ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,

JOHN R. BROWN, Jr., Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. VIII. ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1877. NO. 25.

JOB PRINTING,

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AND ALL KINDS OF

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Attorney at Law,

Ellicott City, Md.

☞ Office Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.

Oct 7, '76-tf.

EDWIN LINTHICUM,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE.—Nearly opposite the Court House,

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Nov. 27'69 1y.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, '69-1y.

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mar.6'75.1y.

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Dec. 12'74-tf.

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OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.

July 27 '72 tf.

J. Harwood Watkins,

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Sept 12, '74-tf.

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DENTIST,

(*Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery*).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E. Crabbe, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,

MAIN STREET,

THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.

April 21, '77-1y.

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Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City, is prepared to practice his Profession in this City and County.

☞ He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.

Oct. 3 '69-tf.

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Near CLARKSVILLE, Howard County,

Respectfully tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of Howard County.

☞ He will be found at his office when not professionally engaged.

May 1, '69 1y.

WILLIAM B. PETER,

Notary Public,

Real Estate and Collection Agency, and

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENCY,

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Estates attended to; Rents and Bills Collected, Money procured on Securities. Purchases and Sales of City and Country Property effected. Property Leased. Money Invested in Ground Rents, Mortgages, &c., &c., &c., Free of Charge. All kinds of Property Insured at Lowest Rates.

☞ MONEY TO LOAN, at Low Rates, on first Class Securities, in Sums from $1000 to $10,000. June 24, '71-tf.

Baltimore.

PERSONAL.

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THE CELEBRATED

CLOTHIERS

OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND,

Announce the introduction of a plan of ordering

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BY LETTER,

to which they call your special attention. They will send on application their improved and accurate RULES FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT and a full line of samples from their immense stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES,

COATINGS, SHIRTINGS, &C., &C.,

thus enabling parties in any part of the country to order their Clothing and Shirts direct from them, with the certainty of receiving garments of *the very Latest Style and most Perfect Fit Attainable.*

Goods ordered will be sent by Express to any part of the country.

As is well known throughout the Southern States, they have for *forty-three years excelled* in all departments of their business, which is a substantial guarantee as to the character of the Goods they will send out. A large and well assorted stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING

always on hand, together with a full line of FURNISHING GOODS, including all the latest Novelties in demand at POPULAR PRICES.

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READY-MADE CLOTHING from three years up a specialty.

When goods are sent per Express C. O. D. There will be no collection charge on amount of $20 and over.

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NOAH WALKER & Co.

Manufacturers and Dealers in Mens' and Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Goods, either ready-made or made to order.

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April 1, '70 tf.

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Good Wood, Smooth Work, Fine Finish!

PRICES TO SUIT ALL!

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Bookcases	$25 to $100
Chamber Suits	30 " 300
Desks	10 " 100
Lounges	7 " 75
Library Tables	8 " 18
Leg Rests	2 " 10
Patent Rockers	15 " 50
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Parlor Tables	3 " 30
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March 29, '73-1y.

S. S. LINTHICUM,

LUMBER DEALER,

Cor. Pratt & Green Sts.,

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL,

Lumber, Shingles, Palings,

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ALSO

DOOR FRAMES, SASH,

BLINDS, &C.,

Furnished at Manufacturers' Prices.

☞ All orders promptly attended to, and delivered at Depot free of charge.

July 18, '74-tf.

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PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER.

Offers for sale, at Reduced Prices, Gold and Silver American and Swiss Watches, a well selected Stock of fine Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silver Ware, Triple Plated Ware, Clocks, Table Cutlery, &c., &c.

☞ Particular attention paid to the Repairing of Watches and the Manufacture of Hair Jewelry.

April 16,70 1y.

—Parisian omnibuses date back to 1682, when the Marquis of Soutches and the Duke de Roannes obtained a concession to run them. They took immensely at first, but somehow lost popularity, and passed out of existence until 1828, when they reappeared with the new and excellent name—a real happy thought—of omnibus. At first there were 100, which was deemed an enormous number, but it soon increased. In 1855 there were 347; in 1866, when the various companies were consolidated nearly 700.

