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Wayne County Record.

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Miscellaneous Reading.

RICH AND POOR.

We are poor in the spirit world, Those and I!—in the flesh we are rich. In the nice chamber, the breakfast spate, We met the Destroyer face to face; He said to me, "The end is near; For the visible advent of the master." And deathly peace with the world thou leavest; So well, but not for what thou givest. More deeply? What treasure has he bestowed? And taken? What losses lie back on his road?"

"Indeed, say more than my fast failing breath Can reckon even numbered in the silence of death. Youth, with its pulses so strong and so fleet, Is strong and health, its freshness and heat." Then said the Destroyer, "The gilded dream! Whose bird found not the snare, was so sweet, And so tenderly meat!" Then Frank and Hale—for the nations bowed At my fate alone—the admiring crowd That hailed my triumph followed after. My fall with mocking, sniggering laughter."

That rings in my memory yet; And wealth followed next. Ah, my gold, precious gold!

The last of my treasures escaped from my hold;

The deep insatiate greedy eye,

Swallowed my priceless argosy;

Such are my losses! what of thine?"

Life's pleasure but home, I told from my bed, For clothing and food—a mere corner of earth. Life gave me no childhood glad, happy and free. Care came to my cradle, and rocked with me. But my dearest gift was bestowed at first. The mother who bore me, who watched and nursed My earliest brief, my earliest loss.

Life underneath the rough-hewn cross. Never knowing bane of human life, Came down direct from heaven, a love-soul, As like as the brooding dove.

Never leaving home, the sweet wife That ever had a loving soul.

Never had a part from heaven's own book: Death, the early death, the noon Of my life's lesson may be reckoned.

My earthly riches did comprise—

Eighty nights of living eyes—

Two hundred and forty ears, so fair The hundred nerves toroed to them, And poised them out with living fingers.

My earthly gifts did last but one.

These were—safe life-given and took.

These are—graves in a charred and black.

And this of these—repose will Death reward At no expense of the heaven, ever."

He that best my power, my rock, and name My sole joy, my earthly friend,

My god was back from the deep dark way,

With death gave these treasures back to me.

To my eager grasp restore."

Never these drosses of the earth in vain Immorally give not but again

These weeds on on long life—how

On the grisly verge of these awful seas.

Oh, mortal Death, there thought for me,

And with dost thou render back.

Of the three dear treasures left me,

Oh, black! he then closed it in my hand.

In all the bloom of the better half.

These useless morsels wait me here.

For me, I bear in life's golden bough.

But now, my only human love,

In Heaven a species still,

Not could I find in that a ray of light.

Or sinking, not done!

For me, I bear in life's golden bough.

But now, my only human love,

—Over a dot.

Mark Twain's Experience in Journalism.

I was told by *epic* with that a *Southern* client would improve my health, and I went down to Tennessee and got a job on the *Morning Glory and Johnson City Daily News*, associate editor. When I went on duty I found the chief editor sitting tilted back in a three-legged chair with his feet on a pine table. There was another pine table in the room, and another tilted chair, and both were half buried under newspapers and scraps and sheets of manuscript. There was a wooden box of sand, sprinkled with cigar stubs and "old soldiers," and a stove with a coil hanging by its upper hinge. The chief editor had a long tailed black silk stock on, and white linen pants; his legs were small and neatly blacked. He wore a ruffled shirt, and a large seal ring, a standing collar of chintz pattern and a checkered neckchief with the ends hanging down. Date of cocaine about 1848. He was smoking a cigar and trying to think of a word, and in pawing his hair for it, he had rumpled his locks so bad, he was scowling fearfully, and I judged that he was concocting a particularly knotty editorial. He told me to take the exchanges and skin through them and write up the "Spirit of the Tennessee Press," condensing into the article all of their contents that seemed of interest.

I wrote as follows:

"SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS.—The editors of the *Semi-Weekly Earthquake* evidently labor under a misapprehension with regard to the Ballyhoo railroad. It is not the object of the company to leave Buzzardville off the main line; the contrary they consider it one of the most important points along the line, and consequently can have no desire to slight it. The gentlemen of the *Earthquake* will, of course, take pleasure in making the correction."

John W. Blossom, Esq., the able editor of the Higginsville *Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom*, arrived in the city yesterday. He is stopping at the Van Buren House.

