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NO. 22.

The Burden of the Wind.
Oh, wind! fresh wind of springtime,
What hast thou borne away?
A burden of light-winged moments
That hovered, and would not stay;
The music of children's laughter
From meadows all dewy and sweet,
Where primrose beds and cowslips
Are trodden by joyous feet.
Oh, wind! soft wind of summer,
What hast thou borne away?
A burden of love and longing,
The dream of a golden day;
The murmur of passionate voices,
The exquisite perfume pressed
From the heart of the rose that nestled
In the beloved one's breast.
Oh, wind! wild wind of winter,
What hast thou borne away?
A burden of mournful remembrance,
The sigh of the year's decay;
The skeleton leaves of the forest,
The drift from the chill snow-weather,
And the prayer of a soul that is passing
Into the shadow of death.

MISS PEVERILL'S PRIDE.

"I never heard of such impertinence," said Agnes Peverill, throwing down the letter she held, as half crying in her anger. "How dare he write such things to me? What business has he to love me? He never would have dared write like this if—if papa were alive and we had not lost our money."
"You may thank yourself for this," said Grandmother Peverill, looking over her spectacles with an air of concern. "You have amused yourself considerably with Harold Helper, to my certain knowledge. When one dances, one must pay the piper."
"I don't understand you, grandma. I certainly never gave him a shadow of encouragement. I have guessed for some time that he—that he didn't dislike me, you know; but I never dreamed that he would dare say as much. Papa's clerk! Why, I've seen him sweeping out the office, and his fingers as ink as Caddy Jelly's!"
"Men are audacious creatures," observed Grandmother; "but if you knew that he didn't exactly hate you, you oughtn't to have accepted him as escort when you were learning to ride. When your papa brought him home to dine, you needn't have made yourself so attractive, need you? You might have had a headache in your own room, or an invitation out. You needn't have talked so nonsense with him by the hour, while your father and I took our after-dinner naps, need you?"
"One can't help flirting a little, grandma."
"What, with one's father's clerk? And no doubt one can't help walking him slippers and braiding watch chains either!"
"Why, of course, one gives birthday and Christmas gifts to all one's acquaintances, even to old Biddy, the pauper. One doesn't expect them to presume on that, however."
"And so you think that Mr. Helper is presuming when he offers you his heart and all his worldly prospects, why so?"
"I think he is presuming, because the Peverills are not of his order, grandma. They came over in the Mayflower; they descended from Lord Peverill; they graduated at colleges, have enjoyed elegant accomplishments ever since the flood, and have never soiled their hands with the grime of labor; while Mr. Helper's ancestors were illiterate mechanics, who murdered the king's English. Why, his own father was a stonemason. I've heard papa say so."
"And supposing that yours had been a mechanic, what objection would you have urged?"
"Why, it's not a supposable case, grandma—a Peverill stonemason!"
"But supposing you were not a Peverill?"
"My imagination is not bold enough for such a flight. You see, I have all the prejudices of my class. I would choose unhappiness sooner than marry beneath me."
"Then I am to understand that you consider yourself superior to Harold Helper. It is some years since he figured as your father's ink-fingered clerk, remember. Since then he has written a book, he has invented a machine, he has lectured to scientists. Wherein does your superiority consist? What have you been doing in bold presumption?"
"I have been rubbing papa's goatee, and accepting the attentions of Miles Bond."
"You don't mean—"
"I mean that I shall probably marry Miles Bond some fine day, if nothing happens."
"Marry Miles Bond!" repeated Grandmother, as if she had said that she was going to marry the khan of Tartary.
"You seem to be astonished, grandma."
"Yes—a little. He's a born aristocrat."
"Exactly—there's a pair of us. I shall be entitled to consideration in the *beau monde* as his wife, don't you see?"
"For it must be confessed that since Mr. Peverill's death and insolvency the *beau monde* had looked coldly upon his pretty daughter, in spite of the Peverill coat of arms and the luxuriance of the family tree."
"Then you do not care a fig for Mr. Helper?" asked Grandma.
"It is necessary for me to deny the soft impeachment, when I have almost made up my mind to accept another?"
"When I was a girl"—began the old lady.
"You loved brocades and brocatelles as well as your granddaughters."
"But I did not sell myself for them. And so you are really engaged to Miles Bond, and there's no help for it?"
"Well, not really engaged; I won't give my word—at least not quite yet. You see, grandma, one hesitates to rivet the chain, as they say in novels. And then Miles says he will wait; he won't hurry me; he'd rather wait a century in sweet suspense, as he calls it, than to be refused at once. But I suppose it will all end one way."
"And what will you answer to Harold Helper?"

