THE MERCURY.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

To Prevent Mildew on Preserves.—Take the white of an egg and wet slightly both sides of a piece of letter paper sufficiently large to cover over the top of the preserves snugly.

To Keep Lemons Fresh.—Lemons may be kept sweet and fresh for weeks by placing them in a clean, tight cask and covering with water. Keep in a cool place and change the water every other day. To those living where it is not always convenient to procure fresh lemons the above is worth remembering.

Sale of Sheep.—Messrs. Guthrie, Bird & Scott, of Shelby County, importers and breeders of blooded sheep, will have a sale of sixty head of imported yearling Cotswold ewes and bucks at the fair grounds in Shelbyville during the latter part of this month. At the same place the Wool Growers' Association will hold its annual fair, and will also dispose of a large number of stock at public sale.

Another Enemy to Hogs.—A Kentucky hog breeder recently had one hundred and sixty hogs poisoned by eating the young cockle bur. Out of the number twenty died in the space of fifteen hours from the time they partook of the poisonous plant. It is well known that after a heavy rain this cockle bur springs up in a day or two, throwing out two slender leaves which the hog greedily devours, and just so sure as he swallows a certain quantity of the poisonous plant he is a dead hog. The plant at older stage loses its poisonous quality. After three or four leaves appear, and the plant assumes vigorous appearance, the virus dies in it; the difficulty, meanwhile, is to guard against the hog's eating it in its early stage, at which it is a fatal poison to the porcine family.

Blue Grass Seed.—It is comparatively but a few years ago that the saving of blue grass seed was thought sufficiently of by farmers to make it any object. They permitted their negroes to gather it at night and on holidays and gave it no thought. But it has now become of as much importance as any of the secondary crops on the farm, and they gather it very closely. H. C. Sandusky & Co., two of which firm are old Bourbon farmers, are the leading dealers in this section in blue grass seed, and buy and ship immense quantities to various parts of the world. They have rented the new market house, and have a steam cleaning apparatus, the invention of Mr. Isaac Sandusky, that separates the seed into two qualities—the one, pure and almost unmixed with chaff; the other, better than stripped seed and much easier sown. The machine, for which a patent has been applied, does the work most effectually, and is superior to all other machines of the kind. It effectually threshes it, and the clean seed is as easily sown as timothy or clover. The reputation of this house is above all suspicion of adulterating their seed, and the purchaser is sure to get what he pays for, not only in quality but weight, a matter of the first importance to distant buyers. And what is also a matter of considerable moment, their seed is unmixed with other seed. Many dealers are not particular in this respect, and often noxious grasses and plants are disseminated in this way, much to the annoyance and injury of those who think they are buying pure blue grass seed. In this way many of our farms have become seeded with strange weeds from Ohio and other States, the seed being mixed with clover seed, designedly or carelessly. This firm does not buy indiscriminately, but know from whom they purchase, oftentimes and mostly visiting the pastures from which their seed is to be stripped. They fill all orders at the current market price, and have engaged in the business as a permanency. Blue grass seed can be sown either in the fall, winter or early spring, the best time being in September, when it gets a "stand," as farmers call it, and makes a full crop the next season. H. C. Sandusky & Co. are now shipping a large quantity of seed. One sale of 1,000 bushels has been made to parties in Germany. A great deal of seed was heated at harvest, owing to the wet weather, and purchasers should be careful from whom they get their seed, for heated seed is of no account and will not grow.—[Lexington Gazette.

A Characteristic Letter by Artemus Ward.

The Elmira Gazette says: We have been permitted to publish a letter written by Mr. Browne (Artemus Ward) to a young friend of his—a little girl, then of the age of eight, and now the wife of a prominent merchant in a neighboring city. The letter before has appeared in print, and the original is in possession of a gentleman of this city. We vouch for its genuineness. It will at once strike the reader as being eminently characteristic—"true to life:"

Salem, Mass., June 1st, 1877.

My Dear Amelia—I cannot tell you how much I miss you.

It seems as though I had lost all my relatives, including my grandmother and the cooking-stove.

