

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY M. O. RUSSELL, Editor and Prop'r. Terms of Subscription, (Postage paid), TWO DOLLARS A YEAR IN ADVANCE. Six Months, \$1.00. Three Months, 75c.

OUR MOTTO IS LIFE, SPICE, AND BRAINERD FOREVER.

Table with columns for advertising rates: Single Copy, 10 Cents; 10 Copies, 1.00; 100 Copies, 10.00; 1000 Copies, 100.00. Includes rates for transient advertising and postage.

Church Directory.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH—REV. FRANK M. MILLER, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School at 10:15 a. m. Service every Friday evening at 7 o'clock. Holy Communion at 10 a. m. on the first Sunday, and at 7:15 a. m. on the third Sunday of every month.

I. O. O. F.

WILDRY LODGE No. 107, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. at Masonic Hall, over Bly's Store. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. J. E. CONDON, Sec'y. T. M. TRUDELL, N. G.

MASONIC.

AURORA LODGE, No. 100, A. F. & A. M. Broth'rs. Stated Communications of this Lodge will be held on the 1st and 3rd Fridays in each month. Special Communications will be held on the 2nd and 4th Fridays in each month. The Lodge meets at 7:30 p. m. on the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th, 31st. All M. M. in good standing, are fraternally invited. By order of the W. M. F. H. HARVEY, Sec'y.

BRAINERD HOOK & LADDER CO.



HOLDS REGULAR MEETINGS ON THE 1st Monday every month. Headquarters on Front street, between 4th and 5th. F. B. THOMPSON, Sec'y. HENRY DRESSEN, W. M. FALCONER, Treas'r.

SPECTACLES.

E. L. STRAUSS, BRAINERD, MINN.

A BEAUTIFUL NEW STOCK JUST OPENED. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO FINE WATCH-WORK.

Headquarters Hotel,

BRAINERD, MINN.

E. W. WEED, Proprietor.

THIS FINE HOTEL HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY renovated and newly furnished for the year 1875, and is now first-class in all its appointments.

Pine Restaurant,

FRONT STREET, BRAINERD, MINNESOTA.

W. M. FALCONER, Proprietor.

First Class Accommodations in the Restaurant Line.

Tables furnished with all the Good Things incident to the season, and courteous attention paid to guests. Meals at all hours, and regular Board and Lodging furnished when desired, at Reasonable Rates.

PIONEER MEAT MARKET,

SIXTH STREET, Between Front and Duane—East side.

WE have just completed arrangements whereby we can furnish the citizens of Brainerd with all kinds of best Meats, Game, Poultry, Butter, Beans, Eggs, Lard, etc., at prices that defy competition. We solicit a share of patronage, and warrant satisfaction. 2-44-0m LAFOND & GOULET.

BRAINERD Meat Market,

COR. SIXTH AND LAUREL STS.

THE undersigned having bought out this popular Market, desire to announce that they will continue the business in all its branches, and solicit the continuance of public patronage.

Meat, Game, Fish, Butter, Etc., Always on hand. "Cash and Low Prices" the motto. PAINE & MABEY, Prop'r.

J. L. STARCHER,

DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

WINE, Liquors & Cigars

LAUREL STREET, BRAINERD, MINNESOTA.

Currier's Column.

New Arrival

GROCERIES

Currier's!

For choice figs, go to Currier's.

For molasses candy, go to Currier's.

For candy prize cards, go to Currier's.

For candy postal packages, go to Currier's.

For candy chewing bar, go to Currier's.

For choice butter, 25c. per pound, go to Currier's.

For fresh eggs, 30c. per dozen, go to Currier's.

For Graham crackers, go to Currier's.

For wine biscuit, go to Currier's.

For picnic crackers, go to Currier's.

For cracknels, go to Currier's.

For Codfish, go to Currier's.

For choice Rangoon rice, go to Currier's.

For canned strawberries, go to Currier's.

Playing cards, all kinds, at Currier's.

For dried blackberries, go to Currier's.

For dried prunes, go to Currier's.

For dried currants, go to Currier's.

For jelly, all kinds, go to Currier's.

For horse-radish, go to Currier's.

For Picallilli, \$1.00 per gallon, go to Currier's.

For Bacon shoulders, go to Currier's.

For salt pork, go to Currier's.

For coffee, teas and sugars, go to Currier's.

For gilt edge syrup, go to Currier's.

VINEGAR forty cents a gallon at Currier's.

SALT PICKLES fifty cents a gallon at Currier's.

For Boston crackers, go to Currier's.

For soda crackers, go to Currier's.

For milk biscuit, go to Currier's.

For butter crackers, go to Currier's.

For ginger snaps, go to Currier's.

For lemon snaps, go to Currier's.

For a great variety of pipes, go to Currier's.

For candy and nuts, go to Currier's.

For spices of all kinds, go to Currier's.

For lamp chimneys, go to Currier's.

For best fine-cut, go to Currier's.

For best plug tobacco, go to Currier's.

