THE
SALINE COUNTY JOURNAL

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M. D. & L. E. SAMPSON,

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County Commissioners—H. F. Woolley, chairman, S. M. Palmer and F. Kingman.
Clerk of the Districtcourt—A. S. Norton.
Probate Judge—A. M. Berks.
County Clerk—David Berks.
County Treasurer—C. E. Faulkner.
Sheriff—T. J. Going.
Register of Deeds—A. J. Minard.
County Attorney—J. G. Moulton.
Superintendent of Public Instruction—Wm. Bishop.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—J. W. Russell.
Councilmen—Frank Goodnow, Ira L. Carver, B. L. Wyson, H. C. Stanley, James Murphy.
Police Judge—N. F. Carroll.
Clerk—Fred Wildman.
Treasurer—R. H. Bishop.
Marshal—John S. Baker.
Attorney—M. D. Sampson.
Street Commissioner—A. G. Cohb.
Watchman—Chas. Falconer.

## Business Directory.

*ATTORNEYS AT LAW.*

**J. H. SNEAD,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas.

**F. A. WILDMAN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office, Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

**HENRY LOGAN,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Office over Geis & Co.'s bank.

**JOHN FOSTER,**
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office, over Geis' bank.

**MOHLER & CARVER,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office on Iron Ave., east of the postoffice, Salina, Kansas.

**W. S. WAIT,**
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Lincoln Center, Lincoln county, Kansas.

**E. W. HODGKINSON:**
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office with Capt. Wildman, Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kas.

**LOWE & HILLER,**
ATTORNEYS AT LAW., No. 96 Santa Fe Ave., Salina, Kansas.
S. S. LOWE. C. A. HILLER.

**JNO. C. SPIVEY,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Salina, Kansas. Will attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to him in Saline and the adjoining counties.

*PHYSICIANS.*

**J. W. CROWLEY, M. D.,**
(LATE SURGEON 13 MO. VOL. CAV.) Office, No. 64 Eight St., Salina, Kansas.

**J. W. JENNEY, M. D.,**
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office No. 59 Ash St., Salina, Kansas.

**SAM. I. FOX,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office—Santa Fe avenue, over Radcliff Bros. & Hall's hardware store, Salina, Kansas.

**J. W. DAILY, M. D.,**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, (formerly surgeon in the U. S. army hospital,) No. 66 Santa Fe avenue, Salina, Kansas.

**HENRY VERNON,**
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHER, Lincoln Center, Lincoln county, Kansas. Respectfully solicits the patronage of the people.

*DENTIST.*

**DR. R. E. NICKLES,**
DENTIST. Office over Hamlin & Woolley's.

*REAL ESTATE AGENT.*

**BISHOP & NORTON,**
General Real Estate Agents, No. 63 Santa Fe avenue

**JOHN W. BERKS,**
NOTARY PUBLIC. Office at the Kansas Central Land Agency.

*INSURANCE AGENTS.*

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General Insurance Agents, No. 63 Santa Fe avenue, Salina, Kansas.

*ABSTRACT OF TITLES.*

**BISHOP & NORTON,**
Proprietors of the only abstract of titles in Saline county.

*HOTELS.*

**TRAVELER'S HOUSE,**
W. THOM, PROPRIETOR. Good stable and good accommodations. Minneapolis, Ottawa county, Kansas.

**DURFEE HOUSE,**
R. A. DURFEE, PROPRIETOR. Corner New Hampshire and Pinckney Streets, Lawrence, Kansas.

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**S. C. SERVILLE,**
House, sign, fresco and carriage painter. Marbling' graining and paper hanging done with neatness and dispatch. No. 38 Fifth street, Salina, Kansas.

**E. S. MARTIN,**
HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE, GRAINING AND Fresco painter, Paper hanging &c. Shop on Santa Fe Avenue, south of Beebe's hardware store.

**J. R. CHAPMAN,**
HOUSE, SIGN AND CARRIAGE PAINTER. Glazing and paper hanging done with neatness and dispatch. Opposite Tressin's hardware store, up stairs.

**LAUGHLIN & FITZGERALD,**
CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS, Salina, Kansas. Are prepared to contract for buildings of any kind in city or county; also for moving buildings. Shop on 9th street.

*FREIGHTING.*

**CHARLES HOLMQUIST.**
DRAYMAN, Salina, Kansas. All kinds of freighting in and about the city promptly done. Leave orders with him or at Lindgren Brother's store.

