THE ADVERTISER

G. W. FAIRBROTHER. T. C. HACKER.

FAIRBROTHER & HACKER,

Publishers and Proprietors.

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Schools.

Brownville Union Graded Schools.—H. M. Wallace, Principal; Miss Alice Hitt, Assistant High School; Miss Lou Tucker, Grammar Department; Miss Celia Furness, 2d Intermediate; Miss Emma L. Holtz, 1st Intermediate; Miss Emma Shark, 2d Primary; Miss Anna W. Mcdonald and Miss Emma J. Morgan, 1st Primary.

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Brownville Lodge, No.—— meets every Monday evening in Odd Fellow Hall. Visiting brothers cordially welcomed. Jno L. Carson, W. C. T.; Wm. H. Hoover W. Rec.; T. C. Hacker, L. D.

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Meets the first Tuesday of each month. B. M. Bailey, Pres.; A. H. Gilmore, Sec.

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Brownville Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F.—Regular meetings Tuesday evening of each week. Visiting brothers cordially invited. A. H. Gilmore, N. G. Jas. Cochran, Secy.

Nemaha City Lodge No. 40, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday. Philip Crother, N. G. T. C. Kinsey, R. Sec.

Knights of Pythias.

Excelsior Lodge No. 15, K. P.—Meets every Wednesday evening in Masonic Hall. Visiting knights cordially invited. I. H. Biner, C. C. D. D. Adams, K. of R. S.

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Nemaha Valley Lodge No. 4, A. F. & A. M. Stated meetings Saturday on or before the full of each moon. Lodge room open every Saturday evening for lectures, instruction and social intercourse. J. C. McNaughton, W. M. B. F. Sonder, Sec.

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Mt. Council Commandery No. 3, K. T.—Stated meetings second Monday in each month. R. W. Furness, E. C.; A. W. Nickell, Rec.

Rose and Lily Conclave, No. 63, K. R. C. R. A. C.—Meets at Masonic Hall on the fifth Mondays. R. W. Furness, M. P. Sov. R. T. Rainey, Secretary.

Adah Chapter No. 2.—Order of the Eastern Star. Stated meetings third Monday in each month. Mrs. E. C. Handley, W. M.

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Having bought the custom shop of A. Robison, I am prepared to do work of all kinds at
Reasonable Rates.
☞ Repairing neatly and promptly done.
Shop—No. 62 Main Street,
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LARKEY HUGHES.

A Virginia Stage Coach Incident.

Fifteen years ago, traveling in the mountains of Virginia was not so pleasant as it is now.

Then the springs were a resort for invalids, and not, as at the present, for the fashionables of society, and hence the necessity for increased facilities for transporting passengers did not exist.

The lumbering old coach, drawn usually by six horses, would be driven by one of those reckless drivers, who, in urging his team to break neck speed, would be whistling some negro melody, while the poor passengers inside, on the top, or domiciled on the boot, would be expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces down some of those fearful precipices that abound along the mountain roads of the Alleghany.

It was a dismal morning in February, 184—, that I succeeded in obtaining accommodations on top of the —— stage, bound for the —— Springs.

The day had passed pleasantly enough, but just about dusk signs of a storm were too plainly visible. It was bad enough to trust my old bones on the top of the old coach, if the night was pleasant, but the idea of riding down the mountain road that night, expecting a storm, was fearful.

Feeling as I did, I must confess that I was rather pleased when, after riding about an hour after dusk, as we passed through a narrow defile, the tire of the left hind wheel came off, and the stage was tumbled.

Fortunately the road was so narrow that the stage could not be turned over, else some one of us might have been seriously injured. As it was, "Old Bess" was gently turned over on her side, and the passengers mixed up a little, but nobody was hurt much.

As there was no chance of getting the wheel repaired that night, some of us who were not encumbered with baggage determined to hunt up some house where we could get a warm supper and comfortable sleep for the night; but for fear of missing the coach in the morning, we could not go far from the road.

The driver directed us down the road we were on, and about a mile from the scene of our disaster we came to an inn, where, according to to a shingle nailed to an oak tree in front of the house, could be found "accommodation for man and beast." Not having any beasts with us, we were satisfied at the prospect of getting quarters for ourselves.

We soon succeeded in finishing a very substantial supper; and as we sat around a blazing fire, each one with a cigar in his mouth, ruminating on the storm without and the solid, warm comfort within, it was proposed that, to shorten time, each one should relate some event in his life, either serious or comic, as he best saw fit.

