Holt County Sentinel.

WEEKLY REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY A. KLIPPEL, OREGON, Holt county, Mo.

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Holt County Sentinel.

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A. KLIPPEL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
OREGON, HOLT COUNTY, MO.

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HOLT COUNTY DIRECTORY.

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DUNGAN & KELLY, Attorneys at Law, Real Estate and Collecting Agents. Office North side Public Square.

DR. G. M. EDSON, Dentist. Office at Residence.

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GEORGE P. LUCKHARDT, Nurseryman, N. W. corner, Oregon. Everything in that line for sale.

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PRICE HOUSE, PETER PRICE, Proprietor, West side Public square.

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WM. BUNKER, Wagon, Carriage, and Plow maker, two doors east of city hotel.

W. E. HILL, Nursery stock, south side public square. Will also sell for W. F. Wyatt & Co's Orange plants. Price at nursery, $2 per thousand.

A. HASNESS, Cabinet Maker and Undertaker. Shop, five doors west of Brick block.

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TRUETT, RICHARDSON & CO., Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Notions and House furnishing Goods. Produce bought.

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MARTIN HOUSE, now open for the accommodation of the public. T. MARTIN, Proprietor.

Merchants and Others, Graf, Mo.

GRANT WHITNEY HOUSE, now open for the accommodation of the public. J. A. ORAGE, Proprietor.

C. SHULTS, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Furniture and all kinds of country reduce.

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A. P. DAVENPORT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Queensware, Clothing, Lumber, Lath, Country Produce, &c., &c.

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GLENN & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Drugs, Medicine and country produce.

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WM. M. DAILY, M. D., **Physician & Surgeon,** Offers his services to the Citizens of Corning and Vicinity. 41ms

FARM for SALE I offer for sale my farm of 350 acres, lying 4½ miles south of Forest City, Holt county, Mo; 125 acres in cultivation, 100 acres timber; balance prairie; a good frame dwelling, 200 bearing apple trees; also pear, peach and cherry trees and grape vines. Price, $6,000. A. GILLPILLAS. 16m9. West Side Public Square, Oregon, Mo.

F. H. RAU, REAL ESTATE, COLLECTION AGENT AND NOTARY PUBLIC, CRAIG, MO. Will buy and sell Real Estate, pay taxes, make collections, and do a general agency business.

Farm for Sale! 160-ACRE FARM—90 acres under cultivation and good fence; 50 acres No. 1 timber; two good houses ¼ mile apart; good grancry; plenty of running water; good well and spring; 40 apple trees; 100 peach trees; 3 miles from Forest City and 9 miles from Oregon. Apply to DUNGAN & KELLY.

COOK, COBURN & CO., Advertising Agents, Chicago, Are authorized to receive advertisements for this paper, at our lowest rates, and are agents for all newspaper in the United States and Territories. 23ef

Millinery and Dress Making. Mrs. M. CURRY and Miss A. McCOY Have associated together for the purpose of carrying on the **Millinery and Dress Making Business** At the old stand of Mrs. Curry one door south of the SENTINEL Office. DRESS Trimming, Cutting and Fitting done to order. 143m

PIONEER STORE. HANLIN & BRO., DEALERS IN **Dry Goods, Groceries** &c., &c., &c., CRAIG, - - - MO.

D. W. HANLIN, Physician and Surgeon. Office at Hanlin & Bro.'s Store. 36f

CLAIM AGENT. WASHINGTON, D. C. HAVING terminated my connection with the Post Office Department, I now offer my services in the prosecution of claims, or the settlement of accounts for *Postmasters, Mail Contractors and Others.* Having had nine years' experience in Post Office affairs in various capacities, and during the last three, closely connected with the department in Washington, my knowledge of the routine of business gives me peculiar advantages in matters to be brought before that Department, or any of its bureaus. I will also attend to any claims before other Departments, that may be placed in my hands. All business and correspondence promptly attended to. HARRISON PARK, Late Special A'gt, P. O. D., Washington, D. C. 20md

