LAWYERS.

A. M. HUGHES, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Will attend all courts to be holden for Maury and adjoining counties. Office, Whithorne Block. feb26-71

CHARLES CLEAR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to the collection of claims.

HILL & FIGUERS, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Columbia, Tennessee. Will practice in the courts of Maury and adjoining counties. Office in the Whithorne Block. mch4-71

J. L. COCHRAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, And General Collecting Agent, Columbia, Tennessee.

JOHN V. WRIGHT..... A. J. J. WEBSTER
WRIGHT & WEBSTER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee.

WM. B. TEMMONS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Columbia, Tennessee. Special attention given to all business entrusted to him. mar-20-1y

S. SAMUELS, Jr., Attorney at Law and Solicitor in Equity, Columbia, Tenn. Office with L. D. Myers, Esq. Strict attention to all legal business guaranteed to those who entrust the same to his care. May 30, 1873. 1y

JOHN S. BOND..... ROBT. M. MCKAY
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W. M. EDWARDS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Dallas, Texas. Will practice in the courts of Dallas and the adjoining counties. fe14-1y

R. P. & Z. M. CYPERT, Attorneys at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Waynesboro, Tennessee. Will practice in the counties of Hardin, Wayne, Lawrence, Lewis, Perry, and Decatur, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Nashville. Particular attention given to the collection of claims. They also prosecute claims for pensions, patents, and bounty land, before the departments at Washington. fe14-73-1y

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C. L. Reynolds, PORTRAIT PAINTER, COLUMBIA, TENN. Portraits thrown up to life size from photographs. Old portraits retinted and cleaned. STUDIO—Fleming's new block, Garden street, nearly opposite the Presbyterian church. Oct. 3, 1873. 1y

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COLUMBIA HERALD.

By HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS, COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1873. VOL. XIX., NO. 15.

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The Bubble Speculations of the Last Century.

Benson J. Lossing reviews in the Poughkeepsie Eagle the famous Mississippi scheme and the South-sea bubble, the two great financial sensations of the last century. The Mississippi scheme originated, it will be remembered, in the bad state of the finances of the French government. That government lent itself to an immense scheme for swindling the people, in order to fill its coffers. The company, with John Law, a Scotchman possessing a great reputation as an Amsterdam broker, as its head, had a monopoly of the trade of the Mississippi, on condition that it should relieve France of its debt. The most extravagant stories of the richness of that valley were told, and the excitement among all classes at Paris was intense. The company was chartered, and, after its shares had gone up to 1,200 per cent. above par, burst. Wide financial ruin followed, and Law died in poverty at Vienna. The counterpart of this organization in England, the South-sea company, was to have a monopoly of the South-sea trade and was to confer the same favor on the British government that Law had promised to the French. Its shares rose to above 1,000 per cent., and as a consequence a great number of similar companies sprung up around it. The objects of some of them were very curious. One was "for planting of mulberry trees and breeding of silk-worms in Chelsea park;" another "for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain in order to propagate a larger breed of mules in England," and a clergyman proposed a company "for discovering the land of Ophir," and monopolizing the gold and silver of that country. Toward the end of July, 1720, when the stocks of the various London concerns exceeded the value of fifteen hundred million dollars, news came of the bursting of the Mississippi bubble. The shares of the South-sea soon fell, from 850 to 175. Share-holders pressed the shares upon the market with the eagerness of men fleeing from a falling building. Thousands of families were reduced at one single blow to absolute poverty. Old families, whose estates were lost, disappeared from society, and the names of many noblemen were dropped from the list of the peerage of England forever. The event stimulated emigration to America, where ruined men hoped to retrieve their fortunes. From the debtors' prisons in England, Oglethorpe procured most of the first emigrants who accompanied him to Georgia and founded that state.