—The 30,000 acres of rich public lands in Aroostook county, Me., are being rapidly taken up by immigrants.

DAWN.

The lilies droop, the red rose pales;
The tender violet's perfume fails;
The birds are dumb, the leaves are still;
Night's dark shade infolds the hill.

O eyes so dim with unshed tears!
O heart whose pain through smiles appears!
Thy bitter cup of sadness fill,
For night and darkness hold the still.

The clouds are gone, the sky is clear;
Night's shade has flown, the dawn is here;
Warm life and love the glad air thrill;
In golden sunlight laughs the hill.

The lilies raise their drooping heads;
Fresh fragrance steals from violet beds;
The rose with crimson blushes now;
The song-birds trill, the tree-tops bow.

Oppressed with fear, no light hath shone
My weary, tangled path upon,
While Time, with swift, remorseless tread,
Cried, "Youth and joy for these are dead."

Sad heart, awake and greet thy morn;
Fresh life and light for thee shall dawn;
Through skies made clear by love's bright ray
Thou too shalt know the perfect day.

—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

Letter from Colorado.

MR. EDITOR: Your city among the hills was a goner from my recollections, if it had not pleased some person to send me a copy of the *Progress* a few days since. My body has increased since my departure from among you from one hundred and forty lbs. to one hundred and seventy-three lbs. and I fear me that my increase in avoirdupois has been at the expense of the intellectual. I must admit that the business cards in the aforesaid publication, of your citizens, called back to my memory, vividly, their well-known faces and irreproachable characters, Messrs. E. A. Talbott, Thomas H. Hunt, and the irrepressible William Collier, "The Tinker;" in fact, nearly all the old time names are represented, except Capt. Jim Cassidy; his son, however, fills the void in the paper, and being in the same line of business it reminds one of the peculiar yarns of Chas. Dickens in regard to the continuous succession of generations and for centuries of the same family, on the same identical spot, engaged in the particular avocation. Success to little Charles and may his shadow never grow less.

From eastern papers I learn that your thermometer has been soaring in the nineties, our thermometer—well there is none in sight, neither is anything else except a driving snow storm that bids fair to do the same, as a railroad hand "put in a full day;" our seasons here are somewhat peculiar, we have about ten months winter and two months very bad weather, we are very happy for that as the narrow-gauge railroad is approaching us at the rate of one hundred yards per day from a point twenty miles away. Numbers of us, however, enjoy but the idea, as we will not be able to realize the blessings of rapid transit, but rather be forced to indulge in other styles of locomotion invented prior to railroads.

I fear to make any statement in regard to silver mining as the publication of my former letter in the *Progress*, made astounding progress in figments by the time it reached the public eye. I fear much that the impression prevailed that I was a millionaire as well as a mountaineer. No doubt the good people of Howard County presumed that I had grown purse-proud and would no longer consider themselves as on my invitation list. I have figured a little and very little in the politics of this (my adopted) State, I have served two terms as trustee of the peace for my township, and secured the nomination on the county ticket for a seat in the State Legislature, and was in that instance elected to stay at home, as well as the rest of the Democrats who sought similar honors. We were defeated by a minority of sixty votes. I enclose you the ticket voted by the Democrats at the late election; the Democrats elected a majority of the local officers; the Republicans carried the county ticket.

Georgetown, the metropolis of Clear Creek county contains, (including outlying camps, Silver Plume, Brownville, Silver Dale, Polarville and Bakerville) about thirty-five hundred people, six different denominations of churches, four reduction works for the treatment of gold, silver and lead ores in operation and three ditto idle, also three sampling mills in operation and two idle. A sampling mill is a concern that merely crushes the ore and sample the same to ascertain the value of and buy for shipment east to the large reducers and separators, who turn it into shape ready for the uses of the manufacturer; some of the ores are shipped to Europe. Coal is found in plentiful quantities in the foot hills and our railroad that is approaching will enable us to burn coal instead of wood as it will then be cheaper fuel than wood; at present coal is worth three dollars per ton on the surface at the mine, and twenty dollars per ton laid down in Georgetown, this is owing to the high rates of freight demanded by freighters (mule and bull teams). Our timber is the pine, in endless variety, there is a kind of pine here that very much resembles the gum tree in Maryland.

