Historical Society

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SUMMARY OF THE GENERAL NEWS.

English Crop Reports.

The Mark Lane Express this week in its review of the British corn trade, says the aspect of the winter-sown wheat plant gives rise to no complaint, but its too rapid development may render it more sensitive to the action of the frost later on. In the present scarcity of roots and winter fodder, the weather and greenness of the pastures are favorable for stock farmers. The approach of the holidays has exercised the usual quieting effect on the grain trade. Business has been confined to the supply of immediate requirements of millers, and as a rule prices are fairly sustained. Large arrivals of American grain from the Atlantic ports in a few instances have led to a slight reduction, but it has been scarcely quotable, and as the Baltic ports are now closed, there is no alternative. In Russia wheat stocks on hand are large, and imports from India show no diminution, while export movements continue fairly active, and healthy in tone. In the market in maize, last week prices for grinding were fully supported. Barley and oats have given way slightly.

Hard Money.

The following petition has been signed by the leading merchants, bankers and business men of Chicago: "We desire to express our sympathy for and agreement with the president of the United States and the secretary of the treasury in their financial views as recently presented to congress. We therefore hereby respectfully request our senators and representatives in congress to firmly and earnestly oppose all legislation concerning the national finances and coinage not strictly in accord with President Hayes' message and the report of Secretary Sherman. We believe that the prosperity of the country and the interest of the people will be best promoted by a steadfast adherence to the standard of gold in effecting the exchanges of the nations and by the resumption of specie payments on January, 1, 1879.

A Trick that Wouldn't Win.

From points in the Acklin versus Darrall contest from the third Louisiana district, published in the New Orleans Times and other papers, it appears the late attempt by Darrall to indict Land will recoil on him. Acklin has secured the original correspondence between the parties, the wife of one having given Darrall's witnesses away, and produced this correspondence, which exposes the whole conspiracy. By these documents and by corroborative testimony it is shown that large amounts of money were paid parties testifying for Darrall. Acklin contemplates proceedings against those parties in the State court. Acklin's friends claim that the only object of the prosecution against Land by Darrall was to delay the case before the congressional committee.

A South American Emute.

A rebellion broke out at Punta Arenas, which the governor was at first unable to quell, and was organized solely for the purpose of exterminating Capt. Guizalde, chief of the garrison. The rebels, after cruelly assassinating him, set fire to buildings, including a hospital with all the patients in it, stole $7,000 from the treasury and robbed all the commercial houses. In the confusion they were killing each other. Of the houses composing the colony only about one-half remain standing. The number of killed is forty, with fourteen wounded.

Adjourns without a Settlement.

The Tennessee legislature having reached no result as to the settlement of the State debt, passed a resolution to adjourn sine die at noon on the 28th. The senate bill to compromise the State debt at 50 cents, graded interest 4, 5 and 6 per cent. was defeated in the house after an amendment, to make the interest 4 per cent. for 1, 5 and 6 per cent. for 15 years, high tax men voting against it because not in compliance with the proposition of the bondholders, which was 50 cents and 6 pe cent. interest.

Interesting to Medical Students.

Dr. Strong, demonstrator of anatomy in the Rush Medical college, has devised a process by which bodies brought to medica colleges during vacation for dissection, and which have usually been worthless on account of the inability to preserve them in a condition valuable for dissection, may be perfectly preserved. Some two hundred were kept by this process last summer, and are now being dissected with highly favorable results.

A New Turn to a Noted Scandal.

Henry Curtis, who was arrseted on the charge of burglarizing Dr. McCarthy's house in Cincinnate and stealing papers appertaining to the bastardy suits now in progress in the courts at Middletown, Ohio, has been identified by Dr. McCarthy and his wife as the man who presented a revolver at their heads in their room, also by a servant girl who saw him prowling about the neighborhood the day before.

The Proposed New Territory.

The sub-committee of the House committee of territories, on the 28th heard an argument from Delegate Corbett, of Wyoming in opposition to the bill for the establishment of the territory of Lincoln. Corbett based his opposition mainly upon the argument that the population af the Black Hills country is not of a permanent character. He also opposed the bill because it provides for including a portion of Wyoming within the boundaries ot the proposed new Territory.

Workingmen's Congress.

At Newark, N. Y., on the 29th the workingmen's congress in open session expelled two members, Carl Savory and McGrady, for joining the Republican party, and censured President Strasser, of the international cigar makers' union, for suppressing the dispatch sympathizing with the New York cirgar makers' strike. The name was changed to the Socialist Labor party, and a platform adopted declares the workingmens' party necessary because other parties afford no relief. It recommends the formation of trade unions and labor organizations throughout the country, favors repealing all laws against labor combinations, conspiracy and strikes. A resolution was adopted against importing coolie laborers.

