

### Long Ago.

Two roses bloomed upon a tree;  
Their white leaves touched with every way-  
ing;  
bent to gather one, while she  
Ploined off the other, gently saying,  
"When things do grow and cling like this,  
And death almost appeareth loath  
To take but one, 'twere greater bliss  
To both for death to smite them both."

Loat Love! Dead Love! They come and go  
The summers with their sun and flowers,  
Their song of birds. I only know  
There is a light upon the hours.  
No sun is like the once bright sun  
That shone upon that golden weather,  
In which she said those flowers were one,  
And death should spare or smite together.

### THE RIVAL CLAIMANTS.

Who Mr. Wilson was, whence he came, and what had been his antecedents, were points on which the good people of Pokebury remained as unenlightened after he had dwelt ten years among them, as they were at his first coming.

His health had been for some time failing, and one day I was sent to write his will. The instructions he gave me were very brief. He wished his entire estate to be vested in trustees, the annual income to be devoted to certain specified charities; but in case his brother, of whom he had lost sight for many years, proved to be alive and should be discovered, the above bequest was to become thenceforward null, and the entire property to go to the brother.

"This brother—have you any clew that may lead to his discovery?" I asked.

"None," he answered; "and I greatly fear, for certain reasons, that even if he be living he will never, voluntarily, make himself known."

"Few people purposely keep out of the way of good fortune," I remarked.

He made no answer, but seemed to be reflecting deeply.

"I wish to confide a secret to you," he said, at length. "May I do so safely?"

"A lawyer's oath," I answered, "forbids him to betray his client. You may speak with freedom and safety."

"My words may place my brother's life in your hands," he said; "yet it may still be possible to clear up a horrible suspicion which, for years, has haunted me. I have read of so many cases in which it came out that men were innocent whose guilt seemed proved to demonstration that I blame myself for not sooner seeking aid in the solution of a dreadful mystery, instead of helplessly brooding over it."

He paused, as if still hesitating to disclose his secret. The indecision, however, was but momentary.

"My brother Charles and myself," he resumed, "were brought up in a distant city by a wealthy uncle, of whom I was the favorite.

"Charles was younger than I, by some years. He was a light-hearted, affectionate boy, a little wild and extravagant, but not vicious—just the person, on the whole, not to meet the approbation of our strict old uncle.

"When the latter made his will, he left the bulk of his fortune to me, appointing me also trustee of the very moderate provision made for my brother.

"Charles expressed no displeasure at this. He placed too little value on money, I thought, or had too much confidence in my generosity to care which of us our uncle left his wealth to.

"Not long after the will was made, returning home one night, I found the front door unlocked. I paid but little attention to the circumstance, attributing it to the carelessness of the servant.

"On reaching my room, I discovered that I had not with me a valuable book which I had started with from a public library to which I was a subscriber. I had stopped to visit a friend on the way, and conjectured that I might have left the volume at his room. I determined to act on the surmise, and return to my friend's at once.

"As I passed out of the door, I met Charles coming in. I do not know if I spoke to him in my haste. I found the book where I supposed it was, and had nearly reached my uncle's door again, when I saw it open and my brother rush out excitedly, and walk rapidly away.

"I met the housekeeper in the hallway. She seemed to be paralyzed with fear.

"I'm afraid something terrible has happened," she said, recovering her voice with a start.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, sir," she answered, "Mr. Charles ran out of his uncle's room just now, looking like a ghost, and having a bloody knife in his hand. He passed me without speaking, and hurried from the house before I could say a word."

"I went at once to my uncle's apartment. A ghastly spectacle met my sight! My uncle lay lifeless in his blood! The gas was burning brightly, and every detail of the horrid scene was appallingly distinct.

"My uncle had been stabbed through the heart. His secretary stood open, and the floor was strewn with papers.

"Like a flash of lightning the question presented itself, 'Can my brother have committed this deed?' His flight, the housekeeper's statement, his possible resentment at our uncle's will—all seemed to point to one conclusion, much as I strove to close my mind against it.

"I called for help. The housekeeper and servants came in answer to the alarm. The former fell fainting on the sickening sight, and had to be carried to her room, where, fortunately, she remained for a season in a condition which prevented her from relating what she had seen.

