The Cambridge Chronicle.

CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. I. NO. 12. CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1871. Terms: $1.50 per Annum.

How It Happened.

I pray you, pardon me, Elsie,
And smile that frown away
That dims the light of your lovely face
As a thunder-cloud the day.
I really could not help it,—
Before I thought, 't was done,—
And those great gray eyes flashed bright and cold,
Like an icicle in the sun.

I was thinking of the Summers
When we were boys and girls,
And wandered in the blossoming woods,
And the gay winds romped with your curls,
And you seemed to me the same little girl
I kissed in the alder-path,
I kissed the little girl's lips, and alas!
I have roused a woman's wrath.

There is not so much to pardon,—
For why were your lips so red?
The blonde hair fell in a shower of gold
From the proud, provoking head,
And the beauty that flashed from the splendid eyes,
And played round the tender mouth,
Rushed over my soul like a warm sweet wind
That blows from the fragrant south.

And where, after all, is the harm done?
I believe we were made to be gay,
And all of youth not given to love
Is vainly squandered away.
And strewn through life's low labors,
Like gold in the desert sands,
Are love's swift kisses and sighs and vows
And the clasp of clinging hands.

And when you are old and lonely,
In Memory's magic shine
You will see on your thin and wasting hands,
Like gems, these kisses of mine,
And when you muse at evening
At the sound of some vanished name,
The ghost of my kisses shall touch your lips
And kindle your heart to flame.

THE TRIP OF THE "MARY ANN."

Captain John Jones owned and sailed the Mary Ann. Captain Jones had commenced life with nothing but a strong frame, a stout heart, and immense determination; but these had borne fruit, and now, after many years of hard labor, he had his reward. He owned and commanded two Mary Ann's—one the best of wives, the other the finest boat on the line of the canal. For, like a sensible man, he had married a sensible woman, and as a mark of his appreciation of her sterling qualities, he had named his chief possession after her. And, besides wife and boat, he had as bright and pretty a daughter as ever gladdened the heart of a parent.

It was vacation now, and Dolly had come home on a visit, and was going to the city with her parents to get a supply of new dresses and hats and ribbons; for Dolly liked to look pretty and be in the fashion, and the old captain was so proud of her that, saving and economical as he was on his own account, he never dreamed of limiting her, or grumbled at any expense that she incurred.

The only other persons attached to the Mary Ann were the boy who drove and Joe—the latter a youth, who, like his master, the captain, had risen in life from the very humblest beginnings.

Half a doven years before a barefooted little fellow, in a torn straw hat and an immense pair of old trowsers that almost swallowed him up, they were so large and he so little, had applied to the captain for work, and, after a good deal of cross-questioning, had been taken on trial as the driver of the Mary Ann's mules. This was Joe; and Joe had driven so well, and shown himself so quick and bright, and good-natured withal, that at the end of the season, instead of turning him adrift to shift for himself, as is customary in such cases, the captain took him home to his own house, and sent him to school during the winter with Dolly. The next summer Joe proved himself still more useful, and in the winter, again went to school with the captain's daughter. She had been foremost in attendance, and was the most advanced, and often bent her brown curls over Joe's book or slate to help him out of some knotty problem in arithmetic or grammar; and in return he carried her satchel of books for her, helped her on with her overshoes, and over the snow-drifts, and was a devoted little cavalier in a hundred other ways. So it went on until Dolly was promoted from the public school to the "Young Ladies' Seminary;" and henceforth Joe had to do his ciphering alone, and Dolly had grown such a little beauty that she had many besides Joe to carry her books for her.

Dolly's going with them, was a great treat to Joe. And as soon as it was decided upon he set to work and tore down the old sailcloth that had been good enough until then, and out of his little savings bought and put up a gay bright-colored awning over all the after-part of the boat, and re-arranged the cabin, and trimmed and festooned it with evergreens and flowers, and in a dozen other ways so beautified and adorned the Mary Ann that she looked more like a bridal bark than a sober craft laden with freight for the Albany market. Her little after-cabin was a wonderful [illegible]