We observe that our cotemporary of the Med Springs *Morning Hour* has fallen into the error of supposing that the election of Van Werten is not an established fact, but he will have discovered, in this before this reminder reaches him, no doubt. He was doubtless misled by incomplete election returns.

It is pleasant to note that the city of Matherstone is endeavoring to contract with New York gentlemen to pave its well nigh impassable streets with the Nicolson pavement. But it is difficult to accomplish a desire like this since Memphis has some New Yorkers to do a like service for her. And then declined to pay for it. However, the *Emily Moran* still urges the cause with ability, and seems confident of future success.

We are pleased to learn that Col. Bascom, chief editor of the *Dying Strike for Freedom*, in the street a few evenings ago, broke his leg. He has lately been suffering with debility, caused by a severe attack on account of sickness, and it is supposed that it is from want of walking too much.

My man emploved over to the chief editor accepted, after a fierce struggle, the manuscript and his face clouded. He glanced down the pages, and his countenance grew portentous. It was easy to see that something was wrong.

"I am going to speak of those cattle that way! Do you suppose my subscribers will be so cruel as that? Give me the pen!"

I never saw a pen scrape and scratch its

way so viciously, or plow through another man's verbs and adjectives so relentlessly. While he was in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of his coat.

"Ah," said he, "that is that scoundrel Smith, of the *Moral Volcano*—he was due yesterday." And he snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The shot spoiled Smith's aim, who was just taking a second chance, and he crippled a stranger. It was me. Merely a finger shot off.

Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them a hand-grenade came down the stove-pipe, and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

"That stove is utterly ruined," said the chief editor.

I said I believed it was.

"Well, no matter—don't wait it this kind of weather. Now here is the way this stuff ought to be written."

I took the manuscript. It was scarred with erasures and interlineations till its mother wouldn't have known it if it had had one. It is now read as follows:

"SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS."

"The infeterate jars of the Semi-Weekly *Earthquake* are evidently endeavoring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyhoo railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own sub-sophomore brains—or rather in the setting, when they regard as brains. They had better swallow this ill, and not stop to chew it, either, if they want to save their abandoned, reptile carcasses the cowhiding they so richly deserve."

"That ass Blossom of the Higginsville *Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom*, is down here again, buming his board at the Van Buren.

"We observe that the besotted blackguard of the Med Springs *Morning Hour* is giving out, with his usual propensity for lying, that Van Werten is not elected. The heaven-born mission of journalism is to disseminate truth—to eradicate error, to educate, refine and elevate the tone of public moral, and manners, and make all men more gentle, more virtuous, more charitable, and in all ways better and holier and happier—and yet this black-hearted villain, this hell-pawned miscreant, prostitutes his gristle and spittle to the dissemination of falsehood, calumny, vampirism and degrading vulgarity. His paper is notorious for its attempt to take into the people's home, and ought to be banished to the gambling hell, and broths, where the misuse of reading publication which does duty as its oil the lives and loves, and has lied it.

"Bathurst, he wants a *National*—a permanent—it wants a jaded pair of hours in residence—a pair of pavement in a one horse town with two gunnells at black Jack's shop in it, and that instead of a newspaper, the *Ballyhoo*. Better borrow of Memphis where the article is cheap. The crawling insect, tickler who edits the *Hour*, is bragging about this pavement business with his customary loud mouth imbecility, and I am thinking that he is talking sense. Such foul, memphite scum as this venomes Backer is a disgrace to journalism.

"That degraded rotifer Backer of the *Dying Strike for Freedom*, fell down and broke his leg yesterday—put it wasn't the neck. He says it was debility caused by over work and anxiety!—It was debilitated by trying to tug six gallons of forty rod whisky around town when his hide is only ranged for four, and anxiety about where he was going to buy another six. He hinted from the exertion of walking too much in the sun! And a-b he might say that—but if he would walk straight he would get just as far and not have to walk half as much. For years the pure air of our town has been rendered perfidious by the deadly breath of this pernicious pestilence, this pulpy blot, this steaming, animated tank of mortality, gin and profanity, this Bacchus! Perish all such from the sacred and majestic mission of journalism!"

"Now that is the way to write—property and to the point. Milk and milk journalism gives me the faint-tads."

