Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

VOLUME XV.—NUMBER 4. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1893. TWICE A WEEK AT $2 A YEAR.

Bassett & Co
WRECKERS OF HIGH PRICES

Markdown sale-CLOAKS

Mark Down Sale---Ladies' and Children's
CLOAKS CLOAKS

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Mark Down Sale Some at half price.
Mark Down Sale Beginning to-day.
Mark Down Sale Desirable Bargains.

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OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Of American apples nearly 1,500,000 barrels are exported to Great Britain every season, about a fourth of these finding their way to Covent Garden. The barrels weigh from 140 pounds to 150 pounds, and are excellently packed.

—A successful trial was made on the Erie canal, at Lockport, N. Y., of a full-sized canalboat equipped with two revolving portable wheels running like overshot water wheels in air-tight recesses cut in from the bottom of the boat, a little forward of the stern.

—The first patent in the United States was issued July 31, 1790, to Samuel Hopkins for making pot and pearl ashes. Four hundred and thirty-three thousand four hundred and thirty-six patents were issued during the first one hundred years of the patent office.

—The value of the dried potato as an article of food is urged by Dr. Jacov M. Shmulevitch. Among the advantages claimed is that it keeps much better than the fresh potato, and being far lighter and less bulky is more readily transported. Before cooking the dried potato is macerated in water for ten or twelve hours.

—What is said to have been the largest blast ever fired in the Mississippi valley was discharged recently at Graniteville, Mo. The holes were drilled forty feet deep and were scattered along a line of 100 feet. The result was the dislodgment of 160,000 cubic feet of granite, all in one solid piece, without a fracture or seam.

—Race meetings in India generally include some comic feature, and the latest novelty is a "white-tie race," introduced at Kirkee. The competitors ride a certain distance and dismount, and kneel before a lady while she ties a white tie round their necks in a neat bow, then they remount and rush for the winning post. Much depends on the lady's deftness.

—A singular fashion has just appeared in America—that of carrying diamonds in the teeth. This strange whim had its origin with a singer in a music hall, who sought to dazzle her admirers every time she opened her mouth. A diamond of small size is fixed in a portion of a false tooth. A corresponding part of the real tooth is cut out and the piece containing the diamond fixed in the cavity.

—The first presidential election to be determined by the popular vote cast in the several states, and not by the choice of electors by the respective legislatures, was that of 1824, when Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams and William H. Crawford were the opposing candidates. The total vote cast then was 352,062, which was 5,000 less than the total vote of Texas polled four years ago.

—The republic of Paraguay, during the year 1890, shipped abroad 35,000,000 oranges, but prices were so low that it did not pay to gather and ship oranges that were grown more than three miles from the Paraguay river, and the crop, over hundreds of square miles, was allowed to rot upon the ground. The surplus of oranges is now being used in the manufacture of liquors by distilleries of flavoring extracts and perfumes from the flower and fruit.

—The insignia of the Order of the Garter are: A gold medallion of St. George and the dragon, suspended from a blue ribbon; the garter itself, of dark blue velvet; a blue velvet mantle lined with taffeta, with the star of the order embroidered on the left breast; a hood and surcoat of crimson velvet and a hat of black velvet; a collar of gold weighing thirty ounces, and the star with the cross of St. George in the center, encircled by the garter.

—The most glorious sunsets in the world are to be seen at Puget Sound, U. S. A. Owing to a combination of natural features of the locality the colors painted here upon the heavens by the setting sun exceed in brilliancy anything that can be seen in other parts of the world. Evening after evening, as the great luminary goes down below the ocean, the whole sky becomes fresco'ed with a medley of color which is simply indescribable in its beauty.

—Among the latest discoveries of astronomical science is the fact that Sirius, the dog star, is approaching the earth at the rate of seven miles a second. That is a pretty fast pace. It breaks any record made by Zimmerman or Nancy Hanks. But as it takes light, which travels at the rate of about 200,000 miles a second, sixteen years to get from Sirius to the earth, a collision between the two astral bodies is not scheduled to take place for some time yet.

