

# Essex County Herald.

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### A Winter Wedding.

It fled away in a clang of bells,  
Marriage bells,  
On the wings of the blast that sinks and swells,  
That bold, weak, fate-struck, suffering soul,  
Whom Christ wash clean, and God make whole!  
And we stand in the light of two happy faces,  
Two happy hearts whose our heart embraces;  
And we hear the peaceful organ's sound,  
And the angry storm sweeps harmless round;  
Blessed is the bridegroom though the  
heavens are dim;  
Blessed is the bride whom no sun shines on.

Mayhap, some wandering angels say,  
Stop and say,  
As through the gloom they carry away  
That bodiless spirit to Him who knows—  
He only—whither the spirit goes;  
God give them all that the dead man lacked  
(As men here judge him) in thought, word, act;  
Lest earth's doors opened, shut doors of  
heaven.

Blessed is the bridegroom without crown  
or laud;  
Blessed is the bride with the ring on her  
hand;  
Feel, ye joy-bells, peal through the rain,  
Blinding rain:  
God makes happiness, God makes pain,  
Summer and Winter a good tree grows,  
A strong soul strengthens through weal and  
woes.  
"Be not afraid," says the wild sobbing wind;  
"Weep," sigh the clouds, "but the blue is be-  
hind."  
Blessed is the bridegroom under shower or  
sun,  
Blessed is the bride whom Love's light  
shines on.

### THE ROTTEN CROSS.

It has been many a long day since  
then, yet I remember it all, just as  
though it had occurred but yesterday.  
I was a carpenter, the foreman of a  
large establishment, and as such possessed  
the entire confidence of my employ-  
er, who, by the way, had been a  
scholar of mine.  
One day he called me into his office  
to look at some rare coins he had just  
purchased.  
"Here," said he, placing in my hand  
a heavy gold piece, "is one which is  
worth more than all the rest put to-  
gether. It is a great curiosity. I paid  
£200 for it, and considered it cheap at  
that. I could easily double my money  
in selling; and so you see Harvey, it is  
really a good investment."  
"No doubt it is," said I, "though it  
seems a large sum to have lie idle."  
I breathed an involuntary sigh as I  
laid the coin down on the desk, for £200  
would have seemed a fortune to me just  
then.  
The severe illness of my wife, and  
one of my children, and the death of  
another made serious inroads on my  
purse, and it had required the exercise  
of the utmost economy to keep myself  
free from debt; nay, I had been obliged  
to withdraw from the bank the small  
sum, which, besides my salary, was all  
I possessed of worldly treasures. Think-  
ing of this, I laid the coin down with a  
sigh, and turned away to attend to my  
duties.  
The next morning I was again sum-  
moned into the office, but this time I  
met with no friendly greeting, as usual.  
"Harry," said my employer, abruptly,  
"that coin we were looking at has  
disappeared. I have made a thorough  
search, but it is not to be found. It  
has been carried away by some one.  
You alone saw or knew of it, and—"  
He paused and looked significantly  
into my face. I finished the sentence  
for him, the hot blood dying cheeks  
and brow as I spoke.  
"You mean, therefore, that I took it  
—I?"  
"What else can I think? The coin  
was here; you alone saw it. I cannot  
recall having seen it since it was in your  
hands. You are in need of money; you  
have told me that yourself. It was a  
great temptation, and I forgive you be-  
cause of our old friendship, but I can-  
not retain you in my employ. Here is  
the salary due you."  
"Very well," said I, with forced  
calmness, "so be it. Since you have  
so poor an opinion of me after years of  
faithful service, I shall not stoop to de-  
fend myself."  
Then I took the money he had laid  
upon the desk, and went out from his  
presence a well-nigh broken-hearted man.  
But for the tender love of my wife, I  
doubt not but that I would have buried  
my sorrows in the grave of a suicide.  
Supported by that love, however, and  
the consciousness of my own innocence, I  
took fresh courage, and set resolutely  
to work to find a new employer.  
But powerful is a breath of slander;  
turn which way I might, I ever found  
that the story of my dismissal for theft  
had preceded me, and my application  
for employment uniformly met with a  
refusal.  
Time went on; piece by piece, our  
furniture, and every spare article of  
clothing, found its way to the pawn-  
brokers, until, at length, even this poor  
resource failed us, and my children  
cried in vain for food.  
Yet I did not sit down in idle despair;  
I could not afford to do so; the life or  
death of all I loved on earth depended  
on my exertion—and so turning away  
from them with a heavy heart, I once  
more set out on the weary search for  
work.  
All in vain! refusal after refusal met  
my entreaties for employment, and I  
was turning homeward with a listless  
step, when passing an immense church  
I was attracted by a group of men at its  
base.  
Impelled by some strange impulse, I  
approached and mingled with them.  
A workman was standing near by,  
looking up at the great steeple, which  
towered aloft some 250 feet above them,  
while a gentleman, evidently an archi-  
tect, was addressing him in earnest  
language and at the same time pointing  
toward the golden cross at the summit  
of the spire.  
"I tell you," he exclaimed, as I drew  
near, "it must and can be done. The  
cross must be taken down, or the first  
heavy gale will send it down into the  
street, and lives will be lost. Coward!  
is this the way you back out of a job  
after engaging to do it?"  
"I didn't know the spire was so high

