

The Cambridge Chronicle

CLEMENT SULIVANE, Editor and Proprietor.

CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1873.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum.

VOL. III. NO. 2.

Scandal.

"A whip" broke the air—
A soft, light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe;
Now might it perish only there,
Now further go.
"Ah, me, a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound,
Another voice had breathed it clear,
And so it wandered round,
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle hear,
And that it broke."

ABBY FOLSOM IN COURT.

It was during the administration of the venerable Judge Thatcher in Boston that Abby Folsom, in the exercise of her disposition, disturbed a meeting devoted to religious worship. For this offense, she was arrested, indicted and arraigned for trial in the aforesaid Municipal Court.

Abby was arraigned, and at once confronted with the question, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" She promptly pleaded, "Not guilty," and declared herself ready for trial. Judge Thatcher, in his blandest tone, inquired if Mrs. Folsom had any counsel to manage her case. The answer was ready and prompt.

"If your honor please, I have no counsel, but I have a friend who will manage the case myself." The trial then went on. The witnesses were few, the testimony to the point, the cross-examination by the defendant amounted to nothing, and in a remarkably short time the government rested its case. The court informed Mrs. Folsom, that she was at liberty to put any person on the stand to testify in her behalf, or she might address the jury in her own behalf. She had no witnesses; and it at once became apparent, that she intended to rely, not on evidence, but on argument. This was her strong battle ground. On this field, she had passed through many a desperate struggle, and at least in her own opinion, had never suffered defeat. The court therefore, in order to proceed, the preliminaries must first be settled, and Abby in her most winning tone inquired, "If I do not finish my argument to-day, may I go on with it to-morrow?" The court was prepared for almost anything else. Here it was, about ten o'clock in the morning, and the query was, whether she might have the remainder of her argument to-day, and "go to-morrow." Judge Thatcher was decidedly startled, and exclaimed, "To-morrow! why certainly not you can't be allowed all to-day!" said Abby. "How long may I have?" The judge replied with some vehemence, "Not more than an hour."

Abby very innocently inquired, "Does your honor confine all lawyers to that time?" The question was another desperate one for the court, a perfect snag. At that time there was not, certainly in this court nor, according to the best legal information, in any other, any rule limiting counsel to any given time for making a plea. I believe Judge Thatcher's hour rule has been adopted in some courts since that period. But it was not so then, and Abby Folsom and every other person in the room knew it, and Judge Thatcher was completely confounded. A few words passed, and the remainder of the day, and "go to-morrow." Judge Thatcher was decidedly startled, and exclaimed, "To-morrow! why certainly not you can't be allowed all to-day!" said Abby. "How long may I have?" The judge replied with some vehemence, "Not more than an hour."

Abby very innocently inquired, "Does your honor confine all lawyers to that time?" The question was another desperate one for the court, a perfect snag. At that time there was not, certainly in this court nor, according to the best legal information, in any other, any rule limiting counsel to any given time for making a plea. I believe Judge Thatcher's hour rule has been adopted in some courts since that period. But it was not so then, and Abby Folsom and every other person in the room knew it, and Judge Thatcher was completely confounded. A few words passed, and the remainder of the day, and "go to-morrow." Judge Thatcher was decidedly startled, and exclaimed, "To-morrow! why certainly not you can't be allowed all to-day!" said Abby. "How long may I have?" The judge replied with some vehemence, "Not more than an hour."

Abby very innocently inquired, "Does your honor confine all lawyers to that time?" The question was another desperate one for the court, a perfect snag. At that time there was not, certainly in this court nor, according to the best legal information, in any other, any rule limiting counsel to any given time for making a plea. I believe Judge Thatcher's hour rule has been adopted in some courts since that period. But it was not so then, and Abby Folsom and every other person in the room knew it, and Judge Thatcher was completely confounded. A few words passed, and the remainder of the day, and "go to-morrow." Judge Thatcher was decidedly startled, and exclaimed, "To-morrow! why certainly not you can't be allowed all to-day!" said Abby. "How long may I have?" The judge replied with some vehemence, "Not more than an hour."

fatigue, but mainly from will, the last named force prevailed. She refused to comply and took her seat. The court versus. She then commenced an exhortation, which immediately ran into the history of her family, the good qualities of her father, etc. She then read back to her childhood, showed how she was trained and the like. Thus the whole time was spent, while the jury deliberated.