Besides our own party, consisting of six, there was an unknown person who had intruded himself upon us, but of whom we took no notice until it came to the time of Larkey Hughes to tell his story.

Larkey was a tall, guant, lantern-jawed specimen, hailing from "down east," who had remained perfectly silent while the rest of us were telling our stories; his chief occupation seemed to be trying to discover who the stronger was.

Before commencing his story, he went to the door of the room and locked it, putting the key in his coat pocket, and then apologizing for his strange conduct, but promising to explain it satisfactorily before he finished his story, he commenced;

"Three years ago, gentlemen, I had occasion to travel over these mountains on business, and as I had to journey away from the stage roads, I pursued my way on horseback, with a small valise strapped on the back of my saddle, in which I had a good sum of money for those days.

It was an evening very much like this, in this same month, that I stopped at this same house to escape the storm.

The landlord was obsequious in attending to my wants, and after our smoke after supper, he requested me to join him in drinking a bottle of wine.

Being a belated traveler, and nothing loath, I readily consented, and very soon we had succeeded in disposing of six bottles in place of one.

As might be expected after taking so much wine, I became very talkative, and my host soon knew as much of my business affairs as I did myself. And of course among other facts he became aware that my small valise contained a large sum of money.

My host kindly volunteered to take care of my baggage, if I would leave it with him, but, although I had taken too much wine, still I knew enough to decline his magnanimous offer; and wishing him 'good night' I took my valise in my hand and went to my appointed bed-room.

I had taken enough of the wine to make me feel very nervous, so that I found it difficult to compose myself, and my feelings were not at all improved by the impression I received from my host.

He was an Italian, and had that foreboding look of desperate character; and the beauty of his face was not at all improved by a long scar across his high temple; the thumb of his right hand was gone also, so that his general appearance was not, to say the least, at all prepossessing; he looked as if he would as soon commit a murder as smoke a cigar.

After I had undressed, I placed my valise and pistol under my pillow; and then, having carefully, as I thought, examined every nook and corner of the room, to see that there was no danger of intrusion, I laid myself down, but I could not sleep; the wine, instead of having a narcotic effect, produced the contrary, and the recollection of my host put my blood to a fever heat

I must have been laying in this troubled state for several hours, when I was sure I heard some noise, apparently under my bed, or under the floor near my bed.

At first I thought it was the result of my feverish brain; but after collecting my scattered senses, and calmly thinking a few moments, I felt convinced that I did hear a noise of some kind; and so, taking my pistol from under the pillow, I quietly cocked it under the clothes, so as to make no noise; and then, lying on my back, with my right arm stretched out to its full length, and the pistol firmly grasped in my hand, awaited any result.

The noise now became more distinct, and I could plainly hear some one drawing back a bolt. I quietly turned my eye toward the door, to see if any move was made there; but hardly had I turned my head, when I was sure that I saw the rug in front of the fireplace move.

In an instant I saw a trap door, which had been most curiously concealed by this rug, cautiously lifted up, and I beheld my landlord, my Italian host, with a dark lantern partially opened.

I held my breath until he got in the room and began to look around, when I saw by the light of his lantern that he also had a desperate looking knife in his hand, and knowing that I would be the object of his butchery, I carefully lifted my hand from under the covering, as his back was partially turned toward me, and fired.

The instant I fired, the scoundrel fell. I jumped up, put on my clothes, and after taking a quick look at the body, to see whether I had killed him or not, I took his lantern and left the house.

I thought I had killed him, as the mark of my bullet was to be seen on the left side of his head; it had torn off the lower part of his ear; but when I returned the next morning, there were no traces of the villain."

"Did you ever hear of him since?" asked one of the party.

"No, gentlemen, I never saw him since until to-night."

As Larkey said this, the intruder, whom we had not noticed until now, jumped up, and, making a bound toward him, shrieked:

"*You lie!*"

We caught him, and after overpowering him, found the identical scars that Larkey had mentioned—the sabre scar, the lost thumb and the clipped ear.

We held a council as to what course was best to pursue, and determined to let Larkey wreak his vengence on him in any manner he saw fit. We then notified him that he had but a few hours to live, and if he wanted to make any confession, we would take it.

Believing our threats, he confessed to no less than seven murders, and told us where to find the skeletons of his victims, all of whom had been murdered in that very room.

