Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, - - - MISSOURI.

"UNCLE IKE'S ROOSTERS."

LAS' Sunday while I'se settin' on de bench beside de do',
An' feelin' sort o' chilly, kase de sun was gittin' low,
An' wishin' dat de winter time wa'nt comin' on so fas',
For I pintly hates de cuttin' ob a Janeway blas',
I knows de one whar's comin' too, is gwine be stingin' cold,
Kas de 'simmon trees is hangin' jes' as full as dey can hold.
De pigs is 'gun der squealin', when de keen win' cut 'em so,
An' de wild geese, like der betters, all is flyin' "westward, ho!"
I was studyin' 'bout dem 'ar signs, as 'pon de bench I sot;
When I see my two young roosters come a-struttin' 'cross de lot;
Dey was showin' off der elegance, an' dandifyin' ways,
Jus' like me an' my old mars'r used to do in courtin' days;
De maskelines is all alike, whar eber dey is found,
Dey all will strut an' show dersef when hens is knockin' roun'.
One rooster he was black-like, wid some red upon he wing;
Rale ole Virginy game stock, dat kin beat mos' any thing;
T'other one was game, too, ob de berry selfsame breed,
Dey was bof de same hen's chickens, an' was raised upon one feed.
De las' one was de han'somest, he had a golden bres',
An' he nake an' back was yaller, like Melindy's Sunday dres'.
I know jes f'um de minute dem two roosters come in sight
Dat bof o' 'em was longin' and a-spilin' for a fight.
Dey crowed at one anudder, and dey wall up bof der eyes,
Jus' de same as politicians when de 'citement 'gins to rise.
Dey was bristlin' an' sparrin' out dar in de open space,
When a big ole 'bacca worrum come a trabbling my in haste,
Like he had a heap o' business for de public on his min',
Or was runnin' for an office, wid his 'ponent close behin'.
No matter what he business was, dem roosters spied him out,
An' bof pounce down upon him wid a crowin' sort o' shout.
Der bills hit up togedder 'pon de 'bacca worrum's back,
An' dey butt 'gin one anudder wid a mighty yearnest whack;
Bof let go de worrum, in der anger an' surprise,
An' stared at one anudder wid der fury-flashin' eyes.
Den dey buckled to de business like der min' was set at res'
Dey was fightin' for "a principle" an' boun' to do der bes'.
Each knowed the worm was his'n, an' de odder was a thief,
An' greedy and rapacious, too, an' mean beyond belief;
Each thought the other's sassiness was past all standin', too,
(An' den de hens was watchin' fer to see de fightin' fru.)
Dey fit and fit untwill de blood was runnin' from der head,
An' I thought I'd hab to part 'em fo' dey kill one 'nudder dead.
I had jus' got up to do it when I see'd de big black hen
Jus' a-gobblin' up de worum dat had made de fuss begin.
I bus' right out a-larfin as I grab dem chickens' leg,
An' turn two boxes ober dem to cool 'em down a peg;
It seem so awful foolish-like for dem to fight an' squirm
An' dat ole hen come walkin' 'long an' gobble up de worm.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

AN UNEXPECTED THANKSGIVING.

"I DON'T believe Hiram's folks are going to invite us over there to Thanksgiving this year," said the Widow Rollins as she solemnly moved her knitting needles one gusty autumn twilight.

"Lor', well, what if they don't? I guess we kin be jest az thankful ter home; I am a-goin' ter kill 'n' cook the yaller rooster—there's cramberries in the house left over from last year, 'n' plenty of vegetables in the sullar," replied her sister, Miss Debby, an energetic spinster, who was always happy as long as there was a plenty of sickness in the town to talk about. Just now the fall run of fever was progressing vigorously in the marshy district which bordered the village, and her spirits were consequently high.

"I don't care so much on my own account, and I know you don't mind it, Debby, but I am sorry for Emily. It's dredful dull for young folks to be forever at home, 'n' never go out into any kind of company. But folks that don't even own the farm they live on can't expect to be noticed. I don't suppose there's anything talked of in the village now-a-days but that Squire Jones is going to foreclose the mortgage, and turn us out of doors."