—Concerning the wearing away of Niagara falls, Prof. Le Conte says: The upper stratum of rock is Niagara limestone, a hard rock, but beneath it is a stratum of shale. It is the slow undermining of this shale that causes the limestone to break off from year to year and the falls to recede. They are receding now at the rate of three or four feet a year. What will be the final result? They may go back to the lake, but the limestone is growing thicker and thicker and may finally extend to the bottom of the falls. In that case the rock would not break off, but would wear away and form a rapids. In any case, if the falls should recede to Lake Erie at the present rate it would take at least 20,000 years.

NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMED.

A Slight Mistake That Was Perfectly Natural.

It was a rather unusual ornament for a room, if it could be called an ornament; but bachelors often have strange things in their rooms. This was a human skull, polished, and made into a receptacle for stray bits of paper or anything else that one wanted to put into it. The top could be removed at pleasure.

It was a gruesome thing to have on a writing desk, and it attracted a great deal of attention. Callers shuddered as they looked at it, and one day one of them asked the bachelor why he had it around.

"O, it's a sort of a keepsake," he said, carelessly. "It was my brother's."

"Your brother's!"

He looked surprised as he saw every one in the room edging away from him.

"Why, yes," he said.

"Do you mean to say that that was your brother's skull?" demanded one.

"Certainly; what's the matter with it?" he asked, with apparent astonishment. "He gave it to me when he was married. He got it when he was a medical student, but his wife wouldn't have it around the house."—Brooklyn Life.

Heroic Size.

"That is the statue."

"It's much larger than life size, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes! But no larger than he thought he was."—Puck.

LOVE AND PAINT.

Why Miss Baxter Gave Up Her Chosen Profession.

The dining car was in a shimmer of light. The dead white of heavy linen, the opalescent glint of glassware and the quiet gleam of silver trembled together in the swift motion of the train. Miss Baxter, who had but recently left her berth, dropped into a seat and leaned back a moment, dazed by this lavish waste of color. Meanwhile, the insistent sunshine took liberties with the dull brown of her severely brushed hair, ran burning fingers through it, and edged it with coquettish gold. Then she hastened to draw the curtain and throw a pale blue square of shade over her corner of the table, sighing as she settled down again and all the painful scenes of the evening before came surging back.

She felt half a notion to lay her head on the table and cry outright. She glanced down instead and fingered her ring—his ring—while her glasses grew misty. She wondered whether she should have kept the ring, now that it no longer meant anything. The question was still undecided when she pulled herself together with a visible tremor and turned to the menu card. Dining-car breakfasts are not timed to wait on the settlement of subtleties in ethics, particularly after the steward has made the "last call."

In the few minutes Miss Baxter had been in the car she had not noticed her companions. As she raised her head, she was startled to see a familiar face dimly taking shape across the table. She had removed her glasses and was about to press her handkerchief to her eyes; but she then put them resolutely on again and looked fixedly through their misty crystals.

"Mr. Woodson, where did you come from?" she demanded at length, as his well-known features gradually took definite shape before her.

Woodson did not speak at once. He was noticing how her hair would tumble down in wayward ringlets in spite of her efforts to keep it staidly back, and how her cheeks persisted in dimpling, however resolutely she closed her lips together. Then he said:

"From New York, of course. Does my dress suit look as though I'd boarded the train in these rural precincts? I thought you knew the cut better."

"Do you mean to say that you've been on this train all this while—after . . . after last night?" Miss Baxter asked with slightly heightened color.

"Guessed it, the first time," Woodson exclaimed, brightening. "I tell you, Grace, you should have gone into the law instead of art. You'd have been great on cross-examination."

"Never mind, Mr. Woodson; you seem to forget that I prefer to make my own career—we've discussed that before, however. And so you've been on this train ever since I have?" she concluded, reflectively.

"A little longer, in fact. I made a mistake and got here half an hour early—read the time-table backwards, hence these clothes. But now, see here, small girl," Woodson went on with great deliberateness; shaking out his napkin into his lap, and gazing intently into the blurred, blue depths of Miss Baxter's glasses. "See here, now, do you suppose just because a girl jilts me—" Miss Baxter interposed a deprecating gesture—"yes, I repeat it. Do you suppose, just because a girl jilts me, and I have reason to believe is going to the ends of the earth to get where she will never see me again, that my sense of responsibility ends till I've seen her safely where she wants to go? No, I've made New York uninhabitable for you, and I shall make what amends I can by chaperoning you to Colorado or Kamschatka or wherever it is you are going. Now what shall I order for breakfast?"