The grown boys of Georgetown, between the ages of twenty-five and fifty years, are making night hideous and things lively generally around the streets of Georgetown, practising their pedals, destroying axle grease and shoe leather getting up their muscle for the Fourth of July competitive races between the various fire companies of this and adjoining towns. This town has two hose companies, one engine company and one truck company. Denver, Golden and Central cities each will be represented here by one or more of their fire companies, there will be a lively fourth here, you bet! the festivities of the day to wind up by the award of prizes, and sunset will usher in the fireworks, Firemen's Grand Ball, and other amusements not down on the programme, the prizes and music will cost the town one thousand dollars.

The only benefit we derive apparently from the war in Europe is an advance in provisions, breadstuffs especially. As we grow not much else but pine trees and boulders, the advantage is not very much in our favor; the ranchman when he pays us a peddling visit from the valley is not so choice in his language, nor does he give a darn as formerly, whether he gives weight or not.

As I am growing weary of scribbling, I conclude by wishing all Ellicott City and her Editor lots of Fourth of July, &c.

Yours,

J. T.

Letter from New Mexico.

New Mexico Excused at Last—That is, From Indian Depredations.

"The Indians are gone." They have for a fact, and Indian Agent, John P. Clum, was the successful man in getting them away. Most of your readers have read the despatches from this section of the country, relative to the removal of the Apaches from Hot Springs, New Mexico, to San Carlos, Arizona, no doubt. By examining a map of New Mexico, it will be seen that the Rio Grande cuts off a narrow strip of the territory, situated between it and Arizona. In the southern extremity of this neck of country is located Hot Springs reservation, which a short time since, was inhabited by Chiricauhua Apaches. The first glance will manifest the error of the situation of this reservation. Near Mexico, the Rio Grande and the most important and thickly populated mining regions of the territory, it has always been an eye-sore to a peaceful occupancy of this section. The Hot Spring Indians have the worst reputation of any tribe on this frontier. I have been in this locality nearly two years, and not a month has passed, scarcely a week, without hearing of some horrible murder, stealing of stock, or similar outrage. In fact they had organized regular plundering expeditions in the secret manner. They go in small numbers, scattered all through the mountains. They will often let a white man escape provided he has no property of value. A short time ago, however, two "proprietors" while driving in a light wagon were waylaid and riddled with bullets. There being two mules in good condition, attached to the vehicle, their design was to obtain them, for of all flesh the Indian prefers is mule flesh. Military expeditions, when running on a party of them would always find them devouring mule flesh. Their mortal enemy seems to be the Mexican. By their superstition they make a mark of themselves for the murdering Indian. When seeing an Indian, their first act is to fall on their knees and implore heaven to save them from the bullets, which speedily come crashing their superstitious brains. They will do this very thing when armed and able to make a reasonable defense. This makes sport for the savage, who rarely lets his Mexican enemy escape. They generally mutilate all bodies in a horrible manner. Mr. Clum seems to hold much influence over the Indians and always has many to stand by him and even to fight for him when others were seeking to kill him. His life has been saved more than once by his friends. He seems to enjoy his position very much. However, like most of these frontier position supported by the government, it is a fat one, and judging from appearances, Mr. Clum "has made a good thing out of it." He dresses nicely enough for a New York clerk and drives a four-in-hand, highly finished "rig," an institution which rarely finds its way into such a country as Arizona. When preparing to remove these Indians, one would think from appearances, that we were preparing to invade Mexico. They were all armed and when undertaking to transfer them, it was thought more than likely that they would resist. Therefore, nearly a whole regiment of cavalry and several hundred Indians, (friendly Apaches and Navajos) and Indian scouts marched to the reservation. In the meantime the reservation Indians had "got wind" of it and repaired to the most remote hiding places of the large reservation. It took but a short time to find them and fearing the result, they doggedly delivered their arms to the proper authority and fell into the trail for San Carlos, Mr. Clum's faithful "Indian police" then took charge of them, the military returning to the respective posts. Although these Indians belong to the same tribe and of course speak the same dialect, the San Carlos Indians guarded them very closely and entirely by themselves, conducted them across the mountains to San Carlos reservation, Arizona. The "police" were all armed and presented a ludicrous appearance, when conducting their captured brethern. They would camp only in open places, where the strictest vigilance, gun in hand, could be kept over them. They would not allow them the shadow of a chance to escape. Even when one would start to the creek for some water, one of the "police" would immediately follow him up, having his gun charged for immediate action, should the prisoner attempt to escape. In this manner they were safely guided about 300 miles over the mountains to San Carlos. The route eastward is at last safe from Indians. Robbers and Mexican desperadoes will now receive the blame for all outrages, hereafter committed on the eastern route.

