THE ADVERTISER.

Published every Thursday by
FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,
Proprietors.

Office—No. 74 McPherson's Block, up Stairs,
BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

Terms, in Advance:
One copy, one year $2 00
One copy, six months 1 0
One copy, three months 50

READING MATTER ON EVERY PAGE

Nebraska Advertiser.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
Oldest Paper in the State.

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1874. VOL. 18.—NO. 47.

THE ADVERTISER.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	1 w	1 m	Per Month.	Per Year.
1 inch	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$10 00
3 inches	2 50	4 00	1 50	20 00
6 inches	4 00	6 00	2 75	30 00
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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY.

TENERIFFE.

Atlantic Islands, phantom fair,
Throned on the solitary seas,
Immersed in amethystine air,
Haunt of Hesperides!
Farewell! I leave Madeira thus
The Holy Harbor fading far
Beneath a blaze of cinabar.

What sights had burning eye to show,
From Tacoronte's orange bowers,
From palmy headlands of Yeod,
From Orotava's flowers!
When Palma or Canary lay
Cloud-cinctured in the crimson day,—
Sea, and sea-wrack, and rising higher
Those purple peaks 'twixt cloud and fire.

But oh the cone aloft and clear
Where Atlas in the heavens withdrawn
To hemisphere and hemisphere
Disparts the dark and dawn!
Or vaporous waves that roll and press!
Fire-opalescent wilderness!
O pathway by the sunbeams plowed
Betwixt those pouring walls of cloud!

We watched adown that glade of fire
Celestial Iris floating free,
We saw the cloudlets keep in choir
Their dances on the sea;
The scarlet, huge, and quivering sun
Feared his due hour was overrun—
On us the last he blazed, and hurled
His glory on Columbus' world.

Then ere our eyes the change could tell,
Of feet bewildered turn again,
From Teneriffe the darkness fell
Head-foremost on the main:—
A hundred leagues was seaward flown
The gloom of Teyde's towering cone,—
Full half the height of heaven's blue
That monstrous shadow overflew.

Then all its twilight; pile on pile
The scattered flocks of cloudland close,
An alabaster wall, erewhile
Much redder than the rose!—
Falls like a sleep on souls forspent
Majestic Night's abandonment;
Wakes like a waking life afar
Hung o'er the sea one eastern star.

Nature's glory, Nature's youth!
Perfected sempiternal whole!
And is the world's in very truth
An imperceipient soul?
Or doth that spirit, past our ken,
Live a profounder life than men,
Awaits our passing days, and thus
In secret places calls to us?

Oh fear not thou, whate'er befall
That transient individual breath,—
Behold, thou knowest not at all
What kind of thing is Death;
And here indeed might Death be fair,
If Death be dying into air,—
If souls evanished mix with thee,
Illumined heaven, eternal sea.

—*F. W. H. Myers in Macmillan's Magazine.*

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Burglars—Some of their Tools and How they Work—Meat—The Freight Question—Weather—Business.

Correspondence Nebraska Advertiser.

NEW-YORK, May 16, 1874.

England furnishes excellent laborers, splendid soldiers, great novelists and great poets, but her supremacy does not end with these. She furnishes the most accomplished, reckless, brutal and skillful burglars that afflict the world. A gang of perhaps twenty came over last fall to prosecute their business in the New World. Four of them were arrested last week, and I thought, possibly, a look at them and their tools, might result in something. I found two men of perhaps forty years of age, with low foreheads, small, keen, ferret-like eyes, short squat figures, but of wonderful strength, both with the small broken nose that seems to always be a token of a life of violence and dissipation. The third was a rather handsome young man, whose face was as clear and honest as though he had been in a confidential position in a bank, and the fourth was a mere lad, whose face, young as it was, was as brutal as those of the two older ruffians. The elder villians were reticent, but the young man was very communicative and from him I got some items that were, to me, at least, of intesest.

"Why did you leave London?" I asked.

"Because it got too warm for us," was the reply. "We were wanted for jobs we had performed in almost every city in England and we couldn't keep the police off us any longer."

"But, if you have done so many 'jobs' you ought to have had money enough to have retired on by this time."

