The Wichita City Eagle.

VOLUME I. WICHITA, SEDGWICK COUNTY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1872. NUMBER 28.

The Wichita Eagle.

TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION.

THE RATES we have established for advertising will be strictly adhered to in every instance. They are as low as charged by a majority of the papers in the West, and as low as any paper furnished on a firm and lasting basis, with a large circulation, will do business. We think business men can get value received by advertising with us. We ask no one to patronize us out of charity, and do not want a man's money unless we give him value received. We could easily fill our columns with foreign advertisements, humbugs, patent medicines, etc., at less than our regular rates. But we hope that we never will be compelled to do so. Nothing speaks so well for a town and the enterprise of its citizens—its growth and prosperity—as the columns of the local paper well filled with home advertisements of home trade and business. We shall charge all alike, foreign and local, and shall not deviate from our established rates. No display type larger than Pica will be used in these columns, and in no case will cuts, or black and unseemly illustrations be admitted into this paper.

MAILS.

Eastern Mail (via Wichita & Southwestern R. R.)—Arrives daily at 10:30 P. M. Departs daily at 3:05 A. M.

Eureka, Eldorado and Augusta—Arrives Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 P. M. Departs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 A. M.

Arkansas City (via Winfield, Douglas and Augusta)—Arrives daily at 6 P. M. Departs daily at 6 A. M.

Wellington—Arrives daily at 6 P. M. Departs daily at 7 A. M.

Arkansas City (via Littletown, Nennescah, Oxford and El Paso)—Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 P. M. Departs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M.

Caldwell (via Chisuska, Wellington and Belle Plaine)—Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 P. M. Departs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M.

Salina (via Sedgwick and Newton)—Arrives Saturday at 9:45 P. M. Departs Saturday at 3:05 A. M.

Sumner City—Arrives Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 1 P. M. Departs Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 1 P. M.

London and Wellington—Arrives Tuesdays and Fridays. Departs Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Dry Creek, Clarion and Clear Water—Arrive and depart Wednesdays, once a week.

On and after date the postoffice will be open for the delivery of letters and the sale of stamps from 7½ A. M. to 7½ P. M.

Hereafter the office will be open on Sunday from 8 to 10 A. M.

Mails going east and south close prompt at 7 P. M. J. T. HOLMES, P. M.

CHURCHES.

First Presbyterian Church—J. P. HARSEN, pastor. Services in church building, corner Wichita and Second streets, every Sabbath at 11 o'clock A. M. and 7½ P. M.

M. E. Church—J. F. NESSLY, pastor. Services at the School House every Sabbath at 10½ o'clock A. M. or 8 P. M. Alternate with Episcopal Church.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge Thirteenth Judicial District—W. P. CAMPBELL.

Board of County Commissioners—H. C. RAMLOW, R. N. NEELEY, SOL. H. KOHN, Chairman.

County Treasurer—S. S. JOHNSON.

County Clerk—FRED. SCHATTNER.

Sheriff—JOHN MEAGHER.

Clerk District Court—JOHN MCIVOR.

Probate Judge—WM. BALDWIN.

Superintendent Public Instruction—W. C. LITTLE.

Register of Deeds—JOHN MCIVOR.

County Attorney—H. C. SLUSS.

County Surveyor—JOHN A. SROUFE.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor—E. B. ALLEN.

Police Judge—J. M. ATWOOD.

City Treasurer—CHARLES A. PHILLIP.

Marshal—M. MEAGHER.

City Attorney—WM. BALDWIN.

City Clerk—GEO. S. HENRY.

Justices of the Peace—WM. H. ROARKE, H. E. VAN TREES.

Constables—S. K. OHMERT, GEO. DEAMOUR.

Council—First Ward—DR. OWENS, CHARLES SCHATTNER. Second Ward—JAS. A. STEVENSON, H. H. LINDSEY. Third Ward—J. M. MARTIN, A. J. LANGSDORF. Fourth Ward—J. C. FRAKER, WM. SMITH.

Board of Education—First Ward—N. A. ENGLISH, NELSON MCCLESS. Second Ward—E. P. WATERMAN, W. C. WOODMAN. Third Ward—G. W. REEVES, R. S. WEST. Fourth Ward—A. H. FABRIQUE, FRED. A. SOWERS.

LODGES.

A. F. & A. M.—Meets on the first and third Mondays of each month. H. S. SLUSS, W. M.

GOOD TEMPLARS—Meet at Masonic Hall Friday night of each week. C. S. CALDWELL, W. C. T.

UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.

Meets every Sabbath, at the Presbyterian Church, at 9½ o'clock A. M.

Meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the School House.

U. S. LAND OFFICE.

MAIN STREET, next door to Green Front. W. S. JENKINS, Register; J. C. REDFIELD, Receiver. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 3 P. M.