When the jury returned, every face in that broad court room looked anxious. Whether the feeling which pervaded the audience arose from sympathy with Mrs. Folsom, or from a desire to see her lawless conduct restrained, or from sheer curiosity, it matters not. The feeling was a strong one, and no spectator was free from its influence. Even Mrs. Folsom showed a degree of solicitude which did not before appear in her countenance during the whole day. But the keenest observer, with all his power of penetration, could read nothing in the face of a single juror. Every look was stolid, blank, unintelligible. The clerk mechanically propounded the question: "Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the barguilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty by reason of partial insanity."

A deathlike silence for a moment ensued, when Abby with a strong effort called out:

"Mr. Foreman, will you answer me one question?"

The Foreman replied, "Certainly, if I can."

"Do you, from the very bottom of your soul, believe that I am partially insane?"

The Foreman, in a firm and decided tone, replied:

"No, I do not."

"That was the most cruel cut of all, she would have triumphed. If 'guilty,' she would have proclaimed herself a heroine. But to hear a jury of her peers declare her insane! Well, for once Abby Folsom was prostrate, and for a few weeks, by order of the court, enjoyed the kind protection of an Insane Asylum."

fatigue, but mainly from will, the last named force prevailed. She refused to comply and took her seat. The court versus. She then commenced an exhortation, which immediately ran into the history of her family, the good qualities of her father, etc. She then read back to her childhood, showed how she was trained and the like. Thus the whole time was spent, while the jury deliberated.

When the jury returned, every face in that broad court room looked anxious. Whether the feeling which pervaded the audience arose from sympathy with Mrs. Folsom, or from a desire to see her lawless conduct restrained, or from sheer curiosity, it matters not. The feeling was a strong one, and no spectator was free from its influence. Even Mrs. Folsom showed a degree of solicitude which did not before appear in her countenance during the whole day. But the keenest observer, with all his power of penetration, could read nothing in the face of a single juror. Every look was stolid, blank, unintelligible. The clerk mechanically propounded the question: "Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the barguilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty by reason of partial insanity."

A deathlike silence for a moment ensued, when Abby with a strong effort called out:

"Mr. Foreman, will you answer me one question?"

The Foreman replied, "Certainly, if I can."

"Do you, from the very bottom of your soul, believe that I am partially insane?"

The Foreman, in a firm and decided tone, replied:

"No, I do not."

"That was the most cruel cut of all, she would have triumphed. If 'guilty,' she would have proclaimed herself a heroine. But to hear a jury of her peers declare her insane! Well, for once Abby Folsom was prostrate, and for a few weeks, by order of the court, enjoyed the kind protection of an Insane Asylum."

fatigue, but mainly from will, the last named force prevailed. She refused to comply and took her seat. The court versus. She then commenced an exhortation, which immediately ran into the history of her family, the good qualities of her father, etc. She then read back to her childhood, showed how she was trained and the like. Thus the whole time was spent, while the jury deliberated.

When the jury returned, every face in that broad court room looked anxious. Whether the feeling which pervaded the audience arose from sympathy with Mrs. Folsom, or from a desire to see her lawless conduct restrained, or from sheer curiosity, it matters not. The feeling was a strong one, and no spectator was free from its influence. Even Mrs. Folsom showed a degree of solicitude which did not before appear in her countenance during the whole day. But the keenest observer, with all his power of penetration, could read nothing in the face of a single juror. Every look was stolid, blank, unintelligible. The clerk mechanically propounded the question: "Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the barguilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty by reason of partial insanity."

A deathlike silence for a moment ensued, when Abby with a strong effort called out:

"Mr. Foreman, will you answer me one question?"

The Foreman replied, "Certainly, if I can."

"Do you, from the very bottom of your soul, believe that I am partially insane?"

The Foreman, in a firm and decided tone, replied:

"No, I do not."

"That was the most cruel cut of all, she would have triumphed. If 'guilty,' she would have proclaimed herself a heroine. But to hear a jury of her peers declare her insane! Well, for once Abby Folsom was prostrate, and for a few weeks, by order of the court, enjoyed the kind protection of an Insane Asylum."

fatigue, but mainly from will, the last named force prevailed. She refused to comply and took her seat. The court versus. She then commenced an exhortation, which immediately ran into the history of her family, the good qualities of her father, etc. She then read back to her childhood, showed how she was trained and the like. Thus the whole time was spent, while the jury deliberated.