"On the contrary we had to borrow money to get away on. You see, this style of business don't make money if you are known to the police and other people who live off of us. If a man who had a good name should break a bank and get £20,000, and get away with it, it would be a nice thing for him. But with one like me, for instance, it's different. Last year I cracked a bank and got that sum, all in good money. But it took five of us to do the job—then the watchman of the bank had to be let in—that made six—then three detectives, who were employed to work up the case, got their claws into us, and, to keep out of prison, we had to divvy with them, and they kept bleeding us. So, after all, I got out of it, really, about $400. And then, to keep myself out of trouble, I had to keep in hiding, and didn't do a stroke of work for over six months.

"The last job before that was a haul of solid silver ware, that I did all alone, with no partners, and I got $7,000 worth of it, and thought I had a good thing. I couldn't keep the stuff, and couldn't sell it as it was. The Jew fences got hold of me, and I had to break it up and sell it for just what they saw fit to give me, for they could floor me at any time. They melted it and gave me £600. It's a bad business. I'd rather have a good salary, and follow an honest life."

"Who and what are these comrades of yours?"

"The two older men are regular cracksmen, that is to say, they were born to the business, and know nothing else. They were once precisely like the boy yonder. He was taken out of an asylum by a cracksman and brought up to it."

"What use do you make of him?"

"He has been trained to pick pockets—to rob halls, and that kind of work, when opportunity offers, but we use him in other ways. He gets into houses on all sorts of pretexts, and gets the run of a house that we have spotted to go through. He will see more of a house by going through from the back area to the front, and with ten minutes talk with a servant maid, than you could by going thro' it from top to bottom. He knows houses, he does. Then, if we have to cut a hole through a door, we slip him through, and he unlocks in a jiffy without noise. He can climb like a monkey, and is just about as fearless. Jimmy is a good boy."

"Do you have to use violence very often?"

"Very seldom—never if we can help it. Amateurs do frequently—a thorough-bred not twice in a lifetime. We get into a house, but always leave a way out—a clean, unobstructed way. Now if we are in a room and the people wake up, we get out when it becomes dangerous, and if our outlet is not obstructed it is all right, and nobody is going to be hurt. But if a man gets in our way when we are going out, we dodge him if we can—if we cannot we knock him down—and if he grapples us we use a knife or whatever is the shortest way of getting rid of him. We are always prepared, and will of course kill rather than be caught."

"You have been communicative and I am obliged to you."

"I had as soon talk as not for I shall quit the profession. They can't give me more than five years for what I am here for, and I shall get out and live on the square after that. I wasn't born to it, and don't like it anyhow."

The tools taken with these fellows were shown me, and they were as instructive as their owner's talk. Keys to unlock anything—thin wedges of steel to go through safes with, ropes with which to get into second stories; long, flexible bamboo rods in sections like the fancy fish-poles, on which sponges saturated with chloroform are hung. And this, by the way, is a pretty operation. The burglar climbs by his cord to a second story window—a diamond and a pitch-plaster takes out a pane of glass without noise—the chloroformed sponge on the end of the bamboo rod is held to the nose of the sleeper, and in a few minutes it is as safe to go into that room as it would be were the occupant dead. Science has thus been subordinated to crime as well as to legitimate purposes.

Their weapons of offense and defense are extremely ingenious. The sand bag is a simple bag filled with fine sand, with which a terrible blow can be given without making any noise. Then they have a long leather weapon shaped like a club, filled with the same material. The jimmy, which is the technical name for a small steel crowbar, is a terrible weapon, in addition to which they have the most deadly and certain revolvers, and the most murderous knives.

But enough of these fellows. I saw them in my own bed-room—in imagination—every night for a week, after my interview with them.

MEAT.

New York is bothered about meat. The dairymen for hundreds of miles about the city, never keep calves, for the calf consumes milk, which is their profit. Unscrupulous butchers from the city go out and contract them by the thousand, and kill them when they are a week or two old, and this vile stuff is exposed for sale in the markets. There is a law regulating the traffic in meats, and so much sickness has been caused by unwholesome meats that the health officers have taken the matter in hand. One day last week seven thousand carcasses of calves, less than four weeks old, were brought to this city. Of course the butcher sufficiently unscrupulous to sell immatured veal, would just as quickly sell diseased meat of other kinds. So you see the poor people, who have to depend upon the lower grades of butchers and are compelled to eat cheap meat, have an exceedingly good chance of living on meat that will make but a short stay to life. The better class of butchers are as honest here as they are anywhere, but heaven help those who are obliged to depend upon the lower grades.