ATTORNEYS.

J. M. BALDERSTON,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kansas. Will practice in the State courts and attend to business connected with the U. S. Land Office. ap26-1y

M. C. SLUSS. JAS. L. DYER.

SLUSS & DYER,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Wichita, Kansas. 27tf

GEORGE SALISBURY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Kansas. ap19-1y

J. F. LAUCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, first door south of U. S. Land Office, Main street, Wichita, Kas. Special attention given to all kinds of business connected with the U. S. Land Office. 15-tf

W. H. KNAPP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Land Agent and Notary Public, Oxford, Kansas. my4-1y

STANLEY & KIRKPATRICK,

W. E. STANLEY. W. R. KIRKPATRICK.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Wichita, Kansas. Will practice in all the courts of the state and in the United States Land Office. 27-tf

JAMES McCULLOCH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kansas.

ATWOOD & LITTLE,

JNO. M. ATWOOD. WM. C. LITTLE.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, 116 Main street, Wichita, Kansas.

B. F. PARSONS,

COUNSELOR AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Wichita, Kansas.

PHYSICIANS.

C. C. FURLEY. W. T. HENDRICKSON.

HENDRICKSON & FURLEY,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, Main street, near First, Wichita, Kansas. Drs. Hendrickson and Furley having permanently located expect the share of practice their merit deserves, and will always be found at their office when not professionally engaged. Calls will be attended promptly in Wichita and vicinity at any hour, night or day.

DR. A. J. LANGSDORF,

DENTIST OFFICE No. 70 Topeka avenue, Wichita, Kansas. He is prepared to perform all operations on the teeth in the most perfect manner. Teeth inserted, from a single tooth to a full set, and warranted. my17-3m

ALLEN & FABRIQUE,

E. B. ALLEN, M. D. A. H. FABRIQUE, M. D.

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Office at J. P. Allen's drug store, Main street, Wichita.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

J. T. HOLMES,

DEALER IN BOOKS, STATIONERY, wrapping paper, twine, periodicals, etc., post-office building, Wichita, Kansas.

MERCHANT TAILORS.

OLDHAM & GEORGE,

MERCHANT TAILORS and dealers in Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, etc., No. 35 Main street, Wichita, Kansas. ses-tm

AUCTIONEERS.

T. H. CONKLYN,

AUCTION AND COMMISSION MERCHANT, No. 50 Main-st. Wichita. Strict attention paid to the sale of all kinds of merchandise and Real Estate. Liberal advancements made on consignments of goods of every description. 1s-tf

RESTAURANTS.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

KEYSTONE RESTAURANT. Everything clean and neat. Meals at all hours got up on short notice. No. 31 Main street, Wichita.

MILLINERY.

MRS. M. McADAMS,

MILLINERY AND DRESSMAKING. Dealer in Fancy Goods. The latest styles received as soon as out. Wichita, Kansas.

MRS. ANNIE WATSON,

MILLINER, and dealer in fancy goods and zephyrs. Keeps on hand a large and well selected stock of millinery goods of the latest styles. East side Main street, near 2nd, Wichita, Kansas.

GROCERS.

RED FRONT.

ALLEN & McKILLIP, Dealers in Groceries, Provisions, Flour and Feed. Constantly receiving fresh invoices of Groceries.

SHAVING SALOONS.

J. B. THOMPSON,

BARBER AND HAIR-DRESSER. Shaving, Hair-cutting and dressing done in the latest style of art. Baths, hot or cold, 50cts. No. 75 Main street, Wichita.

SALOONS.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

ICED, HOT, OR TO SUIT THE TASTE. None but the purest liquors kept. Malts, soft, sweet and creamy. [ap19-6m] C. E. CASE.

BANKING HOUSES.

FIRST

NATIONAL BANK

—OF—

WICHITA, KANSAS,

NO. 113 MAIN STREET.

Authorized Capital, - - $250,000

Capital Paid In and Surplus, - - 72,000

DIRECTORS:

WM. GREIFFENSTEIN, W. A. THOMAS, J. R. MEAD, A. H. GOSSARD, J. C. FRAKER.

OFFICERS:

J. C. FRAKER ..... President.
J. R. MEAD ..... Vice President.
A. H. GOSSARD ..... Assistant Cashier.

Will do a general banking business. GOLD AND SILVER, FOREIGN AND EASTERN EXCHANGE BOUGHT AND SOLD. Will buy and sell COUNTY SCRIP and other local securities.

Interest allowed on time deposits.

Collections promptly attended to.

Revenue Stamps for sale.

Possessing ample facilities for the advantageous conduct of our business, we promise to all our customers the most favorable rates and the prompitest attention. 1-1y

FIRST ARKANSAS VALLEY BANK

—OF—

Loan, Exchange, Discount and Deposit.