admirers, and who happened to be in the city then, as he always happened to be not far from where Dolly was staying. Old Stubbins was the richest man in the village; he had made a fortune in paper bags during the war, and young Stubbs, who was busy spending it, was most conceited; but as he had plenty of money, was tolerably good-looking, and talked and dressed loud, and had the reputation of being rather a dangerous fellow, all the girls were flattered by his attentions, and Dolly was especially envied when he joined the list of her suitors. Heretofore the reception his advances had met at her hands had not been very flattering to his pride, but on this occasion she seemed better pleased. He came every day, took her walking and driving, escorted her on her shopping excursions, and so monopolized her society that Joe got scarcely a chance to see or speak to her. Poor fellow! he watched all this with fierce, eager eyes and a heart inflamed with passion; for although he did not consider himself worthy of Dolly, and scarcely had a hope of ever winning her love, he could not help being devoured by jealousy, which Stubbs increased by being very insolent toward him, never noticing him except to treat him as an inferior. One evening he was lounging on the boat as usual, smoking and talking to Dolly, when his cigar went out. Joe was busy at some distance, but he called to him, "Joe, my good fellow, run and get me a match."

Joe looked up with flashing eyes, but did not speak or move.

Dolly saw the look, and apprehending trouble, she said, "I will bring you a light," and ran into the cabin; while Joe enraged that Dolly should wait upon him, turned away, boiling over with anger and bitterness. But Stubbs, who was a bully wherever he dared to be, was not content.

"Didn't you hear me?" he continued; "I asked you to get me a match."

"Yes, I heard," said Joe, sullenly; "but I don't wait on such puppies as you."

"What do you say, you miserable beggar?" said Stubbs, springing to his feet, and rushing toward him with clinched fists.

"Be careful," said Joe, between his set teeth; "if you lay a finger on me, I'll pitch you overboard!" And as Stubbs raised his hand he seized him by the throat, and would have carried the threat into instant execution, so infuriated was he, had not Dolly at that moment sprung between them.

"Stop!" she cried, imperatively, looking at Joe. "Have you no respect for me, that you quarrel with my friends right before my eyes? I'm ashamed of you!"

Poor Joe! He was naturally the best-natured fellow in the world, but the continued insults of his rival, combined with his jealousy, had aroused the sleeping tiger that exists in every human bosom; and yet, before the rebuking voice of the woman he loved, it crouched at her feet, abashed.

"Come," she continued, taking Mr. Stubbs's arm, "let us go; you mustn't mind him." Dolly was indignant at Joe, for she didn't understand the many provocations he had received; but she was still more indignant at Stubbs, and she informed that young gentleman as she marched him off that if he ever spoke in that way to Mr. Joseph again, he could consider himself dismissed on the spot. But Joe did not know this; he thought she sided against him, and was cruel and unjust; and when, the next morning, feeling rather ashamed of his temper, and with the tiger in his bosom become a very lamb, he went up to her to apologize, and she, thinking him not yet sufficiently punished, turned away without speaking, he in turn became indignant; and all day long he brooded over his wrongs and unhappiness and hopeless love, until he became almost wild, and determined to end it by going away. He was a mere underling there; Stubbs had called him a beggar, and it was plain that Dolly despised him. He would go off to the West, and become rich and independent, and perhaps then she would feel sorry for treating him so. With this determination he went to the captain, and gave him notice that he should leave at the end of the present trip. The captain was astonished, and offered to increase his wages if he would stay; but Joe told him he didn't care for the money; he had made up his mind to go, and nothing could turn him from it.

That night the captain, Gus, and Dolly, all went to the theatre together, while Joe was left to take care of the boat. The play was one of love and adventure, full of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling incidents. Dolly had never been to a real theatre before, and she was entirely carried away by the brilliant scene.

"Oh," she cried, with a sigh of intense relief, as the curtain fell upon the happy finale, "I'm so glad it all came out right. I was so afraid she was going to marry that other man—the bad one. How happy a girl must be with such a good and brave lover!"

"I'm not so sure about the 'good,'" said Mr. Stubbs, who rather prided himself on being a trifle wicked; "but as far as being 'brave,' I don't think you have any reason to complain about your lovers, Dolly. I know one, at least, who would go through more dangers than the fellow in the play for you."

"Do you?" said Dolly. "Who can it be—Jack Smith?"

"Jack Smith, indeed!" said Stubbs contemptuously. "I mean, of course, your humble servant," and he flourished his line fiercely around his head.

"Oh," said Dolly, "you!"

"Yes. One can't be a hero with nothing to fight; but just let me have an opportunity, and you will see!"