For best smoking tobacco, go to Currier's.

For canned goods, go to Currier's.

For coal oil, go to Currier's.

For stationery, go to Currier's.

For wash boards, go to Currier's.

For Grenois, something new, go to Currier's.

For smoker's articles, go to Currier's.

For old Bourbon whiskey, go to Currier's.

For all kinds of goods, go to Currier's.

For an extra cigar, go to Currier's.

BOTTLED LIQUORS of all kinds at Currier's.

For pure starch in bulk, go to Currier's.

For starch in packages, go to Currier's.

For notions of all kinds, go to Currier's.

For anything you want, go to Currier's.

For Milwaukee beer, go to Currier's.

Those wishing anything in this line will do well to call on the undersigned, as this column is revised and corrected every issue of this paper.

Yours very truly,

L. C. CURRIER.

ANOTHER SURPRISE.

Mr. C. W. Mead, general manager of the Northern Pacific road for G. W. Cass, the receiver, on Monday last took possession of the road, and all the property, rights and franchises of the company, connected therewith, in Minnesota and Dakota, for and in the name of George W. Cass, receiver appointed by the United States court. From this time forward all accounts will be kept in the name of the receiver. No change has been made in the management and business of the road; and the same will be conducted as heretofore, until further orders.

This must be the age of surprising events. No one was prepared in his mind for this "new deal" in Northern Pacific affairs, but there is probably no one on the line of the road—nor elsewhere, for that matter,—but what claims amen! That is, we have all been ripe, for months past, for something to turn up that would look to an advance in the progress of this great thoroughfare, and it is universally conceded that this move means "business." And further, all who have had an opportunity to know, and who are immediately interested—such as the thousands of settlers along the line—are most profoundly grateful to be assured that the local management of the affairs of the Northern Pacific is not to be changed. Mr. C. W. Mead, and his corps of subordinates, in the opinion of its people of the Northern Pacific country, stand pre-eminent as noble men and gentlemen, and as men who know their business, and do it in a business way, and have a just appreciation of the needs and rights of the settlers; and with such men in control, the Northern Pacific has on its line thousands of men who stand ready, night or day, to defend its good name and sustain the great enterprise by their good words, deeds, and complete endorsement. With the management now in charge, we defy the production of a single parallel in the whole history of the civilized world where a people will so stand by a corporation, or have such a feeling in favor of a public enterprise, as have the people (directly interested) of this whole section for the Northern Pacific and its immediate conductors. Strike a blow at our home managers, or say a word against the Northern Pacific, and you strike the finest feelings of twenty thousand people who live right on the line.

HISTORICAL.

BISMARCK, D. T., March 25, 1875. Rev. Editor, St. Paul, Minn.:—My attention has been called to some historical questions propounded by you to the "old settlers" of Brainerd, through the columns of the Brainerd Tribune. I have just had a conversation with one of the oldest settlers in Brainerd, on the subject, and the result of our united recollections I will now briefly describe to you, as my time at present is rather limited.

1. Brainerd was first settled in the latter part of August, 1870.

2. Mr. Stuart Seelye, from Minneapolis, was the first settler.

3. The origin of Brainerd may be safely given to the Northern Pacific Railroad company, as its first settlement is coeval with the first arrival of the surveyors of the road at its present Mississippi crossing. Brainerd received its name in honor of the wife of J. Gregory Smith, the then President of the N. P. R. R. Co. Her name was said to be Brainerd.

4. The first house built and occupied in Brainerd was a hewn log house, built by Stuart Seelye, on the east bank of the Mississippi, a few rods north of the railroad bridge. The house was finished about the 10th of October, 1870, and, after several changes of ownership, and passing through an eventful career, was burned down a little over one year ago.

5. The first house of worship in Brainerd was the Episcopal church, which was finished, I think, in June, 1871.

6. The first clergyman who officiated in Brainerd was Rev. Father Gurley.

7. The first physician was Dr. Chas. F. Thayer, who was in Brainerd about the 18th of October, 1870.

8. The first lawyer in Brainerd was George W. Holland, the present reliable and efficient county attorney of Crow Wing county.

9. The first newspaper published in Brainerd was called the Brainerd Tribune. For further particulars, see M. C. Russell.

10. The first schoolhouse in Brainerd was a hewn log house, on the west end of Front street, now used as an ice-house. The first teacher was Charles Lancaster, a graduate of the St. Cloud Normal School.

11. Jesse Ayers, one of Brainerd's oldest settlers, says that a child of Charles Ta'by has the honor of being the first child born in Brainerd, but he cannot give me the name, or the date of its birth.

To your further questions I can give no reliable answers. I have not time to review what I have here written, so please excuse any mistakes. If I have given you any information that will help you, I will be satisfied.

With kind regards, I remain, Yours truly, DAVID STEWART.

PERSONAL MENTION.

P. A. Gatchell, Esq., alias "Huckleberry," alias "Prairie Rose," the fair-haired manager of the Wadena end of this journal, called upon us the other evening. "Huck" seemed jolly, as is his wont, and we had a pleasant hour together, comparing notes upon the great vicissitudes attending an editorial life.

