

CHARLES SUMNER.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

From January Atlantic.
Garlands upon his grave,
And flowers upon his bier,
And to the tender heart and brave
The tribute of this verse.

closed, and for weeks a house can be kept warm with no other trouble than putting on the balls. Some families, no way compelled to employ such economy, use little else.—Easton Free Press.

A correspondent says that "the Catholicism of the Sherman family is confined to the female branch. The general is not a sectarian, and was reared in affinity with the Protestant Church. If he was a Catholic, with his temperament and spontaneity, there would be no concealment about it. I have heard ladies say, who know Mrs. Sherman best, that she said she would not return to Washington while her children were hanging and their minds unformed, not if they would make the general president."

Another sad feature has been added to the familiar picture of the wretched end of Poe's life. The editor of the Baltimore Gazette remembers the late Gen. Shepherd looking saying he saw Poe on the morning after the memorable election day, when he was drugged and maltreated so heartlessly. Poe was sitting in the room to which he had been carried from the gutter insensible the night before. A piece of bread and a bowl of a ham had been given him for his breakfast, and, miserable, disheveled, wretched, he sat there, the bread in one hand, the bone in the other, a most pitiable spectacle to look upon.

The celebrated razor blades produced by Rodgers, of Sheffield, and which go to all parts of the civilized world, are forged out of bars of the very best highly carbonated steel. The steel used is of excellent quality, so as to undergo the beating necessary to produce the thinner part, while the back is left thick. Some of the workmen are so expert in forging the blade that they will produce on the anvil an edge so sharp and even that it can be used for shaving after being whetted.

The Titusville "Herald" says: "James Beach, who met with an accident on the cars about four months ago, by which a large piece of the skin of his leg was torn, has been the subject of the interesting process called engraving of the skin. In this instance the physician, Dr. Varian, took live skin from the mother and brother of the patient and engraved it on to the bare part of the wound every week, and thus by degrees the entire denuded surface became covered with a healthy cuticle, and a perfect cure has been the result."

The following statistics about women may prove interesting: Women printers were known half a century before the revolution. A woman, Margaret Draper, of Boston, conducted the first newspaper in America. The original Declaration of Independence was printed by Mary Catharine Goddard. Four ladies of position in London have become decorative artists. Out of the entire quantity of silk imported into America last year, it is equally divided, each woman would have fifty dollars' worth. Anna Dickinson has made Joan of Arc her own. Mrs. Soule knows a woman 76 years of age, the mother of sixteen children, who speaks the dead languages like several professors, and a string of learned languages. The first woman was a negress, and but for Eve.

MULLETT AND HIS WHIMS.

THE SORT OF A MAN HE IS—SOME OF THE ANECDOTES OF HIS STRANGE LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES NEST OF BAD JOBS.

The Washington correspondent of the Graphic, among other things, tells the following of the ex-governor of United States architecture. He is a small, wiry man of a large, brainy head and no self-control in his business communications. He is not only overworked, but, with the fatality of his sanguine temperament, he never declines nor discourages propositions to do yet more. His ambition is rather country than city, and his executive facilities and imagination outrun his judgment, intrude upon others less bustling, and increase the area of opposition. He is a partisan of great momentum, within his orbit tyrannical, and avaricious of power. He has a steady energy, and a strong will, without meanness, has an obliging, clapper-like impetuosity and repels those who must feel it, rather than wounds them. Put confidence, a nervous nature, and a wayward time together, and Mullett is a perfect Catherine to whom the world is a Petruccio. He came here from an architect, and was sent to the government to accept a regiment. It was Mullett's true policy when he reached this point to get an easy cushion, sit wise and lazy in it, look learned, and conciliate the architect of the country. But he rejected advice, coveted employment, and designed a great office for himself; to be the commissioner of the city of Washington and builder-in-chief of the government.

