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COLORADO.

Its Delightful Climate and Magnificent Scenery—The "Great Sanitarium" of the New World.

Correspondence Interior Journal.

PUEBLO, COL., Feb. 13, 1873.

Some time ago we promised to write you in regard to the climate of Colorado, about which the people of the East are just now taking no little interest. We must confess that we enter upon the subject with a great deal of "fear and trembling," for it has been harped on so long by our own press and by traveling correspondents (who knew no more about it than they did of the moon) that one can hardly express himself without using stereotyped phrases and having to encounter the odium of plagiarism. To our own people in Colorado we are aware that nothing can be advanced but what has been talked over, time and again, till it has become threadbare; but to you in the East—to invalids who have almost despaired of finding a climate suitable to their complaints—it is a theme ever welcome. The actual settlers of this country—the men who freed it from the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the "noble red"—are seldom heard through the Eastern press; but instead, "gentlemen of leisure," traveling correspondents, drummers, and "sick"—a class who can tell you more about Colorado in five minutes than old residents can in five weeks; who have passed through more perilous adventures "barely scatched," done more deeds of daring than Kit Carson ever dreamed of, or "Wild Bill" ever accomplished. From such effusions the people of "the States" have formed their opinions, and hence the feelings of disgust or joyful surprise of strangers when they land in our territory.

It is stated that "two-thirds of the people of Colorado are reconstructed invalids," and we presume it is true, if by "people" is meant those who are now residents and who came here for their health. It may be stated, in fact, that nowhere on the globe is there a healthier, more robust class of people than are the residents of Colorado. The white natives are of fair stature, with large chests and fine muscular development. (Fine breastworks are admired the world over, both in the military and civil service.) This being the fact, we think the cause is sufficiently apparent in the climate.

Hundreds with consumption and various other diseases flock to this country in the hope of being relieved and cured. And right here we will say that the press of Denver has killed more people than the Kuklux of the South ever did negroes and carpet-baggers. (Said press being principally Radical, it will consider the charge as infamously false.) The papers of that lovely village seemingly entered into a combination for the purpose of advertising Denver, not Colorado; but in so doing they had their eyes on the Arkansas Valley, and they have succeeded remarkably well, if one should judge from the gravestones that loom up in "mournful numbers" near by. Their advice has been good in the main, but they always stop short of the mark. To advise consumptives to come to Denver in the winter is simply cruel. The air is pure, rare, and wonderfully bracing, but the climate is too cold, changeable, and inhospitable during the winter for invalids. Yet, go there when you will in the winter, and you will find the hotels full of consumptives, shivering and despondent—dragging their mere shadows of bodies around in hope from day to day, yet cursing Colorado and her climate. Such are the facts. The press, in its zeal to build up the country (Denver!) has done more harm than actual good.

We do not wish it understood that Denver has a severe or an unhealthy climate, for such is not the case except during a portion of the winter; on the contrary, her climate is remarkably healthy. Nearly all the habitable part of Colorado is from three to eight thousand feet above tide. On account of the elevation, the air is extremely rare, pure and invigorating. Rain seldom falls here except in summer or the early part of spring; dryness is one of the main characteristics of the climate, and desiccation of meats, etc., takes place quickly. Physicians tell us that gangrene is of seldom occurrence, and that wounds heal up in a much shorter time than in "the States." One of the chief beauties of the climate consists in almost perpetual sunshine; for days at a time, in the very dead of winter, not a cloud is to be seen, and the sun rolls through an ether of blue from his rising to his setting, without a cloud or vaporous element to obstruct his rays, which strike one "tenderly tempered."

The winters of Southern Colorado are, upon the whole, very mild and equable—far superior to those of any of the Southern States, except, perhaps, Florida. We have not had two weeks of severely cold weather this winter, putting it all together. In fact, our cold weather is principally during the night time, the days being seldom cold or disagreeable. During the winter the nights and mornings are generally cold and the air bracing, but as soon as the sun rises the temperature is changed many degrees, and by ten o'clock you can scarcely realize that it is winter, the thermometer standing at 60° to 80°. We have extremes here, both in winter and summer, but they are not lasting. To those who are desirous of finding a climate suitable to their "ails," and who have despaired of "a paradise on earth," we can recommend Southern Colorado, taking it all in all, as having by far the most superior climate to any part of the Union.