Our good friend, Mr. Elliott, of Duluth, spent a day or two with us this week. Mr. E. seems to have stood the winter remarkably well, and reports matters in Duluth as kind of looking up, like.

Judge R. Reynolds, of Detroit, was in town on Tuesday, and favored us with a call. He appears hale and hearty, and reports matters at the Land Office at Detroit (of which he is the Receiver) as rather quiet.

We also got a glimpse of Hon. C. B. Jordan in the city the other evening. He was on his way to Minneapolis on a business trip. He is Register of the U. S. Land Office at Fargo.

Superintendent Jno. H. Sullivan is again "at home," after having opened the Dakota Division. Friend Sullivan is looking pretty well after his "tug" with the snow King, and we have heard many merited compliments paid him for the energy he displayed in "going through Bismarck!"

F. H. Dayton, Esq., in company with Capt. Sam. Painter and engineer Burg were on their way to Moorhead, and are to run on the Red River this season, on the Kittson Line of Steamers. We made Mr. Dayton's acquaintance some three years ago, under peculiar circumstances. He was accidentally shot by a comrade out at Partridge River, and was brought to Brainerd; and found a temporary home at our house, where he lay with his terribly shattered leg for nearly three months. We had not seen him since, until this week, and were glad to find his leg able to do good service, though far from being "as good as new." He was laid up with it most of the time for two years. We wish Harry better luck during his second sojourn in the Northern Pacific country.

Jesse Cameron, an old time acquaintance of ours, called on us the other day. We knew him during ancient times, as one of the first settlers of Henderson, this State; he was on his way to the Red River, upon the raging bosom of which stream he proposes to do a little steam-boating this summer.

W. J. Blackstock is now wrestling the local department of the Pine City News. We don't know Mr. B., but from the evidence before us, we feel sure he'll "hold 'or bat!"

Col. Lounsbury, of the Bismarck Tribune, passed west on Tuesday last, accompanied by his family. He will hereafter have personal supervision of his spy family journal.

General LaDuc, of Hastings, has been spending a few days in the city.

HISTORICAL.

BISMARCK, D. T., March 25, 1875. Rev. Editor, St. Paul, Minn.:—My attention has been called to some historical questions propounded by you to the "old settlers" of Brainerd, through the columns of the Brainerd Tribune. I have just had a conversation with one of the oldest settlers in Brainerd, on the subject, and the result of our united recollections I will now briefly describe to you, as my time at present is rather limited.

1. Brainerd was first settled in the latter part of August, 1870.

2. Mr. Stuart Seelye, from Minneapolis, was the first settler.

3. The origin of Brainerd may be safely given to the Northern Pacific Railroad company, as its first settlement is coeval with the first arrival of the surveyors of the road at its present Mississippi crossing. Brainerd received its name in honor of the wife of J. Gregory Smith, the then President of the N. P. R. R. Co. Her name was said to be Brainerd.

4. The first house built and occupied in Brainerd was a hewn log house, built by Stuart Seelye, on the east bank of the Mississippi, a few rods north of the railroad bridge. The house was finished about the 10th of October, 1870, and, after several changes of ownership, and passing through an eventful career, was burned down a little over one year ago.

5. The first house of worship in Brainerd was the Episcopal church, which was finished, I think, in June, 1871.

6. The first clergyman who officiated in Brainerd was Rev. Father Gurley.

7. The first physician was Dr. Chas. F. Thayer, who was in Brainerd about the 18th of October, 1870.

8. The first lawyer in Brainerd was George W. Holland, the present reliable and efficient county attorney of Crow Wing county.

9. The first newspaper published in Brainerd was called the Brainerd Tribune. For further particulars, see M. C. Russell.

10. The first schoolhouse in Brainerd was a hewn log house, on the west end of Front street, now used as an ice-house. The first teacher was Charles Lancaster, a graduate of the St. Cloud Normal School.

11. Jesse Ayers, one of Brainerd's oldest settlers, says that a child of Charles Ta'by has the honor of being the first child born in Brainerd, but he cannot give me the name, or the date of its birth.

To your further questions I can give no reliable answers. I have not time to review what I have here written, so please excuse any mistakes. If I have given you any information that will help you, I will be satisfied.

With kind regards, I remain, Yours truly, DAVID STEWART.

PERSONAL MENTION.

P. A. Gatchell, Esq., alias "Huckleberry," alias "Prairie Rose," the fair-haired manager of the Wadena end of this journal, called upon us the other evening. "Huck" seemed jolly, as is his wont, and we had a pleasant hour together, comparing notes upon the great vicissitudes attending an editorial life.

Our good friend, Mr. Elliott, of Duluth, spent a day or two with us this week. Mr. E. seems to have stood the winter remarkably well, and reports matters in Duluth as kind of looking up, like.