"You need not be sorry on my account, mother, I would much rather not go to Cousin Hiram's, I would much rather stay at home," said Emily, a tall, slender girl, with a pale, pretty face, who was gazing dreamily into the fire.

"Cat's foot! I don't believe Squire Jones will foreclose the mortgage, anyhow," Aunt Debby blurted out. "Joe White's boy is a comin' out beautiful with a sort or rash, 'n' they say he a'n't nigh so dangerous, Mis' 'Lijah Perkins told me."

"Hiram's Kate got home from the city yesterday, I suppose," pursued Mrs. Rollins, utterly regardless of her sister's speech. "She didn't answer the letter that you wrote her so long ago, did she, Emily?"

Emily shook her head, while a little scornful smile curled her lip.

"And you used to be such great friends. Well, since old Mis' Potter left all the property to that family, they have put on airs in the most extraordinary manner; but it wasn't so very much, after all."

"No, 'n' Squire Jones says they're a spendin' it awful reckless. There won't be none of it left in a year or two. What with Kate a-goin' to the city to take music lessons, 'n' hevin' two silk dresses. She didn't hev that last one trimmed with fringe after all. It was all kivered with knife plaitin'; Mis' Jones went 'n' asked the Port dressmaker, herself. They say neither Kate nor her mother scarcely speak to the neighbors now."

"But Hiram's good-hearted, 'n' I think he's kind of ashamed of their actions," said Mrs. Rollins presently. "Emily, I wish you'd light the lamp; it's goin' to be an awful dark night."

Emily arose and did as she was requested, then she drew the curtains, bolted the outside door, resumed her seat by the fire, and taking a book from the table, was soon absorbed in its contents. Miss Debby commenced to converse on the subject of fevers and sick people, half to herself and half to her sister, who did not seem to be in a talkative mood, but knitted away in pensive silence, every now and then raising her head to wistfully regard her daughter.

"Emily," she said, after a long, long pause, "I don't think Kate Sawyer's friendship is any great loss, after all. Do you know I have always cherished a suspicion that she was the cause of Joe Ashton's strange behavior? I think that she spread the report of your flirtation with John Foster on purpose to put an end to everything between you and Joe. She wanted him herself: everybody saw that."

Emily colored violently, but made no reply. Joe Ashton's name had hardly been mentioned in the family for years. He was an old lover of hers, but she had not seem him for eight long years. She was twenty-six now, and he had left the place very suddenly and mysteriously when she was only eighteen, and she had never heard from him since.

The summer that he went away he had never been more devoted. Emily saw him every day. He talked of giving up his sailor life because he could not bear to leave her, he said, and was looking for a situation in some mercantile house in the city. Then all of a sudden he disappeared without one word of good-by. He left no message behind him. He wrote no letter of explanation. His grandfather, with whom he had always lived, for his father and mother died in his infancy, merely said that he had gone on another foreign voyage. In less than a year afterward the old man died. There were none of the Ashtons left in Bloomville, and people ceased to talk of Joe. For two or three years his name was scarcely mentioned. Then there came a rumor that he was with his uncle, a rich old bachelor in the West Indies. Some sailor from the port had seen and talked with him there, but still Emily heard no sound. She had up to this time believed him dead. Other lovers sought her favor, but all in vain. She should never marry, she said. She preferred to remain as she was. She was too busy to indulge in any vain regrets, for great misfortunes had come to the family, and she was obliged to teach school to keep her mother, Aunt Debby and herself from actual want. In the first place the bank at the "Port," where all their possessions with the exception of the rocky little farm upon which they lived, were placed, failed. Then the crops failed entirely one year, the best cows sickened and died, and, in the midst of it all, Mrs. Rollins fell ill of a fever which lasted two or three weary months. The farm was mortgaged in order to pay the Doctor's bill, and since that time every thing seemed to go wrong.