To consumptives and those suffering with all affections of the respiratory organs we would say: "Come to Southern Colorado, and if you are not cured, there is no relief for you this side of the 'dark valley.'" But those who are in the second stages of consumption should not come here as fast as the cars can bring them. The change from a dense to so rare an atmosphere is too great. Make the trip by easy stages. A writer to an Eastern paper truly says: "Consumptives who come here before the ravages of disease have wasted the recuperative vital energy almost certainly recover; others become comparatively comfortable, even regaining a considerable degree of vigor. Many come too late, in the last stages of the disease. In such cases a crisis ensues at once, followed in a few days or weeks by a fatal termination. The cause of this is self-evident. They are brought here from a dense atmosphere in which all the demands of vitality are satisfied by using from one-half to two-thirds of the capacity of their lungs, while here, in this rarified air, the full capacity of every lung-cell is taxed, and then can not satisfy the demand; for, to make up the deficiency, the respiration is accelerated fifty per cent.—that is, from sixteen to twenty-four times per minute. The full inflation of the lungs and the accelerated motion must produce ruptures in diseased cells, hence the fatal crisis that speedily ensues. Before railroads penetrated here, when it took thirty or forty days to make the journey, more desperate cases were cured than now, because the strain on the lungs caused by the increasing rarity of the air was so gradual that the slight lesions had time to heal." He continues: "I would therefore advise all to make the trip by degrees; say, stop over ten days or more at Abilene, Salina, or Brookville, on the Kansas Pacific, all of which points are from one thousand to twelve hundred feet above the sea; then, if no unfavorable symptoms have made their appearance, go to Hays City, a thousand feet higher; then to Wallace, twelve hundred feet higher still; thence to Kit Carson, a thousand feet higher, and so on to the mountains." The experience of this country fully agrees with the above statements.

Colorado has indeed become the "great sanitarium" to which all eyes are turned. Invalids with every conceivable disease are flocking here for relief. Dyspeptics are said to soon recover their lost power of assimilation and become hearty and robust. To the aridity of its climate Colorado owes its remarkable exemption from all hepatic disorders.

We believe that the natural scenery of this country—the grand, the sublime, the marvelously beautiful—is a powerful auxiliary to the climate in the relief and cure of all diseases.

We would advise invalids to come to this country in the *spring* or summer. They can then become the more readily acclimated—in a shorter time than when they come in the fall or winter. It is useless for an invalid to expect permanent relief in a short time. It takes this class from six to twelve months to become acclimated. A residence of a few weeks in the mountains, in summer, is sufficient to recuperate, to build up, the business man or the clerk who is worn out by continued mental and physical labor. They will find, and fully realize, that it is

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than for the doctor for a nauseous draught."

M. D. C.

Elections to be Held This Year.

Some important State elections are to be held during the current year. Besides the judicial and senatorial elections to be shortly held in the Louisville district, a State Treasurer and members of the Legislature are to be elected in Kentucky this year. State elections also take place in New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut in the earlier months, and in Maine, Ohio, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Massachusetts, Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, later in the year, each electing a Governor and Legislature. There will be elections in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kansas, and California, for Legislatures, and in Illinois and Indiana for county officers.

NEWS SPLINTERS.

YALE students have organized a shooting club for practical triggernometry.

A ninety-mile walk on snow-shoes was recently accomplished by a woman in Michigan.

Strange but true: when a youth follows his own bent he is apt to get into straightened circumstances.

A howitzer used by the Modocs is supposed to have been captured by them from General Fremont in 1846. Anyhow-itzer very old one.

A Massachusetts veteran was recently bitten by a mad dog in his artificial leg, with the sole effect of being enabled to walk more rabidly than before.

Bragopolitans habitually speak of their beloved Chicago as "she." It is surely highly improper for a feminine city to be permitted to exist with outskirts.

The Midland Railroad Company in England has made a contract with the Pullman Car Company to supply that road with the American style of drawing-room and sleeping-coaches.

The "Lord's Day Rest Association" of English workingmen request that the Bishop of London will abandon the irreligious practice of taking his coachman and horses out on Sunday, and walk to church instead.

Twelve hundred two-roomed wooden cottages, to be packed in sections for exportation to the penal colony at New Caledonia, are in process of manufacture for the French Government at a cost of only $40 each.

Pure country milkmen in Massachusetts account for the occasional discovery of minnows in milk-pitchers by explaining that the cows must swallow them when drinking from the purling brooks which intersect their pastures.

