Historical Society X

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TERRITORIAL NEWS.

Mrs. Mary L. Hayward, wife of Col. P. P. Hayward, died in Virginia City on the 3d inst., from paralysis.

A nigger dance house is one of the attractions of Maiden, the new mining town in Northern Montana. That gives the place a black look.

John H. Scanland has bought the property at the crossing of the Madison river on the Bozeman road, of P. D. Hayward, paying therefor $1,800.

A number of quartz lodes of great promise have been discovered near Sterling, and the finders think there will be a boom in that neighborhood before long.

On the 3d inst. Mr. Marshall arrived at Virginia City from the Fire Hole Basin. He reports that the principal places in the National Park are all accessible now to parties going in from the Madison side, the only point at which there is any serious obstruction from snow being near Gardiner's river. While going through the Park with Major Conger, the new Superintendent, Mr. Marshall met the Northern Pacific surveyors, who were endeavoring to find a practical route into it from the Yellowstone, but had not yet succeeded, and in all probability they will not. On Tuesday, Mr. Marshall left on the return trip with twelve men to work on the roads in the park, and two four-horse loads of material and provisions. Major Conger, with his assistant, Mr. Henderson, has arrived at the Park headquarters, and will proceed at once with the work of improving the roads in and through the Park, pushing the work with all the rapidity the means at his command will permit.

The average wages made by miners in Leadville, were from $20 to $30 per day, and in rich digging as high as $300 to $500 per week, or at the rate of from $15,000 to $20,000 per year. In half an hour one man took out $8,000 in gold.

The Madison valley people are preparing for a grand ball, at their hall, on the evening of the Fourth.

Assiniaboine camp has pulled out for Buffalo. They are to meet the North Assiniaboines on Milk River and have the annual sun dance together.

Some days ago, Louis Lagarre, a half-breed trader of Wood mountain, while on his way over there with an outfit of goods from Fort Buford, was held up by a war party of Crees for all of his provision and his guns. They left him his horse and his carts. He reported the matter to Capt. McDonald of the Mounted Police, and he arrested and put in irons eight of the party, and will deal likewise with the rest when he can capture them.

The Miles City water works are a success.

There will be work for 300 men at the Mullan Tunnel by the first of August.

Aldy Neal, whom the *W. W. Statesman* calls a "bad man" from Montana, was recently lynched by twenty citizens at Rockford, W. T.

Outrageously dull is the verdict of the business men at Mullan Tunnel.

The Gallatin, Jefferson and Boulder rivers are now quite high from the melting snow in the mountains, which are rapidly filling them up. The bridge spanning Whitetail creek at Whitehall is reported to be in a dangerous condition, and is likely to be swept away any day.

The citizens of Benton have already subscribed $208 for the relief of the destitute members of the Patrick colony.

The Missouri at Fort Benton is sixty-eight inches above low water mark.

On account of the rich strike in the Barker district the value of town property in that locality doubled in twenty-four hours.

Four prospectors, with sixteen horses, twelve used as pack animals, and four saddle horses, left Bozeman on Monday for the Clarke's Fork mining district.

Wildcat Bill, of Montana, has been summoned as a witness in the star route cases at Washington. His other name is Wm. Hamilton.

The London Company at Silver Star, is running its forty-stamp mill on good quartz from the celebrated Broadway mine with satisfactory results. The Broadway is looking well with a large ore-reserve in sight. The Iron Rod mill is employed doing custom crushing for different parties. On the famous Green Campbell mine developing work is being done, and the indications are that ere long it will again be producing large quantities of rich ore, as it did in former years. The out-look for the Silver Star-Iron Rod camp is very bright.

It is reliably reported that more thorough bred stock has been purchased for Montana this year than ever before. In Beaverhead county the sales of a large amount of mixed breed cattle have been made for the purpose, in many cases, of supplanting the inferior bands of cattle with thoroughbreds.

The six-stamp Shenon mill at Marysville has been thoroughly overhauled and cleaned up lately. Messrs. Wallace & Brannagan have been making sampling runs with the mill. A sampling of Blue Wing silver and gold quartz from the Pioneer, Bannack and Wadams mines will employ the six stamps for a short time.

ROAST INJUN.

The Tales of Two Old-timers About the Novel Provisions of '64 —"Big Phil."

Denver Republican.