"The authorities were notified and an inquest held; but nothing affording a clew to the murderer was elicited. I was the only witness examined. What the housekeeper could reveal, was known only to myself and her. She

had been Charles' nurse, and was devoted to him, and it needed only a hint that speaking might put him in peril, effectually to close her mouth.

"I was questioned only as to what I had seen after entering the house, and answered fully and truly. In failing to tell what I was not asked about—the suspicious circumstances under which I had seen my brother leave the house—I trifled with my oath, I can only beg the forgiveness of Heaven. What the housekeeper had told me of course was hearsay, and inadmissible at second-hand. The coroner never thought of calling her.

"I gave our friends some plausible explanation of Charles' absence, hoping to myself, from day to day, he might return and relieve my mind from its distracting doubts; but through all the long years that have since followed, he has never, to my knowledge, been seen.

"I feel that were he found and placed on trial, should all the evidence come out, any jury would convict him. For myself, I have fought, night and day, to drive away the torturing suspicion, but it will not leave me. I left my native city and came hither, fearing, if I remained, I should not long be able to divert attention from my brother's strange absence.

"I have now told you all. To-morrow I will put in your hands a sum sufficient to defray whatever expense it may be necessary to incur in restoring me, if possible, my brother freed from mistrust."

Mr. Wilson's startling narrative left my little hope of being able to gratify his wishes. The proofs against his brother seemed unanswerable; and there was no doubt to expect that a man in hiding for such a crime would voluntarily expose himself to the chances of detection.

I prepared Mr. Wilson's will in accordance with his wishes, and he placed in my hands the money he had promised. He died, however, before any discoveries were made.

I now advertised cautiously for Charles Wilson, mentioning the fact of his brother's death, and stating that by communicating with me he might learn something to his advantage.

I was seated in my office one day, when a stranger entered.

"I am Charles Wilson," he said, "and have come to answer to your notice."

I looked at him narrowly. There was no great resemblance between him and the late Mr. Wilson; yet the want of likeness was not sufficient, to render their relationship improbable.

"What proof have you of your identity?" I inquired.

"I can mention all the family names, for one thing," he answered.

"A little preparation might enable any one to do that," I replied.

"I have a ring given me by my uncle," he said, a little reluctantly. "His name is on it. It was a parting present when I left home."

"Let me see it," I requested.

He took from his pocket and undid a small parcel. It contained an elegant diamond ring. The gem was costly and elegantly set. The name was there as he had stated.

"By the way," I added, turning upon him quickly, "are you not a little afraid to present yourself as a claimant of your brother's fortune?"

"Why?" he asked, with evident nervousness.

"Did it ever occur to you," I explained, "that you might be accused of your uncle's murder?"

"My uncle's murder?" he exclaimed, turning pale and trembling. "What proof is there to found such a charge upon?"

"Enough to hang you, I fear, should it ever be brought forward," was my reply.

And determined to push him home, and find what explanation he had to give, I went over all my late client had told me.

The effect on him was singular. He was evidently reassured by the statement.

"Of course you are not at liberty to use to my prejudice information thus confidentially rendered," he said.

"My client employed me to serve, and not to injure his brother," I answered. "His last wish was that he might be freed from this black suspicion."

"That wish shall be fulfilled," he said. "I think I can yet find a clew to the real culprit, and, in a few more days, satisfy you of my innocence as well as my identity."

He took his ring and went away, promising to return as soon as he could produce his proofs.

Next day another stranger appeared. He, too, introduced himself as the long-missing Charles Wilson, and the likeness between him and the man of whom he claimed to be the brother was striking in the extreme.

"I have not come about the fortune," he said to me, "but to relate to you the last years of my brother's life."

He went when I related the dead man's story as I had to the other—wept mingled tears of joy and grief.

"Would that my poor brother were alive," he cried, "that I might at last stand as clear in his sight as he this day does in mine! It was to turn suspicion from him that I fled on that terrible night, and have ever since remained concealed."

"As he told you, I met him hurrying out as I entered the door. Having occasion to visit my uncle's room, I was horror-stricken at the sight of his corpse stretched upon the floor. Near it lay a bloody knife, which I recognized as belonging to my brother. A dreadful thought flashed upon me. I picked up the knife, and was running from the room to conceal it, when the housekeeper met me. I knew she would believe me guilty. In justifying myself I might implicate my brother. I fled from the house and never returned, determined to save my brother at the cost of reputation, and, should need be, of life itself. If suspicion fell on either, it should be on me."

