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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WEST.

The Union Pacific railroad company has commenced suit in the United States courts, to restrain the counties through which the road passes from collecting the tax of 1873.

At the recent election in the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations, Indian territory, Coleman Cole was elected governor of the Choctaws, and Frank Overton, governor of the Chickasaws.

A report comes from Fort Sully that Indians to the number of four thousand attacked Custar's expedition on the 15th and and were repulsed with heavy loss. Custar's loss is reported at fifty killed and wounded.

The cavalry at Rawlings, Wyoming, have instructions to thoroughly scout the Sweetwater, Powder and Big Horn rivers and country to the southern extremity of the Yellow Stone lake, and administer the severest punishment possible to all Indians found out of their reservations. Much is expected of this expedition, which is finely equipped and will be in the field about three months. A body of Shoshone Indians join in the expedition.

The following telegram has been received by Gen. Ord from Fort Fetterman, Wyoming: "A Cheyenne half-breed from Powder river reports that at the council of Cheyenne and Araphoes it was decided to recall all hostile parties from the vicinity of the railroad, and return to the agency; that about two hundred lodges of Cheyennes passed thirty-five miles north of this post Friday, en route to the agency; they were very hungry and eating their horses. I send this rumor for what it is worth."

The following telegram has been received from Gov. Osborn, of Kansas: I have information through Indian agent Stubbs and other sources, that the Osage tribe of Indians have at a general council declared war against this state. Depredations have already been committed by them on our southern border. The state has but few arms, and the United States troops heretofore guarding the line being now in the Indian territory, at a great distance from the Osage reservation, exposes the frontier settlements of this state to great danger. With arms we can defend our own borders. Can you furnish two thousand carbines and accoutrements and one million cartridges on account of the state of Kansas?

SOUTH.

The bark Mermaid, from New London to New Orleans, is reported sunk, and the captain and five of the crew were drowned.

H. D. Newcombe, president of the Louisville and Nashville railroad company, died at Louisville on the 18th., of paralysis.

Old John Harper, owner of the celebrated Longfellow, died at his residence, near Midway, Ky., on the 19th instant, leaving a large fortune.

T. W. Cordoza, of Mississippi, colored, superintendent of public instruction, sues the St. Louis Dispatch for $50,000 damages. The Dispatch apologised on the second day for its offensive publication.

The following defalcations are reported from New Orleans: Paul Lessasier, cashier of James Hernandez, $2,000; J. L. Dellery, cashier of the Citizens' bank, $40,000. The defaulters have absconded.

A duel occurred in St. James parish, La., last week, between Dr. Charles Gray and Deputy Sheriff Prichard. They fought with revolvers, distance fifteen paces. Both fell at the third fire, and expired in a few minutes.

There is now in Tennessee over 4,000 white schools and over 800 colored schools, and about 6,000 teachers. Of the number of teachers fully 1,000 are colored, the colored teachers being employed wholly in colored schools.

Anderson Perry, John Ross, Antone Maurice, James Williams and John Robertson, associates in the murder of Elisha Eastwood, an old flat-boatman, on the 25th of April last, were hung at Napoleon, Assumption parish, La., on the 21st instant.

At Brookhaven, Miss., last week, three negroes, Dick Cooper, Anthony Grant and Silas Johnson, who forcibly entered the residence of a Mrs. Burnley, and violated her person, were taken from the jail and hung by the citizens, about 1,000 of whom were present. They all confessed their guilt on the gallows.

A Memphis dispatch says the excessive hot weather of the past week has produced more cases of sunstroke than were ever known before in this latitude The board of health reports fourteen deaths from this cause. Reports from the surrounding country state that the crops are suffering very much from drouth.

Capt. A. T. Butler, who was shot by a negro at Atlanta, Ga., died on the 17th inst. The citizens were so exasperated at the unprovoked murder that several hundred of them armed themselves and marched to the jail, where the Murrell brothers were confined, took both of them out, and carried them to the parade grounds. A jury was improvised, when both Gabriel and Mike Murrell asserted their innocence. After three hours' investigation on the sworn testimony of eye-witnesses of the murder, Gabriel was taken back to jail, and Mike shot to death.

FOREIGN.

The recognition of the Spanish republic by England, France and Austria, is officially promulgated.

The investigation into Bazaine's escape show that most of the guards were in connivance, and he left by an open door.

The carlist chieftain Tristany has captured Leo De Urgel sixty-seven miles southeast of Serada. The fighting was desperate and losses heavy on both sides. An immense quantity of stores fell into the hands of the carlists.

The Russian government has refused to recognize the Spanish republic. It is in consequence of this that the other powers delay complete recognition, but it is reported that the governments of Austria and Germany have sent credentials to their representives at Madrid.

An European says that Italy seems to become more hopelessly bankrupt. The people are sincerely loyal to their king. The ministers are almost pedantically attached to the English theory of a parliamentary government. He states that they ask nothing better than to leave the church alone, but they have no bread and no specie, and they have floods, malaria, bandits and paper money.