**BRICK! BRICK!**

The undersigned has now in kiln and will continue to manufacture during the season a sufficient quantity of bricks to supply all demands. These bricks are made of best brick clay and with the utmost care.

Parties desiring to build may rely on a supply at the shortest notice.

HENRY SHEAR.

# The Saline County Journal.

VOLUME 2. SALINA, KANSAS, DECEMBER 19, 1872. NUMBER 45.

H. N. LEONARD. D. S. DODDS.

**LEONARD & DODDS,**

**CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS,**

SALINA, KANSAS.

Are prepared to do all work in our line in a workmanlike manner and with promptness. Orders from the country solicited.

☞ Will be found at Goodnow's Lumber Yard, Santa Fe avenue.

**CHARLES GOETHALS,**

MANUFACTURER OF AND DEALER IN

**Shot Guns, Rifles and Revolvers**

OF ALL KINDS.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY. Special attention given to

**Sewing Machines.**

NO. 70 SANTA FE AVENUE, SALINA, KANSAS.

**CITY BAKERY,**

**At Dr. Grier's Old Stand.**

**Confectionery and Bakery.**

Pies and Cakes of all kinds. Cheese and Fruits of all descriptions. Nuts of all kinds. Sardines, &c.

***Hot Tea and Coffee at all Hours.***

**Fresh Oysters in Every Style.**

Cakes of all kinds made to order on short notice.
GEO. J. LAY, Proprietor.

S. P. RINGQUIST. C. HAMLIN.

**Ringquist & Hamlin,**

**MERCHANT TAILORS,**

**114 Santa Fe avenue, Salina, Kansas.**

We have on hand the best qualities of cloth ever brought to Salina. We have a most fashionable cutter, whose equal can not be found in Central or Western Kansas. We have also a good and complete stock of ready-made clothing. For cheapness in cloths and durability we can excel all the clothiers of this part of the state.

**NEW MEAT MARKET.**

—ON—

SANTA FE AVENUE, SALINA, KANSAS,

BY

**Ellison & Carlberg,**

Where the people of Saline will find

**Choice Fresh Meats**
AND
**Dried and Smoked Meats.**

We hope by industry and fair dealing to merit a share of public patronage. Our motto is "Live and Let Live." Highest Cash Price paid for Hides.

JOHN GEIS, WM. H. GEIS. ANDREW FOSTER, C. P. IKE.

**JOHN GEIS & CO.,**

**BANKERS,**

**Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kas.**

Transact a general Banking business. Draw drafts on all the principal cities of the United States and Europe. Moneys received on deposit. Interest allowed on money deposited for a specified time. American and foreign coin and Agricultural College and county script bought and sold. Accounts of merchants cattle dealers and others solicited. An assortment of U. S. revenue stamps constantly on hand.

**PACIFIC HOUSE,**

JEFFRIES & POSTLEWAIT, Proprietors,

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,

SALINA, - KANSAS.

**Free 'Bus to and from all Trains.**

The Pacific House is a new building and contains the conveniences of a first class hotel. A spacious sample room has been opened and arranged for the use of travelers. It is located nearly opposite the county buildings, where good board can be obtained at all times with or without rooms. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**George Krueger,**

**ARCHITECT and BUILDER.**

Is prepared to execute contracts for building in good style and on reasonable terms.

**Plans and Specifications Drawn**

to order, buildings measured up and computed, maps constructed. Job work done to order.

**SHOP:**

South of Baptist church, on Ninth street.

**CITY MEAT MARKET.**

**Z. W. MORROW**

Would say to the citizens of Salina and vicinity that he has opened a cash meat market for the sale of all kinds of meat and vegetables, on the

**Cor. 7th street and Iron avenue.**

Thanking the citizens for their former patronage, he would say that by fair dealing and close attention to business that he will strive to give satisfaction to all who may call on him.

Highest cash paid for hides and furs.

Z. W. MORROW.

**SALINA HOUSE,**

**Opposite Depot.**

EAST SIDE, TWO DOORS FROM CORNER.

**Meals on arrival of all Trains**

Good Meals and Lodgings at reasonable rates.

***FREE STABLE***

To those who wish to find their own feed.

**no connection with the rookery at the corner that has copied my sign.**

W. D. JENNERSON, Proprietor.

Salina, Kansas, Feb. 30th 1872.