About this time a brick came through the window with a splintering crash, and gave me a considerable of a jolt in the middle of the back. I moved out of the range—I began to feel in the way. The chief said:

"Sir, have I the honor of addressing the white-livered poltroon who edits this mangy sheet?"

"You have—be seated, sir—be careful of the chair, one of the legs is gone. I believe I have the pleasure of addressing the blatant, black-heeled scoundrel, Col. Blatherskite Ecum-eh?"

"The same. I have a little account to settle with you. If you are at leisure, we will begin."

"I have an article on the 'Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America,' to finish, but there is no hurry. Begin."

Each pistol rang out their fierce clang at the same instant. The chief lost a lock of hair, and the Colonel's bullet ended its career in the fleshy part of my thigh. The Colonel's left shoulder was clipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share, a shot in the arm. At the third fire both gentlemen were wounded slightly and I had a knuckle chipped. I then said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private matter and I had a delicacy about participating in it further. But both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat and assured me that I was not in the way. I had thought differently, up to this time.

They then talked about the elections and the crops awhile, and I fell to tying up my wounds. But presently they opened fire again with animation, and every shot took effect—but it is proper to remark that five out of the six fail to my share. The sixth one mortally wounded the Colonel, who remarked, with fine humor, that he would have to say good morning, row, 2d, had business up town. He then inquired the

way to the undertaker's, and left. The chief turned to me and said:

"I am expecting company to dinner and shall have to get ready. It will be a favor to me if you will read proof and attend to the customers."

I winced a little at the idea of attending to the customers, but I was too bewildered by the fusillade that was still ringing in my ears to think of anything to say. He continued:

"Jones will be here at three. Conwide him. Gillespie will call earlier, perhaps."

Then the chief editor went on with his erasures and interlineations. Just as he finished them a hand-grenade came down the stove-pipe, and the explosion shivered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no further damage, except that a vagrant piece knocked a couple of my teeth out.

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"Well, no matter—don't wait it this kind of weather. Now here is the way this stuff ought to be written."

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"SPIRIT OF THE TENNESSEE PRESS."

"The infeterate jars of the Semi-Weekly *Earthquake* are evidently endeavoring to palm off upon a noble and chivalrous people another of their vile and brutal falsehoods with regard to that most glorious conception of the nineteenth century, the Ballyhoo railroad. The idea that Buzzardville was to be left off at one side originated in their own sub-sophomore brains—or rather in the setting, when they regard as brains. They had better swallow this ill, and not stop to chew it, either, if they want to save their abandoned, reptile carcasses the cowhiding they so richly deserve."

"That ass Blossom of the Higginsville *Thunderbolt and Battle-Cry of Freedom*, is down here again, buming his board at the Van Buren.

"We observe that the besotted black-

guard of the *Morning Hour*, and left. The chief turned to me and said:

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PARAGRAPHS.

and Literary.

of Tennessee, is 30 years

old now said is not poor,
he has operatic pupils.

It is to have a home theater
in New York.

to suggest a suitable hymn to accompany its public delivery. The professor reported he thought of none so appropriate as that well-known lyric, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The student disappeared.

Foreign Gossip.

London has thirty-three miles of beer shops.

In 1868 the Parisians smoked 761,625,000 cigars.

The chief theatre of Florence is still lighted by oil-lamps.

One man out of every ten thousand in the British army committed suicide last year.

A Paris school-teacher has applied for admission to an insane asylum, because he had an irresistible desire to strangle his pupils.

It is said that the Japanese clergy pause every fifteen minutes in their discourses, and say to their congregations, "Let us take a smoke."

A fellow who tried Prof. Jenkins's trick of riding a velocipede on a tight rope, in Sweden was immediately pronounced a fraud, and the military had to be called out to prevent the disappointed crowd from lynching him.

At the Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, held recently at Manchester, it is estimated there were about 200,000 visitors during the week it was held. The receipts were \$17,000.

Shortly before his recent severe illness, the Emperor Napoleon was urged by Nelson, Conneau, and his other physicians to quit smoking cigarettes. The Emperor is said to have replied that smoking cigarettes was as necessary to him as food and drink.

Mme. Marcowitz was packing her trunks for the watering places, when news was brought that Messrs. Brassell and Pearce were fighting on her account. Telegraph me who is killed," said she to the messenger; "at Baden one will have more leisure for emotion."