"Bless me," said Miss Debby, suddenly rushing into the room, "two men are a-comin' through the gate bringin' somethin' that looks like another man; ez like as not somebody's got hurt." And she flew to open the outside door.

"Man hurt, got run away with, Debby, 'n' you'll hev to take him in, seein' this is the nearest house," said Mr. Harding, one of the neighbors, who, with his son, a stout lad of eighteen, was carefully bearing a limp and seemingly lifeless body.

"Good grashus! he's dead, I kin see by the looks of his face that he's a corpse," exclaimed Miss Debby, while Emily hastily led the way to the best bedroom.

"Lor', no, he's out of his head, though, and dangerous, I'm afeard. It's the stranger that came to the hotel ter the corner day before yesterday. He brought a wild horse with him from the city," said Mr. Harding. "Tom, you stay here with the wimmen-folks, they might git scart, you know," turning to his son, "while I'll drive after the Doctor as fast as I can."

Emily regarded the man with a strange, half-romantic interest. His features, though bronzed to such an extent that she believed him to be of a dark-colored race, were singularly handsome. He was, apparently, about thirty years old. A dark, curling beard adorned his chin and half concealed a rather obstinate, determined mouth. A quantity of loose, dark hair fell over a broad brow, which was molded after a different patern from those of the slow, unambitious young farmers and rough sailors whom Emily was accustomed to see. His eyes were tightly closed, the jet-black lashes sweeping his brown cheek. Upon one of his long aristocratic looking fingers glistened a brilliant diamond in an odd setting. Emily, who was as full of romance as a very young girl, and who had been reading Eastern poetry, thought that he looked like an Eastern king. A terrible bruise revealed itself on the left temple, and being placed on the back of his head, he turned it quickly with a moan of intense suffering.

"He don't b'long nowheres round here, but, somehow, he looks dretful familiar, don't you think so, Emily?" said Aunt Debby.

"I fancied that there was when I first glanced at him," replied Emily, "but of course it was only fancy. It is evident that he is a gentleman."

"Yes, some great gentleman," said timid, little Mrs. Rollins, regarding the diamond ring with a sort of awe.

Miss Debby hurried to make a fire on the hearth, while Emily proceeded to bathe the stranger's head very gently with cold water. This seemed to soothe him for a time, for he became immediately quiet, then he commenced to mutter incoherent words, and to make startled exclamations.

"No, no, she won't see me! she won't speak to me! It is too late!" he cried, looking Emily full in the face with his wild, burning eyes.

The Doctor came bustling in, bearing his huge medicine chest.

"I don't think you can do any thing, Doctor, the man's in a dretful way. Complected like a furriner, a'n't he?" said Aunt Debby.

"What is it? Got his head broke?" inquired the Doctor.

"No matter, it wasn't good for much, it led its owner into the wrong track," said the patient, regarding the Doctor fixedly. Then he commenced to rave and mutter again.

"Lor', did you hear what he said about gettin' onto the wrong track?" whispered Miss Debby. "Like ez not, he's a burglar, a reg'lar cut-throat. I a'n't sure it's safe to hev him in the house, if he is a-dyin', but, lor', he's a human bein', 'n' we must do all we ken."

"Too many people in the room," growled the Doctor. "Miss Emily, you come and help me with these bandages. If you would leave the room for a while, marm," turning to Miss Debby, "it would be better for the patient. Talking excites him."

Miss Debby indignantly remained at her post, but condescended to keep silence.

"What kind of a fellow is that hired man of yours—Seth, I mean?" inquired the Doctor.

"Rather stupid, but faithful in the extreme," replied Emily.

"Wouldn't fall asleep at his post if he sat up three nights running?"

"I think not."

"Then have him sent for at once."

Seth appeared—a huge man who had the faculty of moving like a mouse. "You are not to take your eyes off this man one moment until six o'clock tomorrow morning. If you see any change in him, come for me at once Miss Emily will watch while you are absent." And the Doctor, having mixed his medicines and prepared his bandages, pinned a long list of directions on Seth's coat, and prepared to take his departure.