**Established in 1865.**

**Oldest Business House in Salina**

**Dihle & Davis,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN AND MANUFACTURERS OF

**Harness, Saddles, Collars, &c.**

**Also Bridles, Whips, &c.**

96 SANTA FE AVENUE,

**SALINA, KANSAS.**

### FATE.

BY BRET HARTE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare;
The spray of the tempest is white in air;
The winds are out with the waves at play,
And I shall not tempt the sea to-day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,
And I shall not join the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea;
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was built upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

### THE HOLLOW OAK.

Deep in the heart of the forest, not far removed from the right bank of the Mississippi, Simon Grant built his cabin, and set to work clearing the land that immediately surrounded it. His family consisted besides himself, of a wife and two small children, both of the latter being under four years of age.

Not another white person was there within the radius of at least two miles; but the forest was thronged with savages and wild beasts; the latter were no more treacherous than the red-skins, or made more savage warfare against the settlers.

The pioneers upon the river said that Simon Grant was beside himself thus to penetrate alone so deeply into the forest, where he would get no support from his friends in case of danger, but he stoutly declared that he was as safe as any of them, and his chance as good for steering clear of danger.

And so for a year he had lived in his little world by himself, and no harm had come to them, despite of prophecies that had so often been made.

Little by little the clearing about the cabin enlarged its borders, beneath the sturdy strokes of his axe, and fields of waving corn and wheat took the place of the forest trees, and hid the blackened and unsightly stumps from the gaze.

One tree only, had been spared in the whole clearing, and that stood some dozen rods from the cabin.

It was a huge wide-spreading oak, with a great gnarled trunk that looked half as large as the settlers cabin.

Its branches extended far and wide, shadowing much of the neighboring ground, and not a few there were who had come to the clearing but what asked him why it was that he had spared the tree, which shaded so much of the fertile ground around it.

To this observation he would reply that it was a notion of his, that the tree was grand looking, and that it would seem a shame to cut it down.

And, besides, its trunk was so large that it would be no easy task to accomplish it.

These might have been plausible reasons, but the one he did not give, that he wished to keep a secret to himself and family, for fear that in some way it might get to the ears of those from whom he desired to keep it.

The real cause why the tree had been spared was that it was hollow.

In its very heart there was a large cavity in which the settler and his family could with ease bestow themseves away, should danger threaten them, or the occasion demand.

This was his castle of refuge, and here he had made all preparations which lay in his power for a successful defense should he be attacked in his stronghold.

The entrance to this cavity was so very small that he had to enlarge it somewhat to force his body through, and once inside there was considerable to be done in removing the rotten wood that clung to its sides, and the debris that had fallen to the bottom.

Many odd hours he had worked here, till all was arranged to his mind.

A piece of bark was made to serve for a door, and so nicely was this joined to that on the old trunk, that a casual glance would not have revealed it.

By dint of patience he had constructed a couple of loop-holes through the sides, so that he could observe what was passing without, and thrust the muzzle of his rifle into them should the occassion demand.

Here, too, at all times, he kept a small quantity of provisions, enough to stand a short siege from the redskins.

To this stronghold it was his intention to retire in case of danger, should he have warning in time to leave the cabin.

He thought that they would stand a better chance for their lives in the heart of the oak than in the cabin, and in this he was correct, as events soon showed.

Late one afternoon he was at work felling trees, upon the outskirts of his clearing, at a spot the farthest removed from his cabin that he could be and still have it in sight.

The sun was well-nigh down, and in a little more it would have tou ned and disappeared behind the tree-tops.

He was cutting into the side of the forest plants, and he meant if possible to send it to the ground before the sunlight was gone.

The sound of the sturdy blows of his axe resounded throughout the clearing, making music for his ears and those so dear to him in the cabin.

Closer and closer grew the sun to the tree tops, and slow but surely his axe eat its way to the heart of the tree, there to meet the notch he had cut upon the other side.

Only a little of the solid wood now remained, and already the tree began to tremble, as though conscious of the doom that awaited it. A few moments more, and just as the sun went down, it gave a groan that seemed wrung from its very heart, and then tottered and went crashing to the ground.

With feelings of satisfaction that his task for the day was ended, the settler stood leaning upon his axe, contemplating the work his hands had wrought.

At that moment the sharp report of a rifle rang out upon the still evening air, and a bullet whizzed so close past his head that he unvoluntarily raised his hand as if to see that it had done him no harm.