Why didn't I put you in a bottle and bring you down here with me? But I am always forgetting something. The other day I went off and forgot my Aunt Sarah, and she's a good deal bigger than you are. Mr. Ramsey is also a very forgetful man. He frequently goes off and forgets his washerwoman. Mr. Ramsey is a very fine-looking man. He reminds me of Mr. Green, the Malden murderer. When Mr. Ramsey goes to the penitentiary, which will be very soon, we must send him doughnuts, magazines and other literary documents. Mr. Ramsey can read print very well.

I like you very much. I should like you just as well if you were ten years older. I am very singular about some things.

You spoke to me about a boy who is my rival. I should feel very sorry to kill that boy, but he may drive me to it. I am in hopes that he may take himself into a premature tomb—that he may choke himself with a large slice of pudding—but if he does neither I shall be forced to bind him with chains and read all my lectures to him. That will finish him. His boots may remain, but the rest of him will have perished miserably long ere I have gotten through!

You must be a good little girl and always mind your mother. Never let your excellent mother feel sorry that she is acquainted with you. If it had not been for her you might have been drowned in a soup-plate. And if you hadn't ever had any mother, you might now be in Turkey with the other Turkeys. In fact, my dear Amelia, so conduct yourself that even on dark and rainy days the bright sun may shine wherever you are—and that the stars, which are next to the sun in brightness, may never flash so brilliantly but that you can always look steadily and hopefully toward them. Faithfully your friend,

A. Ward.

Hints to Young Husbands.

Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen sighted in everything affecting her home. They enable her to cheer her husband when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her, and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one at least, is the fairest face in all the world; that that heart, which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength and courage and sweetness and vivacity which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten and brighten in perpetual youth.

A dispatch from Mt. Sterling, August 19, says that Deputy Marshal Robert Warren of Louisville, arrested William Boston in Laurel County, about eleven miles west of London, for moonshining. He also captured the still which he had in the bush near by. That night it was taken away by some parties. The next morning Mr. Warren, at the request of the prisoner (Boston) went to the house of one Witt to get Mrs. Witt to appear before the Commissioner as a witness for the prisoner. He went to the house, when he found about a dozen armed men in the yard. While he was talking with Mrs. Witt the men began to fire on him. They fired some twenty shots, the bullets whistling in close proximity to his ears several times. The Marshal put his spurs to his horse, and barely escaped with his life. At the trial next day Boston was discharged. Mrs. Witt, who appeared as a witness, testified that the armed parties were there guarding the still, which they thought the Marshal meant to capture.

Take Your County Paper.

Do the city papers say anything in regard to your own county? Nothing. Do they contain notices of your schools, meetings, churches, improvements, and hundreds of other local matters of interest which your home paper publishes without pay? Not a line. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw attention to your county and aid in its progress and enterprise? Not a line. And there are men who take such contracted views of this matter that, unless they are getting as many square inches of reading matter in their own as they do in a city paper, they think they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of the man who took the largest pair of boots the box because the price was the same as a pair much smaller that fitted him.

The Finest House in America.

Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad, is worth about $25,000,000. His residence is, perhaps, the most costly one inside in the United States. I do not except the Lawrence House in Boston, Lockwood's house at Norwalk, or Probasco's house in Cincinnati. It is as large as an imperial palace in Europe. Even the front vestibule is floored with Roman mosaic. The parlor was frescoed by a master in Rome and sent over, the carpets were made in Turkey, and on the walls hang all the modern masters, from Gerome and Meissoner to Bierstadt and Achenbach.—[San Francisco Correspondence New York Sun.

General Creek, a veteran and successful Indian fighter, says that the Indians are now as well armed with breech-loaders as the regular troops, and shoot better. The terrible loss suffered by General Gibbon's command in the Big Hole battle proves that the Nez Perces had excellent weapons, and knew how to use them. It is becoming painfully evident that Lo is no longer the simple child of the forest that he was in the days of Cooper. It is a great pity he was ever initiated into the mysteries of breech-loading rifles. It will not be a great while before the noble red man will be hankering after iron clads and Krupp cannon.