STEAM IN VESSELS.—The increased price of coal in England is causing the reagitation of the question of the use of steam as an auxiliary power in ships. A writer in Iron says: A vessel for a long voyage should be of the following dimensions: Length, 300 feet; breadth, 40 feet; depth of hold, 24 feet, with accommodations for passengers, officers and crew on deck, and a pair of direct acting engines placed in the after part of the vessel, below the main deck, capable of working to about 150 horse power, with boilers to maintain a steam pressure of 60 pounds per square inch. The consumption of coal would be about 75 cwt. per diem, and the speed, with a folding screw propeller, about six knots in a calm. In a sailing vessel built from my design, the best day's work was from 330 to 360 miles for nine days. It appears to be a great pity to dispense with sails, when such results can be obtained, and if a small auxiliary power were introduced as above described, into a proper porportioned vessel, it would be the most economical and effectual carrier for ocean navigation.

—The model workmen for saving are the Italians on the line of the Berks county (Pa.) railroad. They are more economical than the Chinese, live principally upon bread and pork, and their expenses do not exceed $4.25 per month each. They are paid $1.75 per day, and all the surplus is thrown into a general fund, dispatched to New York and from thence to their wives in Italy.

—An Indiana man, suing for a divorce, charges his spouse, among other intolerable faults, with having a "big bustle and a deceitful tongue."

The Elephant.

Elephants live, it is generally believed, to the age of a hundred or a hundred and twenty years, and average six to seven feet in height. A very few years since, one died at Benares which was believed by local tradition to have carried Warren Hastings. At seventy years old the animal is quite in its prime, and will perform long marches, beat the jungles for a whole day, and receive unmoved the charge of the solitary buffalo, a greater test of staunchness and confidence than the rush and roar of a tiger. The price of a docile elephant, free from disease or vice, and with many seasons of usefulness before it, varies from £60 or £70 to £120. Much higher sums are constantly given for those which have a reputation in the sporting world, or which are conspicuous for their height or symmetry, or are peculiarly fitted to play a part in festivals or social pageantry. An elephant of nine, ten, or eleven feet is rare, but is magnificent to behold. Each animal has its name. The female is "the Pearl," the "beloved" one, or the "golden mouth." Recent history or ancient traditions is called on to supply appellations for the males, which range from the familiar sounds of Hyder Ali and Tippoo on the one hand, up to the mythic heroes of the Indian epics on the other; Bhima, who wielded a mace like Athelstan the unready, and Arjuna, who, like Ulysses, distanced all competitors in the use of the bow. Herds of these animals in a wild state are still to be found in central and Southern India, in the jungles of Assam, and also in the forests which skirt the east-ra frontier of the Indian peninsula. It is scarcely necessary to add that elephants cannot be used for practical purposes except in hot climates. But there are few sights more in harmony with an eastern landscape than a line of some fifteen or twenty elephants waiting, by the side of some well-known cover, for the signal to commence operations, or than the solitary animal which may be seen towards evening in the months of January or February, slowly wending its way over an enormous plain to a cluster of white tents in which a couple of English officials are recording the results of a survey of the country, or have been dealing out useful advice and summary justice to a whole village population.—*Saturday Review.*

—The question is beginning to be a serious one, whether there is any way in which it can be ascertained if the cashier of a bank is robbing it or not. In the last defalcation, that of cashier Pierce, of the Merchants' national, at Lowell, the abstraction of funds is a matter of years. One of the directors is reported to have rubbed his eyes open, and observed that the stealing began while the institution was a state bank, and has been going on ever since. A mere accident led to the exposure. How long these great defalcations might continue if it were not for these occasional accidents it is impossible to say. It is a characteristic of unintelligent organisms to be slow to recognize fatal injuries. A horse will run around the bull-ring at a good pace after his bowels have been torn out, simply because he does not known how badly he is hurt. Shoot a little bullet into a man and he drops on the spot. If there were any alert principle of sentiment life in a financial institution it would seem that a cashier could not steal a half or a quarter million without the knowledge of any other member of the organization.—*New York Tribune.*

—A few days since, five geese, owned by a man living at Mormon island, Cal., died from an unknown disease; and, on examining the gizzard of one, grain gold sufficient to make a five-dollar piece was found. The remaining four panned out each almost the same amount of the precious stuff. The gold was probably picked up by the fowls near some claims where the miners had been sluicing, and it is presumed that the quicksilver attached to it caused their death.

