

A WOOD CHOPPER'S QUESTIONS.

Letter From Highland Park.

Editor Miner:

SIR—I was hired by Joe Haines to cut wood for the Bell Company, we were to get \$1.50 per cord, and eight feet was to count as two cords. Six feet was to be a cord and a half and four feet one cord. I was to chop 90 cords this way, thirty-three of each length. Haines said we were to be paid \$20 at Christmas as the Company was a little short of money and were to get the rest of our money on March 1st. I am not growing at the company, but I want to know why Haines treated us the way he did. I cannot find him anywhere and some of the Butte merchants say he has left the country. He did not get us our \$20 at the holidays and then he told us we were to be paid half of all that was coming to us about January 15. Well, that time is past, and we ain't got our money yet. Haines took the money that was to come to us and paid off ten Chinamen that were working for him. So we were left without any money at all, and had to sell our wood to Mr. Williams of the Colorado Smelter, at a heavy loss. We only got \$1.25 from Williams, and would have gotten \$1.50 from the Bell Company if Haines had come up to the mark. A poor man can't afford to lose money this way, especially all on account of them blasted yellow-skinned heathens. The sweet-scented Chinamen got all the money that was coming to them, but the white man got left out in the cold.

A CHOPPER.

Answers to Correspondents.

CHICAGO, Jan.—14, 1882.

Professor Blamish, Butte, M. T.

MY DEAR SIR—I see your name in a number of the Holiday MINER which a friend of mine gave me recently. I had noticed that Butte was such an enterprising city, and I see you are stopping there and teaching. I imagine I can see your fair, fresh face with its sweet, innocent look yet? Still, I doubt if you remember me. I met you last summer on the corner of Wabash Avenue, and Filiration Alley. Would that I could hear thee sing again! Canst warble as of yore? Write to me, and tell me if you love me still the same, but oh, deal gently with me, else this too tender heart will be a-sake. Ever as of old,

SERAPHINE.

Note: It is fearful to think of the natives of Montana commit on their maddest. It is evident that there is a thrilling romance of the heart concealed somewhere about Seraphine's epistle. The letter is genuine but of course the real names are omitted. It is published for the benefit of lovers who at the same in all ages, climates and latitudes. We can not attempt to answer, but suggest that some of our poetic contributors, the last occupant of the "Poets' Corner" for instance, should reply in verse. We are not versed in such matters, indeed are decidedly adverse to them.—Ed. "Poets' Corner."

A Feminine Hydrant.

There is a hydrant on West Park street, near the scene of the late fire, which is characterized by a true feminine and slippery sensitiveness. There is a broad glare of ice leading from the fire hydrant about a foot above the place where a sidewalk ought to be, down to the middle of the street. The unwary water drawer, man or maid, generally slips upon the ice. As often as not the hydrant is set under the spout, and when about full, glides gently down the inclined ice, and empties itself on the other side of the street. Then the man comes swarming around the hydrant, and starts for the bucket, only to sit down on the cold, cold ice, and jar the sensitive portions of his system. As the icy tide of travel pauses on the other side of the street, where there is not but ought to be another sidewalk, a gentle knock stimulates the water drawer to renewed exertion. The air gets warm then, and the man gets red in the face, but the ice does not melt.

Police News.

Mahan, charged with an attempt at arson, will probably have a hearing to-day before Judge Wilcox in the police court. The condition of the baby, which was rescued from the flames last Friday night was quite dangerous yesterday and the case has been postponed for some time to await the result. Mahan claims entire innocence of the whole affair. Samuel H. Stevenson was tried yesterday in the police court on the charge of larceny. He is accused of having stolen a wolf robe from a transfer wagon belonging to Owsley & Valton, at the T. & N. depot last Sunday night. This firm and Roberts & Co. have missed several articles of the sort recently. On one occasion a search warrant was sworn out against Stevenson. Yesterday he was convicted and sentenced to thirty days imprisonment, twenty dollars fine and costs.

The Calico Ball.