The Swiss Times published Father Hyacinthe's letter resigning the care of Geneva to Consore De Etat. It is as follows: Attached from the very depths of my heart to the church in which I was baptized, whose reform I wish for, but not its overthrow, convinced besides, by experience now sufficiently lengthened, that the liberal Catholicism of Geneva is neither liberal in politics nor Catholic in religion, I have the honor to tender my resignation of my functions as cure of this city.

arshal Bazaine has written a letter to the minister of the interior, in which he says: "That neither Colonel Villette or any other of the prisoners in custody are responsible for my escape from prison." He declares that he had no accomplices in the fort or elsewhere, except his wife and nephew. The marshal describes how he eluded the surveillance of his jailer, and in conclusion says: "Resenting the humiliating prison regulations, I felt justified in an attempt to recover my liberty. As I was not tried by my peers my sentence was illegal."

The Mark Lane Express, London, in its weekly review of breadstuffs market, has the following. Bad weather has prevailed throughout the past week, but our farmers have kept a sharp look out, and have secured their crop. There are no reports of sprouting, though much wheat was packed in poor condition in consequence of high winds and low temperature. The same weather has ruled on the continent. This will bring good samples to the front, and increase the value of the old stock. There is little difference in prices since last report, although the tendency is downward. France is sending back here cargoes shipped thence. The crops here and in France are mostly secured, and the dependence of both countries on foreigners is materially lessened. The lastest estimates put our crop at 7 per centum below the average.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The steamer Tagus on her next trip to England will take out ten locomotives for the Russian government and 900 stand of arms for the Turkish government.

A Washington dispatch states that Secretary Fish declares that the story of the proposed cession of Porto Rico to Germany is without foundation, and that the alleged dispatches are forgeries.

Sixteen million dollars are invested in silk factories in this country, employing 10,051 operatives. There is a shrinkage of 25 to 35 per cent. this year from the amount of raw silks produced last year.

John D. Miles, the Indian agent of the Cheyennes, whose resignation is demanded by the Quaker commissioners because he called for troops, says he did no more than any good citizen calling for the police against burglars and murderers.

The Freeman's Journal makes the assertion that Admiral Polo, late Spanish minister to Washington, was recalled beecause he refused to sanction the transfer of Porto Rico Island to Germany, in return for help to put down the carlist insurrection and the rebellion in Cuba. The Journal publishes the documents, and says Admiral Polo will not say there is one word mistranslated.

Up to last week the amount of circulation withdrawn by national banks by depositors of legal tenders, is greater than the amount issued since the passage of the new law by about $1,000,000, thus working a contraction of currency to that extent. A majority of the banks thus withdrawing their circulation are located in the south and west.

Why the South Failed.

In his address at the late commencement of the University of Georgia, Gen. John B. Gordon incidentally made the following allusion to the war, and the failure of the southern cause. He said:

"And just here I am tempted to break the thread of my argument to make a remark which I think ought to be made in this connection. It is this: That their civilization and these institutions, whatever may be said of their evils, were also the sources from which sprung the matchless prowess and self-sacrifice exhibited by the south in the late war. And as I have introduced this subject, let me add also that I mean no mimic regret when I deplore the efforts to place the responsibility of our failure at the door of this or that man, or upon this or that cause. The truth is, we have failed because it was impossible to succeed; and if, with all the experience of both sides, we had the war to fight over again, we should accomplish no more; nor has any other race, under like circumstances, ever accomplished so much in the past, nor can ever accomplish so much in the future. What is it you ought to have done that was left undone? You did all that human hands could accomplish, human intellect suggest, human skill devise, or human hearts endure. And you yielded at last only to overwhelming calamities, to crushing impossibilities, to the decrees of a destiny as inexorable as death—to resist which you brought public and private economy, public and private devotedness and unitedness, skill, intellect, courage, will, energy, sacrifices, prayers, churches, states, manhood and womanhood; enduring suffering, struggling with a faith, a heroism and martial spirit unexampled in history and lustrous in defeat.

The Vesper Bell.

To the traveler in South America, the striking of the vesper bell exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, no matter how important, and listen without stirring to the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprized in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an encounter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half open for the arrested remarks, smiles lingering or passing into an expression of prayer. You would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America, at the Angelus, resembles the city in the "Arabian Nights," whose inhabitants were turned into stones. The magician here is the bell ringer. But hardly has the vibration ceased when a universal murmur arises from these thousands of oppressed lungs. Hand meets hand, questions seek answer, conversations resume their course; horses feel the loosened bridle, and paw the ground; dogs bark, and babies cry; the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many.

A Canadian Sensation.

Considerable excitement exists in the Parish of Bazile, County of Portneauf, Canada, caused by the occurrence of certain phenomena of nature, consisting of peculiar internal noises and commotion in the earth, as well as defined shocks of earthquakes. The noises vary from low, distant mutterings to loud reverberations. The concussions were so violent and threatening that the more immediate residents to the place from which the noises were loudest fled from their homes, and others are preparing to follow. The opinion is divided as to whether fire or water will declare itself. The resnlt is looked for with much trepidation.

A CONTEMPORARY defines the waltz as "hugging set to music." The definition is new, if the idea is not.

TEARS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Tears that trickle down her eyes,
They do not fall to earth and dry;
They soar like angels to the skies,
And like the angels cannot die.
For oh! our immortality
Flows through each tear, sounds in each sigh.

What waves of tears surge o'er the deep
Of sorrows in our restless souls!
And they are strong, not weak, who weep,
These drops from out the sea that rolls
Within their heart forevermore:
Without a depth—without a shore!

But ah, the tears that are not wept—
The tears that never outward fall—
The tears that grief for years has kept
Within us—they are best of all—
The tears our eyes shall never know,
And deeper than the tears that flow.