An Alliance Against Uncle Sam.

The newspapars of the City of Mexico, urge a close alliance of the Hispano-American republics against northern aggression. There has been a grand military display at Chapultepec. Five thousand troops were out, well armed, uniformed and drilled. Minister Romero, of the treasury, claims to have made improvements which will augment the treasury a million dollars. A motion was made in congress to abolish the zona libre and establish instead custom houses in the passes of the Sierra Madre, but congress adjourned before the measure could be acted upon.

The Way of the Office-Seeker.

The Hon. J. Willus Macnard, a colored ex-senator in Florida, went to Washington last summer and made vigorous demonstrations for the Belgian mission, which he urged should be given him as a recognition of his race. Failing in this, he sought the consulate at Liverpool, then a clerkship, and at last has received and gratefully accepted the position of watchman in the postoffice department at $60 per month.

Monthly Coal Sales.

Seventy-five thousand tons of Scranton coal were sold in New York, at auction on the 28th, by order of the Lackawanna company. There was a large attendance and prices were firm at 10 to 45 cents per ton more than last month. Sales: 5,000 tons steamer at $2.40@2.42½; 12,000 tons grate $2.27½@2.47½; 12,000 tons egg $2.62½@2.75; 12,000 tons chestnut $2.67½@2.80; 29,000 tons stove $3@3.10; 5,000 tons pea $1.67½.

Shot Papal Allocution.

The Pope held a consistory at the Vatican on the 28th. Monseignor Moretti and Cardinals and some Bishops were appointed. The Pope delivered a short allocution, thanking the Cardinals for their solicitude concerning his health and asking them to pray that God help the Church and preserve unimpaired the mind of its head whose body was ailing.

Judgment for the People.

The attorney general of New York has been notified that referees in the Belden canal case have found judgment in favor of the State amounting to $387,000. This is the Port Schuyler unbalanced bid case, where work was claimed to have been performed which largely exceeded the amount bid for.

Not Privileged from Arrest.

Judge Clayton of Chester, Pa., has decided that Representative Bullard is not privileged from arrest. Bullard claimed when arrested for embezzling funds of the building-association, he was on his way to Harrisburg to attend the session of the legislature and was therefore exempt from arrest.

Gen. Butler on the Situation.

At a dinner of the Banks club, in Boston on the evening of the 29th, Gen. Butler spoke at length on the political situation. He defended the President's title, but criticized the Southern policy. About eighty prominent Republicans were present. Banks and others made speeches.

Diocesan Convention.

The standing committee of the diocese of Quincy has forwarded a request to Bishop McLaren to call a convention of the diocese at that city for February 26 to elect a bishop for the position declined by Dr. Harris of Chicago.

RUSSIA'S WAR WITH TURKEY.

A correspondent writting from Plevna states when the Turks made their sortie they left thousands of sick and wounded starving and unattended to. These unfortunates remained in this state for three days, and hundreds of them died. Over a thousand have been already buried, and about one hundred come from the hospital daily. Undoubtedly many who were not quite dead have been buried. Those killed in the battles were unburied the 17th. Turkish prisoners are encamped among them and are almost starving. Plevna is one vast charnel house surpassing in horror anything imaginable.

A Burcharest dispatch says the bridge across the Danube at Nickopolis was totally destroyed by ice on the 26th. The destruction of the bridge at Sistova must follow unless it is immediately removed. The weather seems to have arrested the Russian onward movement, and it begins to look as though the campaign was over for the year. The railways are not working regularly and the commissariat have all they can do to keep the troops supplied in camps near Plevna without increasing the difficulty by sending them further inland. A Berlin special says Russia is sounding the various Mediterranean States as to their disposition relative to the opening of the Dardanelles. A Vienna dispatch says it is stated from several sides that England, although declining to mediate, has confidentially sounded Russia as to the terms on which she would be inclined to make peace, and that the Russian cabinet has been far less reserved than might have been anticipated.

A Bucharest dispatch says the reinforcements ordered for the Russian army exceed 250,000 men. The army of the Baltic, numbing 90,000 men, is also being formed. Russia has bought 200,000 rifles in Berlin. Osman Pasha arrived at Burcharest Wednesday last. His wound is progressing favorably. It is believed he will be interned at Moscow.