NEW DRUG STORE. DR. M. LEHMER. North Side Public Square, Oregon, Mo., DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, VARNISHES, PAINTS, PATENT MEDICINES. FINE LIQUORS (For Medical Purposes,) Perfumery, Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff &c., &c. 19ef

The CHEAPEST and BEST ORGAN MADE. **WHITNEY & HOLMES' MODEL ORGAN!** FOR Churches, Schools and the Home Circle. Fifteen Different Styles, at Prices from $75 to $600. THE high reputation of these Organs, and the increased demand for them throughout the whole Western country, are unquestionable proofs of their **GREAT SUPERIORITY,** And they are pronounced by the *highest musical authority* to be the **BEST ORGAN NOW MANUFACTURED** Agents wanted in every city and town, to introduce the Model Organ. Parties living at a distance and unable to visit the Factory, may rely upon obtaining just as good an instrument if ordered by mail, as we always send the best we have of the kind on hand. Instruments securely packed to go any distance FREIGHT CHARGE! Special inducements offered to churches and schools which purchase Instruments from the Factory. Whitney & Holmes, Manufacturers of the Model Organs, in Bentlison's Block, Maine street, between Fifth and Sixth, Quincy, Illinois. v8n9

We are the Western Agents for the celebrated **Newhall Pianos,** And will furnish these splendid Instruments, Wholesale and Retail, at Factory Prices, FULLY WARRANTED.

W. H. HOWE & CO'S **Advertising Agency,** No. 108 OLIVE STREET, **St. Louis, Mo.**

Dr. M. Saville, PHYSICIAN and SURGEON. HAVING sold my interest in the Drug Store, I will attend strictly to the practice of medicine in town and country. OFFICE—In law office of Clark Irvine, Brick Block. 4y

ALBERT G. BAGLEY First Manufacturer in America of **GOLD PENS!** Improved V Slot Pens, warranted for two years. PENS RE-POINTED. 324 Olive-st., Between Third and Fourth South Side Higgins' old Stand, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

JACOB HAUCK. GEO. M. HAUCK. **HAUCK & BRO., Excelsior Flouring Mills,** Corner Second and Francis-sts., ST. JOSEPH, MO. THE highest price in cash paid for all kinds of Milling Grain. Best brand Flour and Meal always on hand. 18m6

QUONG YEE ON & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN **TEA, SUGAR, RICE,** AND CHINESE PROVISIONS. 910 Dupont St., near Washington, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. n4f

THE GRAND OLD **Phœnix,** HARTFORD, CON., NOTWITHSTANDING the excessive competition in Fire Insurance and reduction in rates by second-class Companies, continues to make conspicuous progress. Adhering to its old land marks of proper rates, conservative practice, prompt payment of honest losses and legitimate underwriting. For 16 years, this Company has stood foremost in the rank of insurance companies, and to-day its popularity is greater than ever before. For information as to rates, &c., call upon S. P. Jewell, RESIDENT AGENT, OREGON, MO. 16tf

JOSEPH K. POLLOCK, DEALER IN **Fancy Groceries,** CONFECTIONERIES, TOBACCOS, CANNED FRUITS, OYSTERS, &c. Fresh Oysters on hand at all times and served up in ANY STYLE. 25-6m JOSEPH K. POLLOCK, North-East corner Public Square, Oregon, Mo.

Success in Business is insured through Judicious Advertising.

McCormick & Lyon, *ADVERTISING AGENTS,* 225 Pine Street, ST. LOUIS, Mo. Having over twenty-five years' experience in the business, and owning space in over 2,000 first-class newspapers, we are prepared to insert advertisements or notices of business men in 5,000 different papers at the lowest rates. Orders sent to this Agency from any part of the world will be promptly and faithfully executed. Send for circular containing lists and rates.

Frazee & McCormic, St. Louis Advertising Agents for the HOLT COUNTY SENTINEL, keep complete files of this paper for the daily examination of advertisers, and are authorized to contract for advertisements for us at our lowest rates.