We followed his directions, and did find the skeletons.

We turned him over to the proper authorities the next day, with his written confession, and about a month afterward I read in the —— *Chronicle* a long account of the hanging of Angelo Meastro.

A Singular Case of Hydrophobia.

A very remarkable case of supposed hydrophobia has just come to light in Buffalo, N. Y. Doctors who have examined the afflicted person pronounce it the most singular case in the history of their practice. It seems that about two years ago a lad named Frederick Meyers, living on Mortimer street, while playing in the front yard of his parents' residence, was bitten by a large dog, in the left leg. His mother saw the animal bite him, and made an effort to have it killed, but to no avail. Weeks passed, nothing transpired, and no effects of the injury were seen. Early in November, however, it was noticed that the lad was acting strangely. He would crawl about on the floor, scratch on the carpet, and otherwise imitate a dog. He did this once or twice, but little attention was paid to his capers. Then he commenced to bark and finally to froth at the mouth. Medical aid was summoned, and the case was pronounced one of acute hydrophobia. Every possible effort in the power of physicians was made to stay the onward march of the poison, but to no purpose. The boy continued to grow worse; his eyes turned green; and he would fly at the cat, barking and growling like a canine. He was finally confined to bed, and it took the combined strength of three men to hold him there when the spells would come on. He is yet alive; but the doctors have given up all hopes of his recovery. At every approach of a stranger, he turns his eyes upon him and snarls. His parents are well-to-do Germans.

Fun at a Candy-Pull.

BY SUT LOVENGOOD.

I had a heap of trouble last Christmas, and I'll tell you how it happened:

Dekin Jones gave a candy pullin,' and I got a stool, as they say in North Carolina, and over I goes.

Sister Poll and I went together, and when we got to old man Jones' the house was chuck full. Dog mi cats ef there was room to turn round!

Thar was Suez Harkin—she's as big as a skinned hoss—and six other Harkins, and Simmonses, and Pedigrews, and the school master and his gal, besides the old dekin and the dekiness, and enough little dekinses to set up a half a dozen folks in the family biziness.

Well, bimeby the pot begun to bile, and the fun begun. We all got our plates ready, and put flour on our hands to keep the candy from stickin,' and then we pitch into pullin.'

Wasn't it fun? I never see sich laffin' and cuttin' up in all mi born daze.

I made a candy bird for Em Simmons. Her and me expects to trot in double harness one of these daze. She made a candy goose for me.

Then we got throwin' candy balls intu one another's hair, and runnin' from one side of the hous to tuther, and out intu the kitchen, till everything upon the place was gommed over with candy.

I got a pine bench, and Em Simmons sot clus to me.

Suez Harkins—confound her pictur!—throw'd a candy ball sock intu one of mi ize.

I made a bulge to run after her, and heard something rip.

Mi stars alive! Wasn't I pickled? I locked around, and thar was the gable-end of mi bran new britches a stickin' to the pine bench.

I backed up agin the wall sorter craw-fish like and grinned.

'Sut,' said sister Poll, 'what's the matter?'

'Shut up!' sez I.

'Sut,' says Em, 'come away from that wall; you'll get all greasy.'

'Let her grease!' sez I, and sot down on a washboard that was layin' across a tub, feelin' worse than an old made at a weddin.'

Purty soon I felt something hurt, and purty soon it hurt agin.

Ice—whis—I jumped ten feet hi, kicked over the tub, out flew old Jones' Christmas turkey, and you ought to see me git.

I cut for tall timber now, jumped stake and rider fences, and smashed down brush like a runaway herikan till I got home, and went to bed and staid there two daze.

Ef old Jones' barn burns down next winter, and I'm arrested for it, and ef anybody peers as witness agin me, I'll bust his doggon'd hed! Them's mi sentiments!

Some Place to Stay.

An evening or two since a poor, shabby, but honest looking fellow went up to the calaboose and asked permission to sleep there that night, as it was bitter cold out-of doors. The man in charge told him he could not keep him, that he would have to get permission from the Marshal. The fellow went out, saying as he did so, that "he was *not* going to ask the Marshal, and he *was* going to stay there that night." He had not walked far until he passed a little store in the vicinity of the calaboose, when stopping a moment in front of the window until he attracted the shop keeper's attention, he grabbed up a pair of overalls and attempting to put them in his pocket, started off, up street. In a flash the proprietor was out yelling like mad, "teef, teef, perlice, perlice," and about that time John Giller came along and took the man in, and put him in the 'boose where he staid all night. Next morning, upon his story being told, he was released and left town, and has not been seen since.—*St. Joe Herald.*

Edgar A. Poe.