The North German Gazette says if England only seeks to sound Russia respecting her willingness to make peace and the chances of success of a direct application of the Porte to St. Petersburg, credit may be awarded to Great Britain for her meritorious intentions. In another case, the theory of the Agence Russe that mediation, unless solicited by both beligerents, becomes intervention, and may assert itself. Regarding intervention, Russia, in fulfillment of her mission, can scarcely be stopped, even by the cleverest moves on the political chess board.

Latest Markets.

MILWAUKEE.

GRAIN.—Wheat, No. 1 hard $1.10; No. $1.09½; No. 2, $1.05¾; seller January $1.06¾ seller February $1.07¼; No. 3 $1.01. Corn No 2 44@44½c. Oats No. 2, 24½. Rye No. 1 56½c Barley No. 2 65c.

CHICAGO.

FLOUR.—$4.75@5.75; Minnesota extras, $5.00 @ 6.50; patent, $6.50@9.00; superfine, $2.25@4.00; winter extras, $5.25 @7.25.

GRAIN.—Wheat, No. 2 Minnesota spring, $1.06½; No. 1 Chicago $1.06⅜@1.06½; No. 2 Chicago $1.06¼@1.06⅜ cash and seller December; $1.06⅝@1.06¾ seller January $1.07⅝ @1.07¾ seller February. No. 3 Chicago, $1.00; rejected 94½c. Corn 43⅜@43½c cash; 43⅜c seller December; 41⅞c seller January 41⅛@ 41⅜c seller February; rejected 34½c. Oats, 24½c cash; 24½c seller January; 24⅝c seller February; rejected 22c. Rye, 55½c cash. Barley 59c.

PROVISIONS.—Pork $11.75 cash; $10.90@ 11.00 seller December; $11.77½@11.80 seller January; $11.92@11.95 seller February. Lard $7.70 cash and seller January; $7.80 seller February. Bulk meats, shoulders, 4¼c; short rib 6c; short clear 6½c.

A MILD CLIMATE.

December Steamboat Excursions on the Upper Mississippi.

The mild weather this winter is being improved by the citizens of St. Paul, and steamboat excursions have been frequent during the past week. There were two large excursions on Christmas day and on the day following Christmas, a still larger affair for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum of the city. The fine steamer Maggie Reaney was secured and the party steamed up to Fort Snelling. A meeting was organized on board the boat during the trip, with ex-Gov. Ramsey as presiding officer. After brief speeches by ex-Gov. Ramsey and Gen. R. W. Johnson, Col. Hewitt spoke at considerable length. The following is an extract from his speech:

I thank you gentlemen who got up this pleasant Christmas excursion. I have never missed any of these delightful annual December steamboat excursions, nor do I wish to miss any of the half dozen projected for these holidays. This is the third one in four days and that for next Tuesday will beat them all, for all want a good time on the river on New Year's day, and I expect some skeezicks will call on me for a speech then. I don't think you should be mean with me if I should have to wring in one of my old ones either then or now (a voice, "Suit yourself"). That's liberal. You know that two fresh speeches in one week would wrench a man at my time of life! (Applause.) But need I ask why you gentlemen crowd this boat to-day. You come to aid the orphans and to have a good holiday and to testify in this cheerful, rational manner your gratitude to the God of our fathers for having cast your lives in such pleasant places. That your homes are in Minnesota. I know what's the matter with Beecher. He was out here—he saw our glorious State. He considers Minnesota the heaven of the world, and he knows New York is the—other place! (Applause.) Gratitude that you live in a State that raised forty million bushels of wheat this year; as good wheat as the world ever saw, and out of which our thousand mills make the best flour in the world A young State but millions of bushels ahead of any State in the Union! A State that built two hundred and forty miles of railroad this year, and has twenty five hundred miles of completed railway, and work arranged on nearly a dozen roads for the incoming year! thus bringing a market to the door of our seven hundred thousand people. Gratitude for the best common school system in the Union, and a school fund of over three and a half million dollars and school lands enough set apart to bring eighteen million dollars. Millions of acres of government lands and railroad lands at almost nominal prices, on which from twenty to thirty bushels of wheat per acre can be raised. Gratitude for a humane provision in our homestead laws that secures to each family a dwelling or a farm, without limit as to value, that shall be theirs to remain the shelter, the castle, the *home*, of the family, to cluster around its hearthstone in the hour of gloom and disaster, as secure as they were won't to do in the sunshine of prosperity. [Applause.] A country unsurpassed for health, and whose climate is but too little understood in portions of our Union, where they need to be told that thousands of farmers who have lived for years in Iowa, Wiscansin, and Southern Minnesota, where they have sold their farms on which they have done well, and are removing three and four hundred miles *further north* into upper Minnesota. Gratitude for a State where law and order prevail, not surpassed in this respect by any State, old or new in our Union—a State almost without a revolver or a bowie-knife, and where a man who would carry either would be looked upon as a coward and a blackguard; a State without one deed of violence, where some States I could name count a thousand; a State, into which, red handed cut throats raid to carry away our money in sacks, but never leave our borders alive. [Applause.] Do I wonder that gratitude fills your hearts these Christmas times, and that these boats are filled these joyous Christmas times, with crowds made of evey nation, kindred, tongue and people under heaven. By the way, that's one among the thousand reasons why I love Minnesota above and beyond any spot of earth, and I have lived North and South, East and West. It is because we have people here from everywhere. We have in Minnesota and in St. Paul people from every part, nook and corner of all the heritage of God. But I won't recall any more of the blessings and benefits for which you should be grateful, or if you are not you may land in a country where river excursions are a novelty, no matter what Beecher thinks.