The story was simply and touchingly told. I had no doubt of its truth, and requested the stranger to hold himself in readiness till I required his presence, which I should in a short time do. I further cautioned him to keep his own counsel.

### Executed by Beheading.

A correspondent gives the following account of an execution at Yeddo in Japan:

The culprits were eight in number, one being a woman. They were all beheaded with a sword. The operation was performed with wonderful dexterity and coolness, and not one of them, even the woman, showed the slightest symptoms of fear. There was a space of ground roped off; inside were three holes dug in the ground, with a little mound behind each, on which was spread a mat for the criminal to kneel on. On one side of the inclosure were two Japanese officials, in chairs, to see the thing properly conducted. I had a place directly in front of the mounds, at about six feet distance. The criminals were placed in a row, on one side of the inclosure, blindfolded with pieces of paper (they use paper for everything there).

What struck me most was the horrid coolness of the executioner's assistant, a good-looking lad of about 18; he went up to each poor wretch in his turn, gave him a tap on the shoulder, led him up to the mound, and made him kneel on the mat; he then stripped his shoulders, made him stretch out his neck, said "That will do," and in a flash the man's head was in the hole in front of him, and his bleeding neck was, as it were, staring me in the face. The assistant, still with the same pleasant smile, picked the head up, threw some water over the face to wash off the mud and blood, and presented it to the Japanese officials, who nodded and signed to go on with the next. The assistant then gave the corpse a blow between the shoulders to expel the blood, and finally threw the carcass aside like a log of wood.

He repeated the same pleasant programme with the next. I never thought a man's head could come off so easily; it was like chopping cabbage, only accompanied with a peculiar and most horrid sound—that of cutting meat, in fact. There was a dense crowd of Japanese present, including many women, and even children; these people never ceased to eat, smoke, and chatter the whole time, making remarks on the performance, and even occasionally laughing, just as if they were at a theatre.

### A Strange Discovery.

The arrest of a number of poor coal-pickers in Kansas City, recently, has resulted in the discovery of a once very popular actress, who long ago drove the play-going public of London wild over her beauty and power of delineation. A railroad watchman caught a bright-eyed little girl of thirteen years filling her basket with coals from the cars of the Missouri Pacific Railroad. When the child was brought before the authorities, Mrs. Caroline Whittlesey, more familiarly known as "Brighton Pearl," of the Drury Lane Theatre, appeared in her behalf, and her calm and lady-like manner, and pale, careworn face, were all the eloquence required to release the little girl from the watchman's grasp. This man, to test the woman's words as to her poverty and destitution, visited her rude, unplastered hovels in the bottoms near the railroad track. A clean but humble bed, a few chairs, a table, a number of relics of the stage, such as play-bills, portraits, &c., and a sewing machine, comprised all her earthly possessions. Mrs. Whittlesey, it appears, went to Kansas City about five years ago, and has lived there since the death of her husband by her own exertions as a seamstress. When she left the stage she did so expecting to become the wife of Lord Denbigh, with whom she went, as his wife, to Geneva and thence to Florence, where they lived in retirement several months. On his death her claims as his wife were set aside, and having neither money nor friends she came to this country to seek a livelihood. Since the death of her husband, whom she married in Kansas, she had gradually become reduced in circumstances, and now found herself compelled to send her child to gather coals to assist in eking out the scanty support won by her needle.