WM. C. WOODMAN & SON.

$20,000 TO LOAN ON MORTGAGE,

And assistance rendered settlers in proving up qualified claims.

No. 35 Main street, Wichita.

1-1y

HOTELS.

DOUGLAS AVENUE HOUSE,

BLOOD & COX, Proprietors,

WICHITA, - - KANSAS.

This is a large three-story house, just completed and newly furnished throughout. It is the

Best and Most Complete House

In Southwestern Kansas, and the

ONLY FIRST CLASS HOTEL IN THE TOWN.

☞Stages for Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and all points in Southwestern Kansas, arrive at and depart from this house daily. 1-1y

SADDLERY.

DON'T READ THIS

SADDLES AND HARNESS

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

C. M. GARRISON,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

HARNESS, SADDLERY,

COLLARS, PLASTERING HAIR, HIDES,

FURS, WOOL AND TALLOW, &c.,

87 Main Street, Wichita, Kansas,

Where I will keep constantly on hand a good assortment of Saddles, Draft and Carriage Harness, Collars, Whips, and every article belonging to the trade, which I will sell at the very lowest rates for cash, or exchange for greenbacks, treasury notes or fractional currency. I am also prepared to do all kinds of carriage trimming in short order. Repairs promptly attended to for half cash in hand, the balance in twenty years' time, without interest.

N. B.—Bear in mind I will not be undersold. All work warranted to suit the purchaser. Please call and examine my goods.

C. M. GARRISON,
1-1y 87 Main street, Wichita, Kansas.

HOTEL.

TEXAS HOTEL,

Opposite Douglas Avenue House,

WICHITA, - - - - KANSAS.

CORDEIR & CO., *Proprietors.*

☞This is a first-class house, and people visiting Wichita will find it to their interest to give them a call. 1s-tf

MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

Life is but a fleeting dream,
Care destroys the zest of it,
Swift it glideth like a stream—
Mind you make the best of it!
Talk not of your weary woes,
Troubles, or the rest of it;
If we have but brief repose,
Let us make the best of it!

If your friend has got a heart,
There is something fine in him;
Cast away his darker part,
Cling to what's divine in him.
Friendship is our best relief—
Make no heartless jest of it,
It will brighten every grief,
If we make the best of it.

Happiness despises state;
It is no sage experiment,
Simply that the wise and great
May have joy merriment;
Rank is not its spell refined—
Money's not the test of it,
But a calm contented mind,
That will make the best of it.

Trusting in the power above,
Which, sustaining all of us
In one common bond of love,
Binding great and small of us.
Whatsoever may befall—
Sorrows or the rest of it—
We shall overcome them all,
If we make the best of it.

A MIDDLE-AGED LOVE STORY.

They had come, a little group of friendly faces, to watch me off, with waving handkerchiefs and kindly good byes; and I stood on the stern, nodding and waving back, till the steamer swept down the river and out of sight.

I knew I should have their prayers that the great sea might be gentle with me; I knew they would watch the weather, and look for the telegram of the arrival of our ship; yet I knew I was taking nothing from their lives, and that they each would go home hardly missing me; so it was with no great wrench of heart that I saw the pilot put off from us, and took the last look at my native shores.

During most of the passage I was just comfortably sea-sick, so I sat all the day long in a reclining chair on deck, watching the white caps on the purple and green and blue waves that mounted and fell, up and down, up and down, away out to the far horizon. I saw the shining nautiluses float by, and now and then a whale, or a shoal of porpoises, or a sail, speeding white and full across the water.

I saw also a young girl, with dark eyes, and brown hair that rippled itself into a tangle of rough curls whenever she took off her net. She was not so very pretty, nor so very brilliant; but there was a piquant charm about her that attracted half the passengers before the first day was over. By the end of the second day, everybody, from the surgeon to the cabin boy, was eager to show her attention; and everybody was met by the same genial smile and retort.

She won her way at once into my heart by the kindly thought that led her to bring little relishes from the table to tempt my sickly appetite, and to soothe my forehead with water and gentle touches of her shapely brown hands, where a great emerald glittered, encircled by diamonds. Very soon she got into the habit of drawing her rug beside my chair, and sitting on the deck leaning against me, so that I might "pet her," as she said.

This was how it happened that my quiet, out of the way corner came to be the center of the life and gaiety and romance of the whole shipboard.

It seemed this young girl, Rosa Armour, was an only child and an orphan, going to an uncle in Germany, her nearest kin.

"Dear heart! I hope her uncle will be wise as well as loving," said I to myself very often; for she seemed too fragile a bubble of humanity to drift on through life alone.