Seven years ago, on one of our annual December steamboat excursions, I read you from the census returns in 1870 that St. Paul was the lowest on the list of cities over twenty thousand population; we just escaped being left; we had twenty thousand and a baker's dozen. I then said, mark where St. Paul will be in ten years. See how many of those cities now ahead of her will be overtaken and beaten by our city. Five of the seven years passed have been hard ones on us, but our forty thousand people to-day and the big push we have now entered upon will cause you to recall and recount with pride what our young city has done and can do! Go out on the line of our dozen railroads this 26th December day, and see them plowing for the crop of 1878. See the incoming tide of people that are going to do more to develop our State in the next five years than has ever been done since the Indians had possession. Go, and you will see what a future there is for St. Paul if we are only true to ourselves.

R. A. Orbison, Esq., was next called for. Mr. Orbison stated that he came from Pennsylvania last summer, mainly by the influence of Col. Hewitt. He came an invalid and found the climate of Minnesota had restored him and he had settled in St. Paul. He believed that Minnesosa offered more advantages to those seeking homes than any State in the Union. Her forty million bushels of wheat and her healthy climate was fast extending her reputation, and he believed the tide of immigration that we would see coming here from the Eastern States would very far surpass anything we had ever had before. This State had been too little understood, and the people everywhere should be made acquainted with its true worth. He said he had already begun to do his part and he knew of others from the same section who have come here recently, and were doing their part. He believed there would be a diversion in our favor from the route immigration had heretofore taken from Pennsylvania. Many would come to Minnesota.

Gov. Ramsey—Let them come; they are good people.

After other speeches a series of resolutions were passed concluding with a pledge to attend the mammoth excursion being arranged for New Year's day. The whole affair was greatly enjoyed by all participants.

Barriere, the French dramatist, once decided to kill himself, loaded his pistol and called in a friend to receive his wishes. The friend did not attempt to dissuade him, but calmly jotted down the dying wishes, then, while Barriere was writing a farewell letter, took up the pistol and began examining It was cocked and the muzzle was pointing directly at Barriere. The intended suicide ducked under the table with remarkable agility, crying: "Look out! The thing is loaded! You'll be shooting me the first thing you know."

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

'T is the last fly of summer,
Left buzzing alone,
All his merry companions
Have vanished and gone.

Not in graceful gyrations
Now deftly he skims,
For he's weak in the winglets
And stiff in the limbs.

His flights have grown shorter,
And longer his rests;
He crawls o'er the table,
My paper molests.

Yet, though seemingly dozing,
Full watchful he stands,
To mark when I'm busy,
Engaged with both hands.

Then he grasps the occasion,
And promptly he goes
To tickle my fingers,
Or light on my nose.

To creep o'er my bald pate,
My ear to explore,
Or to traverse my eyelids—
This terrible bore.

Yet one proof of alertness
Remains to him still—
He dodges the 'kerchief
That's flirted to kill.

My raised hand he laughs at,
This pestilent elf,
And the blow that should smash him
Alights on myself.

Well, the winter is coming,
And Jack Frost is nigh;
And then, vile tormentor,
I'll smile when you die.

HOW JOE WEAKENED.

In that great horse-shoe bend of the Little Bear-Paw Mountain which catches a great flood of sunshine at noonday, sixty strong and sturdy men were digging into the base of the black-topped mountain in search of silver.

We were not in luck, and, though each man was gloomy and discouraged there was no excuse for murder. We had banded together to share alike, and if fortune smiled on one, all would receive benefits.

One night, when the day's toil of fifty-seven men yielded an estimate of only $6, the miners cursed and swore, and felt like striking each other. We were short of provisions, new tools were needed, and the men turned in for the night with a determination to strike for some other locality if the next day's work should exhibit like barren results.