A large rattlesnake was killed in Breathitt County a few days ago that proved to be quite a curiosity. It was perfectly formed, save it had two well-developed necks and heads. The prongs of the neck were about four inches long, and the snake used both heads at the same time, striking with both and thrusting out its tongues in a spiteful manner, and had the appearance of two snakes—so much so that the parties who killed it did not discover the deformity until his snakeship was dead. We give Judge E. C. Strong, of Breathitt, as authority for the above, and he says it can be substantiated by a dozen good witnesses.—[Mt. Sterling Democrat.

At Alton, Illinois, after the second act of Barnum's Circus, while the tents were filled by 5,000 people, a straw stack close by caught fire, and threatened the destruction of property and life. A terrible panic ensued among the spectators, who commenced leaping from their seats and breaking through the canvas. Miraculously, no one was dangerously hurt. In the midst of the panic Barnum's employes achieved wonders by their coolness and precision, removing the tents, animals and material in time to prevent loss.

You can detect counterfeit coin by putting it in water. If it swims it is bad.

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War in the Name of God.

BY JOHN G. WILSON.

[illegible]

A FRENCH WIZARD.

Houdin Among the Arabs and the Wonderful Things with Which He Astonished Them.

The most famous of magicians was the late Robert Houdin. He was never excelled, and seldom equaled in his calling. He was well declared to be the prince of conjurers, for he elevated his occupation to a profession, and was an able mathematician and mechanician.

His ingenuity was unlimited, and it was absolutely impossible to detect the secret of his innumerable tricks and performances. Without the least assistance he would hold an audience in delight and amazement for hours, everything being done with a graceful facility which showed that Houdin absolutely enjoyed his business. He taught his son many of his original tricks, but never imparted them to others, while the secret of the most remarkable performances has died with their master, and no one can ever hope to reproduce them.

Probably the first instance in which a conjurer has been called upon to exercise his profession in government employ was that of Robert Houdin. He was sent to Algeria by the French minister of foreign affairs to exercise the black art in that benighted country, hoping thus to destroy the influence exercised among the Arabs by the Marabouts—an influence which was often mischievously applied. By a few cunning, yet clumsy tricks, these Marabouts passed themselves off as sorcerers, and were held in fear and veneration by the ignorant tribes.

The French government desired to show the Arabs that these would-be leaders among them were impostors, and that their pretended supernatural powers were without truth. The best way to do this, it was thought, would be to send one among them who would eclipse their skill, and thus discredit their science and pretended powers. It was resolved to send Robert Houdin, and the wizard was ordered to appear at the governmental office in Paris.

Houdin was a little puzzled to know what the minister of foreign affairs could want of him.

The plan and purpose of the government were made known to him, and he entered with spirit into the idea and its successful application. With every facility and all needed protection Robert Houdin sailed for Algeria to astonish the natives.

Arriving under such favorable auspices, he went at once to work upon the object of his mission, and gaping crowds followed him everywhere, thinking him to be inspired. He succeeded in showing the people that he could vanish the famous would-be prophets who had obtained such control over the ignorant masses of the population, and thus threw them into such discredit that he succeeded in disarming them almost entirely of their influence.

Still, there was one of the Marabouts whom he had not met yet, and who scoffed at the reported power of this French wizard. A day was therefore appointed when the two should appear before the people, and each gave evidence of their own peculiar powers.

One of the great pretensions of the Marabout was to invulnerability. At the moment that a loaded musket was fired at him, and the trigger pulled, he pronounced a few cabalistic words, and the weapon would not go off. Robert Houdin instantly detected the trick, and showed the touch hole of the musket was carefully plugged. This rendered the Arab conjurer furious, and he of course, abused his French rival without mercy.

Houdin was perfectly cool, and said: "You are angry with me?"

"I am," said the Arab.

"And would be avenged?"

"Yes."

"It is very easy."

"Tell me the way."

"I will show you," said Houdin, quietly.

The Arab was all attention.

"Take a pistol; load it yourself. Here are bullets. Put one in the barrel. But stop—"

"For what?"

"Mark the bullet with your knife, so that you may know it."

The Arab did as he was told.

"You are quite certain now," said Houdin, "that the pistol is properly loaded?"

"Yes."

"Tell me, do you feel no remorse in killing me thus, even though I consent?"

"No."

"It is strange."

"You are my enemy," he coldly answered, "and I will kill you."

"Wait but a moment."