up there. Do it yourself if you want it  
done!"  
"I would if I were able," said the  
architect. But go if you will; let it  
be! My honor is pledged to have it  
done at any price—and I can find a  
braver man than you to do it."  
The carpenter walked away with a  
dogged, slouching step, and the gentle-  
man was about to move away, also, when  
I stepped forward.  
"What is it you want done, sir?" I  
asked. "I am a carpenter; perhaps I  
can do it."  
He turned eagerly toward me.  
"I will make it worth your while.  
Take down that cross and I will pay  
you a hundred dollars. You will have  
to ascend those ornamental blocks, and  
I tell you candidly they are not to be  
depended on; they must be weak and  
rotten—for they have been there for  
years."  
I looked up at the spire; it was  
square at the base and tapered to a  
sharp point, while along each angle  
were nailed small gilded blocks of wood.  
"It's a dangerous place to work," I  
said, "and there will be even more  
peril in descending than in ascending."  
Suppose I succeed in moving the stone,  
and then—"  
"If any accident happens to you,  
my brave fellow, the money shall be  
paid to your family. I promise you  
that. Give me your address."  
"Here it is," I said, "and as you  
value your soul keep your word with  
me. My wife and children are starving,  
or I would not attempt this work. If  
die they can live on the hundred dollars  
for a while until my sick wife recovers  
her strength."  
"I'll make it a hundred and fifty!" ex-  
claimed the architect, "and may God  
protect you! If I had the skill neces-  
sary to ascend that steeple I would ask  
no man to risk his life there. But come,  
and keep a steady hand and eye."  
I followed him into the church, then  
up into the spire, until we passed before  
a narrow window. This was the point  
from which I must start on my perilous  
feat which I had undertaken.  
Casting a single glance at the people  
in the street below—mere specks in  
the distance—I reached out from the  
window, and grasping one of the orna-  
mental blocks, swung myself out upon  
the spire.  
For an instant my courage faltered,  
but the remembrance of my starving  
family came to my aid, and with a silent  
prayer for protection and success,  
I placed my hand on the next  
block above my head and clambered up.  
From block to block I went steadily  
and cautiously, trying each one ere I  
trusted my weight upon it.  
Two-thirds of the space had been  
passed, when suddenly the block that  
I stood upon gave way! Oh!  
happens never, though I should live to  
see a hundred years, shall I cease to  
shudder at the recollection of that ter-  
rible moment.  
Yet even in the midst of my agony,  
as I felt myself slipping backward, I  
did not for one second lose my presence  
of mind.  
It seemed to me that never before had  
my senses been so preternaturally acute  
as then, when a horrible death seemed  
inevitable.  
Down, down I slipped, grasping at  
each block as I passed it by, until at  
length my fearful course was arrested,  
and then, while my head reeled with  
the sudden reaction, a great shout came  
up from the people below.  
"Come down, come down!" called  
the architect from the window; "half  
the sum shall be yours, for the risk  
you have run. Don't try again! Come  
down."  
But, no! more than ever now I was  
determined to succeed. It was not one  
to give up, after having undertaken a  
difficult task.  
Coolly, but cautiously, I commenced  
the ascent once more, first seeking in  
vain to reach across to the next row of  
blocks, and then, when that failed, I  
set myself again to climb, but proved so  
treacherous. This I was compelled to  
do, however, until the space between the  
angles became sufficiently small to  
allow me to swing across. Accomplish-  
ing my purpose at length, I went up  
more rapidly, carefully testing each  
block as I proceeded.  
Ere long I reached the cross, and  
there I paused, resting, looking down  
from the dizzy height with a coolness  
that even then astonished me.  
A few strokes with a light hatchet,  
and piece by piece the rotten cross fell  
to the ground.  
My work was done, and as the last  
fragment disappeared, I found a sad  
pleasure in the thought that should I  
never reach the ground alive, my dear  
ones would have ample means to supply  
their wants until my wife could obtain  
employment.  
Sad and cautiously I lowered myself  
from block to block, and at length  
reached the spire window, amidst the  
cheers of those assembled in the street.  
Inside the steeple the architect placed  
a roll of bank notes in my hand.  
"You have well earned the money,"  
he said. "It does me good to see a  
man with so much nerve—but—bless  
me! what is the matter with your hair?  
It was black before you made the ascent,  
now it is gray!"  
And so it was! That moment of in-  
tense agony, while slipping helplessly  
downward, had blanched my hair until  
it appeared like that of an old man.  
The work of years had been done in  
an instant!  
Entering the bare, cheerless room  
which was now all I called a home, I  
found a visitor awaiting me, my late  
employer.  
"Harvey," said he, extending his  
hand, "I have done a great wrong. It  
cost me a terrible pang to believe in  
your guilt, but circumstances were so  
strongly against you, that I was forced  
to believe it. I have found the coin,  
Harvey, it slipped under the secret  
drawer in my desk. Can you forgive  
me, my dear old friend?"  
My heart was too full to speak, I  
silently pressed his hand.  
"If I will do the wrong I have done,  
All the world shall know I accused you  
unjustly not through my words only,  
but through my actions, too. You must  
be my partner, Harvey. If you refuse  
I shall feel that you have not forgiven  
me."