THE FREIGHT QUESTION

Is the ghost of the New York business man, and is once more under discussion. The trouble is terminal facilities. So long as the Erie Canal could bring hither all the produce of the country it was all lovely, but the trouble is the production has outgrown the canal and many millions of bushels had, perforce, to go by rail. And the railroads have no facilities for putting it on vessels. In fact, all that comes by rail has to be carted and handled by hand, and the cost of this more than eats up the profits, and is a grevious tax upon the producer. Hence the grain trade of the city is being diverted to other points—Montreal, Philadelphia and Baltimore. The Pennsylvania Company have already pushed a branch to Toledo, one of the great grain gathering points, and a vast amount of grain from that point which formerly went to New York goes now to Philadelphia. The Baltimore & Ohio is pushing a line to Chicago, and another to Toledo, to take its share, and the great line of propellers and sail vessels from Toledo to Montreal is being increased as fast as vessels can be built. And now New York is swearing over the prospect, and is talking of building railroads to the water-side, and all that sort of thing. What New York will have to do to hold her commercial supremacy will be to enlarge the Erie Canal so that lake vessels can pass through without breaking bulk at Buffalo, and then for the winter traffic get her railroads down to the dock where the export vessels can take grain directly from the cars. Then there should be a little infusion of honesty among the officials, so that the saving in facilities would not be counterbalanced by stealings. This would fix New York as the commercial capital of the country forever, and nothing else will.

THE WEATHER.

After the worst winter and spring ever known, we are at last seeing the sun every day. And it looks good. So far, for weeks, it has been nothing but rain, rain, rain. But Old Sol has finally got out and New York is once more bright and beautiful.

BUSINESS

is as dull as it can be, and the merchants have given up all hope of its being any better this spring. They hope for a good fall trade, but the spring they consider hopeless, I guess they are right. The people are buying just as little as possible, and paying the same way. May the change soon come. PIETRO.

MORE "NUTS" FOR BROWN.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

Noticing a remarkable communication from a correspondent hailing from Peru, I wish to notice some of his assumptions. He says, "that the farmers are too busy demanding their rights, etc." Like as if the farmers, as a part of the commonwealth, had no right to demand justice; like as if the farmer had no rights that a country merchant was bound to respect, *a la dun Brown*. Again he says, "They have raised the war cry, and are rushing headlong into the Grange movement regardless of others' rights." Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to know what rights the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry have trampled down or violated. It is the privilege of any class to unite for the mutual protection of their just rights, and to bring about such reforms as will best protect the general interests of all classes of society. In organization and union there is strength and without it individual effort can accomplish but little. Now, if this is a crime and wrong I can't see it.

If your correspondent of Peru wished to join a secret order for his individual gratification, I concede him the privilege; it is none of my business. But when he attempts to assume the dictatorial prerogative, and say that I and over one million others of like occupation had no right to organize ourselves into Granges, it is too thin a Brown, and your blunderbuss will hurt the man that pulled trigger worse than the game that you shoot at. And the sneering at that object of the order which aims to encourage education and disseminate information among the tillers of the soil will not be apt to pan out very well, to any one guilty of making such a malicious assertion.

Now, I will briefly notice a few of the causes that have combined to produce the order of Patrons of Husbandry. First, that the farmer could have a better opportunity to exchange ideas in regard to cultivation of their farms, and also be a means of social entertainment.

Second, We were aware that as farmers we were paying more for machinery than we ought; there was no just cause why the farmer should pay $200 for a reaping machine that cost less than $60, or that a sewing machine that cost less than $20 should be sold at from $60 to $80. The profits in the manufacture of agricultural implements last season was 48 per cent. of the capital invested, and on sewing machines it was 67 per cent. This is what we would style aggressive patent monopoly.