At midnight there was a great outcry. It was not an Indian attack, as each miner anticipated when he rushed out, but a horrible murder had been committed, and the murderer captured by one of the sentinels. A miner named Joseph Swain, but hardly known in camp by any other name than "Joe," occupied a tent in company with an old man named Arnold. The two were on good terms, but while Arnold had about $300 in gold coin acquired in other speculations, Swain hadn't a dollar outside the common fund. The gold was buried in the earth under the bed in which the two slept, and Swain could not get at it at night without arousing his companion. Had he secured it during the day and made off he would have been overhauled very quickly, and his punishment nothing less than hanging. It could be no more if he added murder to the robbery, and that night, when we all felt so bitterly towards luck, and when partners felt so much like striking each other, Joe Swain murdered the man who had done the most for him. He was getting away with the gold when halted, and though he made a sharp fight for liberty he was tied, hand and foot within five minutes after the first alarm.

Arnold was dead, stabbed in three or four places, and the gold was found in Joe's belt. There was no show for the murderer. He could not even plead impulse or heat of passion. Indeed he was not the one to seek to avoid consequences. He made a statement to the effect that he had deliberately murdered and robbed the good old man, and added:

"Now, boys, there's no use in a great fuss over this matter. Put a guard over me, and the rest of you go back to your sleep. You'll hang me, of course, and when morning comes I shall have a request to make. I shan't try to get away, and I'm not going to play the baby when the last hour comes.

Joe Swain was known among us as a game man. He had fought Mexicans, trailed Indians and killed three or four white ruffians who had made themselves a terror to certain localities. Armed with his bowie-knife, he would have been a match for any four of us, and it was owing to his presence more than that of any one else that our village was not troubled with the roughs and gamblers who attached themselves to other camps like leeches.

Murder was a crime that could not be palliated in a mining camp. Had it been anything else, a majority of the men would have been in favor of letting Joe jump the diggings and go unpunished. But when they looked in on the white-faced and blood stained corpse of the good old man who had been like a father to all of them, each heart hardened against the murderer, and each man said to the other:

"Joe Swain must hang for this!"

There was no need of a trial. When he was brought out after breakfast he said:

"Boys, I don't want any fuss over this thing. I killed the old man, and it is your duty to swing me up to a limb. I knew what I was up to, and I knew I'd have to stretch a rope if I couldn't get away. I don't deserve a kind word and I shan't look for any sympathy. The request I want to make is that you won't hang me till sunset. I know it's bad to have one of these affairs hanging around camp all day, but yet it won't make no great difference to you as long as you're working for almost nothing. Now, then, all in favor of waiting till sunset to hang me, say aye!"

"Aye!" shouted every man around him.

"Those opposed will say no!"

Not a voice was heard.

"The ayes have it, and I am to be hung at sundown," continued Joe. "I want to write half a dozen letters, sleep for two or three hours and I hope you won't crowd in on me. Select your tree, get your rope ready, and when the time comes I'll be on hand."

If Joe had been a captive in the hands of the Indians, and was to be burned at the stake at sundown, every miner would have wagered his outfit that Swain would have died game. In this case, where he was to meet a disgraceful death at the hands of men who had worked and fought beside him for months, most of the miners thought he'd take the noose without a muscle, but there were two or three who said:

"He's a brave man, but when he takes his last look around he will weaken."

But before the day was four hours old there was a strange wager between two of our men. It was rifle against rifle that Joe Swain would show a woman's heart before he swung off.

The doomed man was left to himself all day long. A strong guard was placed around his tent, but no one entered it to interrupt the work of his last hours. The corpse of his victim was buried at the foot of the lone tree on which Jones was to swing, and as the six men carrying the body passed near his tent the murderer came out and stood with uncovered head to show his respect for the dead. He wrote five letters, drew up a brief will, ate a full meal about mid afternoon, and half an hour before sundown he was ready. Before starting for the tree he said: "After I am gone you will find my will. The letters in there are to be forwarded as soon as convenient. This is a shabby old suit of clothes to be hung in, but it's all I had, and I couldn't go around borrowing. Have you got the rope and the barrel ready?"

"Yes, everything is all ready," replied a voice.

"That's right," said Joe. "Now, then, form the procession; give me a conspicuous place, and we'll march along."

The man wasn't smiling. His face was pale; his eyes had an anxious look, and it was plain enough that he realized the grimness of his last hour on earth. The procession was formed, and Joe marched away for the tree as steadily as a soldier on parade. His hands and feet were free but as he haled beside the old barrel, with the noose dangling above his head, he said:

"Boys, tie my arms behind my back, and after you lift me up tie my feet together. If you make a bungle of this, you'll get a bad name all through the diggings."