### The Old Woman of Shamokin.

Some few miles from Shamokin, Pa., says the *Episcopal Register*, lives a character that those many people, the "woman's rights women," should certainly know, as she is decidedly the champion. The singular being is some seventy-two years of age, and is altogether the most manly woman I ever met with. A tenant-at-will, she has occupied for many years the farm she cultivates with her own hands and the assistance of hired laborers. She owns about forty-two head of cattle, some of which I saw, and an acre of corn, which she lives alone in her log cabin, her only companions being two shepherd dogs and her chickens, many of the latter sleeping under the same roof with her, she calling them her children, and training them up in the way they should go, so as to cause the least inconvenience to her in their habit of life. She is utterly fearless, and with her dogs and gun, which she can use with unerring aim, *Liza Schuler* is a character that few would care to trifle with. Imagine, if you can, a woman of medium size, dressed in men's clothes, with a soft hat variously indented upon her head, no coat, barefooted, and you have this champion of "woman's rights" before you. Wrinkled though her face is by the storms and trials of many years, the strength and activity of this manly woman are really in some ways wonderful. "Ooble is hard," is the term suitable for the expression of her powers of talk, and few men, however disposed for such perfection, may boast themselves superior to her on the score of profanity. Much and varied has been my travel, and strange sights and objects have I seen and met with, but the Hermit of Shamokin, with her supernatural powers of tongue and limb, far surpasses anything of my previous experience.

### GEN. BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

In the case in which William A. Button sought to recover from Gen. B. F. Butler the value of two drafts for \$15,000, seized by Gen. Butler in New Orleans on the ground that the drafts were property, ex-remband of war on account of an attempt to smuggle them through the Union lines, Judge Woodruff gave a decision for Gen. Butler, holding that the General was justified in making the seizure.

### A Whole Day to Do Nothing.

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work, and no lessons, only play all day—I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother. "You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work, no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate when the children passed to school; and they envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone, she climbed up into the cherry tree, and picked a lapful for her; but when she carried them in, her mother said—

"That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember, yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know." And the little girl went away rather out of humor. She got her doll, and played with it awhile, but was soon tired. She tried all her toys; but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back and watched her mother, who was sewing.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother setting the table for dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over and her father away, she sat wearily.

"Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing. If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your work-box in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you any work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them; for she could earn very neatly. Her face grew brighter; and she presently said—

"Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labor.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that, unless we do just the very work that he gives us we can't be happy. He has very hard work who has nothing to do."

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### The Hoosac Tunnel.

The work of the Hoosac Tunnel was commenced as far back as 1850. After that it was abandoned and recommenced some three or four times within a period of twenty years until in December, 1869, a contract for completing it within five years was undertaken by the present contractors. Since then the work has gone forward without interruption. The time required to complete the work, including the laying of the permanent track, will be about seven months from the 1st of December next, and the tunnel will probably be open for traffic by the 4th of July next.

The total length of the Hoosac tunnel is four miles and three-quarters. It is twenty-four feet wide, that being sufficient for a double line of rails, and its height is twenty-six feet. Compared with the Mont Cenis Tunnel, after which it takes rank in point of length (the former is about seven miles long), the conditions attending the work of the Hoosac made it a much more difficult undertaking. The exigencies of the situation required that the work should be carried out by means of shafts, of which there are two—the west shaft, about half a mile from the western portal, and 218 feet deep, and the central shaft, which is sunk in the lowest part of the mountain between the two ends, to the depth of 1,030 feet. The pumping of the latter alone, to allow of the tunnel being driven east and west, involved an expenditure of \$300,000. It is estimated that the Hoosac tunnel, when completed, will have cost the State of Massachusetts some \$12,000,000, including interest and sums expended in unsuccessful attempts to carry on the work under State management. By whom the tunnel is to be worked is still an open question, to be settled by a Legislature of the State.

### Real Backwoods Humor.

#### Anecdotes of the "Hawbucks."

Edward Eggleston in a sketch of backwoods humor gives us the following:

I have been not a little interested in studying the humor of the "Hoosier"—that is, the rough back-country class who are laughed at by all the rest. You laugh at the hawbuck, but the hawbuck has somebody in his imagination greener and lower than he is, and it gratifies his vanity to tell stories of blunders which he would have scorned to make. I have found, in conversation with the rudest people, that they always told me jokes of ruder people. There is no fun in these stories, or not much to cultivated people, but they are at least entertaining as illustrating the character of these people who tell them and laugh at them by the wide open fire-places of their log cabins. Will you hear some of them?

There were once two young men who had never been away from home, who went to town on an errand of some sort. They conspired together and bought two and a half cents' worth of ginger-bread. As they walked along the streets stuffing it into their mouths, one of them, nudged the other and said: "Laws, Sam! if marm knowed we wuz takin' such a splurge woldn't she gin us goss?" There's not much humor in this truly, as I tell it; but told by a boy, who, poor as he is, never takes change below a "fip"—five cents—and who laughs all over when he tells it, I have found it quite amusing.