Each night, upon earth's flowers below,
The dew comes down from darkest skies,
And every night our tears of woe
Go up, like dews, to Paradise,
To keep in gloom and make more fair
The flowers of crowns we yet shall wear.

For ah! the surest way to God
Is up the lonely stream of tears
That flow, when bending 'neath the rod,
And fill the tide of our past years.
On laughter's billows hearts are tossed—
On waves of tears no heart is lost.

Flow on, ye tears! and bear me home!
Flow on, ye tears of deepest woe!
Flow on, ye tears, that are but foam,
Of deeper waves that will not flow!
A little while—I reach the shore
Where tears flow not—forevermore.

THE GOBLIN RECORD.

BY JOS. C. CANNING.

Man, as well the lettered as the unlettered, is attracted by mystery. While the educated one ridicules the extravagance and the unchecked wildness of the ignorant brother in his persistent chase after phantoms, he must confess that the same ghost is playing wanton with his own senses.

I have often been induced to investigate delusions, although convinced that I was hunting a shadow, if not a silly cheat. To dissipate all ideas in one's mind of goblins, haunted houses, and weird noises has required more philosophy than has yet been accepted. And so we must admit that if there is not cleverness in a mystery there is that in it which fascinates in spite of a better judgment, and carries the *oi pollot* beyond the control of reason, while they listen with eager ears and excited brains.

Tarrying at a friend's house, I was informed that there was an unoccupied dwelling in the neighborhood frequented by unseen spirits. It interested me, and I shortly discovered that his sister was anxious and ever willing to visit it. I offered myself as an escort and protector, and was accepted. The building was called the Redwood mansion, formerly the property of an old, aristocratic family of the district. The last inmates were two elderly ladies, sisters of the Redwood lineage. For years they had utterly refused communication with the world, and were charitably rated as eccentric. Their wants were supplied by a slave of the butcher, who passed, at regular hours, all the necessaries of life through the gate of the yard, and at each time found the money and other orders. They had been allowed their unsocial whims through the indulgence of a kind community and the *esprit de corps* of the Redwoods until dread circumstances broke the living chain. The rector of the parish, while passing one morning, was attracted by moans from the somber house, and forcing an entrance found the eldest sister in dying agonies and the other hurriedly pacing the apartment in a state of frenzy. The result was death of the one and the removal of the other by distant relatives.

Such was the history given to me by Miss E. She added: "I have such a strange desire to visit this mansion, however foolish it may be."

The dwelling was large, and in its glory must have been as famous for its grandeur as it was popular for its entertainments when Col. Redwood with his princely welcome was its courteous lord. Now the walls were cracked, the chimneys fallen, the windows broken, and its aspect desolate. I detected the slightest tremor in the arm of my companion as we pushed into its silence. The mold of neglect, the bat, the spider in her magnificent festoons, tattered window-hangings, and general decay surrounded us. We could almost imagine the gibbering of uneasy spirits at our bold intrusion as we passed from room to room. Yet the stillness of a charnel house only prevailed.

"I have heard," whispered Miss E., "that there is an old desk, or cabinet, which has never been removed. It would be so novel and romantic to find it and search for relics, perhaps treasure." But no room contained it.

"The attic!" she exclaimed. "Dare you go up and explore?"

"If you do not wish to accompany me and have the courage to remain alone," was the reply.

"Oh, then, go! But——" her voice trembled. "Yes! go quickly and talk to me constantly. I will not go up, but I must know about it."

I ascended the creaking flight and had informed Miss E. that I was busy at the discovered drawers, when a scream from below startled me into nervousness. It was from Miss E., and instantly I was at her side.

"I have had *such* a fright!" she said, while the soft rose-like hue which danced in her cheeks gave way to extreme pallor.

"An appa—"

"Hush!" she whispered, with a finger to her mouth. "I know I am foolish, but I distinctly heard—there! Did you not hear that?—there!"

It was even so! I heard footsteps!

"Keep your courage," I replied. The noise of steps grew more distinct, and a fair head fell heavily on my shoulder.

Sometimes it happens that a bright, courageous idea takes the place of waning hope and fearful uncertainty, acting as a pendulum to the giddy brain and the shattered nerve. Such relief came to my rescue, rendered as I was, *hors de combat*, and Miss E. to support. Angry as I was, from the force of circumstances, I laughed! Looking up wildly, then inquisitively, Miss E. sprang from me, exclaiming: "What is it then? I was frightened, and you are cruel to make light of it!"

A dilemma I certainly was in. Appearances were against me, but my heart was not hard. I had laughed from thorough exasperation, for I was helpless. Could I have floated away with my charge I could then return and defy all the imps and goblins ever exorcised, and topple the wretched, moldy, ghostly old shell into utter ruins. It was at this crisis that a large, wooly head, with protruding eyes, a display of ivory, and a breadth of lip, appeared at the door.

"You black scoundrel!" I yelled, "do you know how you have frightened Miss E.?"

"Gorry, massa! I'se right sorry."

"Never mind, Sam," interrupted Miss E., "my wits have returned. I am so glad it is you." It was her favorite servant.

We were to hasten back to accompany a party to Anemone vale, a beautiful spot beyond the town limits. I was not sorry: neither did Miss E. regret the change, nor the assurance that the goblins of the Redwood mansion were not now likely to molest us. "But did you find anything?" she eagerly asked.

"Wait and see!" was my answer.

The breeze was fresh in Amenone Vale, lovely in its carpet of the soft flower which gave it its name.