"Harry, you're cruel. You know Mr. Fleming was going out there for the color, and I thought it would be a good chance to continue my outdoor work."

"Fleming! That prig! Well, I didn't know before that he was going. I see there is still more reason why I should go now—and stay."

"But I forbid your doing any such foolish thing."

"To tell the truth, Grace, I thought of staying all the time—of going into some business there."

"Why, you never told me of it before."

"Well, I never thought of it till after I left you last night. Then it occurred to me I might go into sheep or cattle or something like that."

"At Manitou?"

"Why not?"

"It's a summer resort."

"So much the better. I'd only want to be there in the summer, anyhow."

"Harry, you're a trifler."

"Well, I can peel an orange, anyhow—if you'll allow me," Woodson exclaimed, taking from her hand the one she was making a sad mess of.

"Harry, I never can forgive you for doing this," Miss Baxter concluded, after a moment's contemplation of the whirling blur of green through the car window.

"Well, I never could forgive myself if I hadn't—and there it was," he asserted, dispassionately, laying the pulpy, broken sphere of the orange before her.

It is quite a jaunt from Manhattan to Manitou; but one morning they exchanged the cushioned weariness of the train for that blue hollow of the hills, with its gayly-colored roofs and gables showing here and there up the canyon, like a scattered troop of butterflies. Then life became one long breath of delight. What color there was! The earth seemed hung in some rarer medium than common air. The yellow cactus blossoms were like flakes of flame. A scarlet flower fairly burned into the sight. Grace developed a new enthusiasm every day, and piled her palette with cobalt and chrome. Even Fleming, who had preceded them, smoked a trifle faster than usual, and grunted out now and then: "Put in your color pure. Make her jump."

So they painted from morning till night, keeping two or three studies under way at once—putting in blues where Woodson saw greens, and purples where he saw nothing but nondescript sand, and doing all the inexplicable things that should be done according to the gospel of the *luminists*. Woodson sat by and chaffed. He couldn't paint. He wouldn't smoke. He parried Grace's occasional inquiring glances by explaining that he was negotiating to go into the cattle business; a man was going to bring him a herd on trial.

Meanwhile he arrayed his shapely figure in cowboyish top boots, blue shirt and slouch hat, which became him immensely and made a sinister impression among the blazers and tennis suits of summering Manitou. Grace was absorbed and satisfied. One day an idea struck him. "Grace," said he, "I found a little bit down here the other day that I'd like to have you sketch—to send home, you know. You'll do it, won't you?"

"Why, of course. I'll speak to Mr. Fleming."

"Oh, hang Mr. Fleming," Woodson broke in. "Fleming's all right in his way, but I want you—your sketch, you know."

The place was quite a distance away, over the mesa. They set out for it the next day.

"Here it is," Woodson exclaimed, after quite a tramp, pointing over the burning plain to where a row of cottonwoods were banked against the sky, tremulous in the vibrant air. "There, do that; call it 'A Hundred in the Shade,' or something like that."

"It doesn't seem to compose very well," Grace murmured, holding the tips of her fingers together and inclosing the picture in a rosy frame, through which she gazed, half shutting her eyes in truly artistic intentness.

"Well, never mind that; get the character of it. You know Fleming says the character's the thing. That's what I want—the character—the true character of this beastly country."

So Grace donned her big blue apron and set to work with her biggest brushes. But somehow she had trouble. The quality of that sky, burning with light and yet deep in hue, did not seem to reside in cobalt, however fresh from the tube. The value of the stretch of plain, tremulous under the flaring heavens, disturbed her, too, and when she came to put in the airy wall of cottonwoods along the horizon the whole thing ended in a painty muddle.

"Oh, I can't do anything to-day!" Grace exclaimed, petulantly, wiping her troubled brow with the back of her hand and leaving a streak of blue along her forehead that intensified her puzzled look.

"Why don't you put those trees in green?" Woodson asked, with serious concern, as Grace renewed her struggles with the regulation blues and purples.