As announced by an advertisement in another column of the MINER the calico ball for the benefit of Butte Fire Brigade No. 1 will take place on the evening of Tuesday, February 14, in Renshaw's hall. Tickets at \$3.00 each are for sale by H. Jacobs & Co., Sands & Boyce and the members of the Fire Brigade. The bravery and energy of our firemen at the recent fires in this city have appealed so strongly to the admiration of the citizens that there is no doubt in the world of a large attendance at this entertainment for their benefit. The company need a hose and engine house just now especially.

Land League.

The Butte branch of the Irish Land League are considering the question of inviting Messrs. Healey, O'Connor and Power, members of Parliament from Ireland, to visit Butte and address the League here. These gentlemen are now visiting in California and Nevada. Mr. Peter Breen, Pres. of the Eureka Land League, Friday evening received the following telegram: "You may expect Mr. O'Connor at the end of February. Will give you ample notice by letter. T. Flanagan."

Attention, New Chicago!

A subscriber of the MINER in New Chicago writes this office requesting a change of address for the paper and that it be sent to Edwardsville. No name is attached to the request, and compliance is of course impossible.

Library Club.

There will be a special meeting of this club at the Calico Hall, this (Wednesday) evening, February 1st, at 7:30 p.m.; for the transaction of important business. All members are requested to attend promptly. The meeting is called by order of the President, and the call issued by James W. Forbis, Esq., Secretary.

A Utah Murder.

"California Bill," real name William Nugent, from Sacramento, Cal., was shot and instantly killed by William Duffly, at Blake City, Utah, Sunday, January 22.

Comments of the English Press on the Verdict.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—The verdict in the Guiteau trial is unanimously approved, but elicits from the Times the most offensive article it has published since the rebellion. It declares that the American people are satisfied with the verdict of the trial, which was a broad farce enacted in a court without one symptom of popular disapprobation. It doubts whether the nation which has turned the sufferings of Garfield to food for sensation, the crime into a jest, and the trial into a prolonged farce has a right to hang Guiteau. It insists that English sympathies expressed at the time of the President's death are now proved to have been unnecessary, and it affirms that all American educated people excepted—said by Garfield's bedside, not as sympathizers, but as dabblers in the mysteries of physiognomy, special authors on the chances for a man threatened with pyemia. The whole article is a series of studied insults.

Saturday's Review follows suit in remarking that Guiteau is a typical American, urging that not merely the peculiar offensiveness of the criminal, but the peculiarity of the crime itself are directly traceable to Democracy scandalous trials. It is directly traceable to Democratic politics of society and suggests that Guiteau's outburst in Court proceeded from generous indignation at finding his liberty restrained, his motives questioned and his character assailed. It points to the showing of the President as the result of 100 years of unbridled Democracy, and concludes that the Democratic Hell may at least be thanked for an instructive lesson.

Frelinghuysen Takes a Hand in the Chili-Peru Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—To the President in further response to the resolutions of the Senate of the 13th ult., calling for correspondence touching affairs in and between Chile and Peru, the Secretary of State has the honor to lay before the President the special report of a cipher telegram from the special envoy lately sent to those countries, Tresselt. In these telegrams he reports ahead several confidential conferences with the minister of foreign affairs of Chile; that the Chilean government disclaims any intention of offending the United States in the arrest of President Calderon and his removal to Chilean territory; that the good offices of the United States will be accepted by Chile; and that the Chilean authorities will facilitate a conference between the United States special envoy and the provincial government of Peru, with the exception of Senor Calderon. The terms of peace presented by Chile embrace the following points: Absolute cession of the Larapaca district, and in addition thereon the payment of an indemnity of \$2,000,000 payable in ten years, during all which time the present occupation of Arica by Chile is required, and should the indemnity be unpaid, Arica is also to be ceded to Chile; and, besides this, Chile is to appropriate the guano deposits of Lobos Island.