When the jury returned, every face in that broad court room looked anxious. Whether the feeling which pervaded the audience arose from sympathy with Mrs. Folsom, or from a desire to see her lawless conduct restrained, or from sheer curiosity, it matters not. The feeling was a strong one, and no spectator was free from its influence. Even Mrs. Folsom showed a degree of solicitude which did not before appear in her countenance during the whole day. But the keenest observer, with all his power of penetration, could read nothing in the face of a single juror. Every look was stolid, blank, unintelligible. The clerk mechanically propounded the question: "Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the barguilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty by reason of partial insanity."

A deathlike silence for a moment ensued, when Abby with a strong effort called out:

"Mr. Foreman, will you answer me one question?"

The Foreman replied, "Certainly, if I can."

"Do you, from the very bottom of your soul, believe that I am partially insane?"

The Foreman, in a firm and decided tone, replied:

"No, I do not."

"That was the most cruel cut of all, she would have triumphed. If 'guilty,' she would have proclaimed herself a heroine. But to hear a jury of her peers declare her insane! Well, for once Abby Folsom was prostrate, and for a few weeks, by order of the court, enjoyed the kind protection of an Insane Asylum."

fatigue, but mainly from will, the last named force prevailed. She refused to comply and took her seat. The court versus. She then commenced an exhortation, which immediately ran into the history of her family, the good qualities of her father, etc. She then read back to her childhood, showed how she was trained and the like. Thus the whole time was spent, while the jury deliberated.

When the jury returned, every face in that broad court room looked anxious. Whether the feeling which pervaded the audience arose from sympathy with Mrs. Folsom, or from a desire to see her lawless conduct restrained, or from sheer curiosity, it matters not. The feeling was a strong one, and no spectator was free from its influence. Even Mrs. Folsom showed a degree of solicitude which did not before appear in her countenance during the whole day. But the keenest observer, with all his power of penetration, could read nothing in the face of a single juror. Every look was stolid, blank, unintelligible. The clerk mechanically propounded the question: "Mr. Foreman, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"What say you, Mr. Foreman, is the prisoner at the barguilty, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty by reason of partial insanity."

A deathlike silence for a moment ensued, when Abby with a strong effort called out:

"Mr. Foreman, will you answer me one question?"

The Foreman replied, "Certainly, if I can."

"Do you, from the very bottom of your soul, believe that I am partially insane?"

The Foreman, in a firm and decided tone, replied:

"No, I do not."

"That was the most cruel cut of all, she would have triumphed. If 'guilty,' she would have proclaimed herself a heroine. But to hear a jury of her peers declare her insane! Well, for once Abby Folsom was prostrate, and for a few weeks, by order of the court, enjoyed the kind protection of an Insane Asylum."