The opportunity for distinguishing himself in the cause of his lady-love which Mr. Stubbs so ardently desired came sooner than he expected. It was nearly midnight, and the streets were deserted; but, unmindful of the hour, they walked leisurely along, until the captain, impatient at the slowness of their pace, left them and went on, and when they turned into the narrow and dimly lighted street that led down to the dock he was out of sight. As they emerged into the darkness and gloom out of the light of Broadway, Dolly shuddered and clung to her companion's arm.

"Don't be afraid," he said, to re-assure her; "am I not here to protect you?" Strange to say, this fact did not seem to allay her fears. She only answered,

"Let us hurry and catch papa."

In the mean time that ancient mariner, accused to such late hours on shore, was hurrying home to his vessel, when a party of roughs sprang suddenly out from a dark alley-way, and throwing a shawl over his head, dragged him to the ground. He was taken all unawares, and was down before he knew it; but he struggled hard, and shouted lustily for aid.

"Oh, they are killing papa!" cried Dolly. "Quick! Let us run and help him."

"No; don't go there," said Stubbs, seizing her arm. "You'll get hurt. Come with me; we can get to the boat by going down the next street;" and he dragged her back

"Let go of me, Sir!" she cried, passionately. "If you are afraid to go and help my father, I am not!" and she tore herself free, and ran toward the spot where the captain was still struggling in the hands of his assailants. Stubbs looked after her a moment, half inclined to follow; but the thought of the daggers and slung-shots he might have to encounter was too much for his chivalry; for, bully and braggart as he was, he was an arrant coward at heart. So, muttering to himself, "She's too plucky for me! the best thing I can do is to get a policeman," he ran off in the opposite direction.

Dolly ran quickly toward her father, and, without stopping a moment to think, she threw her arms around one of the villains that was bending over him; and so strong and athletic was she, and so unexpected the attack, that she hurled him to the ground like a log. He sprang to his feet and gazed in astonishment at her. "A gal, as I'm a sinner!" he exclaimed. "And a devilish pretty one, too! Come, my beauty, since hugging is your game, you shall have plenty of it!" and he seized her around the waist. Poor Dolly! she had expended all her strength in her first effort, and now was almost powerless in this ruffian's arms. Her temporary courage and strength were gone, and though she struggled still, it was in a weak and womanly way, with big tears in her eyes, and her heart throbbing as though it would break. It was without much difficulty, therefore, that the fellow wrenched off her brooch and bracelets, and relieved her of her watch and chain; but when, having secured this booty, he attempted to kiss her, she shrieked so loud that Joe, who had been walking restlessly up and down the boat all the evening, heard, and, with the fond intuition of love, at once recognized the sound.

"Good Heavens!" he cried, "it's Dolly!" and seizing a boat-hook, he darted with the speed of an arrow toward the sound. As he reached the scene he saw the captain stretched out on the ground, with one ruffian holding him down and another rifling his pockets, while a third was dragging poor Dolly, now entirely helpless, into an alley-way.

Joe needed but this sight to infuriate him. He sprang on the villain, and with one blow stretched him senseless at his feet. Then, with the ferocity of a young tiger, that has tasted blood, he turned upon the captain's assailants, and in less time than it takes to tell it the whole scene was changed. The captain was up and swearing like the jolly old tar that he was, and shaking his fist at every oath in the face of the two rascals who lay with broken heads at his feet; while Dolly, trembling and panting like a wounded bird, had thrown herself into Joe's arms, and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

In a few minutes a policeman, who probably had been lurking around the corner until all was over, came up and secured the thieves, and behind him came Mr. Stubbs, who, going up to Dolly, with refreshing coolness, hoped she was not hurt; and taking hold of her arm, he said,

"I will relieve you now, Joe. You had better look after the captain."

But Dolly looked up indignantly, and exclaimed, "Don't touch me! Don't come near me! Don't speak to me! I never want to see you again;" and clinging tightly to Joe, she whispered, "Don't leave me, Joe; you are so brave and good, and he is such a coward! Take me home yourself, please;" and she hid her burning face on his shoulder.