### Tobacco Not Nutritive.

Tobacco belongs to the class of narcotic  
and exciting substances, and has no  
food-value. Stimulation means ab-  
stracted, not added, force. It involves  
the narcotic paralysis of a portion of  
the functions, the activity of which is  
essential to healthy life.  
It will be said that tobacco soothes  
and cheers the weary toiler, and solaces  
the over-worked brain. Such may be  
its momentary effects, but the sequel  
cannot be ignored. All such expedients  
are fallacious. When a certain amount  
of brain-work or hand-work has been  
performed, Nature must have space in  
which to recuperate, and all devices for  
escaping from this necessity will fail.  
It is bad policy to set the horse on fire  
to keep him at work, and their sole de-  
pendence is often in their last job.  
Painters complain that they have be-  
come literally hives of wood.  
Upholsters complain that hangings  
have gone out of fashion.  
Boiler-makers aver that Congress has  
kept the country in hot water to such a  
degree that they have no chance.  
Blacksmiths complain that all the  
forging is done in Wall street, and  
there is no chance.  
Tailors say they mean to give their  
customers fits.  
The hatters have kept ahead.  
The gas-fitters will go in for light  
work.  
Printers say they are tired, and can't  
"set up" any longer—that's what's the  
matter.  
Bakers say they knead more, and  
don't like to see so many rich loafers.  
Butchers complain of being com-  
pelled to work at killing prices.  
Candle-makers urge that wick-ed  
work ought to be well paid for.  
Wheelwrights say that all spokes-  
men in Congress voted more pay before  
retiring, and they expect to do as well  
as their fellows.  
The paper-makers say their busi-  
ness is such that it brings them to rage.  
And, finally, the plumbers propose to  
have their customers do the work, and  
charge double pay for superintending  
it themselves. Each superintendent  
will have three tenders, one to fill his  
pocket, another to hold his hat, and a  
third to act as substitute when he goes  
out "to see a man."

### Depth of the Ocean.

The ocean is not a "bottomless deep,"  
except to the poets and to young ladies,  
neither of whom are familiar with the  
modern improvements in taking sound-  
ings. Not only have skillful seamen  
known how to reach the bottom, and  
fetch parts of it up to the top from great  
depths, but mathematicians have given  
themselves the trouble to calculate  
theoretically its average depth. Buffon  
gives this at 240 fathoms, or 1,440 feet;  
Lacaille gives from 164 to 273 fathoms;  
Laplace, erroneously estimating the  
mean elevation of the land at 3,280 feet  
of three times the height now allowed  
by physical geographers—thought the  
waters of the sea must be of about  
equal depth. Young assigned a depth  
of 2,735 fathoms to the Atlantic and  
of 3,800 fathoms to the great South  
Sea. According to this estimate, other  
mathematicians add, the Pacific must  
be at least 3,000 fathoms deep, and in  
places in depth, which is scarcely prob-  
able. Their bottoms are of unequal  
depth, and they contain mountains as  
well as vast rolling plains.  
If the waters of the Mediterranean  
were suddenly lowered about 110 fathoms,  
it would be divided into three dis-  
tinct sheets of water: Italy would be  
joined to Sicily; Sicily would be united  
to an isthmus in Africa; the Dardan-  
elles and the Bosphorus would be  
closed, but the outlet of Gibraltar would  
remain in free communication with the  
Atlantic Ocean. If the level were low-  
ered by about 550 fathoms, the Egean,  
the Euxine, and the Adriatic would  
wholly disappear, or only leave in their  
beds unimportant pools; the remainder  
of the Mediterranean would be divided  
into several seas like the Caspian, either  
isolated, or communicating with each  
other by narrow channels, and the ter-  
minal promontory of Europe would be  
joined by the isthmus of Gibraltar to  
the mountains of Africa. A depression  
of about 1,100 fathoms would leave  
nothing but three inland lakes: to the  
west, a triangular basin occupying the  
center of the depression between France  
and Algeria; in the middle, a long cas-  
ty extending from Crete to Sicily; and  
eastward, a hollow lying in front of the  
Egyptian coast. The greatest depth of  
the Mediterranean, exceeding 2,200  
fathoms, lies to the north of the Syrtes,  
almost in the geometrical centre of the  
basin.