Freights on stock and grain are too high, but still we hear the cry that railroads don't pay the owners. In some cases this may be so. But let us look a little. Take the Chicago & Alton and their net earnings were 20 per cent. last year. The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy earned 33 per cent. net. The Illinois Central nearly 40 per cent. Now, I am no enemy to railroads and wish we had more of them, but it does seem that when legislatures have guaranteed the right of way, and in nearly every case such corporations have been largely subsidized, that the excess of a reasonable per cent. of the money invested is so much wrung from the producing and consuming classess. Yet, according to your correspondent, the farmer has no right to complain.

Now, as to the home merchant. It is my privilege, and I concede it to every other man to buy where he can buy the cheapest, and if the merchants at home will sell as cheap as elsewhere it is surely to the interest of every citizen to patronize home institutions. The more consumers that the farmer has for his products, and the nearer he can bring them to his door, the better will be his condition.

If the profits of farming are so great as your correspondent pictures them, why did he quit it and go to retailing groceries? Probably he forgot that the farmer had sometimes to contend with drouth, chinch bugs, grasshoppers, rust and spot in his grain, sickness among his animals, &c. But I have already run this out to a greater length than I intended.

WM. BRIDGE.

Peru, May 11, 1874.

WISCONSIN LETTER.

Editor Nebraska Advertiser.

I am at present writing nearly in the latitude of St. Paul. Waupacca is three hundred miles north of Brownville, as well as several hundred miles east. It borders on the pine regions which spread their evergreen verdure to the north and west. This is the country bordering the Green Bay, which suffered so severely a few years ago by the terrible fires which destroyed so much property and burned to death so many people. The great staple article of export is the cranberry. A good cranberry marsh is worth one thousand dollars per acre. From one acre three hundred bushels of cranberries can be picked, and they sell for three dollars per bushel in this market. Fox and Wolf rivers are navigable each for one hundred miles. A large packet steamer makes daily trips between Berlin and Oskosh. Small tugs tow large scows loaded with one hundred thousand feet of lumber fifty miles up the Fox river from Berlin into Marquette county. The general government is now at work improving the Fox and Wisconsin rivers so as to afford slack water navigation between the Lakes and the Mississippi. The Fox river at Berlin is about like the Little Nemaha from the mouth to Bennett's mill dam. The boats are so long that they have to seek a wide place in the river and then run one end ashore and wait for the current to swing the other end of the boat down stream, whenever they wish to "about face."

Currant bushes, soft maples and apple trees are just leaving out. Wheat and oats are just coming up, and farmers are ploughing to plant corn. The railroads are paying no attention to the new railroad freight and passenger tariff law, and the Governor's proclamation and the law are dead letters. There appears to be no difficulty for everybody pays whatever is charged without any protest, and are willing to leave the matter in the hands of the Governor and the courts.

Temperance matters are topics which occupy public attention to the exclusion of all other duties of a public nature. Many Wisconsin cities have voted for "no license," and this puts the saloon men on their mettle. One hears all the old arguments and prophecies which generally follow a suspension of the liquor traffic. Berlin voted no license, and the hard drinkers were found on the main street for several days thereafter sowing grass seed, and for fear it would sprout and grow many of the milk and water temperance men had wise mise misgivings at the probable down fall of that prosperous young city if the radical temperance men and the women crusaders continued their work. I shall write my next from Chicago. JARVIS S. CHURCH.

Waupacca, Wis., May 15, 1874.

SPIRITUALISM.

WONDERFUL FACTS IN RELATION TO AERIAL MINISTERS.

From the St. Joe. Herald.

To the already avowed spiritualists the following statement will be but another drop in the bucket of proof already full to overflowing, but to non-believers in spiritual visitations a thorough investigation of the facts below enumerated will prove that there are some things hard to explain and harder to believe.

Last night a family in the extreme northern part of the city were visited by a wonderful display of spiritualistic presence. The family consisted of a man by the name of Perras and his wife and two children, one a girl eleven years of age, the other a young boy of five years, Mrs. Perrss' brother, Wm. Wilson, and a servant boy. About half past ten o'clock (the family having retired at nine o'clock) Mr. Wilson was awakened by what he thought was a strain of violin music, proceeding from the parlor which adjoins the room in which he slept. He listened a moment and was astonished to hear a perfect performance of one of Beethoven's waltzes which he had been trying to master for some time. The piece was rendered on the violin with the matchless power and brilliancy of Paganinni.