Judge R. Reynolds, of Detroit, was in town on Tuesday, and favored us with a call. He appears hale and hearty, and reports matters at the Land Office at Detroit (of which he is the Receiver) as rather quiet.

We also got a glimpse of Hon. C. B. Jordan in the city the other evening. He was on his way to Minneapolis on a business trip. He is Register of the U. S. Land Office at Fargo.

Superintendent Jno. H. Sullivan is again "at home," after having opened the Dakota Division. Friend Sullivan is looking pretty well after his "tug" with the snow King, and we have heard many merited compliments paid him for the energy he displayed in "going through Bismarck!"

F. H. Dayton, Esq., in company with Capt. Sam. Painter and engineer Burg were on their way to Moorhead, and are to run on the Red River this season, on the Kittson Line of Steamers. We made Mr. Dayton's acquaintance some three years ago, under peculiar circumstances. He was accidentally shot by a comrade out at Partridge River, and was brought to Brainerd; and found a temporary home at our house, where he lay with his terribly shattered leg for nearly three months. We had not seen him since, until this week, and were glad to find his leg able to do good service, though far from being "as good as new." He was laid up with it most of the time for two years. We wish Harry better luck during his second sojourn in the Northern Pacific country.

Jesse Cameron, an old time acquaintance of ours, called on us the other day. We knew him during ancient times, as one of the first settlers of Henderson, this State; he was on his way to the Red River, upon the raging bosom of which stream he proposes to do a little steam-boating this summer.

W. J. Blackstock is now wrestling the local department of the Pine City News. We don't know Mr. B., but from the evidence before us, we feel sure he'll "hold 'or bat!"

Col. Lounsbury, of the Bismarck Tribune, passed west on Tuesday last, accompanied by his family. He will hereafter have personal supervision of his spy family journal.

General LaDuc, of Hastings, has been spending a few days in the city.

AN EDITORIAL "SPORT."

We learn that our editorial friend, E. J. Burke, Esq., of the Perham News, has commenced a spring duck-hunt, and as an amateur sportsman, is doing a fair business. A few days ago he went out to take in a few ducks along the Otter Tail River. He struck a fine little flock, in a bend of the river, the first thing, and commenced his fine maneuvers to take 'em in. He crept, and crawled, and rolled, and wriggled, until he got so close that he could see their teeth. Then, taking a rest across a gopher-hill, he blew three of Cantwell's wooden decoy-ducks plunk out of water. Sugar in course, Burke, Eh!

A GREAT many are discussing how is the best way to destroy the young grasshoppers now hatching out in many localities in the State. We offer Cayenne pepper as the most effectual remedy we can call to mind just now. A little of this stringent powder crammed down their throat with a pin, sets them to sneezing, when they soon sneeze their heads off. In fact, it is literally a dead shot, and any active person can destroy seventy or eighty in a day.

This spelling-school woe that is now rolling over the land, is likely to tear up the moral and business foundations of society, unless something can soon be done to stop it. A young chap in Brainerd, who had been reading the results of several thousand spelling matches, undertook to worry through his prayers, upon retiring the other night, and says he: "Now I lay me down to— and went to grass on kerosene." I pray the Lord—'be tumbled to his seat on colonade.' If I should die before I—busted on the simple word extol; I pray the—last went down on herdierie." Amen. That chap had better either pray more and spell less, or spell less and pray more; one of the two.

FRED GRANT is going to start a Bank in Chicago. That's enough to put banking out of fashion. Wonder if he'll "call it a loan!"

THE PIONEER-Press says that if we was not in St. Paul, as was stated in its columns recently, why, then, some scallawag has been imposing upon our good name for ten days past, by personating the editor of this paper, getting a multitude of free drinks, being generally admired, and procuring an unlimited amount of hotel hash and having it charged up to our name—which is good for anything called for, in St. Paul, from a grindstone to a paper of tacks. We insist that we have not been in St. Paul for a month, and we hereby offer one thousand dollars reward for the perpetrator of this outrage upon our fair fame, to be delivered at our back door in good condition, but dead.

THE PARK.—By the energy, particularly of Mr. Eber H. Bly, our public park has been placed in competent hands, and is already being improved, and the work will be shored to a speedy completion. Verily, it will be a grand addition to our beautiful city, and verily the enterprise and liberality of our people knoweth no bounds.

NOTICE TO LIQUOR DEALERS.

The undersigned, Mayor of Brainerd, would respectfully remind the liquor dealers of the city, that there is an ordinance requiring them to close their several places of business during the Sabbath day, and request that hereafter they strictly comply with the requirements of said ordinance in this particular, by keeping their business places closed on each and every Sunday during the existence of said Ordinance No. 12.

The Chief of Police will see that this request is faithfully complied with in all cases.

Dated April 22nd, 1875.

M. C. RUSSELL, Mayor.

GIRL WANTED.—A good girl, who understands housework, is kind to children, and don't "run to beaus," can find permanent employment at fair wages, by applying at this office. No other need apply.

A GOLD EAR-RING has been found and left at this office. The owner can have it by paying for this notice.