A white smoke curled up amid the trees in the edge of the forest, showing the spot where the would-be assasin stood, and from the nearness of the range, Simon Grant wondered that he had escaped with his life.

That one or more red skins were lurking about to take his life he had no doubt; and he felt that the safest place for him was with his family.

Giving one more hasty glance into the forest, now fast filling with the shades of coming night, he started for the cabin, in the door of which he could perceive his wife and children, brought thither in alarm by the sound of the firing.

The distance was some forty rods, but the settler was not long in passing over it, and gaining his own doorway, where he was accosted by his wife with a face almost as pale as death.

"Simon, are you hurt?" she cried with apprehension, as she stood aside that he might enter.

"No, Mary. If I were I could hardly make so good time as I have done, coming from the forest. But I came within one of getting a bullet through my head. It came so close to my cheek that I could feel it when it went by."

The cheek of the settler's wife again blanched. "They must have meant to take your life," she said.

"Yes," he answered, "and I fear they will not give up now. We will have trouble with them to-night."

"What makes you think so, Simon?"

"Because they have been hanging round the settlement for a number of days, and they won't leave until they commit some outrage. This morning I saw two of them gliding along past the edge of the woods, and I was afraid they meant us harm. If they had not they would have come openly here, as they have been wont to do in times past."

"What shall we do Simon?"

"We will wait here quietly until it is dark, and then take our lodgings in the oak. We can be comfortable there during the night, at any rate; and if harm is intended us we shall stand a better chance for our lives, than we should in the cabin."

"Yes, that is the best way, I think, Simon, but are you sure they know nothing of our hiding place?"

"I know that there are none save ourselves that know of it," he anwered confidently.

They now entered the cabin, closing the door after them, and proceeded to make the little preparation which was necessary to take up their lodgings elsewhere. Once or twice, with his rifle in his hand, Simon went to the door and cautiously opened it, and looked abroad over the clearing, and the last time he thought sure he saw a savage skulking about behind the stumps, half hidden by the thick shadows that were gathered around.

At last the night was well down, and the time had come for them to change their quarters.

Once more the door was opened, and the settler with his rifle in one hand, and holding that of his eldest child with the other, passed through while his wife with the youngest in her arms came close after. Then the door was carefully closed and fastened behind them, and with hurried steps they passed on to the Hollow Oak.

Once arriving beneath its wide-spreading branches they were not long in cuscousing themselves within the cavity which had been formed by nature, and fashioned by art. Everything was arranged to make them as comfortable as possible through the night, and then they waited to see what the hours might bring forth.

They thought that they had made their exit from the cabin without being seen, but the eyes of the wily savages were upon them, and one lurking in their rear had seen them come forth and had followed them till they had disappeared beneath the branches of the oak. Then he waited several minutes to see them emerge upon the other side, but in this he was disappointed, and so at last made up his mind that they had hidden there, fearful of an attack by his brethren.

To make sure of their whereabouts he began cautiously to approach the tree, and at last the settler, with his ear to one of the loop-holes he had made, caught the sound of his stealthy footsteps.

Quickly his eye was applied to the aperture, and in a moment it rested upon the dusky outlines of the savage. A moment's scrunity convinced him that the savage had watched their movements and knew that they were secreted somewhere about the tree. To put him out of the way so that he might not communicate to the others what he knew, should they be lurking about, seemed the best course for him to pursue, and quickly raising his rifle he thrust the muzzle into the aperture, and taking quick aim upon the savage, fired.

The sharp report in so close quarters seemed to stun them all, while the flame and smoke that flashed from the pan of the rifle almost stifled them. The children began to cry; and it was all that Mrs. Grant could do to hush them so that they might not be heard outside of their hiding place, while her husband proceeded to relode his rifle, to be in readiness for another savage, should he present himself.

This done, he again applied his eye to the loop-hole and the savage had fallen in his tracks, and lay outstretched upon the earth.

At that moment a fierce warhoop rang out upon the still evening air, and as if by magic a half dozen savages sprang up about the tree, and the next moment a shower of bullets went crashing through the branches above their heads, [illegible]

settler and his family had taken refuge there.

"Heaven protect us!" cried Mrs. Grant in a frightend tone. "They have discovered our hiding place."

"No," said the settler. "It is not hardly so bad as that. They think we are somewhere about the tree, up in the branches, where their bullets can reach us, but in this they are mistaken. Let them fire at random as much as they will. Their bullets cannot pierce the side of the oak, and as yet we are safe."