The music had awakened Mr. Perras, who now came into the room occupied by Mr. Wilson, to see if he was yet aware of the performance in the parlor. He was greatly surprised to find Mr. Wilson in bed and not aware of the identity of the performer; and Mr. W. was as much surprised to find that Mr. Perras knew nothing about the music.

They then concluded that some of their friends had prepared a pleasant surprise for them, although they were at a loss to think who was as fine a performer as the present manipulator of the bow. They, however, concluded to settle their doubts by at once proceeding to the room from which the melody proceeded.

Resuming their every-day attire, they went to the parlor door, but it had been fastened on the inside by Mrs. Perras. They then went around to the front door which was also fastened. They now became excited and a consultation was held. A neighbor, who was just passing, was called to their aid. The result of the deliberation was a reconnoisance in force through a side door that communicated by a wall and a bed room into the parlors. Wilson's violin lay on the centre table, removed from the box in which he always kept it when not in use, and the difficult waltz was accurately produced from it without the aid of human hands. The bow was moving as if in the hands of a master, and the tones produced seemed to swell from the very heart of music itself. The strings were pressed to the finger-board as if by the human finger, but nothing could be seen to denote any human or superhuman presence. As the light which Mr. Perras carried fell upon the violin the music began to decrease and in a few minutes the bow ceased its motion and was apparently laid down by the violin on the table.

After a short consultation Mr. W. placed his instrument in its box, which he found locked as he had left it. Nothing more was heard of the music during the night, and after a short time the house-hold retired to rest.

None of the parties were believers in spiritualism and they are at a perfect loss to account for the truly wonderful phenomena.

This is another unaccountable item in the daily increasing mystery of the other world.

A VERNAL SONG.

BY .G H. AVERY.

I saw a blue bird
Free from care,
Floating along
Singing a song,
In the morning air;
Circling down
He lit on a crown
Of a King-cup brown,
And filled its cell
With tremulous swell
Of a silver note
From his throbbing throat.

I saw a crocus
Lifting up
Lifting up
Its dainty cup
To catch a pearl
From a cloudlet's curl
Ere floating light
Like a cygnet white,
It faded to rest
In the glowing west.

I saw a spirit,
A spirit of light,
Downward come
From a golden dome,
Leading along
A rosy throng
Of violets
And "four o'clock,"
Daisies pied
And spatter-docks;
Feeding them dew
From cloudlets blue,
And adding to this
Her royal kiss.
For she was Queen,
Queen of the Spring.

—*New York Evening Post.*

A SANCTIMONIOUS POKER PLAYER.

From the St. Louis Journal.

About two years ago a Missouri river steamboat left Fort Benton with a party of tough and well-to-do miners on board. There were among the passengers three or four "brace men," and before arriving at Sioux City, they had generally, cleaned out the pockets of the miners. The boat stopped at Sioux City to wood up, and found, among others waiting to get on board, a ministerial looking personage, with the longest and most solemn face on him you can well imagine. He was dressed in a suit of black, wore a white stovepipe hat and choker collar, ornamented with a black neckerchief.

Well he got on board, and the boat started down the stream. For two days he was unnoticed by the other passengers, but one of the sports at last thought he saw a chance to make something out of the sad and melancholy looking individual. The latter would once or twice a day step up to the bar, and with a voice as mild and gentle as a maiden's, ask for "A glass of soda, if you please," and then would pull a roll of bills from his pocket and take a quarter from their interior layers. Then he would say to the bar-keeper, as if under a thousand obligations, "Thank you, sir," and walk aft again as if about to commit suicide.

This thing had gone far enough, and the gambler I have spoken of at last approached him.

"Would you like a game of seven-up, sir?"

"Seven-up? What is seven up? Please tell me, my good friend?"

"Why, a game of cards, you know, just to pass away the time. Let us play a game."

"My good friend, I do not know anything concerning them."

"Well, come along, we'll show you how to do it." And the mild gentleman in black, after some further protests, at last consented.