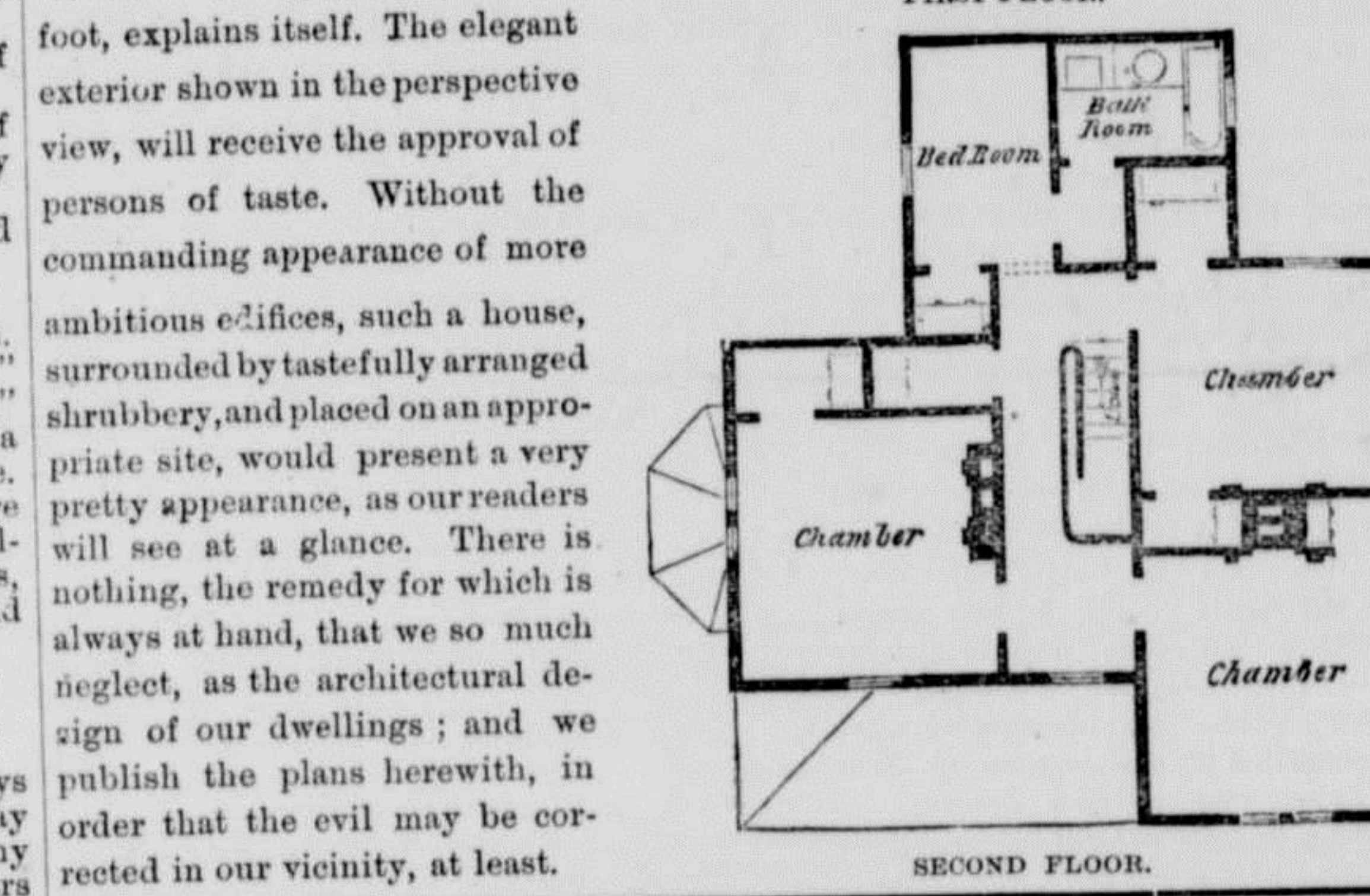
DESIGN FOR A COTTAGE.



FRONT ELEVATION.

We give herewith a very pretty design for a Gothic Cottage, for the engravings of which, we are indebted to Bicknell's Village Builder, the design being by Mr. A. J. Bicknell, the publisher.

The Gothic Cottage, of which, in the first plan we give a perspective view, and in figures two and three, respectively, plans of the first and second floors, can be completed at a cost of from \$2,000 to \$3,000, according to locality and style of finish. The plan, which is made on a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to one foot, explains itself. The elegant exterior shown in the perspective view, will receive the approval of persons of taste. Without the commanding appearance of more ambitious edifices, such a house, surrounded by tastefully arranged shrubbery, and placed on an appropriate site, would present a very pretty appearance, as our readers will see at a glance. There is nothing, the remedy for which is always at hand, that we so much neglect, as the architectural design of our dwellings; and we publish the plans herewith, in order that the evil may be corrected in our vicinity, at least.



FIRST FLOOR. SECOND FLOOR.

A Railroad Seized by an Armed Force.

A railroad of some magnitude has been in progress at Youngstown, Ohio. About a year ago the stockholders of the Liberty and Xenia Railroad Company sold that road to the Ashtabula, Youngstown and Pittsburg Railroad Company, receiving in payment part in cash and part in bonds of the latter Company. Owing to some subsequent misunderstanding the matter was taken before the courts, and for the past four or five months the Ashtabula, Youngstown and Pittsburg Railroad Company have held control of the former road by virtue of an injunction which expired lately, at which time there appeared upon the premises two of the principal stockholders of the road with a force of two to three hundred armed men, William McCreery, President, and other officers of the Ashtabula, Youngstown and Pittsburg Railroad Company, and it is reported that a special train has left Pittsburg with reinforcements for McCreery, who is backed by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and there was imminent danger of a riot.

Destroyed by an Earthquake.