Another yell of savage rage at this moment saluted their ears. The redskins found that their bullets fired at random done them no good, and they evinced their disappointment.

One of their number at this moment presented himself within range, and the settler could not resist the temptation of bringing him down, and with having one less to contend with. So, quick as thought, he took aim upon him and fired; and a shout of rage from the throats of the savages told him that his shot had done its work.

The next moment a shower of bullets again cut through the foliage of the oak, but those beneath who heard their singing as they went by, were unharmed.

"Courage!" exclaimed Simon, in a low tone. "So long as they do not find the entrance to this place, we have nothing to fear; and for them to do so in the dark is next impossible. If they will only come within range, I will have them all up out here in less than half an hour."

And thus the battle went on. With her children clasped in her arms, Mrs. Grant sat up against the side of the oak, while he husband worked for their salvation. One after another went down under his rifle, until not less than six lay heaped upon the earth within a short distance of the tree.

There was another of the party, for the settler had seen seven in all; but he did not show himself; alarmed at the fate of the rest, he had taken himself off that he might not be made to share it.

Our friends were no more disturbed through the night. When the sun had risen in the morning, Simon emerged from his castle, and found only the dead savages near him and so he at once conducted his family back to the cabin, which he found untouched.

That day he dug a deep pit in the earth, at the spot where the savages had fallen, and burried them there. The secret of the oak was still preserved, and he tenanted it many nights afterwards.

### The Living Ass Kicks the dead Lion.

The Chicago Evening *Post*, a Republican paper, is very severe on Senator Cameron, who by his action in the U. S. Senate, prevents an adjournment out of respect to the memory of Horace Greeley. It says: It is to be hoped that the Democratic press will no longer charge the President with being controlled by Mr. Simon Cameron. Two events of very recent occurrence would seem to absolve the President from any responsibility for Mr. Cameron's conduct, and if they would have the effect of absolving Mr. Cameron from all connection with the President, probably nobody but Mr. Cameron would mourn. These two events are the appointment to the postmastership at Philadelphia; and the widely different course of the President and Mr. Cameron, in relation to the death of Mr. Greeley. The ineffably mean action of Mr. Cameron in the Senate yesterday, preventing, by a parliamentary trick, the adjournment of that body out of respect to Mr. Greeley's memory, will challenge nothing but contempt. As a specimen of revenge, it is without parallel in American history. As an exemplification of manhood, it is without precedent in civilized society. As a stroke of party wisdom, it should never be imitated. An event over which a nation mourns, is one out of respect for which a nation's Senate could well sacrifice a few hours that would at this stage of public business, be devoted to nothing of public importance; and a man whose coffin is to be followed to its grave by a President, a Cabinet, and many Congressmen, is a man to whom a tribute from Mr. Lincoln's dismissed Secratary of War would not be reckoned in the light of a personal sacrifice. Somebody has said that "the capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have the profoundest sympathies." Mr. Cameron has not, of course, done anything which justifies astonishment at his asinine stroke at a dead man, for nobody wold suspect him for a moment of belonging to the loftiest of the race. But his devotion in life to public business will not be forgotten on his death. It ought to console him to reflect that when he has reached the narrow walls of wood in which his late antagonist lies to-day, there can hardly be any quarrel as to wheather or not the Senate shall adjourn in honor of his memory.

### Horace Greeley on Fame and his Epitaph.

"Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion. And yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established will live and flourish long after I shall have mouldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, and a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone that covers my ashes may bear to future ager the still intelligible inscription: "FOUNDER OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE."

One Missouri editor says of an other that "his ears would do for sausage to a ten-story wholesale hog-packing establishment."

Josh Billings says: "Take awl the ghosts and the good lick out of the world, and it would bother money ov no end glad thing."

### The State Penitentiary.

From the annual report of the warden and directors of the state penitentiary, now in the hands of the public printer, we gather the following interesting facts concerning the operations of that institution for the past year:

The number of prisoners now in the penitentiary is 333, an increase of 30 during the year. Of these, 273 are white males, 57 colored males, 1 white female, and 2 colored females. Only about one-half of the prisoners can read and write, and over one-half of them are between the ages of 16 and 25 years. A large proportion of the sentences are for larceny, and the terms of imprisonment run from two months to twenty days (?)—one being for twenty-one years, another for twenty-two years, and still another for life. Not a prisoner has escaped and not a death has occurred during the year, two facts which sufficiently demonstrate the thoroughness of the discipline and the excellent care which is taken of the prisoners. The cost of boarding both prisoners and officers during the year was 17 1-6 cents a head per day, against 17 1-2 cents last year. In 1867 the state paid contractors for boarding the prisoners 75 cents a head per day.