The only time that Mr. Higginson saw the erratic poet was in 1845, on the occasion of his reciting a poem before the Boston Lyceum. "His voice," says Mr. Higginson, "seemed attenuated to the finest golden thread; the audience became hushed, and, as it were, breathless; there seemed no life in the hall but his; and every syllable was accented with such delicacy, and sustained with such sweetness, as I never heard equaled by other lips. When the lyric ended, it was like the ceasing of the gypsy's chant in Browning's 'Flight of the Duchess;' and I remember nothing more except that in walking back to Cambridge my comrades and I felt that we had been under the spell of some wizard. Indeed I feel much the same in the retrospect, to this day."—*Thos. W. Higginson.*

Corn loses one-fifth by drying, and wheat one-fourteenth. From this the estimate is made that it is more profitable for farmers to sell unshelled corn in the fall at 75 cents than at $1 per bushel in the following summer, and that wheat at $1.25 in December is equal to $1 50 in the succeeding June. In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost, together with the shrinkage—there is but little doubt that between October and June the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than thirty-three per cent.

A Plucky Woman.

Virginia City has a female scavenger. Her name is Mrs. Martin, and her home is near the Osbiston shaft, in the eastern part of the city. On B street this morning a *Chronicle* reporter came up to her just as she was in the act of climbing into her cart with a coal-oil can full of swill. The reporter asked;

'Do you drive this cart?'

'Yes. How do you like the rig?'

This was said in a cheery voice, and with marked independence.

'I don't see any thing the matter with the rig, but how does it happen that you are in such a business?'

'Had to do it or starve,' answered the woman. 'I tried to get work at something else, and went to see all the rich people in town, but couldn't find anything to do. My husband has been sick and not able to work, and so I took this horse and cart, and here I am.'

'How do you manage to make a living by this work?'

'Well, I keep pigs, and fatten them on the slops which people give me. Then I get two bits a week from each one of my customers for taking the ashes away, and by that means manage to get along. When I started in we didn't have anything. Now we've got forty pigs, and, though we don't have much money, we have something to eat.'

'How long have you been driving this cart?'

'About five months, and I am getting used to it. At first the people made fun of me, but I didn't care. I told them I was willing to do anything in the shape of work that would make me a living. If they never do anything worse than driving a cart they will do better than I expect of them. Gilrooney, who was in the same business, tried to drive me off the street. He blackguarded me every day, and ran into my cart with his. The last time he did it I had him arrested, and the Judge fined him forty dollars. He left for a while after that, but he is in town again.'

'How do the people treat you?'

'Some do well by me and some don't. I don't care for what they say, though, for I notice that the most respectable people treat me the best.'

'Would you rather do this kind of work than to wash clothes?'

'I would rather do any kind of work than wash. That's the hardest work in the world, and the most wearing.'

'You won't mind my writing you up will you?'

'No. My business is to drive this cart, and I'm going to drive it. It may do me some good to have it in the newspapers.'

By this time the plucky Mrs. Martin had finished loading the slop and ashes into her cart and drove away, sitting jauntily on the corner of the box, and looking much more contented than many of the women who occupy the houses from which she daily removes the accumulations of slop and ashes.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

The Folly of Virtue.

A very good and pious-looking young man applied for a position in a well-known store last week. After he had introduced himself and made known his wants, the proprietor informed him that he would like to have a clerk if he could get one that would suit him.

'I suppose you go to church, eh?' he commenced.

'Yes, sir.'

'Do you drink?' continued the merchant, eyeing him sharply.

'Never.'

'Do you use tobacco in any form?'

Here the young man pushed the quid into the roof of his mouth, and replied, with a smile that was childlike and bland, 'I never use the weed, and never did. I consider it the lowest and most shocking habit that a man can be addicted to.'

'Do you frequent the policy shops?'

'No, sir; never.'

'Do you go to the National Theater, dog fights, or boxing exhibitions?'

'Never was at any in my life,' was the emphatic answer.

'Can you tell the ace of diamonds from the king of clubs?'

'I know nothing whatever of cards.'

'Do you ever bet?'

'No, sir, I don't!'