CHICAGO IRON WORKS, F. LETZ & SON, Proprietors. Office and Works, 84 to 92 S. Franklin St., CHICAGO, ILL. MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN Iron Fronts for Buildings, WINDOW CAPS AND SILLS, ROLLING SHUTTERS, &c., Bank Vaults and Doors, Fencing, Railings, Prison Cells, Iron Bolts. All kinds of wrought and cast iron building and bridge work. n4tf

IMPROVED EMPIRE SEWING MACHINE. The Improved Machine surpasses everything extant testimonial. Our readers will recollect of our comments on sewing machines two years since, we stated then that although we considered the Empire the best, yet we did not think that perfection had been reached. Since seeing the Improved Empire we cannot suggest any further alterations, in fact we do not see what more could be desired in a family sewing machine.—*Scientific American.* *Western Office 96 Francis Street, Saint Joseph, Missouri.* ITS unparalleled success and popularity has made it one of the most prominent features of our country, and affords another proof of the sagacity of the Western people to appreciate a good thing. L. L. RICHMOND, GENERAL AGENT FOR **Empire Sewing Machine Company.** Agents wanted. 2v6m1

THE VAGABONDS.

We are two travelers, Roger and I;
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table, look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped thro' wind and weather,
And slept out doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catguts for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral!
Aren't we Roger?—See him wink!
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head!
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir,)
Shall march a little—start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle;
To aid a poor, old, patriot soldier!

March! halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence,
Now tell us how many drams it takes—
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five; he's mighty knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going!—
Some brandy—thank you—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what most meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when tired of thinking,
I'd sell out doors whose nights were cold,
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink;
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir, they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the song I sung.
When the wine went around, you wouldn't have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the sobbing, prosaic life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent
On a dusty road; a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry;
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? You think it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me!
'Twas well she died before— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals or drink;
The sooner the better for Roger and me!

THE RECORDING ANGEL.

An altar to Genius the world would build,
A crown for the victor's brow;
Of the richest laurels, Ambition would wreathe,
And Pride at her shrine would bow;
The altars of Learning, Beauty and Wealth
With chaplets are well supplied;
But alas, how few in this world so fair,
Would build to the Crucified!

Not the king, who led by Ambition and Pride—
Asks but for dominion and power;
Not the warrior, who wades thro'an ocean of blood,
To linger in Fame's highest tower;
Not the man who seeks for the greatest name,
Not the worldling, sordid and vain;
Nay, not like these are the chosen ones
Who shall walk with the blood-washed train.

There's an angel who sits with a thoughtful brow,
And notes the works of men;
And ever their deeds of good or of ill
He writes with a diamond pen:
One volume is filled with the works of Sin,
With the deeds of Ambition and Strife;
And he writes in this with a saddened brow,—
But with smiles in the Book of Life.

A man of genius the world had raised
To the loftiest heights of fame,
On the highest niche of the marble dome
He had proudly carved his name;
And the world threw laurels, and cheered him, and smiled,
As he loftily gazed around,
With the air of triumph that victor's wear—
But the angel only frowned.

A man of learning, power and wealth,
Was hailed by the idle throng;
He gave, they said, to the sons of need,
And his soul was noble and strong.
His life was a fountain o'erflowing and free,
And a perfume sweet was shed,
Like the breath of flowers, from his deeds of love—
But the angel shook his head.

There was one with a face like a picture rare,
Like an artist's fairy dream;
And the world bowed down at the beauty's feet,
While her scepter, like a queen,
She held o'er the heads of the spell-bound throng,
And laughed in her girlish pride
As they crowned her brow with a myrtle wreath—
But the angel only sighed.

There was one whose fate was bitter and sad,
For the world had cast her out,
And they sneeringly laughed, as the waves of sin
So fiercely tossed her about;
As they would not see the little hand
Reached toward them, in doubt and fear;
And they cast her off with frown and curse,—
But the angel shed a tear.

There was one with a face like the evening westr,
Who came to the lost one's side,
And spoke of a cross, for the sinner raised,
Of a Savior crucified;
And the wanderer knelt with a bitter cry,
With a prayer, imploring and wild;
While the gentle one spoke of a Savior's love
And the angel brightly smiled.