—McLane's new steamer Sairy Gamp, plying between Ft. Garry and Breckenridge, was for some reason denied agress from the British possessions should she cross into Johnny Bull's part of Red river.

A GRAPHIC TALE.

Mr. Wise he wouldn't go,
And he thus broke up the show;
When up stepped bold Donaldson accordin',
Saying: "Give me plenty gas,
And I promise you to pass
Like a streak, to the other side of Jordan.

So they furnished Lunt and Ford,
And the hero stepped aboard,
When the thing arose, as though 'twas etherialized,
And says Donaldson: "My boys,
Toot your horn and make a noise;
O the dream of my manhood now is realized."

And from the upper regions,
By the frightened carrier pigeons,
Mr. Ford he sent dispatches light as Eden;
Saying: "We have done our errand,
We have struck the Eastern current,
And we'll write you the particulars from Sweden."

But the weather so seraphic
Wouldn't last; and that 'ere "Graphic"
Got a blow from old Boreas, as he roar'd on;
Got wind and rain and bluster,
Till the big inflated buster
Kind o' paused in its passage over Jordan.

Said Donaldson to Ford—
As the monster pitched and roar'd;
"I have left some earthly business unattended;
And I think I'll stop to see
If the Graphic Company
Are posscssed of any gases not expended."

Said the other daring fellers,
"We forgot our umbrellers,
And we cannot go to Europe while 'tis rainin';
Let us jump." And so they did—
And their legs were almost hid
In the marshes of the "happy land of Canaan."

JOHN'S PROMISE.

Sumner was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of oak saplings, high up on the side of one of those bluffs, stood a hastily built house, sided with rough, upright, cottonwood boards—as are many of its western neighbors—a rusty stove-pipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by a scalloped-edge newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steamboat, whose nicely-finished panels contrasted strangely with its surroundings, completing the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steamboat echoed among the hills, this door was opened by a pleasant young woman, who was followed by a crying child.

"O Sammy, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man; see the great big boat! way yonder;" lifting him up; "don't you see? look right sharp now, close ag'in' the bank. Does Sammy want to go down town and see the big boat, and see pappy?" The willing feet toddled down the path; but the mother called, "Wait a bit, and mammy 'll pack Sammy;" and tying on a pink sunbonnet, she took him in her arms and started down the steep, crooked path.

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlight, sifting through the trees that covered the western hills, glinted the windows here and there and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the forest on the low eastern shore. Scattered through the hollow and up the sides of the bluffs, were divers houses, from the pretentious Gothic dwelling on the northern hill and the brick business houses down street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of the ravine was lined with a long, white train of Denver-bound freight-wagons.

She reached the steep main street to find it filled with wagons that had been turned cross-wise of the street, to rest the teams. But edging her way close to the clay bank, she reached the river just as the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck-hands, together with the puffing of the mill near by, was too much for baby-bravery, and Sammy's lips began to quiver. Catching him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw-log, saying, "There, there, honey, don't be afeared, be pappy's man, now."

The tide-waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more and more eagerly in among the tall cottonwood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods, and entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously, for it frequently disappeared between the waves which were raised by the strong south wind—such winds belonging as proverbially to Kansas springs, as whooping-cough to children, or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red woolen shirts, for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats, except in the coldest weather, jumped out of the skiff, and with boisterous laughter and rude jests, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her and came toward her, saying boisterously, "Hoorah for you, Nancy! Whatever brought you'ns down 'ere this time of evenin'? Mighty fine doins, when you oughter be to home gettin' your old man a bite o' supper! Packed that young'un down, too, I'll bet! Reckon you'd as well get back, right quick, now!" He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, "Hoorah for pappy's man! Peertest boy in this 'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!" Poor Nancy! Her husban' was drunk again.