### Curious Attempted Suicide.

About the 1st of February last Julius  
Ende and his wife Julia, both native  
of Germany, removed from the city  
of New York to the village of Jamaica,  
Long Island, and took up their abode  
in a small tenement in York street.  
Ende succeeded in obtaining employ-  
ment in the office of a German news-  
paper as a compositor. In this office he  
worked for four weeks; but was so il-  
l-treated by the other employees that he  
finally was forced to leave it. This hap-  
pened about three weeks ago. Since  
that time he has had no employment  
whatever, and for the greater portion of  
the intervening time his family have  
been without fuel or food. Finding no  
avenue of escape from his miserable  
condition excepting through the poor-  
house, he and his wife, after deliberating  
upon the matter, determined to commit  
suicide rather than become a burden  
upon the county, and thus end their  
city by couples. Accordingly they  
both carefully washed themselves, and  
after putting on a clean change of linen  
and setting the house in order, they  
proceeded with the utmost deliberation  
to carry out their determination. Ende  
took his razor, and after sharpening it  
upon a hone until it cut a hair, cut a  
terrible gash in his left arm, severing  
the main artery. He then cut a gash  
in his right leg near the ankle, which  
also severed an artery. He then, it ap-  
pears, handed the razor to his wife, who  
also gashed her arm, severing an artery,  
and her left leg, near the ankle. Both  
then got into bed, believing that they  
would soon bleed to death. Fortunately,  
one of the occupants of the house,  
who knew of their needy circumstances,  
at this opportune time happened to go  
to the Bank for several days after his  
discovery, and the mystery was  
discovered. He wrote most of his letters  
to the Bank from Birmingham, and  
made them very friendly and confi-  
dential. In them he spoke of being ill  
and unable to attend to business in  
person; it is singular how he wormed  
himself into the confidence of the au-  
thorities of the Bank, and the mystery  
yet remains apparently inexplicable.  
The detective force does nothing in the  
matter, and it is thought by some per-  
sons that there has been too much  
money fraudulently obtained to make  
it worth their while to do anything—in  
other words that they have been "seen."  
It is said that that eminent person, Mr.  
Warren, remained at a hotel in London  
for several days after his plans were  
discovered, and that this was known to  
a number of the Metropolitan force who  
declined to do anything in the case be-  
cause it was in the hands of the city de-  
tectives. There is reason to believe  
that Warren had other aliases, and  
transacted business under the name of  
Bidwell. It may be remembered that a  
woman named Ellen Vernon was ar-  
rested while about to leave London  
with £2,700 in a bag such as "Bidwell"  
bought, as is now shown, shortly be-  
fore. It is believed that she was War-  
ren's mistress, and that she knew of  
the business in which her lover was en-  
gaged. Her cross-examination makes  
this highly probable, but throws not  
the slightest light upon the where-  
abouts of the principal in these ne-  
farious transactions. Among the in-  
numerable rumors concerning the af-  
fair it is said that some months ago the  
London representative of a New York  
journal received a letter from a "C. K.  
Horton," dated Alexandria, stating that  
the writer had been a contributor to the  
paper when in America, and that as he  
had, while traveling, suddenly found  
himself in want of funds, he thought  
that perhaps the London representative  
would cash a bill for him. The offer  
was respectfully declined. When the  
city forgeries were discovered and the  
writing compared it appeared that C.  
K. Horton and Warren were one and  
the same individual. The total loss to  
the Bank amounts to £77,000.