"There is a tint of mustiness about it, and an ancient look," remarked my friend, as he unrolled a manuscript I handed him.

"Well, there might be," replied his sister. "It is snatched from the haunts of goblins—but let us hear it!"

A piece of paper fluttered to the ground, as the pages were unrolled. It read:

"November 10, 1870. Will this sheet ever mold? It is pleasant to hope that it may be read when the writer is incorporated with mold. Read my story and learn to guard the heart and control the passions. R. S."

Seating ourselves upon a bank of wild flowers the manuscript was begun.

"An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth—Holy. I am an invalid, waiting for life's thread to snap. The present is a mixture of hope, memory, the future, and reality. Hope results in disappointment; the future is vague, while reality is fruition. Imagination is false, for it garnishes barren hills with verdure; transforms a face of ugliness to one of beauty; makes a miserly relative a generous donor; pictures yourself more perfect than the whispers of conscience, and causes the hopeful heart sadness. I will not deal with it. What I write is reality. Failing health pushed me into travel. It is hard to bid adieu to the old gables and the arched gateway, in doubt that one may see them again, not from age, not from the necessity of a long absence, but from the certainty that you are chased by disease at which physicians shake their heads but mutter hope.

"I had been upon the road several days before anything of interest aroused me from my depression. Passing a dwelling, whose neat appearance attracted my attention, the notes of a peculiarly plaintive song attracted me. I first reined my horse and then, dismounting, I followed a winding walk, adorned on either side with simple flowers, to the open door. I had been noticed and was met by a young man who cordially bade me enter.

"'We were singing a song I learned at sea, of which my sister is quite fond, but we shall be glad for an interruption.' It was the introduction of an import sequence, and the story which follows.

"Frank Lavender, the father of my host and narrator, became, in the early years of his marriage, entangled in wild dissipation with a neighbor's son, Dick Perry. Their recklessness increased until the murder of a wealthy planter in the township made their flight necessary, and neither had ever returned. The exertions of justice proved futile, and with the lapse of years the supposition gathered strength that by some other means retribution had come upon the fugitives."

My friend, who had been reading the manuscript, exclaimed: "I well remember, my grandfather once related this very tale to me. His description of Lavender was that of a very handsome man, of fine figure and of a prepossessing air. I cannot recall the details, but the son and daughter here spoken of were very fortunate in inheriting a large estate quite strangely. My old sire made a moral, and, while upon his knee and staring into his wrinkles, I was warned from evil company and the haunts of the enemy."

The manuscript was resumed:

"There is no silver in my locks—and never will be. The worm has his mortgage upon them and he is already after a foreclosure. Recorded pharmacopœia has not sufficient knowledge to deter the grim bearer of the hour-glass. He knows it, and so do I. For months I have been absent from the gables. I have returned, patched up merely. *Quid faciendum?*"

At this point the manuscript had evidently been laid away, for the remainder was traced in a different ink and by a feebler hand. It opens again with the same quaint pinings.

"Life has queer findings. The one who interests you to-day is gone tomorrow and forever, while the partner of an old life-game turns up suddenly to confront you with tedious memories oftener that with agreeable recollections. Earnest yearnings are rarely realized, but they have been once with me. The candor of my host, Lavender, and his sad experience created an interest and a sympathy which was, years later, revived intensely. I was again compelled to seek the north, and had fixed a temporary abode in one of the pleasant villages in an eastern state. Among the few acquaintances I formed was that of an eminent judge, who was at that time presiding at the trial of a wretch committed for arson and murder. He was particularly noticeable, commanding in person—a deep, rich voice, a fine dark eye, and hair sprinkled with silver. He lived in elegant style, as I can attest, at his place called Manrove Hall, without a wife, and childless. His card read, Poinset Telfair.

"At the breakfast table, the last day of the exciting trial, I was agreeably surprised to recognize my old friend Lavender. He had just arrived in quest of a tarrying place for the season. Circumstances at once determined him to remain with me. The pending case at the court-house, in which I had become much interested, was the topic of discourse, and Lavender was induced to be present with me at its conclusion.

"As we seated ourselves among the eager spectators, Judge Telfair passed in with elastic step, an air of calm dignity, admirable in ripe manhood. Lavender whispered enthusiastically—what a lord!'

"The case was given to the jurors and they had returned, giving as their verdict murder in the first degree! 'The prisoner will stand!' said the judge. 'It is a solemn charge, the sentence of death! None should receive it but the atrociously guilty. Just and righteous laws have been enacted to prevent convicted felons even from inequitable decisions. The benefit of these laws has been your claim and privilege. Weary days have been consumed in this unwelcome duty of finding you beyond the mercy of man, and now it is incumbent upon me to make this finding fearfully exacting. Before I pronounce the dread sentence, let me urge your most serious attention to the awful fate that awaits you and for what crime? In the dead of night, when innocence sleeps and none but the plotter of evil seeks work, you entered a harmless household and sent an unsuspecting soul swiftly to the judgment, applying the torch to cover the horrid deed. You are soon to stand before an offended Deity, with stains of blood so deep that none but Almighty God can wash them out. Let your time be improved in reconciliation with that being you have so desperately mocked!'

"An awful stillness shut down upon that crowded room. Yet upon the face of the prisoner was a villainous sneer, and struggling in his eyes were the blackest passions I ever saw flashed upon man. His teeth were firmly set and his hands griped the rails so hard that his very nails were dark with his base blood.