"Do you think he will live?" inquired Emily, following the Doctor into the hall.

"Tell you better to-morrow. The crack in the skull a'n't so much as the hurt in the temple. Much depends on the nursing."

"S'posin' the furriner should die in the night," shuddered Seth, who was as timid as he was huge. Emily smiled. "I will sit up, too. I should not sleep if I was in bed."

No change was detected in the condition of the patient during the night. He was quiet and delirious by turns. Emily slept at intervals. Seth obeyed the Doctor's orders literally, never daring to move an inch from the bedside. In the morning the Doctor pronounced him better, but not out of danger.

Emily felt a strange interest in the sick man. She was filled with anxiety if she left him if for ever so short a time. She cared for him with a sisterly tenderness, and though he seemed unconscious of every thing else around him, he was evidently soothed by her presence and missed her sorely if she was not always near to minister to his wants. He would take his medicine from no hand but hers, and still, at times, the mere sight of her face would set him into the wildest excitement, and he would rave about some mysterious *she* in the wildest and most incoherent manner.

"What if he a'n't good, 'n' your folks don't git no pay fur his keep 'n' nussin?" said Seth, meditatively, on the third day of his illness.

Emily had just entered the room, and was standing by the bedside.

"Hush, Seth! How dare you talk like that?" she said, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"You don't even know his name, anyhow. Jones, over to the hotel, says 't is registered Black, or suthin' like that, he couldn't tell, 't was sich blind writin'."

The sick man had opened his eyes, and was looking Emily full in the face. The fever seemed to have left him for a time, and his gaze was calm and intelligent. Emily started and grew deadly pale. What was there in those eyes which awakened so many memories, which brought back the old days with such a thrill? "Joe," she half whispered, with stiff, white lips.

"Emily, dearest can you ever forgive me? Say that you will do so. I went away because I thought you were going to cast me off and marry John Foster. They said so." And then his mind commenced to wander again, and, in broken sentences, Emily detected the sound of Kate Sawyer's name. But he held her hand in a close clasp, and finally fell into a quiet sleep in this position, and if she tried to withdraw the hand held so closely in his own, he would move uneasily and grasp it all the tighter.

Seth, whose ears, eyes, and mouth had been wide open during the whole scene, came near falling head first into the fire which he was mending, so overcome was he, so weak had he grown with amazement. He immediately thought of some pressing errand which would take him to the village store, and before nine o'clock that night there was hardly a person in the whole town who wasn't aware that Joe Ashton was the man who was ill at the house of the Widow Rollins.

The next day, in tripped Kate Sawyer, all smiles and cordiality, so glad to see her dear cousins, so rejoiced that dear Cousin Joe was better, and that he was at home once more. She had not been in the house before for nearly a year.

"I shall remain here and take care of him to-day," said she, addressing Mrs. Rollins. "I was always his favorite cousin, you know, and of course I can care for him as no strangers, however thoughtful, are able to do."

"Cat's foot!" ejaculated Miss Debby, sharply, "he's a dretful nigh cousin, a'n't he? Anyhow, we've hed strict orders not let him see nobody. I 'n' Mis' Rollins a'n't 'lowed into the room ourselves only once in a great while. The Doctor is dretful partickler, 'n' Joe, himself, don't seem to want to see nobody but Emily. They've been a-talkin' over old times this mornin'; his head 'pears to be all right."

Kate grew scarlet with indignation, but she choked down her anger as nearly as possible. "The Doctor means that he shall not see any strangers, of course, but in this case it is different. I am a dear friend and relative. Ma's coming over to watch to-night."

"Dretful dear, I should say. If yer ma comes over, she'll come fur nothin'. Joe sleeps most all night, now, 'n' Seth lays on the lounge in the same room, 'n' gives him his medicine at the right time. Joe 'n' the Doctor both sez they wouldn't change Seth fur a perfessional, he's so awful faithful, 'n' so awful still."

Kate made no reply, but marched toward the door of the forbidden room with a very erect head and flashing eyes.