An old-timer was talking in General Cook's Brunswick yesterday, and in the course of his conversation the old Indian troubles were revived. For the benefit of the thousands of readers of the *Republican* it is explained that an old-timer is a man who came to Denver some time before '59, and has been kicking himself ever since because he didn't buy thirty-nine acres in the middle of the town, which he could easily have done for thirty-five cents. This old-timer is a prominent and respected citizen, however, and has an inexhaustible fund of reminiscences about the time which tried men's souls.

"I knew a man," he said, "named Phil Gardner, who got up a big reputation about '50, up around Laramie, by eating an Injun."

The audience blinked twice and asked for further information.

"Well," said the old-timer, "Phil was quite a character. He was six and a half feet high, weighed about 230 pounds and didn't have a pound of fat on him. He came West on account of a little difficulty he had in Philadelphia, where he was engaged as ringleader in the great riots. He was tried for murder and sent up for life. He was a perfect giant in strength as well as in size, and one day, getting tired of prison life, he quietly killed the keeper by breaking him in two across his knee and started West. He drifted onto the plains where there was ample scope for his talents and no questions asked, and became a scout attached to the regular army. One day he was sent out on foot with dispatches to another post. His companion was a friendly Indian, and the two made good headway until they were overtaken by a snow-storm in which they became lost. Days passed by and they were given up, when "Big Phil" walked into Laramie with a sack on his back, which he threw down with a sigh. The commandant shook hands with him, and, after telling him how glad he was to see him safely back, asked him where the Indian was.

"That's all there is left of him," responded Phil, pointing to the sack. An investigation was made, and the contents were found to be the leg of an Indian; only this and nothing more. Phil had eaten him."

When the old-timer finished his story a dead silence fell on the crowd. Gen. Cook broke the silence by saying:

"I ran across a case like that myself in '64, when the Indians captured and burned the American ranch just out of town. In the flight several Indians were killed, and one of them who had lain close to the buildings was left and burned to a crisp when the houses were destroyed. The First Colorado Cavalry, to which I belonged, went down there and staid several days. One day one of the boys ran across the roasted Indian, and, tearing off a piece, tasted it. We had all been without meat thirty days, the Indians driving us back every time we started out to hunt, and when the discoverer of the peculiar provisions announced the fact that he was pleased with the taste, we all ate some. It was very good."

The meeting then adjourned for supper.

Warning to Huggers.

San Francisco Chronicle.

There is a "case" on the practice-book of a well-known physician of West Oakland which ought to constitute a warning, and is, besides, an interesting surgical example of "the discohesive yielding of the flexions in old age"—as the doctor has it. Some months ago a young man arrived in Oakland from Montana. He proceeded at once to the home of his parents. The door was opened by the young man's grandmother, then nearly seventy years of age, and for whom he had entertained a most commendable affection. The young man was a great favorite with the old lady; when he was a mere child she had made much of him, had sympathized in his boyish troubles, and had furnished him the sinews of war for many a youthful frolic. He had been a good and graceful grandson, and naturally, as they had been parted for several years, the greeting was an effusive one. But the old lady failed to realize that her favorite was no longer a budding stripling. The full-grown, bearded man before her, with brown on his shapely limbs and toil-toughened muscle on his sinewy arms, was thirty pounds heavier and more than a little stronger than the boy whom she had kissed and sent to bed for the last time eight years before. And on his part the young man did not realize that "grandma" was no longer the vigorous lady whom he had played with rompingly as a merry school-boy in their far-off Eastern home. To his glad, grateful, grand, filial breast he caught her aged form and hugged her tight with the warm impulsiveness of impetuous youth. Had she been the usual sweetheart, there might have been no worse result than a fractured section of the whale-bone stays or a momentary cessation of not too necessary inspiration. As it was, the old lady said, simply, "Oh, my!" and sank back upon his shoulder in a dead faint." When she recovered from that she complained of a grievous pain in her right side. A physician was sent for, and his examination showed that three ribs had been dislocated by the "grand filial hug," and that the situation was a critical one, owing to the old lady's extreme age and to the fact that she was rather portly, and bandaging would, therefore, be deprived of much of its effectiveness. The old lady has been under medical treatment ever since, and is not at present suffering much pain. Her disconsolate and unreasonable self-reproaching grandson is her most devoted attendant.

A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

Fatal Meeting in Kentucky Fifty Years Ago.