The Swedish papers express no less surprise than satisfaction of a Dane who had settled some time ago in Stockholm, and recently gave \$10,000 to the poor of that city, stipulating at the same time that his name should not be mentioned under any circumstance.

A London newspaper says of Mr. Story's statue of George Peabody: "The first impression on seeing the figure is that it is something up to size; the second especially if there be a number of persons gathered around it; that it is an accurate copy of life, but living."

Hesmonier, a French wrestler and athlete, had recently at Avignon, from the effects of a fall contracted in a swimming-mirror a ringer with a little girl whom he had found on the bank, trying to get over. As his own physician, he literally struggled with the devil, and his last words were, "Oh, death, if you were a man, what a wonderful man you would be."

The King of Prussia has recently

been to the United States.

—The Boston Journal speaks of the story that the new Mrs. Vanderbilt has been married and divorced previous to her union with the great monarch of railroads, says there is not the least ground for the report.

Industrial.

Friction in Detroit, 175 years old, has been going all year.

—In a New York Industrial Report, it is said that the period of 175 years is the average time that the capital employed in the business of trade in Massachusetts.

—The State Tax Commission takes the state tax on railroads, and pay the State tax on steam vessels.

—It is stated that bonds in a gross amount of \$100,000,000 are issued every year in England and America, for the colonization of paper.

—A railway estimate by number of its passengers will be made during the month of October.

—The U. S. Office of Labor Statistics reports of the state of labor in the country for the month of October.

—The Bank of N. Y. further has prepared a special and a half page report on the condition of the banks throughout the country.

—It is stated that 500,000 tickets of stock will be used for exciting the 10,000,000 shares of stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in Philadelphia, Moorsettown, Pittsfield, and Salem.

—A young Yankee has gotten up a plan to compete made to fit in with a plan started in and printed in Boston, which will be used in Boston, and the appearance of a man, who has sold all for forty cents per yard.

—The people manufacturers of brass, produced, in 1868, 1,500 millions of every kind of needles, and used 1,000 hundred weight of iron and brass wire for knitting and hair needles, fish hooks, hooks and ever so many others.

—A large market for American

Religious and Educational.

—The head master of the English High School, in Boston gets \$3,500 the first year and \$4,500 the second.

—A National Baptist Sunday School Convention is to be held in St. Louis, on the 26, 27, and 28 of November.

—At a camp-meeting near Syracuse, three disorders were soundly cuffed by the brethren, and then condemned to a week's night.

—A young woman was recently admitted to the Freshman class of Bates College, in Maine. Her preparation for college was remarkably good.

—Hon. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Illinois, has declined the Presidency of the Indiana State Normal School at Terre Haute.

—A lady in Boston, who recently lost a child by death, sent for ten different clergymen to officiate at the funeral, but all of them were absent from the city. As the only alternative, a lawyer read the burial service.

—The Young Men's Christian Association of New York has 2,000 members, and a library of 3,000 volumes. Its new building on the corner of Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue will be completed in October, at a cost of \$475,000. It will be the finest building owned by any similar association in America.

—A contribution was recently taken in one of the churches in Northampton, Mass., and the day following, a man who counts his property by hundreds of thousands, called before the elders and said: "I made a mistake yesterday, and put into the box ten cents when I meant to put ten dollars."

—A good answer is said to have been given lately in an examination at Cambridge. The candidate being asked who Wycliffe was, and having difficulty heard him, the morning star of the Reformation, and that he died Vicar of Lutterworth, answered that the great Reformer was for some time editor of the *New York Star*, and died Vicar of Scotland.

—A concealed student of Andover once presented a sermon to Prof. Park, which was so grossly defective that it was considered a disgrace. This fact led the writer to suppose the same to be one of great merit, and some days after, walking with the professor, expressed his delight at his skill and care to produce a faultless and solid Prof. Park

Frederick William the Third of Prussia was in the habit of riding out in the streets of Berlin in a very ostentatious carriage. One day his coachman drove him through a very narrow street, in the middle of which they were met by the splendid equipage of wealthy Mecklenburg nobleman, Count Hahn. The King's coachman, of course, refused to draw aside so as to allow the Count's carriage to pass by. The Count's coachman, who did not know who was seated in the plain little carriage before him, was equally unwilling to give way. Suddenly Count Hahn sprang to his feet and shouted, indignant, to the King's coachman, "Sirrah, do you not know that I am the rich Count Hahn?" Whereupon the King, in his pair, rose, too, and said, quietly, "And you, sir, do you not know that I am the poor King of Prussia?"