"But I don't see them so," she murmured in a moment of absorbed effort.

"Grace," he blurted out almost before he knew it, "I don't believe you see anything. Excuse me, but I don't believe you ever did. I don't believe in your art; I don't believe in your career; I don't believe in your independence! You're simply spoiling the nicest girl in the world with it. You see everything through Fleming's eyes. You see things blue and purple because he does; and he—well, he sees things that way because some fellows over in Paris do, and I don't believe in it. There, now, I've said it, come—"

But it was not arranged that he should finish what he had to say. He had looked down to the ground where he sat as he spoke of Fleming. When he looked up, Grace was several feet away from him, hurrying down the hill, with her head bowed.

"I'm a brute, a miserable brute!" Woodson remarked to himself with considerable force, as he watched her striding toward the half-dry creek. "But some one ought to have told her. Her art is all foolishness. Look at Fleming, even. He's forty, and I'd like to know where he'd be if it wasn't for his teaching. But I'm a brute, just the same, a heartless brute!"

There was a plum thicket along the creek, and watching Grace disappear within it Woodson set about picking up her sketching kit. This done, it occurred to him that it would be a proper penance on his part to wash her brushes—he had always hated dirty brushes so. Gathering them up, he started toward the creek. When he got there he could see no sign of Grace. Could it be that anything had happened to her? The thought made him catch his breath for a moment. He knew she was impulsive—capable of any rash move in a moment of excitement. Then he heard a stirring in the plum thicket, and came face to face upon her in a little opening, crying softly to herself.

"Grace," he called out, "why, what's the matter? I know I'm a brute, but I didn't think you'd take it so."

"Oh, can't you help me?" she pleaded, and began grasping about and feeling aimlessly around with her hands.

He saw that her hair was loosened and that her wrists and face were scratched and bleeding in a dozen places.

"Why, what's the matter?" he queried again, as she came groping toward him and stumbled against him.

"Can't you help me at all?"

"Of course I can, small girl, you're all right. Nothing shall touch you," he reiterated as his arms closed around her.

"Oh, silly, can't you see I've lost my glasses!" she exclaimed, pulling away from him and flushing red among the greenery. But he held her tight.

"You don't want them, you see better without them, blue eyes. Confess now, you never really saw before. Give up trusting in those wretched glasses and trying to be independent. Come, see your career through my eyes."

But still she held back at arm's length, really defiant. His fingers left a white circle where they clasped her wrists. She seemed ready to cry and then smiled instead. "You'll get my glasses if I promise?"

He nodded.

Suddenly throwing her arms about his neck she said: "I always liked your eyes," and pressed a kiss on either lid. "Maybe you were right about my art," she added, seriously. "But—this needn't interfere, need it?"

"Interfere! why, I'll tell that man that I've decided not to take his cattle and we'll turn the whole herd into paint."

Then he reached over and carefully disengaged her glasses from the twig where he had seen them hanging as he entered the thicket.—G. Melville Upton, in Kate Field's Washington.

—On the day when the courier brought the news of the signature of the peace of Amiens, Talleyrand thrust the impatiently awaited document in his pocket, went to the emperor, and engaged him in current affairs. When these were all disposed of, he said: "Now I have good news for you. Read!" "And you could not tell me this immediately?" exclaimed the astonished Napoleon. "Ce tainly not, for then you would listen to nothing else."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

FRENCH PEASANT GIRLS.

Educated Above their Station and the Result is Sometimes Disastrous.

Apropos of the relative merit of wives of English and other nationalities which have just been discussed in your columns, I may draw the attention of your readers to the complaint which is made in an amusing and interesting article published by a Parisian contemporary that the daughters of the French peasantry now undergo so much instruction at school that they are loath to condescend to the performance of the duties of the household and the farm, to which their mothers and grandmothers before them devoted the whole of their time and attention, says a Paris letter.

