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RANDON REMINISCENCES.

The following is published as an effect to "Mary
and her Little Lamb." It is so strongly that it is
good.

Charley had a little dog,
Who had a little dog,
And every place that Charley went
The dog went too, you bet.

He followed him to school one day
That happened to be near
That when the teacher looked him,
He walked on his cat.

Returning home, he had a cow,
And all that cow did do,
She looked him up five hundred feet—
And how is that for high?

The poor little dog came down again,
And Charley was left a moment,
For the dog looked in the stable top
Of the little church 'round the corner.

When Charley heard his darling's fate,
A word he scarcely said,
But he had his own weeping cried,
Now put me in my little bed.

A GABON STORY.

CLAIRETTE, OR THE HUSBAND HUNTER.

CLAIRETTE lost her father and mother
when she was but thirteen years of age.
She was a good-natured girl, but had
rather a flighty head, and always looked
at things upon the surface, and took very
little pains to look at the sense which lay
hidden beneath them. She accordingly
allowed her uncle and guardian to neglect
her property, paying no attention to it;
and liked better to frequent fairs, mar-
kets, the festivals of patron saints, and
to enjoy Sunday amusements, rather than
to have in her fields, and to her garden,
and lead her sheep to the pasturage.

Clairette was by no means indolent or
inactive; she would pass an hour every
morning dressing herself, and two more
during the day something her ribbons,
doing up her scarfs, and putting away
her skirts. After this came a walk here
and a promenade there, so the poor child
had not a moment to spare. To make
amends she had several nice compan-
ions—how many one has at her age!—
The child seems to make scores of friends,
and all the more because at every step it
takes in the world it is sure to lose one.
A dozen young girls had attended school
and made their first communion with
Clairette. After this important act, which
brings us out of our infancy, and which
assigns to us our place in the great work-
shop here below, each was allotted her
task in the family. Marghelide did sew-
ing during the day and spun in the evening;
Biebe looked after the house and
carried out meals to the field hands; Li-
xandrine took the sheep and the cows to
pasture.

Clairette alone, as idle as a little swan,
she called this liberty—was proud of
her independence, and pitied her poor
companions who gave them so much
trouble in the world. "Of what use is
it? Is Biebe's Sunday dress any the
better for plodding along muddy paths
strewn with briars? Has Lixandrine a
finer complexion for getting tanned in a
scorching summer sun tending her cow?"
The time came, however, when, in spite
of her pride in her half-ragabond life,
Clairette was less ambitious of independ-
ence, and felt disposed to come under the
dominion of a husband. This very nat-
ural desire, but still a vague one at eight-
teen, besides being subject to circum-
stances, became imperious, like the sat-
isfaction of a point of honor, when Clair-
ette returned from the wedding of Marg-
helide with the tailor Latane.

Marghelide was the younger. By what
inexplicable grace of St. Joseph, the pat-
ron of spouses, should she take the lead
of her associates? She was assuredly less
pretty than Clairette, and likewise less
amiable; who would dispute that?—
What charm had given her the pre-
ference in the eyes of the brisk young Latane?

Ah, here it is! Marghelide wore a
splendid red petticoat as brilliant as a
poppy and which scared away the cattle,
out which produced a quite contrary ef-
fect on all the producing men; the color of
this lucky petticoat glowed so sharply
on the green of the meadows, and the
gray of the brambles, as to very easily
be seen half a league off. Latane, com-
pletely bewildered, must have run for the
petticoat the same as a lot of frogs after the
baited hook on the end of a fish-line.

Woman is naturally disposed to re-
gard her toilet as a sort of talisman, and
not alone the city dame, but the simplest
young girl of the fields. It suffices to
wear a petticoat to possess an instinct for
corsets and calicoes. Clairette had it in
the highest degree; she was sure that she
had discovered Marghelide's secret; she
ran off to sell six of her sheep, and
bought the deepest scarlet petticoat she
could find in the market.

From that day forth Clairette never
went to the spring, to church, to a ball,
or to a fair, without wearing the attrac-
tive garment in which the lucky Marg-
helide had captured the tailor Latane.