The tips of her brown curls were lighter than the rest; and here and there were little bright touches all over her hair, as though the sun was shining in spots on it. One morning I sat coiling these gleams of sunshine around my fingers, and watching a flock of Mother Carey's chickens skim restlessly over the restless water, thinking these thoughts about Rosa, and having her soft presence alone to myself for a few moments. Not many, however; soon, up came a New Zealander; of course there was a New Zealander, or an Australian on our boat.

"You are very lowly, Miss Amour," said he, "let me bring you a chair."

"Thank you; I prefer to sit here on my rug, and have Miss Wells pet me," replied Rosa, turning up her eyes languidly. "The deck is my favorite seat if I can only have an excuse to sit on it."

"But you need something over you," persisted the New Zealander, going away, and coming back directly with his own heavy gray wrap. Then he seated himself on a low camp stool beside her, folding the wrap over the two. "I never saw as rough a sea as this all the way from Honolula to San Francisco," said he, looking out upon the gentle swell of the lazily-mounting waves.

"Rough!" cried Miss Amour. "I am sure the ocean is as smooth as a millpond."

"Oh! but not as compared to the Pacific—peaceful; it was rightly named. We have never such gales on that as sweep the Atlantic, but only the gentlest westerly breezes." The New Zealander shivered as he spoke, and drew his wrap closer over his knees. "We have the most charming climate in New Zealand," he went on; "we are never too hot, and never too cold. In fact we never think of the weather, and the soil is the most fertile in the world."

"Pity it is such an out of the way part of the earth that nobody can live there," said Miss Amour.

"Beg your pardon, miss; there are several English towns of thirty thousand inhabitants each; and we never think of ourselves as being out of the way, but rather feel sorry for those who live so far off," returned the other, bending his tall figure earnestly forward."

Rosa leaned her pretty head toward him in a confiding attitude of interest, and laughed. "Oh, so you are the people, and wisdom is going to die with you," said she. "But what do you do out there in the heart of the universe?"

"We dig gold for one thing, and raise sheep for another—millions and millions of them. From thirty to forty vessels are constantly plying to England with the tallow and pressed wool."

"What do you do with all that mutton?" asked Rosa, looking idly at the light in her ring, and then as idly at the light in the speaker's eyes.

"We use what we can," was the reply; "and sometimes, I am sorry to say, we bury the flesh—not usually; but sometimes an order will come to a farmer for a thousand sheep, and all he can do is clip off the wool, get out the fat, and bury the carcasses."

"What a pity the meat can't be sent to the poor at home. Why don't somebody condense it as they do the beef in Texas?" I said in my practical way.

"In good time I dare say somebody will; but we can't do everything at once," replied the New Zealander, looking with sudden interest at the game of shuffle-board being played beside us.

Just then along came the ship's surgeon, a blonde youth in uniform, with his hair parted in the middle.

"Miss Amour," said he, "the run is to be fired off at the bow; will you come and see it done?"

Miss Amour started up at once, turning the same half-confiding glance and ready smile upon him she had been giving us.

"I am going to leave my rug with you; I shall come back," said she, beaming over her shoulder at me as she took the surgeon's arm and went away.

The New Zealander looked after her, tried hard to console himself by drawing his wrap another fold across his knees, did not succeed, and finally got up and went away. Of course it was not worth his while to make himself agreeable to a middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof. So I sat and looked at the likeness of a lake among the sunset clouds, and tried to decide whether I had better take oat-meal gruel or biscuit tea for my supper; wondering the while half unconsciously about the old chord in my memory that was always being struck by a certain musical ring in the New Zealander's voice.

After an hour or so the gun was fired, and presently Miss Amour came back, with the disorder of the strong sea wind in her hair, and its freshness in her pretty pink cheeks.

"I've come as I said," she murmured, dropping at my feet again, and smiling up, as though she had got where she best loved to be, just such a smile as she would have given to the stokers down in the engine room, or to the ship's cat. But it was lovely to look upon while it lasted; and we middle-aged people have learned to warm ourselves in any chance ray of sunlight, without stopping to consider whether it is likely to be perpetual.

This time the bit of sunshine did not stay long, for there came up an artist with his sketch book; and when Miss Amour had sufficiently admired his graphic pencilings of the captain and the quartermaster, and the sea-sick occupant of an upper berth, it was time to throw the log; and so he bore her off, to find out by her own eyes whether we were actually going at the rate of thirteen knots, or only twelve and a half.

That was how the days went. The passengers read, and paced the deck, played games or guessed riddles, and were always hungry; the pilot stood steady and firm at the wheel; the sailors ran up and down the rigging like overgrown spiders, and were forever scouring and scrubbing, tying and untying, drawing up and letting down. Thus at last we had come safely almost to our desired haven. With fair sailing, we were only one day out from port; and, fond as we had grown of each other, we were getting impatient to part.