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THE WHOLE EDIFICE ON SCREWS.
and raise it; and to condemn a costly square opposite, owned by the Banker Corcoran, in order to give the building distance and effect. When Gen. Grant was elected in 1868, Mullett had under his charge, 77 custom houses, 19 marine hospitals, 15 court houses and postoffices, 10 mints and assay offices, and 12 miscellaneous buildings. Many of these he sold and destroyed. By 1872 there were 84 custom houses, and four of them had cost one million to three million each; 16 marine hospitals, of which New Orleans cost \$25,000 and Chicago \$38,000; 20 court houses and postoffices, 11 mints and 12 other buildings. In all 132 buildings, with more to come. Mullett was a determined enemy of the tight hour law, which, he said, evoked less labor than when the law was not in force. He increased the cost of the public buildings from twenty to twenty-five per cent. He was, of course, denounced by the workmen, thousands of whom would be glad to work twelve hours if they could get work. He also suggested in 1868 that architects be employed in the different cities, subordinate to him, to control and check the superintendents. Such were some of the traits of this warring, precipitate, but rather genuine little man, whose facades are to be the largest objects in American architecture for long to come, and his name to be the subject of an ardent long after him. His fate is not exceptional. Every architect the government has employed on large constructions has come to grief. Haller, Hadfield, Hoban, Leifer, and Latrobe left in a huff. Van Robert Mills went out wounded. Clarke remains, too modest, as Mullett was too forward.

MEDIAEVAL ITALY.

The music quail of viol and lute.
Floated merrily through the air;
But, well away! my soul was mute—
Mate with a vague despair.

Scarlet the streaks of sunset;
Purple the clouds of night;
Scarlet the shadowy streak which met
My astonished, aching sight.

The peacock they bore athwart the hall
With jubilant trumpet blast;
When low and sad came a spirit-call,
Like a wailing wind it past.

Up from the myrtle thicket,
Up from the black bog,
There floated through the wicket
A phantom pale as the moon.

Each Arab steed within his stall
Whinnied a piercing cry;
Each startled hound in the banquet hall
Howled as it floated by.

Within my chamber lowly
Bowed the Phantom's crowned head,
He bowed his knees, and with a lowly
He approached my pallet-bed.

Uprose the full and crimson moon,
Gleamed through the trolleed vine;
Stunned were my ears by the deep bassoon,
By the songs of love and wine.

They danced within the painted hall;
They danced, made jubilee;
They heard not the wailing phantom-call;
Saw not who had come to me;
Yet there sat his daughter's jovial,
Each one on her husband's knee.

And one was clothed in rose-red silk,
The second in velvet green,
The third in satin white and milk;
Would their souls as fair had been!

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

THE ABDUCTORS OF CHARLIE ROSS.
A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY IS FOUND AT LAST—
THE DARING BURGLARY AT BAY RIDGE, LONG ISLAND, THE CONFIDENTIAL SOURCE OF THE TRAGEDY.

The Brooklyn Eagle of the 14th inst. gives the following full and graphic account of the recent tragedy which has given a certain clue to the abductors of Charlie Ross: The usually tranquil village of Bay Ridge was set agog this morning by a tragic occurrence which took place at the beautiful country seat of Judge Van Brunt, of the Marine Court of New York. Two desperate burglars were shot dead in their tracks by Mr. Rulof Van Brunt, a brother of the judge, his son William and a workman on the premises. The dying confession of one of these men implicates them both as principals in the abduction of Charlie Ross from his parents in Philadelphia, the facts of which are of country wide notoriety. Judge Van Brunt's home stands about twenty-five feet back from the shore road, about a mile above Fort Hamilton. It is a modest summer house, and presents no outward appearance of great wealth. The protection of the house is, however, simply provided for by a burglar alarm, which extends to nearly the whole of the front yard, and the lawn, which is usually smooth and well kept, is trapped out of all semblance to smoothness by the footprints of the contestants and of the various lookers on who have gathered to the place to witness the tragedy, and to discuss, with wide open eyes and gaping mouths, the details of the startling tragedy. As has been said, the house was unoccupied at the time of the entrance of the burglars. Judge Van Brunt spends his winters in the city. His household goods are stowed away in his country villa, which, during the judge's absence in the protection of his brother's family, who live on an adjoining plot. Additional protection is had in an electric burglar alarm connecting the house with the city.