### Useful Bank.

The inhabitants of the north-western  
part of Siberia live chiefly upon salmon,  
which enter the streams in summer to  
spawn; then the natives take immense  
quantities of the fish, dry them, and lay  
by a supply for the next season. About  
every third or fourth year, on the aver-  
age—though with considerable irregu-  
larity—salmon do not appear, and the  
consequence is a famine, which, falling  
first upon the destitute poor, who  
disables the latter from drawing sup-  
plies from other quarters. To prevent  
the terrible sufferings which have arisen  
from this cause, the Russian govern-  
ment established at Kolyma, a post on  
the Arctic ocean, a sort of savings bank,  
with a capital of one hundred thousand  
dried fish, purchased from the natives  
and stored away; then a law was enact-  
ed compelling every male inhabitant  
of the settlement to pay annually one-  
tenth of all the fish he caught, and no  
excuse for a failure was admitted—this  
continuing as long as the fish season  
remained good; but when there was a  
failure of the salmon, and starvation  
impended, every depositor was entitled  
to borrow enough for his regular sup-  
plies, on condition of repaying that  
sum at the latest day of the month.  
At the latest day of the month the bank  
had carried the people through two  
consecutive years of famine, and accumu-  
lated a capital of three hundred thou-  
sand dried fish, and was still accumulat-  
ing at the rate of twenty thousand a  
year. It was thus on the road to wealth,  
besides proving such a fountain of be-  
neficence to the people. It is the prin-  
ciple of Joseph's management in Egypt,  
with all the modern improvements re-  
quired by the state of society in Siberia.

### Deceived by a Fortune-Teller.

One of the funniest suits of the year  
has just been decided in Indiana. A  
physician sued a bill for professional  
services, and was met in court by a  
country claim, also for professional ser-  
vices. The Crawfordsville Journal  
gives the following interesting facts  
elicited on the trial: The defendant  
claimed a set-off against the doctor's  
bill, alleging that his wife had at vari-  
ous times told the fortunes of the several  
members of the doctor's family, and  
that he had never been paid. The doc-  
tor did not deny the fortune-telling, but  
claimed that he had been misled there-  
by once greatly to his damage; that  
much daughter, relying on the prophe-  
cies of defendant's wife, believed that  
she would on a certain day named be called  
upon to marry; and that in consequence  
thereof he was put to large expense in  
procuring for his daughter a wedding  
trousseau suited to her station in life;  
and that on the day named by the de-  
fendant's wife everything was in readi-  
ness for the marriage, but that no mar-  
riage took place, for the reason that no  
one put in an appearance to claim the  
hand of his daughter, in marriage, nor  
has he, much to their dissatisfaction,  
appeared to this day. The doctor got  
judgment for \$5 and costs, the latter  
amounting to over \$90.

### A Nice Old Man.

A nice old man bought a house at  
auction in East Taunton, Mass., the  
other day, and then astonished a newly-  
wed young man to whom he was an  
utter stranger, by making him a prop-  
erly acquainted with the house. The young  
man thought it was a joke, until his  
wife was summoned, and revealed to  
him that, thence old man was her uncle  
just from California, &c.

### Jefferson's Official Delicacy.

Jefferson was clear in his great office,  
(Secretary of State under President  
Washington), and he lived up to his  
great principles. Being asked by a  
neighbor to write something that should  
help him in some of his business, he  
said: "From a very early moment in my life,  
I determined never to intermeddle with  
elections by the people, and have in-  
variably adhered to this determination."  
Much as he loved his old friend and  
secretary, William Short, he would not  
assist him to sell the little public stock  
which he possessed, saying: "I would  
know nothing of duty would permit;  
but were I to advise your agent (who is  
himself a stock-seller) to sell out yours  
at this or that moment, it would be you  
as a signal to guide speculation." In-  
vited to share in a speculation, he  
declined, on the ground that a public  
man should preserve his mind free from  
all possible bias of interest. When the  
fugitives from the St. Domingo massacre  
arrived in 1793, destitute and miserable,  
he wrote to Monroe: "Never was so  
deep a tragedy presented to the feelings  
of man. I deny the power of the gen-  
eral government to apply money to such  
a purpose, but I deny it with a bleeding  
heart. It belongs to the state govern-  
ments. Pray urge ours to be liberal." In  
his French package came one day a  
letter from the wife of a groom in the  
stables of the Duke of Orleans in Paris,  
addressed to her sister, a poor woman  
who lived fifteen miles from Monticello.  
He was careful to refer to it upon his  
daughter, not merely to forward the let-  
ter, but to send it to the woman's house  
by a special messenger.—James Parton.