Here is one taken from "Two young men from 'Ijanny,' strolling through Cincinnati, come to the sign 'City Hotel.' One of them spells it thus: 'C-i-t, Kit, y, Kitty, H-o-t, Kitty Hot, e-l, Kitty Hotel. Thunder, Bill! that air mums' be the same Kitty Hotel as air keep tavern in Injinnopolis. This story never fails to bring a laugh.

Sometimes the hero of the story is an Irishman, sometimes a negro. Generally, the Irishman figures as supreme; for while the negro often shows good deal of wit. "More rain more rest," cried a negro one day as it began to rain. "I said more rain, more chuckin' corn in de barn, sab." Then this of an Irishman: He had just arrived in this country, and was crossing a stream on a foot-log. Seeing a bear come the other way he took him to be a negro, and bade him good morning. The bear raised up, and, after the manner of bears, clasped the Irishman to his bosom. The Irishman, supposing this to be a sign of affection, hugs the bear in turn. But finding that the "nager" squeezed unconsciously hard, he affectionately remonstrated with him. When it got to be a matter of life and death, he pulled out his knife and said: "An' if ye don't let go I'll hev to kill you;" which he proceeded to do. The bear rolled into the water, and the Irishman, meeting a man soon after, informed him that he had killed a "nager," upon which they returned and found the carcass of the bear.

In some of the stories the negro appears as the "inferior being." In Western parlance a watch is called a stump. It is a joke that has grown into slang. One of the stories which I heard on City Creek was this: A white man met a negro with a watch chain hanging out, and asked: "What time is it by your turnip?" "Laws, massa," answered the ingenious darkey, "how did you know 'twas a turnip?" Behold Bryan O'Lynn with a black face.

Some of the exaggerations of the Western people show the extravagance to which their humor tends. A man who is a fool is said not to have "the sense the law allows." The law used to exempt \$150 from execution. A man who had less than this was in a state of extreme bankruptcy. A man who threatens an enemy always proposes to "lick him till his hide won't hold shucks." A bag which will not hold corn husks is, of course, a sorry affair. A stung man is "as tight as the bark on a beech tree." "He squeezes a quarter till the eagle hollers." When a man shoots another, he "silvates him." And when a man is in great danger, they say: "Saltpeper won't save him; I do not know what this means, unless it is an allusion to the preservation of meat by saltpeper. I have often heard a Westerner threaten another man that he would "tan his hide for him" and I have heard an angry woman call out to her hopeful boy: "I'll warn your jacket for you, my son!"

### Paris Firemen.

The fire brigade in Paris, including one Colonel and forty-nine officers, numbers 1,500 men, distributed in eleven barracks, and sixty *postes de garde*. The total annual expenses for the maintenance of this force and its accessories is one and a half million francs, defrayed by the municipality. The privates and non-commissioned officers pay varies per class from 550 francs to 1,200 francs per annum; the children of the regiment receive eleven sous per day, with bread, and an increase of one sou daily every year, commencing from their eighth year. This early exercise renders the firemen of Paris veritable Leotards, as they have to practice gymnastic exercises daily, and the value of such training is evident to the visitor who has seen the small, wiry, india-rubber-muscled firemen of Paris at work. It is said that an American gunboat will sail wherever the ground is moist; the fireman in question climb anything upright, like cats or monkeys.

### Wisdom for the Crisis, by Bill Arr.

Munny to be helthy must be skattered around so that everybody can git sum. When it's most all piled up in a few pyramids the laste jestle will tumble it to the ground. If I was King I'd fix a remedy for bloated fortunes mitty quick. I'd tax a man nuthin on an incum of 5 thousand dollars and under. I'd tax 10 per ct. on all between 5 and 10 thousand; twenty per ct. on all between 10 and 20 thousand, and so on, doublin up to 50 thousand. Above that I'd take it all, every dollar. I tell you that will get em. That will keep down these Wall street rings. It will let a man have enuff for all decent and respectable purposes, and after that he must do his sheer for them who sweet and toil and haven't been as smart or as mean or as lucky as himself. It will put a limit upon a man's avarice and keep munny in better employment than payin' 350,000 for a horse or 100 thousand for a diamond pin.