When the steamship St. Louis left the port of Salvador there was a report that the City of San Salvador had been destroyed by a great earthquake on the 4th of March. The telegraph lines to the port being down, no details could be had when she was leaving.

The City of San Salvador, situated on a little stream flowing into the Pacific Ocean, 105 miles southeast of Guatemala, is about three miles from the volcano of San Salvador. At various times it has suffered greatly from earthquakes, by one of which it was nearly destroyed in 1659, and by another of which it came near suffering a similar fate in 1854. The city was well built, and contained several churches, a fine cathedral, and several convents. It had a population of about 18,000 souls. In 1853 its inhabitants numbered about 30,000, but after the earthquake of April 16, 1854, they fell to the number mentioned above. Then the Government of the republic of which it was the capital laid out a new city, called Nuevo San Salvador, ten miles nearer the sea, and transferred to it the seat of government, but so large a number of the inhabitants preferred the old place that in 1855 it was again made the capital.

OUR MANUFACTURES.—The census reports enumerate the following values of our manufacturing products in 1870, viz: of heavy iron works, \$347,000,000; of steel, \$12,000,000; products of flour and grist mills, \$445,000,000; leather, \$160,000,000; boots and shoes, \$180,000,000; worsted goods, \$22,000,000; cotton goods, \$168,000,000; woolen goods, \$151,000,000; men's clothing, \$147,000,000; hosiery, \$6,000,000.

The Somers' Tragedy.

Recalling the circumstances of the Somers' tragedy at this remote period, says a Washington letter writer, when there is no prejudice or partiality operating on the public mind, it is amazing that the perpetrator of that great crime should have been permitted to escape the severest penalty of the law. The exercise of authority, and hanging of his three victims, were shrouded over by the Government, through the influence of Mackenzie's powerful connections. It so happened that I was made acquainted with the particulars of the affair at the time, and knew precisely how the criminal escaped the consequences of his high-handed proceeding.

The vengeance of the Almighty has rarely been more signally manifested than in the fate of all concerned in this fearful tragedy. The Somers lies at the bottom of the Gulf; Mackenzie died suddenly of disease of the heart; the surgeon's mate, who sat on the court-martial which condemned the poor fellows to death, drowned himself in a fit of delirium tremens; and another member of the court perished in a paroxysm of insanity.

The alleged mutiny on the Somers was made public at Washington under circumstances tending to natural horror consequent upon such a transaction, without precedent in the annals of the country. On the arrival of the vessel at New York Lieutenant Ganevoort, her executive officer, was dispatched to Washington, bearing a sealed report to the Secretary of the Navy. He reached there on Sunday, and his awful intelligence was made public until the following day. The city was filled with startling rumors, and President Tyler without mentioning the nature of the affair intimated that something terrible would soon be revealed. Ganevoort disclosed no particulars, but his obscure givings out created general and profound consternation. On Monday the official Secretary of the Government published the official report of the mutiny, and the execution of Midshipman Spencer and two of his alleged accomplices. Mr. Spencer, the father of the young man, was overwhelmed with grief and horror. The news came upon him suddenly, without premonition. He was a tender and perhaps wayward lad, was his favorite child. He was full of genius, not unamiable in disposition, fond of study, and addicted to curious and solitary musings. The story of the mutiny and the nefarious designs charged upon the young Spencer was unsupported by any evidence that would have convinced a candid mind of a competent tribunal. Mackenzie attempted to palliate his guilt by the declaration that the execution of the mutiny was the result of his father's influence.

The trial of Mackenzie by court-martial was nothing but a solemn farce. It having been determined by the Navy Department, under the influence of Commodore Perry and his associates, post-captains, that the discipline and honor of the service required not only the acquittal of the chief criminal and his subordinates, but the formal approval of their cruelties and atrocious conduct, it only remained to shape the court and conform its decision accordingly. There was a circumstance known to the commanding officer, and which, if brought to the public knowledge, would have made the acquittal difficult, if not impossible. When the Somers arrived at New York a gentleman named Peck, a former cruise, and a man of some standing, was strictly prohibited. Mackenzie visited the Navy-yard, reporting his arrival to the commanding officer. He then called upon Captain Peck, in command of the Hudson. Peck and himself were of the same grade in the service, and they were on terms of familiar intimacy, having been associates in a former cruise. Mackenzie gave this friend his version of the Somers affair, horrifying him with the statement of the mutiny and the hanging of Midshipman Spencer. Peck naturally inquired how many of the mutineers were in irons on board the vessel, and expressed his surprise that she had not been found. Peck then claimed Peck, "a mutiny so extensive and formidable as to justify hanging anybody in irons." Mackenzie returned immediately on board the Somers, and seized upon the first dozen of the men upon whom he could lay his hands, and clapped them in irons. The fact never came to the knowledge of the court, and it was carefully suppressed in the published accounts of the transaction.