In the event of Peru refusing the conditions named, the Chilean government would respectfully decline any further proffer of the friendly interference of the United States. The remainder of the telegram is oblong and it is uncertain whether the Department of State is able to translate from the cipher the exact language, or from the cipher the sense of the sender, even to obtain the sense of a single word. For this reason, as well as from a wish to avoid discussing the cipher of the Department, the substance only of the dispatch is sent. Respectfully submitted, FRED'K. FRELINGHUYSEN. DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, Jan. 27, 1882.

THE GUILTY BOY.

I am a guileless office boy of sentiment and soul. And that is why it makes me sad to have to carry coal. To set the office stove aglow, and make the hot-toes sing. And garner all the shaves with an ancient turkey's wing.

Each day I have to sweep the floor, and beat the dusty mat, And run about and pay the checks on curr-comb the cat. And fetch the Monday can of beer, and trim the prony lamps, Address the yellow envelopes, and lick the postage stamps.

The man who pays me glides around with high-saluta pomp. And if I walk across the room he tells me not to romp, And casts on me tyrannic frowns if I bat an eye or speak. And all the shirkels I receive is dollars two per week.

My driver is a horsey swell and wears a diamond pin. An ulster checked, and he is up in all the ways of sin: A man who at Manhattan Beach will purchase pools, elate, And lay his strut out dead on a straddle or a straight.

If I have nothing on my hands, that man will quickly yell: "Go forth and see my lady love and ask her if she's well!" Or else I have to fold my arms and sit upon a stool, And look just like the little boy who loves his Sunday school.

I have to brush his overcoat ere thought of home he goes, And with a feather duster bang his pantaloons and shoes; And with his daily marketing I have to home-wash hop, While foam the cabbage and the beet above the basket-top.

Oh, give me back the happy days, the days I used to know, When I was beside old Skinner's mill I used to sloe; When I was, adroitly bended, made the teacher start and jump, And I soaked the stikin tomat in the spritle of the pump.

I'd like to stone the hornet's nest, and club the tarsus frog, And sing like sweet Theocritus, and own a fighting dog; And walk the wood where sleepy winds sent flower scents afloat, And throw the subtle brickbat at the unsuspecting goat.

I'd wander by the brooklets in the daisy sprinkled dell, I'd log the berry-bucket for my little playmate Nell; And loast her in the branches long before the pill was null, To dodge the ministrations of the brindled Durham bull.

What bliss once more to hooky play and loaf around the town, And think how fine to run away and be a circus clown; A plaid or a burglar; these professions were my joy Before I evolved to a woful office boy.

Oh, take me back, oh, take me back unto my boyhood home, And from its fragrant precincts let me never, never roam; But stay there, where the pine trees on the hill-top wearily moan, Where the small boys hunt the mastrat and the broker is unknown. —[R. K. Munkittrick, in Paek.]

Weakness of the Superlative in Speech.

A characteristic essay, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, on "The Superlative," forms a leading feature of the *Middleton Century*, and contains the following: There is a superlative temperament which has no medium range, which swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point, and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing, convulsed through life—wailing, praying, exclaiming, swearing. We talk, sometimes with people whose conversation would lead you to suppose that they had lived in a museum, where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phoenixes; their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar: "most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are enlaided, they are desolate, because you have got or have not got a shoe-string or a water you happen to want—not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives, and weaker; that the position is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. If the taker lose a tooth, he thinks the universe shaw and dissolution of things has come. Controvert his opinion and he cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with Saint Barnabas, who was slain in two.

Especially we note this tendency to extremes in the pleasant excitement of horroe-mongers. Is there something so delicious in disputes and pain? But news is always exaggerated, and we may challenge Providence to send a fact so trivial that we cannot contrive to make it a little worse in our gossip. All this comes of poverty. We are unskillful definers. From want of skill to convey quality we hope to move admiration by quantity. Language should aim to describe the fact. It is not enough to suggest it, and magnify it. Sharper sight would indicate the true line. "Is very wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences, all exquisite, intense, and tremendous." "The best I ever saw!" "I never in my life!" One wishes terms gazzeted and forbidden. Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a griffin; nor each unpleasing person a dark, diabolical intruder; nor agonies, exorcution, nor ecstasies our daily bread.