All of the prisoners are now employed in various branches of manufacturing, and in work upon the new prison buildings. During the past year, 84,329 days' labor were performed, and the earnings were about $35,000. When it is remembered that no shops were organized until October, 1868, and that the facilities for utilizing the various forms of labor are still quite limited, this showing must be considered a very satisfactory and encouraging one. The warden thinks that when the contemplated new shops are completed, the institution can be made self sustaining; and to that end he asks that the necessary appropriations be promptly made.

The penitentiary is entirely out of debt, and has a balance of $11,000 on hand, together with an increase of $16,590 in personal property. The estimates of funds for the ensuing fiscal year are as follows: For current expenses, $84,490; for buildings and improvements, $40,800; total, $125,290. The estimated earnings for the year, including amounts due from patrons, $51,130—leaving a balance of $74,160 to be appropriated by the legislature.

The warden recommends that a law be passed authorizing the directors to allow a larger deduction of sentences for good conduct, and to add time to the sentences proper for infractions of the prison discipline—thus giving the prisoner a chance to work himself out of prison by good conduct, or, on the other hand to prolong his imprisonment by bad conduct.

The directors pay a high and well deserved tribute to Major Hopkins, the warden, for his superior management of the penitentiary. Major Hopkins is admirably fitted in all respects for the position. He gives his personal attention to all the details in charge, and he has humane and progressive ideas concerning the treatment of prisoners. He has brought the penetentiary to an advanced standard of excellence, and merits special credit for his laborious and successful efforts.—*Commonwealth.*

### Professional Laughers.

The hilarious Philadelphian known as "Laughing Bill," whose cachinnatory gifts have gained him a wide celebrity, and rendered him a terror to all theatrical managers who have ever been afflicted with his patronage, would evidently find his most promising field for attaining usefulness and popularity in France. In Paris professional laughers of ability find ready engagement at the music halls, where they are scattered among the audiences to lead the laugh at all the comic passages, and by the contagious influence of their stimulated mirth evoke demonstrations of merriment on the slightest provocation. In this profession, however, as in others, strict attention to duty is required in order to attain success, as an incident which occurred recently in a *cafe chantant* is the Champs Elysees forcibly illustrates. One of the professional laughers employed at that establishment permited himself to fall into a doze, and on suddenly awaking, found, as he thought, that the performances had arrived at a stage where his services were imperatively required, whereupon he immediately worked himself into a most excruciating fit of laughter. The next instant he found himself upon his back, with about a hundred infuriated Frenchmen dancing over his prostrate body. The unfortunate man had mistaken his cue, and had burst out in the midst of a tushing couplet about Alsace and Lorraine.

### English and American Girls.

Miss Kate Field's eight months in England have given her time to view and compare—at a distance—American women and their rights, and she says very decidedly "we have the best of it," and she wishes that, instead of American ladies adopting European customs, they would preserve their own (being so much more desirable) until they would offer an example the whole world may copy. "Unmarried women are suppressed to a dreadful extent. To me they and their dreadful maids are the most forlorn, as well as the most absurd of sights." Englishmen, while they would frown upon an English girl "striking out" for herself after Miss Field's independent fashion, were ready enough to compliment and approve of the young American lady and to her deplorable the stupid propriety which they claim is always prominent in the manner of English girls toward them. But woe betide these same girls if they attempt to follow her example. So she concludes herself that the Isle Albion, and Isle all her family, [illegible] do [illegible] rule.

### Father Hill's Watermelons.

"Come Harry, we have old Hill's watermelons to-night; the moon does not rise till nearly twelve, and we shall have them all eaten by that time; so throw down your Euclid and come along, the rest of the boys are waiting outside."

So said Charley S., one of the wildest boys in the old Harvard, as he burst into my room, all excitement, in the night in question. Now "Old Hill," as Charley called him, was what the boys call a mean. He had the finest lot of watermelons in the whole village, and we knew it. Every season some of us tried to steal them; but the old man was quite as sharp as we were, and generally outwitted us. Salt, fine shot and powder were used without mercy; and he would carry his melons to market in triumph. But this year we were resolved to have them.