"Sorry I can't 'commerdate yer, Miss, but I've hed strict orders not to let a livin' soul but Mis' Rollins 'n' Emily cross that there thresholt," said Seth, appearing in the passage-way just then. "Wouldn't dare not to 'bey the Doctor more'n I'd cut my head off." And he made his huge arm a barrier in her way.

"This is some of Emily's doings." said Kate, energetically. "Where is she? I wish to see her!"

"Well, I don't like to disturb her jest now, fur she 'n' the gentleman seems to be sayin' something awfut important. They are old friends, you know, only she never knowed him at first, the climate of the West Injies had darkened his complexion so. He was jest a red-cheeked, smooth-faced young chap when he went away. I remember him, myself, 'n' now he's come back with a dretful sight o' whiskers, as well as a pocket full of money."

"Impudent creature! you shall pay dearly for insulting a Sawyer in this way," almost screamed Kate.

"Can't help it. If yer waz more Sawyer 'n you bz, I couldn't let you enter that there room,"

That afternoon all the indignant Sawyers appeared in a body, but the Doctor happened to be paying his daily visit at that time, and informed them, as he declared once for all, that they could not see Mr. Ashton for a week at least.

"I thought he was out of danger," said Mrs. Sawyer, trembling with inward wrath, for it was known all over town that Joe had inherited nearly half a million from his eccentric old bachelor uncle who had gone out to the Indies when a boy. And here he was being petted and cajoled by the artful Emily.

"He wouldn't be out of danger if I should allow the whole town to pounce upon him; however, I tell you, he must be kept pefectly quiet, marm."

A week passed away. Joe had gained strength very rapidly. He was able to sit up all day now. The fever had left him, his head was clear, and he was out in the family sitting room for the first time this morning. He was seated in the chimney-corner, looking somewhat weak and bruised, but happy as a boy on a holiday. Emily who was engaged in tidying up the hearth, had grown ten years younger within a few weeks in spite of all the care and wakeful nights which she had experienced. Joe was just praising the sparkle of her eyes, when in tripped Miss Kate Sawyer once more, taking him quite by storm with congratulations and affectionate greetings.

Joe smiled somewhat grimly, but suffered himself to be gushed over, while Emily looked on with quiet amusement.

"I hear that you are going out to-morrow, cousin," she said, "and I came to invite you over to our house. Of course you will come to us now that you are able to do so. I think we could make you more comfortable," glancing around the homely, rather poverty-stricken, little room, "and then we are all actually dying to see you."

"Thank you," said Joe, "but I'm more than comfortable here. I shall not change my quarters for another week certainly."

"But you will surely come to us in season for Thanksgiving. Indeed, we can not be thankful without you. And we shall invite the other cousins, too, of course," with a patronizing smile at Emily.

"Then I am afraid I shall be the means of causing you to be in an ungrateful state of mind on that day, for Emily agreed last night to marry me at Thanksgiving. I shall be obliged to go to the city then, the Doctor thinks I shall be able to do so, and I felt that I could not go and leave her behind me, though I am not afraid that any evil, lying report could have power to separate us again. Emily has forgiven me for being such a fool as to have believed the old one, though it seemed very plausible, and we are very happy." And he gazed into Miss Sawyer's face with intense meaning.

She grew white to the very lips.

"Ez fur Mis' Rollins 'n' me, we can't accept your kind invitation, neither, ez we're both goin' ter Boston to visit a while," said Aunt Debby, rising from her seat, and making a low courtesy. "P'r'aps your folks 'll be able to come and see us agin, now, though," she added, "seein', thanks to Mr. Ashton, we own this farm, 'n' the Clark place jinin' it, 'n' Mis' Rollins hez a sum in the bank, too. Life is awful freaky, Kate Sawyer, 'n' Proverdence is curus, but when folks a'n't jest what they'd orter be, they ginerally git their come-uppance. Not that I a'n't dretful sorry for you, 'n' yer dissapointed ma, ez well."