Miss Amour, during all the voyage, had kept as she had begun, beguiling every one with her trick of lip and eye. They ran after her like boys at the string of a kite. Well, they had nothing better to do just then; and when she had faded out, as the rainbow fades, I made no doubt she would be as easily forgotten, or only remembered as a midsummer's day-dream, by all, unless it might be a solitary, warm-hearted man like the New Zealander. To tell the truth, I was a little sorry for him. Evidently, life had not brought him all it might; and he was hungry for the love and confidence that had never been his. So I was afraid he would miss this little spark of girlhood and warm youth, and find the void deeper when it had gone out.

To the very last day Rosa kept her place by my chair; and to the very last the New Zealander kept his place by her, when no one younger stepped in to carry her off, which was pretty often, to be sure. Then he always quietly went away himself, with a kind of grave regret in his face. On this last morning Miss Amour had just left us, along with a young lawyer, to drop oranges and lemons among the steerage passengers, when I noticed the New Zealander looking after her with a sadder regret than usual—almost a pain—in his eyes. He had such handsome dark eyes! I could see them without my glasses.

"No," said I to myself, "I hope he isn't going to get soft—a sensible, gentlemanly, agreeable man like him, and quite old enough to be her father!" And so I looked at him to see if he was, when suddenly he turned upon me.

"At least you might have written, Agatha Wells!" said he sharply.

I started, as you may think, to hear my own name spoken so familiarly by a stranger; when, looking again, behold! I saw beneath the bronze, and under the wrinkles and behind the beard, a face that twenty years before was the dearest in the world to me—the face of Duncan Ashley! We parted one day expecting to meet the next, but that evening he was called away, and wrote instead of coming. In his letter he said what he had said before with his eyes—yes, those same beautiful eyes—that I was the choice of his heart and the desire of his life.

"Answer me," said he, "I cannot wait till I see you."

So I answered—a long, foolish letter, though there was no need of writing; for he had read all I could say long before, with those eyes of his. Then I watched and waited for him; but never saw him or heard one word more. If you are young, you can imagine the slow dying out of hope and expectation; and if you are old, you know how such things can be lived over, and hidden in secret graves.

But now, as though the graves had been opened, and the judgment set, came this sudden reproachful question up from the buried past. I fairly caught my breath, as I turned back my eyes, and looked him in the face again.

"Forgive me," said he directly, in a gentler tone. "I did not mean to speak. You brought it out with your eyes; that questioning turn was familiar. Of course you were quite right, and I never blamed you. I never meant you to see me again; but the temptation to feel myself beside you, only to be in the soothing charm of your presence, was too great. It has been a blessing I shall carry with me all the rest of my life."

He was rising to go away, but I put out my hand. "I did write, Duncan Ashley," said I; "the letter must have gone wrong."

"You did! You wrote?" he cried, sinking back in his chair again, and looked at me eagerly. "What did you say?"

"There was only one thing I could say, and I said that," I answered, blushing as though I had just written the letter.

A middle-aged woman in hood and waterproof! But, dear me! it was only my face that was middle-aged, after all; my heart was as young and silly as ever. And as for Duncan's face, the marks of care, and thought, and time fell off, leaving in it only the eternal youth of love.

It was the old story of a lost letter, and the oldest story of a proud man believing himself rejected and humiliated, and fleeing to the end of the earth with his pain.

"Twenty precious years wasted!" said my New Zealander. "We will not be separated another day while we both live. There is a clergyman among our passengers, and we will be married this very hour."

That was so like his headlong decisions! Certainly he did need a sober second thought like me for ballast. "That cannot be!" I cried. "The ceremony wouldn't be legal without a license or something. And I would by no means do anything so sensational or conspicuous."

But, bless your heart! I might as well have tried to wipe up the Atlantic ocean with my pocket-handkerchief. He was so grieved and so impatient (and, indeed, when one comes to think of it, twenty years is long enough for an engagement), that I finally dropped off my waterproof and my sea-sickness, and stood up behind the binnacle, and was married before eight bells that very morning—ring and all. Duncan produced it from a small casket, where he had carried it in his waistcoat pocket for the whole twenty years.

"I could never bear to put the little thing away," said he, looking at it tenderly.

The next day we came to port, with the sun shining and our flags flying. There was a welcoming of friends on the shore, and a glad hurrying to and fro.

Among the rest was an instant's nestling of Miss Amour's lips on my cheek, and a little cling of her hand in mine, the vanishing of a smile—and she was gone like the flash of a firefly, out of my sight forever. But wherever she is, and however she fares, she has the daily blessing of two middle-aged hearts, whose way to each other she has unconsciously lighted.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Riot in Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 7.—A riot occurred to night about 10 o'clock on the corner of 5th and Broadway streets, between a 4th ward Greeley torch-light procession and a colored procession. Fifty or sixty shots were fired and several persons wounded, but none killed as far as heard from.