The folks of this town have again got croquet, quoits, horse-racing and baseball, fearfully bad—they are all breaking out with 'em.

"Hullo Sam, where did you get those nice boots!"

Sam—"Why, at Marshall & Campbell's, of course; that's the kind they keep there."

"Say, Jim, I don't see anything about you, but I'd like that fat you have on."

Jim—"I bought that at Marshall & Campbell's."

"1876 means Fight."—[Philadelphia Press.]

Fight what?

For all kinds of Gent's Furnishing Goods, go to MANNING & COMPANY'S.

For Nobby Hats.

For Gent's Furnishing Goods.

For Ladies' Hats, and all kinds of Goods, go to MANNING & COMPANY'S.

For all kinds of Gent's Furnishing Goods, go to MANNING & COMPANY'S.

For Nobby Hats.

For Gent's Furnishing Goods.

For Ladies' Hats, and all kinds of Goods, go to MANNING & COMPANY'S.

For all kinds of Gent's Furnishing Goods, go to MANNING & COMPANY'S.

For Nobby Hats.

For Gent's Furnishing Goods.

For Ladies' Hats, and all kinds of Goods, go to MANNING & COMPANY'S.

For all kinds of Gent's Furnishing Goods, go to MANNING & COMPANY'S.

For Nobby Hats.</

THE TRIBUNE

Published Every Saturday, at BRAINERD, MINNEAPOLIS. H. C. BURNELL, Editor.

THE NEWS.

All the clerks in the postoffice department at Washington, implicated in the recent mail contract fraud, have been dismissed.

A convicted murderer, named Sharkey, who escaped from the Toole prison in New York, has been captured in Cuba, and is here in his cell.

John H. Warner, of Albany, Wis., has been charged with procuring contracts for carrying the mails for the purpose of sub-letting the same to a brokerage business.

Another half million of Tweed's property has been attached. It is real estate in Westchester county, N. Y.

The wife of Dr. C. G. Higbee, a St. Paul physician, committed suicide, on the 16th inst., by taking strychnine. She had suffered for twenty years with epilepsy, and while unusually dependent committed the fatal deed.

Friday, the 16th, was hangman's day indeed as well as by tradition and modern usage. In Greenburg, La., Bryan, a negro, and, and at Beaufort, S. C., Eliza Johnson, also committed the penalty of her crimes on the gallows as also did Travis Harris, at Commerce, Mo.

A gang of counterfeiters was arrested in Boswell, Wis., on the 16th. All their tools and over \$25,000 in counterfeit fractional currency, were also captured.

Anton Lindberg, of Hartford, stabbed to the heart Mr. John Nelson, a wife and A. Johnson, and then killed himself.

An attempt was lately made to blow up St. Xavier's church in Cincinnati, on the 16th. Philip Murray, on trial for the murder of James White, at Pittsburgh, has been found guilty.

John McVaugh kicked his wife to death in Chicago on the 16th inst.

A gang of railroad thieves have been captured at Leavenworth, Kan. They have been carrying on their operations for several months. Among them was a merchant, who sold the goods. A large quantity of goods have been stolen there from the various railroads.

Four soldiers were recently killed by the Cheyenne Indians, in western Kansas, and a long fight followed, resulting in the killing of ten Indians and the escape of the soldiers in the darkness.

A general Indian war in Kansas and adjoining territories seems to be imminent. The Indians, especially the Cheyennes, are on the warpath and are giving the troops much trouble. Many settlers are leaving the frontier.

Henry C. Feary, a well-known silk furnisher of Chicago, on the 15th last week and was impaled on a picket fence. Instant death was the result.

Three thousand bales of cotton and several railroads and other buildings were burned at Charlotte, N. C., on the 16th. Loss \$250,000, one half covered by insurance.

Three men "went up in a balloon," from the city of Paris, on the 16th. They ascended to the great height of 26,000 feet, and when the balloon reached the stratosphere, a sudden gust of wind caused it to burst, and the three men were found to be dead, and the third in a dying condition.

All trains on the Union Pacific road were suspended on the 14th inst., and until further orders. Cause: high water.

The Union Pacific railroad is suffering very severely from floods. Fifteen or more bridges have been destroyed.

A disastrous flood occurred in Westham and Norfolk, Mass., on the 16th, caused by the destruction of a mill dam at the source of Mill River. Many bridges were swept away, and a damage of upwards of \$200,000.

Frost has injured the corn, cotton, and vegetable crop in Alabama. The fruit crop received no damage.

It is feared that the winter wheat crop in Canada has been killed by the unprecedented cold weather of the 16th of April.

Fruit has been greatly damaged, and in many parts, totally destroyed by the severe frosts, this spring.

The Department of Agriculture reports so severe damage to the winter wheat crop as to reduce the probable yield far below that of last year.

A driving snow storm prevailed throughout New England and south to Washington, on the 16th. The ground was covered to the depth of five to ten inches.