'Suppose,' said the merchant, 'a man should offer to bet $1,000 to $10 that a three-legged goat could outrun a grey-hound, would you take him?'

No, sir!

'Then you won't do for this establishment; we don't want you—we never hire fools!'

The youth won't be so good next time.

Largest Wheat Yield on Record.

A short time ago Gen. John Gibbon made the assertion that 100 bushels of wheat had been raised on an acre of ground in the Territory of Montana. The statement having been received with incredulity, he wrote to the President of the First National Bank in Helena for proof. In reply he received the certificate of the President and Secretary of the Territorial Fair Association that one James L. Ray, of Lewis and Clark counties, was awarded first premium for the best acre of wheat, being 102 bushels to the acre. This is believed to be the largest yield of wheat on record.

How Myths Originate.

No doubt many legends of the ancient world, though not really history, are myths which have arisen by reasoning on actual events, as definite as that which, some four years ago, was terrifying the peasant-mind in North Germany, and especially in Posen. The report had spread far and wide that all Catholic children with black hair and blue eyes were to be sent out of the country, some said to Russia while others declared that it was the King of Prussia who had been playing cards with the Sultan of Turkey, and had staked and lost forty thousand fair-haired, blue eyed children; and there were Moors traveling about in covered carts to collect them; and the school-masters were helping, for they were to have five dollars for every child they handed over. For a time the popular excitement was quite serious; the parents kept the children away from school and hid them, and when they appeared in the streets of the market town the little ones clung to them with terrified looks. Dr. Schwartze, the well known mythologist, took the pains to trace the rumor to its sources. One thing was quite plain, that its prime cause was that grave and learned body, the Anthropological Society, of Berlin, who, without a thought of the commotion they were stirring up, had, in order to class the population as to race, induced the authorities to have a census made throughout the local schools to ascertain the color of the children's skin, hair and eyes. Had it been only the boys, to the Government inspection of whom for military conscription the German peasants are only too well accustomed, nothing would have been thought of it; but why should the officials want to know about the little girls' hair and eyes? The whole group of stories which suddenly sprang up were myths created to answer this question; and even the details which became embodied with them could all be traced to their sources, such as the memories of German Princes selling regiments of their people to pay their debts, the late political negotiations between Germany and Russia, etc. The fact that a caravan of Moors had been traveling about as a show accounted for the covered carts with which they were to fetch the children; while the school-masters were naturally implicated, as having drawn up the census. One schoolmaster, who evidently knew his people, assured the terrified parents that it was only the children with blue hair and green eyes that were wanted—an explanation that sent them home quite comforted.—*Professor Taylor, in Nature.*

A Conductor's Honesty Rewarded.

Many years ago, one night while a conductor on the Southern Railroad was taking up fares a man without a ticket offered a large bill, and he, as conductors are apt to, took it along, saying he would soon return with the change. The purpose of these delays is to make a quiet study of the bill in the baggage car and see if it is all straight. When he reached the baggage car with the bill, Mr. McKinney found what he had taken to be $100 was a bill for $1,000. He returned to the passenger and found he had shifted his seat. Telling him there was a mistake that the bill was for $1,000, he was amazed to have the fellow repudiate the whole arrangement. He knew nothing of it, and insisted, and was supported by a friend's testimony, that he had a ticket and that it had been taken up. Finally McKinney went off with the bill, which the next day he turned into the company with this explanation. It was deposited here in the Phœnix Bank as a special deposit, and drew interest for several years; was never claimed, and finally was given to the conductor by the company. The only explanation was that some bank burglars were on the train; that one of them carelessly took out the wrong bill, and that it was decided safer to lose $1,000 than to risk being arrested. Probably they thought he knew of the burglary.—*Springfield Republican.*

Lost Cars.

As the new year draws near the lost car agents are busy hunting up stray cars. One week finds the lost car agent hunting cars in Florida, and the next may discover him in Maine. The rules governing the business are that he must travel by daylight, ride in the rear coach and keep his eyes peeled. Frequently while sailing past a side-track full of cars he discovers one belonging to his own company, and by practice he becomes so sharp-eyed that he can photograph the number of that car on his mind in an instant. Arriving at a telegraph station he politely requests the officials of the road to send home his car. Cars are frequently sent from one end of the continent to the other and sent back empty. In case a road is short of cars they sometimes take the liberty to retain and use them, and sometimes a dishonest road will steal them outright and obliterate the owner's mark and number. A lost car agent for a Western road recently, after searching for months for a car, found it away out on the plains, forty rods from the railroad, devoid of its trucks and occupied by an ambitious squatter as a residence.