And the glory streamed from his shining brow,
In a holy, beautiful flame,
As on the scroll of the Book of Life
He wrote the erring one's name.

—*The Interior.*

THE WHOLE STORY.

Oh! yes—I'll tell you the story
The very words that were said,
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,
And Richard came into the pantry,
His face was exceedingly red.

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring,
And then—oh! yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing,
And Fanny came in with her baby,
The cunningest bunch of a thing.

The biscuits were out in a minute—
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with her baby,
And we all sat down to tea;
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me.

But it wasn't till after the milking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it? Oh! Fanny had taken
The baby, and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum tree,
And Richard said something low,
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle so horribly slow.

And then—let me see—where was I?
Oh! the stars grew thick overhead,
And we two stood under the plum-tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed.
Well, he loves me, and we're to be married,
And that is—about what he said!

—*Revolution.*

Dr. Louis De Silva Cordoza.

Extracts from his Diary.

[From the St. Joseph Gazette.]

In the past few weeks Dr. Cordoza, *alias* Louis De Silva, has constituted one of the principal sensations of St. Joseph; and, at the risk of over-dosing our people, we give place to the following extracts from the diary of a life as checkered as ever fell to the lot of humanity. We will add that the adventurer is perfectly cheerful, and manifests no uneasiness whatever in reference to his future fate:

When the cowardly policy of the French Cæsar (?) deserted the ill-fated Maximilian—the man he had sworn to uphold on the throne of the Montezumas—at the moment of his sorest need, several French officers, disgusted at the conduct of their imperial master, swore to remain faithful until the last to the betrayed Mexican monarch. Seventy in number, they called upon Bazaine, broke their swords, and abandoned forever the Gallic eagle.

Having landed with a division of troops from Algeria on Mexican soil, to which I was attached as Brigade Surgeon, I was one of those who swore allegiance to the Austrian prince. I witnessed personally the sad tragedy at Queretaro, saw the Emperor executed, and shared the fate of every commissioned officer who fell into the hands of President Juarez. For five weeks after our capture we enjoyed the delightful uncertainty of not being quite sure whether a musket or the rope would aid us to join the shades of our ancestors, hoping for a bullet as rather a soft thing. We were saved from wholesale execution, thanks to American influence; but 287 in number, we were sentenced to a felon's doom. My sentence read: "Being a Doctor, consequently a non-combatant, four years only of hard labor on the roads of Mexico, for having as a filibuster invaded the territory of this Republic." Hand-cuffed two by two, bare-footed, in convict's garments, our hair half cropped, half shaved, unprotected against the rays of a Mexican sun, we were lashed and driven like cattle, by human impossibilities, (a cross between the Gorillas and the odoriferous descendants of Canaan,) on horseback, to our future destination, Acapulco, across roads far inferior to those of Messopotamia, in the days of Melchisedec. On this pic-nic excursion thirty-five of my comrades died exhausted by suffering; they had redeemed *their* pledge to be faithful even until death. On our arrival at our future home, I was initiated into a course of studies, as taught here at the local academy over which Mr. Frick presides. Not being an artist in the noble accomplishment of crushing rocks, I was four times flogged, receiving each time forty-eight lashes, to inspire me with a new zeal for the service of the sister republic, as I had failed to crush my ordered task—11 wheelbarrows a day.

