

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO.

A MAN WHO WAS SCALPED.

Harvin Holly, of Dearborn County, Ind., is visiting friends in West Tenth street, New York. Mr. Holly was a soldier in the United States infantry, and participated in many of the battles with the Indians during the campaign of 1869...

"We had heard that Black Kettle was encamped somewhere in the Big Horn Valley," says Mr. Holly, "and was almost sending out preparatory bands of his warriors to plunder settlers and emigrant trains, and General Custer decided to hunt him up and punish him. The infantry was some two miles in advance of the cavalry, when one day, just at daylight, we came in sight of a high hill overlooking the valley and the Indians were about to be seen."

"What is prussic acid worth?" was asked of the chemist at Strong, Cobb & Co's. wholesale drug store. "We never sell it," was the response; "it is not an article of commerce."

"Prussic acid is the most deadly of all poisons, and the fumes would instantly kill the person who inhaled it. It is a colorless gas, and the odor is that of bitter almonds. It is colorless as water. A tragic story of a strange duel between a medical man and his rival in a beautiful New Orleans woman's affections, many years ago, is told. The medical man, who had the right to choose the weapons, selected the deadly poison before mentioned."

You will perceive, my boy, that every time man undertakes to manufacture a little Bible on his own account, he makes a morbidly interesting study of the time it took him to conceive his fraud, in as many hours as it took him months to prepare it, he is exposed, and his hand-made addition to the Bible is swept away by the other rubbish of other counterfeiters.

Imagine some one who hates you with the utmost intensity grabbing a handful of your hair while you are lying prostrate and helpless, and giving it sudden jerk upward with force enough to pull down the scalp; then, while the painful tension is not relaxed, imagine the not particularly sharp blade of a knife being run quickly in a circle around your scalp with a saw-like motion. Then let your imagination grasp if it can the effect that a strong, quick jerk on the tuft of hair to particles that scalp from any clinging particles would still hold in place would have on your mind and physical systems, and you will have some idea how it feels to be scalped. When that Indian saved his knife around the top of my head first a sense of cold numbness pervaded my whole body. This was quickly followed by a flash of pain that started at my feet

and ran like an electric shock to my brain. That was not momentary, but it was terrible. When the Indian tore my scalp from my head it seemed as if it must have been connected with cords to every part of my body. The pain that followed the cutting around the scalp had been frightful, but it was ecstasy compared with the torture that followed the tearing of it from my head. Streets of pain shot in every nerve. My knees were drawn up almost to my chin, and my fingers closed convulsively together in the snow, and that was all I remembered. When I came to I was in a tent. The cavalry had come up in the meantime, and the Indians were routed. Only a few escaped, but Black Kettle was among them. A comrade told me that he had shot and killed the Indian who scalped me, but the scalp was not recovered at any rate. I, with the rest of the wounded, was sent to the nearest agency, and I lay helpless and suffering until misery for weeks, and when I recovered I concluded that I had been covered by Indian fighting, and asked for my discharge. The nature of my wounds were such that I received my discharge at once. General Custer jocularly remarked to me afterward that I made a mistake in leaving the service. "Think," said he, "how surprised and disgusted some red devil of an Indian might be if you should say with a straight face to him that he had been to raise your hair to find that some one has been there before him."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

Visions of Childhood and Old Age.

There is a little halo around these Christmas holidays that brighten up the dreary and makes things lively, weather or weather. There are hopes and expectations and everybody is in a good humor. Even the dog and the cat seem happier than usual, and the turkey gobblers strut and gobble like he was proud to be sacrificed and have the place of old folks and sisters of the neighborhood. The children are the most joyous, and the little folks are laying their mysterious plans to surprise mama and papa. Carl and Jessie have begun to buy me a pipe, and a little more from me to buy her some cigarette, and, of course, we are not to tell anybody, and now they have got a little store by the big gate on the road and got nabber Freeman's children to help, and they are selling apples and crackers and cheese and oranges and old clothes and can beg from their mothers. Considering what the partners eat up themselves and sell to the darkeys on credit, I think the concern is getting shaky and will fail before long.