How Joe's heart thrilled then. It was the proudest moment of his life. Pretty, proud, scornful Dolly, lying sobbing in his arms, and clinging helplessly to him for assistance, while her rich and insolent lover was sent off in scorn and derision. As he supported her tenderly back to the boat he could hardly believe it was real, and yet he was happier than any prince. But the course of true love never yet did run smooth. When he met Dolly the next morning her face flushed rosy red, and, instead of the reception he hoped for, she hastily turned away, and he scarcely saw her again the whole day. So all his bright hopes sank to zero again. Whenever they met she seemed constrained and ill at ease, and oftentimes was quite cool to him. Poor fellow! he did not understand the mysteries of a young girl's heart. He thought she was displeased with him for having been so bold with her that night when she was frightened, and that she was mourning for the rich lover she had lost. So convinced was he of this that he became more dejected and unhappy than ever, and fully confirmed in his determination to go West.

One night he was leaning against the rail of the boat feeling sad and gloomy. They would be at the village in the morning, and then Dolly would leave them, and he probably would never see her again. All the bright hopes and visions that, almost unacknowledged to himself, he had cherished so long, must be given up. As the thought of toiling on day after day without ever seeing that dear, bright face, or any hope of winning her love, surged in upon big heart, involuntarily a deep sigh escaped from his bosom, and he bowed his face into his hands. He was aroused by the touch of a little soft hand on his shoulder, and a sweet voice, thrilling him through and through, said:

"Dear Joe, what is the matter? You are going away, and yet you are unhappy. Tell me what it is, won't you? What has displeased you?"

"Nothing," said Joe.

"There must be something," continued Dolly, "or you wouldn't leave us and go off among strangers who don't know you or care for you."

"Do you care whether I go or not?" he asked, looking up eagerly.

"Of course I care," she answered, blushing. "Haven't we grown up together, and didn't you save me from those robbers?"

"Oh, is that all?" he said, disappointed.

"Why, what would you have?" she asked, gazing up into his face with an innocent expression. That dear, bright face was so near; her voice was so soft and sweet; her eyes so tender: her warm, fragrant breath was on his cheek; and Joe—was it any wonder?—Joe forgot himself.

"I would have you!" he cried, passionately. "Dolly, I love you better than life—better than any thing else in the world. I know that I am not worthy—that you do not care for me. And yet I could not bear to see you belong to any one else. And so I am going away where I shall never see you again."

There was a moment's pause, and then, with her sweet voice all in a tremble, Dolly asked:

"Is that the only reason for your going?"

"Yes!" he answered, sadly. "Isn't it enough?"

"No," she replied, hiding her blushing face in her hands; "for Dolly wants you to stay and—and love her."

The great gush of happiness that flowed in upon Joe's guileless heart with those words we will not attempt to describe. Suffice it to say that he staid.

When the frost came, and the Mary Ann was laid up for the winter, there was a joyous wedding at the village church; and amidst music and flowers, and the merry chime of bells, Joe and Dolly were made one; and as he proudly bore his blushing bride away, followed by the good wishes of all the town, and a perfect shower of old shoes, he thought himself the luckiest, happiest fellow in all the land, and, strange to say, although the honey-moon has long been over, he still continues in the same belief.

The Paris Explosion.

We have by mail the following graphic description of the explosion of a cartridge factory in Paris, by which hundreds of lives were lost:

A terrific explosion occurred yesterday at 5:30 p.m. I, who am a mile from the scene of the disaster, thought I was a dead man. I have a powder magazine about one hundred and fifty yards from me. Yesterday there were thirty or forty railway vans discharging shells into it. When I heard the series of explosions I made sure it was the above mentioned magazine which had blown up, for the reports were deafening—the house shivered, the windows rattled, every woman was shrieking, and children were sobbing; National Guards were running wildly about, crying, "To arms! to arms!" I looked around to see which wall was going to fall first. Finding it remain firm on its foundation, I went to the window to find the street filled with a terrified crowd, but nobody could discover the source of the detonation, until a man cried, "Do look there!" An extraordinary sight presented itself. A ball six or seven times as large as the Federal Capitol floated in mid-air. It was smoke, but so black and dense that the rays of the setting sun were distinctly visible as pencils of light protruding on every side beyond it, like the solar spectrum seen in a dark room when beams penetrate some shutter's crevice. The huge ball floated motionless, and showed no signs of merging into air.