The industrial congress, in session in Indianapolis, passed resolutions indorsing the coal strike; and called upon organized bodies of working men throughout the country to forward to the treasurer of the industrial congress as generous financial assistance as circumstances will permit.

At a meeting of the committee on invitation to the great soldiers' reunion in Chicago it was decided to invite alike ex-military and ex-confederate soldiers, and send special invitations to confederate officers.

All the New York theatres gave a benefit on the 29th for the family of the late Dan Bryant, the gross receipts to be devoted to the support and education of his children.

The Beecher trial adjourned over from the 14th to the 16th, on account of the illness of Mr. Fullerton, Mr. Tilton's leading counsel.

There was quite a fall of snow at Cincinnati on the morning of the 16th.

A dispatch from Fort Laramie says Capt. Mearns' company of cavalry has captured the party of Black Hills miners which wintered at Laramie in 1873, and taken them to the gold.

Gold in New York on the 17th inst., closed at 115 1/2.

There was a grand procession of striking miners at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., yesterday. There was music and banners in plenty, one of which bore the motto: "No surrender until hell freezes over, and then we will crawl under the ice." The demonstration was for the purpose of intimidating those who, tired of the strike, desired to go to work.

A severe frost visited Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and other southern and western States, Friday night. The young apple, peach, cotton, tobacco, and wheat crop is seriously injured, and in some districts entirely killed.

A contract has been made for the building of a dam of the proposed dyke as shall insure a flow of depth of water in the channel. The cost will be \$7,500,000.

Eight hundred Cheyenne Indians, in war paint, crossed the Topoka & Santa Fe railroad going north, on the 16th, and bloody work is expected in Kansas.

Great preparations are making in New York for the formal investiture of Cardinal McCloskey with the archbishop's hat.

The terms of the Wheeler award were finally and fully settled in the Louisiana legislature.

The celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg and Lexington was celebrated by over 100,000 people, and was distinguished by a display of that type of patriotism which we all possess as citizens.

Another Fall River Flood.

Boston, April 16.—A tremendous flood, with disastrous results, occurred Sunday evening in the town of Westham and Norfolk, about twenty miles distant, by the breaking away of the dam which restrains the water of Whitton's pond, the source of the Mill River. This is a small river, not over twenty-five feet broad at low water, but running with a strong current, mostly through meadow land and emptying into Charles River at Medway. At this time an immense body of water was contained in the pond by the dam, about a hundred feet in length, at the Wrenham and Franklin county road.

The sudden bursting of the pond hurried a tremendous flood upon the lands below, sweeping away miles of bridges, country roads and dams in its course, and causing damage to the amount of between \$100,000 and \$200,000.

A half mile west of the dam was the saw and grist mill of the Elliot Feeling Company, known as Fisher's Mills. Such was the force of the water, on reaching here it burst the thirty-foot dam, and carried along the mill portion of the establishment as though it was a toy ship.

On rushed the water three-fourths of a mile, through the lowlands to where the dam was located, the woolen and shoddy mills belonging to the feeling company. Both ends of the dam were washed away and below the mill a large heap of coal, deposited for use at the mills.

Seventy rods further on the great dam at the Elliot Mills was met. This with the road from the mill to Franklin Centre, beneath which the river flows, offered a substantial resistance to the rushing current. The road however, soon yielded, allowing the full force of the water to strike against the long dam. Meanwhile the inhabitants of Franklin and Wrenham rendered valuable assistance to the watchman at the mills in opposing a plan to save the dam, hoping to save a portion of them. The plan was successful and although fifty feet of the dam was carried away the mills were saved.

Down the stream, half a mile further, was the track of the New England & New York railroad some forty or fifty feet above the river bed. Beneath this the water usually flows, and a shoddy mill, about ten or fifteen feet in width. Here the waters, with seemingly increased strength, forced out the stone culvert, as if it were made of pebbles, but so firm was the embankment of sand above the culvert that it stood apparently intact for the space of an hour, when, being undermined, it fell in for a distance of one hundred feet to two hundred feet, forming an impassable barrier to the waters above. When the road-bed sank a freight train was within one hundred feet of the place, though not in motion.

But a great volume of water had already passed the railroad and hurried on to the achievement of its greatest feat. Fifty rods below was the City cotton mill. This mill was originally a two-story wooden building, but was lately enlarged by the addition of a wing on each end. The bridge over the county road succumbed, and then the water obtained a firm hold of the main building, lifted it and sent it crashing to the meadows below. So thorough was the work of demolition that the cap of the mill, which stood on the plain, alone remained standing upon the plain. The machinery and water wheel shared the fate of the structure. The wings were left standing, but so badly wrenched and undermined that they are probably ruined and will have to come down.

On the stream again, again about half a mile below, was another country road and bridge, near Keigsbury pond. This was snapped from its foundations almost at the approach of the waters and carried away.

On the level space between this road and the river the waters then spread out and ceased their work of destruction.