She hurried up the street, pinning her deep sunbonnet more closely about her face, that the passers might not see the tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure on meeting him, after his week's absence. How often she had thought of it in those long, lonely nights, when she had only her child and her thoughts for company.

It took but a few minutes to put supper on the table. Then she sat down on the door-step to watch for her husband, worrying all the time lest he let some thing happen to Sammy. When at last he came, the effects of the liquor were wearing off, and he ate his supper and smoked his pipe in sullen silence. She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for she knew that it would make him angry. So she fed Sammy, laying her face on his little head once in a while, to force back the chocking lump that kept rising in her throat. Then she hastened to rock him asleep, lest his fretfulness disturb his father.

The first peep of dawn found her busily preparing breakfast, for she knew that John wanted an early start. The sound of the coffee-mill woke him from his heavy sleep, and he lay quietly watching her by the light of the dim grease lamp, as she moved quietly back and forth from table to stove; from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn-dodger from the oven. "She is a dear, good wife," though he; "What a scoundrel I was to make her feel so badly." He knew that he had been rough to her the night before. He wished that he could remember what he said. Of course he never got dead-drunk, but he wished that he could let whisky alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the best man in the world. He wanted to say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to beg her pardon, but being a man, of course he did not considescend to that. At length he began by saying: "You was right peert about your breakfast this morning, Nancy."

"O I allowed most likely you'd want to get off soon," she answered.

"Yes, Jones wants us there ag'in' sun-up. It's only a fifty-log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in' the night train starts, and I'll get right on, and be back to Atchison afore day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day 'round that old fort."

"O John! I'm so proud"—she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of conscious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then? He had shoved back from the table, and there was a serious, far-away look in his eyes. But nothing sullen or forbidding. She went around, and dropping on her knees beside him, slipped her arms about his neck, saying: "O John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whisky."

"That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to—not drink too much ag'in," he answered.

"But I'm afeared that wouldn't do no good."

"You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've got drunk, if I try," he exclaimed.

"O John, don't talk so; you know you promised me that nigh onto a year ago; but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know it, it's too much. If you'd only promise now that you'd never taste nary drop ag'in."

Still he kept his eyes steadily turned away from hers.

"Don't you mind now," she went on, "how your mother said one time, 'I reckon, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core;' and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evenin' we heard her praying down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear you promise. And John," she continued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I pray, too, sometimes. I haven't never told you, but I've been feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to readin' my Bible, and I've just made up my mind to live better'n I used to; and pray for you, too, and it seems like God hears me." And she laid her head on his shoulder to hide her tears.

His arms slipped around her, but he still kept his eyes turned stubbornly away from hers. At last, laying his face against hers, he spoke earnestly, "Yes, Nancy, I promise."

Presently, starting up, he exclaimed, "If I haven't stayed till plum daylight!"

"O John! come and kiss baby afore you go, he looks so sweet. Sammy! Sammy! wake up, honey, and kiss pappy."

"Bless his sleepy eyes! Pappy's little man! I'll bring him some candy when I come home ag'in."

All day Nancy went about with such a light, cheery heart as she had not carried in her bosom for many a day; singing snatches of old hymns, and thinking happy, hopeful thoughts of him who, all those long hours, was working his rudder against the strong current of the Missouri.

That evening the stars shone brightly down upon her, when she knelt by the little window, and asked God's blessings on her husband and his good resolutions.