"'But the sentence!

"'You, Philip Wing, will be taken to the prison, and on Friday the seventh day of September, between the hours of eight and twelve, will be hung by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!'

"'And may He condemn yours!' screamed the wretch, pointing his finger directly at the judge. 'Ay, yours, Frank Lavender! Do you remember Dick Perry, now? Ha! ha! a murderer for a judge!'

"Through the athletic frame of the judge a violent tremor was discernable. Falling heavily over in his velvet chair, his arm hung listlessly, and his face grew black. 'At last!' he gasped, while a purple stream gushed from nostril and mouth.

"'Gone first!' again yelled the prisoner, still standing with outstretched hand and a demon's grin upon his livid features. 'And dead first. Ha! ha!'

"Beside the dead judge there was another carried from that room insensible. It was the son, the inheritor of the judge's wealth and of Mangrove hall!"

Shadows were creeping down Anemone vale as my friend finished the manuscript.

"I have no doubt R. S. is the uncle of the weird sisters of the Redwood mansion," he added. There is a dilapidated headstone in Jt. John's churchyard bearing this inscription: "Richard Stepley, obit October 10, 1791, while recruiting his health at St. Thomas, West Indies, ætat thirty-eight years."

How Silver-Plate Ware is Made.

The process by which silver-plated goods are made is a rather curious one, and quite different from any the uninitiated are led to suppose. Let us follow the process of making a teapot, for instance: A flat piece of Britannia—which is the basis for most plated goods circular in form and about the size of a common dinner-plate, is fastened upon a lathe next a wooden form or mould, and the lathe is set in motion. The workman with the requisite tools presses upon this revolving disc and shapes it over the wooden block, giving it the requisite orm. The body of the teapot is thus "turned off" in a moment or two. The top is turned off in the same way, also the lid, and at the proper time they are put together. The legs, handles, and whatever other ornaments of a solid nature are to be added, are generally cast in moulds and fastened upon the pots by workmen skilled in that line.

If the pot is to be engraved or chased it will be necessary to hammer upon its surface, and, as the metal is soft and yielding, the pot must in some way be made solid. This is done by filling the vessel with hot pitch, and allowing it to cool, when the whole mass is as flint almost, and will bear any amount of banging. The engraving and chasing finished, the pot is hung upside down on the top of the tank of pitch, and the heat soon empties it of its contents. It is then placed in solutions of turpentine and soda respectively, and all traces of the pitch are removed.

From here it goes to the polishing, and then to the "bath-roon," where the silver is added to the surface. The great requisite in silver-plating is a clear and smooth surface. Without this the work would be very unsatisfactory. In order to attain this, each piece is thoroughly polished, and then thoroughly boiled in a strong solution of potash and rinsed in clean cold water before going into the bath of silver, in which it remains a sufficient length of time to obtain the coating required, and is again thoroughly cleansed.

Another polisher gets it next, and by means of a revolving brush of copper wire takes off the heavy white appearance which the silver bath leaves, interstices of the engraved or chased parts.

The burnisher handles it next, and with a steel instrument about one-eighth of an inch thick, shaped like a trowel but smaller, by constant attrition brings into brightness the now dull-looking body, burnishing such portions as are intended to be acted upon. The remaining processes are those of finishing and packing, mainly.

The girls who are employed as burnishers work by the piece and get the same compensation as men for the same class of work. They earn from $7 to $15 per week, according to capacity.

All work except the heaviest and oddly shaped, like large waiters, etc., are made by the lathe and pressure process we have described, but the heavy work is "struck up" with a dross, much as jewelry is.

The process is a very interesting one, and can be thoroughly understood only by personal inspection.

Custer's Gold Discoveries.

It is possible that the report of gold discoveries by Gen. Custer's command may presently stimulate a new gold fever among the adventurous classes of the west. They need to bear in mind two or three things. First of all, as Mr. Greeley used to put it, statistics demonstrate that, on the average, more money has been made in proportion to those engaged in the work by men digging potatoes than by men digging gold. Then the country is covered by Indian claims, and although these are not likely to stand against a determined invasion of gold diggers, they are pretty certain to be wiped out only in a good deal of blood. Old gold miners have less faith now in surface diggings, and it must be remembered that only surface diggings will be possible in the new region for some time to come. And, finally, it is fortunate that the new Eldorado appears to be attractive for other reasons than because of its gold. If the emigrants will only take plows as well as picks, the country will be the better off for their movement.—*New York Tribune.*

THE COLUMBUS Enquirer, having completed its inquiry into the state of local social science, presents the ollowing report, which is as vividly drawn as one of Dore's pictures: "A sorry sight it is to see a spike team, consisting of a skeleton steer and a skinny, blind mule, with a rope harness, and a squint-eyed driver, hauling a barrel of new whiskey over poor roads, on a hermaphrodite wagon, into a farming district where the people are in debt, and the children forced to practice scant attire by day and hungry sleeping by night."

SAM HOUSTON.

How He Resigned the Governorship of Tennessee, Forsook His Beautiful Wife and Joined the Cherokee Indians.

The true story of Sam Houston's resignation of the governorship of Tennessee, and his joining the Cherokee Indians in Arkansas, has never yet been published, and when I heard it a few days since from the lips of a gray-haired resident of Nashville who had been the warm personal friend of the hero of San Jacinto, I made a mental note of it for the benefit of the Times readers.