Presently volumes of thinner smoke curled fitfully upwards, and now and then forked tongues of flame ran from their bottom to their top. "The Hotel des Invalides has been blown up" was the general cry. Down towards it an inundation of human beings poured in constantly gathering floods, which choked even the broad outer boulevards. Windows had lost all their glass, and dinner-tables had been overturned and their china vessels shattered. But 'twas not the Invalides; it was the extensive cartridge manufactory on the Champ de Mars which had exploded. When the catastrophe occurred the streets were full of people returning home to dinner. They thought a battery of mitrailleuses was planted at the street corner and was throwing volleys down it. Every person fell flat on the ground. As one drew near the Champ de Mars the sight baffled description. Arms, legs, hands, heads, some of them still quivering with vestiges of life, were to be found every ten paces one made down the street. There was not a whole window anywhere to be seen. Cartridges, balls and cartridge papers were strewn around in every direction. I picked up a chassepot ball melted and flattened to the length of four inches. Three hundred yards from the scene of explosion the naked trunk of a woman was found; head and limbs had been torn off. The number of victims has not been yet ascertained. Three hundred is the lowest estimate made. Five hundred women were employed in the manufactory; but two hundred leave work at 4:30 p.m. each day. It is believed the building contained three hundred women when the explosion took place. These all perished, and they were not the only victims. A model lodging-house called the Cite Napoleon has been damaged so much that its fall is expected hourly. A great many of its tenants were killed. All the wounded soldiers in the Ambulance of Rue de la Universite were killed. A woman standing at a window had one arm pulled out of its socket, and she died instantly from the nervous shock and terror. One woman leaped from her window and was killed. In the same house an infant was rent to pieces in its cradle. Avenue de la Bourdonnage has scarcely a house standing. Houses four stories high are a mass of rubbish. For some time after the explosion the neighborhood witnessed maddening scenes. Panic-stricken horses galloped wildly in every direction; women, some with dead babes in their arms, ran to and fro shrieking hysterically; children screamed for their parents; people frantically threw everything out of the window they could lay hands on. But for the prompt arrival of the firemen the disasters would have been much greater, for there were a thousand barrels of powder in the neighboring magazines, and the fire was rapidly gaining them. All the sheds on the eastern side of the Champ de Mars were in flames. The powder was stored in cellars under them. Several hundred vehicles of every description—omnibuses, hacks, railway wagons—were soon on the spot carrying away the victims. Some of these vehicles had eight, none less than two corpses or wounded persons.

Eggs.—In 1867 the poultry stock of France was valued at $83,125,000, and the annual product at $28,400,000. The average product of each hen is estimated at sixty eggs, a very low average where hens are well provided for. The French export into England eggs to the value of $5,000,000 per annum. In 1866 the eggs exported from France were valued at 42,334,000 francs. The egg bill of the St. Nicholas, in New York, is over $100 a day the year round. One dealer in eggs in Knox County, Ohio, sends to New York City, over eight thousand barrels of eggs a year.

A patient complained to his physician that he was pursued by a ghost the night before, as he was going home from the tavern. "What shape was it?" asked the doctor. "In the shape of a jackass," said the man. "Go home," replied the physician, "and keep sober. You were drunk last night, and frightened by your own shadow!"

Threatened Drought in the West.

It would seem as if sections of the Western country were doomed to take turns in suffering from droughts. Last season portions of the North-western States were damaged greatly from this cause, and the reports from the interior of Illinois, the Far West, and quite a section subject to this affliction then, indicate that they are likely to have a fresh experience this year. On the Pacific slope the country is parched and burnt to such a degree that there is much alarm for cattle, who have little food now, and a prospect of having none at all next Winter. Minor thunder showers have been reported within a few days west of us, but they were of brief duration, and the rain-fall slight. We are not without hope, however, that there will yet be sufficient to mature the grain crops, even if the straw is light.

The peculiarities of the past season—a Summer of almost unexampled heat, followed by a Winter in which the snow line advanced south, leaving the northern country bare—naturally led to the conclusion that the present would be marked by great vicissitudes of either drought or rain, or other climate changes of greater or less intensity; but speculations of the kind are rarely reliable. The great air currents bring steadily inland their load of moisture from the Southern Ocean, but there has been no return current of cold to precipitate it in the form of rain. The heated prairies and plains seem to repel the clouds; and the atmosphere must cool down to the proper temperature to unload their treasures. Cold north winds for a few days would be a blessing to most sections of the grain districts, and the coming June may be a marked one in that respect.—*Chicago Paper.*

Danger of Dog Bites.