Imagination now wings its flight over the civilized world among the thousands of millions of happy children around the Christmas trees, gathered in the parlor to receive the beautiful presents that old Santa Claus has brought. Arrived in their best clothes and with joyful faces they present to the All Seeing eye a beautiful and lovely sight. Would to God that this was the only child picture to be seen on Christmas Eve. There are thousands who will see no Christmas tree, no stockings by the mantle, perhaps no stockings to put there, no Christmas dinner, no good warm clothes, no nothing but poverty, pinching poverty, that chills the warm blood of youth and withers hope and can do for the children of the poor? I will tell you children who have been blessed with comforts and hardly ever knew a want; you can divide—divide. Pick out some poor child and make him or her happy even for a little while and then you will be happy too.

Company is coming, and the friends are expected, and things are sorter and livelier about in my house. I hear the lively beat of the pestle and mortar as the cinamon and the mace and the ginger are being crushed. I hear the chopping knife in the tray for Mrs. Arp is making up mince meat, and there is a powerful do over it and so I get ready to take a little hunt on it, but she saw me and said she had two widths of a carpet that looked right well on the wrong side and she wanted me to put them down in the hall, a strip on each side as it were and then to put down a strip of cocoa matting in the middle and just cover the edges of the carpeting. Well, I did it all nice and tight, and nobody noticed it, and what that hall is carpeted all over and the matting put down in the middle over it to walk on and catch all the dirt. But as sure as you are born there is nothing under that matting but the floor. Now who would have thought of that a contriving ingenious woman. She has got thought with the sausage and what I was writing with that job, for while I was writing up stairs she was working away in the basement and had plenty of help, and ever anon would cook a fragment and send it up to me to taste and wanted to know whether it wanted more salt or more pepper or more sage or what.

Though not invited, I was at the General's side, and my attention having been aroused, and looking carefully ahead and about the old log hut, which was the quarters of Gen. Mahone's division, and on the hill beyond the branch were apporizing. Now as I knew that these quarters had been vacant since about March 15 by the transfer of Mahone and his command to the other side in possession, with nothing looking like a Confederate anywhere, remarked, pointing to the old camp, "General, what troops are those?" He quickly replied, "The enemy." Proceeding still further and Gen. Hill making no further remark, I began to run the great risk of being shot, and I made bold to say, "Please excuse me, General, but where are you going?" He answered: "Sergeant, I must go to the right as quickly as possible." Then, pointing southwest, he said: "We will go up this side of the branch to the woods, which will cover us until reaching the field in rear of Gen. Hill's quarters. I hope to find the road clear."

From that time on I kept slightly above the General. I had kept a Colt's army pistol drawn since the affair of the Federal stragglers. We then made a walk looking toward the woods, at an oblique edge of which there were several large trees. I saw what appeared to be six or eight Federals, two of whom, being some distance in advance of the rest, halted some forty or fifty yards from the field, ran quickly forward to the cover of one of the large trees, and one above the other on the same side, levelled their guns.

Let us keep our money at home and quit running after people who say and do things that we know are not true. I'd burn your morals and your politics." I'd go to let them fallers alone I am, I don't ask them any odds. I own half a dozen children and three darkeys and they all do as I say, and I think I'm a good father and a good master, and I don't want them fellers to interfere with me, or the other. Just let us alone and we will all get to heaven as soon as they will and live as happily in this sublimity world. I wouldn't sell one of my niggers any sooner than I would one of my children, for they love me and don't want to go.

Fifteen years ago an Alabama man killed a peddler. Ever since that time his wife has held the crime over him as a whip, obliging him to split all the wood, build the fires and rock the baby. Rendered despondent by her treatment he has given himself up to be hung. The Winter exodus from the North to Florida is unusually large this year. About 250 people leave New York every day for Jacksonville, and probably 500 people arrive in the latter city every day from different parts of the country. The number will continue increasing until February. A good many settlers are going at present. A majority of the settlers go to South Florida, in the neighborhood of Sanford. Great numbers are going from New England, New York and Pennsylvania.

HOW HILL WAS SLAIN.

A Narrative Detailing the Circumstances of his Fall.