But my star is never dim for any length of time, and by prescribing for the jail officials, I gained favor and was promoted after two months to the exalted position of prison cook. It needed little culinary skill, nor consultations of the cookery book to enable me to fulfill my professional duties, as the paternal Mexican government, in its anxiety to save us from the horrors of the gout, gave us a diet almost Apostolical in its simplicity. Twice a week we were strengthened with four ounces of meat from the balance of stock sold by auction when the Patriarch Noah's frigate struck Mount Ararat, consequently it was tender; twice a day ½ lb. of corn meal, flavored with water, and on Friday's, ½ lb. of salt fish, which, by its peculiar smell, might be discovered 1800 yards, was considered sufficient to strengthen the inner man for his daily task. Three months thus elapsed, when one night at 2, P. M., my cell was opened; an ornament I wore around my ankle, to which a piece of jewelry was attached weighing 60 lbs., I was deprived of; my shirts, which had been worn by successive generations of convicts since Cortez unfurled the Castillian banner and which contained quite a zoological gathering of animalculæ was removed, and my classic form was adorned with the garments of a Mexican warrior, and I was led into the presence of Gen. Coronna, the military satrap commanding the district. His wife was dying! on obstetric case of great danger, and in the moment of his need, he remembered (like Pharaoh thought of Joseph.—This does not imply that I am a second edition of that virtuous youth—)that he held a European physician within his clutches. I managed to save mother and child, and in consequence obtained my pardon, signed by President Juarez, for medical services rendered to the sujects of the Mexican republic; on condition, however, that within forty-eight hours I should have left, or be on my road leaving, the territories of that realm, with a slight hint that if I ever again showed my classic countenance within the boundaries of that benighted land, I was to be forwarded to Abraham's bosom, by the agency of a rope. Now as I do consider it decidedly vulgar to leave this planet by an artificial stretching of vertebrae or spinal column, I have sworn a solemn oath, that there they shall never behold me again.

I reached New Orleans on the first Saturday of March, 1868, barefooted, in the chaste attire of a convict, written on my back in large letters, *"Prisoniers Republicae Mexicanae!"*—(Prisoner of the Rep. of Mex.;) my shirt abundantly infested with domestic insects never mentioned in polite society—and possessed of twenty-five cents to fall back upon in case emergencies should arise; reposed the first night in an o'bus, minus wheels. Next day I convinced the medical profession and literati of the Crescent City that I was a historical *rara avis;* was presented with a purse and civilized habiliments by the guests of the Saint Charles; spoke four nights—once in English, afterwards in French, Spanish and German, selecting as my them "The History of Another Lost Cause." The subject took like melted butter among the sons of Louisiana, and my exchequer contained within one week $700. I continued delighting the masses all over the land, by the eloquent strains I poured from the rostrum into their ears. I spoke on historical, political, geographical, scientific, religious and temperance topics; advocated the interests of both Democratic and Republican leaders; created a furore as a revivalist with Elder Knapp; and flourished, when all of a sudden the nomadic spirit possessed me; and although Oswego wished me to superintend its schools, Ann Arbor desired me as Professor of Languages, Oberlin offered me the Professor's chair of Church History, the California *Alta* longed that I should rule its sanctum, the Springfield (Ohio) *Republican* made the same offer, more than twenty colleges implored me to become an ornament to their faculties, I refused all, and resolved to strike a blow for Cuban Independence. In the year 1870 I embarked on the Lillian, reached Port au Prince, served as Surgeon to the Republican forces, and was shortly afterwards captured by the Spanish authorities and sentenced to be shot on the 14th of June, 1870. I did not appreciate their intentions, and saved myself within forty-eight hours of the hour fixed for my execution by knocking down and disarming the sentry, and swam two miles from the Moro to Puenta Arenus, captured a boat without rudder or oars, and for four days was without food or drink. I drifted out on the broad Atlantic and was picked up by the American Schooner Fire Fly, and reached Providence penniless: spoke in the market place to a miscellaneous crowd and raised enough to re-equip myself; but, alas! became festive and before I was aware of my actions, had engaged myself amongst the defenders of this great Republic.

Twenty-four days satisfied my military ardor and adopting my maternal name I disappeared from Omaha and lectured once more—formed in this city the only legal marriage engagement I ever contracted on the soil of the United States—in spite of the extracts from the Arabian Knights who credit me with a harem larger than the Kaliph Haroun al Raschied, was recognized by a noble patriot, who, for the sake of blood-money, betrayed me to the military authorities, but escaped. Love for my wife drove me with irresistible force to this city, and I was once more fastened upon. I tried to slip the guard, was shot, and nearly crossed the Styx. I am crippled perhaps for life, and deserted by every one [with the exception of Spectacled Cherubim from the *Gazette* who acted toward me the part of the good Samaritan;] physically exhausted, but mentally myself again; my charms protected by a garment (the *only one* I possess) unpleasantly populous with representatives from the animal kingdom; expecting in a few days to be drawn before a court-martial to answer for the soul-shocking crime of desertion and escape from custody.