At two o'clock this morning the burglar alarm sounded in the house of Mr. Rulof Van Brunt. It startled all the family from their sleep. Mr. Van Brunt, who had been sitting for some weeks, was loth to rise unless the occasion really required it. He called for his wife and the two children, and then stepped over to their own house and then step over to the judge's and find out the cause of the alarm. William hastily dressed himself, and, taking a lantern, aroused Scott, a workman on the place. They

ARMED THEMSELVES.

William had a double barrel and carried a seven shooter in his pocket. Their own house, they soon ascertained, had not been invaded. They crept cautiously over the house of the judge, shading the lantern as they went. They approached the house from the rear. They reconnoitered a few moments, and suddenly they saw a faint light glimmering through the dining room windows. A couple of dark objects were moving about in the room. They could not see their features, but their general appearance was rough and heavy. The door returned to the house for his father, and told him that he had better arm himself and step over, as they might have tough work. Mr. Van Brunt, though feeble, reached for a gun and started out with his son and the workman. They stepped to the gate in front, with instructions to shoot any one who attempted to pass. He and Scott, the workman, stood guard in the rear. They reined on the bank lawn in darkness and silence for over an hour. They could see the burglar's light, fitting from room to room at intervals. They seemed to feel secure, and did not hasten their movements. Mr. Van Brunt became cold, chilly and impatient. He said to his fellow watchers that it was time to break in on the burglar. He told his son, who had the keys to the house, to open the door to the house and they would rush in and take the marauders by surprise. The son turned the key in the lock. The rust in the door caused a grating sound. The burglars evidently had caught it, and their footfalls were heard coming down stairs. They plunged into the cellar and lit a match. The flickering of which could be seen through the crevices in the shutter. Mr. Van Brunt and his companions stood with leveled weapons at the cellar trap to fire as soon as it was opened. They did not have to wait long. Soon the trap was pushed noiselessly open and two dark heads were dimly discernible. "Stand," shouted Mr. Van Brunt. Two pistol shots instantly answered the summons. The burglars had prepared themselves for attack. Fortunately neither shot took effect. The burglar who was in the rear of the one of the men received the charge of shot in his body. He gave a cry of pain and grasped the cellar door for support. His companion started on a run toward the gate. He was called upon to stand. His reply was another cry of pain, and he fell. The desperado fell heavily on the sward. "I've got it up," he cried, and in a few minutes was dead. He

dropped near the gate of the house. The surviving burglar had succeeded in getting about fifty feet from the scene of the attempted burglary, and right in front of the house of Van Brunt when he was dropped. He was in mortal agony. He held to life until half-past 5 o'clock, when he died on the spot on which he fell. As the two lay, the one dead and the other slowly dying, the rough ministrations which were possible under the circumstances were freely given, and every possible effort was made to induce Joseph Douglas to tell the entire story of the Ross abduction after he had said that he was concerned in it. These efforts were useless, however, and no further particulars were obtained than his bare statement, which is given in the account of Mr. Bergen, below, that he and Mosier were the two men who stole Charlie Ross, and that Mosier knew all about it. Being told that Mosier was dead, he said that Inspector Walling knew about it, and that

THE BOY WOULD GO HOME ALL RIGHT.

He said that he (Douglas) had a brother and sister whom he had not seen for twelve years or more, and that Mosier had a wife and five children who lived in New York. At about half-past five o'clock this morning he died, and the two bodies were drawn under the back porch of the house, and laid as decently as possible out of reach of the pitiless rain which was falling, to await the arrival of the coroner. There they were lying when the reporter viewed them. William Mosier, the elder of the two, is a man about five feet eight inches in height, rather slightly built, with sandy hair and very light side whiskers. His nose is straight, his complexion is that of a thorough desperado, the forehead being low and square, the eyebrows prominent, the eyes small and of a light blue color, set close together, the nose flat and spreading at the base, with the middle cartilage entirely gone, the teeth irregular and uneven in color, some of a bluish black with decay, and the other brilliantly white, and the chin retreating. Douglas is about the same height and build, with fiery red hair and a mustache of the same color drooping over the eyes, which are somewhat crooked, but the other features are regular. Douglas is a well rounded brow bespeaks a fair share of intelligence, and the features indicate a man of much finer nature than his older confederate. Douglas was about twenty-eight, and Mosier over forty-five years old.