The writer sketches a picture of a "model housewife," whose home is a pattern of comfort, and whose garden, eggs, butter and cattle are the best in all the country round. Her daughter comes back from school, and is asked by her mother to take a hand at the washtub. She begs to be excused, as she has a novel to finish. Then, too, the water will spoil her skin. Soon afterward she is requested to boil some milk, but again she declines, declaring that the fire will damage her complexion. The village life is intolerable to her, and she wants an easy time and good wages in town. She disgusts her mother, and is disgusted in her turn, and finally she resolves to leave her home on the following day and try her luck elsewhere. The moral which the writer—while raising a laugh—wishes to point is that all the education to which country girls are now treated is gradually diminishing the strong race of French menageres and replacing it by a frivolous generation of demoiselles, who do not know what to do with their fingers; who are fonder of amusement than work; of crunching sweets than of preparing the pot-au-feu; and had rather spend their time in reading novels than in making butter. In short, he maintains that the training to which children are subjected is calculated to fill them with distaste for the duties which they are called upon to fulfill in after life.

Much has certainly been said of late years about the migration of young men from the country to the town, and lamentations have been frequently made over the fact that there is a growing dearth of farm laborers. Now, according to the writer, the girls are following the example set them by the youths and are deserting their native villages. This tendency, at any rate, is not confined to rural France, for "town life" has strong attractions for the rustic mind in many other parts of the world.—London Telegraph.

THE SUCCULENT STEAK.

To Bring Out Its Best Qualities Requires Careful Handling.

Somebody says, and very truly, that the frying pan has ruined more American digestions than any other agency of the many hurtful ones employed in the kitchen. There is a good deal of truth in this statement, but after all for one thing at least we should be thankful, and that is that the beefsteak has been rescued from the frying pan.

Only benighted souls still cling to this mode of punishment. Broiled meats are more elegant, more wholesome, and more palatable, but how few really good cooks now understand the art. "Goodness, what an idea! anybody can manage this part of the menu!" says some one who thinks she has gotten the subject of broiling down fine. Ask her to give you her method and you will find that madam commits all the old-time mistakes without so much as a qualm of conscience.

Never wash a steak if it can be avoided, is the sage advice of the Philadelphia Inquirer. This advice does not meet with the approbation of some cooks, but these neat broiles are very careful if the meat is given a drenching to wipe it perfectly dry before cooking. Before you place your steak on the broiler see that your fire is a glowing bed of coals, and have close at hand butter, salt, pepper and a hot platter. Now place the cut on the broiler and drop it upon the coals for two minutes, when it must be turned. In this way you secure the juices, and it is then ready to receive a more moderate treatment. Watch it constantly, and turn so dexterously that it will not smoke or scorch.

Ten minutes is all that is needed for a rare broil. Take a keen blade and cut into the thickest part. If the heart has lost its purple tinge transfer at once to the dish. Sprinkle liberally with bits of butter, salt and pepper. Unless you have a hot-water dish do not send the steak into the table until all the family are seated.

Tough steak may be made eatable by laying it on a board and making slight incisions in the meat, when, if it is rubbed with the strained juice of a lemon and placed on ice over night it will be ready for breakfast.—Chicago Times.

A Singular Superstition.

In regard to the habit of partridges of flying into civilization and a popular superstition regarding them, an Augusta man says: "One flew on our premises and was captured. Then came the question whether we should kill the bird or allow it to live. At that time there was a general superstition that, if a partridge came to the house where a sick person lay and the bird was killed and the sick person ate the broth, it would effect a cure. There was a girl sick at our house, and the doctors had given up her case as hopeless. Some of the family said, kill the partridge and give the sick girl the broth. But the sick girl and others were for permitting the partridge to live. We were equally divided and agreed to let one of the neighbors whom we saw coming to the house decide whether the partridge should be killed or not. He said, kill it, and we did, and the sick girl ate the broth and got well."—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

—He (about to travel)—"Do you really want me to come back soon?" She—"Well, perhaps you had better. You see I have promised not to forget you."—Kate Field's Washington.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Can It Be?—Jake—"Cora is certainly the most reckless girl I ever saw." Fake—"Why, has she really accepted you?"—Yankee Blade.

—Lyton—"Isn't that clock a little fast?" Waite—"I shouldn't be surprised; it's a French clock."—Puck.

—Wife—"Do you think this complexion mask has made any difference in my face?" Husband—"I thought you looked better just as soon as you put it on."—Inter Ocean.