We find a writer in the *Hour* speaking of "pantaloons;" and we beg to inform the editor of that journal that no such thing is known in the English language. The garment in question is properly called trousers.

WINONA, MINN., Jan. 31.—Robert and John Carroll brutally murdered with a pitchfork Titus Hoyt, a respectable farmer, with whom their father was in a dispute. The three Carrolls are a hard lot and have been arrested.

The Jack Rabbit.

The jack rabbit is an inhabitant of Texas and of some other Western states. He is often called the "mule-eared rabbit," and, by the cowboy, is familiarly spoken of as the "muley." He is not a rabbit at all. A rabbit is an unobtrusive little animal, who is found by school boys in a hole in the ground, at the end of a long track in the snow. The so-called jack rabbit is quite a different kind of mammal. He is identical with the British hare, except that he is larger, his color lighter, and his ears much longer. His avoirdupois is about twelve pounds, and his ears measure from tip to tip about sixteen inches. He does not burrow in the ground. He lies under cover of a bunch of prairie grass, and is very seldom found at home, his office hours being between sunset and sunrise. He is to be found during the day on the open prairie, where he feeds on the tender shoots of mesquite or sage grass. He is not a ferocious animal, as a stranger might be led to suppose from an examination of what purports to be his picture, under the alias of "The Texan Hare" in Gov. Roberts' book.

The jack rabbit has several enemies, among them the cowboy, who shoots them with his rifle, the coyote and the dog, that try to run him down, and the floverer of Texas, above alluded to, who licks him in his book. He has two ways of protecting himself against his enemies. One way is to squat when he suspects danger, and fold his ears along his sides. By doing this he often escapes observation, as only his back is exposed, the color of which harmonizes with the brown of the withered grass. The other plan that he uses, when discovered and pursued, is to create remoteness between himself and the pursuer. In giving his whole attention to this matter, when it is necessary, he is a stupendous success, and earnest to a fault. When disturbed he unlimbers his long legs, unfurls his ears and goes off with a bound. He generally stops after running about a hundred yards, and looks back to see if his pursuer is enjoying the chase as much as he thought he would, and then he leaves for parts unknown. There are many fast things from an ice boat to a note maturing in the bank, but nothing to equal the jack rabbit. An uneducated humor gets around pretty lively, but can't keep up with him for two weeks. When an ordinary log tries to expedite jack rabbit route, he makes a humiliating failure of it. He only gives the rabbit gentle exercise. The latter merely throws up his ears and, skims leisurely along, under easy sail, tacking occasionally to give the funeral procession time to catch up. But if you want to see velocity, urgent speed and precipitate haste, you have only to turn loose a greyhound in the wake of a jack rabbit. Pursued by a greyhound, he will let "himself out" in a manner that would astonish a pre-paid half-rate message. It is a rabbit that never had any experience with a greyhound before he will start off at an easy pace, but as he turns to win, he suddenly at what he supposes to be an ordinary slow dog, he realizes that there is a force of nature hitherto unknown, to him, and his look of astonishment, alarm and disgust, as he furls his ears, and promptly declines the nomination, is amusing. Under such circumstances he goes too fast for the eye to follow his movements, and presents the optical illusion of a streak of jack rabbits a mile and a half long.

A Waggish Hackman.

A man stepped up to one of the hackmen at the Union depot yesterday, and wanted to know where he could procure a bottle of whisky. "Jump right in, sir, jump right in, and I will take you where you can get the finest kind of whisky very cheap." The unsuspecting individual in response to the invitation jumped into the hack, and was being driven down the street at lightning speed before he had time to collect his thoughts. The waggish hackman drove out to Grand avenue, and north on that thoroughfare until he reached Washington avenue, when he turned east, and directed his course towards the river, finally halting in front of a saloon on Sixth street. Here he jumped from his box and opened the door of his coach, when the stranger asked him why the "musician" he had taken him so far. "Well," retorted the hackman, "you wanted me to take you out to get a good bottle of whisky, and you can't get that everywhere."