PROPHECY.

A few months may elapse when I shall have become the pet of Montreal and the Canadas, when I intend to play the part of political agitator, advocating to the French and Anglo-Saxon elements the charms of annexation to this great republic, not forgetting in the meanwhile to increase my financial bliss at their expense. Afterwards I shall cross the Atlantic, flash once more as a literary meteor over Europe; and, finally, I intend to offer my valuable services either to the Khedive of Egypt or the Shah of Persia—may be the Sultan—expecting to find under the Crescent the rest denied me amongst the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races. LOUIS DE SILVA.

RUNNING NEWSPAPER.

One of our exchanges is excited over being asked to do gratuitous puffery and relieves itself in this vigorous fashion:

Some men who have paid two dollars at an early period of life for an advertisement worth four or five dollars, appear to think they are stockholders in the establishment for eternity. They demand the publication of all marriages and funeral notices, obituaries, and family episodes for the next forty years gratis. Speak of pay they grow indignant. "Don't I patronize your paper?" "Yes, but you have received the worth of the money you paid." "But," says the patron, "it will not cost you anything to put this in," which is as ridiculous as to ask a man to grind your ax on his grind-stone and graciously tell him that it won't cost him a cent.

It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business, and no paper will succeed financially that carries on a dead head system. Any mention of people's affairs that they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for, and when printed is generally worth as much as any other investmen of the same amount.

The newspaper business is very exacting on all connected with it, and the pay is comparatively small, the proprietors risk more money for small profits, and the editors and printers work hader and cheaper than the same number of men in any other profession requiring a given amount of intelligence and drudgery. The life has its charms and its pleasant associations, scarcely known to the outside world; but it has its earnest work and anxiety and horrors of exhaustion, which likewise are not known to them who think the business all fun. The idea that newspaperdom is a charmed circle where the favored members live a life of ease, and are free from care, and go to the springs on a free pass in the summer, is an idea which we desire to explode practically and theoretically. Business is business, and the journal that succeeds is run on a square business footing, the same as banking or building bridges, keeping a hotel or running a livery stable.

Clerical Inaptitude.

Unworthy men will occasionally find their way into the ministry of every denomination. As a rule, however, their misdeeds are generally discovered. The following instance of impertinent clerical officiousness, promptly rebuked, comes from a Kansas correspondent:

Old Dr.——is a Kentuckian, fond of a cigar and a little game of cards. In his employ was a young man who, though professedly a Methodist, had so far backslidden as to play a little sometimes. The two were sitting in the house one rainy day having a game of euchre. The Rev. Mr.——, the resident Methodist minister, dropped in, and after glancing at the doctor's hand passed around behind the young man, took a seat, and quietly watched the game. The young man was about to play a certain card, when the minister whispered to him:

"Don't play that; if you do you'll be euchred, sure."

Whereupon the doctor, waxing irate, said:

"See here, Mr.——, I ain't playing this game against the whole Methodist Conference. If the Conference wants to put up a V, I'll play them a rub."

This reverend brother was soon discovered to be a "mistake," and was deposed from the ministry.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE TIME.—A little boy hearing his father say "there is a time for all things," climbed up behind his mother's chair and, whispering in her ear, asked: "When is the proper time for hooking sugar out of the sugar-bowl?"

Occasional praise is wholesome as well as agreeable.

FEARFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT

Great Loss of Life.