We saw it stated lately that a lady in Newark, N. J., was dying of a cancer on the lip, occasioned by the bite of a pet dog she was playing with two years ago. We often wonder that certain ladies who are so fond of wasting upon lap-dogs, poodles, terriers and so on, the affection they should bestow upon humanity, do not more frequently become the victims of hydrophobia, cancer, and other terrible disorders. Dogs will naturally snap and bite even in play, and their bite, however playful, is always dangerous. The bite of a dog even when he is not enraged, but simply excited, often contains an amount of venom that no one would suspect, and when it does not produce serious effects the instance may be set down as an exception, not the rule. Experience has fully demonstrated that *rabies* in the dog is not confined to midsummer, but may occur in cold weather. His bite, therefore, is always alarming, and if not calculated to terminate in one terrible affliction, is quite likely to superinduce another. Possibly in his wild state, the dog, like many serpents, had a virus given him for his protection, which bestowed upon his bite a fatality the larger animals had instinct enough to avoid. That virus may have disappeared in a majority of the dogs of the present day, or become innocuous. In other dogs it may retain more or less of its primitive character. If so, in the various modifications to which time has subjected it, that virus may sometimes be capable of producing a cancer, and at other times what we now call hydrophobia. Of course these are speculations merely, but even as such they point to one thing, viz., the necessity of being careful when we amuse ourselves by teasing these useful animals. We like a dog, but we do not desire to see him hurry a child of ours to a premature grave, and of course nobody else desires it. As cancer is, in some respects, fully as malignant a disorder as *rabies*, let the intelligent reflect and beware.—*Exchange.*

A Workingman's Club in England.

An experiment has lately been tried in the parish of Bermondsey, London, which bids fair to inaugurate clubs among classes which heretofore have not benefited by them. About eight months ago, says the *Daily News*, the Cobdon Workingmen's Club first saw the light in a house close to Bermondsey square. It already numbers above 1,200 members. Its rules are similar to those of its West-end predecessors. It has a secretary, a treasurer, a manager, trustees, and a committee. Candidates are elected or rejected by a vote of this latter body. The yearly subscription of the members is four shillings. The object of the club, as stated in its printed rules, is "to afford its members the means of social intercourse, mental and moral improvements, and rational recreation." No betting, gambling, drunkenness, or offensive language are allowed. All members infringing this rule are liable to expulsion.

On week days the club closes at one A. M., on Sundays at 12 P. M. About once a week there is usually either a concert or a lecture, and to these members are allowed to bring their wives or female relatives. The committee is the executive power, but an appeal lies from its decisions to a general meeting. Each member is allowed to introduce a friend. The manager, Mr. Evans, says that opinion is against gambling, and that no attempt is ever made to infringe the rule against it. Since the formation of the Club, three members have been expelled—two for drunkenness and one for swearing.

Blunders in Building.—It cannot be denied that even inanimate objects, such as our dwellings, furniture, landscapes, gardens, and other such surroundings, have a parallel effect on us. Hence the wisdom of using all the means which architectural art places at our disposal. Errors in this respect often proceed from thoughtlessness, if not for want of refined taste. An instance may suffice to show how much such matters should be attended to in the choice of a site and other conditions. A retired manufacturer erected a mansion at a cost exceeding two hundred thousand dollars, and had never paid any heed to the fact that the most prominent object seen from his dining-room window was the cemetery of the adjacent town! Soon this became unbearable, and the house has been comparatively deserted by the family, caused by an oversight that the least consideration would have remedied.

The jury in the case of Moran, for the killing of Officer Packford, in Boston, failed to agree upon a verdict, and have been discharged.

The Indian Troubles.

A letter from Isaac Gibson, agent of the Osage Indians, gives the following details of the recent attack on that tribe:

On the 13th of May, Hope Walla, Chief of the Little Osages, and ten of his men, started from his village, which is about eight miles from the Kansas line, to trade robes and furs at one of the border towns of that State. They were soon after met by 17 border white men, armed with guns and revolvers, who demanded the return of a horse which they alleged had been stolen by some of the Osages. The Chief assured them that his braves at the camp would find the horse for them if it was among their herds. The white men, after consultation, ordered the Indians to dismount, which some of them did, while others attempted to escape. The whites then commenced firing at the Osages and pursuing them, they making no resistance, as they were unarmed. The chief was wounded slightly in the shoulder, and two of his head men were badly wounded, and another was pursued to the river and killed. Another saved his life by diving into a lake.