Robert Crittenden, the brother of Henry Crittenden, whose removal to Arkansas I have mentioned, fought a very remarkable duel about the year 1830. He was canvassing the Territory as a candidate for a delegate to Congress, General Conway, the brother of the subsequent Governor of the State of that name, being his opponent. The latter was a "Jackson man," while Crittenden was "anti-Jackson" in the political nomenclature of that day. They met in debate at Little Rock. There was an immense concourse of people in attendance, and party feeling ran very high. The discussion became personal, and Crittenden at the close of his second speech remarked that he "trusted that no gentleman would utter words in the heat of debate toward him such as could not be tolerated by the code of honor." Conway retorted in a torrent of bitter invective and personal denunciation. Crittenden briefly and calmly rejoined: "Your language, General Conway, admits of only one answer, and that, you may be sure, I will make quite speedily." A hostile message was sent the same day, and the meeting arranged for the following morning.

A vast throng had collected to witness the duel, for these had been no attempt made to conceal it. Ben Desha, a son of Governor Desha of Kentucky was Crittenden's second, and Colonel Wharton Rector was the second of Conway. There was some delay in settling the preliminaries, at which General Conway became impatient and excited, while Crittenden remained perfectly cool, stretched quietly on a blanket, with his eyes closed as though he was sleeping. Finally, the principals were called to their positions. "The spectators," says an eye-witness, "at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the noblest of human forms, with fair hair, blue eyes and a lofty countenance, frank and open in its expression, and wearing the seal of death-defying bravery. He stood cool, collected and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes dark as night, and his look of indubitable courage was perceptibly tinged with revenge. At length Desha gave the word in a voice that rang over the hills like the peal of a trumpet—'Fire! One—Two—Three! At the sound 'Fire!' Conway raised his weapon and drew the trigger. His bullet grazed Crittenden's breast and cut a button of his coat, without more injury, but Crittenden waited until the last echo of the word 'Two,' and then his pistol exploded. General Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced his heart. Crittenden died of a fever a few years after these events.—*Communication to the Cincinnati Commercial.*

General Pope's Romance.

General Pope (not Fitz John Porter's enemy) is a worthy veteran and excellent citizen of Quincey, Cal. He is also the hero of a romance that shows how much more surprising sometimes fact is than fiction:

General Pope imigratted to California from Charleston, Mass., about thirty years ago, leaving in the town of his nativity a lovely young woman, to whom he was betrothed. His plans embraced the purpose of obtaining riches and the understanding was that in a few years his sweetheart was to join him on the Pacific Coast. Letters passed to and fro, but in those days California seemed a far away land and months would elapse before a communication from one would reach the other. So there upstarted a villian—not an Iago exactly, but a smooth chap, with good looks, a well-filled purse and a cranium stocked with sugar-coated lies to order. The villain interrupted the letter-writing, paid attention to the girl, and one day cast her into the depths where smitten sweethearts go with the story that young Pope had married a San Francisco maiden. The girl gathered up her keepsakes and sent them back to Pope without a word. The latter wrote repeatedly, and as he recieved no reply he railed at all women and went to making money. Many times General Pope heard from Charlestown, but he never mentioned his girl's name nor asked if she was married. That she had not done, for the rascal of the romance had married some less lucky lass. A few weeks ago General Pope, being in Boston, visited his boyhood haunts in Charlestown, and while at the house of a friend fell sick with a fever. The nurse who was called recognized in the patient her old lover, but she said nothing of the past until he began to tell her one day during his convalescence how his life had been embittered. Confession, explanations and a preacher brought things around all right, and so cut short the romance.

Retired Willingly.

"You are living a very secluded life," said a traveler to a man at whose cabin he had stopped for a drink of water.

"Yes, rather; I got tired of society."

"Must find it lonesome out here in the woods. I must confess you like the Arkansas woods better than I do. So you are tired of society?"

"Yes, worn out. I have been in different circumstances. Last year I lived in Little Rock. I had a fine house and plenty of company. Frequently when men came in from the country they'd stay with me, but I grew tired of company. I gave up the large house and left town."

"Got in debt, I suppose."

"No; didn't owe a cent. Gave up the house willingly and am much more contented in this little hut."

"Very strange case; don't understand it."

"Perfectly plain. I was in the penitentiary."

RESCUED!

The Seven Alta Miners Saved Last Night.

Heroic Achievement of Arthur Van Dusen.

He Penetrates the Drift and Brings Back the News.

At the time the *Chronicle* went to press yesterday the news from the Alta mine became more favorable. Reports of lights being seen in the west drift by the men at work on the station, and of distinct rappings being heard, were very frequent, but were hardly credited by the majority of the people of Virginia.

NEWS FROM THE PRISONERS.