Accounts of the affair by eye witnesses are very conflicting, and it is almost impossible to obtain reliable particulars. The Greeley club was from a ward largely composed of Irish. The locality of the riot was thickly settled with colored people. During the day, the colored people say, word was sent them that they would be attacked this evening. This news came also to the police, and the officers of the district feared a riot. The colored men had laid in a stock of ammunition. The colored women of Allen chapel, which is at the corner of 6th and Broadway streets, were holding a sort of fair for the benefit of their church. They had a colored brass band playing for them on the street in front of the church. This drew a large crowd of people, and a colored man made a political address on the street. While he was speaking the procession of Greeleyites, marching west on 5th st., up Broadway came into the latter street and turned to go down toward 4th street, and this was one square distant from where the speaking was going on. The procession turned toward Broadway, marching away from the crowd at the church, and at this time the firing commenced.

One account is that a lot of colored children rushed down to see the procession pass and hurrahed for Grant. A torch bearer in the procession beat them and drove them away, and attempted to drive a colored man away and that he drew a pistol and fired at them.

Some who were not near but saw the beginning, say shots were first fired by the procession. The preponderence of testimony is that the firing was commenced by one very large colored man, who was standing on the corner of 6ths treet and Broadway. The confusion then became fearful; the members of the procession first started to run, then rallied. The colored men, such as had pistols, seemed to be using them, retiring north of Broadway. Unarmed colored men ran to their armory, procured about thirty muskets and rushed out to reinforce their friends. They succeeded in driving back and dispersing the procession. They then rushed to their armory where about 150 or 200 of them are now under arms and all approaches to the armory are guarded. One of their leaders named Smith made a speech in which he said: "This attack to-night was organized to intimidate you from voting to-morrow. Now I want to say to you let every man of you go to the polls and vote, even at the cost of your lives." This speech was received with a deafening shout.

When the riot was in progress the riot alarm was turned on, the fire bells rung, and the whole police force was called to the scene. The mayor, chief of police, and the whole force was soon on the spot. The police formen across the street in platoons and drove the mad crowd from the vicinity of the strife. They then made such a disposition of the forces as prevented a renewal of the conflict up to the present writing—midnight. Great crowds of men are now congregated on Main street, near Ash street, just outside of the lines of the police, and three squares from the armory where the colored men are under arms. The greatest excitement prevails in the locality. Serious fears are entertained of a renewal of the conflict. The danger will not be over for several days. The general belief of the witnesses is that after the riot began both participated to their utmost in firing, but there are no reliable accounts of any colored men being shot. Witnesses say several colored men were knocked down in the streets.

Threatened Famine in Ireland.

There are serious apprehensions in Ireland of another famine. The Irish peasantry in some parts of the island are writing to their friends in this country that the utmost anxiety prevails in regard to the food supply, and that fears are entertained of widespread and terrible destitution. Information derived from entire different sources leads to the conclusion that there is too much reason for the prevailing apprehension. A writer in an English journal who has made a special tour through Great Britain for the express purpose of ascertaining the condition of the crops, and who is recognized as an authority on such subjects, estimates the value of the potato crop to be less by seventeen millions of pounds sterling than that of an average year, and of this loss more than one-half falls on Ireland. If this estimate is correct, it may be considered certain that great distress will exist the coming winter among the poorer classes, who depend principally upon their potato patches for subsistence. The wheat crop of Great Britain is also likely to fall short of an average one.—*St. Louis Home Journal.*

The Miss Huse lately shot by a Polish student at Geneva, for refusing to marry him, proves to be the daughter of the late W. W. Huse, of "Hawkswood," Newberryport. It is a singular coincidence that the founder of Hawkswood and the present owner, one a United States official and the other on a tour, who are both in Europe, have both been victims there of persecution by monomaniacs afflicted with the matrimonial fever.

A Mother's Four Years Search for Her Kidnapped Child.

In 1869 Mrs. Ely, of Jamaica, L. I., who was then Mrs. Cornelia Ann Gilman, widow, was in straitened circumstances and in bad health. She had lately lost her husband, and accumulating troubles had unsettled her intellect. She had one child, Cornelia, about eight years old. Mrs. Gilman had a sister, a Mrs. Berry, who also lived in Jamaica. The two women did not live as harmoniously as sisters should, and Mrs. Gilman alleges that during her insanity Mrs. Berry fearing that her sister would die, and that the care and support of the later's child would devolve upon her, took Cornelia, clandestinely, to the home of destitute children, and representing herself to be the child's mother, transferred her to the custody of the society, signing the name of Cornelia A. Gilman to the contract which the society exacts from all leaving children in its care. There are no attesting witnesses to its execution, nor does it appear that the society took any steps to verify the statements of the woman claiming to be the child's mother. Mrs. Gilman asserts that the child was taken from her without her knowledge or consent.