President Tyler, a warm-hearted and sympathetic man, appreciating the feelings of Mr. Spencer and his family, and anxious to alleviate their sufferings as far as lay in his power, commissioned a gentleman in his confidence to tender to the secretary of the place of minister to Russia. It seemed to Mr. Tyler the most suitable mode of relieving the bereaved family of leaving a position where every thing tended to keep alive the memory of the tragedy. A change of scene, and the opportunity to divert their minds from the contemplating of the cruel and atrocious crime of which the son of their hopes had been made the victim.

Mr. Spencer expressed his gratitude for the kindness of the President in warm terms, and requested his agent to make his acknowledgments for that thoughtful consideration which had prompted the offer, and to say that he would prepare to depart on his mission at the earliest possible moment. A week or more elapsed without the President hearing from Mr. Spencer.

How they Live.

An English farm laborer told a dreadful story before a Board of Examiners. At eighteen he had followed the plow, working from six in the morning until ten at night without having twenty-penny worth of food in him, and a little sour cider, which was called "perquisites." It was a third running, and the wages were seven shillings a week. "The living was tea-kettle broth for breakfast. Two or three little pieces of bread were put in the breakfast pot, which held three quarts, and then the bread was soaked with hot water. For dinner they got a few potatoes and a square inch of bacon fried in the pan for a family of seven, the father's dinner. For tea they soaked burned bread, and put a little treacle on it, that being carried to the husband in the field, or the wife called a 'shadedown,' like hounds in the field. Last week I spoke to an old man at Yeovil, whose master told him he could not give him more than five shillings a week, and who said he was the literally starving. I will do my best to elevate my countrymen, and run the risk of the horse-pond."

This arrow which Mitchell let fly, referred to the speech which the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol recently made, in which he advised the farmers to "duck in the horse-pond" any agitator that came into their neighborhood, or their laborers dissatisfied. It is now called "the bishop's baptism."

An investigation in Somersetshire presented a gloomier picture even than that which the farm hand drew. At one of the meetings held in that country Charles Wright, described as an elderly man, was examined and cross-examined, as follows:

Question: "Have you been a farm laborer all your life?" Answer: "Yes."

Q: "Do you remember when the standing wages for the best men were seven shillings a week?" Answer: "Yes."

Q: "The laborer twenty years of age had only seven shillings?" A: "Yes."

Q: "Did you ever have parish relief?" A: "When my wife died I had a little. She left me with seven children."

Q: "Your wages some ten or eleven years ago were raised to eight shillings a week?" A: "Yes; and last summer they were six shillings."

Q: "After harvest did your master say to you, 'There's five shillings a week for you if you continue to live with me; if not, go home?' Is that true?" A: "Yes, it is."

Q: "How much house rent did you have to pay out of that?" A: "One shilling and sevenpence half-penny a week."

Q: "On wet days were your wages paid?" A: "No; I lost the time."

Q: "When you were at harvest did you get any extra?" A: "No. (A voice: 'A quart of sour cider!')

Here the chairman asked if any one wished to put any further questions. A gentleman called out that his father had once worked for nine shillings a week, and was now worth £2,000. Abraham Burt was next examined. His experience repeated the above as to wages. He was then asked how many children he had.

A: "Six."

Q: "How many bedrooms have you?" A: "One."

Q: "How many bedsteads?" A: "Two."

Q: "Do you all sleep in one room?" A: "Yes."

Getting the Boys Up.

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is a rarely a getting up a success at rousing a mother who has a boy, and a boy, and his boys. And yet the mother seems to go to it in the right way. She opens the door, and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny!" There is no response.

"John-ny!" Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "John!" followed by an emphatic "John Henry!" A grunt from the upper regions signifies that the impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up and give you something you feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing of this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its contents, and the "John Henry" goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deep recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed into his clothes and down the stairs with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allowed himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

—Dumbury News.