—Visitor—"I hear your new preacher is a man of indomitable will and wonderful energy." Hostess—"Indeed he is. He has started in to convert the choir."

—Jackson says that, paradoxically as it may seem, nevertheless it is true that the wildest quarrels are the domestic ones.—Detroit Gazette.

—Schoolteacher—"Why were the prisoners who were executed called 'poor sinners?'" Scholar—"Because rich sinners always get off."—Der Hausfreund.

—Dis—"I will say one thing for my coal dealer; he is as honest as the day is long." Hicks—"Just like mine; you notice it more in summer than in winter."—N. Y. Herald.

—She said she would marry at 28
And I, like a fool, decided to wait.
I've been waiting so long I begin now to fret,
But she will not confess to 28 yet.
—N. Y. Herald

—Didn't Want to Appear Small.—Burley—"I've just borrowed $75 of Hawkins." Gargins—"What did you want all that money for?" Burley—"I didn't. I wanted only $1.50, but I borrowed the rest so as to make an impression."—Chicago News Record.

—A Clincher.—Mrs. Bellows—"My first husband, sir, was a kind-hearted man. He would never do an act that would tend to render another unhappy." Old Bellows (sneeringly)—"O, no! He didn't go and die and leave you to rope me in, did he?"—Yankee Blade.

—Harry—"No gentleman will smoke in the presence of ladies." Dick—"Nonsense. I never allow the presence of ladies to interfere with my comfort." Harry—"Very true; but that doesn't affect the correctness of my observation."—Boston Transcript.

—Baron Blank—"Permit me, my dear Miss Triller, to present to you this little token." Miss Triller—"The flowers are very handsome." Baron Blank—"But why are you tearing them apart?" Miss Triller—"I'm searching for the little token."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Though the young ladies may organize a society to discuss such questions as "What is real philanthropy?" and "What are the leading social problems of the day?" yet, when the meetings adjourn, it is safe to wager that the all-important question will be, "Is my hat on straight?"—Baltimore American.

—Brown—"Got into a bad scrape last evening. My wife found a letter in my pocket from a woman. How she did rave!" Bagley—"From a woman? Brown, you're a sorry dog!" Brown—"The woman in this case, however, was Mrs. B. It was a letter she gave me to mail a week ago."—Boston Transcript.

A HUNTING EPISODE.

It Is Not Always Wise to Calculate on Appearances.

"Speaking of hunting," said a hunter, "reminds me of a little fun I had some four or five years ago.

"Three of us, more or less sportsmen and all jolly fellows, were stopping at a small place on the eastern shore of Lake St. Clair. It was in November and the ducks were pretty thick. We did some great shooting that season, I can tell you.

"One day the landlord announced that a nephew of his, a young man just over from England, was coming up for a few weeks' sport, and he guessed we'd find him pretty near a dandy on the shot.

"Well, pretty soon the young fellow arrived, and our first glimpse of him decided everything. The boys said they didn't believe he had ever seen a wild duck, much less shot one.

"He was one of your swell hunters, all togged out in corduroy jacket and high top boots, with one of those patent-reversible fore-and-aft caps and a pair of eye-glasses astride his nose. He showed us his gun, a double-barreled pistol grip thing, and blowed a pile on its fine qualities and of the wonderful execution he could do with it. 'It came from England, ye know.'

"Would he go after ducks with us in the morning? 'O, yaas, he fahncied' he would, though it wouldn't be much sport; he was accustomed to shooting woodcock, and ducks flew so beastly slow.

"Well, we fixed up things among ourselves that night. We picked out some of our oldest decoys and anchored them out in a bayou a short distance from shore, then turned in for the night.

"Our friend was up bright and early next morning and was anxious to show his skill. We made some excuse about not being quite ready, but told him that he would go over to yonder bayou he might get a shot before breakfast. He put off with much splashing of paddles and great show of caution and was soon out of sight in the reeds. Allowing him time to reach our decoys, we followed and soon heard the sharp bang! bang! of his gun. Before we could reach him we heard another double report. Exploding with laughter at the success of our scheme we hastened to the spot.

"Did he fill the decoys with lead?"

"No! Say, he had bagged four as pretty canvas-backs as you ever saw."—Detroit Free Press.