Sending it was useless to parley with the hackman, the stranger then procured the whisky, and asked to be taken back to the train. The hackman said he had other engagements, and couldn't afford to do it unless he received a dollar for his trouble.

As the stranger imagined, he was five or six miles to the depot, he paid the dollar and said: "Well, then, go ahead, I presume I must stand it." In about four minutes, to the man's astonishment, the hack halted in front of the depot. He couldn't understand how it took him such a long time to reach the whisky shop, and only a few brief moments to return. But that didn't alter the case any, as the hackman had the dolla, while the stranger had nothing to show for his trouble, but a little experience and a bottle of whisky.—*N. Louis Republic.*

Winning a Bride.

CARONDALE, Pa., Jan. 22.—James Dunlap, of New Haven, Conn., applied for a partition as farm hand at Deacon Eldridge's farm, in Lansdale, twelve years ago, and was put at work. Eldridge had a daughter fifteen years old, who became fascinated with Dunlap, and, after an acquaintance of two years, he asked the Deacon's consent for the daughter's hand in marriage. The Deacon objected because of Dunlap's penniless condition. The girl promised to gain her father's consent or put an end to her unhappy existence. Dunlap left the farm, declaring that he would some day return a man of wealth and influence. He went to Wyoming Territory, where he obtained a situation as driver on a stage line, and at the end of five years he purchased a half interest in the business. By shrewd financiering and successful speculations he cleared \$20,000, which, with the profit from his business, gives him the title of being one of the wealthiest residents of Wyoming. He is also one of the heaviest stockholders in a new railroad enterprise. He returned here on Thursday after an absence of ten years, and yesterday married to Miss Eldridge.

The wedding was a grand affair.

The wedding was a grand affair. The bride couple got to New Haven, and thence to Wyoming. The bride has rejected many offers in the past ten years. She is the belle of Lackawanna county. —*Inter Ocean.*

They Never Give Out.

History shows that wherever a true fissure vein has been found it has never been worked out. Such veins have been, in fact, worked for ages without any perceptible diminution in their yield. Where ores have decreased in value, the ore bodies have increased in size, the increase of the one compensating for the loss of the other. Some have even increased their yield, the quality of the ore remaining unchanged. Others have been found to deteriorate from veins of silver to those of baser metals. The latter is, in fact, the most disastrous of all the vicissitudes attendant upon silver mining.

Some of the silver mines of Mexico have been abandoned time after time, and have as often been re-opened by adventurous speculators and found to yield largely. The Valenciana mine, on the Veta Madre of Guanajuato, was re-opened in 1760, on a part of the lode considered formerly to be of no value, and, at the depth of a few hundred feet, a bonanza was struck which yielded, up to 1810, \$30,460,200. During that time a town of 7,000 inhabitants sprang up there. Then the rich ore of the mine gave out at the 1,200-foot level. A large shaft was then sunk 2,000 feet and ore found, but of too low grade to pay for working, consequently the mine was abandoned and allowed to fill with water. In 1825 the Anglo-Mexican company drained the mine of water, but the expense of pumping consumed all the profits of mining, and it passed into the hands of the United Mexican Company, and has since been made to yield largely. The Veta Grande, at Zacatecas, from 1558 to 1882, yielded \$608,000,000. * * * Near the surface, the ore was exceedingly rich, but became poorer with depth, although more evenly distributed through the vein. For some time it was abandoned on this account, but at present is yielding well. In the two mines above mentioned, the ores are of lower grade as the depth is increased, but the equal distribution of the ore throughout the lode, together with the large amount yielded, makes the source of an immense production of silver bullion. It is important to note, however, that throughout all the levels of these mines the ores retain their silver-bearing quality. In the central part of Mexico this is also the rule, while further north, where, on and near the surface, the ores were rich in native silver, the ores grow poorer with depth, owing to the predominance of lead, rendering them of baser quality. This is true of mines also in the Carpathian mountains, in the mines of Shenando, and in the vein of the Gross Grube in Felsobanya, all of which yielded immensely near the surface where they were worked by the Romans. * * * The veins of Hartz mountains show the same deterioration, and it is only on account of the large quantities of low grade ores extracted that they can be worked with profit. The veins of the Hartz mountains have been followed down over 2,000 feet, and those of the Shennittz nearly 4,000.