The only man who saw Gen. A. P. Hill killed before Petersburg, on April 2, 1865, were two Federal soldiers, names unknown, and Sergt. G. W. Tucker. The latter was chief of Gen. Hill's couriers, and was riding with the distinguished officer at the time of the tragic occurrence. The first time Mr. Tucker tells of the death-shot, and describes the death scene. In the current number of the Southern Historical Society Papers he says: About midnight the cannonading in front of Petersburg, which had begun at nightfall, became very heavy, increasing as the hour went by. Col. Palmer, chief of staff, woke Maj. Starke, A. G., and requested him to find out the cause and effect of the prolonged firing. This was between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of April 2. Maj. Starke returned before daylight, and reported that the enemy had part of our line near the Rives salient, and the frontiers looked critical on the lines in the rear of the city. This he communicated to Gen. Hill at Veale's. Before sunrise Gen. Hill came over and asked Col. Palmer if he had any reports from Gens. Wilcox and Heath, who were on the right extended from the front of Fort Gregg. The Colonel's answer was that he had heard nothing from them, and had nothing further to report beyond Maj. Starke's statement. The General then passed on to his tent, and a few minutes later the Colonel, noticing his colored servant, Charles, leading the General's saddle horse, and his tent, ran to him just as he was mounting, and he gave permission to accompany him. He told the Colonel no, and desired him to wake up the staff, get everything in readiness and have the headquarters wagon hitched up. He added that he was going to Gen. Lee's, and that he would be back in an hour or two, and that as soon as he could have an interview with Gen. Lee he would return.

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LOSING A PRISONER.

How the Guard Escaped Capture.

Thomas B. Love, of Hill County, Tex., was a Confederate Soldier under Brig. Gen. Lyons, and while the command was on the march in Western Kentucky, in the winter of 1865, a Federal, who turned out to be a notorious spy and bushwhacker, was captured. After the command went into camp for the night the prisoner was sentenced to die next morning. Love came on guard at 8 o'clock, and the rest of the story is given in his own words. By this time all were sound asleep, as the men were thoroughly worn out. The prisoner and I sat on opposite sides of the fire. An hour passed and not a word was spoken between us. He seemed all the while thinking of the morrow, knowing full well that if he ever saw the sun rise a prisoner it would be his last day on earth. I was only 17 years old, and I had no pity for him, and perhaps he realized this and was silent. The prisoner sat beside a post or stump, sometimes leaning against it, and the distance between us was not over eight feet. About 9 o'clock a comrade, who had been out foraging, returned, and picked up a bag of apples just behind me. I turned partly around to pick up one and as I turned back I did not look directly at the prisoner, for I was certain he was all right, I having heard no sound to arouse my suspicions to the contrary. As my side was to him when I picked up the apples, he must have stolen away from me as he stole, as soon as he caught my eyes off of him. I can now imagine that he went on a 2-40 gait. I was on eating my apples, certain that the post he was sitting by was the prisoner himself and all right. I suppose fifteen minutes had passed without eating a word, when I saw the prisoner get up to get up. He noticed that the prisoner was not there and asked me where he was. I almost jumped out of my boots—muted with astonishment—when I realized what had happened, and my tongue almost became paralyzed. The captain motioned me to be still. I finally asked him what on earth I would do, knowing full well that he kept her trust a profound secret, and garded it from hundreds of men who were searching the country for remnants of the robbed treasure train. One night a horseman rode up to her residence. Alighting, he called Mrs. Moss aside, and in a few moments she had been taken to a secluded spot where she had been searching the country for remnants of the robbed treasure train. One night a horseman rode up to her residence. Alighting, he called Mrs. Moss aside, and in a few moments she had been taken to a secluded spot where she had been searching the country for remnants of the robbed treasure train.

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JEWELS OF THE LOST CAUSE.

The Hidden Treasure Box of the Confederacy Accidentally Found in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Dec. 29.—(Willcox County, this State, is a great excitement over the discovery of a large quantity of Confederate treasure, about which so much has been said and written. During a storm this week a small oak tree was blown down nine miles from Washington, John Frank, while riding by, saw something shining, and examined the roots of the tree. He found almost a peck of gold and a large quantity of jewels and precious stones. Among the latter were diamonds, rubies and pearls and many pieces of exquisite workmanship, the value of which has been placed by several connoisseurs at \$20,000. The belief expressed by all who have seen the treasure is that it is part of the loot by the Confederate Cabinet during its flight through this section. The road upon which the treasure was found is the same over which the Confederates retreated. It is supposed that the person who secured this part of the treasure, being unable to carry it off in safety, hid it and either died a natural death or was killed soon after, and consequently the treasure was never unearthed. The great quantity of jewelry and precious stones suggest that they must be the contents of the mysterious jewelry box intrusted to Mrs. Moss, and taken from her shortly afterward by a stranger while retreating through the country. Present Davis and his cabinet, together with other distinguished Confederates, stopped at the residence of Mrs. Moss, an aged widow, where it is believed the last counsel of the Confederacy was held. When the meeting was about over, General John C. Breckenridge called in Mrs. Moss, and, handing her a box of jewelry, requested her to take it to a friend, a Confederate agent of the persons who had left the jewelry box in her possession, and that he had been instructed to call for it. Completely deceived by the man's assurance and appearance of honesty, she placed the box in his hands, to see him disappear in the darkness, and to realize the next day that she had been deceived. She died a month later. The fact that the jewels just found correspond so well with the contents of the mysterious box, lends color to the supposition that they are the same.