In vain, however, did she glide through
the crowd and thus display herself. The
women found her tawdry, the young
girls looked envious, while the young
men politely invited her to dance; but no
mother ever dreamt of selecting her as
a wife for her son, and no son ever uttered
a word about taking her for a house-
keeper.

A year of fruitless efforts had passed,
and not a whisper of a proposal of mar-
riage. What had luck! Soon her friend
Biebe followed that same delightful road
as Marghelide and espoused the farmer
Menichou.

Clairette became despondent. She had
lost fifteen months in displaying her red
petticoat, and she could not imagine the
cause of her failure. Was Biebe, then,
the more charming? Nobody would
dare maintain that falsehood. It was
sufficient to see them "chitchat" of each
other at a dance. Clairette always had
three partners more than her rival—
"Was she more entertaining? Biebe could
not put together two consecutive ideas,
and when her beaux spoke to her, she
answered only with downcast eyes.

"I have it," said Clairette, medit-
ating, and eager to know the cause of her
disgrace. "Biebe wears a distaff at her
side constantly, even with the water jar
on her head and when carrying the bas-
ket with the workmen's meals."

The distaff, it must be admitted, had
about it a certain matrimonial virtue
which attracted young men anxious to
marry, the same as a mirror attracts
looks. Clairette was determined to have
one of these magic utensils. If a plain
willow distaff proved so highly advan-
taged to the house-keeper Biebe, what
would not be the effect of a handsome
distaff of hickory, exquisitely carved by
the best workman of the village, decked
with the finest white wool instead of
coarse flax, and entwined with red rib-
bons instead of pack-thread?

The young girl fits herself out; she
buys the choicest spinning apparatus in
the country, covers it with wool as white
as snow, adorns it with ribbons artifi-
cially arranged in bows, and never shows
herself outside her door, in the street, or
in the village, without this elegant im-
plement of all good and industrious maid-
ens.

One point only had been forgotten,
and that was to twirl the spindle. The
motionless distaff at her belt always dis-
played the same flock of wool.

Now what happened? Clairette's elean-
gar instrument proved to be less effica-
cious than the rule willow stick of the
industrious Biebe. The year passed
away, Clairette at every festivity, found
dancers eager enough to clasp her waist
and to press her hand, but never a beaux
disposed to talk of marriage. She was
now twenty, and she saw her cousin
Franciscoe, her friend Lixandrine—

"Lixandrine, the most ungainly crea-
ture in the whole village, a girl that
limps!" repeated those clairvoyant peo-
ple who are called backbiters. "Yes, in-
deed, Lixandrine, that red-headed black
face with wry hips! What witch did she
go to get a charm for that stiff Jean
Pierrot? What secret did she turn up
in her grandmother's workbox?" Clair-
ette patiently sought a solution of these
difficulties. She thought, finally, that
she had found one in the presence of a
little white lambkin which constantly
followed the shepherd's footsteps.

After making this important discovery
it may be imagined whether Clairette
was prompt in procuring a lamb as close-
ly resembling as possible that of the
dark complexioned Lixandrine! From
that day forth she was never seen with-
out this pretty little creature bleating
and skipping around her, and always
coming to her to eat bread out of her
hand.

Did a suitor follow in the footsteps of
the lamb? No more than he came at the
signal of the red petticoat, or at that of
the cross-ribbed distaff. Day follow-
ed day, month followed month Clairette
looked in vain.

To regrets and mortification succeeded
despair. Old Aunt Migneline, wise in
the ways of the world, overheard her
moans and administered consolation.—
"Where is the young girl who has not
some good old fairy near at hand to give
her counsel if she will only take pains
enough to listen to it?"

"You are weeping, Clairette," said
Aunt Migneline, addressing her.

"I am crying over my twenty-one
years gone without, without—stopping,"
she responded.

"Without fetching you a husband, you
mean to say."

"One need not be a witch to guess
that, Migneline."