In contrast to these mines are those of Freiberg, where the ores, like those of the Comstock, increase in richness with depth. The mines of Quatone, in Mexico, belong to the same class.

The veins in all these mines, however, are narrow, and frequently cross themselves, forming a kind of network of fissures. The same is true of the mines of Chamarello in Chili, Quatore in Mexico, Kongsberg in Norway, Austin in Nevada. All of these, however, more or less resemble the Comstock in retaining the richness of their ores at great depths.—*Ec.*

A Funny Bill for an Artist.

[C. G.] In Land and Water. I came across a copy of a funny old bill from a painter sent to a noble lord, a professed connoisseur and large collector of pictures. I give the items verbatim for the amusement of your readers from the copy, which reads more like a comic effusion than a poor man's claim for artistic work: To filling up the chink in the Red Sea, and repairing the damages of Pharaoh's host. To cleaning six of the Apostles, and adding an entirely new Judas Iscariot. To a pair of new hands for D niel in the lions' den, and a set of teeth for the lioness. To an alteration in the Bible, mending the Commandments, and making a new Lord's Prayer. To new varnishing Moses' rod. To repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard. To mending the pitcher of Rebecca. To a pair of ears for Balaam, and making a new tongue for the ass. To renewing the picture of Sampson in the character of a fox-hunter, and substituting a whip for the fire-brand. To a new lawn and bonnet for the Witch of Endor. To a sheet-anchor, a jury-mast and a longboat for Noah's Ark. To painting twenty-one new steps to Jacob's ladder. To mending the pillow-stone. To adding some Scotch cattle to Pharaoh's lean kine. To making a new head for Holofernes and cleansing Judith's hands. To giving a blush to the cheeks of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam. To painting Jezebel in the character of a huntsman taking a flying leap from the walls of Jericho. To planting a new city in the land of Nod. To painting a shoulder of mutton and a shin of beef in the mouths of two of the ravens feeding Elijah. To an exact representation of Noah in the character of a general reviewing his troops, preparatory to their march, with the dove dressed as an aide-de-camp. To painting Noah dressed in an admiral's uniform. To painting Samson making a present of his jaw-bone to the proprietors of the British Museum. To making the Congress of America, as in 1784, and the Tower of Babel coming into existence. To repairing Solomon's nose and making a new nail to his middle finger.

ROMANCE OF A DISASTER.

A Woman's Pretty Picture of the Couple Who Were Killed at Spaytan Duyvil.

On Thursday evening at eight o'clock the train from Boston via the Fitchburg railroad, passing through the Hoosac tunnel, stopped just beyond at North Adams, when the writer, almost the sole occupant of the coach Rosedale, bound for S. Louis via Buffalo, stepped from the train, escorted by the polite conductor, to take a solitary "five minutes' supper. A great commotion was observed in the station and the girl behind the lunch counter hastened to tell me conductor that a wedding party was about to take the train. With true feminine curiosity we burned our mouths with a cup of bitter, boiling tea, and returned in haste to the coach just in time to see enter a pretty, blushing bride of nineteen, followed by her handsome young husband, who did not look to be over twenty. After their came a stout, gray-haired senior, who, as the officiating clergyman, evidently deemed his duty not complete until he had seen his young charges safely started on their wedding journey. He was in danger of being trampled upon by a sea of crowd of fine young fellows at his heels, whose eyebrows did not conceal their satirical and winking favors. They were the ushers and best men. Depositing their stanchels and bags of unmitigable newness—the bride nestled into a corner, loosened her seal-skin, studied her bridal bouquet, and then, tossing back her feathers, exclaimed with a sigh of satisfaction: "Didn't it go off beautifully?"