"Heaven only knows. It will not do to tell a man who offers one his heart that he ought to have known better."
"Nor that you will not marry him because his father was a stonemason."
"Mr. Helper accepted his refusal, however, with a good grace. He made no fuss about it; he merely assured her that her happiness would always be dearer to him than his own."
"That's the letter of a gentleman," said Grandma, "if his father was forty times a stonemason."
"Fshaw!" said Miss Agnes, tearing it into fragments; but, curiously enough, gathering them together as soon as Mrs. Peverill's back was turned, as if they were sweet to her as scattered rose leaves. Perhaps she was thinking of the days when Mr. Helper was her father's clerk, and had taught her chess of winter evenings—days when she was not so worldly minded, and more romantic, and didn't guess the worth of position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the spring mornings when they pushed through the woods for wild flowers and ferns, when he made a quaint album for her of pressed seaweeds—she had hid it away somewhere now.

"I wouldn't do," she said, half aloud, answering some unspoken thought. "I should always be haunter for family and money. One must give up something; it may as well be love as anything. Oh, if my father had only been a stonemason, too!"
Grandmother Peverill met Mr. Helper in the street later. "I hope you don't mean to desert us," said she, "because that foolish chit of an Agnes doesn't know what she is well beyond. Remember it's a woman's privilege to change her mind. If you neglect us, 'You shut your life from happier chances,' as the poet says. Nobody knows what may happen."
"But I hear that Miss Peverill has encouraged Mr. Bond," said Harold, helplessly.
"And you're going to stand aloof and let that little Miles Bond walk over you? Now let me tell you that I mean to make you and Miles executors of my will; so I'd like to keep on friendly terms with you—don't you see?"
"Thank you; but aren't we friends, near or apart?"
"This said, that absence conquers love," she laughed; "and haven't you heard of the virtue that resides in propriety? If Agnes sees Miles every day, and you once in six weeks, which do you think she will be most likely to love best?"
"It is not likely that she will ever love me, whatever happens."
"Who said she would never love you? Aren't you worth forty Miles Bonds?"
"Certainly not in Miss Peverill's regard."
"Prithee, what do you know of her regard, Sir Faintheart?"
"Very little, to be sure."
"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That does not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."
"Haven't I put my fate to the touch, Mrs. Peverill, and haven't I found that my deserts are miserably small?"
"Dear me! I see that you don't know that women blow twenty ways of a morning. Who knows but she is crying her pretty eyes out this minute, and when she has all her silly heart that she had it to do over again!"
"Miles knows," laughed Harold.
"Come and see who knows best. An old woman's advice isn't to be sneezed at. I refused my first lover myself, because I thought he'd come back and tease me into it, but he never did. Served me right, too."
"And Harold did as he was told. He made himself intimate with the Peverill's as of old. He was there in season and out of season. He bore with the caprices of Agnes and the condescensions of his rival. He was often left to the tender mercies of Grandmother Peverill while Agnes and Miles made the garden or the river echo with their songs. He came and went like a shadow. When Agnes chose to listen, he let loose his enthusiasm; when she gave him the cold shoulder, he accepted it without a murmur—as if one should be grateful for any gift of hers—and fell back upon the old lady's unfeeling kindness. One day, however, even Grandmother Peverill failed him. She walked suddenly from a doze, and asked: "Is it really love?" glancing after the two, petting each other with roses in the garden."
"It looks like it," gasped Harold.
"It is a secret, made up of a mixture of all secrets and discloses all impostures. Miles is of the earth, earthy. He loves fine society and grandfathers and coats-of-arms. It is a crime in his eyes to be born without a silver spoon in one's month."
"Then she fell into a doze again. The shadows draped themselves about her; a star came out and leaned to look into the window; a late bird tilted on a spray of mist; made a sudden gust of music through the place; the murmur of laughing voices came faintly toward them on the breeze. But Harold listened alone, for Grandmother Peverill was already far away."
"A few weeks later Miles Bond and Mr. Helper were engaged looking over the private papers of the late Mrs. Peverill, as her executors. That modest portion of her fortune which her son's speculations had left intact she had bequeathed to Agnes. Presently Miles raised his eyes from the paper he had been inspecting. "A rascally piece of business," he growled, between his teeth. Should he quietly light his cigar with the paper, bury its contents in oblivion, and marry Agnes, and go on his way rejoicing? No; perish the thought! A Bond, of the Bonds all Bondholders, who could trace their lineage to the Conqueror? A thousand times no! He made a desperate resolve, and passed the sheet to Harold. It was merely a letter from the late Mrs. Peverill, setting forth a certain family matter, which she had deemed it wise that they should know, not as executors, but as lovers."
"Of course this will not affect your interest," said Harold, filing the paper away, quite at his ease.
"It might not," sneered Miles, "if I were not a Bond, with family credit to sustain."
"And yet," said the other, "Shakespeare tells us that