When the outrage became known at the Indian village, about 75 warriors started in pursuit of the whites, who were overtaken before reaching the State line, but, refusing to stop and deliver up the ponies and robes they had taken, were fired upon by the Osages. One white man was killed, two were taken prisoners, and five horses were captured. The remainder of the whites made their escape, spreading the news of a general slaughter of all the women and children on the border. The people rushed to arms, but were prevented from attacking the Indians by the advice of two or three cool men who insisted on an investigation, which soon allayed their ire, as the attack by the Osages was deemed justifiable under the circumstances, and they had quietly and peaceably returned to their villages. The Indian Chief, fearing another attack, abandoned his town, and fell back towards the agency, twenty miles distant, to be nearer the other bands for support. This band had given evidence of their determination to abandon their wild life and accept civilization, but now they were on the war-path, their hearts fired with the spirit of revenge.

A delegation from the settlers on the border brought down to the agency the pony taken by the white men, and wished to do all they could to restore friendly relations with the Indians at a council which was held. The Osages voluntarily gave up the horses they had taken, and appeared disposed to live at peace if left alone.

Why Farmers Do Not Thrive.

The conclusions drawn by General Oliver, in his annual report on Labor, about the farming interests of Massachusetts, are discouraging. He says:

The methods of agriculture are yet crude, though growing more and more year by year in accordance with the demands of the age. Neither capital will invest, nor intelligent labor work, at a business that yields so grudging a pittance. Small farms, like small workshops, must yield to larger enterprise. Aggregate capital will therefore call for congregated labor, and as the wages of a people cannot be permanently reduced, machinery must and will be introduced to cheapen farm products and make farm labor, as it has all other, more expensive; for in farming, as in other productive enterprise, cheap labor is dearest, and dear labor cheapest. We have said that the foreign laborer is getting possession of our badly located sterile farms. This is doubtless true; and if the former owners migrate Westward, or bring their skill to the better lands nearer the better markets of cities, making such change of culture and crop as the change of markets may demand, it will be the better for all concerned. This done, and frequent railroad trains accommodating those whose work is in town, and decreased hours of labor, relieving and improving both city and farm laborer, should we not hear less about decaying farming towns, and crowded city tenements? The demand of intelligent labor in the city for country homes is certainly a legitimate one, and its gratification need not be denied. And, on the other hand, the demands of the country laborer for the social and religious affinities of the city are equally imperative, and can be met by using the same appliances—frequent trains and reduced hours. Of course this is a work of time. It is probable that most of those who leave our farms now go to the West. There has been an extension of market-gardening, but it is doubtful if thus far it has resulted in the transfer to the neighborhood of cities the most valuable of our farm population.

Inhumanity.—A horrible instance of inhumanity has just been exposed in the East Riding of Yorkshire, England. The case had been remanded and evidence of the most revolting and systematic cruelty on the part of a mother towards her step-daughter was given. The accused is Ann Hogg, wife of a railway guard. The child is twelve years of age, and the evidence shows that the prisoner had ill-used her in many ways; had beaten her with a knotted stick, starved her, struck her frost-bitten feet with a hammer, burnt her with a warming pan (containing hot cinders) nearly every night, when naked; had applied a lighted candle to her person; had put a hot poker up her clothes to her body; had cut her head to the bone with a hammer; had thrown hot and cold water upon her when naked; had locked her up in an outhouse during the frost for an hour when naked; had lifted her by the hair of the head, kept her insufficiently clad, and expressed a desire to kill her. When her father was at home she was always well treated. Dr. Young, of Malton, said he found the child covered with wounds, bruises, scars from burns, and cuts on the head; her hair was clotted with blood and her body weakly and emaciated.

A Boston paper says: "A horse ran away yesterday, and a doctor ran, and a coroner ran, and a reporter ran also. The horse fell, the rider was unhurt, the doctor had no case, the coroner no fee, the reporter had this paragraph, and that was all that came of the runaway."

Minister Washburne wishes notice to be given that all Americans and American property in Paris was safe.

Lost.

Not dead, for death is never loss.
In death we part, but meet again
On other shores, when earthly dross
Is burnt away by earthly pain.

Not dead, for then the spirit free
Would still some converse hold with earth,
And soul to soul would fairly see,
And, seeing, judge the loved one's worth.