Accordingly, on the night in question, we started, taking with us three large canvass bags, which we intended to carry back full of melons. The night was intensely dark, and we had some trouble in finding the field in which our wouldbe prizes lay. At last Charley declared he had found it.

Climbing the fence—which, by the way, was not done without some loss—Ned leaving the skirt of his coat hanging upon a nail, we stood within the field of labor.

"This does not look to me like the place; but it is so infernally dark I can't see," whispered Ned. Charley declared we were right; and then a dispute arose the noise of which might have brought old Hill to the spot, had it not been ended by Charley's stumbling against something which he at once declared to be a "whacking big watermelon." This, of course, put a stop to all argument; and we at once went to work to fill the bags. These were about half full when we heard some one coming.

"Lie down, boys," whispered Charley; "there's old Hill."

After lying almost breathless a few moments Ned declared it to be some one passing in the road, and we again went to work. The bags were soon full, and, some trouble in getting them over the fence, we started for home.

"We'll get wet before we get back," said Charley: "I wish we had hurried."

"Never mind," observed Ned; "we have got the melons, and that is more than we could ever say before; so who cares for a little soft water."

In a few moments the rain began to pour down. The bags were heavy and we made but slow progress, so that we were very soon wet to the skin.

"How mad I should have been if we had not got the melons, and were taking this ducking for nothing," said Charley. "As it is, I don't care, for the pleasure of eating the 'forbidden fruit' will more than pay for getting wet. But really," continued he, "I wish the water would take some other course than down my back, for it is decidedly uncomfortable." This set us all in a laugh, which rather melted Charley, and he was silent the rest of the way.

At last we reached the boarding house and leaving the bags standing in the entry, we proceeded to the kitchen to get dry.

"Won't old Hill swear when he misses his watermelons?" said Ned. "We must keep it to ourselves, though, or we shall get into a scrape; and I don't care about being suspended this year."

"You got enough of it last year, didn't you?" said Charley, alluding to a scrape in which Ned was concerned the year before, and for which he received a severe reprimand.

"Now you keep still, Charliy," returned Ned, "or I will bring to mind some of your short-comings; and you know that they are not few or far between."

After a few moments more spent in joking at each others expense, we proceeded to carry the bags up to Charley's room.

"Now hurrah for the melons," said Ned, putting his head into a bag and drawing forth—no, not a melon, but a pumpkin! The truth flashed upon us at once. Owing to the darkness of the night we had lost our way, and got into a wrong field, where we had been gathering pumpkins instead of melons.

"How my back aches from this confounded bag," said Charlie, giving it a contemptible kick with his foot. "Look here," said another, "and look at my clothes, made a jacket of without my consent, and all for three bags of pumpkins."

We agreed to keep still about it, but it leaked out some way, and the word pumpkin was enough to drive any of us out of the room for weeks after, and I assure you the word was very frequently used.

### Religious Exercises.

They tell a good story on Jerry Thompson and Charley Leonard, two printer friends and inseparables, who were out in a boat fishing, a long distance from the piers, in Chicago, last summer, and who were overtaken by a violent nor'easter, which not only rendered their piscatorial efforts fruitless, but made it strongly suggestive of shipwreck and disaster.

After struggling manfully against wind and tide until it was evident that it was useless, they both gave up, discouraged and affrighted, and very naturally began to think over their Sunday School lessons. After brooding over their desperate situation awhile, a bright idea—a ray of hope—seemed to shoot athwart the mind of Jerry. Said he, "Charley, can you pray?"

"No," groaned Charley, "I could once, when I was a boy, but that was a long while before I knew you."

Then ensued another long silence, until a white-cap combed over the stern sheets, and roused Jerry with a shock, when he again groaned out:

"Charley can you sing a *Sam?*"

"No," said Charley, "I don't know any song but 'Champagne Charley,' 'Ding dang doo,' and 'Old Obedin,' and I can't sing much, no how."

"Well," rejoined Jerry, who by this time was both perplexed and desperate, "Charley, I didn't think you was such a blasted heathen. If you can't pray nor sing a Sam, do take up a collection! for we must have some sort of religious exercises!"

In an advertisement by a [illegible] company of some unclaimed goods [illegible] "dropped from the wind" [illegible] and in such way, "People in these parts are [illegible] of the [illegible] and pay the [illegible]