But she was awakened, a few hours afterward, by a rush and confusion, a shower of glass and had across her bed; and catching her baby in her arms, she sprang up, frightened and bewildered. It was a terrible storm; one long to be remembered by all who felt its terrors. The deafening roar of the wind and hail almost drowned the loud thunder-claps. A blinding flash of lightning showed the trees almost bent to the ground, and the house rocked to and fro like a cradle. She suddenly felt a new, strange feeling, as if she was flying, floating, through the air. She thought that she was dizzy, and caught hold of the bed. A terrible crash—she never knew how it all happened! Her baby's cries aroused her. The wind and rain chilled her through. She started to spring up, but something held her down. A shock of pain darted over her, and putting out her hand, she felt a great beam lying heavily across her limbs. It seemed as though it was crushing her. Something struck her, then another, and another. How they stung! O was her child unsheltured from that pitiless storm? His screams grew louder. O she must reach him! She could see nothing through the thick darkness, but she knew that he was not far off. What if he, too, was fastened, crippled? She stretched her arms; every movement made her pain more excruciating. She strained every nerve; she could almost reach him. What if he was free and could come to her? "O Sammy! Sammy!" she called, "come to mammy." The child ceased crying. She heard him move. His warm body touched her hands that were gropping in the darkness. She caught him in her arms and hugged him to her breast. She felt of his head, his arms, his feet; sound and whole. How thankful she was for that. But how those cruel hailstones must have bruised him. She rested him on the ground and crouched over him; she could move just enough for that. The frightened child ceased crying, and put his arms about her neck. If she could only find something to cover them from the storm. She reached round, but could touch only cold mud.

O that terrible pain! She had almost forgotten it in her anxiety for her child. It grew more and more intolerable. It seemed as though the hail-stones struck through into her brain. What if they killed her! Was she afraid to die? Visions of eternity, of the heaven of her faith, rose before her. Should she dwell with God and the angels forever? Was it possible that there would never be an end? No, she was not afraid of death. But her child, her husband—how could she leave them? Not yet. No, no, when life opened before her! She must live to help John keep his promise. God would spare her for that. How long it would be until morning. How could she bear the pain so long? O it would be terrible if John should come and find her lying there, cold and stiff. John did love her, O so well. He had loved her so long. It seemed so many years since he first told her that he loved her; it was on the mountain-side, in dear old Tennessee. How far away it seemed. How the sun shone and the birds sang. How dreamy and bewildered her thoughts were. How still the baby was. Yes, she could feel his heart beat. She no longer felt the pelting of the storm; had it ceased?

Her thought was answered by a rush of wind from a new direction. She felt the great weight lifting off from her. She was free! Then—something struck her.

The train went snorting into Winthrop just at daylight. John jumped off, and was the first to reach the ferry. He had never seen Atchison so quiet. With the exception of those who had crossed on the ferry and a few early risers who were hurrying up the street, the town seemed asleep; but as he passed Commercial street, he saw a man who was riding a mule, coming down in great haste, who cried out, "How d'y, John!"

"Why, Jake!" he replied, "Is that you? I allowed you was half way to Denver afore now."

"We started yesterday, but we had a powerful storm on the prairies out here last night. We chanced to be right near a house and they let us in; but it sent our old wagons rolling over and over across the prairie, like a patch of tumble-weeds, and our oxen all stampeded; I'm on the hunt of 'em."

"It don't look like it had reached Atchison."