THE REWARD OF \$20,000.

In case of his success, being remunerated for his services and expenses out of a separate fund raised by leading citizens for the purpose. From the Pinkerton agency circulars were also scattered over the continent, containing descriptions of the parties and an excellent photograph of the child. The clues to the child's whereabouts which were followed up have been too numerous for enumeration.

The same paper gives an account of Detective Wood's story in relation to the abductors, Mosher and Clark, from which the following is taken: We first went up the North river, examining all the islands, and occupied and unoccupied houses, and the woods which lined the shore. We went up as far as Poughkeepsie, and then returned, directing our course along the coast of Long Island and the Connecticut shore. I suppose we searched 30 or 40 islands in the sound, containing from four or five acres to 100 acres each, and found them almost unoccupied, except a few by squatters. We had information that these fellows had committed a burglary, and got to one of the islands in a cat-boat, and that they moved about from place to place just as they thought they could best secure themselves. We had further information that they had the child in this cat-boat, and that there he was concealed. We searched a number of small towns, too, in the hope of finding the little one, and I must say that the New York officers worked hard to get down to the matter. These parties had the man Mosher with them, and he was the one who had his way to commit a burglary, then escape to these islands, and hide in one of the unoccupied houses. We were cruising about twelve days, but didn't find the men. But we were

AFTER THE RIGHT MEN.

weeks, months ago, and these were the right men. We had to return, however, without having lighted upon any positive trace of the men. We found out all about the burglary, and we found out, to our satisfaction, that this was the way the abductors were living. They had no means, and had to commit crimes to live. We heard nothing of the child, and came to the conclusion that they secreted him on some of these islands while they were off on their burglaries. The way in which we first learned of the probability of their whereabouts was from Capt. Walling of New York. He sent us word some three months ago that he knew who did it, that is, who carried off the child. This was only a short time after the child was taken from this city. When this intelligence was obtained from him we went to work and found out where the men lived in the city, and where they had their horse and wagon, and what their business was and all about it. Mosher, alias Johnson and Henderson, and Clark, alias Douglas or Dunlap, and Mosher's wife, lived in Monroe street, above Second. Mosher, since his escape, was here in Philadelphia and on. He was a peddler, and had a horse and wagon, and used to peddle with it. He was assisted by Clark. Their business was to peddle and steal. Mosher took the house in Monroe street about a year ago, and vacated the house.

AFTER THE CHILD WAS TAKEN AWAY.

It was with this horse that the child was driven away—the same horse they did their peddling with. The child was stolen on the 1st of July, you know. He was at once driven to New York by Clark and Mosher, who kept on going until they arrived there. This they did in a manner to avoid suspicion. They went through Trenton on the day after the abduction. It was not until the 19th or 20th of July that Mosher's wife went off. They did not keep the child here at all, but drove it right away, leaving Mosher's wife to fix up matters, ward off suspicion, and then follow her. We suspected these parties, and knew that two men from this house had suddenly left, in a wagon, and under circumstances which justified our opinion of their being concerned in the case. After they went the officers here watched Mrs. Mosher, to endeavor through her to trace the two men. It is known that Mosher was the man who wrote the anonymous letters. He sent that one about the proposition for the restoration of the child for money consideration from New York, as well as some others, and we are inclined to think that he sent a number of the latter ones to his wife in Philadelphia, and that she posted them. Mosher and Clark answered the description of the "two men who were seen to drive off with the boy." The question was asked the detective: Are you nearer the child now than before? Detective Wood—I don't think they can keep it out of the way. Either the "two other men" have got it or Mosher's wife has it. I don't think she can keep out of the road. She has no means—neither have the other two men—for we know that the wages they were reduced so low that they had to make forays into the town and commit house robberies. It was while upon such an errand that last night Mosher and Clark were killed. They had to steal to live, and to steal to be able to hide the child.

HOW THE BURGLARS CAME TO BAY RIDGE.