A dispatch from Poughkeepie, N. Y., dated Feb. 7th, gives the following particulars of an accident on the Hudson River Railroad, which occurred that morning before daylight. An oil train was bound south, and when passing New Hamburgh, and axle of an oil car broke and dragged along the ground till it reached the draw-bridge, when, striking the timbers, it threw the car off its trucks and upon the up track, and in the face of the second Pacific Express. An attempt was made to stop the express, which was approaching, but there was not time enough, and it struck the oil car. The fragments of the oil car were scattered in every direction, and at once ignited, and the entire express train was in flames. The express train was composed of a locomotive, one baggage car, one express car, and five or six sleeping cars. The locomocive was at once hurled into the river, and the engineer was killed. The baggage and express cars were piled on the top of the engine. At the same time the Chicago sleeping car was one sheet of flame.

Though desperate attempts were made to rescue the passengers it is said that not one got out alive. Two of the other sleeping cars next to it were also wrapped in flames, but the passengers in them all got out safely, and then the bridge took fire. In less than ten minutes afterwards the whole structure fell, carrying with it the Chicago car and burying it and its inmates out of sight under the water and among the ruins of the locomotive and express cars.

It is thought that Rev. Dr. Dennis, of the Church of Strangers, in New York, and his wife, are among the dead, as a gentleman states they occupied a birth in the Chicago car.

Chas. Cassum, the conductor of the train, states that there were 65 sleeping-car tickets and but 52 of them have found owners, indicating that but 13 persons are missing. The passengers say, however, that the Chicago car contained 25 or 30 persons, and that not one got out.

All the trains were stopped at the break this morning, and the work of recovering the dead bodies has been commenced. Coroner Andrews, of Poughkeepsie has been notified and is waiting for a train to convey him to the spot.

Upon the ice, near the break, a body was found with the entrails torn out and the head and legs crushed. It has not been identified up to this time.

The following are the names of persons killed by the railroad accident as far as ascertained: David Summons, engineer; Dr. Naucheed, New York; Vasburgh, conductor sleeping-car; Jas. Stafford, New York, baggage master; Vasburgh, porter of sleeping-car; Rev. Morrill Fowler, wife and two children, Batavia, N. Y.; Mr. Benedict, editor Cleveland *Herald*, and wife.

In the pockets of Vasburgh, the conductor, was found a memorandum of the berths taken, containing the names of Lowell, Fowler and Pease of Buffalo; Curry, Sorhis and Germanuel, of Rochester; Dr. Naucheed, New York; Rosenthal and Farbush. Nineteen bodies have been recovered, but none have been found since 12 o'clock. The report that 24 bodies had been found is untrue.

NEW YORK, February 7.—As soon as the particulars of the disaster, on the Hudson River railroad, reached the city, Superintendent J. M. Toucy started for the scene, and has since been engaged with a large body of men searching for the bodies of the unfortunate passengers. This morning the wreck was cleared away from the sleeping cars, as they lay upon the ice, and a vigorous search was made for the bodies of those passengers who might be crushed in the wreck or those burned to death. In one corner of a car a heap of charred and blackened bodies were found, but so disfigured that identification was impossible. From the appearance of the bodies, it was evident that the passengers, at the time of the accident, rushed in dispair to the rear door of the car, and had there miserably perished. Three bodies, apparently those of a mother and her two children, of which the arms yet remained, were discovered closely embracing each other, and it is surmised that, finding egress impossible, they had resolved at least to die together.

Behind this car, which was the Buffalo car, were two other sleeping-cars, which were also totally destroyed by fire, the passengers, however, many of whom were but partly dressed, succeeded in saving their lives. Many cars of the freight train, together with the baggage they contained, were also burned.

The noised occasioned by the explosion of the oil tank was heard for a great distance, and the flames of the wrecked cars and burning bridge could be seen many miles. The bridge was a wooden structure about 200 feet in length, and was totally destroyed.

Many persons from Poughkeepsie and New Hamburg, as soon as the news of the accident reached those places, hurried to the scene, and by their efforts succeeded in giving relief to many of the passengers who were injured. This morning a baggage car was turned into a temporary morgue, and as fast as the bodies were removed from the wreck they were carefully transferred to the car and a guard placed over them.

Many of the oldest conductors and engineers on the Hudson River road unite in saying that the scene presented at the place of the disaster this morning was the most terrible they had ever witnessed.

NEW YORK, Fe