Dan Castello, the circus man, has been sued by a mass of woman weighing six hundred pounds, for the wages to which she considered herself entitled for traveling along with him as a side-show. The jury gave her a verdict for all the money she claimed; her adipose tissue was valued at twenty-five dollars a week, which is just four and a sixth cents per pound per week.

The Boston *Post*, commenting upon the Poland Committee report, says: "It sends out the only Democrat touched by suspicion, but it leaves presiding over the Senate one who has cleared himself neither from the charge of corruption nor the implication of perjury; the House thickly planted with similarly soiled reputations on the Administration side, and the Senate not exempt from notorious cases. These are deficiencies that the people will remedy in good time to supplement the work of a timid committee."

Carrying Concealed Weapons.

The following is the bill recently passed the Senate of this State, concerning the dangerous and unlawful practice of carrying concealed weapons:

SEC. 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, That if any persons shall carry concealed a deadly weapon upon or about their person other than an ordinary pocket knife, such person shall, upon indictment and conviction, be fined not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars, and imprisoned in the county jail for not less than ten nor more than thirty days, at the discretion of the court and jury trying the case.

SEC. 2. That it shall be the duty of all ministerial officers in this State to apprehend such violator within their knowledge of this act, and to take such persons before a county judge, justice of the peace, or police or city judge, of the county in which said offense was committed; and if said justice, police or city judge shall, upon hearing the evidence, believe such accused person guilty of the offense charged, he shall require such accused person to give such bail as will insure his or her appearance at the next term of the circuit court for said county, to answer any indictment found against him or her in said court for said offense.

SEC. 3. If any such officer shall knowingly and wilfully fail or refuse to discharge the duties imposed and required of him under this act, he shall, upon indictment found by the grand jury of his county, and on conviction, be fined in a sum of not less than one hundred nor more than five hundred dollars.

SEC. 4. That an act approved March 10, 1854, and an act approved March 22, 1871, each entitled "An act to prohibit the carrying of concealed deadly weapons," are hereby repealed when this act takes effect. But nothing herein shall be construed as exempting any person from any penalty, forfeiture or punishment incurred before this act takes effect; and any penalty, forfeiture or punishment incurred before this act takes effect shall be enforced under the now existing laws, and the proceedings thereon shall be under the laws now in force.

SEC. 5. That if judgment shall be confessed under this act, the penalty shall be the highest punishment imposed herein.

SEC. 6. This act shall be in force from and after sixty days from its passage.

TO "DUN," to press for money due, comes from one Joe Dunn, a famous bailiff of Lincoln, England, during the region of Henry VII. He was so uncommonly successful in collecting money that when a man refuses to pay, the creditor was asked why he didn't Dunn him.

HORSE TALK.

The winnings of Goldsmith Maid and Lucy on their tour to the Pacific, are reported at $32,000.

Dreadnaught, a fine trotting horse, with a record of 2:27¼, owned by Mr. Thomas Canary, has been sold for $17,000.

Crown Prince was recently sold for $12,000, to Geo. N. Ferguson, of New York city. He trotted last Summer, in a public race, in 2:25¼.

The owner of Nantura, dam of Longfellow, contemplates sending the old mare to Leamington again. A second Longfellow would be a lucky hit.

Stephen Wallace recently paid W. B. Smith $10,000 for the brown trotting gelding, Kingston. He has a record to the pole, with a running mate of 2:17¼.

John O'Donnell has sold Judge Curtis, by Lexington, out of Lilla by Yorkshire, to Mr. Alex McArthur, of London, Canada, where he will be used as a stallion.

A. J. Alexander, of Kentucky, recently sold two trotting colts to be shipped to Scotland in the Spring. The old world will soon be largely importing our trotting stock.

There is a rumor that a new trotting club is being formed at Chicago that intends to give $75,000 in purses during the coming season probably immediately after Buffalo.

The Horse-breeders' Association of Jackson, Michigan, have selected the 17th, 18th, 19th, and 20th of June for their next annual meeting, at which they will give $12,000 in premiums for trotting.

The top weights at Monmouth Park and Saratoga have been reduced to 114 pounds. This will be quite an inducement for owners to train their aged horses, especially for cup and purse races for all ages.

We expect some great stars in the trotting world, shedding their influence for the first time the coming season. There are a greater number of breeders than ever, and more attention is given to the development of the trotter than ever before. We expect to see some green ones dropping down to 2:20 before the snow flies next winter.