A *Chronicle* reporter started for the mine at half past 3 o'clock, and arrived there just as A. Van Dusen (better known as "Yank"), the man that had successfully performed the journey through the drift to the imprisoned miners, had reached the surface. Van Dusen was rather weak when he arrived on top, but a tablespoonful of brandy administered by direction of the physician made him feel all right, and he told his story to Superintendent Boyle, who listened with tears of joy to the glad tidings. Mr. Van Dusen described his perilous journey and gave a full account of the great joy of the meeting. At the cooling station, when he arrived there, he said the men were glad to see him, but he thought they were more delighted to see the ice that he carried on his back in the knapsack that he wore. This knapsack is made of tin, and is about eighteen inches long and twelve inches wide and six inches deep. It will hold 20 pounds of ice. Rubber tubes run from the sides to the mouthpiece, giving the water plenty of cold, fresh air. This knapsack is the invention of Andrew Peasley of this city. Van Dusen told aoout passing the bodies of the unfortunate Callahan and Bennett, describing the locality of the corpses. At the cooling house he found the seven men in good condition, patiently waiting for deliverance. The men had turned the compressed air-pipe into the water-tank, and had suffered for nothing except food and ice. The cooling-station is about 300 feet from the face of the drift. After remaining a short time Van Dusen started back with but very little ice in his knapsack, having given the greater part of it to the men in the drift. Before he had proceeded far his lantern went out, and one of the air-tubes of his refrigerator got broken. Having but a very few pieces of ice left he hurried on, guided by the lights of the men at work repairing the air-pipes, and reached the station in an exhausted condition. But he did not foint or become unconscious. It was a close call, however.

Superintendent Patton had brought down some men from the Union mine who were at once set to work repairing the air-pipes in addition to those already at work, and in a short time the necessary repairs were made and a shift of twelve fresh men got ready to go down and rescue the seven miners from the living tomb in which they had been buried over sixty hours. In the meantime five of the Union men at work on the station—James Keegan, Jack Ferris, Mike Buckley, James Dwyer and Tony Pascoe—had gone into the drift and served ice to the men in the cooling-house.

RECOVERING THE DEAD BODIES.

At a quarter past 7 o'clock the recoving party went down the shaft, and the crowd in and around the building anxiously awaited their return. At eight o'clock three bells rang and the cage slowly ascended. There was intense excitement, everyone crowding to get a glimpse of the cage and its occupants when it arrived. The cage reached the top but it brought only one of those it had taken down. They had gone into the drift and found Callahan's body, which was lying in two inches of water. They lashed the corpse to a plank and carried it about 150 feet out when they found one of the boats, in which they placed the body, and pushed the boat another 150 feet when they were obliged to give up and return to the station and ascend to the surface. Ice water was dashed over the panting and steaming men and they soon revived.

Later another brave party went down and succeeded in bringing the body to the surface, where it was placed in a coffin and taken to the rooms of C. M. Brown, the undertaker.

Another squad was then formed and sent down for the body of Bennett, which lay 150 feet further in the drift. The task of bringing this man was still more difficult than the first. The men had not only to fight the heat, but the terrible odor of the decomposing body made it impossible to work more than a few minutes at a time. The men finally succeeded in their task and the corpse was brought to the surface, whence it was conveyed to the undertaker's at Gold Hill.

SAVING THE LIVING.

A relief party of 14 men, under command of W. H. Patton, then went down on the cage for the purpose of bringing up the seven miners whose fate had been the cause of such deep and painful anxiety to their relatives and the entire people of the Comstock. The scene in and around the hoisting works was now one of wild disorder and excitement. Men, women and chileren were rushing to and fro, eager to get a look at the rescued miners. At last the cage began to slowly ascend. The excitement was intense, and when the cage arrived with two of the lately imprisoned miners, supported by their stalwart rescuers, the joy of the vast crowd that thronged the works knew no bounds, and shouts and cheers went up that shook the building. A rush was made for the cage that no human power could keep back, and the men were at once surrounded by women and children, weeping tears of joy. Wives, brothers, sisters, children, fathers, mothers and friends crowded around to speak to them and shake them by the hand. The men were taken to the dressing-room. By midnight the entire seven were safe on the surface and were taken in carriages to their several homes, followed by the multitude.

The scene outside the works was animated. Every vehicle to be had in Virginia and Gold Hill were there. So was the population of Gold Hill. Hundreds of people walked down from Virginia. Inside and outside the works all was excitement, and the tendency to cheer on the smallest provocation was very strong. When the saved miners were driven away the crowd rapidly dispersed, and the Alta hoisting works, which for three days and nights had been constantly crowded, resumed its wonted quiet.