Houdin then stuck an apple on the point of knife, and calmly gave the word, as he held the fruit raised in one hand.

"Fire!"

The pistol was discharged, the apple flew far away, and there appeared in its place, stuck on the point of the knife, the bullet the Marabout had marked. The spectators, though considerably aroused to excitement, remained mute with stupefaction, while the Marabout bowed before his superior, saying:

"Allah is great. I am vanquished."

"Great was the triumph of the French wizard.

Houden then called for an empty bowl, which he kept constantly full of boiling coffee, though but few of the Arabs would taste of it, for they were sure that it was the evil one's coffee-pot from whence it came.

He then told them that it was within his power to deprive them of all strength, and to restore it to them at will, and he produced in illustration a small box, so light that a child could lift it with its fingers.

And now came their astonishment. This box suddenly became so heavy that the strongest man present could not raise it, and the Arabs, who prize physical strength above everything, looked with terror upon the magician, who, they doubted not, could annihilate them by the mere exertion of his will.

The people expressed this belief, in which Houdin, of course, confirmed them, and promised that at a day appointed he would convert them into smoke.

The day came and throng was prodigious. A fanatical Marabout had agreed to give himself up to the French sorcerer for the experiment.

The preparations were on a grand scale.

The Marabout was made to stand upon a table, and was covered with a transparent gauze. Then Houdin and another person lifted the table by the ends, when the Arab disappeared in a profuse cloud of smoke. The terror of the spectators was indescribable. They rushed out of the place, and ran a long distance before some of the boldest could make up their minds to return and look upon the Marabout. They found him near the spot where he had so mysteriously disappeared, but he could not answer their questions—he could not tell them nothing at all—and only gazed wildly at them like one bereft of his senses. He was entirely ignorant of what had happened to him.

This was Houdin's closing exhibition in Arabia. He had filled the minds of the people with wonder, he was venerated by all, while the pretentious Marabouts were in utter disgrace. Their influence was banished. He had met these conjurors on their own ground, and had, in a most incredible short time, completely vanquished them.

The object of the French Government was completely attained, and Houdin returned to his home. He had made no pecuniary terms with the Minister of Foreign Affairs before obeying his orders; but so well satisfied was the government with his remarkable success, that, besides paying his expenses, he was presented with a check upon the treasury for 50,000 francs.

Such is a single chapter in the life of a famous French wizard.

Use of the Bath.

For the last ten or fifteen years the public has been stimulated by the use of the bath. "Water, water everywhere and for all diseases," was the cry of the hydropathists. A reaction has begun, and not a few physicians now protest the intemperate use of the bath. Among these is Professor Hebra, of Vienna, who thinks that much is said concerning the beneficial influence of water which is not indorsed by facts.

This eminent German is a decided skeptic as to the favorable effects of habitual bathing upon the healthy skin. Against the general opinion, he denies that frequent cold and warm baths, and washing the skin with cold water, followed by friction, are conductive to health and do no harm. Millions of men, he says, take no baths, and, at most, only slightly wash their hands and face once a week, and yet live to an old age in the enjoyment of good health. Besides, he continues, no one can prove that the bath wards off disease, or that washing in cold water protects against catarrh, rheumatism and other diseases supposed to arise from catching cold.

The professor does not object to the bath as an amusement or as a means of occasional cleansing. But he does object to soaking one's person in a bath tub, and to that repeated rubbing which, under the shape of shampooing, brushing with a hair-brush or coarse towel, is popularly thought to add to the virtues of the bath. He says that the itching of the skin which follows such friction is its protest that the treatment is injuring it. If the protest is not heeded, the bather may find himself a victim of a skin disease which will require months if not years to cure. Professor Hebra's objections are worthy of attention.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

No one will refer to any one of Brigham Young's wives as a "poor lone widow."

They are raising a breed of left-handed cows down in Nebraska. They can be milched from the "off" side.

Little Mullet tendered his services to the Democratic Committee of Ohio for several speeches, but they were declined.

The President and all the Cabinet officers are unanimous in the opinion that Congress should meet on the 15th of October.

Brigham is the only man who knew just how to take a mother-in-law. He took some fifty of them.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

W. F. Wilt, of Circleville, Ohio, a tight rope performer, fell from the rope, a distance of forty feet, after which he wilted.