They showed him how 'twas done, and they played several games. The gentleman in black was delighted. Gambler wants to know if he will play poker, five cents ante, just for the fun of the thing. Gentleman in black loses every time. There are six men in the game. Each one deals before the gentleman in black, and the ante has been raised to a dollar. Gent in black deals awkwardly and looks at his hand. Next man to dealer bets $5, it goes round, and bets are raised to $100. Gent in black sees it, and makes it $100 better. Gamblers look surprised, but will not be bluffed. The bet had reached $500—$1,000. All draw out except a Pike's Peak miner, who sees and calls him.

"What have you?"

"Waal," answers the gent in black, "I have—let me see, let me see—waal, I have four ones."

The gamblers, who have suspicioned some time before, now look wild, and the light began to dawn in the miners mind. He leaned across the table and said in the most sarcastic tones he could command:

"Oh, you have, have you! You d—d sanctimonious shuffler."

The gent got up from the table and handed one of the gamblers his card. It read, "Bill Walker, New Orleans"—one of the most successful sharpers in the country.

BRIGGS' BABY.

A contemporary says that Briggs has a boy baby, about ten months old, who is admitted to look just like his father, and to be the smartest boy baby of his age in G street. The other morning the child was sitting on the floor, playing with five or six buttons on a string, and taking an occasional nibble at an apple to bring out his first crop of teeth. Mrs. Briggs and a neighbor were talking away as only women can gossip, when the baby hid the buttons under a mat, and started to finish the apple. A bit of the skin got in his throat, and he gave a cough and a whoop and pawed the air, rolled over on his head.

"Oh, them buttons! He has swallowed them buttons!" cried the mother, and she yanked him up and shook him.

"Pound him on the back!" yelled the other woman, trying to hold the baby's legs still.

"Run for the neighbors!" cried Mrs. Briggs.

"Oh, he'll die! he'll die!" screamed the other as she ran out. And the neighbors came in and made him lie on his stomach and cough, and then turned him on his back and rubbed his stomach and jogged him about in all sorts of ways, until he got mad and went to howling. Then the boy ran for Briggs, and Briggs ran for the doctor, and the doctor came and choked the baby, and ordered sweet oil and a mustard plaster, and told them to hold him on his back. Everybody knew that those six buttons were lodged in the baby's throat, because he was red in the face and because he strangled as he howled and wept. They poured down sweet oil, and put a mustard plaster across him and wept over him, and his mother said she could never forgive herself. The doctor was looking serious, and Briggs was thinking that he hadn't done anything to deserve such a blow, when one of the women pushed the mat and discovered the buttons. Then everybody laughed and danced, and they kicked the sweet oil bottle under the bed, threw the mustard plaster at the doctor, and Mrs. Briggs hugged the howling angel to her bosom, and called him her "wopsy topsy hopsy dopsy popsy little cherub."

CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA—REVELATIONS OF A VICTIM.

Under this significant title a scientific journal of Paris publishes a statement as interesting to the public generally as to the cause of science. A man worthy of all confidence was bitten by a mad dog, and suffered all the paroxysms of frenzy incident to that frightful malady. He relates the terrible nature of his sufferings, and the means by which he was cured. We take the account of his experiences from the moment the strange hallucinations began:

"I was surprised to see appear from a black cabinet persons who spoke to me, rats, enormous spiders, which climed along the furniture, always at the side. The illusion was such that, at first, I often incommoded myself to be satisfied if it were a reality or indeed an illusion. Then suddenly, and at the moment when I least expected it, darted, always from the internal to the external angle of the eye, flashes of light, which instinctively compelled me to turn my head. These were simultaneous, with a general sensation of shuddering or trembling of the skin, and a sentiment of unspeakable terror. In dark places, or during the night, I have seen my apartment suddenly illuminated as by a flash of lightning. Finall, seeing that nothing seemed to arrest the march of the irresistible agent by which I was overpowered, I had recourse to the *datura stramonim*, or thorn apple (Jamestown weed) the wonderful efficacy of which was revealed some fifteen years ago by Father Legrand, a Catholic missionary. I took a very strong dose of the remedy, four or five leaves, and began, not without difficulty, to write. Half an hour afterward the remedy had not yet opperated, when suddenly a strong electrict shock, with a sound somewhat resembling the explosion of a rocket, or rather the sudden escape of steam, ran through my frame from head to foot, producing in the skin a sensation of heat and a general shuddering, accompanied by an instinctive desire to fly and a sentiment of indefinable terror. It seemed to me that fire squibs were darting from my eyes I bounded backward as if moved by a spring. It appeared that I was engaged in a deadly combat between the vital and the morbid principle, which latter had just imposed itself tyrannically, like a domineering power, against which reacted with a superhuman energy all the active forces at my command. At the same moment delirium supervened, and I lost consciousness of my acts."