The clergyman, smiling upon her benignantly, said: "Yes, but that's what they all say. I'm sorry, but I know it's an old story to you, sir, but we've never been married before, have we?" Looking mischievously from beneath her blonde tresses at her husband.

"No," said the young fellow, laughingly, "I believe not."

"And to think of all these lovely presents! I've enough to fill our home," she said.

But now the wife proclaimed that the five minutes at North Adams had passed. The clergyman kissed the bride, cupped a hand of each, and with a hearty "Happy journey, my dear," departed precipitately. As the train slowly moved out of the depot, a loud chorus of "Hail, hail, hail!" sounded clear above the din of the engine, and was repeated in kind by the fine young gentlemen in the next section. The bride peered out of the window until the chasers had subsided, and then turning, exclaimed: "How lovely of them to come to the station and give us such a glorious send-off!"

We shall be pardoned for having observed this party too interestedly when we explain that, since leaving Boston at 3 p. m., we had been dependent upon the attentive conductor for society, who, a few moments before, had left us in a state of cold terror after a recital of a hairbreadth escape from a recent railroad accident, closing his tale with the cheering admission that he never allowed himself to think of them. Had it not been for the presence of the D. D., we should have in staidly decided that this was a case of ebullient, or fine bachelor friends of the bridegroom were so young, and their conversation showed them to be members of some college society, whose badge they sported. Our fancy was pleased by the tone of remonstrance assumed toward them by the new-made bride, who was not allowed to enjoy his wife's society during the hour's ride to Troy, each of the others in turn claimed her attention. It was evident that champagne had flowed at the wedding banquet, which, if not too freely enjoyed, had sufficiently enlivened them and loosened their tongues. At one time a lot was proposed, the amount to be paid in early to the bride. In the light of subsequent events we can but wonder why every incident connected with this party impressed itself so indelibly upon our mind. One of the young fellows, begged to be allowed to peep into the pocket which the bridegroom wore on his watch chain.

"Can I do that, son?" said the young husband, looking over the back of the seat at his wife. She smiled assent. When, upon opening it, the curious youngster looked up roughly: "Yes," said the proud owner, "it is my wife's—my girl!"

As the train neared Troy the whole party prepared to quit the car, and good-bys were exchanged among them. "Well, surely see you in June," said one, addressing himself to the happy pair. "Oh, yes; I'll come down and bring my wife."

Our eyes followed the young woman as she passed out of the car with the crowd of attendants, and she seemed conscious of our interest, for as she disappeared from view she turned and smiled back at us. This was the last we saw of this unusually attractive and merry wedding party, for now quiet was again restored to the smouldering shades of the Rosedale. But yesterday morning glancing at the headlines of the telegraph dispatches, a horror seized us on reading the following: Fragile Fate of a Young Couple on Their Wedding Tour, and among the list of those wasted lives in the railroad accident near Spaytan, Duyvil Junction: "Park Valentine of Brimington, Vt., aged twenty-one, and wife, aged nineteen," with the following explanation: "Valentine was a nephew of Trevor W. Park, and was in business with his father, one of the wealthiest citizens of Southern Vermont. His wife was Miss Gaylord of North Adams. They were en route to Florida, on their bridal tour. Both the young couple might have been saved but for the desperate clinging of the young bride to her husband." As we read these terrible lines our heart fairly ceased to beat remembering how blithe and happy she was an hour after her marriage, for her bright smile haunted us still.—*Buffalo, N. Y., Courier, January 15th.*

DUBLIN, Jan. 31.—In the land court here a conditional order was granted in behalf of a land lady named Stackpole for an attachment against E. Dwyer Gray for contempt of court in commenting in *Freeman's Journal* on cases pending in the decision in the Limerick Land Court.