Kate did not once turn her head until she was in her own room at home, a mile and a half away.—*Ballou's Magazine.*

St. Julien's Wonderful Performances.

WHEN horses trot as fast as St. Julien or Maud S., they need to be up to concert pitch to do their level best, and when in the slightest degree off, their supreme efforts are impossible. In view of the fact that St. Julien has been suffering with the epidemic for several weeks, his recent trials, especially his 2:12 3-4 at Prospect Park, are very noteworthy and creditable. Before he made that effort, those who visited him in his stall, and saw the epizootic fluid fairly streaming from his nostrils, did not expect from him a mile better than 2:15, and his driver coincided in that view. He would not run the risk of urging so sick a horse, and yet he trotted in 2:12 3-4, absolutely on his courage! It was a tremendous performance. Since he left California he has traveled over 10,000 miles in railroad cars, has undergone numerous changes of climate, yet never has he failed to give a fine exhibition of speed, and never has he made a break. A brief summary of his brilliant compaign will be interesting: June 10, against time, at Detroit, best time 2:17 1-4; June 24, against time, at Ionia, Mich., best time 2:18 1-2; July 5, against time, at Detroit, best time, 2:16 1-4; July 22, at Chicago, free for all, best time 2:16 1-2; July 29, at Cleveland, free for all, best time 2:15 3-4; Aug. 5, at Buffalo, free for all, best time, 2:15 1-4; Aug. 12, at Rochester, against time, 2:11 3-4; Aug. 19, at Springfield, free for all, best time. 2:15; Aug. 27, at Hartford, against time, 2:11 1-4; Sept. 11, at Minneapolis, against time, 2:13; Sept. 25, at Boston, against time, 2:13 1-2; Oct. 8, at Washington, against time, 2:13 1-4; Oct. 15, at Prospect Park, against time, 2:12 3-4. This far surpasses any trotting campaign ever made by another horse, and speaks no less for the astonishing speed of St. Julien, than for his splendid constitution and indomitable courage. The Clay blood does not seem to make him quit. He will soon be shipped to California, and in that genial clime may astonish the trotting community again before the year closes.—*Spirit of the Times*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

QUEEN VICTORIA has placed apartments in Hampton Court Palace at the disposal of Lady Mountmorris, widow of the nobleman recently murdered in County Galway, Ireland.

AMONG the Socialists expelled from Germany are Herr Hartman, a member of the Reichstag from Hamburg, Herr Auer, a Saxon Deputy, and the whole editorial staff of the Socialist paper, the *Gerichts-Zeitung.*

A CABINET Minister is always in attendance upon the Queen when she is out of England. Members of the Cabinet take the duty by turns. The Minister in attendance is required to be almost all the time within call, as the Queen may need his counsel at any moment. When he does not dine with her he may dine alone or with the Lord in-Waiting.

PARISIANS delight in monstrosities of various kinds, and have been crowding round one of Chevel's windows in the Palais Royal to see an enormous mushroom, which grew in a wood at Versailles, and was brought to Paris with the utmost care as a positive phenomenon. It is more than a yard in circumference, and the weight is something over 24 pounds.

IN Dusseldorf, a town of nearly ninety thousand inhabitants, is a handsome theater, open from September to April with an excellent company and good music. The admission fees are about 62 cents for stalls, 25 cents for the pit, and 12 cents for the gallery for the dramatic entertainments, and 12 cents more for opera nights. On Saturday the admission is half price. The plays are of a high order.

THE first annual "Frauen-tag," or Women's Congress, in Berlin, appears to have passed off with great success. The ladies were well supported at the first public appearance by a galaxy of eminent males, including among others Privy Councilor Schneider, Prof. Gniest, Legationsrath von Bunsen, and others. Delegations from the various branches of the German Frauen-bildungs-verein presented their reports from their various centers of action.

A LONDON paper, in giving an account of the new dress invented for game-keepers, rural constabulary, etc., says that it will shortly be exhibited and tested at the Horse Guards barracks by Capt. Lord Arthur Somerset, and, should it stand (as expected), a rifle shot, the Irish landlords will naturally take great interest in the experiment. The signaling apparatus by which the keepers will be able to beat off and recognize their assailants will also be shown.