"You see," said the old gentleman referred to, "Houston and I were employed in a store together at Kingston, East Tennessee, when we were boys. That was about 1812. The next year he enlisted as a private in the army and marched off to the Creek war. He was soon made an ensign, and was the first to scale the works at the battle of the Horse-shoe, when he was shot twice in the right arm.

"He came home and finally got well, and was appointed sub-agent to the Cherokee Indians, but he soon got into a quarrel with Calhoun, then secretary of war, and was removed. Then he came to Nashville in 1818. He began to study law with Judge Trimble, and in six months' time was admitted to the bar. At the first session of the legislature after he was elected attorney general of the state, over Francis B. Fogg, who was one of the most prominent and scholarly lawyers in the state.

"He was then sent to congress, where he was a warm Jackson man, and while there he had a difficulty with John T. Irwin, and when they both came back to Nashville Irwin challenged him, sending his challenge by a noted desperado of St. Louis who had killed several men. He was not considered a gentleman, and Houston wouldn't take a challenge through him. Gen. White heard this and made some remarks about Houston, which led to a duel between Houston and White, in which White was seriously wounded.

"This added to the popularity of Houston, and he was elected governor of the state in 1827. He had succeded Governor Carroll, who was a very popular man, and who was spoken of prominently as a candidate for re-election. Houston was afraid of him, and in order to secure his own re-election to congress in case Carroll beat him for governor, began to strengthen himself politically, and in order to carry out this scheme married, in January, 1829, a lady belonging to a very influential family at Gallatin, thirty miles north of Nashville. She was a very handsome, brilliant young lady, and attracted great attention wherever she went, which exasperated Houston, who was of a morose, jealous disposition. I used to see him frequently and knew that he had married purely through political reasons, and soon saw that his domestic life was an unhappy one.

"One Saturday in April I met him at a big barbecue just west of the city, where he and Carroll both made speeches. I saw that the feeling of that crowd was all in his favor, and told him so, which caused him to be in the very best of spirits, and while in that mood we separated. Monday morning I called at the Nashville inn, where he and his wife had been boarding since their marriage, but I was refused admittance to his room. I persisted, however, and was finally admitted by Shelby. I found Houston lying on the bed with his face covered up, and, in answer to my astonished inquiries, Dr. Shelby told me that Mrs. Houston's father had come down from Gallatin for her the day before, and that she had left her husband and returned to the home of her childhood.

"Said I, "General what's this I hear?"

"Said he, 'I'm a ruined man; I'm a ruined man!'

"I told him he owed it to his friends to give some explanation for his conduct, and asked him why he and his wife separated, to which he replied that he hadn't a word to say against his wife—that she was a high-minded, virtuous lady.

"He then said that he alone was to blame; that he had decided to exile himself among the Cherokee Indians, and that he wanted me to carry his resignation as governor to the secretary of state. This I emphatically refused to do, at first, but at his earnest solicitation and that of Dr. Shelby, I finally consented.

"The next morning, Houston, Shelby and I went aboard a steamboat, Houston being disguised so that no one recognized him. We bade him good-bye, and he went down the Cumberland. He told me afterward that he got as far as Napoleon, Ark., without being recognized, and in that case, he begged the man to say nothing about meeting him. He went on to Fort Smith, where he joined a Cherokee by the name of Jully, whom he had been familiar with while he was agent for the tribe. He assumed the Indian dress, painted his face, and could not be distinguished from them.

"A few years afterward he passed through Nashville, with a delegation of Indians, on his way to Washington. I recognized him, but wouldn't speak to him. The fact is, his friends here considered he had disgraced them, and were disgusted with him. While in Nashville he went with his delegation and called on Gen. Jackson at the Hermitage."

"And how did Jackson treat him?" I asked.

"I don't know, but I suppose he treated him all right, as they had been great friends. After reaching Washington, I know he whipped a member of congress by the name of Stansberry for saying something disrespectful of Jackson.

"After this, we heard nothing more of Houston until just before the Mexican war, when we heard that he had gone to San Augustine to practice law. You know his connection with the Mexican war, probably, as well as I do."

"He married again, I believe?"

"Yes. His wife got a divorce, and he married a Mobile lady, and she made a man of him. They visited Nashville together, and I went with them to see Jackson at the Hermitage, twelve miles from the city. His first wife married again, and is now living near Nashville, unless she has died recently."—*Nashville Cor. Chicago Times.*

IT MAY seem strange, but it is nevertheless true, that alcohol, regularly applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach, will remove the boards from his fence, let cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break the glass out of the windows, and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manners, subdue his reason, arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace upon his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave. It will do this to the artisan and the capitalist, the matron and the maiden, as well as to the farmer; for its in deadly enmity to the human race, acohol is no respecter of persons.

Progress of Agriculture and Population.

It is well for a nation of farmers to review often their growth in population and in the products of the soil. The census of 1840 gave the inhabitants of the United States at 17,069,553. In 1870 they had more than doubled in number, being 38,558,371. At the last census the otal area of states and territories is set down at 1,897,855,520 acres, of which only 188,912,833 are improved. In the thirty years from 1840 to 1870 the increase in the anual crops of wheat was from 84,811,175 bushels to 287,745,626 bushels. These figures show a gain in wheat in three decades of over 300 per cent. and considerably larger than in population.