It was suddenly discovered that his services were more valuable to the Government than had been supposed, and a promotion has followed the discovery.

Interior of the Avondale Mine.

The Avondale mine has been worked for two or three months ago the miners struck. They resumed work on Thursday last. The mine is entered by a shaft on the hillside. This is the only entrance. Wooden buildings, 100 feet high on 200 feet above the mouth of the shaft. The mine was filled with narrow passages, from four to ten feet high, which occasionally opened into immense pockets or caves. A railroad track was laid on the bottom of each of these passages. The cars were filled with coal, three-quarters of a mile from the shaft, by the miners at work. The coal cars were then run through the various wooden-supported passages to the shaft. They were then run upon a platform, which was raised to the top of the shaft, the same as a common elevator or a vertical railway. When the cars reached the earth's surface they were run out over a trestle railway through the wooden buildings and dumped. The coal would fall in large screens, where, in some cases, it was properly sorted, and then dumped into the cars of the Bloomsburg & Lackawanna Railroad, by which means it was taken to market.

A few days ago, as a resident of St. Francis, Minn., was out in pursuit of his cows, on horseback, a hunter mistook him for a deer, and fired a charge of buckshot at him, killing him almost instantly.

An infant child in Nevada was recently bitten on the soft part of the head by a green horsefly, causing convulsions, from which the child died in one hour after being bitten.

Four men engaged in tearing down an old building at Ogden Mine, near Newton, N. J., the other day, were killed by its premature fall, which buried them in the ruins. They all leave large families.

A young man near Indianapolis, a few days ago, in sliding down a bay-hill, ran a stick in his abdomen, which broke off there. He died the next day.

A negro orphan boy, aged 12, at Menasha, recently committed suicide in consequence of having broken a stone jug belonging to the colored family with whom he lived. To avoid punishment he jumped into the lake.

A bird, supposed to have been an eagle, alighted on the railing of the walls of the New Haven City Hall, and soon after flying away dropped a fish, weighing three pounds, on the sidewalk, which fell writhing near a lady, frightening her considerably.

During the month of August last the loss by fire in the United States, including those fires only where the damage in each exceeded \$20,000, was \$6,438,000—an increase of \$3,124,000 over the same month of last year. The total loss, by such fires, during the first eight months of 1869, was \$25,100,000.

On recent Sunday, a prominent citizen of Buffalo in attendance at St. Paul's Church, left his pew, waited up toward the pulpit during prayers, and assaulted his son-in-law who was making mouths at him. The little sainted prayer-coal, a cowled gatherer, and the irate old gentleman who was conducted out doors.

An intemperate New Yorker was knocked down by the cowcatcher of a train in Hartford, Conn., the other day, and the engine tender passed over him. The train was stopped, and the conductor ascended back to pick up the dead body, but the drunken fellow was found to be very lively and outside the track, having by some means been thrown out between the tender and baggage car, and the first word he spoke were, "I'll make you pay for scratching my ankle in this way."

—A wedding at Fort Smith, Ark., a few days ago was interrupted when the bridegroom was about to kiss the bride. At that moment a gunpowder explosion took place, and the gunpowder exploded, and the bridegroom uttered a curse.

The gunpowder explosion was due to a spark from a candle flame. The bridegroom was greatly annoyed, and the bridegroom uttered a curse.

A Nashville negro, supposed to be dead, as he had received a sun stroke and fallen apparently lifeless a few days ago, was placed in an iron coffin and a jury summoned. They held an inquest and rendered a verdict. They really supposed that the negro was dead. So did every body. Even the doctors thought so. And sure enough, when they came to look, he was dead. How true it is that death comes at last to all.—Mark Twain.

A prominent physician of Portage county, Ohio, relates a case within his knowledge where a boy, now about fifteen years old, has used tobacco since the age of five months. When five months old, being a nervous and fretful child, a plug of tobacco was placed in his mouth, and produced a soothing effect. The remedy was often used during infancy, and through the teething period, and before the child could talk plainly it was a confirmed tobacco chewer.