"Is Mike McCloskey in the ranks?" called out the commander-in-chief, as the army stood in a line of battle. "Here, General," said Mike, stepping forward. "Then let the engagement begin," said the General. That is the way Mike tells the story.

Items of Interest.

A Florida farmer realizes \$1,000 a week from the sale of moss on his plantation.

Southern farmers find the production of peanuts more profitable than either wheat, corn or tobacco.

Only fifteen per cent. of the land of Cuba is under the plow, yet her annual exports reach ninety million dollars.

A St. Louis paper recommends an ambitious debating society in that State to decide "Which is the butt end of a goat?"

A man died in a New York town the other day, and in his will left "that old liar and tattler, the widow Jones, two cents."

A Pittsburgh bride's dowry lately consisted of two barges of coal, which her father thought ought to secure her respectability by the ton anywhere.

Contrary to what would naturally be supposed, deep-sea telegraph cables pay. One of more than 50 different cables only five pay dividends.

There is a woman at Duluth who weighs 360 pounds. At a little distance it is difficult to tell which is the larger of the two, the town or the woman.

A substitute for ivory and bone veneers has recently been discovered, made from goat and sheep's bones, the fleshing of deer skins, parchment parings, etc.

The Chicago Tribune says that the Legislature of Illinois was in session eleven weeks when it had passed two bills, one of which was adopted to enable the other one to go into effect.

A St. Paul jury has brought in a verdict that a husband and his wife have each suffered cruel and inhuman treatment at the hands of the other, and that consequently each is entitled to a divorce.

The attendant in the gentlemen's dressing room where a first class party was given recently, at New York, discovered that almost every overcoat in his charge had a loaded revolver in the pocket.

It is estimated that the strawberry crop of Long Island during the coming season will be at least 120,000 bushels, the nearly 4,000 bushels. At Mattituck the crop is expected to be at least 60,000 quarts.

A big ruffian in Boston undertook the other night, to bully a servant girl left alone in a house. She was a young woman, and she was with a carving knife, and he went away as hungry as he came.

A village paper, speaking of the present depression of its town, says it is caused by lack of unanimity, lack of sociability, lack of home pride, distrust of one another, and a great desire for braggart display.

The president of a Nashville street railway responded to a demand for fare by saying, "I have just defeated Hon. Elery A. Hibbard, the defeated Democratic candidate for re-election to Congress."

After fifteen years' experience, the Omaha publishers have come to the conclusion that the newspaper business is a legitimate one, and they have given notice that free puffing has ceased. All they ask is to pay and be paid like white folks.

Mat. Tarpey, who was hanged by the lynchers near Yuba, Cal., made a last will giving \$1,000 to Nicholson, the husband of his victim. Nicholson witnessed the lynching, and Tarpey begged his forgiveness, and Tarpey told him to slap his head as he knelt. Nicholson granted the request.

An outrageous case of cruelty to animals recently occurred at Somerset, Vt. A man drove a team of horses through the deep snow until they stopped from exhaustion, then let them on the road reeking with perspiration, and went to a neighboring house for the night. In the morning he was as engaged at first, and the sufferings of the other by stabbing it with a knife.

Troy has its sensation. This time a youth who loved a lady (87) was seen beguiling her sleeves, while a sad-eyed gentleman of a clergyman, several miles from the city. He then first declared his love, and told her she must marry him. She flatly refused, and he plucky girl started to do so, but the foiled fortune-hunter retreated, and carried her back to Troy. When in the city, she slapped his face, leaped from the sleigh, and ran home. Names are withheld for the lady's sake.

A Syracuse gentleman and his wife left home, a few days ago, for an extended Southern tour, intending to spend the spring months in Florida. They got as far as New York, and in visiting one of the theatres the gentleman was robbed of his wallet containing the several hundred dollars purpose of the trip. In the rear of that gentleman's Syracuse house may be seen a thoughtful man chopping and sawing on what sleeves, while a sad-eyed woman within pats butter and sighs.

A selector who had recently been engaged by a prominent life insurance firm, returned to the office of his employers, the other day, and complained that he had been snubbed by a gentleman whom he had called, "Snubbed," cried the manager, "snubbed! Why, what did you do that he should have snubbed you? I have solicited life insurance from the Atlantic City, Mississippi, and have never yet been snubbed. I have been kicked down stairs, beaten over the head with chairs, and thrown out of the window, but snubbed I have never been."