Butter and cheese increased from 1840 to 1870 as follows: 202,410,440 pounds at the first census, and 677,017,095 at the last. The yield of hay was nearly trebled. The returns thirty-four years ago were not so full as at the two last; but they are still very defective and in some matters unreliable. The real difficulty has been to interest farmers in the study of agricultural statistics; but we are happy to believe that new life has been called into existence through the Patrons of Husbandry which may do much to develop and diffuse a love of rural knowledge. Farmers should ponder these pregnant facts:

In 1850, the cash value of their farms including farm implements, machinery, and live stock, was $3,967,343,580. These are large, yet the gain was nearly 300 per cent. in 20 years only, but our currency in 1870 was not the same as 1850. We will give the official returns in words, which will better suit some readers—eleven billion, one hundred and twenty-four million, nine hundred and fifty-eight thousand, seven hundred and forty-seven dollars.

Who will say that our agriculture is not an immense business? The common sense which directs so much labor, and controls so large a capital from year to year and generation to generation, should be cultivated deeply, and wisely, as well as earth or the dead sand, clay and vegetable mold. In 1850 the writer had charge of all the agricultural department there was in Washington, and got the acres of improved and unimproved land returned for the first time in the history of the nation. Then the value of the animals slaughtered and sold was $111,703,142; in 1870, it was $398,950,379, an enormous increase for twenty years. Meat has never been so high in England as at present, and Tennessee should be one of the largest meat-producing states in the union.

It 1850 the crop of cotton returned was 2,469,093 bales of 400 pounds each; in 1870 it was 3,011,996. The rice crop fell from 215,313,487 pounds to 73,635,021. Sugar from 267,577 hogsheads to 87,943. Tobacco increased in twenty years from 199,752,655 to 262,735,341 pounds. A good deal of tobacco is now raised in Connecticut, New York and Ohio. But perhaps the most noteworthy figures are those showing the increase of manufactures from $1,019,106,616 in 1850 to $4,232,325,493. This gain of over three billion dollars came largely out of the pockets of farmers. The total yield of cereals in 1870 was 1,387,274,217 bushels.—*Exchange.*

No Ear For Music.

Our neighbor, Chubb, had not much of an ear for music, but he spent a considerable sum in having his daughter taught how to hammer the piano, and he is proud of her accomplishments. He was talking with us over the fence the other day when a series of dreadful sounds came from his piano through the open window. Presently Chubb remarked: "D'you hear that, Adeler? Just listen to that, will you? That's what I call music."

Then there were a few additional bangs on the instrument, a flourish or two, and then more discordant thumping.

"Splendid, isn't it?" said Chubb. "Mary Jane's bustin the music right out of that machine, you observe. Them's the Strauss waltzes, I believe, she's raslin' with now. Just listen."

We remarked that from the energy displayed Mary Jane seemed at least really in earnest. But whether she was treating Mr. Strauss exactly right was an open question.

"I don't know nothin' about music, Adeler," observed Chubb, "but I can tell the real thing when I hear it, and I can sit and hear Mary Jane play them waltzes and the 'Maiden's Prayer,' until it makes me cry like a child."

We asserted that if she played these compositions as she was doing now, it would make anybody cry. A deaf mute would shed tears.

"Listen to that now, will you?' exclaimed Chubb, as a wild tumult of sound came from the parlor. "Isn't it nice? If I didn't know it was Mary Jane a tearin' around among them waltzes, I'd think it was one of those fellows who played at the concert. Let's go over and hear her."

We entered the house and sought the parlor. Mary Jane was nowhere to be found, but, to the infinite disgust of Chubb, there was a red-haired man, with fists as big as a loaf of bread, *tuning a piano!*

Dexter Eclipsed.

Bonner is not much of a horseman, after all. His fastest specimen of equine fleetness, Dexter, is now surpassed in trotting record by half a dozen animals. The magic Maid, with her mile in 2:14¼; the American Girl, with time but a little slower Red Cloud, who has just circled the track in 2:17, and Lulu, who was spun around the course in 2:16¼, are all so many pangs of envy in the soul of Bonner. The day has flown in which any one man could hope to secure for his private stable the best trotting stock of the country. It has been a red-letter season in the history of American racing. Horses of known swiftness have eclipsed their previous records, while animals hitherto obscure, as in the case of Lulu and Lucille Golddust, have dashed down the most astonishing figures. "A two-forty gait," once the symbol of supreme fleetness, has become a mere turtle pace.

GEN. MORIN has just exhibited before the French academy, a bottle containing eight kilogrammes of osmium, the most poisonous metal known. "This is enough," he exclaimed, "to poison the universe" as one millogramme of osmium, diffused thrugh one hundred cubic metres of air, renders it irrespirable." We really feel very uncomfortable, and should like to know what the general intends doing with that bottle.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One inch, or ten lines, constitutes One Square.

One square, first insertion		$1 00
Each subsequent insertion		50
1 square 1 month	$2 50; 3 months	6 00
2 squares 1 month	3 00; 3 months	8 00
3 squares 1 month	4 50; 3 months	10 00
4 squares 1 month	7 00; 3 months	12 00
5 squares 1 month	10 00; 3 months	14 00
6 squares 1 month	12 00; 3 months	16 00
12 squares 1 month	24 00; 3 months	32 00
24 squares 1 month	48 00; 3 months	64 00

(There are 2 squares in each column.)