The Norristown Herald doesn't believe that howling dogs bring bad luck. They generally bring brick-bats—to the dog.

Somebody has stolen our calendar, so we cannot tell whether to-day is the day for Russian or Turkish atrocities.—[Hawkeye.

A convention of deaf mutes is to be held in Elmira next week. They go there via the Erie Railroad.—[Commercial Advertiser.

Tom Thumb is worth $100,000. This reminds the New York Herald that an ordinary man ought to be worth $800,000.—[Exchange.

"You're a smart fellow," sneered a lawyer to a witness the other day. "I'd return the compliment if I wasn't under oath," replied the witness.

Commodore Nut is not worth a cent, which reminds us that had he been as big a some men he'd be about $2,000,000 in debt.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.

Delille, the French magician who died recently at Paris, by manipulation of cards and other tricks of legerdemain, acquired a fortune of seven million francs.

The Dayton Democrat has seen a horse in that place eat meat. We have frequently seen horses run for stakes here with a bit in their mouths.—[Commercial Bulletin.

Generals McClellan, Schofield, Newton, Burnside, Couch, Joshua Chamberlain, of Maine, and Fitz John Porter promise to attend the Boston monument dedication next month.

MacMahon rises at 6 every morning, and when up he rings for Francois, his valet, an old African soldier, who has been his attendant for years, who brings him a cup of black coffee.

The freedom of Edinburgh was presented to Ex-President Grant August 31, by the Lord Provost, Sir James Falshaw, in the Free Assembly Hall. Two thousand persons were present.

"Men are drowned by rising their arms above water," says the Scientific Monthly. Bosh! If a man can't swim he'll go down with his arms under water as soon as any other way. Dry land is an awful safe place.

This is the time of year to lay in your winter molasses. A two gallon jug filled and put in the hind end of your wagon, and exposed to the sun in a jolt of ten miles will fill an ordinary wagon bed and furnish sucking for nine miles of flies.—[Glasgow Times.

When you are tired of twirling your thumb, sit down and see how fast you can say, "shoes and socks shock Susan in an inexplicable manner, and inexorably she ceaseth sheathing her shoes." It is worse than "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."

General Terry having brought information that Sitting Bull with 1,300 warriors is in camp this side of the British line, all further proceedings in regard to selecting a commission to arrange for his return to the United States have been suspended for the present.

The value of the wedding gifts of Mlle. d'Albe, niece of the ex-Empress Eugenie, is said to be $1,000,000. One of these was a Cameo ring which belonged to Charles V. Eleven necklaces of brilliants adorned the collection. The Duke d'Ossuna, whom she married, is said to be one of the wealthiest personages in the Peninsula.

As the 10 p.m. train No. 5, on the Louisville and Great Southern Railroad, ran into a freight train at Smith's Grove, Kentucky, completely wrecking one car, disabling both engines and smashing in one end of Bad Doble's palace horse-car. The celebrated mare escaped, unscathed. No one seriously hurt.

Major Stanton, of the Yeoman, has the *dianthus heddiwigii diadematus*, and when he drags his weary limbs up the ladder loft at night and gets his straw pallet fixed, blows out his tallow rag and lays morbid anatomy down to bitter reflections and to his watching of the stars through a gable crack, it is awful to have one of those horny black bugs about the size of a beer saloon domino zooing around and bumping the boards overhead and occasionally making him tuck his nose under the quilt to wrestle with the aroma that is gently distilled by his pedal neighbors.—[Glasgow Times.

A young lady viewing an intelligent ape a day or two ago at Woodward's Gardens, offered him her purse, which was accepted with chattering remarks. The ape helped himself to the contents, consisting of eighteen silver half dollars and one five and one two and a half dollar pieces in gold, all of which he put into his mouth and deposited in his pouch, and looked for more. The lady, astonished, called an employe of the Gardens, who after an hour of coaxing—"swapping" a peanut for a coin, induced Mr. Ape to disgorge piece by piece. The purse was torn to tatters.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

THE HENRY COUNTY HORROR.

Four Desperate Men Hung by a Mob—"King Jim" and His Gang Precipitously Dealt With—The Details.