"Love is not love, which alters
When it alteration finds."
"Shakespeare be hanged!" quoth the quondam lover.
The following week, when Mr. Helper dropped in to pay his respects to Agnes, he found her watering her beds of mignonette and pansies.
"Oh," she said, presently, and half shyly, "the oddest thing has happened! I must tell somebody! How dear grand-mamma would laugh if she were here, and say it served me right. I received a note yesterday (you could hardly call it a *billet doux*, though it was from Miles), and what do you think? He says in it—there, turn your eyes away, don't look at me so while I tell you—he begs me to release him from an engagement which, upon close examination of his heart—under the microscope, I suppose—he finds himself unable to fulfill! Now you must know that there never was an engagement at all between us; he just teased my soul out of me to marry him, and I promised. Only to think of it! A feverish descendant of one Robert Peverill, who figured in the Crusades, jilted by Miles Bond! It must be that grandmamma's jointure disappointed the poor youth. Motto: 'Never appoint as your executor the man whom you wish to marry your heir.'"
"You don't seem to take the affair much to heart," said Harold.
"Because my heart wasn't concerned in it."
"What under heaven were you thinking of, then?"
"I was thinking whether or no you—had you changed your mind, sir; whether you would ever again dare—"
"I dare do all that both become a lover," asserted Harold, inclining to the level of her lips. "Will you reconsider the question I asked you a year ago, darling?"
"And Agnes reconsidered."
"Mrs. Helper had been married a year and better, when it occurred to her, in an idle moment, to overhaul Grandmother Peverill's papers, now that they were her own possessions; and when she heard Harold calling her she went slowly out to meet him, with one of them crushed in her soft hands."
"What have you there, darling?" he asked.
"And you knew it all the while!" she answered, irrelevantly; "you knew I was not a Peverill, descended from the Crusader; you knew that I had been adopted from a foreign foundling asylum! And yet you loved me! And yet you married me, Agnes Nobody!"
"And Mrs. Helper began to cry, and allowed herself to be clasped in the arms of a stonemason's son, and found comfort in it."
"Love is not love, which alters
When it alteration finds."

In Agricultural Hall.