PARTICULARS OF THE RESCUE.

There was no lack of volunteers to assist Superintendent Boyle in his work yesterday. Superintendent Patton took down in all 26 men from the Union; Superintendent Thomas of the Sutro tunnel, was there with a party of his miners, and men by the dozen offered themselves when one was wanted.

Fourteen men went down with Superintendent Patton, it being the intention that each of the miners in the drift should be supported on either side on the way out. When the fourteen reached the station it was found that the supply of ice had become very small and that a length of the air-pipe, 150 feet from the collar of the draft, had fallen.

Mr. Patton sent eleven of his men forward and remained with the other three to repair the pipe. That done, he with the three men ascended to the 1500 foot station to cool off, and word was sent up for more ice. Shortly after Mr. Patton again descended to the 2150-foot station two of the miners were brought out, and with their fagged rescuers were sent to the surface. Twelve fresh men held in reserve now came down and penetrated with a boatload of ice to the cooling-house. The miners there were fresher than those who came to save them. Sometime before milk and beef tea had been sent in to them and had greatly refreshed the poor fellows. Two more were taken out and Mr Patton remained with the other three till the final rescuing party came, when the last of the seven were taken out to life and safety. The journey through the drift was a terrible one, and could only be accomplished by men inured by long experience to the close atmosphere and heat of the lower levels. In addition to the high temperature and foul air the labor of wading through 300 feet of hot water, for a great part of the distance reaching above the waist, had to be encountered. This water was covered with broken timbers and all kinds of floating debris, and the exertion required to push it aside and make one's way through it was very great. Yet all but two of the miners who had for three days and two nights been shut up in the drift were able to walk through the flood. Two were so weak as to require active assistance.

As the last of the seven saved miners put his feet upon the iron floor of the Alta hoisting works, the steam whistle sent forth upon the still air of midnight a shrill shriek of exultation. It was taken up by every whistle on the lode, and for ten minutes the scream of the escaping steam giving discordant expression to the general joy roused from their sleep such as had gone to rest, and all the people of the Comstock were awake to rejoice.

THE RESCUERS.

The rescuing party that went down to the Alta mine with W. H. Patton and R. M. Ballard, foreman of the Union mine, were: John Ferris, John Hambleay, James Dwyer, J. M. Richards, John Keegan, R. Toward, R. Watterson, E. Lowery, John Mable, Sam McCleave, W. Moorhead, Thomas Cooper, Joe Rogers and N. Belli.

The relief that went down at 11 o'clock p. m. were: John Broderick, Dan Sullivan, W. G. Hughes, J. D. Reilly, Geo. Quigley, W. H. Jackson, T. Lanyon, J. Kneebone, C. T. Harper, L. Byrne, H. McIntosh, F. Brown, John Black, F. St. John, W. Byrne and F. McKenna.

Besides the above the following men were at the Alta works and were sent down: W. Pellow, Charles Hindras, W. Thomas, J. J. Donworth and W. J. Feily.

THE HERO OF THE DAY.

The reporter had an interview later with Mr Van Dusen. He is a rather slim man, about five feet seven inches tall, with a thin, dark beard, black eyes, prominent nose and lantern jaws. Indeed, he could stand very well for a reduced photograph of Brother Jonathan. But Van Dusen is not a yankee, he is a native of Michigan, and 47 years of age. The reporter found the hero of the day in the wash-room of Fitzpatrick's boarding-house on Lower Gold Hill, rubbing soap on his hands and wholly absorbed in the occupation. He looked up with some surprise from his basin in the wooden sink when the reporter spoke to him and said he wanted to interview him. Van Dusen is not a talkative man, and it was only in response to the journalist's constant questions that the story of his adventures was drawn from him piecemeal. While giving a bit of information as to his perilous journey, Van Dusen would pause between splashes in his basin, turn up his dripping countenance for a moment and then industriously resume his ablutions. He was rather amused than otherwise that a newspaper should think it worth while to send a reporter to ask him about such a trifle as going into a drift 1,400 feet long, 2,150 feet below the surface, filled in part with almost scalding water over three feet and loaded with poisonous gases that had slain two men who had made the attempt before him. There was no affectation about his unconsciousness of having done anything heroic. It was absolutely real.