—The acme of incongruity was reached at a recent church fair in the west. One of the features was a grab bag, and among the things in the bag was a slip of paper, on which were the words, "Good for one grave. Will be dug any time during the ensuing year. John Smith, Sexton."

—In an English court lately, in the case of a bicycle stolen from a wayside inn, Judge Lushington said that the innkeeper was bound to take care of the goods of travelers, and that "goods" included bicycles. The jury gave a verdict of about $75 for the owner of the bicycle, and the judge approved the verdict.

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MURDER IN NEW ENGLAND.

Crimes of Unparalleled Atrocity in the Land of Puritan People.

In respect to murders remarkably ingenious and novel in their conception, astounding in their execution or unfathomable in their mystery, New England holds a bad eminence. If it be admitted that New England is the scene of more appalling murders than is Wyoming or Dakota, it is not at the same time an admission of an inferior civilization. Moreover, if a certain human vanity were not so anxiously masked it might appear that, like every other community, we have concealed about us a certain irrepressible and outrageous pride in the fact that when we do have a murder here in New England usually it is a murder worth talking about and which commands a place on the first page of every American newspaper.

Without calling up the memorable White case in Salem, the killing of Parkman by Prof. Webster, the dreadful mystery of Bussey Woods, the inexplicable Piper murder, the child sacrifice of Pocasset, Mrs. Robinson, the Somerville poisoner, or the unparalleled butcheries by Jesse Pomeroy, one needs to turn back the pages of criminal history, as we make it here in New England, but a little more than two years to find five of the most atrocious instances in the annals of life-taking. The luring of Hiram Sawtell into the Lebanon woods by a latter-day Cain, and the passionless murder and mutilation perpetrated there by a man of uncommon intelligence in the hope of gaining thus a double interest in a petty estate, was a most preposterous caricature of the unfraternal deed of him who, thousands of years ago, asked: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Before the law could avenge itself upon Isaac Sawtell the peace of the state of New Hampshire was again violated by the bold assassination of Christie Warden, in the presence of her mother and sister. If this time differed from the not uncommon outburst of a desperate lover only in the time and separation that intervened between the disappointment and the killing, far "more strange than such murder is" were the flight, discovery, resistance, surrender and identification of the assassin, who, while detectives and reporters sought him a thousand miles away, found himself free from intruders in the very barnyard of the home which grackly he had bereaved, undisturbed in his midnight devotions at the new-made grave and grimly enjoying all the while, in the Boston papers, the reports from a host of baffled pursuers. His identification as one who in his youth had been the marauding terror of a town in the very neighborhood of his innocent farm labors, his fruitless courtship and his crime only served the more clearly to distinguish him as a villain fit to adorn the most picturesque and terrible legend.

The crime for which Dr. Graves, of Provi once, now awaits the extreme penalty of the law, stands absolutely alone and without precedent among contemporary murders. Here we have a case, as the jury found, where a man kills his victim more than two thousand miles away. A doctor drops a liquid concection into the postal pouch at Boston and its recipient is poisoned to death in the Rocky mountains. This is murder by mail!

Surely no murderer was ever freed from suspicion than young Norcross, of Somerville, and no murder was more difficult of explanation than that which he committed in the New York office of Russell Sage. The most searching inquiry left the record of his life until its closing week singularly blameless. Among all his acquaintances not one was found who could remember an incident or a word that presaged the fatal inspiration that drew this quiet, conservative and prosperous young stockbroker from his home and office one day to his frightful crime and death in New York twenty-four hours later. And only by a trousers button was the exemplary youth of Thursday identified as the fiendish robber and bomb-thrower of Friday. If dynamiters lurk in such fair disguises, who among our neighbors will be next to cast a bomb.

Among all strange outbursts of murderous passion the Fall Riverness is the most complete. Every element of great sensation is present. The victims were man and wife, wealthy and spectable. The accused is a woman of refinement and their daughter. The deed was done with every circumstance of furious brutality and premeditation. Thus far to the day. The mystery of the whole case wears at.

Crimes such as these are not of our New England. Rather are they its flowers. They flourish best in the rich soil of Puritan hypocrisy.—Boston Herald.

Line HARNESS and SADDLERY, LAP ROBES and BLANKETS