The number of exhibitors in Agricultural hall is, of Americans, 1,450; of foreigners, about 800. In the center of the hall is a fountain, said to be the largest in this country, discharging eight tons of water. It would be an almost endless task to mention in detail the exhibits of confectionery, tobacco, prepared meats, fruits, bread, wines, seeds, starch and the like, but it will be interesting to note many hereafter, and especially will it be profitable to give descriptions of the wool, cottons and other raw materials that form fabrics from all parts of the world and which are scientifically arranged, not in small masses but in commercial packages.
The display of agricultural implements, or what is the same thing, of labor saving machinery, is the most complete ever made in this, and probably in any other country, and the workmanship of the specimens is remarkably praiseworthy. It is yet too soon to compare our implements with those of Europe, Africa and Asia, as these last are not yet fully on exhibition, and when the proper time comes it will be highly proper to place the implements used by our fathers along side those which we use to-day.
Of all the foreign exhibitors in this Agricultural hall one is in such readiness, and probably none is so varied and so exhaustive, as that of Brazil. The vast range of exhibits of the alpaca, farm, manufactory, mine and forest; the taste, correctness, carefulness and good judgment shown in the collection of Brazil, even in this department of agriculture, indicate a directing mind.
Brazil has done everything that seems possible to do to make known to the world the vast natural resources and riches of this great South American empire. From the province of Amazonas are shown india rubber, tobacco, coffee, rice, cotton, sarsaparilla, a peculiar kind of maize or corn, but the chief article is rubber. Para shows much of the same, also cocoa, which is extensively cultivated; sugar, arrowroot, and various oils. Maranhao, cotton of superior quality, rice, coffee, woods, leather, Ceara, sugar, rice, coffee, farina, coffee. Rio Grande do Norte, coconuts, medicinal plants, etc. Parahyba the same. Norte, sugar, cotton, woods, rice, wax; but at present the other provinces need only be named, viz.: Pernambuco, Alagoas, Sergipe, Bahia, Espirito Santo, Rio Janeiro, S. Paulo, Parana, Santa Catharina, Rio Grande do Sul, Minas, Gerdias, Goyaz and Malto Grosso, all of which are more or less represented. Many of these provinces are largely engaged in wool growing and in cattle breeding, and the capabilities for extension in these branches are simply enormous.
Most of the other foreign nations are late in displaying their goods in the Agricultural hall, and in a few instances their cargoes, having been unexpectedly delayed, are but just arrived. Spain, Russia, Portugal and Norway are placing theirs in position, and the agricultural products of the French are behind, but they will soon be on hand, and among the other nations nearly ready are the Netherlands, Venezuela, Japan, Austria, Prussia, England and Italy. One reason for this delay arises out of the great amount of work these exhibitors have been doing in other departments where their displays are complete.
Fashion Notes.
Embroidered gauze gaiter is the novelty for trimming evening and dinner dresses. It is wrought in self color or in contrast, and is in floral and Japanese designs.
Light gauze wool mantles of transparent rough-threaded soft wool are imported for slight extra wraps during the summer. They come in cardinal, rose, cream, blue, and black, and are trimmed with woolen lace.
Among Worth's most original combinations is cardinal red with blue. Thus a Marie Louise blue silk dress for the carriage has cardinal platings peeping out from blue plaits, and facings of the brilliant color are in blue loops and bows.
A mantelet called the *Visite* is popular in Paris. This is a revival of a scarf-mantelet worn a generation ago. The back is straight, and the long man-trunk has elbow sleeves set in. It is made of India cashmere, Sicilienne, or silk, and is trimmed with rows of plaited lace.
Morning wrappers take the form of the long Marguerite polonaise, with the fullness of the skirt behind being added low on the tournure instead of at the waist. This fullness is arranged in one or two clusters of box-plaits that are faced at the top and made to stand erect on the lengthened back of the waist. Such wrappers are very handsome when made of creamy white cashmere, trimmed with cashmere lace and gros grain ribbon.
Marrying Intemperate Men.
In a case of divorce heard by the Franklin county court, Vermont, divorce was asked for on the ground of intolerable severity, and was refused for the time being. The *St. Albans Messenger* gives the following account of the suit: The evidence showed gross ill-treatment of the wife, the petitioner, by the husband when intoxicated, and that he was frequently drunk and violent. At the hearing the court asked the petitioner, the wife, if she knew when she married her husband that he was a drinking man, and she replied that she did. After the evidence was in the court remarked that they were not prepared to grant the divorce at the present time, but wished to consider the case, and that they were inclined to think that, when a woman married a drinking man with full knowledge of his habits, she must stand by the risk she had knowingly taken, and that a divorce should not be granted on the ground of abuse by the husband while intoxicated, he at other times treating her well. On the coming in of the court a few days subsequent they further commented on the case and the rule that in the minds of the court should apply in such cases; and said that in this case the habit in the husband had become so gross, having grown upon him during the five years that the parties had been married, and the wife had suffered so much from him that they would grant the divorce in this case.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The Convention and Electoral Calculations as Made by Leading Men in Both Parties.
There is a good deal of guessing about Presidential chances just now as the conventions draw near, and political experts go about with slates telegraphically made up in their pockets. The *New York Herald* figures on the Republican convention as follows: Of the total number of delegates, 742, Blaine, of Maine, will have 310; Conkling, of New York, 288; Morton, of Indiana, 224, and Brewster and others, 100. These calculations, the editor says, are the result of much figuring on the part of leading politicians, and it believes the votes on the first ballots will vary very little from the figures as given.
Of the Democratic convention the same authority says that the opening struggle will be between Tilden, of New York, and Hendricks, of Indiana. Judge Davis, of Illinois, will not develop much strength at the outset, but his friends will hold his name back until the strength of various candidates is developed. It is claimed that on the first ballot Tilden will have 294 of the 742 votes, and that Hendricks will at any time have 252 votes against any Eastern man.