"Your red petticoat and gay distaff are
worn out in a useless service; your lamb-
kin bleating and frisking around you has
proved equally useless."

"Why do you throw these things up
to me, Migneline?"

"I say what I think, Clairette. Do
you suppose that my eyes, half closed
by age, do not see clearly into the toils
and snares set by you, and those like you,
on the path to matrimony? Every young
girl is an imitating bird, of the parrot or
the magpie order, who, since the world
began, is exclaiming, husband! husband!
and it is not necessary to teach her any-
thing in this direction, my dear niece
Clairette."

"This true, Migneline. But, I thank
I might be as fortunate as my friends,
and imitating their mode of display."
—

"And you are obliged to confess that
you have had all your trouble for nothing?
Poor children, always relying upon
color instead of form, and never find-
ing out the true state of things. Yes,
the habit of your companions of appear-
ing in public associated with certain suit-
able and useful objects, has contributed
not a little towards getting them hus-
bands. But do you know the reason?
It is because the red petticoat was worn
and made up by the persevering young
girl who wore it; such an example of her
skill and activity in using her needle fur-
nishing admirable proof of her knowing
what to do in the situation in which she
is placed. The distaff likewise proved
as profitable to Biebe because she was a
fearless spinner, and did not rest sat-
isfied, as you did, with carrying the im-
plement around with her motionless at
her belt; she kept the spindle below it
and her fingers always busy, so that the
flock of wool or flax had to be renewed
every day. If the lamb did not
prove unserviceable to Lixandrine, it was
because it was the lamb of a fine dore,
and led out daily to pasture, early in the
morning in summer, and during the af-
ternoon in winter, avoiding wet grass
and fields, always getting back before it
rained, and ever keeping clear of chang-
es in the weather, of so much harm to
those delicate little creatures. Your three
companions worked so faithfully in their
respective callings that they are known
far and wide for their intelligence and
activity—the best possible dowry a
young girl can have, and the most reli-
able charm for a husband. Put aside the
red petticoat which you bought and did
not spin, the distaff of no avail to you,
and the equally useless lamb. You have
fields and meadows that lay lying fallow;
resume your rake and hoe, stir up the
ground, and pull up the weeds; be as in-
dustrious as your companions, and you
will not have long to wait for a husband."

Clairette listened to Aunt Migneline's
discourse with all the attention which
advice deserves when one is disposed to
follow it because it seems good: no longer
quitting her little plot of ground, she
dug, hoed and made hay so successfully
that, at the end of the year, the son of
rich old Thomas tante and put to her the
following question:

"Clairette, will you be my wife?"

"Why should I refuse, Monsieur
Thomas, if such is your wish?" responded
Clairette, with downcast eyes and a
modest frown which the least bashful of
country girls can so well assume.

"You are agreed, Clairette?"

"I am;" and they joined hands.

JOHN DURAND.

Custom House Smugglers.

Very young infants and small children
are used as instruments for smuggling.
On one occasion an immigrant family,
man and wife, and two nearly grown up
daughters, presented themselves. They
were very affable and easy in their man-
ners, and without much trouble to them,
were pronounced "all right;" and while
the proper proceedings were in progress
for their dismissal one of the officers saw
a handsome little boy standing alone, and
struck by his attractive appearance, and
not knowing to whom he belonged, he
spoke to the child, and attempted to
"skylark" with him. The officer was
surprised to find the boy could not bend
his body; on examination it was found
that the clothing was quilted with val-
uable articles of silk manufacture and sil-
ver spoons. The little fellow belonged
to the family the members of which had
just been pronounced "all right."

A gentlemanly looking but poorly clad
passenger, from his intelligent expres-
sion of face and agreeable manners, was
treated with marked consideration. The
officers were so easily satisfied that he
was honest that they took no special no-
tice of a small "lap-cloth," much worn,
which was hanging on his arm. A de-
tective, at the time "off duty," noticed a
carriage waiting for some person, and
asked the driver for whom it was intend-
ed, and Jehu pointed to the passenger
who was approaching with the lap-cloth,
as usual, on his arm. There was some-
thing apparently inconsistent in having
a carriage for such a man. A suspicion
being excited, the officer seized the lap-
cloth. On a critical search it was found
to be lined or padded with Brussels lace,
that sold at public auction for eleven
thousand dollars.