One column, 1 year	$200
Half column, 1 year	110
Quarter column, 1 year	60

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Announcing the name of a person for a County office, $5; State office, $10; Federal office, $15. Invariably in advance.

Religious, Marriage, Birth and Death Notices solicited, and will be willingly inserted free of charge.

Obituaries, Masonic and other society notices of deaths, etc., will be charged ten cents per line.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"IS THEM the common dog sassage?" inquired a venerable looking lady, as she surveyed a bunch of bananas over her spectacles the other day.

COL. EGERTON, in the house of Commons, said philanthropy is so energetic that "it requires a good deal of influence nowadays to get hanged."

INDIANAPOLIS women are relating little reminiscences of how they used to romp with Henry Ward Beecher. "But, sir," they add, "I was very young!"

GREAT efforts are being made to induce Liszt to visit this country. One manager offered him 1,000,000f. for one season, but the Abbate politely declined.

A GERMAN at Terre Haute, Ind., sold last year, 16,000 pounds of grapes raised on land, which, the same season, would not have produced 60 bushels of corn.

"I SHALL awaken in heaven," wrote a Boston girl before taking arsenic. But she took too much for a death dose, and awoke with a stomach-pump down her throat."

"I AM going—I know I am," said a dying Mississippian, "and I believe I'd go easier if Jim would get down the fiddle and play 'Sore heel Sally' once more." Jim did.

A WESTERN postmaster writes to the postmaster-general "that hell will be full of country postmasters before long if they do not get more pay than is allowed this office."

AN ACCOUNT of a fire in England furnishes a valuable hint to volunteer fire departments. "The London Scottish was the first regiment on the alert, having no trousers to put on, and the fire was soon extinguished."

BATHING cloaks, which are to be put on dry when leaving the water, and worn across the beach to conceal the moist figure, are made of Turkish toweling, trimmed with oriental braiding, and cut loose and very long.

THE potato bug is pushing the Spanish fly out of the pharmacopeia as a blisterer. An Indianapolis drug-house has just received an order for a thousand pounds of him. We always knew the potato bug was good for something.

MCGRATH has had an operation performed on the feet of Tom Bowling. As the operation was radical and severe, it is safe to predict that the mighty son of Lexington and Lucy Fowler will not appear upon the course in a race again this season.

OUR TREASURES.—

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.
They are ours, and hold in faithful keeping.
Safe forever, all they took away.
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

THE Japanese, who are an imitative people, have planned within a few years a magnificent system of education. It has three branches—the "Great Learning," which includes eight universities; the "Middle Learning," which includes the provincial colleges; and the "Small Learning," which is for the mass of the people. The system has been based upon the result of observations in the United States, where the mass of the people have small learning

THE house at Kissingen, occupied by the "Iron" Prince, as the German papers style him now, is distinguished by seven bombs, which it received from the Prussians in 1866, and which were left immured in it. A peasant of the environs, to whom the Prince, incognito, showed the proper way of mowing meadows, has, since the thing got abroad, refused large sums offered for the scythe with which the Chancellor exemplified his practical knowledge of farming.

THE NIGHT clerk of a Burlington hotel was startled about 11 o'clock the other night by the following conversation, at a time when he supposed he was alone in the office: "Come along, you hoodlum, let's go up stairs." "Go nothin'," was the gruff reply, "let's wait till the midnight train comes in; there's nothing you can get blood out of in the house now." And the amazed and horrified clerk could see nobody in the room except two old gray mosquitoes, dozing on a Saratoga trunk.

THE BEST THINGS.—

The sweetest songs are those
That few men ever hear
And no men ever sing.
The clearest skies are those
That farthest off appear
To birds of strongest wing.
The dearest loves are those
That no man can come near
With his best following.

LAST March a man named Emory Prattle, a mechanic in the employ of the Michigan car company, made a bet with another man as to which could longer hold out the handles of an electric battery which a traveling nuisance had on the Campus Martius. Prattle won the bet, but at heavy cost. His system received such a shock that up to this time he has not been able to do a day's work. He has fallen away from a powerful, heavy man to a skeleton almost, and his physician cannot say that he will ever be restored to health.

HERE, now, is a bit of frescoing that is quite fresh. A negro woman living near Carlisle, Kentucky, for the last forty years—Jane Young, black as the ace of spades—began about four years ago to change color, and gradually grew white, until she bleached out to a tolerably fair complexion. Within a few weeks past her original black color commenced return, showing itself in jet black spots at different places on her face. Men who understand about cuticle are looking over the old lady's features to see what they can make out of it.

BAILEY, of the Danbury News, relates a story of an American in London who could not find in any of the London shops genuine Yankee chewing tobacco. He was an inveterate chewer, and was nearly driven to distraction at not being able to find the weed. Finally he called upon the American minister, and asked for a chew! That gentlemen informed him that he did not use the stuff in any but cigar form. The disappointed man sailed for home the next day. This recalls the old lady who called upon Mr. Washburne in Paris and asked to look at the Brooklyn directory!

MISS LEIGH, an English lady living in Paris, is engaged in the benevolent attempt to secure a building in the French capital as a home for poor English girls who go there with the desire of perfecting themselves in the French language, without which they are often unable to hold situations in England as governesses or shop-women. In Paris they put up with any respectable situation; but frequently they lose them, and have no friends or home to go to. Miss Leigh states that there are two thousand such girls in that city, and she wishes to have something done for them to keep them physically and morally out of distress. She has already established a temporary home and mission as a beginning for her project.