[Special Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]

Eminence, Ky., September 4.—At one o'clock last night (or rather this morning) our county seat, New Castle, was visited by a company of disguised men, numbering from 150 to 240, as near as I could learn, who went immediately to the house of the jailor, Mr. Jones, who lives across the street from the jail, and, after knocking at the door, commanded him to go with them to the jail and let them into it. Mr. Jones is a feeble old man, but a very clever and honorable one, who, finding his house filled with armed men and himself helpless, begged them not to disgrace him by forcing him to do an act wholly unjustifiable and against the law, and contrary to his duty and wishes; but they told him quietly that it was no use to talk; they meant business, and could not be trifled with; they did not mean to harm him, but he must do as they desired. So, with guns cocked and ready, they did not mean to harm him, but he must do as they desired. So, with guns cocked and ready, they forced the old man to go with them and unlock the jail doors, when they at once entered and took possession of the jail. The first man they met after the inner cell doors were unlocked was H. M. Roberts, who had been arrested in Louisville and sent up and committed to jail on yesterday evening, charged with a different offense. This man was sleeping in one of the cells, and was quickly awakened and tied. He told them who he was, and they at once left him and proceeded to bind securely James Simmons, Robert, Samuel and Joseph Goodrich, three brothers, the first a son-in-law of Simmons. They had sent a part of their company to the residence of Mr. O'Brien, a grocery merchant, and requested him to get up and go with them to his business house, and let them have what they wanted out of his stock, which he found to be rope. Obtaining this they repaired to the jail, and placing a rope around the neck of each of the above-named four men, led them out of the jail and were proceeding with them through the street when Sheriff Ricketts and his three deputies met them and commanded them to give up the prisoners and disperse. The mob, without any noise or confusion, drew down upon them their guns, and the click of the locks could be heard as the leader commanded the officers of the law to get out of the way or they would be immediately shot down; telling the sheriff also that they meant business, and that they would not be disturbed or delayed in their proceedings by man or mortal. The officers, finding themselves powerless to contend against such numbers, were obliged to get out of the way or lose their lives. The mob then proceeded quietly through the streets to the western edge of the town, where a stone bridge about fourteen feet high, with a single arch, spans a small stream. On the top of the bridge on either side are wooden bannisters or railings for the public safety. To this woodwork they tied the ropes, two upon either side, and from the top of the bridge

DROPPED THE UNFORTUNATE MEN INTO ETERNITY.

The rope to which Robert Goodrich was attached broke, giving him a terrible fall, cutting his face and bruising his head considerably, but he was quickly gathered up and suspended a second time, leaving the rocks in the bed of the stream and the bridge wall bespattered with blood. James Simmons, the oldest and supposed leader of the gang, a very muscular and powerful man, doubtless struggled desperately, as a strong water gate under the arch of the bridge was broken down in his efforts to secure relief.

After all was over, the perpetrators of this dark deed dispersed as quickly and as quietly as they entered the place. They did not return through the town, and, as almost the entire populace were asleep, it is only surmised that they left in different directions.

One of the saddest circumstances connected with this dark picture is the fact that Robert Goodrich had a wife and six children and Joseph Goodrich a wife and seven children. Samuel Goodrich was a single man. James Simmons had a wife and a family of grown-up children, but was not living with his wife when this happened.

When the news reached Lockport, the home of the dead, there was anguish unutterable. Mrs. Goodrich, mother of one of the dead, and stepmother of two others, rushed into the street and poured out her sorrows in a touching and eloquent appeal to the God of mercy. Sam. Goodrich's affianced rent the heavens with her shrieks, and there are many mourners in those wild hills.

THE OBSEQUIES.

"Shoot him in, boys!" exclaimed the master of ceremonies as a spring-wagon was backed up by two negroes to the door of the vacant store room in which the body of the late, unlamented Jim Simmons, King of the Henry County foot-pads, lay in state. That was about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and three negroes and two white men—one of the latter very drunk and somewhat bent on a last look of his fallen majesty's face—took hold of the neat imitation rosewood coffin, furnished by the county, and shoved it, feet foremost, into the vehicle. There was a tongue, or pole, to the wagon, and one negro hitched himself to each singletree and a third to the end of the pole, and, followed by a motley crowd of a dozen men, boys and little children, white and black, the royal cortege set out for the old cemetery back of the Christian Church, some two hundred yards distant. Women looked out from windows and doors to see the rather novel procession pass, but so far as "the King" was concerned

"There was lack of woman's watching,
There was dearth of woman's tears."