The patient preserved in his delirium the ruling idea of moderating his excitement and seeking to gain possession of himself.

"Meanwhile, in this condition, the convulsions became more frequent. They are always acompanied by the same sentiment of terror and of the desire to fly. The muscular forces prodigously augmented; the patient becomes indefatigable. The weight of the body seems not to weigh on the legs; the person seems to skim over the earth as in certain dreams. The contraction of the hamstrings results in sudden falls. The sufferer fails to perceive that he is fallen until he is roused by the shock, when he starts up promptly. The nervous excitement is such that he becomes almost insensible to physical suffering. The most friendly and familiar countence bear an aspect of fury, menacing and provoking. And, unlike the general sentiment of terror which occurs inwardly by shocks, the sufferer becomes intrepid and ready to face all external dangers."

The paroxysms of madness commenced at 2:30 in the afternoon. At ten in the evening the remedy began to act, and on the following day there remained of the frightful malady nothing but a general prostration. The patient attributes to the gas which is produced in the organic tissues, under the influence of the virus, all the phenomena of this madness.

QUANTRELL.

HOW THE GREAT GUERRILLA DIED IN KENTUCKY.

On the 1st of March, 1865, Quantrell stopped at Wakefield's barn, near Fairfield, in Nelson county, in order to find shelter from the rain, which was pouring down. His command was then reduced to 15 men. While in the barn, and not suspecting the approach of the enemy, Capt. Ed. Terrell, at the head of 45 federal guerrillas, charged down upon him, which took the whole party by surprise. Just as Quantrell was coming out at the door he received a mortal wound. Richard Glasscock—who had rejoined him after making his escape from Louisville—and Clark Hockersmith, while attempting to put Quantrell on his horse, were killed. All the balance of the guerrillas succeeded in getting away. Quantrell was left at a farm house close by, and his wounds were considered of such dangerous character that Terrell left no guard over him. He was afterward visited by one of his men, who endeavored to get him to attempt to escape, but he declined, saying that he knew he was mortally wounded, and that it was his wish to be left quiet. He was soon after removed to Louisville, and in about a month he died of his wounds. He was generally known here in Kentucky as "Capt. Clark," and that was the name he gave when he was captured. His men also created that impression through the country until after his death, when they acknowledged that "Capt. Clark was none other than Quantrell, the famous guerrilla of Missouri.

Although he was only twenty-seven years old at the time of his death, yet one would have taken him to be a much older man from his personal appearance. He was about 5ft. 9 inches high and weighed over 145 pounds. He had rather a well-shaped head. His hair was of a light color, and he wore side-whiskers and a moustache both of which had a peculiar red tint. His nose was a little inclined to be Roman, and he had a keen blue eye. He talked but little, and then to the point, though when occasion required he could talk very fluently, and he was well calculated to deceive almost any one. He had acquired a pretty fair education at odd times, being his own teacher. He kept his men well in hand, and impressed them with a feeling of awe. He never gave a command twice. His pistol was his ready argument, and the man who disobeyed an order received a bullet through his head. Though he could act courteously when he had a mind to, yet he was naturally of a monrose and revengeful disposition. He never forgave a wrong, and only the blood of his enemies appeased him.

After his death Henry Porter commanded the survivors of the company until the time of their surrender, which occurred at Samuel's depot, in Nelson county, in the summer of 1865. Capt. Young, the commandant of the post of Bardstown, paroled them, and by order of Gen. Palmer, who then commanded the district of Kentucky, they were allowed to retain their horses and private arms. There were 13 who surrended out of the 32 that crossed the Mississippi. The others had been killed with the exception of two or three who had gone back to Missouri

Quantrell's command was made up mostly of men who had, prior to the war, been a great deal on the western plains, and were consequently very fine horsemen, and could handle the pistol and carbine with great skill. Those whom he brought across the Mississippi were all young men without families, and had a geat deal of dare-devil in them. With scarcely any exception they were well educated, and would not take one as being "border ruffians" in the least.