"No; I recken it just took a streak." John hurried on down the river. The road ran so near the bank that the steady swash of the water seemed under his feet. The birds were singing in the trees, and the sunshine came creeping down the bluffs overhead. How eager he was to get home that morning. His heart was full of new plans and new purposes. He could keep his promise, and he would; he would never make Nancy's heart ache again by breaking that promise. He stopped suddenly—had the storm reached Sumner? The tall buildings along the wharf were leaning roofless, one this way, another that; as if the wind, comming over the bluffs, had reached just low enough to unroof them. He hastened around the foot of the hill; there lay the brick hotel, the boast of the town, in scattered fragments on the ground, like a wasp's nest scattered by the housekeeper's broom. He looked around; three-fourths of the town lay in ruins. How was it with his home? He ran up the street until he could see where it stood. Gone! Not a vestige of it left. And his family? Perhaps they had escaped before the storm; perhaps— Scarce knowing what he did, he hurried to the nearest house that was yet standing, and without ceremony opened the door. There was no one in the room, but on a couch in one corner, a white sheet "sunk to the still proportions" of two silent forms. Moved by some strange impulse, he turned back the covering that shrouded the faces—Nancy and the baby! Shocked, stuned, he sank on his knees and laid his face on that dear form. Who can describe, who can comprehend the utter desolation of that hour? None but those who have felt it. O the thoughts and memories that crowded upon him—many of them bitter, regretful thoughts. But there was one memory for which he was thankful; that he had not listened to the tempter which whispered to him yester-morn, that it would be weak and unmanly to yield to her request.

They found him there an hour afterward, but he asked no questions, made no reply to their attempts at consolation, and they left him alone with his dead.

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Sumner that day, for many were left homeless; many bruised and crippled by the storm. And the mourners who wended their way up the long hill to the burying-ground, were as sad as though the silence had been broken by the toilling of solemn bells.—*Kansas Monthly.*

Best Points from Josh Billings.

Pride is cheap and common; you kan find it all the way down from the monarch on hiz throne tew the rooster on hiz dunghil.

There are excepshuns to all rules, no doubt, but the excepshuns don't win often enuff tew make them pay.

The same time spent in learning tew phiddle a passable tune on one string wud enable a man tew bekum an elegant shumaker.

Man iz the only thing kreated with reason, and still he iz the most unreazonable thing kreated.

Happiness konsists in having what we want, and wanting what we hav.

There iz lots ov eddikated people in the world who, if it want for their learning, wouldn't know anything.

I kno what it iz tu be a grandpa—its fun alive.

Respectability in theze times depends a good deal upon a man's bank account.

Everybody but the kussid phools are tew work for themselves.

There is a kind of kuriosity which iz very common amongst phoolks, which promps them to see how near they kan go tew a mule's heels and not get hit.

Silence is safe. The man who hasn't spoke alwus has the advantage of him who haz.

The parrott iz not a game bird, altho they bight good, hang on well, and di hard.

A parrott will live 200 years and grow cross tew the last.

They hav no song, but kan be larnt tew sware korrectly.

A parrott in a private family iz about az useless az a seckond attack ov the measles, and make more trubble than taking a skoolmom tew board.

Whatsoever kan happen may happen, and we hav no excuse for being surprized at enything in this life.

Menny people are virtewous for the reputashun of it.

In a square fite, the heart is alwus tew much for the head, and I am glad ov it.

A regular old fashioned, thorobred lie don't go much heart, it iz the half breeds that do the mischief.

I cater for little children—i luv them—i believe they hav bin a grate suckcess thus far, and ain't a going to run out long as pholks last.

I find plenty ov people who are willing tew tell you all they kno, if you tell them all you kno, but the mizery ov the trade iz, they don't kno much.

It iz just as natral for an old phellow tew give advice az it iz tew grunt.

Thare iz only one impulse ov the human harte that iz alike in us all, and that is, self-luv.

The Raid of a California Lioness.

Jake Bergman, an Augusta (Cal.) ranchero, was wakened, one morning, in September by a peculiar noise among his cattle, and, having dressed and started for the ranche, he found them drawn up in a perfect hollow square with the calves in the center, while the horns of the old ones bristling on the outside made it look decidedly perilous for an enemy to approach. Hardly had Bergman reached this array when a big California lioness sprang upon him. He was unarmed, but was a man of immense muscular power. The two embraced cordially, but the brute was too much for Bergman; she clawed the flesh off his breast and arms in a very uncomfortable manner. But Bergman's Indian servant came up, and the lioness tossed Bergman aside and went for the red-skin, tearing it up at her own sweet will. The brute had dug in nearly to the poor Indian's unfortunate heart, when Bergman came down on her head with a stake and crushed in her skull. This finished her, but the two men will have to fat up very fast to fill the hole she made in their flesh. The animal measured six feet from tip to tip, and the absolute emptiness of her stomach was the cause of her raid.