Flora Temple is as hearty, healthy and buxom as ever. She lately had a fine colt, and is reported in foal again. Such constitutional vigor as she possesses is remarkable. After all her travels she is as sound as a new dollar, and not a puff or blemish can be found on her. Her half brother, Pilot Temple, is just like her, and he is now as clear of blemish as the day he was foaled.

Many promising trotters have fallen by the late horse disease. Among them were: W. K. Thomas, with a record of 2.26; Crazy Jane, who once distanced Goldsmith Maid in a third heat in 2:27; Phil Sheridan, who made a record of 2:28½ last Summer; Kilburn Jim, who stirred up the people at Buffalo last Summer by trotting a second heat in 2:23. He was sired by Wood's Hambletonian, he by Alexander's Abdallah. Then there were little Arthur and Mambrino Patchen, owned by George Akers, of Kansas; War Eagle, Lady Gay, Spanker, Young Tornado and many others.

Pat Ring, who trotted second to Jay Gould at Chicago last Summer in about 2:24, Jumped into a hole near St. Louis, Mo., on the 25th ult., and so injured himself that his owner was compelled to kill him. Pat was a very promising horse, and last year won fourteen out of twenty-five starts.

The Sweetest Moment in Love-Making.

Perhaps there is no period so pleasant among all the periods of love-making as that in which the intimacy between lovers is so assured, and the coming event so near, as to produce and endure conversation about the ordinary little matters of life; what can be done with the limited means at their disposal; how that life shall be begun which they shall lead together; what idea each has of the other's duties; what each can do for the other. There was a true sense of the delight of intimacy in the girl who declared that she never loved her lover so well as when she told him how many pairs of stockings she had got. It is very sweet to gaze at the stars, and it is sweet to sit out among the haycocks. The reading of poetry together, out of the same book, with brows all close and arms all mingled, is very sweet; the pouring out of whole hearts in writing words which the writer knows would be held to be ridiculous by anybody but the dear one to whom they are sent, is very sweet; but for the girl who has made a shirt for the man she loves, there has come a moment in the last stitch of it sweeter than any stars, haycocks, poetry, or superlative epithets have produced.—*Anthony Trollope.*

LOOKOUT for bogus nickels. They may be recognized by the letter N in the [illegible]

WIT AND HUMOR.

A striking face—the church clock.

Harmless pugilism—striking attitudes.

When is a bow not a bow? When it is a bow-knot.

A kangaroo is a curious chap: when it's awake it's leaping.

How many peas are there in a pint? One p.

In what case is it absolutely impossible to be slow and sure. In the case of a watch.

A cock-fight in a church-yard, with a deacon complacently looking on, was a scene witnessed in Paris the other day.

A man advertised for a competent person to undertake the sale of a new machine, and adds that "it will prove highly lucrative to the undertaker!"

A gentleman who had been arguing with an ignoramus until his patience was exhausted, said he did n't wish him dead, but would be glad to see him "know more."

"There's one thing," said a gentleman at a race, "that nobody can beat, and that is time." "Fudge!" exclaimed a bystander; "every drummer in the land can do that!"

A colored gentleman went to consult one of our most conscientious lawyers, and after stating his case said: "Now, Mr. ——, I know you is a lawer, but I wish you'd please, sir, jiss tell me de truff 'bout dat matter."

A cockney tourist met with a Scotch lassie going bare-footed toward Glasgow. "Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in this part go bare-footed?" "Part o 'em do, and the rest of 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

No better evidence can be found of the fact that the American people are long-suffering and of forgiving disposition than the statement that among all the persons who met death at the hands of their fellows last year, there was only one life insurance solicitor.

A Chicago gentleman, having grown suddenly wealthy, instead of appealing to that fount of knowledge, the New York *Ledger*, wrote to a local newspaper inquiring the best way of obtaining an entrance into the best families in the city, high-toned houses, society, and all that. He was told to go in the front door; or, if no display was desired, go down the coal-hole in the sidewalk to the cellar, and then up into the parlor, or go down through the scuttle in the roof, just as he felt inclined.

County Papers.

We sometimes meet individuals, says an exchange, who complain of their county papers and cease to take them, preferring to subscribe for a city paper.