### Copying the Men.

On my way home Saturday afternoon,  
writes a Brooklyn correspondent, I  
noticed a large assemblage of boys un-  
der a horizontal bar in Hicks street.  
Rather struck with such a solemn as-  
sembly, I stopped opposite, determined  
to watch their proceedings, to see the  
end of what seemed to me to be so curi-  
ous a gathering. As the crowd parted,  
I noticed one boy with his arms pinched  
and a roped under the other, which  
was thrown over the bar, another boy,  
representing a clergyman, stood with a  
piece of paper in his hands. The well-  
known boy of Sheriff Brennan was no-  
ticed as he stepped up to the Rev. Doc-  
tor. All was quiet. The rag was  
waived, and some four or five of the  
larger boys caught hold of the rope, and  
the convict was dragged up. A young M.  
D. stepped up, felt the pulse of the sus-  
pended boy, and pronounced him dead.  
He was lowered and his body given to  
his friends, who said that the funeral  
would take place immediately. The  
crowd adjourned to the funeral, seem-  
ing to be perfectly satisfied with the success  
of the execution.  
Your readers can draw their own con-  
clusions from this little incident, add  
the correspondent, who also intimates  
that the parents of those ten or twelve  
year old boys had better pay them a  
little attention in the way of birch rods.

### THE ANDERSON CASE.

The jury in the case of Thomas F. Anderson, the  
Tinsville, Pa., bank officer who shot  
himself dead, has returned a verdict  
of insanity. The investigation was  
most searching and exhaustive, and the  
evidence proved conclusively that Mr.  
Anderson was deranged when he com-  
mitted suicide. The bank accounts are  
strictly accurate and no possible motive  
exists for the sad occurrence. The re-  
sult of the inquest proves conclusively  
that he made no improper disposition  
of his employers' funds.

### TURKISH TOWELING SUITS.

Suits of gray and brown Turkish toweling stuff,  
for ladies' wear, with Turkish, sponge-like  
stripes have double-breasted polonaises,  
cut with low revers at the throat, and  
are to be worn over white habit skirts.  
Square pockets are on the front, and  
there are two rows of silver buttons  
down the front. The skirt has a deep  
Spanish flounce, with narrow gathered  
ruffles at the top and bottom. Russia  
leather belts with silver chataines are  
worn with these suits.

### Black as a coal.

"Black as a coal" is no longer a ten-  
able simile in Australia. They've found  
a pure white coal deposit there.