Count Bismarck once presented a small but poor secretary with a portfolio bound like a book, in which were deposited 500 thalers. On meeting the secretary the next day, the Count asked him if he had perused the volume. "Yes, your highness," said the secretary; "and I was captivated by its contents that I am waiting for the appearance of the second volume with feelings of the greatest interest." The Count smiled, but said nothing. A few days afterward the secretary received a second portfolio, bound and filed like the first, on the title-page of which was the sentence: "This work is complete in two volumes."

—Life Assurance.—The important subject of Life Assurance is gradually and deservedly gaining public attention by the force of its own merits. The time is not far distant when the death of a man leaving his family unprovided for by a policy of Life Assurance, will leave a stain of neglect upon his character. It is a duty which every man owes to his own dependents and to the community. He who neglects is not a good husband, father or citizen. He has no right even to risk the chance of throwing it into the support of his family, in case of his death, on the community at large, or on relatives and friends, when it is in his power easily and surely to provide against all contingencies. Of all the companies doing business the Washington stands second to none.

A clerk in one of the departments at Washington received a promotion a few days since by a clever little trick, which has probably not heretofore been attempted. He had been in office a couple of years, and failing to secure the coveted advance of salary, owing to the reticence of the Chief Clerk to recommend his promotion, two or three months since he engaged a man and went with him to the office of the bill was paid, and the result was the same at the end of the next month. An explanation was had, whereupon the clerk stated that his salary was too small, and until it was increased he saw no prospect of being able to vindicate his indebtance.

It was suddenly discovered that his services were more valuable to the Government than had been supposed, and a promotion has followed the discovery.

Incidents and Accidents.

A drunken mother in St. Louis threw her baby out of the window the other day, and an old woman, passing, caught it in her apron.

A little boy, while flying a kite at Virginia City, Nev., the other day, stepped backward into the shaft of a mine and fell 150 feet. The boy lived long enough to be brought to the top.

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—A wedding at Fort Smith, Ark., a few days ago was interrupted when the bridegroom was about to kiss the bride. At that critical moment there resounded through the church a most complete roar from the lips of the lady. The organist threw up his hands in dismay, and then closed his book, the excitement among the spectators was intense. But one of the bridesmaids whispered something in the ear of the bride, and she gave the required pledge, and thereafter all went merry as a marriage bell.

—Gilbert Whipple, of Sheffield, Lorain County, Ohio, while examining a head of wheat, fortnight ago, sheared out the grain and tossed it into his mouth. One of the kernels was not devested of its shell and beard, and the beard soon reached the throat, where it lodged, and no effort could remove it. It soon became very troublesome and painful. Swelling followed, succeeded by suppuration, but still the beard was not carried off. A second swelling and breaking failed to bring relief. It was difficult for the sufferer to take necessary food, and his case was said to be both painful and alarming.

—A sad affair recently occurred at Wapple, N. H. Mrs. John Sparhawk, a woman 70 years old, was sitting in a room with some other women and her grandson, a boy of 11 years, when the report of a pistol was suddenly heard, and she fell dead upon the floor with a ball in her brain. Although the report was distinctly heard by several persons, and the smoke was seen, no one was able to tell where the ball came from, or who fired it, but after two days the boy confessed that he did the deed. He had a quarrel with his grandmother, and says he shot her to get her out of the way.

—A widow of Shefford, Lorain County, Ohio, while examining a head of wheat, fortnight ago, sheared out the grain and tossed it into his mouth. One of the kernels was not devested of its shell and beard, and the beard soon reached the throat, where it lodged, and the air was cut off. The mine is like the interior of a fiery furnace. The flames rush through the long corridors, causing repeated explosions. In some cases they spring up the shafts as if issuing from the crater of the volcano. The subterranean walls are frequently shaken as if by an earthquake. The miners in the workings, their lights blown out by the force of the explosion, hasten through the dark passages, stumbling over heaps of rubbish.

It is possible that the accident at the Avondale mine was caused by one of these explosions. Persons entering the mine complain of the subterranean fumes, choking up the corridors. The mine was ventilated by a furnace at the bottom of the shaft. By this furnace the air was made to circulate through the complicated passages of the mine. The air for feeding the furnace was of course drawn from the lower part of the mine.