They do not comprehend the facts in relation to the publication and support of papers. In the first place, the terms of nearly all the city papers are the same as the country papers—$2 for a single copy—and the only way they can get them for less than that price is by clubbing and sending for a number of copies at a time. Then again they must invariably send the money in advance, which they very seldom do for their county paper. But the principal difference consists in the fact, that it costs the publisher of the county paper the same to set his type, that it does the city publishers, and setting the type is the principal expense in publishing a newspaper of small circulation. After the type is once set, the expense is merely then for the blank paper and press work, and the paper with a hundred thousand subscribers is very profitable at two dollars. Of course the large city papers contain a larger amount of reading matter than country papers, but which is the most interesting? That's the question. Do the city papers say anything in regard to your own county? Nothing. Do they contain notices of your schools, churches, meetings, marriages, and hundreds of other local matters of interest which the country papers publish without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw attention to our county and its numerous thriving towns, and aid in our progress and enterprise? Not a line. And yet there are men who take the contracted view of this matter, that unless they are getting as many square inches of reading matter in their county paper as they do in their city paper, they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of the person who took the largest pair of boots in the box, simply because they cost the same as the pair much smaller that fit.

WE wish to state, for the benefit of the ladies, the theological fact that those who in this world occupy front seats at concerts and operas, wearing high hats, and shutting out the view from those in the rear, will not occupy front seats in the world to come. This information has been received through one of the most distinguished and reliable "mediums" in the United States.—*St. Louis Journal.*

FOR anything in the A[illegible]

Simplicity in Dress.

The truth is, we have too many subdivisions of attire about us to manage them properly. If we had but one-half the flounces and furbelows, and upper and under and middle skirts, and aprons and sashes and "coat-tails" and festoons, we should just have half the difficulty in combining and arranging effects. It is easier to drive two horses than six, as poor Phaeton could have told us when he upset the chariot of the sun. He was an ignorant driver, and so is a woman in the matter of dress. We ought never to admit an addition to our already unmanagable team without sufficient reason. We might dispense with half our complicated folds, our whalebones, our immovable arms, our scrunched toes, and many other miseries, and look less like mere blocks for showing off clothes, and more like human beings; but we can't bear to let the housemaid or the crossing sweeper think we have got a sixpense in our pockets when it can be hung or piled on our backs, and we go about like the celebrated camel who finally collapsed under a straw.

Nevertheless, when I hint at simplicity of attire, I am not looking back longingly to the latter end of the last century, and wishing to see men and women make themselves the guys—I had almost said the revolting guys—that the victims of Jacques Louis David's classic mania did when they tried to be imitation Greeks. When pink are made to emulate bare legs, and gowns are worn as loosely over the tights as our very first parents could have desired, the result can only be indecent, not picturesque or beatiful, for no generations of care have made the British body perfect like the Greek's; and when men take to wearing their hair plaited and combed after Apollo, and india-rubber continuations (about as much like the Greeks as muslin flowers are like real ones), the result can only be funny, and nothing else; whilst the most decorous votaries, who make a compromise between goddess and mortal, such as the dress our grandmother wore, can at best look only like resuscitated victims of the *auto da fe*—luckless women who, having been tied up in sacks and flung into the river, have saved themselves by kicking out the sack bottom (an appearance rather favored by the "classic" *chevelure*, which was eminently damp-looking), and are on their way home to be dried.

Let us have no burlesque parodies of classic simplicity, but let us curb our insatiable passion for sticking everything we can procure, feathers and flounces, beads, birds'-nest, tabs, tinsel, and tail, all over us, everywhere, like wild Indians or the Terebella. Alas! how like we are to Terebella! Perhaps you ask what is the Terebella?

The Terebella is a little creature that lives in the sea, to whose tender body nature has allotted no protective covering, and which cleverly sets itself to supply the want with a taste about as fastidious as that shown by our own fair countrywomen. It collects materials for its little coat with the same rapacity, and often with as little judgement, for some of its most ambitious ornaments being more costly than it can afford, have naturally led to its own destruction. Nothing comes amiss to it. Sand, shells, pieces of straw, sticks or stones, atoms of seaweed, every kind of *debris* within its reach, good, bad or indifferent, it will collect and stick upon itself, agglutinated together by a secretion that among marine animals takes the place of needle and thread. It has even been known to add a heavy chignon pebble to its load, more inconvenient than serviceable, after quite a human fashion. When its laborious coat is finished, it thrusts out its triumphant head and rejoices. This little creature is one of the annelids, and the pretty name of Terebella, though belonging to the sea, would not always be out of place on shore.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