LUTHER.

—A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* writes from Charlestown: "Dr. Shephard pointed out to me the position of Gen. Gilmore's 'swamp angel' battery, and said that only the other day his workmen dug up one of the unexploded shots in the Medical College yard. It was rather large for a war souvenir, and about as dangerous as a rattlesnake. The cap was perfect, all ready for the light tap that would explode it. No soaking would ruin the powder filling, and, so, after looking it over, he had it carefully and deeply reburied, he hopes beyond resurrection. A negro, some time ago, found one of them, and thought he would break it up and sell it for old iron. He got a sledge hammer and struck it on the point. It exploded, blew the roof of the house off, and dealt destruction in every direction, but, strangely, Sambo was not injured beyond being stunned by the concussion. He roused himself, looked wildly around, and exclaimed, 'Lordy massy, whar's dat iron?'"

—The people have submitted under protest to the inauguration of a President and Vice President who were not elected, but they will never forget that the gentleman who, if law and justice had prevailed, would to-day be ruling in the White House is Samuel J. Tilden, and that Thomas A. Hendricks would be holding the office now usurped by Wm. A. Wheeler. The sentiment expressed at the farewell reception to Mr. Hendricks at Indianapolis, last Friday evening, will be cordially echoed by patriotic citizens everywhere, who, while he recuperates his health in foreign lands, will hold the fort, in the faith that with him not long hence they may see the re-establishment of constitutional government in America.

Kate Claxton's Trials.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.—Miss Kate Claxton, concerning whom the newspapers have said so much during the past two months, has returned from her professional tour through the West and settled down to pass the summer here quietly, at the home of her parents. This is a handsome and cosey little villa on the main road, standing in the centre of a small plot of ground covered with sheltering old trees and abounding in flowers of every variety, the house itself being almost hidden from view by the wealth of ivy and rose-bushes growing up around and on all all sides of it.

Here, on any fine afternoon, Miss Claxton, the heroine of so many sensational stories, may be seen on the piazza with her little daughter, or on the lawn playing croquet with her sisters and any friends that may chance to drop in. Excepting that she has grown somewhat stouter and ruddier, she is still the same pleasant, fascinating little woman that she was when she first charmed, and, at the same time, thrilled New York with her terribly realistic performance of "Louise," the blind girl, in the *Two Orphans.*

Miss Claxton's experiences since she left New York have been varied, interesting and not altogether pleasant. A week after the Brooklyn Theatre fire she went to Washington on a starring tour, and opened there on Christmas Day in the *Two Orphans.* During the performance, in the snow-scene outside the church, the audience was startled by a cry of "fire," which was instantly taken up and resulted in a panic the vast assemblage jumping to their feet and rushing for the door.

With the memory of the recent scenes she had gone through fresh in her mind, Miss Claxton addressed the spectators and assured them there was no danger. Her own self-possession reassured them, and quiet being restored, the performance went on. It was afterwards learned that the cry was a false alarm caused by a man in the gallery who had a fit, and the excitable audience, not knowing what was the matter, had mistaken the cause of the excitement. During the rest of her engagement in the capital nothing of special interest occurred, and, on leaving, Miss Claxton went to Baltimore, Louisville and Pittsburg.