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BEAST TAMING.

Falmal, the celebrated tamer of wild beasts, declares that there is no empirical receipt for beast-taming, and that the great secret is, fear nothing. No doubt, it is a great extent a matter of nervous organization; but the animals are probably also subdued by deprivation of sleep, no food, and by the administration of lowering drugs. And herein, in our great affectionate and tender-hearted, the sportsman who boldly seeks his carnivorous opponent in its native haunts, and him who seeks to further subjugate an already half-broken-in animal. It seems that the hyena is the least intelligent and most irascible of all the carnivora; and the leopard, it is generally supposed, is the most cunning. The Cape lion is in this respect superior to his congener of the Sahara and Senegal. Individuals of the same species, however, show great differences in disposition. The lion is most easily tamed between three and four years old, while his character is, so to speak, in process of development. The young lion retains his infantile docility, and he is best tamed before he is a year old, and before the roll on the floor up to six years old, but after that age becomes serious and satureine. Care as to ventilation and cleanliness is much required for the health of the animals, which are more liable to suffer from heat than from cold. The lion refuses mutton, goat's flesh, cat and dog, rabbit and beef, but will accept of hyena and less fastidious; and the latter prefers its meat "high"; black bears eat bread, meat and fruit, and can fast for a week without inconvenience. All the great carnivora have a passion for milk. The woman turned pale and departed without saying a word. The evening about 8 o'clock there was a rap at his door. He went to the door and on the sill there was no one in sight, but on the sill he found a small package containing the money that had been stolen.—New York Sun.

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A HORRIBLE TRAGEDY IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Charlotte Observer says: News was received in this city yesterday afternoon of a strange and fatal poisoning affair that occurred near Beaver Dam, in Union county, last Sunday morning, resulting in the death of Mr. J. M. Marsh, a young lawyer, and the almost fatal sickness of three of his friends. The party were poisoned by eating eggs that were impregnated with strychnine. It appears that on last Sunday morning, Mr. Marsh accompanied by Messrs. Boylin, Doyle and Reese Blair, of Monroe, went out to Mr. Marsh's new home, a short distance from Beaver Dam, to spend the day. Mr. Marsh had recently completed a new residence, and was just furnishing it for occupancy by himself and wife. The party arrived at the house in due time and breakfast being prepared for them, they proceeded to eat it. Fried chickens constituted one of the dishes and of this Mr. Marsh and his friends partook quite freely. Shortly after eating they were all taken violently sick, and it was evident that something was wrong. The whole party were put to bed, and medical assistance was at once summoned. Dr. Anderson soon arrived, and on making himself acquainted with the symptoms, saw at once that it was a case of poisoning. He set about immediately doing what he could for the relief of the unfortunate victims, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing Miss Peterson and Messrs. Boylin and Blair showing signs of improvement. Mr. Marsh, however, failed to rally, and died at 10 o'clock. An investigation was made into the cause of the poisoning, and it was found that the eggs eaten by the party contained a quantity of strychnine. The eggs were purchased at Austin's store in Beaver Dam. Mr. Austin bought them from a man who had them from a farmer. The matter is to undergo a full and complete investigation. The victim of this deplorable affair was a young lawyer of talents and had a bright future before him. He was married about four months ago to Miss Gillespie, of Morganton, whom he leaves crushed and overwhelmed with grief at his sad ending. The community is stirred to its base by sympathy for the tragedy, and the death of Mr. Marsh was to have moved into his new home to-day, and for some time past had been busily engaged in arranging it for occupancy.

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