Not dead; death gives no farther grief,
But now we grieve for love estranged.
Ah, better far a pang that's brief
And state that knows no other change.

But, cold and proud, you turn away,
And, grieved and sad, I can but weep;
To me there comes no happy day,
Though only what I sowed I reap.

Facts and Fancies.

"Pie plant festivals 'are all the rage in Kansas.

Good resolutions, like fainting ladies, want carrying out.

A Kansas man is in jail for letting a neighbor's mule follow him.

A Harrisburg lady gave her baby a playful toss and broke its neck.

There are said to be 169 Second Advent ministers in New England.

The anti-chignon pledge has been signed by 50,000 ladies in Germany.

In Rome there are eight American ladies who are sculptors by profession.

A young lady at Winterset, Ia., has made a quilt composed of 6,000 pieces.

Elmira rats don't know much. They steal shoe pegs and stow them away for oats.

Nearly one-half of the depositors of the Boston savings banks are girls and women.

Mrs. Parolee Haskell has been appointed State Librarian by the Tennessee authorities.

The girls of Groten, Conn., have organized a boat club, and already make good time at the oar.

A Missouri paper says it always prints marriages and deaths together, as an intimation that misfortunes never come singly.

Iowa girls get their beaux to go shopping with them for shoes. They buy No. 2's, and next day exchange them for No. 5's.

In 1864 the Government held between fourteen and fifteen hundred million of acres, distributed among the States and Territories.

A railway company in Peru has been fined $25,000 for the negligence, on the part of its employees, through which a collision occurred.

The editor of the Albany *Argus* reports three and eight-tenths organ-grinders for every man, woman and child in the city, and five for the Governor.

To appreciate the full force of the rules governing the position of words, write a man's name with "Dr." before and after it, and compare the two readings.

An Iowa school teacher has been dismissed for kissing the big girls. The girls say the school-board had no right to interfere with their studies in that way.

John Bishop, of Arizona, has killed eleven men, and no one thought much of it; but recently, when he stole a horse, he was seized and hanged without delay.

"This world is all a show," said a priest to a culprit on the gallows. "Yes," was the prompt reply, "but if you have no objection, I'd like to see the show a little longer."

A Springfield, Mass., man has collected 1200 eggs of 400 of the 700 different varieties of North American birds known to ornithologists, and has collectors still busy gathering.

"Pa, is Pennsylvania the father of all the rest of the States?" "Certainly not, my child; why do you ask that question?" "Because, I see all the newspapers call it Pa."

A minister at Corry, N. Y., married a couple lately, When he made the usual proclamation concerning impediments, the blushing bride replied: "Go ahead, stranger, I'm all right."

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid that somebody will say 'whoa,' and he shan't hear it."

There are 6,000,000 cotton spindles now in operation in the United States, of which, over 2,000,000 are running on cloths for printing, and produce over 450,000,000 yards per annum.

To change the pitch of the Boston Music Hall organ is by no means a light task. Workmen have been engaged upon the instrument three months, and their labors are not near completion yet.

Mr. Kettle, of Illinois, had a wife, but a few months ago he courted a girl named Fish, and married her without the formality of a divorce from Mrs. Kettle. That might be called a pretty Kettle of Fish.

The editor of a religious paper, which had a four weeks' precarious existence in Chicago, says that city is a good place for a religious paper, provided Satan has three pages of it, and the other one is mixed.

It has been officially determined by an officer of the Commissary Department at Washington, that 267 pound loaves of bread can be made from one barrel of flour. The test was made at the army bakery.

It was Madame de Stael who remarked of a conceited acquaintance: "Whenever I see him, I feel the same pleasure that I receive from looking at a fond couple—he and his self-love live so happily together."

An Australian gentleman, examining a mining claim, was seized, stripped, and covered with tar and wool. He went and got himself photographed in this guise, and sued his assailants for $2,000 damages, putting in the picture as evidence.

A Novel Road to Fortune.—A Natick correspondent of the Providence *Press* tells of a firm composed of a father and two sons, who, a very few years ago, were quite poor. They began in a very small way, the manufacture of balls and bats for base ball clubs. They made a good article, and their business increased gradually, until now they own an immense building for their business, together with some of the handsomest dwellings in the town, and their fortunes are put down by hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is stated that they manufacture more balls and bats now than all the other manufacturers in the country combined.

©Maryland State Archives, msa_sc3661_scm12289-0049