A VERY interesting discovery has lately been made, it is stated, by an Italian who claims that he can tune nerves into harmony, like harp strings. His theory is, that if they all change tones together, no damage can be done as diet and temperature will offset it. If, however, by accident or uneven wear, the general harmony is destroyed and one or two nerves get off the key, then disconnected action is the result, there must be a special mode of treatment, of which he professes to have the secret. He calls himself the nerve tuner, and contracts to keep nerves in order by the month or year. Such a secret as this is of world-wide importance and we see no reason why the people should not make it an object for this Italian nerve-tuner to sell out his secret and learn to tune themselves. One can hardly imagine the happiness there would be in this world if every nervous woman could screw up her nerves to concert pitch each morning, and thus avoid flating from the key. Any operation which would do away with nervous actors and singers, the nervous woman on the railroad train, [illegible]

Precocious Maidens.

When a girl leaves school she generally does one of two things. She either lays herself out for a life of luxurious idleness, or she sets up as a philosopher on a small scale. If she adopts the former course, her greatest anxiety is how she shall eke out the very liberal allowance made by an indulgent papa, and her greatest ambition is to shine at balls, flower-shows, and bazaars; finally closing her career of maidenhood by becoming the wife of a man who possesses a superabundance of this world's goods, and combines within himself all the virtues and excellences that could be found in one of the species. If, on the other hand, she goes in for the philosophical line of business, she lays herself out for a career which, to most of her fellows, appears the reverse of pleasant. She procures the dryest books on the most abstruse subjects. A volume such as "Hallam's Constitutional History of England" is, in her eyes, absolutely light reading, while Macaulay seems only fit to be read in moments of relaxation. These dry books she devotes herself to with an ardor worthy of a better cause. We will not flatter her understanding by saying that she fully comprehends all she reads. Still she imagines she does so, and perhaps this amounts to the same thing—certainly, in many instances it is the most satisfactory result that could be attained. If she peruses what is called light literature, she does so only to condemn it; if she affects poetry, she professes to enjoy only that of a sternly metaphysical type. Tennyson, being easily understood, and not at all deep, is, in her opinion, milk and water; but Browning, being at times so deep that it is almost impossible for ordinary mortals to arrive at his meaning, is considerably more to her taste. Of the current magazines, she procures from the circulating library those which contain nothing but dull, heavy, philosophical reading. She attends as many learned lectures as she can, and bravely endeavors thereat to preserve an aspect of the deepest interest, and this, when the majority of those by whom she is surrounded are desperately struggling to shake off the influences of Morpheus and avoid snoring! When talking she carefully eschews frivolous topics; frowning when the shape of Mrs. Smith's bonnet or the ill-chosen trimmings of Mrs. Brown's dress come under consideration. If she can capture and hold possession for a stray half-hour of an individual who has acquired the reputation of being learned, she is indeed pleased. The unfortunate man is questioned and cross-questioned in a manner that he relishes but little; often, indeed, he is completely posed. If he makes a mistake—oh! bliss—she is at once down upon him, citing authority upon authority to prove that he is wrong, until, fairly bewildered and greatly irritated, the luckless fellow seeks refuge in an admission that his memory had most unaccountably failed him. But this is not enough. She is shortly at him again, until, adopting an ignominious mode of escape, he flees from her—that is to say, he walks away and enters into converse with some one who he imagines will not be quite so hard upon him. She is perfectly satisfied. She had trounced him for a mistake—she, a miss of twenty summers, has corrected a philosopher of sixty—oh, high honor. She boasts of the great achievement to those in whom she confides. To hear that she has been described as a most remarkable girl—clever though eccentric—pleases her vastly, and urges her on to fresh efforts. Her demeanor is generally shy and reserved; but there is that about her which shows that she places considerable value upon her own power—that is to say, her power of reiterating the arguments and general ideas of the favorite authors she has read, and passing them off as her own. Every one not being acquainted with the productions of those particular writers, she earns the reputation of being a great deal cleverer, more original, and more remarkable than she really is. No one is better pleased than herself at this happy consummation.—*Liberal Review.*

A GRAPHIC writer in the Owensboro *Monitor*, who knows how it is himself, gets after justices of the peace thusly: "Any process of reasoning is the especial horror of the average J. P. Whoever indulges in argument adverse to his preconceived opinion is charged with using technicalities. The 'squire virtually eschews all technicalities, or rather overleaps both the law and the testimony, with an ease that shows him capable of greater things. By a mysterious process, known only to his guild, he drags "justice" forth from the most unexpected quarters. "Justice" is his special weakness, but he occasionally makes a foray into "ekkity." Times are equally for litigants when he turns chancellor, and "justice" incontinently takes to its heels."