Avondale mine has but one shaft. That was divided by an air-tight partition into an upcast and downcast. Partitions across the passages below caused the air to pass to and from all desired points before it reached the passage leading to the furnace. Ingenious expedients were adopted to regulate the currents of air and to cause only the air which had passed through the pure portions of the mine to feed the fire, lest the more impure currents should become inflamed, and the explosions follow back into the most remote working. The partitions across the great gangways along which the coal was run to the shaft was furnished with doors, which were opened and shut at the coal tips, passing through the air-tight surface were the sole means of ventilation.

The cause of the disaster will never be known. At early morn a flame of fire shot up the shaft with frightful rapidity, and the building above it was wrapped in flames so quickly that the engineers and others hardly had time to escape. The wood or the shaft was caught fire from the lighting of a fire down within the mine. The dryness of the mine favored the former supposition, but the slight fumes checking the explorers, and the darkness of the fire, would indicate an ignition of a fire damp. In either case, soul in the mine has perished.—New York Sun.

A scorpion was captured and a wife was meant by the word "scorpion" as answered, "two scorpions make a fortification."

Wayne County Record.

SAMUEL H. LITTLE, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

CUBIAN AFFAIRS.

The final issue in the strife now agitating the Island of Cuba is looked forward to with no little interest. Being so near the States, and having intercourse commercially, as well as socially, there has sprung up among our people a general feeling of sympathy for those struggling there for freedom. Many would bless the day that made them a free nation. And yet, not because of any ill will or dislike towards Spain, but from the love of freedom that fills every true American heart, no matter where or what country may strike for liberty.

The best news from the Island would indicate that the Cubans were slowly gaining ground, having under their control more than half of the Island. If Spain does not soon re-enforce her armies there, she may calculate upon having one less of her possessions to look after.

It is undoubtedly expected that our government will recognize their independence, thus following the example of Mexico, but this of course will not be done, for an act of that kind would only involve our country in a war with Spain, and that is not wanted. Not that we fear any great injury even in such an event, but only on account of the friendly relations that has always existed between the two governments; and we are at peace with the world and desire to remain so. Spain already feels a little hard towards us on account of the armed bands that have eluded our authorities, and are now aiding the Cubans, but that they judge us harshly, and that we do not want to go beyond the bounds of the neutrality laws, is evident from the seizure and detention of the Cuban Privateer Hornet, at Wilmington. As regards her disposal, our government will do what is fair and right. The New York Tribune of the 5th has the following:

The shipment of arms and munitions of war to either party engaged in the Cuban struggle is not prohibited. The revolutionists have an equal right to buy and ship arms to the Spaniards. It is upon the taking out of a naval or military expedition that the neutrality laws operate. It is an entire mistake to suppose that the United States officers have ever been instructed to stop shipment of merchandise, even through it be in the form of articles contraband of war. The owners and masters of vessel must in all cases take their own risk; but if an expedition, whether of neutral men or armed vessels, or if a vessel fitted out and prepared and intended for naval warfare is started from our ports, then a question of our duty as neutrals or as a friendly

pledged the independence of Cuba, our duty and our rule could not be no different until we had directly and publicly espoused one side or the quarrel by making war on the other.

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Beef—per cwt.,	5 00 a 8 00
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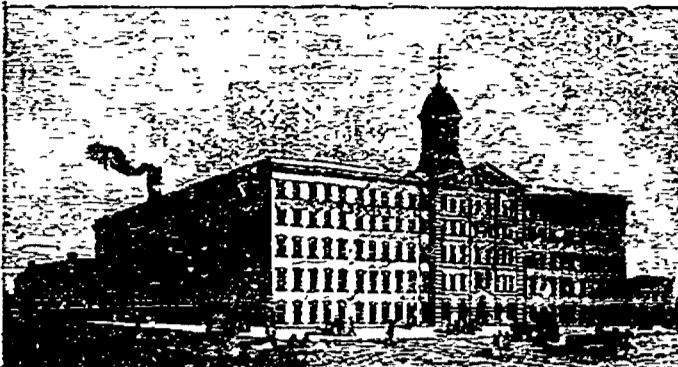
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lonely. The words of the last verse are:

Near that streamer's margin, not

Wreath'd with water gently gliss.

Neath the w. oak laurel'd shade,

Two green graves I made by a do,

While the sweet blossoms of e. rose,

There perfume the blosy air,

Yet above our charms wait us,

In a land daintily fair,

Cheer,

Wong the trees where birds are singing,

And the flocks are blooming fair,

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