About a year after the transaction Mrs. Gilman recovered her reason and her health, and she at once set about to the reclamation of her child. Mrs. Berry refused to permit an information as to the girls whereabouts, and inquiries in other quarters proved fruitless. Mrs. Gilman married again a man named Ely, with whom she is now living in comfort. Soon after her second marriage she learned that her daughter was in the home of destitute children. She went there and demanded her child, asserting that it had been placed there without authority and that the signature to the contract was forgery. The managers of the institution refused to give the mother any information. They professed utter ignorance of the case, and asserted that, even if the child were in their custody, the mother had no right to see it, and should not be allowed to visit it.

Determined to reclaim her offspring Mrs. Ely now invoked the aid of the law, and so procured a suit of habeas corpus, directed to Mrs. Jesse C. Smith, first directress, directing her to produce the girl in court. The writ was made returnable before Judge Neilson. On the case being called, Mrs. Smith, by her counsel, J. C. Smith, answered that the child was not in her custody, but had been identured to one Jos. Harris, Southampton, Long Island, the society guarranteeing that she should remain with him and work for him until she had reached the age of eighteen years. This was a sad disappointment to the anxious mother who confidently expected to see her lost darling in the court room. Judge Neilson decided that he must discharge the writ, as the society had relieved itself of all responsibility by stating under oath, what had been done with the child.

Mrs. Ely is determined to reclaim Cornelia, and will at once apply to the county court of Suffolk county L. I., for a writ ordering Harris to produce the girl. Mr. Spooner, her counsel, is confident that the mother's four years' search for her daughter will ultimately prove successful.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Selfishness vs. Charity.

The two spirits, selfishness and charity, are strangely associated in life. Side by side they walk in contrast. One ever disseminating, the other absorbing. One demanding of others, the other granting of itself. Selfishness claims the world owes him a living; charity believes he owes a life to the world. The one is jealous of his good name, desiring a reputation he does not deserve, while the other, merriting applause, shuns the praise of an unstable public. One is resentful of real or supposed injuries while the other "suffereth long and is kind." Selfishness claims service and gifts and deference, and when denied moans, "Why am I defrauded of my due?" Charity is full of thankfulness for blessings possessed, claiming but one thing—that its gifts may be despised, that they may be appreciated and be fruitful of much good. Human nature desires returns for investments; this is a motive power—charity is human, therefore he desires to see his efforts productive; he desires also to see others using their latent powers. These desires he does not always obtain, for selfishness, languishing in miserable discontent, is always defrauding charity. Selfishness has a thousand excuses from service, and so shirks his responsibilities upon charity. He claims to be too tired, or too weak, or too incapable, or too hurried, or too refined, to perform disagreeable duties. So selfishness is often the "hen with one chick," and charity, with a dozen chickens, must care for some other one's brood.

Thus it goes, burdens are unequally borne. The generous become the victims of imposition; but they should not, therefore, fail in courage, but ever remember that they are richer in their loss than the selfish in their gain.

But who are the selfish? Is there one in the world who is selfish—in his own eyes? If we may not

"See ourself as they see us,"

we may know the selfish about us by their fruits. No man who sits with his fourth newspaper, and sees a slender woman—even a servant—carry a burden so heavy that it nearly doubles her sideways, can be unselfish.

No able woman, who habitually allows a wearied husband, or father, or brother, to return to an untidy home, and a late unpalatable meal, can be unselfish. No one who is careless of the discomfort of others, who never dresses well, nor arranges a room, nor beautifies the grounds surrounding the house, nor does one or more of the thousand nameless little acts that gratify the tastes, or refresh and gladden the hearts of others—no one who scorns these things can be quite selfish.

He who has never a smile or a tear, nor an impulse of kindness toward others, is unfit to live.—*Exchange.*

Some Excitement.

The announcement from Washington that the treasury department would sell five millions of gold to-day and buy five millions of bonds, created quite a stir in financial circles. Last evening a large crowd of street operators were congregated at the Fifth Avenue hotel discussing the gold subject. The *Times* says it is now understood upon good, well informed authority, that the government will place at least ten millions of gold upon the market to be sold for the benefit of those needing coin to pay dues and transact their foreign business.

From Dr. Livingstone.

Another letter from Dr. Livingstone dated March 43, 1872, is published. He says he has not made any important progress in his explorations since the departure of Stanley, but will start immediately on receipt of supplies, which would seem reach him.

Girls of the Period.

A French lady writes thus of the girls of the period: "I was at a reunion the other evening, where I saw a young American girl, not more than sixteen years old, who had just arrived in Paris. She had come all the way from San Francisco, accompanied only by her brother two years younger than herself, and seemed quite incapable of understanding the astonishment of the ladies who questioned her regarding her journey.