Mark Twain, in speaking of [illegible]

Indiana Temperance.

Considerable interest has been excited in Indiana during the past two weeks over a prohibitory law, which has been pending in the Legislature. On Friday last the bill passed both houses.—The principal provisions of the measure are as follows:

The bill provides that it shall be unlawful, under penalty of from $10 to $50 or from ten to thirty days' imprisonment, to sell, barter or give away intoxicating liquors to be drunk on the premesis, without a permit from the county commissioners. Any person wishing to procure such a permit, and designating the place where the liquor is to be sold, such petition to be signed by the applicant and a majority of the legal voters of the ward, town or township wherein the liquor is to be sold. Before the permit can be issued, the applicant must also file a bond in the sum of $3,000, payable to the State, secured by at least two good freeholders, and conditioned for the payment of all fines and damages for which the applicant may be

LIABLE FOR VIOLATIONS OF THE LAW.

It is made unlawful to sell, barter or give intoxicating liquors to minors, or to persons intoxicated, or in the habit of becoming intoxicated; for every violation of this provision, the person so violating is not to be fined less than $10 nor more than $50, or imprisoned in county jail not less than 10 nor more than 30 days. Becoming intoxicated is also made unlawful; penalty, $5 fine for each offense. Any person causing the intoxication, in whole or in part, of any other person, shall be liable to any third person who may take care of the intoxicated person for a reasonable compensation for each day the intoxicated person is so taken care of. Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other person who may be injured in person, property, or means of support by any intoxicated person, or in consequence of intoxication, or in the absence of these or their failure to claim their rights, the township trustee shall have a right of action against the person who, by selling, bartering, or giving away liquor, may have caused such intoxication, and the person owning the premises on which the liquor was sold is made jointly liable with the seller of the liquor, but execution is to be levied on the property of the former only when that of the latter is insufficient to satisfy the judgment.

These, in brief, are the principal provisions of the bill. It is apparent at once to those who are familiar with the lax statutory regulations and laxer public sentiment which have heretofore fostered rather than controlled the retail liquor traffic in Indiana, that the passage of this bill will work a radical change in what has grown, on the one hand, into a crying evil, and, on the other, into a large business.

MICAJAH MOSBY is probably the oldest inhabitant of Mercer county. He was born September 3rd, 1873, and is now 69 years, 5 months and 18 days old. He retains his faculties well, and talks of farming as practiced 80 years ago. He knew Gov. Shelby well and tells of 'possum hunts which they took together. On one occasion he went alone and caught a 'possum which, when ready to be put in the oven, weighed 24 lbs net. He had him cooked for an uncle from Virginia who was visiting his father at the time. Gov. Shelby came in and Micajah's mother refused to put the 'possum on the table, but the Governor insisted that it should be brought forth, and enjoyed it greatly, declaring it the best 'possum he had ever eaten. On one occasion, Mr. Mosby not [illegible] a heavy [illegible] chewing tobacco, three or four men having failed to accomplish it. This was at Asbury Norton's on Chaplin river. He desires his grandson-in-law to plant a crop of tobacco this year that he may work it. The old gentleman says that he is going to Texas this Fall if his grand daughter goes. In 1868 he attended Circuit Court in Harrodsburg, eight or nine days, as party defendant to the suit of Lambert Brewer vs. Micajah Mosby. He stands erect and walks very well from one room to another without the aid of a stick. For sixty years he has worn no shirts except those made of red flannel. He has two daughters living in this county—Mrs. Hall who is 79 years old and Mrs. Black 60 years of age. When he was born, the first gun of the American Revolution had not been fired, and Washington, Jefferson, Hancock and Adams were not "rebels" but "loyal" subjects of King George. How many brilliant, bloody, sorrowful pages of the world's story have been written since September 3, 1773?

LEGGE, the notorious horse thief, seems to be abandoned by his friends. In a lawsuit some time last year, Mr. Claude Minter, of this city, went Legge's security for forty dollars and had it to pay. Mr. Minter wrote Legge's brother at Cedar Shoals, S. C. [illegible]