The fool smuggler is illustrated by a
man, said to be from the western part of
the State of New York, who got a dia-
mond worth sixteen thousand dollars
safely through without paying the duties.
The gem he sold for its full value, and
subsequently "bragged of his smart-
ness." The fact came to the knowledge
of the government and the proceeds of
the sale were confiscated.

As smugglers, women are more suc-
cessful than men. The complications of
their dress favor the business. The
modern "chignon" was for a time a
most excellent depository for smuggled
goods. A woman is remembered who
was so successful that she was constantly
crossing the ocean for the purpose, and
in a few years acquired a handsome
competency. It is a strange metamor-
phosis that these adventurers undergo
when caught in their work. Some years
since a pretty woman, remarkable for
her full bust, broad hips, and plethoric
person generally, presented herself for
examination. She was very polite and
affable, and came near to being let en-
tirely. But the female detective then en-
ployed at Castle Garden no sooner put
her eyes on the rotund figure of the
"object" under inspection than she in-
vited the party to a private interview.
It was incredible what a change was
soon effected. Suffice it to say that the
apparently well-fed and portly dame of
a few moments before, stripped of innum-
erable dry goods, stepped into public
gaze reduced to a wonderfully thin and
rather skeletonized individual. As there
is no penalty for smuggling on the per-
son except forfeiture, she went sorrow-
fully away. Our laws are even more
merciful than this; for all goods thus
seized can be redeemed, though confis-
cated, by the payment of an honestly
made appraisement.—Harper's Monthly
for June.

Arrangement of Rooms.

Give your apartments expression—
character. Rooms which mean nothing
are cheerless, indeed. Study light and
shade, and the combination and arrange-
ment of drapery, furniture and pictures.
Allow nothing to look isolated, but let
everything present an air of sociability.
Observe a room immediately after a
number have left it, and then, as you ar-
range the furniture, disturb as little as
possible the relative position of chairs,
ottomans and sofas. Place two or three
chairs in a conversational attitude in
some cheery corner, an ottoman within
easy distance of a sofa, a chair near your
stand of stereoscopic views or engravings,
and one where a good light will fall on
the book which you may reach from the
table near. Make little studies of effect
which shall repay the more than casual
observer, and do not leave it possible for
one to make a criticism which applies to
so many homes, even of wealth and ele-
gance—fine carpet, handsome furniture,
a few pictures and elegant soirings—
but how dreary! The chilling atmos-
phere is felt at once, and we can not dis-
tinct ourselves of the idea that we must
maintain a stiff and severe demeanor, to
accord with the spirit of the place. Make
your homes, then, so cheerful that, if we
visit you, we may be joyous and uncon-
strained, and not feel ourselves out of
harmony with our surroundings.—Art
Review.

An old farmer said to his son: "Boys,
don't you ever speculate, or wait for
summit to turn up. You might just as
well go on an old down on a stone in the
middle of a meadow, with a pair of oxen
your legs, and wait for a cow to back up
to you to be milked."

A New Colorado Enterprise.

The Denver News gives the particulars
of a new enterprise, now in progress in
Colorado, which will be read with inter-
est by tourists who contemplate visiting
the "Switzerland of America." From
the interesting article referred to in the
News we glean the following:

"For some time past a number of gen-
tlemen have been negotiating for a large
tract of land in the vicinity of the base of
Pike's peak, the same to include the fa-
mous Colorado springs. This company
have purchased the springs and a large
number of acres in the immediate vicini-
ty, comprising four hundred and eighty
villa sites of one acre each, on the foun-
taine, and ten thousand acres on Mon-
ument creek. They will there lay out a
town to be known as Colorado Springs,
on the line of the Denver and Rio Grande
railway, the springs proper being about
five miles from the road. The springs
have been christened Villa la Front and
will be provided with a post office and tele-
graph station, as will also the railroad
depot. From the depot to the Villa a
fine carriage road will be constructed.
Villa la Front lies in the celebrated Ute
pass, from which El Paso county derives
its name. The natural scenery from
this point is magnificent. In the back-
ground, rises the grand dome of Pike's
peak, immediately in the front and left
and about eight miles away, reaches heav-
enward Cheyenne mountain, the bold
outline that completes the picture; and
on the right the garden of the gods. The
company will build a hotel at Colorado
Springs, the railroad depot, (using a tempo-
rary building for the present with the
intention of erecting one next spring to
cost at least \$100,000). They will also
establish at the springs a bottling busi-
ness with the best apparatus made for
bottling the waters and saving the carbon-
ic gas. This will form one of the in-
dustrial objects of the colony.

"The colony which has this matter in
hand is composed of some of the most
reliable party in the country. Several
have been identified with the Greeley col-
ony and have done a great work in de-
veloping that organization and bringing
it to its present state of perfection and
success. The colony is now opening to
membership. The figures are not yet
definitely settled upon, but will resemble
in general plan those adopted for the
membership of the Greeley colony. The
stock is fixed at \$300,000, of which \$100,
000 have already been subscribed, at \$100
per share, by prominent parties in New
York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Colo-
rado. By the time the Denver and Rio
Grande railway is completed to Colorado
Springs the hotel will be ready for the
reception and accommodation of all.

"A wagon road will be made from
Villa la Front to near the summit of
Pike's peak, and the trail road, also, up
the same peak, for the benefit of tourists
will be erected at the summit of Pike's
peak."

The Pillars of Hercules.

The Pillars of Hercules, on which
swing the gates of inlet and outlet to the
Mediterranean Sea, are but the posts of a
wicket compared with the gigantic por-
tals of De Fuen. The width of the en-
trance is fourteen miles. The northern
gate-post, Cape Boquilla, is the seaward
buttress of a range of mountains, some of
which are 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. They
are covered with fir trees to the summit.
Cape Platery, the headland on the
south, is a wonder that men in the vari-
ous sections of the United States should
travel around the globe to see it. It is the
termination of the snow-capped Olympic
range. Where it breaks down into the
ocean it is a perpendicular wall 100 feet
high, of rugged, contorted rock, a con-
glomerate of boulders and basaltic beach-
sand, round cobble-stones, and pebbles,
solidified into the hardness of adamant.
The material presents the resistance of
flint. But a force of nature in some far-
back age crumbled, broke and deranged it
as a man with the grip of his fingers
would splinter an army biscuit. Im-
mense blocks stand detached in every
position. Down beneath them the sea
has for centuries been drilling and boring
into the rock, and has made vast and
deep grottoes, and, arched, and colon-
nades, into which the tides ebb and flow,
and where the seals live and love and
raise families of baby seals, and where
violet, coral cormorants, petrels, guillemots,
harlequin ducks and maros make
nests, and make music of a deliciousness
that money cannot buy.

Franklin's Maxims.

1st. Plow deep, while snows sleep,
and you shall have corn to sell and keep.
2nd. Pride is as loud as want, and a
great deal more noisy.
3rd. Silks and satins, scarlets and vel-
vets, put out the kitchen fire.
4th. Diligence is the mother of good
luck.
5th. Pride breakfasted with Plenty,
dined with Poverty, and supped with In-
famy.
6th. Extravagance and improvidence
end at the prison door.
7th. It is easier to build two chimneys
than to keep one in fuel.
8th. If you would know the value of
money, go and try to borrow some.
9th. The eye of a master will do more
work than his hands.
10th. What maintains one vice would
bring up two children.
11th. He that goes borrowing returns
arrearing.
12th. Rather go to bed supperless than
rise in debt.
13th. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster
than labor wears.
14th. A life of leisure and a life of laz-
iness are two different things.
15th. Three reumas are as bad as five.
16th. Creditors have better memories
than debtors.
17th. The rolling stone gathers no
moss.
18th. If you would have your business
done, go, if not, send.