Between 9 and 10 o'clock last night, two men, roughly but heavily clad, stepped on shore at Bay Ridge Dock, a stone's throw from the tragic scene which occurred several hours later. They had come in a little sloop, painted black, from where has not yet been ascertained. On landing, they entered Inman's Hotel, which is located at the head of the street, and the two men drank several times, and then left. They exchanged words once or twice in smothered tones, but that was all. Their object was not suspected. From the tavern they probably proceeded at once to Judge Van Brunt's house and there operated until they were surprised by their capturers and slayers. They were in no haste to do their work, not knowing of the electric alarm connection between the two houses, and thinking that they were perfectly safe in an unoccupied burglar's sloop separate from a dark and very little traversed road. The sloop in which they came was taken possession of by the police this morning.

CHARLIE ROSS.

THE STORY OF HIS ABDUCTION—THE MANY FALSE DISCOVERIES.
The New York Sun of the 16th inst. gives the following resume of the history of the abduction of Charlie Ross, and of the many false scents of his recovery: It was on the afternoon of Wednesday, July 1, that little Charlie Brewster Ross, then four years of

DONE FOR.

THE LITTLE "GRAY MAR"—MOUNT VERNON BOYS BEATING IN THE RACE.

The Louisville Journal claims that the following little incident actually happened last week: There is a coterie of young bloods in Mount Vernon, Ind., (and this thing is not too personal for we get it from one of the number), who are given to the sports of the field and the turf to a very great, though in no very successful, degree. There is a little town called Phillipsport, about fifteen miles west of Mount Vernon, in Illinois, which has for a long time "crowded over" the latter in the possession of two rattling quarter horses with much speed, and which was a year or so in the side of the Mt. Vernon people. Not to be outdone, the coterie of sportsmen determined to "come it over" the Phillipsport people, and accordingly hired from St. Louis a clean limbed, fleet looking horse called Granger, whose chief point of excellence was the fact that which was no doubt of his beating the Phillipsport horse. Well, the horse came, and about three weeks ago the race was made up, to come off last Friday, for \$300 a side, \$50 forfeit. The St. Louis steed was placed in training for the meeting, and a few days afterwards there appeared in Mt. Vernon a couple of particularly green and unsophisticated countrymen, who hailed from the Kentucky shore opposite. They were very talkative, and it was soon discovered that the country clock-hoppers had a horse upon which they would lay a little. The question was, what would lay a little, and it was determined that the Mt. Vernon men would back a Phillipsport horse, called "Old George," against the Kentucky "gray mar," for four horses and \$250 in cash a side, the Kentuckians agreeing to put up the

FOUR HORSES AS A FORTYET.

This was done, and the verdict ones disappeared, and were seen no more until the day of the race. In the meantime those four horses were distributed out in expectation among the parties, and the greensies from over the river were heartily laughed at for their veridancy. Last Friday, Dec. 11, was the day set for the first race, and the Mount Vernontes set out in large numbers for Phillipsport, taking with them the invincible "Granger" and the stake horses which the race with the "gray mar." When arriving on the grounds, the backers of "Granger" found a number of Illinois supporting the Phillipsport horse with encouragement and money, they began to "weaken," and after being fairly out-betted, out-blown and out-battered, they laid \$250 and withdrew the "Granger," around whom the things were of a number of deep and feeling hearts were watched. Thus bullied out of the race the Mt. Vernon boys smiled in the arms of their King William's and waited for the morrow to retrieve their mortification and loss. Then the morning of the next day dawned brighter and clear. Nothing was to be seen of the Kentuckians, and as the hour set approached, the forfeits were about to be claimed, when the "greenies" rode up with the little "gray mar," an ordinary looking steed. Well, the money was put up, and still nothing was said about the preliminary arrangements for the race. In fact, the two countrymen were just the greenest sportsmen afloat. They didn't know anything, and the Mount Vernon boys