THE POET AND THE MAN OF INTELLECT.—What a faculty must that be which can paint the most barren landscape and humblest life in glorious colors! It is pure and invigorated sense reacting on a sound and strong imagination. Is not this the poet's case? The intellect of most men is barren. It is the marriage of the soul with nature that makes the intellect fruitful, that gives birth to imagination. When we were dead and dry as the highway, some sense which has been healthily fed will put us in relation with nature, in sympathy with her, some grains of fertilizing pollen floating in the air fall on us, and suddenly the sky is all one rainbow, is full of music and fragrance and flavor. The man of intellect only, the prosaic man, is a barren and staminiferous flower; the poet is a fertile and perfect flower. The poet must keep himself unstained and aloof. Let him persublate the bounds of imagination's provinces, the realms of poesy and not the insignificant boundaries of towns. How many faculties there are which we have never found! Some men, methinks, have found their only hands and feet.—*Thoreau.*

—According to a California paper, a young lady of the city, in telling a gentleman about her Yosemite trip, said the scenery was gorgeous, perfectly ravishing, but she didn't like their style of locomotion down there. "How's that?" said her friend, "how did you locomote?" "Why, don't you think," she replied, "I had to ride *a la* clothes-pin!"

Heroines of the Epidemic.

Misses Mattie Stevenson of Illinois, and Lula Wilkinson of Memphis.

[From the Memphis Ledger.]

In the midst of so much suffering, dismay and confusion, many noble acts are unrecorded, and many a hero or heroine unheard of except in the chamber of sickness and death. Some of these are brought to notice by mere chance, others will scarcely be heard of until the great day of final accounts. They can well afford to wait, for an approving conscience is more to be desired than any reward or plaudit of the world.

There are two names, however, which deserve more than accidental fame; two girls who have risked their lives more than ever did Florence Nightingale; worth more than a thousand flippant advocates of woman rights on the rostrum. They both lie dangerously ill with yellow fever, at the Walthall infirmary, heroic sufferers in the cause of humanity.

Their names are Mattie Stevenson of Tonawanda, Ill., and Lula Wilkinson of Memphis, mere girls, scarcely twenty years old. When the fever first broke out here and the fact became known, Miss Stevenson was on a visit to New England among some relatives. She resolved to come here to nurse the sick, and without informing any one of her purpose lest her friends might interfere, she left them, and came directly to Memphis, paying her own way, and tendered her services to the Howards. The president sent her to the Lehmer house to await orders. That night Dr. Blackburn had a terrible case, mentioned in the Ledger at the time, a Scotchwoman who died of the fever, unconscious that a dead babe, which had just come into the world, as yellow as saffron, lay by her side. When he sent to the Lehmer house for a nurse, the evening before the woman with the yellow fever babe died, he was astonished to see a young, delicate girl, not apparently eighteen years old, present herself. No one else could be had, and she promised to do all she could. All night long, after the very evening she came to Memphis, she staid by the dying woman and performed the part of a faithful nurse. She knew by instinct, as it were, what was required. Afterward she was assigned to other patients, and in every case was a faithful, efficient nurse.

Miss Wilkinson is a Memphis girl, although we know little of her history except that she is an orphan. She, too, offered her services, and was most assiduous in her attentions to the sick. Dr. Blackburn will testify that more efficient, skillful and enduring nurses never stood around the bedside of a patient than Miss Mattie Stevenson and Miss Lula Wilkinson.

But they worked too much. Both took the fever, and they now lie dangerously ill at the Walthal infirmary, the pets of Dr. Blackburn, who knows what noble souls they are, and receiving all possible attention at the hands of the most skillful attendants. Both are thought to be improving. It is to be hoped they will both recover, and receive the recognition they so richly deserve at the hands of our best people.