The Falmy Days of the Astor House.

Col. Forney, in his last chapter of
reminiscences of public men, says:

"The only man who can tell us all
about Daniel Webster at the Astor
House, New York, Charles Stetson,
I saw him a few weeks since, and found
him as genial and full of incidents as he
was when I first met under his storied
roof the leading characters of the period
—between 1854 and 1851—when John
Van Buren, Henry J. Raymond, George
Law, Horace Greeley, James T. Brady,
E. B. Hart, Marshal O. Roberts, John
Brougham, Daniel Sickles, Edwin For-
rest, Thurlow Weed, Henry G. Stebbins,
Peter Caggar, congregated there in so-
cial intercourse, to discuss politics and
poetry, science and art, steamships and
railroads, candidates and creeds.

"This goodly company is now widely
scattered. Some have been introduced
to the mysteries beyond the grave.
Webster, John Van Buren, James T.
Brady, Dean Richmond, Peter Caggar,
Henry J. Raymond, are entered upon the
endless roll of death. Thurlow
Weed is writing his memories in hon-
ored and philosophical retirement; Geo.
Law is living respected upon his im-
mense fortune, the product of a career of
unmatched energy; Marshal O. Roberts,
after an experience of still greater dan-
ger and progress, emerges from his re-
sponse to lend his large wealth and his
judgment to the grandest of all the Pa-
cific Railroads; Colonel Stebbins is the
devoted center of a circle of devoted
friends, the patrons of art, the Philoso-
pher, the Statesman, the advanced Demo-
crat, who was chosen to Congress with
out solicitation, and resigned, because if
he voted with the men who elected him he
would dishonor himself, and if he
voted against them he would betray
them." E. B. Hart, the leading repre-
sentative, and the best type of the He-
brews of New York, still survives the
party in old Tammany, and in the vast
charities of his race is their chief trustee
and counselor.

The Astor House, once the rendezvous
of these men and their cotemporaries,
sees them rarely within its honored walls.
The wave of fashion and wealth carries
them up town. Business holds them
only a few hours in its vicinity; the af-
ternoon and evening find them in their
distant homes, or in more convenient
clubs and hotels that have risen like so
many palaces along and near the mag-
nificent mansions stretching toward the
Central Park.

M. Rochefort a Prisoner.

Never, says the Versaille's correspond-
ent of the London Times, have I wit-
nessed a scene of greater excitement than
the entry of Rochefort into Versaille as
a prisoner. He was brought in by the
St. Germain road, and was seated in
the family omnibus drawn by two
horses. First came a squadron of
gendarmes, then the omnibus surrounded
by Chasseurs d'Afrique, and lastly a
squadron of the same corps. In the ve-
hicle with Rochefort were his secretary,
Mouriot, and four police agents dressed
in plain clothes. Outside the omnibus
were an officer of the gendarmierie in
uniform and two or three other ser-
vants de ville not in uniform. Rochefort's
moustache had disappeared. He had
himself shaved closely before setting
out from Paris, in order to disguise
himself, but there was no mistaking him.
It was half past one o'clock in the af-
ternoon when the cortege, arriving at the
end of the Boulevard de l'Est, entered the
Rue des Reservoirs. Every eye fan into
the street, and shouts of execration were
raised on all sides. It was no mere
demonstration of a mob. The citizens
of all classes joined in it. One man
ventured to cry, "Vive Rochefort!"
He was pelted by several persons who
happened to be near him, and was saved
from other violence only by arrest at
the hands of the sergent-de-ville. Along
the Rue des Reservoirs, the Rue de la
Hoche, the Place Belle, the Rue de
Poissy, and the Avenue St. Cloud, Rochefort
was greeted with incessant shouts of
"A bas l'assassin; a pied le brigand; a
mort!" The people wanted to have him
out of the omnibus, and it was with diffi-
culty the cavalry prevented them from
dragging him out and inflicting summary
executions upon him. The cav