### Massachusetts has 879 inhabitants to every mile of railway.

There is said to be a skeleton in ev-  
ery house, but not always a skeleton-  
key.  
The poet says, "Shoot folly as it  
flies," but the trouble is that folly never  
flies.  
Small-pox is still scourging the in-  
habitants of San Peto and Salt Lake  
City.  
The outstanding legal-tender notes  
of the United States amount to \$358,-  
669,997.  
San Francisco, by a local census con-  
tains 189,000 people, of whom 11,000 are  
Chinese.  
A party of forty persons emigrated  
from Syracuse, N. Y., to found a colony  
in Kansas.  
It is not an uncommon sight in Russia  
to see women working with men paving  
the streets.  
The immediate slavery emancipation  
law for Porto Rico has passed the Spanish  
Assembly.  
Plethorus California is the pleas-  
ing name of a bug which inhabits San  
Francisco Bay.  
George Taylor, captured by the  
Apaches in Arizona, was burned to  
death at the stake.  
Wisconsin is another State that re-  
pudiated her representatives for in-  
creasing their salaries.  
The girl in Iowa who as announced  
by telegraph last week danced six suc-  
cessive sets on a wager died on Friday  
last.  
The French and German governments  
have exchanged ratifications of the  
treaty for the German evacuation of  
France.  
In Fremont, Nebraska, you can buy  
potatoes for thirty cents a bushel, eggs  
at twelve to fifteen cents a dozen, and  
beef at ten cents a pound.  
One of the mills of the American  
Powder Company, at Acton, Mass.,  
blew up recently, killing two workmen  
named Wentworth, and injuring  
three others.  
Langston, who murdered the old lady  
and little girl in their beds near Par-  
adise, Ill., recently, makes confession of  
the crime, and implicates his wife as  
his instigator.  
Defalcation seems to be a contagion  
among the county treasurers of New  
York State. Four counties have had their  
affairs sadly complicated by the malfeas-  
ance of treasurers.  
Don't sit loquacious when you write,  
squinting at your chirography across  
the bridge of your nose. A distinguish-  
ed oculist declares this attitude extreme-  
ly hurtful to the eyes.  
The United States Government sale of  
seventeen of the engines of the New  
York Central Railway Company re-  
alized only \$17,000, leaving \$445,000 of  
the tax claim still unpaid.  
A new horse disease has appeared in  
Portland, Maine. It effects the legs,  
making them so weak that it is with  
difficulty the animal can stand. No  
cases have proved fatal yet.  
Two young ladies in a Minnesota  
town volunteered to nurse the family of  
a neighbor during an attack of a con-  
tagious disease, and both were taken  
ill, died, and were buried in a common  
grave.  
An anxious gentleman, bargaining  
for a house to rent from old MacMaster's,  
asked if the house was cold. "Well,"  
said the old gentleman, seriously, "I  
can't say as to that; it stands out  
doors."  
"Why," asked a governess of her  
little charge, "do we pray God to give  
us our daily bread? Why don't we say  
four days, or five days, or a week?"  
"We want it fresh," replied the ingenu-  
ous child.  
A silly fool of a lover at Des Moines  
drew blood from his arm and uses it  
"the place of ink to write to his girl.  
Ten to one that he don't pound her with  
the stove-handle in less than a year  
after marriage.  
A Buffalo drug clerk, who was instru-  
mental in badly poisoning a citizen's  
son by mixing an injurious article in a  
salve he was ordered to make, coolly  
remarked that it was "only a slight  
mistake of his."  
Francis Joseph of Austria offers five  
thousand forins, equivalent to two  
thousand dollars, for the best editorial  
on Austrian affairs; to be written in  
German and not to contain more than  
one thousand words.  
The father of the simple-minded boy,  
Willie Clark, has brought suit for \$5,-  
000 damages against the Massachusetts  
sheriff who arrested him on the charge  
of placing obstructions on the Boston  
and Albany Railroad.  
A lady about to be married was told  
that her intended, though a good man,  
was very eccentric. "Well," she said,  
"I am glad to hear it, for if he is very  
unlike other men, he is the more likely  
to be a good husband."  
A New Haven lady, who has been  
dumb for two months past, was fright-  
ened into distinct utterance, by the  
sudden and silent approach of a mem-  
ber of her family while she was ransack-  
ing the attic of her house.  
When a city editor of the Tribune  
once suggested the reformation of his  
neck-tie, Mr. Greeley answered, "You  
don't like my dress, and I don't like  
your department. If you have any im-  
provements to make, please begin at  
home."  
A Vermont paper remarks: "A resi-  
dent found something offensive in his  
last dozen of eggs, and took the dealer  
to task. 'What is the matter with  
them?' asked the individual. 'They  
are not good,' was the reply. 'Well,  
that can't be wondered at,' was the  
apologetic rejoinder, 'the hens are so  
drowsy now they ain't expected to be  
particular as usual.'"  
The idea of protecting vineyards from  
frost by the creation of artificial clouds,  
caused by fires lighted at night, which  
has been in use for many years in France,  
has been tried in Maryland with fruit  
trees with considerable success. For  
density of smoke the vineyard proprie-  
ters near Suresnes, France, use casks  
of tar, drawing a dense veil, like a cur-  
tain, over the grapes.

### Horace Greeley in a Mob.

Relating some personal incidents of  
the late Horace Greeley, Browne tells  
us in a diary entry for 1863, in New  
York City. He says after the riot had  
gotten well under way Greeley had  
very little doubt he would be hanged to  
a lamp-post by the mob, and he had  
actually accepted death as his inevita-  
ble portion. Messengers after messen-  
ger, friend after friend, went to him to  
apprise him of his imminent peril, and  
were surprised to find him as cool as  
the summit of Mont Blanc. He had entire  
confidence in their statements, remark-  
ing, "Well, it doesn't make much  
difference. I've done my work. I die  
as well as be killed by the mob as I may  
in my bed. Between now and next time  
is only a little while."  
The day it was expected the Tribune  
would be attacked, its employees, who  
had prepared for defense, spent several  
hours in trying to get him out of the  
office. His invariable reply was,  
"Never mind me, boys; I'll take care  
of myself." And amidst the distribu-  
tion of revolvers, muskets, and hand-  
grenades, and the fitting of hose to the  
steam-pipes, the intrepid Horace sat  
down to his desk to read editorials for  
the next morning's issue. It was only  
after several of the staff went to him,  
and urged him to leave the establishment  
for their sakes, saying his remain-  
ment would do no good and merely im-  
poverish the office, that he consented to  
leave. He would do for the Tribune,  
the darling of his heart, what he would  
not for himself. His final remonstrance  
was, "You might as well let me stay.  
If there's going to be any fun, I don't  
think it should be seen by the mob. At  
last he should see it bodily into a  
carriage and driven off, still protesting  
against the proceeding as "devilish  
mean."