The last bridge was swept away about seven o'clock yesterday morning. One body was swept down on the flood, and was supposed to be the body of a man for some months missing, and so far as is known no lives have been lost by the flood, but the damage to property is very large. No houses were swept away, as their location on the bank was such that the water did not reach them. The following are the losses as far as ascertained: Whitton's, \$25,000; Elliot mill, \$10,000; the town of Norfolk, \$5,000; New York & New England Railroad, \$5,000; and the City Mills \$50,000 to \$75,000. A large number of persons are thrown out of employment by the fall of the City Mills.

Death of Mrs. Alex. Fairbank, a Native Minnesotian, 70 Years of Age.

[From the Fergus Falls Journal.] On Thursday morning last, the 6th inst., at her husband's residence in Elizabeth, Minn., in this county, death came to the relief of Mary Elizabeth Fairbank, wife of Alex. Fairbank, so well known to the pioneers and old settlers of Minnesota. The death of Mrs. F. has been regarded as an almost daily probability for two months past. The disease was consumption born within the present limits of this State, on the 16th of July, 1855, she had passed the long life of seventy years inside of its borders, and had witnessed greater vicissitudes and changes than of ten fall to the lot of even an American woman in a life of three score years and ten.

Mrs. Fairbank's maiden name was Graham, her father being Capt. Alex. Graham of the British army. Capt. Graham was an extensive landowner in the county now known as the northwest, and was thoroughly and well known to the Sioux Indians, with whom he had considerable influence. He penetrated as far as Devil's Lake, Dakota, and Graham's Island in that lake took its name from him. During the war of 1812, by the direction of the English government, Capt. Graham endeavored to induce the Sioux Indians to ally themselves with the cause of Great Britain. Large numbers of the Sioux of Minnesota, at that time went to Canada in their bark canoes—probably by the way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and the great lakes. Mrs. Fairbank, then a child of seven or eight years, accompanied the party to Mackinaw.

Mrs. Fairbank's mother was a half-breed Sioux—her father being a Frenchman, said to be the first white man who dwelt on the shores of Lake Pepin. Returning with her mother from Mackinaw to her early home, Miss Graham spent a winter (that of 1816) on her north and west at Big Stone Lake, and in 1822 (being sixteen years old) was married at Mendota to Alex. Fairbank, then a young trader with the Indians. Ten or eleven years later, when Henry H. Blakey, of Minnesota, he found Mrs. Fairbank living with her mother on the river at the present site of Fergus Falls City. There she remained until the year 1837, and on the 16th of March, 1873, she died at the age of seventy years.

Another Fall River Flood.

Boston, April 16.—A tremendous flood, with disastrous results, occurred Sunday evening in the town of Westham and Norfolk, about twenty miles distant, by the breaking away of the dam which restrains the water of Whitton's pond, the source of the Mill River. This is a small river, not over twenty-five feet broad at low water, but running with a strong current, mostly through meadow land and emptying into Charles River at Medway. At this time an immense body of water was contained in the pond by the dam, about a hundred feet in length, at the Wrenham and Franklin county road.

The sudden bursting of the pond hurried a tremendous flood upon the lands below, sweeping away miles of bridges, country roads and dams in its course, and causing damage to the amount of between \$100,000 and \$200,000.

A half mile west of the dam was the saw and grist mill of the Elliot Feeling Company, known as Fisher's Mills. Such was the force of the water, on reaching here it burst the thirty-foot dam, and carried along the mill portion of the establishment as though it was a toy ship.

On rushed the water three-fourths of a mile, through the lowlands to where the dam was located, the woolen and shoddy mills belonging to the feeling company. Both ends of the dam were washed away and below the mill a large heap of coal, deposited for use at the mills.

Seventy rods further on the great dam at the Elliot Mills was met. This with the road from the mill to Franklin Centre, beneath which the river flows, offered a substantial resistance to the rushing current. The road however, soon yielded, allowing the full force of the water to strike against the long dam. Meanwhile the inhabitants of Franklin and Wrenham rendered valuable assistance to the watchman at the mills in opposing a plan to save the dam, hoping to save a portion of them. The plan was successful and although fifty feet of the dam was carried away the mills were saved.

Down the stream, half a mile further, was the track of the New England & New York railroad some forty or fifty feet above the river bed. Beneath this the water usually flows, and a shoddy mill, about ten or fifteen feet in width. Here the waters, with seemingly increased strength, forced out the stone culvert, as if it were made of pebbles, but so firm was the embankment of sand above the culvert that it stood apparently intact for the space of an hour, when, being undermined, it fell in for a distance of one hundred feet to two hundred feet, forming an impassable barrier to the waters above. When the road-bed sank a freight train was within one hundred feet of the place, though not in motion.

But a great volume of water had already passed the railroad and hurried on to the achievement of its greatest feat. Fifty rods below was the City cotton mill. This mill was originally a two-story wooden building, but was lately enlarged by the addition of a wing on each end. The bridge over the county road succumbed, and then the water obtained a firm hold of the main building, lifted it and sent it crashing to the meadows below. So thorough was the work of demolition that the cap of the mill, which stood on the plain, alone remained standing upon the plain. The machinery and water wheel shared the fate of the structure. The wings were left standing, but so badly wrenched and undermined that they are probably ruined and will have to come down.

