guard, previous to his being ordained as a minister, the title of "Rev." to the other end of his name soon led to the withdrawal of the rear guard. It also happened that the newspaper where he lived exchanged with the one published in the village where his father lived. It happened too, that when the Cauliflower received the sanctum of the western editor, the latter saw a paragraph in it which he clipped, and not waiting to paste it on a sheet, handed it to the compositor. Old Mr. Stilty's notice happened to be on the other side of the piece of paper, and the compositor, happening to set that particular side, set it up. It also happened that the Rev. James C. Stilty was taking a short vacation and was out of town with his wife, but expected to be home about the 10th of November. When people resolve to get rid of their cats they are apt to remember all their good traits. Therefore, it happened that all the cats in Middleville were good ones; they were splendid cats. The same feeling existed in that village out West. Mr. Stilty missed the train that should have taken Hannah and himself home and had to wait on another, which arrived at Middleville about midnight. The Rev. Mr. Stilty and his estimable lady got home about 9 o'clock, and being tired, retired.

The following letters might really to be published, as they explain things:

MIDDLEVILLE, N. Y., Nov. 11, 74.

MY DEAR SON: Your mother and I are troubled with would you believe it? at least 200 or 300 cats. There may be more. They came last night. Our next-door neighbor says she believes there are over 400 of them. She may be right, but you know your mother and I never like to exaggerate anything. There is just this much about it, we are completely overrun with cats. We advertised for three good cats to keep the mice thinned out and save our trees. Instead of only three, we had a regular shower of cats. We went away last week, on a visit to your Aunt Hepsy, in Crumptown, and didn't get back until after 12 o'clock last night. It was dark and rainy, and we hurried into the house and went to bed. It began to snow and turn cold soon after, and we didn't get a wink of sleep all the rest of the night. We were kept awake by the most unearthly amount of caterwauling you ever heard. I went down stairs and opened the kitchen door, thinking perhaps that somebody had been and left the cats we wanted. The moment I opened the door, there came pouring into the room a perfect swarm of cats, of all sizes and colors and kinds. They filled the kitchen and crowded into every nook and corner. I got hold of the broom finally, and tried to sweep them out; but they dodged the broom, and more kept coming in. Then I tried to shut the door, and after pinching a lot of tails, legs and necks finally got the door shut. I was almost naked and got a bad cold. I managed to get back into the sitting-room and got that door shut behind me, after letting in 19 cats. We laid, and stewed, and fretted till daylight, and the noise outside didn't stop a minute. The cats in the kitchen got to fighting soon after I got to bed, and fought till morning. I don't know what we are going to do. We can't get rid of them. They hang around and we can't drive them away; they are all over the front steps, and the front yard, and the sidewalk. They are all over the back yard, and in the barn, and on the road. It seems as though they accumulated all the time. It