The calculations made by well informed men of both sides show singular discrepancies, but each side, it will be observed in the following lists, claims New York. The following is a table made by Republicans:
Dem. Rep. Dem. Rep.
Alabama..... 10 Mississippi..... 8
Arkansas..... 6 Missouri..... 15
California..... 6 Nebraska..... 3
Connecticut..... 6 Nevada..... 3
Colorado..... 3 New Hampshire..... 5
Delaware..... 3 New Jersey..... 9
Florida..... 11 New York..... 35
Georgia..... 11 North Carolina..... 10
Illinois..... 15 Ohio..... 22
Indiana..... 15 Oregon..... 3
Iowa..... 11 Pennsylvania..... 29
Kansas..... 8 Rhode Island..... 4
Kentucky..... 12 South Carolina..... 7
Louisiana..... 8 Tennessee..... 12
Maine..... 7 Texas..... 8
Maryland..... 8 Vermont..... 5
Massachusetts..... 13 Virginia..... 11
Michigan..... 11 West Virginia..... 5
Minnesota..... 5 Wisconsin..... 10
Totals..... 150 219

The following is a Democratic calculation:

Dem. Rep. Dem. Rep.
Alabama..... 10 Mississippi..... 8
Arkansas..... 6 Missouri..... 15
California..... 6 Nebraska..... 3
Colorado..... 6 Nevada..... 3
Connecticut..... 6 New Hampshire..... 5
Delaware..... 3 New Jersey..... 9
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Totals..... 218 158

The Agent that Exploded.

A reporter called upon Mr. Alfred Rix, the attorney of the Atlantic giant powder company, to ascertain something regarding the nature of the powerful agent which exploded with such terrible force at the Bergen tunnel in New Jersey.
Mr. Rix said: "We never sold the contractor of the Bergen tunnel an ounce of giant powder, and they had none to use. The firm I represent and another in San Francisco are the only ones in America that make dynamite, as it is called in Europe, or giant powder, as we name it here."
"What was the nature of the explosive used, then?"
"It was either vulcan powder or road rock powder, or both; I think they used both."
"Are these powders similar to dynamite?"
"They are somewhat similar; they are ignited in the same way as dynamite."
"How are these powders exploded?"
"By the explosion of a percussion cap which is charged with a quantity of powder. Each cap is coated inside with as much fulminate of mercury as is contained in twenty ordinary percussion caps. A fuse is attached to the cap and ignited when it is desired to explode the charge. Tons of the powder can be set on fire and will burn without exploding, while the explosion of one charge by the capped fuse will set off others, even a few feet away, with which they are totally unconnected."
"Will an ordinary concussion explode these blasting powders?"
"Not such as are properly made. There are some sorts, however, that are exceedingly dangerous to handle. When the nitro glycerine is mixed with a poor absorbent, from which, in course of time, it leaks, there is great danger attending its use. Fire will set off nitro glycerine at times; friction, or a sudden collision with any hard substance, will also cause it to explode."
It is claimed that the explosion was caused by strikers. Although no lives were lost, a vast amount of damage was done.

The Khedive of Egypt.

E. D. Holton, one of the Centennial commissioners now in Egypt, writes home that he has visited the minister of state, who takes a deep interest in the Centennial. Mr. Holton says: The main point I had in view in meeting the secretary of state was this: Would the khedive send Tuetik Pasha, his oldest son and heir to the government, to America? The minister replied that the khedive had announced his purpose to do so, and in answer to my inquiry if there was any objection in giving nationality to that purpose, said there was not. Therefore it is reasonable to expect that this fine looking and accomplished young Egyptian will be at Philadelphia. Accompanied by our consul I had an interview with this prince at his own palace, and found him much interested in his proposed journey. His father as yet had not given him his orders, but he had many inquiries to make about his journey, which I was happy at being able to answer.

A Business Rule.

A personal friend of the late A. T. Stewart says that he once remarked to that gentleman: "Mr. Stewart, I have often wondered what will become of your great mercantile interests when you pass away, for no one who has the means to carry on such a business would invest in dry goods in these days."
"Oh," said he, "my business does not depend on any one man; it depends upon a principle—to buy as cheap as I can, and to sell as cheap as I can. The rest takes care of itself."

What he Expects.