### A Terrible Plague.

#### Esquimaux Bay Depopulated by an Unknown Disease.

Invalok Inlet, or Esquimaux Bay, on the Atlantic coast of Labrador, has been utterly depopulated by a scourge, in many of its phases similar to Asiatic cholera. More Esquimaux inhabit this bay than any part of the peninsula, there having been previous to the visitation about 450 of them at Invalok and vicinity. At this bay there is a sizable dwelling erected by the Moravian missionaries who landed on that frozen and barren shore in 1852. They became the doctors, physical and spiritual, of the lazy people they had come to teach. The missionary house was free, turned into a hospital, and the fathers attended on all sufferers of those mysteriously stricken in their midst. Their dwelling soon became a house of death, and twelve of them, who had held almost ceaseless vigil over the dying, fell, even to their last man, in harness, victims of the plague. On the 15th of October a dense fog overspread the coast of Labrador. Though intense frost had been experienced on the 13th and 14th ultimo, this fog brought with it an unaccountable warmth and dampness. There was no rain, yet the rigging of the brigantine Ann (the vessel which brought the intelligence to St. Pierre) was dripping, and the decks were slippery. It was impossible to see the bowsprit from the poop, and the huts and people on shore were lost to sight in the impenetrable fog. On the morning of the 16th ultimo, the morning which succeeded that of the mysterious visitation, the plague-stricken men, more than sixty men, women, and children, principally Esquimaux, were prostrated with a disease, the nature of which the most skillful of the missionaries could not define. A vomiting of yellowish fluid, accompanied by acute pains in the stomach and contraction of the muscles, were the first symptoms. The patient was suddenly prostrated, and the groaning and writhing of many persons struck down by the disease in the same part of the harbor were heartrending, principally so in view of the mysteriousness of their disorder.

On the afternoon of the 18th of October the Ann put into Invalok Inlet again. To use the exact words written by one on board that vessel, "the aspect of that plague-stricken settlement will never grow less terrible in the memories of all those who beheld it and still live." Women were flooding with their children and little bundles containing provisions and clothes. In every hut there were several dead, and others dying. Some yelled for help, and others moaned piteously, unable to move a limb. The captain sent in a cask of brandy to the house of the missionaries, and, in grateful recognition of the offering, they raised a flag on the pole in front of their dwelling. Later they sent word to the captain not to come ashore, or permit any of his men, as already many of their people had fallen victims to the plague. The messenger stated that a schooner from the United States lay inside the harbor, and the captain, chief mate, and nearly all his crew had been prostrated by the disease.

Before night on the 18th ult. the news reached the Ann that six of the missionaries lay dead; that on the instant after death all the corpses of those carried off became of a bluish-black hue, and that decomposition had set in. The captain of the American vessel (the Henry F. Bolton, of Gloucester, Mass.) and four of his crew died at night. The next morning the captain of the Ann ordered a signal to be raised for a messenger to board them. There was no one to answer the signal. The men of the Ann who volunteered to go on shore were given plenty of rum. At the missionaries' house they found an aged Esquimaux alone and sobbing. He spoke very little English, but the sailors could understand that the last of the fathers had died, that all his people had been cut off by the awful plague, only the few who fled escaping. The stench in every direction was putrid and sickening.

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### The Old Woman of Shamokin.

Some few miles from Shamokin, Pa., says the *Episcopal Register*, lives a character that those many people, the "woman's rights women," should certainly know, as she is decidedly the champion. The singular being is some seventy-two years of age, and is altogether the most manly woman I ever met with. A tenant-at-will, she has occupied for many years the farm she cultivates with her own hands and the assistance of hired laborers. She owns about forty-two head of cattle, some of which I saw, and an acre of corn, which she lives alone in her log cabin, her only companions being two shepherd dogs and her chickens, many of the latter sleeping under the same roof with her, she calling them her children, and training them up in the way they should go, so as to cause the least inconvenience to her in their habit of life. She is utterly fearless, and with her dogs and gun, which she can use with unerring aim, *Liza Schuler* is a character that few would care to trifle with. Imagine, if you can, a woman of medium size, dressed in men's clothes, with a soft hat variously indented upon her head, no coat, barefooted, and you have this champion of "woman's rights" before you. Wrinkled though her face is by the storms and trials of many years, the strength and activity of this manly woman are really in some ways wonderful. "Ooble is hard," is the term suitable for the expression of her powers of talk, and few men, however disposed for such perfection, may boast themselves superior to her on the score of profanity. Much and varied has been my travel, and strange sights and objects have I seen and met with, but the Hermit of Shamokin, with her supernatural powers of tongue and limb, far surpasses anything of my previous experience.