An Anecdote of Henry Clay.

During the "Compromise" discussion of 1850, says the Richmond Whig, a lady from Georgia, accompanied by her husband, called on Mr. Clay at the National hotel. He was extremely busy and sent down a card apologizing and expressing the hope that they would call in the morning. But the lady would not be put off so easily. She immediately wrote him a beautiful note in a beautiful hand, in which she said that she and her husband had come some hundred miles out of their way to see him, and begged the honor of a brief interview, as they were under the necessity of leaving that evening. The great Kentucky statesman of course made a graceful surrender. The party was introduced, and a pleasant conversation followed, which Mr. Clay himself seemed to enjoy no less than his guests. As it was drawing to a close the lady remarked that she still had another favor to ask, the reference to which seemed to give her some little embarrassment. "What is it, madam, if you please?" "Sir," said she, "before leaving home I told my friend that I would not only see Mr. Clay, but that I would be kissed by him." "My dear madam," said he, rising, "as Mr. Lowndes said about the Presidency, that is an honor neither to be sought nor declined," and the lady's wish was gratified.

A NATION'S WAIL.

The Mourning of France for Her Favorite Son.

The attack which carried off ex-President Thiers was what is called in France *apoplexie foudroyante*. He was apparently in good health in the morning, and took his usual walk. After luncheon, he felt symptoms of illness, which speedily developed into an apoplectic fit. He remained unconscious, and died at six, apparently without pain.

No event short of a *coup d'etat* or Communist rising could have created so profound an impression throughout France. Its effect on the present political crisis can not yet be properly weighed. Gambetta is now without a rival in the Republican party, but his advanced views are so alarming to the Left Center that the Republican party as a whole, will probably seek to counteract the evil effects of Thiers' removal by putting forward Jules Grevy, ex-President of the Chamber of Deputies, as candidate for the succession to the Presidency in the event of President MacMahon's retirement.

So long as Thiers was the leader there was almost complete confidence in its prudence and moderation. Even after he retired from the Presidency, it was to his influence and authority that Germany continued to look with confidence.

A correspondent telegraphs that it would be impossible to convey an idea of the grief and consternation which prevail at the death of Thiers. The news spread like wild fire, and even at an early hour, although the weather was very inclement, the streets of Paris were filled with people in great excitement, some actually shedding tears, and all giving vent to feelings of grief and apprehension, the death of Thiers just now being regarded by all a national calamity.

President MacMahon, who is at Montbrison, upon being informed of the death of M. Thiers, immediately telegraphed to Paris to summon a Cabinet Council to arrange for solemnizing the funeral with the greatest pomp. President MacMahon thinks that, in the presence of such a loss to the country, all divisions should for a time disappear, in order by a great national demonstration to pay honor to one who has rendered such great services to France.

The Beauties of Bond-Holding.

An association of gentlemen in an Eastern State raised $300,000 in currency. They went to the office of the Register of the Treasury and exchanged their currency for $300,000 in six per cent. gold-bearing bonds. They then went to the office of the Comptroller of the currency, in the same building, organized a national bank, deposited their 300,000 in bonds, and receiving for their bank $270,000 in national bank currency. They had let the Government have $30,000 in currency more than they received for banking purposes, and had on deposit $300,000 in bonds, on which they received $18,000 a year in gold, exempt from taxation. This was pretty good financiering for these banks to receive $18,000 a year in gold on $30,000 in currency, which they had just loaned to the Government. But this is not the whole story. They had their bank made a public depository. They soon discovered that there was scarcely ever less than a million of dollars of Government money deposited within their vaults. They did not like to see this vast sum lying idle. They therefore took $1,000,000 of this Government money and bought $1,000,000 of five-twenty bonds with it. In other words, they loaned $1,000,000 of the Government's own money to the Government and deposited the bonds received in the vaults of the bank, on which they received from the same Government $60,000 a year in gold interest. Thus for their $30,000 in currency, which they originally loaned to the Government, they received annually in all $78,000 in gold.—[Frank Leslie, August 18, 1877.