When Joe stood on the barrel, the noose around his neck, the men fell back a little. He looked from man to man with steady eye, glanced up at the limb, and then looked over the heads of the men out upon the green prairies. The sinking sun had filled the grass with millions of sparkling jewels. A score of antelope were trotting along a mile away; great birds were sailing toward the Rockies with lazy wing; the flowers never seemed so thick and beautiful as then.

For a minute we all looked southward, and there was something in the vision that softened every heart.

When we looked up at Joe again we hardly knew him. All the hard lines had melted out of his face, his eyes were full of tears, and there was a sob in his throat as he turned and whispered:

"Don't blame me, boys; it is my last look on earth! Now do your duty!"

Not a man moved—not a man could move.

Taking a swift glance over the prairie and another up the mountain side, Joe softly said: "God forgive me that I was not a better man——!"

He fell forward off the barrel, his own executioner, and no man dared look up until the body hung limp and lifeless.

Joe had weakened, and those who had bet on his "game" had lost. Yet when we talk it over in low voices at the camp-fire we agreed that brave Joe's bravest act of a life time was shown when the tenderness was allowd to creep into his heart and his eyes to fill with tears—when he proved to us that he had a soul.

The Patrican Tombs.

Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.

A monk—as merry a monk as one would hope to see of a summer's day in fair Italia—led us down a long flight of steps into the tombs. The long, low narrow halls were joined one to another by passages at the extreme ends. It seemed as if we strolled a mile or more up one hall and down another, until we were quite at a loss to return to the steps by which we had entered. On both sides of these halls lay heaps of boxes, piled one above another, five or six deep. Some of these boxes had windows in the sides single panes of glass; some were all of glass, like show cases. Within them lay the bodies of the late residents of Palermo, dressed in the best, and frequently exhibiting their *cartes de visite* in a gilt frame on the outside of their show cases. One man held his photograph in his white-gloved hand, so that you could see it readily; and there he lay with a waxed moustache and a pair of staring glass eyes, a white necktie and plumpers, fondly regarding the counterfeit presentment of the swell he was, and smiling at life's fleeting show as one might smile who considers himself beautiful forever.

The first families of Palermo, when, they perish, are carefully anointed with balsams and decently buried. In a year or two they are resurrected by contract and examined. The well-preserved are arrayed more of less gorgeously and hung up on a nail to dry. The doubtful cases are allowed to rest in their coffins, but they may still receive the gaze of the curious through a skylight or show window, so they have not died in vain. Rows of stuffed children sat in little chairs, awaiting the last trump, and gathering more dust than is becoming. Virgins were crowned with silver-gilt crowns as high as section of stove pipe, and still they looked not happy. Young men smiled with a sad stage smile that came back to me long after I had fled from the place, and chilled me to the marrow. Old men dropped away into the corners of their cases and looked bored even in death. The walls were lined with these mummies, all ticketed and labelled, all festooned along from arch to arch, devilishly decorative, and, as we went to and fro, not knowing whether to laugh or to weep, a large cat sported among the bodies and from time to time ceased purring and arching her back, as she sprang at a fly on the cheek of some old acquaintance, or played with the skirts of a lady in blue satin, with a wreath of large yellow roses tilting over one eye. We were asked to kindly take hold of the tongue of a monk, just within arm's reach, which was like a bit of leather; and that member had ceased to wag for more than a hundred years. This is indeed death's victory, when one is held up to everlasting derision, and the embarrassment of such an exposition as this is the grave's undying sting.

Electric Blunders.

Speaking of mistakes or "bulls," as they are technically termed, that have been made from time to time in the transmission of messages over the wires, Mr. Johnson, in his new book on telegraphers and telegraphic matters, says:

Telegraphy as at present practiced is simply the art of instantaneously conveying to distant places the first elements of written language. In transmitting the letters of the alphabet, either visual or acoustic means can be employed. Most of the telegraphs in Europe appeal to the eye; in America nearly all appeal to the ear. The sending of messages from place to place is dependent upon mere transitory signals, which in many cases are similar to each other, and it is not therefore surprising that errors occasionally occur.

Anna Dickinson was once telegraphed to by a Lecture Committee inquiring the subject of her lecture. She replied that it would be "Breakers Ahead." The committee telegraphed back, "All right; come and lecture on 'Break His Head,'" which was what the message read after being "improved" by ye intelligent operator.