### GEN. BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

In the case in which William A. Button sought to recover from Gen. B. F. Butler the value of two drafts for \$15,000, seized by Gen. Butler in New Orleans on the ground that the drafts were property, ex-remband of war on account of an attempt to smuggle them through the Union lines, Judge Woodruff gave a decision for Gen. Butler, holding that the General was justified in making the seizure.

### Paris Firemen.

The fire brigade in Paris, including one Colonel and forty-nine officers, numbers 1,500 men, distributed in eleven barracks, and sixty *postes de garde*. The total annual expenses for the maintenance of this force and its accessories is one and a half million francs, defrayed by the municipality. The privates and non-commissioned officers pay varies per class from 550 francs to 1,200 francs per annum; the children of the regiment receive eleven sous per day, with bread, and an increase of one sou daily every year, commencing from their eighth year. This early exercise renders the firemen of Paris veritable Leotards, as they have to practice gymnastic exercises daily, and the value of such training is evident to the visitor who has seen the small, wiry, india-rubber-muscled firemen of Paris at work. It is said that an American gunboat will sail wherever the ground is moist; the fireman in question climb anything upright, like cats or monkeys.

### Wisdom for the Crisis, by Bill Arr.

Munny to be helthy must be skattered around so that everybody can git sum. When it's most all piled up in a few pyramids the laste jestle will tumble it to the ground. If I was King I'd fix a remedy for bloated fortunes mitty quick. I'd tax a man nuthin on an incum of 5 thousand dollars and under. I'd tax 10 per ct. on all between 5 and 10 thousand; twenty per ct. on all between 10 and 20 thousand, and so on, doublin up to 50 thousand. Above that I'd take it all, every dollar. I tell you that will get em. That will keep down these Wall street rings. It will let a man have enuff for all decent and respectable purposes, and after that he must do his sheer for them who sweet and toil and haven't been as smart or as mean or as lucky as himself. It will put a limit upon a man's avarice and keep munny in better employment than payin' 350,000 for a horse or 100 thousand for a diamond pin.

### A Terrible Plague.

#### Esquimaux Bay Depopulated by an Unknown Disease.

Invalok Inlet, or Esquimaux Bay, on the Atlantic coast of Labrador, has been utterly depopulated by a scourge, in many of its phases similar to Asiatic cholera. More Esquimaux inhabit this bay than any part of the peninsula, there having been previous to the visitation about 450 of them at Invalok and vicinity. At this bay there is a sizable dwelling erected by the Moravian missionaries who landed on that frozen and barren shore in 1852. They became the doctors, physical and spiritual, of the lazy people they had come to teach. The missionary house was free, turned into a hospital, and the fathers attended on all sufferers of those mysteriously stricken in their midst. Their dwelling soon became a house of death, and twelve of them, who had held almost ceaseless vigil over the dying, fell, even to their last man, in harness, victims of the plague. On the 15th of October a dense fog overspread the coast of Labrador. Though intense frost had been experienced on the 13th and 14th ultimo, this fog brought with it an unaccountable warmth and dampness. There was no rain, yet the rigging of the brigantine Ann (the vessel which brought the intelligence to St. Pierre) was dripping, and the decks were slippery. It was impossible to see the bowsprit from the poop, and the huts and people on shore were lost to sight in the impenetrable fog. On the morning of the 16th ultimo, the morning which succeeded that of the mysterious visitation, the plague-stricken men, more than sixty men, women, and children, principally Esquimaux, were prostrated with a disease, the nature of which the most skillful of the missionaries could not define. A vomiting of yellowish fluid, accompanied by acute pains in the stomach and contraction of the muscles, were the first symptoms. The patient was suddenly prostrated, and the groaning and writhing of many persons struck down by the disease in the same part of the harbor were heartrending, principally so in view of the mysteriousness of their disorder.

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