"What! you traveled six thousand miles alone with your little brother?"

"Yes, madam."

"And you were not afraid?"

"Afraid of what?"

"And there was that in her manner that showed she was already quite capable of taking care of herself.

"Where is the Parisienne who would venture to go from Paris to St. Cloud alone?

"Englishwomen have the same temperament and the same education as the American. It is not rare to see English girls who have been alone to the Indies and back. I once met in England a young girl, who, when I asked her what she went to the Indies for, replied, with the greatest *naivette*:

"I went to find a husband, but did not succeed.

"These young girls are much better armed against danger from libertines than ours. While still quite young they are taught to protect themselves. British manners allow young girls to have recourse to a thousand little insinuating ways to win a husband; but they know full well that, to attain their ends, they must make themselves respected, which they find it easy to do by confining their innocent *roueries* within the limits prescribed by true feminine modesty.

"But, once married, good-by to stolen glances, to gentle but expressive pressures of the hand, and all the rest. All their arrows are immediately quivered, never again to be withdrawn; the flirt of yesterday is to-day a staid matron. Her period of romance is passed. She immures herself within her own interior, as in a fortress, just at the time when Frenchwomen begin to throw off restraint, and to feel that they are their own mistresses. In England, coquetry ceases at the time when it begins in France, which accounts for its being double the age on one side of the channel that it is on the other."—*Appleton's Journal.*

Old Kentuck.

A Kentuckian at the battle of New Orleans, who disdained the restraints of a soldier's life, with his name on the musket roll, preferred "going it alone," fighting upon his own hook. While the battle was raging fiercest, and the shot flying thick as hail, carrying death wherever they fell, Kentuck might have been seen stationed under a tall maple, loading and firing his rifle, as perfectly unconcerned as though he was "picking deer." Every time he brought his rifle to his shoulder a red coat bit the dust. "Old Hickory," supposing that he had become separated from his company, rode up to him to bring him behind the redoubts, as he was in position which exposed his person to the fire of the enemy. "Halo, my man! what regiment do you belong to?" said the General. "Regiment!" answered Kentuck. "Hold on, yonder's another of 'em. And bringing his shooting iron to his shoulder, he ran his eye along the barrel—a flash followed, and another Englishman came tumbling to the ground. "Whose company do you belong to?" again inquired the General. "Company be hanged!" was the reply of Kentuck, as he busied himself re-loading. "See that ar fellow with the gold fixins on his coat and boss. Just watch me perforate him." The general gazed in the direction indicated by the rifle, and observed a British colonel riding up and down the advancing columns of the foe. Kentuck pulled the trigger, and the gallant colonel followed his companions that Kentuck had laid low in death that day. "Hurrah for Kentuck!" shouted the free fighter, as his victim came toppling from his horse; then turning to the general he continued, "I'm fighting on my own hook stranger," and leisurely proceeded to reload. —*N. O. Picayune.*

Swirls.

Among the many phenomena of the Colorado river are swirls, so called. They occur everywhere, but only at high stages of water. A bubble rises from the bottom, and breaks with a slight sound on the surface. The water at the point begins a rotary motion, so small that an inverted tea-cup might cover it. Larger and larger grows the circle, till a surface of forty feet in diameter is in motion, spinning around a tunnel-shaped hole in the center, two or three feet across at the top, and coming to a point in the depths below. Often a large tree floating down the stream is caught, and its foremost end thrust up in the air twenty or thirty feet, while the other passes underneath—the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again, and to disappear.

Three soldiers—deserters from camp Mohave—passing in a skiff through the canyon immediately below the fork, suffered their craft to run into a swirl. One of the crew, at the first intimation of danger, threw himself overboard beyond the charmed circle; and, as he swam away, he turned his head and saw the boat spin round and round, until one end being drawn into the vortex and the other upheaved in the air, it slowly sank, as it revolved, into the turbid bosom of the river, its human freight to be seen no more; for the Colorado river does not give up its dead—no corpses lodge on its shores.—*Overland for October.*

The Roman Ampitheatre at Verona.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Commercial Advertiser*, writing of the Roman Ampitheatre at Verona, says: "It is almost equal in size, and is in far better stage of preservation than the colliseum at Rome, being regarded as the finest specimens extant of Roman architecture. It presents a most imposing sight, the interior having suffered but little, in consequence of the great care that has been taken to preserve it, though most of the outer circle of the arches were destroyed by an earthquake some six hundred years ago. The height of the building, when perfect, exceeded 120 feet. It is in form an ellipse, the extreme length of its diameters to the outer walls being 510 and 412 feet. The length of the arena is 310 feet and its width 412. The corridors, stairs, and stone seats are in a remarkable state of preservation. There are forty successive tiers of granite seats, each row being