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at their veridancy. At last one of the strangers was asked about some mode to decide the draw for the positions. "Oh, waal," he said, "I reckon it don't make no difference about that—you fellows can just pick your place." At this a roar went up. Then some one mentioned the judges. "Oh, waal," said the Kentuckian, "I reckon it don't make no difference about that; I don't know nobody over here, and you fellows can just pick your judges." Then the mirth was great, but some began to pity the unsophisticated and unwatched fellows, and seriously thought of returning the money if it was lost. The horses were brought out, and the verdant sportsmen began to take in small bets, and then as the madness of the thing grew apparent, the boys from Mt. Vernon asked their watches, revolvers, and horses, all eager to take in the harvest of cash offering. The positions were taken, and the judges started them, for the quarter race, the Phillipsport horse getting fourteen feet start. But that scrub "gray mar" left all the faces of the spectators were wreathed in good natured smiles; these gradually changed to looks of interest, then of doubt, and then of rage, for the little grey horse went along easily and swimmingly, cutting down the Phillipsport nag without any trouble, and came in about thirty feet ahead. The Mt. Vernon boys were sights. They went back with tail feathers drooping, and flat broken of all they had taken with them.

Bendigo, formerly a well known prize fighter, and champion of England, delivered a religious address, on November 29, to a crowded audience at the London Cabmen's Mission Hall at King's Cross. The reporters state that Bendigo, who is now sixty-three years of age, "stands as straight as a dart," and his address is described as "simple, though coarse." He said he was the youngest of twenty-one children, and his father dying when he was thirteen, he was placed in the workhouse. He began fighting when he was sixteen years of age, and gave it up when he was forty. Two years ago, after spending his time alternately in the police cells, the prize ring, and the public house, he was converted as if by a miracle. Ever since he has been the happiest man alive, and he should be happier still if he could only learn to read the Bible for himself.

Lieutenant Charles C. DeRudio, of the Seventh United States cavalry, one of the assassins who, with Orsini, attempted to kill Napoleon III. has written a letter to the New Orleans Republican, concluding thus: In conclusion, I will say that had I had something on my conscience to be ashamed of, would it not have been natural for me to change my name on my arrival in this country? Not only did I not assume another name, but I came to America very highly recommended by well known great men of Europe to well known great men of this country, and am ready to prove the authenticity of my assertions.

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at their veridancy. At last one of the strangers was asked about some mode to decide the draw for the positions. "Oh, waal," he said, "I reckon it don't make no difference about that—you fellows can just pick your place." At this a roar went up. Then some one mentioned the judges. "Oh, waal," said the Kentuckian, "I reckon it don't make no difference about that; I don't know nobody over here, and you fellows can just pick your judges." Then the mirth was great, but some began to pity the unsophisticated and unwatched fellows, and seriously thought of returning the money if it was lost. The horses were brought out, and the verdant sportsmen began to take in small bets, and then as the madness of the thing grew apparent, the boys from Mt. Vernon asked their watches, revolvers, and horses, all eager to take in the harvest of cash offering. The positions were taken, and the judges started them, for the quarter race, the Phillipsport horse getting fourteen feet start. But that scrub "gray mar" left all the faces of the spectators were wreathed in good natured smiles; these gradually changed to looks of interest, then of doubt, and then of rage, for the little grey horse went along easily and swimmingly, cutting down the Phillipsport nag without any trouble, and came in about thirty feet ahead. The Mt. Vernon boys were sights. They went back with tail feathers drooping, and flat broken of all they had taken with them.

Bendigo, formerly a well known prize fighter, and champion of England, delivered a religious address, on November 29, to a crowded audience at the London Cabmen's Mission Hall at King's Cross. The reporters state that Bendigo, who is now sixty-three years of age, "stands as straight as a dart," and his address is described as "simple, though coarse." He said he was the youngest of twenty-one children, and his father dying when he was thirteen, he was placed in the workhouse. He began fighting when he was sixteen years of age, and gave it up when he was forty. Two years ago, after spending his time alternately in the police cells, the prize ring, and the public house, he was converted as if by a miracle. Ever since he has been the happiest man alive, and he should be happier still if he could only learn to read the Bible for himself.

Lieutenant Charles C. DeRudio, of the Seventh United States cavalry, one of the assassins who, with Orsini, attempted to kill Napoleon III. has written a letter to the New Orleans Republican, concluding thus: In conclusion, I will say that had I had something on my conscience to be ashamed of, would it not have been natural for me to change my name on my arrival in this country? Not only did I not assume another name, but I came to America very highly recommended by well known great men of Europe to well known great men of this country, and am ready to prove the authenticity of my assertions.

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