"Oh, no: I'm not exhausted," said Van Dusen, as he rubbed his brow vigorously with the towel on the roller. "I'm feeling chipper—never better in my life."

"How did the knapsack work?" asked the reporter.

"It was a good scheme, and gave me fresh air when I had to open my lantern to keep the candle burning."

He encountered the bodies of Bennett and Callahan. Both were lying on their backs. He merely paused as he came to each corpse and passed on. "Then," said Van Dusen, "I got to the cooling house and saw the boys."

He seemed to think the statement of this fact furnished all the information that was necessary.

"They were glad to see you, of course," suggested the reporter.

"Yes, but they were a darned sight gladder to see the ice in my machine."

He had to leave his lantern out in the drift as there was a tremendous draft in the cooling house.

"It was pretty dark in the cooking-house, said Van Dusen, "and when I went in the first thing I asked was how many of them was alive. They said the whole seven, and I said I was mighty glad of it. What do you fellows want most, I says, and they said grub and ice. They did go for my ice (Mr. Van Dusen chuckled at the recollection.] One of the chaps—it was so dark I couldn't place him—laid his arm across his breast and began hauling it out of my machine and piling it up on his arm. I guess they knew what had happened to the two boys that went in in the morning for they asked me if there were any dead bodies in the drift. I said there wasn't, for it wouldn't have done them any good to know. They seen the lights that the boys carried and they went out kind of sudden when they fell, of course, so it wasn't hard to guess what had happened. They had things fixed in the cooling-house, and were pretty comfortable, managing to get tolerable good air and water. They wanted all the air they could get, of course, and one of 'em sings out to me as I was going to tell 'em on top to work hell out of the compressor. I thought, perhaps, there might be one or two in the crowd that was near giving in, and I asked if any one wanted my knapsack to try to make the rifle for the shaft, but they wouldn't hear of it, so I started back. Bennett walked down the drift a ways with me. He had his head on him, and wasn't scared or anxious a bit as I could see."

On the return trip one of the rubber air tubes of his knapsack got loose, and he had to depend upon one. Then the foul air put his lantern out and his only guide as he floundered through the last 300 feet of hot water were the faint gleams of the candles of the men at the station.

One of the doctors at the mine said to the *Chronicle* reporter that not one man in a thousand could have achieved the feat accomplished by Van Dusen, and that it was marvelous that he should apparently suffer so little physically and mentally from so terrible an ordeal. Van Dusen at 6 o'clock was back in the hoisting works standing around with his hands in his pockets, taking a keen but calm interest in all the work that was being done toward the rescue of his fellow-miners.

SIDE DISHES.

It is a time-honored custom in a section in Florida to salute a newly married couple by firing a cannon. This is a trifle more noisy than "throwing the slipper," and is to remind the couple that the battle of life has fairly begun.

A woman who does all the housework, attends to seven children, and turns her dresses half a dozen times to make both ends meet, may be a good Christian, but when a lady in a $1,000 carriage and a $500 dress hails at the door and asks her to subscribe to some charitable object, she can hardly be expected to act and talk like one.—*Philadelphia News.*

When a woman's eyes sparkle and her face glows from the fire within, while her tongue rolls off information about igneous rocks and stratified rocks, silurian rocks and conglomerate rocks, of calcareous rocks and argillaceous soil, it is safe to say she was born in Boston or at least, has an uncle living in Massachusetts.

We find this remarkable work of art with the accompanying quatrain, in the Watertown *Times*. It is entitled "Nobody's Darling:"

Her face is white, her head is thick,
Her tongue keeps up a clackety-click,
Meddles everyone's business but her own,
Is a nuisance abroad and a pest at home.

Mrs. Garfield's Wealth.

A Clevelander says: Mrs. Garfield has $300,000 in Government bonds, the result of the subscription. Then her husband's life was insured for $50,000, which she promptly received. She was also paid the salary of the President for the unoccupied first year, amounting to about $50,000. That makes $400,000 does it not? Very well. Then add to it about $30,000, the total value of Garfield's estate. That was the total amount, after all the abuse that was received, that he was able to accumulate in a life of fifty years. I suppose that the income from this total of more than $400,000 will be, perhaps, $16,000 a year; she is comfortable, and can raise her children well; but the loss of Garfield was a blow that will leave its scar as long as she lives.

CHICAGO, June 13.—The *Journal's* Little Rock special from Indian Territory says: A terrible hailstorm passed over Broken Arrow and surrounding country yesterday. The damage to the crops and property is very heavy. Several lives were lost.