THE statue of Jeanne d'Arc, recently unveiled at Compiegne, the town where she was taken prisoner by the English, is equestrian, and represents Jeanne holding a standard in one hand and pointing to the enemy with the other. The sculptor is M. Leroux. The Government cast the work in bronze and presented it to the town of Compiegne, which has had it erected in front of the belfry, almost on the spot where "Jehanne" was taken prisoner by the Picardy archer who was in the service of the English.

A Rich "Find" by Colorado Miners.

THE Silver Cliff (Colo.) *Prospect* publishes the following somewhat remarkable story:

On last Sunday, Monday and Tuesday a severe snow storm raged in the mountains, extending to the valley below. The prospectors in the range, who were out of sight of their camp, were forced to seek shelter in the canons and under the large ledges of rock, it being impossible to follow guides to any designated point, all traces of paths being entirely obliterated.

S. J. Harkman, E. R. Oliver and H. A. Melton were prospecting in the Sangre de Cristo range, on the San Luis side, about two miles north of what is known as Dead Man's Camp, on Sunday afternoon, when the storm came upon them in all its fury, rendering it dangerous to travel. Being near a deep canyon, they sought shelter from the wind by entering. Not far from where they stood, on the same side, they noticed an opening, and concluded to make an examination. Drawing near, by feeling around they found that there was quite a long tunnel, though not very deep. They determined to enter, and proceeded to gather dry pine for torches. After getting a sufficient quantity they entered on hands and knees, in single file. In this position they crawled for ten or twelve feet, when they entered into a large chamber, where they could easily stand upright. This chamber enlarged for twenty feet, where they reached what seemed to be a second passage, when, as before, the walls closed, and it became necessary for them to proceed in single file. The second passage was not over ten feet in length, when they emerged into a somewhat deeper and much larger chamber, the walls widening to such an extent that in order to tell the size of the room it was necessary to follow them up from either side of the entrance. About ten feet to the right Mr. Oliver, who was in advance, struck his foot against something that moved very easily, and, thinking it strange, lowered his light, and to his horror found a human skull. A fire was then kindled on the floor out of extra fuel, in order to get a better view of the floor and surroundings. Not far off lay four other human skulls. Not being satisfied with this discovery, they retraced their steps, and, obtaining fresh fuel, re-entered, determined to know the secrets of the cave. Returning to their fire, which was still burning, they lighted new torches and continued their exploration. About twenty feet to the left, and near the western wall, another skull and bones were found. There was no trace of any tool, knife or gun—nothing but the half-decayed bones. The cave extended to the north, and, as in the previous chamber, contracted somewhat, leaving another narrow passage. This passage, unlike the other, however, was much longer, and by no means as narrow, it leading them into a smaller chamber, the walls of which were very irregular, having large projecting rocks resembling in some places the shelving in a store-room. On the western side of this chamber, near the north end, one of these shelves extended to a considerable width from the wall, about ten inches from the floor. Mr. Melton, who was examining this particular spot out of idle curiosity, lowered his light and stooping down looked under the ledge, and noticing what appeared to be peculiar-shaped stones, concluded to draw them out, when to his amazement he found them heavy enough to require his entire strength to remove them. He pulled them out, however, and called his companions, who were examining the opposite side of the room. They were not long in discovering that he had found three gold bars that have since proved to be worth about $900. Elated over their strange and rich discovery, they remained long enough to notice that the cave extended in a northerly direction and through another small passage. They did not, however, follow it, but secured their treasure and retraced their steps to the first chamber, where they camped until morning, when they shouldered their gold and departed for their camp, reaching it in safety. They refuse to tell the exact locality of the cave, but declare their intention to return to it as soon as the weather moderates, and make a more thorough examination. We obtained our information from a gentleman who had just arrived in the city, and who vouches for the gold part of the story, having seen and felt it.

Life in the Wisconsin Lumber Regions.