A "bull" was also perpetrated last winter in connection with the little of a lecture by Hon. Sunset Cox, of New York. Mr. Cox telegraphed Mr. Bain, of Atlanta, that his subject would be "Irish Humor," but when the message reached Mr. Bain, it read "Just Human." When the lecturer took his stand, he said: "The message was only bullied, ladies and gentlemen, but I am sorry to say that it was certainly an Irish bull."

On one occasion the message "Arrived all right," dispatched by some ladies, was delivered "Arrived all tight." In another case a husband who had gone to the seaside to engage apartments telegraphed "All right; come to-morrow." He was astonished that his wife did not come to him, but the mystery was explained when it was discovered that "All right; home to-morrow," had been the message actually delivered. A member of the Masonic fraternity once telegraphed to a friend to "make room for ten Royal Arch Masons, coming to-day," and on his arrival found a neat pen erected in the yard, the message delivered asking for accommodations for ten "rams."

A gentleman in California was much astonished to receive a message informing him that "David goes up this evening on a spree." The dispatch originally read: "This evening on Osprey." An Associated Press dispatch published some years ago contained this clause: "Colonel Gilbert, a fierce editor of the Valparaiso Vidette and Republican." As filed it read: "Colonel Gilbert A. Pierce, editor," &c. A New York merchant was once considerably puzzled over a message he received from a correspondent South, saying: "it don't rain mush here."

A grocer who had pursued a runaway clerk named Galusha, and found him with the money, and repentant, telegraphed to his (the grocer's) anxious wife: "Found Galusha. Hope for better things." When she got the missive it read: "Found girl; she elope and get her things." She started for the scene of action by the first train.

Interesting Archaeological Remains.

Mr. B. M. Randall, of St. Peter, has recently secured and forwarded to the Minnesota Historical Society, at St. Paul, two of the largest stone implements of the pre-historic races ever found in America. They are immense stone hammers, or mallets, each weighing about 60 lbs. They appear to have been shaped out of two boulders, of about the size and form needed, and a groove has been worked around each of them by hand. It was at first a mystery what such huge hammers could have been used for, as they are too heavy to lift by hand, but after due pondering on the subject, the society has come to this conclusion.

Their size and shape, and the marks of wear on them, indicate that they were used to crack or pulverise corn, probably by pounding it on a flat or hollow rock. A search in the spot where one of them was found, revealed the presence of a rock of this kind, bearing marks of abrasion such as would naturally be caused by such use. As they are too heavy to be used by hand, they must have been fastened to the end of an elastic beam, or pole, the other end of which was fastened in something immovable, and rested on a support or fulcrum. Thus the elasticity of the beam would overcome the weight of the hammer, which could thus be worked up and down by a gentle movement of the hand, and pulverize the corn into coarse meal. In short, it was pre-historic grist mill.

One of the stones, which has a very ancient appearance, was found four feet under the ground. Both were found near St. Peter. Other stone hammers of this kind may have been found in the State, but we have never heard of any. Still, if our readers will pay a little attention to the matter, they may find that some of the apparently worthless stones lying here and there, were in reality once the hammers or axes of races of men who lived here centuries ago. They can be recognized by the shape. The Historical Society have collected a few of them, and would be grateful for some more good specimens. Their cabinet is the proper place for them, as it is free to the public.

It is the opinion of Southern papers, almost without an exception, that the negroes in the South are dying almost at the rate of four to one as compared with the whites. The causes are uncleanliness, lack of proper food, clothing, shelter, and cooking, sensual excesses of all kinds, drunkenness, neglect of the sick, the preference of "conjurors" to physicians, and absence of proper precautions against contagious diseases.

Minnesota News Items.

CARVER.

During the past year, there were manufactured in Chaska 4,150,000 brick.... A new flouring mill is to be built in the village of Benton.... Mr. Kane of Norwood, while cutting wood recently, was struck in the face by a stick, and his eye seriously injured.

MOWER

A daughter of Rudolph Miller, aged about 13 years, met with a severe accident by the discharge of a shot gun, which her brother carelessly pointed at her in sport. Fifteen shots were lodged in her face, neck, breast and arm, one passing very close to the heart and another within one sixteenth of an inch of the jugular vein.

HOUSTON.

On the 15th, at Williams' store in Sheldon, William Phelps, aged 17 years, was fearfully burned about the face and head and otherwise seriously injured by the explosion of gunpowder. He entered a small room adjoining the store to get some apples in a barrel and in doing so, upset a can of gunpowder which exploded from the fire of a cigar he had in his mouth. The front of the room was blown away and the contents scattered around. Phelps' face was so badly burned as to be almost unrecognizable, but it is probable he will recover his eye-sight.