### Curious Attempted Suicide.

About the 1st of February last Julius  
Ende and his wife Julia, both native  
of Germany, removed from the city  
of New York to the village of Jamaica,  
Long Island, and took up their abode  
in a small tenement in York street.  
Ende succeeded in obtaining employ-  
ment in the office of a German news-  
paper as a compositor. In this office he  
worked for four weeks; but was so il-  
l-treated by the other employees that he  
finally was forced to leave it. This hap-  
pened about three weeks ago. Since  
that time he has had no employment  
whatever, and for the greater portion of  
the intervening time his family have  
been without fuel or food. Finding no  
avenue of escape from his miserable  
condition excepting through the poor-  
house, he and his wife, after deliberating  
upon the matter, determined to commit  
suicide rather than become a burden  
upon the county, and thus end their  
city by couples. Accordingly they  
both carefully washed themselves, and  
after putting on a clean change of linen  
and setting the house in order, they  
proceeded with the utmost deliberation  
to carry out their determination. Ende  
took his razor, and after sharpening it  
upon a hone until it cut a hair, cut a  
terrible gash in his left arm, severing  
the main artery. He then cut a gash  
in his right leg near the ankle, which  
also severed an artery. He then, it ap-  
pears, handed the razor to his wife, who  
also gashed her arm, severing an artery,  
and her left leg, near the ankle. Both  
then got into bed, believing that they  
would soon bleed to death. Fortunately,  
one of the occupants of the house,  
who knew of their needy circumstances,  
at this opportune time happened to go  
to the Bank for several days after his  
discovery, and the mystery was  
discovered. He wrote most of his letters  
to the Bank from Birmingham, and  
made them very friendly and confi-  
dential. In them he spoke of being ill  
and unable to attend to business in  
person; it is singular how he wormed  
himself into the confidence of the au-  
thorities of the Bank, and the mystery  
yet remains apparently inexplicable.  
The detective force does nothing in the  
matter, and it is thought by some per-  
sons that there has been too much  
money fraudulently obtained to make  
it worth their while to do anything—in  
other words that they have been "seen."  
It is said that that eminent person, Mr.  
Warren, remained at a hotel in London  
for several days after his plans were  
discovered, and that this was known to  
a number of the Metropolitan force who  
declined to do anything in the case be-  
cause it was in the hands of the city de-  
tectives. There is reason to believe  
that Warren had other aliases, and  
transacted business under the name of  
Bidwell. It may be remembered that a  
woman named Ellen Vernon was ar-  
rested while about to leave London  
with £2,700 in a bag such as "Bidwell"  
bought, as is now shown, shortly be-  
fore. It is believed that she was War-  
ren's mistress, and that she knew of  
the business in which her lover was en-  
gaged. Her cross-examination makes  
this highly probable, but throws not  
the slightest light upon the where-  
abouts of the principal in these ne-  
farious transactions. Among the in-  
numerable rumors concerning the af-  
fair it is said that some months ago the  
London representative of a New York  
journal received a letter from a "C. K.  
Horton," dated Alexandria, stating that  
the writer had been a contributor to the  
paper when in America, and that as he  
had, while traveling, suddenly found  
himself in want of funds, he thought  
that perhaps the London representative  
would cash a bill for him. The offer  
was respectfully declined. When the  
city forgeries were discovered and the  
writing compared it appeared that C.  
K. Horton and Warren were one and  
the same individual. The total loss to  
the Bank amounts to £77,000.

### Useful Bank.

The inhabitants of the north-western  
part of Siberia live chiefly upon salmon,  
which enter the streams in summer to  
spawn; then the natives take immense  
quantities of the fish, dry them, and lay  
by a supply for the next season. About  
every third or fourth year, on the aver-  
age—though with considerable irregu-  
larity—salmon do not appear, and the  
consequence is a famine, which, falling  
first upon the destitute poor, who  
disables the latter from drawing sup-  
plies from other quarters. To prevent  
the terrible sufferings which have arisen  
from this cause, the Russian govern-  
ment established at Kolyma, a post on  
the Arctic ocean, a sort of savings bank,  
with a capital of one hundred thousand  
dried fish, purchased from the natives  
and stored away; then a law was enact-  
ed compelling every male inhabitant  
of the settlement to pay annually one-  
tenth of all the fish he caught, and no  
excuse for a failure was admitted—this  
continuing as long as the fish season  
remained good; but when there was a  
failure of the salmon, and starvation  
impended, every depositor was entitled  
to borrow enough for his regular sup-  
plies, on condition of repaying that  
sum at the latest day of the month.  
At the latest day of the month the bank  
had carried the people through two  
consecutive years of famine, and accumu-  
lated a capital of three hundred thou-  
sand dried fish, and was still accumulat-  
ing at the rate of twenty thousand a  
year. It was thus on the road to wealth,  
besides proving such a fountain of be-  
neficence to the people. It is the prin-  
ciple of Joseph's management in Egypt,  
with all the modern improvements re-  
quired by the state of society in Siberia.

### Deceived by a Fortune-Teller.

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