At the last named city her sister Margaret made her debut in the part of "Marianne" with a success which promises well for her future. Since then she has accompanied her elder sister on her tour, appearing also in the character of "Henriette." From Pittsburg Miss Claxton went through Virginia, playing in the *Two Orphans* and *Conscience* always to good houses, and, April 9, she went to St. Louis. The breaking out of the fire at the Southern Hotel on the next day, her narrow escape from death in the flames and all the attendant horrors of that catastrophe have been fully recorded in the *World*, and Miss Claxton herself refuses to say a word about them. It had, however, a much more serious effect for her than the mere fright and the loss of her wardrobe which she sustained—it started the absurd stories and squibs of the would-be funny paragraphist all over the country, which have since accompanied her wherever she has been, and which have led to her being looked upon as a sort of salamander. Indeed, she says that after that event it was a common thing for people to come up to her on the steet, stop her and look at her as a sort of natural curiosity; or, in her own words, "as if I was a torpedo or an infernal machine that might explode and take fire at any minute."

She left St. Louis, taking with her the Olympic Theatre Company, with Mr. Spaulding as manager, and went on a seven weeks' trip through Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Ohio and Michigan, closing last week at Chicago. Everywhere she met with great success, but everywhere, to her great chagrin, she was met with sensational paragraphs, items intended to be funny and thrilling stories, all turning upon the subject of the fires at which she had the misfortune to be present. About a week before she was due at St. Paul a second-class hotel there was burned, and it was at one given out, without the least ground for the statement, that she had engaged rooms at that very house.

Writing to a friend in New York about this time, Miss Claxton, in a private letter, complained of the tone in which the newspapers coupled her name with every fire that took place, and the letter, as she positively declares, without the slightest intention on her part, was given to the press and published far and wide. This, so to speak, added fuel to the flames, and the newspapers had more to say about her than ever. At Milwaukee, a few days later, she stopped at a hotel where she had lodged before and took a room immediately underneath the one she had previously had.

In the evening a gentleman was shown to her former apartment, and, in the course of his inquires, learned that she had occupied it. "What," he shricked, "Kate Claxton been in this room?" "Yes," was the reply, "and she is down stairs now." No sooner were the words spoken than the excited traveler gathered up his effects and started for the door. No words could prevail upon him to stay, and he left, at dead of night, to find other lodgings. This true story got out, of ccurse, and was repeated in all sorts of exaggerated forms with the same result as before.

While playing at La Cross in the *Two Orphans*, and in the garret scene in the last act, just as "Henriette" pulls the shawl off "Mere Frochard," a cry of "Fire!" was started, and a panic immediately ensued. Miss Claxton, suddenly restored to sight, rushed from the garret and, with the aid of the other members of the company, quieted the audience. Returned to the garret, the play was just going on again, when the fire bells were heard and another panic followed, during which half the audience left the theatre.

After quiet had been again restored, it was learned that the cause of all the trouble was the silly fears of a gentleman in the neighborhood, in whose kitchen a little fire had broken out, and who, fearing the worst, as Miss Claxton was in town, had caused a general alarm to be sounded. Most of the firemen were in the theatre, and their hurry to get out had caused the disturbance. This affair so grieved Miss Claxton that she was with difficulty dissuaded from discontinuing her tour. With her previous experience of the exaggerated reports of similar occurrences painfully fresh in her recollection, she used the utmost efforts to prevent this affair from being telegraphed to other towns and succeeded, so that no report of this was sent by telegraph anywhere, and it only leaked out through private correspondence. After that Miss Claxton, on her arrival in any town, made a practice of going personally or sending her agent to every newspaper office to request that no reference to any fire should be made in the notices of her performances, and by this means she succeeded in stopping a great deal of the "fire talk."

But even this long array of her trials does not exhaust the list. At Indianapolis her agent engaged the Opera House, and the following day, the owner of the building doubled his insurance on it, and, to make assurance doubly sure, had the whole fire department keep under orders prepared for any emergency that might arise. Just a few days before her return her rooms were broken into by thieves, who ransacked all her luggage, but did not succeed in getting any plunder.