WISCONSIN is one of the heaviest lumbering States in the country, and her lumber is shipped in large quantities to Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and other Western and Southern States. Last winter was not a successful one for lumbermen, and many of them lost money on their contracts. The *Times* correspondent has been making inquiries and finds that all the heavy lumbermen are anticipating a splendid winter for business. The weather has already become quite cold and every thing is freezing up. On the line of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, from Stevens's Point north to Ashland, on Lake Superior, lies some of the finest pine in the State. The railroad company owns several thousand valuable forties that have millions and millions of the best kind of pine waiting to be cut. At many of the new towns that have sprung up here in the forest are saw-mills, shingle-mills, lath-mills and the like, that would be a credit to cities containing thousands of inhabitants. These mills are built near to the railroad and have side-tracks running to each. In the various branches of one mill are employed all the way from thirty to one hundred hands, while as many more are hard at work close by, felling the large pines, and with the dozens of horses and oxen hauling them to the mill. A visit to a lumbering camp would be a great treat to one unused to them. In the fall, before snow flies, the "advanced crew," consisting of a few men and a team or two, start for the pinery where they intend to lumber. The first thing to do is to locate the camp in as convenient a place as possible. The site having been arranged, then commences the erection of the "shanty." This is a building made from rough boards, and in which the hardy lumbermen eat, drink and sleep. Near this are the stables where the horses, oxen, hay and grain are kept. Every thing in readiness, a snow-storm is anxiously awaited. Men and teams are ready to start from the cities, villages and farms upon an hour's notice, and the camp, which was ordinarily quiet yesterday, is full of hum and activity today. The bills of fare for breakfast, dinner and supper will hardly bear comparison with a city hotel, but, nevertheless, the food is healthy and substantial. Plenty of pork, beef, potatoes, beans and bread tickle the palate of the Wisconsin lumberman. He eats a good deal, dresses warmly and works hard. If in cutting down a tree the ax glances, and sinks deep into his foot, he curses his luck and hobbles into camp, and there awaits his recovery. At night the "crew" come filing into camp with their axes and saws, and after a vigorous wash sit down to supper. Right here let me say that the ordinary way of washing is to take a piece of soap and step out into the snow; no wash-dish, no water, no well, yes, there is one towel. After supper the pipes are lighted, and while some lounge around and smoke, the others draw up to a table and enjoy a social game of penny poker. The game is limited generally, and no one wins and loses very much in the end. At daylight every one is astir, and the day's work progresses as did the one before it. When there is a good winter for lumbering everybody is in good spirits and money is plenty. Hence it is lumbermen and others are prophesying three months of sleighing in northern Wisconsin and thousands of others echo, "I hope so."—*Cor. Chicago Times.*

A Prediction That Was Not Fulfilled.

IN 1712 Mr. Whiston, an eccentric Millenarian divine and astronomer, who served as deputy to Sir Isaac Newton when Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, predicted that a comet would appear at noon on Wednesday, Oct. 14, and that the world would be destroyed by fire on the following Friday. The comet came, and had an extraordinary effect. More than a hundred clergymen were reported to have waited on the primate on the Wednesday afternoon to request that proper prayers might be prepared, while thousands of men who believed that the end of the world was coming, married on the Thursday the women with whom they had been living. Many people embarked on the water, thinking that they would be safer when the fire came, and Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Chief Director of the Bank of England, issued instructions to the fire officers to keep a sharp lookout on the Bank of England, on which there was a prodigious run, presumably by those who thought that, albeit they brought nothing into the world, they might be able to take something out. The Captain of a Dutch ship in the Thames threw all his powder into the river. Whiston is only remembered now by his translation of Josephus.

THE original Seckel pear-tree is said to be still standing on the shore of the Delaware, or, rather, a remnant of the tree, which is now not much more than a mere shell, but still bears a few pears. It is supposed to be 150 years old. It is conjectured that the seed from which the tree sprang was thrown overboard in a core from a vessel as it passed down the Delaware, which, being washed on the shore, took root and grew.