They are entitled to a higher badge than was ever bestowed upon a member of the legion of honor, and when our troubles are ended, we hope they will have troops of friends to award them the praise they so richly deserve.

The Latest "American Abroad."

A cheeky individual announcing himself as Col. William Hurlbert, a member of President Grant's military staff, and dressing in the full uniform of a United States army officer, has been swindling some of the smaller potentates of Germany in rather a novel manner, lately. Armed with the most unexceptionable credentials, he appeared in several of the smaller capital cities, where he had little difficulty of obtaining access to the petty courts. With him, this self-styled colonel had a curious subscription list, which, before taking leave of his new-made eminent acquaintances, he submitted to them. This subscription list was for contributions for a gigantic monument at Washington in honor of the soldiers killed in the late civil war. Col. Hurlbert stated that only rulers of states, and military and civil officers of the highest rank were to take part in this grand enterprise, and in opening his list he proudly pointed to the name of President Grant, Queen Victoria, the Emperor William, Marshal MacMahon, Bismarck and other illustrious personages who had each subscribed liberally. For some time the colonel's little game worked beautifully, and he succeeded in obtaining considerable sums of money, but at last he came to Dessau in the duchy of Anhalt, where the reigning duke and his people proved to be a little sharper than previous victims. Their suspicions being aroused, after a brief and satisfactory correspondence with Mr. Bancroft in Berlin, they had Hurlbert arrested on charge of swindling, and he will now have to suffer for his smart but wayward career. His real name seems to be Edward Beatty, and though an Irishman by birth he has long lived in the western states.

PIGEON CATCHING IN MICHIGAN.—The business of catching and fattening pigeons has been reduced to a science, and is done on an immense scale in Ionia county, Mich., where two firms have now 2000 dozen. They are caught in nets, 456 birds having been taken at one haul, this season. The net is set up by the side of a "bed," which is baited with wheat and corn, for some time before the season commences. The pigeons soon find these places and flock to them in immense numbers. When the time for catching arrives, a man conceals himself daily in a bower near the bed, from which a wire passes to the net, and when a sufficient number of the birds have have come they are bagged. After this they are confined in feeding pens and fatted. They are then killed and packed—30 dozen in a barrel—and shipped to New York, Boston and other cities. They are now worth $2.50 per dozen at the Hub.

AUSTRIAN IMPRESSIONS.—A series of caricatures now popular in Vienna gives the Austrian impression of the besetting sins of the great powers. Prussia, a haughty dame resting upon a sword, represents pride. England is a scrawny female seated on a cotton bale, and is called avarice. Russia goes skating and scowling by under the name of envy. Turkey lolls on a sofa, a fat odalisque, as luxury. France, with a man's hat in one hand and a glass of champagne in the other, dances a *decollete* cancan, and is called immodesty. Spain is a wild petroleuse, and represents anger. Scotland is a bonnie lassie dropping to sleep on a mountain side, as laziness. But America has an eighth capital sin invented to characterize her. She sits on a pile of Pub. Docs., scribbling furiously; the iniquity she represents bears the uncanny name of Zeitungschreiberei. If American journalism be indeed a sin, there is no mistake in calling it a capital one.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—It is related that a parrot which could sing Shoo-fly as well as any of the gamins of New York, was sold to a gentleman in Bridgeport a short time ago. Another was sold that sang Up in a Balloon so well that it attracted crowds of listeners. The manner in which this bird would commence its vocalism was somewhat amusing. It would say, "Mother, what do you want to day?" An imaginary lady would reply, "Up in a Balloon." The parrot would answer, "All right, come ahead," and commence singing.

CONTENT.

BY KENELM CHILLINGLY.

There are times when the troubles of life are still;
The bees wandered lost in the depths of June,
And I paused where the chime of a silver rill
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