During the whole of her tour, Miss Claxton says, she was in one continual fever of dread that the newspapers would say something that would injure her business. Far from regarding the extraordinary publicity she has had as a cheap theatrical advertising dodge, she declares it has done her more harm than good, and is especially sensitive lest any one should consider her a party to it. For days she did not dare to look at a newspaper for fear of finding "some cruel and vulgar squib about fires."—*Cor. N. Y. World.*

—Few people know that there are hardly twenty genuine Newfoundland dogs in the United States. The name and breed are so popular and familiar that to all but an extremely small minority the assertion will appear absurd. Nevertheless it is strictly correct. The thoroughbred Newfoundland dog has been gradually losing his identity through miscegenation. The secret of his fast approaching extinction not being more easily observed, lies in the fact that after a mixture of breed between a Newfoundland and any other species, more of the form and characteristics of the latter descend to the offspring than occurs in any other instance of interbreeding among dogs. On this account animals that have hardly two-thirds of the genuine breed in them, and which are really fine specimens, are frequently boasted of as splendid Newfoundland dogs. If he be still living, an old man known as "Batty" Sullivan in the island from which the dog derives its name is the last surviving preserver of the unmixed breed of Newfoundland dogs. Several years ago the writer last say him, and then the old man was master of the last genuine specimens of the noble dogs. Old "Batty," had then about fifteen full grown pets—looking as big as Shetland ponies—perfectly web footed, with massive paws over three inches in diameter, and heavy, glossy, coal-block curls all over. Very few men have such frank and honest faces as those splendid brutes possessed. Hydrophobia is unknown among the pure breed. "Batty" made a living by selling his dogs at a high price almost exclusively to Spanish and Portuguese sea captains. He strangely nurtured the prejudice of never selling a male and female to one purchaser.

— * * * The "slow fighter was a tall, rawboned specimen of the Pike County breed, and when he arrived in the mining camp the boys began to have fun with him—to "mill him," as they call it in the parlance of the mines.

He stood it for a long time with perfect equanimity, until finally one of the party dared him out of doors to fight.

He went. When they got all ready and squared off, Pike County stretched out his long neck and presented the tip of his big nose temptingly close to his tormentor: "I'm a little slow," he said, "and can't fight unless I'm well riled; just paste me one—a good 'un—right on the end of that smeller!"

His request was complied with.

"That was a good 'un," he said, calmly, "but I don't feel quite riled yit"—(turning the side of his head to the adversary)—"please chug me another lively one under the ear!"

The astonished adversary again complied, whereupon Pike County, remarking that he was "not quite as well riled as he would like to be, but would do the best he could," sailed into the crowd, and for the next ten days the "boys" were engaged in mending broken jaws, repairing damaged eyes and tenderly resurrecting smashed noses.—*New Orleans Democrat.*

—A correspondent in writing to the *Middletown Press* offers the following reasonable suggestions to mothers of afflicted children:

We hope that mothers will remember that good brandy is a cure for summer complaint; in bad cases a teaspoonful in milk three or four times a day.

A flannel cloth, wet in hot brandy, or better, camphor and brandy mixed and heated, will relieve the pain of the bowels if frequently laid over the stomach and bowels.

Bits of scraped ice are better on the tongue than drinks of water.

For stings and poisons, a strong solution of saleratus and water immediately and then frequently applied, gives relief and sure cure.

For burns, an immediate application of flour covering the burn and wrapped so as to exclude the air; then burn lard till it is quite brown and apply, and relief and cure will soon come. Do not wash off the flour if it clings, but put the lard over it.

At night, in extreme warm weather, a lemon squeezed in tepid water, to sponge off the tired out little body, will give rest to both the mother and child. Saleratus is good, but the lemon best. Even washing off the little feet, neck and palms of the hands in tepid, never very cold, water, will induce a healthful sleep.

—Rubens has been credited with almost as many birthplaces as Homer; some say that he was born at Antwerp, others claim Cologne as his native place, and now it is asserted that Siegen, in Westphalia, is where the great painter first saw the light, and the *Allegemeine Zeitung* announces that on June 29, the anniversary of his birth, the event will be celebrated and a commemorative table placed on the town hall. Siegen is an ancient, walled city, of some 7,000 inhabitants.