LAWS OF NEWSPAPERS.

[illegible]

Twenty-Four Million People Affected By Famine.

Twenty Hundred Thousand Die of Starvation—Scenes of Misery on Every Hand—The People Resorting to Cannibalism—Four Millions Will Perish Before Relief Can be Given.

The editor of the Madras Times, a member of the Relief Committee, writes under date of August 1 as follows:

The population in Southern India, more or less afflicted by famine, numbers twenty-four millions. In the most favorable circumstances at least one-sixth will die. Twenty-three people in all died of starvation in Bengal. In Madras no camp of three thousand rises morning after morning without leaving thirty corpses.

In the interior the distress is most fearful. One gentleman passing down the valley in the Wynaad District counted twenty-nine dead bodies on the road. A coffee-planter seeking shelter from the rain in a hut found six decomposing corpses in it.

On any day and every day mothers may be seen in the streets of Madras offering their children for sale, while the foundling portion of the Poor-house is full of infants found by the police on the roads, deserted by their parents.

Since the famine began five hundred thousand people have died of want and distress.

The first big tragedy may be expected in Mysore, in that Province. Indeed, information has been received from Bangalore of two cases of cannibalism already.

Who is Osman Pasha?

The Memphis Avalanche contains a sketch of Colonel R. Clay Crawford, who is said to exist in the person of Osman Pasha. Crawford's father was a school teacher in Rogersville, Tennessee, where Robert's boyhood was passed. Andrew Johnson, about 1849, gave young Crawford an appointment to West Point. There he resisted an arrest for dereliction of duty and was expelled. A few years later he was sentenced by the Federal Court of Virginia for robbing the mail, and in a few weeks escaped from confinement. In 1863 he bursted in on Rogersville as a dashing Colonel and Chief of artillery on some Federal General's staff, and carried things with a high hand among the older citizens of Hawkins County. After the war he figured in a wild raid of plundering over the Rio Grande. Here all trace of the bold rider is lost.

The Chicago Post learns that General Jos. F. Reynolds, a lawyer of that city, was intimately acquainted with R. Clay Crawford, who joined the Sixth regiment of Illinois volunteers, at Wilmington, Ill., in which Reynolds was a lieutenant. Crawford rose rapidly in rank on account of bravery and merit. General Reynolds has corresponded with him since the war, and in 1873 had a letter from him stating that he (Crawford) was in the employ of the Egyptian Government, and was called Osman Bey. He heard from him subsequently as being in the Turkish service under the name of Osman Pasha.

FACETIOUS.

[To the Editor of the Courier-Journal.]

Neither your Mt. Washington correspondent nor your cable donkey has succeeded in identifying Osman Pasha. His former name was neither Crawford nor Bazaine, but Biddy O'Rourke. Yes, sir! The redoubtable Turkish General is a lady, and used to run a hash factory on Center street, between Chestnut and Broadway, in this city, whence, in a fit of abstraction, she "lit out" to Baltimore, about seven years ago, leaving behind a small army of somewhat disappointed grocers, milkmen and bakers, who held an indignation meeting in front of the dear departed's evacuated ranch on the morning after her evaporation. I knew her well—the old girl—and can never forget her commanding appearance, nor the horizontal force of her No. 9 gaiters. In Baltimore she shipped as a stewardess on board a Levant clipper, whose Captain was her brother; arrived at Constantinople in the spring of 1871, was kidnaped in the usual manner by the guard and carried to the Sultan's harem, as a woman, of great physical attraction and promise. But the dismal Tipperary shiny raised in that seminary for young ladies by my resolute friends overawed even the grand Turk, and, in a freak of resentment he slapped her into a pair of trousers and sent her to the army as a corporal of Bashi-Bazouks—with the result now before you. Here you have true statement of the case, Mr. Editor, and I hope, sir, that, in justice to a much-reviled woman, you will give this communication as prominent a reception in your journal as it deserves.

PATRICK MULDOON.

If you must sail a young lady, do it with a smack; if you must take her a ride, do it with a 'bus.