Philanthropy Compels us.

If besides our poor relations' rights, and the appeal of our own nobility, we need another ground on which to urge humanity to animals, we find it in philanthropy, the love of man himself; for as the circle widens to admit these humbler members of the Father's house, all the *human* members also will rise into kinder regard. Kindness grows by exercise; callousness and cruelty also grow by exercise. The boys who train themselves by stoning dogs, and scaring cats, and mutilating flies, and breaking into the houses of the birds, and playing the field pirate toward the snake and toad, and who, later, patronize the dog-fight, and the rat hunt, and the pigeon or squirrel match—they graduate into the men who pay two creatures like themselves, to stand up in the prize-ring and pound God's image out of one another; they are the men who hanker for the blood loving newspaper, the murder gleanings of the country, the gallows-records, and all the diaries of lust and violence. On the other hand, every effort to increase humanity toward dumb creatures blesses not only them but the speaking creatures themselves. We stand to all beings in the gentler attitude, and run with quick hands to help, after trying to help the lowest. These societies to protect dumb animals are really protecting every prisoner in his cell, every wild boy in the reform school, every pauper in the almshouses, every orphan in the streets; yes, and every prisoner in the wars. If ever again the great woe comes to us, picket shooting will be scarcer, Andersonvillea will be less likely, your wounded brother or son will be more likely to come back to you, and the war itself will be put off longer, and end the sooner, because in the time of peace these societies for dumb animals' protection have been active in the land.—*Rev. W. C. Gannett.*

Long Bridges.

The bridge over the Tay, in Scotland, was 10,612 feet in length, or 52 feet more than two miles. It consisted of 85 spans, of varying extent, eleven of the longest being 245 feet each. The bridge, as a whole, was the largest in the world, but there are many bridges in this country with longer spans. On this point the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* presents some interesting facts:

There are ten truss-bridges across the Mississippi above St. Louis, which are not regarded as very wonderful structures, and yet seven of them have spans as long as those of the Tay bridge. The bridges at Winona, La Crosse, Dubuque, Keokuk and Hannibal have spans of 240, that at Rock Island 250, and that at Louisiana of 256 feet. The span which gave way at St. Charles was 320 feet in length, yet the same bridge has two spans 406 feet long. Over the same river is a truss-bridge, at Leavenworth, with three spans of 340 feet, and another at Glasgow with five of 315 feet. Across the Ohio there is a truss-bridge at Steubenville with a span of 320 feet, one at Parkersburg of 350, one at Cincinnati with a span of 515 feet, the longest truss yet built, and one at Louisville with a span of 400 feet. The truss bridge over the Kentucky River on the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, has three spans 376 feet in length, resting on iron piers 175 feet high. The bridge over the Hudson at Poughkeepsie has five spans of 300 feet, with piers 135 feet above high water.

Grandfather's Clock in Maryland.

Baltimore American, Jan. 15.

A story of a grandfather's clock, which "stopped short off, never to go again, when the old man died," comes from Cecil county, and is properly vouched for. Mr. Thomas M. Calvert one of the oldest residents of the county, and a respected citizen, died on Saturday last at his home, at Charlestown, on the 85th anniversary of his birth. His death was very sudden, for he was in apparently good health in the morning and had eaten a hearty breakfast. After breakfast was shaved by his son, and a few moments after fell to the floor and died almost instantly. In one corner of the room stood an old-fashioned eight day clock, which had been the time-piece for the family for a quarter of a century. It had never needed repairs and was always correct. Now comes the story that when Mr. Calvert fell to the floor and was found to be dead, one of the family looked up at the clock to note time, and found that the pendium had ceased its motion and that the clock had stopped. Furthermore, it is related that all efforts to set the clock running again have proved fruitless, and that no one has been able to ascertain the trouble.

NEW WAY TO COOK CHICKENS.—Cut the chicken up, put it in a pan and cover it over with water; let it stew as usual, and when done make a thickening of cream and flour, adding a piece of butter and pepper and salt; have made and bake a pair of short-cakes, made as for pie-crust, but roll thin and cut in small squares. This is much better than chicken pie and more simple to make. The crusts should be laid on a dish and the chicken gravy poured over while both are hot.