Of those who surrendered, some of them remained in Kentucky, and are now exemplary citizens. Of those who returned to their homes in Mo., two or three of them were killed soon after by the unionists; but a majority of them have since married and settled down, and are now "shaking hands across the bloody chasm" with theirold enemies, the jayhawkers. Yet, again, there are few of Quantrell's men—the James an Younger brothers of the Gad's Hill gang—who have become outlaws, and are now engaged in robbing railroad trains and banks in their native state, and occasionally they come over into Kentucky for same purpose; yet taking a charitaview of the matter, we have to attribute their waywardnes to their schooling in the "armee."—*Courier-Journal.*

IN THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A burglar in greensburg, Pa., was recently caught in a remarkable manner. Breaking into a closed and unoccupied office of a physician of that town, the burglar opened the closet (while his companion with a dark lantern was in another part of the room) and feeling for clothing at about the height of closet hooks generally, got his hands between the the jaws of a skeleton, which being adjusted with a coil spring and kept open with a thread, closed suddenly on the intruding hand by the breaking of the thead. A sudden thought stiking the burglar of his being caught by a skelton in the doctor's closet so terrified him that he uttered a faint shriek, and when his companion turned the lantern toward him and he beheld himself in the ghastly jaws of Death himself he became so overpowered by fear that he fainted, fell insensible to the floor, pulling the skeleton down upon him, and making so much noise that his companion fled immediately, and the doctor, alarmed at the noise and confusion, hastened into the office and secured the terror-stricken buglar still held by the skeleton. *N. Y. Sun.*

A GRANGER'S DREAM.

The Lanark *Gazette*, a staunch Granger paper, published the following which is too good to be lost:

A Granger dreamed that he died; he went straight to the spirit world, he knocked at the gate of the New Jerusalem and it was opened unto him. The books were opened; he was asked, "Did you ever belong to any secret societies?" to which he replied, "I did. To the Grangers." "Then, sir, you cannot be admitted, depart." He then went to the door of the bottomless pit, where the same questions were again asked him by the Devil, and again he was told to depart. After he had gone a little way off he was accosted by the homely ruler of the pit, when the following propositions were made: "Stranger," said Nick, "I will not admit you here; they do not want you in Heaven; but I will sell you two hundred barrels of brimstone for *cash, ten per cent. off*, and you can start a little hell of your own, with no agents or middle-men."

One of the most remarkable escapes ever made was made by M. de Chateaubrun during the reign of terror in Paris. He was sent to execution with twenty other prisoners; but after the fifteenth head had fallen, the guillotine got out of order, and a workman was sent for to repair it. The six remaining victims were left standing in front of the machine with their hands tied behind them. A French crowd is very curious, and the people kept pressing forward to see the man arranging the guillotine. By degrees M. de Chateaubrun, who was in the rear of his companions, found himself in the front line of the spectators, then in the second, and finally well behind those who had come to see his head cutoff. Before the man could get the guilotine in working order night began to fall, and M. de Chateaubrun slipped away. When in the Champs Elysees he told a man that a wag had tied his hands and robbed him of his hat, and this simple individual cut him free. A few days later M. de Chateaubrun escaped from France.

A successful Boston merchant, who was about to sail for Europe, forty years ago, left instructions to his head clerk, "Advertise liberally in the city papers; keep my name and business constantly before the class of people who are my patrons." Scores of old merchants can be pointed out, who have retired from business with a competency, who found it greatly to their interest to advertise judiciously. Hundreds of the live firms in Boston are to-day witnesses of the value of advertisements in well-established papers. The uniform testimony of these men is that a first-class newspaper is unquestionably the best medium yet devised for gaining the patronage of those who have money to expend. In many branches of business those firms have the largest trade which most liberally patronize the press, and to some kinds of business advertisements in newspapers are now as necessary as a stock of goods or a store.

"Me finD," tellingly remarked an Indianapolis eidtor, during the late strike for printers, "tyvi ma caN Gol oxt owr pepar withant the aid af ony of thase besk Oniun oomdosutors."

A Hoboken editor, being challenged, sent word in reply: "When I want to die, I can shoot myself."