MORRISON.

Samuel Muncy, of Swann River, aged 75 years, who a few months ago with no other acquaintance than that brought about through a brief correspondence by mail, married a Chicago lady, has, it now seems, repented of his bargain, and the lady having left his "bed and board," he gives notice that he will pay no debts of her contracting.

WABASHAW

Wild-cats, lynx, wolves, etc., are said to be playing havoc again among the poultry at the farm-houses in the vicinity of Lake City. Merrilll Dwelle has had his poultry-yard pretty nearly cleaned out by the vermin.... Work has been suspended on the Midland Narrow gauge railroad on account of the want of funds.

BLUE EARTH.

In accordance with the provisions of the law of last winter making appropriation for the payment of rewards for the capture of the Northfield bank robbers, Judge Dickinson constituted referee to apportion said award, on the 22d inst. made and filed his decision, in which he awards $250 apiece to seven persons; to fourteen others $56.25 each; to twenty-five others $56.24 each, and to eight others the sum of $15 each. The whole amount distributed was $4,063.50.... The formal dedication of the new Masonic Hall and the accompanying banquet by Mankato Commandery Knights Templar, took place on the evening of the 19th, and brought together one of the largest and most brilliant social gatherings ever witnessed in Mankato.

SCOTT.

Be it known, on the 19th and 20th o December, 1877, Wm. Hamilton's teams were plowing on his farm in Eagle Creek; and we understand John McMullen is daily expecting a new style of plows, made expressly for winter plowing in Minnesota. How's that for a cold ice-bound State.

FILLMORE.

George Holmes and Loren Johnson, residing near Chatfield, have been arrested and fined $10, each for stealing hoop-poles from the land of W. A. Pease.

TODD.

The remains of Charles Hartung, who was lost in the woods some time ago, has been found near Partridge River. Search was made for his gun, but it could not be found.... Madison Young has been appointed Postmaster at Daylight in place of Hartwell Silver.

OLMSOED.

Since harvest, Jacob Grassle of Cascade has shipped seven hundred head of beef cattle to Chicago.... James H. Williams has been appointed postmaster at Farm Hill.... Wm. Somerville, of Rochester, while experimenting with a health lift, sustained such injury in the region of the small of the back that he had to be carried home and put to bed.... Wm. Buck, of High Forest, has sold in Rochester one dozen hogs of the Poland-China breed, a little over one year old, which, when dressed, weighed over 4,100 pounds, or an average of about 350 pounds each.... A good deal of plowing has been done the past few weeks.... Lewis Smith has been convicted of stealing an overcoat from the Broadway House, in Rochester, and sentenced to forty days' imprisonment, in default of $25 fine and costs.

The Duke of Wellington's Perilous Nap

Self-reliance may be carried too far, and self-reliant great men are often very difficult to take care of in old age, when their habits have survived their strength.

The late Duke of Wellington was accustomed, during the latter years of his life, to drive himself about in a curricle, a habit which caused his family considerable uneasiness since, from his increasing years and failing vision, it seemed probable that he would meet with some accident.

The Duke's well-known character, however, was such that nobody dared to hint such a thing to him, and all the round-about methods taken to induce him to abandon his charioteering having failed, he was left to enjoy its pleasures at peace.

What rendered this so extremely dangerous was his habit of going off suddenly to sleep, which brought him so many hairbreadth escapes that, at last, it was arranged for some member of the family to accompany him whenever he could do so without awakening his suspicions.

One day his second son, Lord Charles, contrived to be honored with the perilous invitation. After driving a certain distance along the road, the Duke went off into a nap, and one of the reins fell from his hands, while he kept hold of the other, still feeling the horses' mouths with it. The result was that the animals were gradually edged toward a deep and steep ravine which bordered the road.

Lord Charles, watched things meantime, and prayed that his father might, as he had done many times before, awake in time to prevent the else inevitable smash. The Duke, however, continued to nod and to pull, until at last, as the horses were on the very edge of the ditch, Lord Charles seized the fallen rein, and giving it a pluck, pulled them short round into the road again. With a sharp turn the Duke awoke, and seeing the reins in his son's hand, asked angrily, "What are you doing with the reins, sir?" "Well, sir," replied Lord Charles, "the horses were going straight over the edge and I just pulled them off to prevent us being smashed to pieces." The Duke looked at him sternly, and said: "I'll trouble you to mind your own business." —*Youth's Companion.*

Legally Elected.

The supreme court at Yankton, Dakota Territory, has decided that the officers elected in counties in the Black Hills, last November, were lawfully elected and are entitled to their officers.