The following poetical advertisement indicates humorously, but very truthfully, how much a man expects of his wife:
Wanted—A wife who can handle a broom
To brush down the cobwebs and sweep up her room;
Can make decent bread that a fellow can eat,
Not the horrible compound you everywhere meet;
Who knows how to boil, to fry, and to roast,
Make a good soup of tea and a platter of toast;
A woman that washes, cooks, irons, and stitches,
And sews up the rips in a fellow's old clothes,
And makes her own garments—an item, too
Which is
So horridly expensive, as every one knows;
A common sense creature, and still with a mind
To teach and to guide—exalted, refined:
A sort of an angel and housemaid combined.

Items of Interest.

The first "trick horse" on record—the wooden one in which the Greeks entered Troy.
Think all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep silent concerning their bad qualities.
In Kentucky it is not a capital offense to disbelieve the numerous stories that are in circulation relative to centennarians.
A Boston firm is said to be doing an immense business in buying damaged and refuse butter at five cents a pound, working it over and coloring it, and then putting it on the market as fresh country butter.
The *Washington Republican*, with tears in its eyes, says: One of the saddest things to contemplate just now is the large number of persons in this country who have no relations in Philadelphia.
Now subscribe for the newspaper. An eminent physician says: One of the cheapest and most efficient chest protectors, when unexpectedly exposed to cold, raw winds, is a folded newspaper inside the vest.
A Harrisburg man who boasted he'd never seen the horse that could throw him, was landed in a druggist shop window five minutes afterward, amid a chorus of "There's a light in the window for thee."
In Nevada, when a building falls and kills two or three people, the jury first hunt up the contractor and hang him, and then bring in a verdict that nobody is to blame but the contractor, who cannot be found.
An Irishman, noticing a lady pass along, espied two strips depending from under the lady's cloak. Not knowing that these were styled sashes and in the right place, he exclaimed: "Faith, ma'am, your gulluses are untied."
A quarrelsome husband and wife in Iowa decided to separate and divide their property evenly. The land was measured off into two farms, and the house and barn were cut in halves, and each half removed a short distance.
"You have a considerable floating population in this village, haven't you?" asked a stranger of one of the citizens of a village on the Mississippi. "Well, yes—rather," was the reply; "about half the year the water is up to the second story windows."
A company has been organized at California to manufacture sugar from melons, which are to be raised on a tract of reclaimed land in the delta of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers. A correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* says the melons make much better sugar than beets, and can be raised much cheaper.
A Chicago man handed in an advertisement offering \$3 for the return of a bull terrier, but it was priced \$25. He then sent in another notice offering \$5,000, and it was published \$500, the consequence of which was that his residence was besieged by owners of bull terriers. The reward was not paid.
A blind boy, who was taken into an elevator for the first time in a Cleveland hotel, set up the most terrific screaming when the cab began to rise, and would not be pacified until it was stopped. He explained that he supposed that he had been misled, and was being taken down into the dissecting room of a medical college to be used as a subject.
The Canadian minister of the interior reports that there are 91,910 Indians in the Dominion, of which number 10,000, belonging to untreated tribes, are settled between Peace river and the United States boundary. In the five older provinces, they have personal property worth \$489,234; real estate worth \$7,633,708, and invested capital the sum of \$2,844,972.
A strange custom has been preserved in Nottingham, England, from remote times. One of the heads of the family, previous to locking the street door for the last time in the year, carefully deposits a gold coin in close proximity to the door, where it is allowed to remain until the new year has been ushered in. This is believed to insure the supply of money for the year's necessities.
DIAMONDS AT THE EXPOSITION.—The Brazilian commissioner says that among other articles brought on from his country for the Centennial Exhibition was a magnificent display of diamonds. The collection is worth \$3,000,000; but as the commissioner was informed that the custom house that he would be required to give his personal bond for twice this sum before the valuables can be taken from the custom house—to guarantee against their sale—and as the commissioner could not conveniently do this, the visitors to the Exhibition will be deprived of the brilliant spectacle.
BURIED TOGETHER.—The Reese River (Nev.) *Academy* says that a dead man and his living infant were buried together by the Pintos at Yankee Blade recently. They dug a hole, threw into it the squaw's body, laid the babe on her breast and covered them with brush. In explanation, one of them said: "Baby no good; no got milk; bimbe heap cry; die pooty soon, anyhow."