—One day recently there arrived at the Sherman House a newly married couple. It was apparent at first sight that they were unused to city ways, but the bride was so radiant with the fresh bloom that country life and air alone can give that the groom was envied by all the young men who make that hotel their abiding place. The morning after their arrival the chambermaid visited the young couple's room at the unconscionably early hour of 8 o'clock. A "come in" answered her knock, and on entering the room she found the bed made up and the room in the neatest kind of order. The chambermaid was astonished to find all her work anticipated, and proposed to sweep the room while the young couple were in the dining-room. "Why," was her answer, "we had breakfast two hours ago." During the stay of the couple the chambermaid had no work to do in their room. The revelation to the servant that a woman in a hotel could do something for herself was a strange one, and was duly reported. The young men took a deeper interest in the little lady who knew how and was not afraid to "do up" her own room, and the example becoming contagious infected the other ladies in the hotel, much to the satisfaction of the chambermaids.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The China papers say that the tail-cutting epidemic" has broken out at Pekin, and has caused great consternation. The mandarins have put up a notice offering fifty taels for the apprehension of a tail-cutter; but this will hardly have much influence, for the people are persuaded that the agency is supernatural. Death is said to follow the loss of the tail within three days. Several cases of death are reported, and there is so much concurrent testimony that it is difficult not to believe. It is common now in the streets to see men with their tails wound round their heads or hanging over the shoulder in front. Two of the eunuchs of the palace in Pekin have been mysteriously deprived of their tails, and, such an occurrence taking place within the sacred precincts of the Forbidden City, naturally increased the prevailing alarm. The druggists' shops are thronged by eager purchasers of cinnabar, which is an unfailing item in the prescriptions for charms to be worn about the person, and many Chinese are afraid to venture out.

—There are few traps for the female sex any more deadly than the side saddle, and no one of any sense grieves at the decay of the "noble art of horsewomanship," as long as that art cannot be practiced except at the imminent risk of the ladies doing so. English people are devoted horsemen, and the ladies as well as the men take the highest pleasure in galloping after the hounds, But recently an English lady, who enjoys what is considered an enviable fame for skill and daring in riding close to the hounds, and who is also a pattern wife and mother, has announced that she will risk her life no more riding on a side saddle, but in next season will ride masculine fashion. Her announcement has set the whole fashionable world to talking, since she is a woman of spirit, and it is believed she will do as she says. If she does she will have followers without doubt, and it may be that this will inaugurate the long expected dress revolution.

—Visitors to Paris just now are puzzled at the appearance of a strange looking edifice which is being raised in what was formerly known as the Isle of Louviers. It is a building erected by the Department of the Seine to contain the municipal and department archives. Experience in 1871, when the archives were entirely destroyed by the villainous Communists, has shown the necessity of erecting this edifice with extraordinary precautions. There are no windows on the street side, and every device that promises security in case of fire has been sedulously resorted to. The burnt archives were a mine of wealth to the historian, containing as they did an immense amount of information of every kind, political and municipal, in reference to the capital of France. Some few of these records had, fortunately been printed, but the most serious loss of all was that of the parish registers of the city, forming a series of many thousand volumes, which went back to the thirteenth century.

—Young men often fail to get on in the world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things, they are not promoted to greater things. A young man who gets a subordinate position sometimes thinks it is not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility' and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully. The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit, a person of only ordinary abilities will outstrip one of the greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters. But, after all, the mere adoption by a young man of this great essential rule of success shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

—An intelligent correspondent of the New York *Tribune* writes from Savannah that there is no prospect of "breaking the solid white vote in Georgia, and giving a fragment of it to the Republican party, or to a resurrected Whig party, or to any new organization formed for the purpose of reciprocating the services of President Hayes to the South." There is no reason why the democrats of Georgia or of any other state should flop over to a Hayes' party because the President has done what the constitution required him to do. A strong, healthy, robust opposition, keeping a keen and watchful eye on the President and his party, was never more needed than now. The democracy has the organization, fully equipped, and there is no prospect of it going out of business.

—Seven narrow gauge railroads running from Cincinnati in various directions are commenced or projected. The hilly nature of that region gives such roads great economical advantages, the cost being $15,000 a mile, against $60,000 for the the broad gauge.