On the stream again, again about half a mile below, was another country road and bridge, near Keigsbury pond. This was snapped from its foundations almost at the approach of the waters and carried away.

On the level space between this road and the river the waters then spread out and ceased their work of destruction.

The last bridge was swept away about seven o'clock yesterday morning. One body was swept down on the flood, and was supposed to be the body of a man for some months missing, and so far as is known no lives have been lost by the flood, but the damage to property is very large. No houses were swept away, as their location on the bank was such that the water did not reach them. The following are the losses as far as ascertained: Whitton's, \$25,000; Elliot mill, \$10,000; the town of Norfolk, \$5,000; New York & New England Railroad, \$5,000; and the City Mills \$50,000 to \$75,000. A large number of persons are thrown out of employment by the fall of the City Mills.

Death of Mrs. Alex. Fairbank, a Native Minnesotian, 70 Years of Age.

[From the Fergus Falls Journal.] On Thursday morning last, the 6th inst., at her husband's residence in Elizabeth, Minn., in this county, death came to the relief of Mary Elizabeth Fairbank, wife of Alex. Fairbank, so well known to the pioneers and old settlers of Minnesota. The death of Mrs. F. has been regarded as an almost daily probability for two months past. The disease was consumption born within the present limits of this State, on the 16th of July, 1855, she had passed the long life of seventy years inside of its borders, and had witnessed greater vicissitudes and changes than of ten fall to the lot of even an American woman in a life of three score years and ten.

Mrs. Fairbank's maiden name was Graham, her father being Capt. Alex. Graham of the British army. Capt. Graham was an extensive landowner in the county now known as the northwest, and was thoroughly and well known to the Sioux Indians, with whom he had considerable influence. He penetrated as far as Devil's Lake, Dakota, and Graham's Island in that lake took its name from him. During the war of 1812, by the direction of the English government, Capt. Graham endeavored to induce the Sioux Indians to ally themselves with the cause of Great Britain. Large numbers of the Sioux of Minnesota, at that time went to Canada in their bark canoes—probably by the way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers and the great lakes. Mrs. Fairbank, then a child of seven or eight years, accompanied the party to Mackinaw.

Mrs. Fairbank's mother was a half-breed Sioux—her father being a Frenchman, said to be the first white man who dwelt on the shores of Lake Pepin. Returning with her mother from Mackinaw to her early home, Miss Graham spent a winter (that of 1816) on her north and west at Big Stone Lake, and in 1822 (being sixteen years old) was married at Mendota to Alex. Fairbank, then a young trader with the Indians. Ten or eleven years later, when Henry H. Blakey, of Minnesota, he found Mrs. Fairbank living with her mother on the river at the present site of Fergus Falls City. There she remained until the year 1837, and on the 16th of March, 1873, she died at the age of seventy years.

A Lawyer's Strange Charge.

New York, March 26.—A New York lawyer, who has been charged with a strange charge, is now in the hands of the law. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature.

The testatrix died in childbirth, leaving no issue. The validity of the clause was contested on the ground of fraud and undue influence exercised over the decedent by the legatee. It was not contended that a marriage ceremony had not been duly performed by competent authority, but it was said by the contestants that the next of kin of the decedent—that Baker was not, at that date of the marriage ceremony, competent to marry, as he had a wife living from whom he had not been legally divorced; that, and to leave as the fraudulent representations, he led the decedent to believe that a decree of divorce which he had obtained in Minnesota from a former wife was a valid decree, and under this belief to consent to a marriage without the knowledge of her family, and that it was under the belief that Baker was a lawful husband that she made the bequest named—when she would neither have consented to the marriage nor made him the recipient of her bounty had she been aware of the real facts connected with his previous marriage and alleged divorce.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE. The legatee, John A. Baker, is a native of North Carolina, and about forty-three years of age. He was educated a lawyer. He married many years since a lady who bore the name of Letitia, and to her he had two children, a son and a daughter. In 1857, while a widower, on his way to Europe, he formed the acquaintance of Miss Letitia Hargis, a resident of Chicago. Each returned to America at different times, Baker in the fall of the same year, Baker called upon Miss Hargis, who was residing with her mother in Chicago, renewed his acquaintance and paid attentions to her with a view to marriage, but subsequently left that city, returned about Christmas, and further pressed his suit. About this time Miss Hargis informed him of a previous marriage to one Horton, from whom she had been divorced, and furnished him with information to obtain the full facts of the case if he would confer with her. She being a divorced woman was felt by him to be an objection to pursuing his attentions further, he might withdraw his suit. He wrote her a letter replete with assurances of love and affection, and asking her to accept him in marriage. An engagement followed, and in November of 1863, Baker and Miss Hargis were formally married, and lived together for nearly a year, during which time he was absent on his temporary absence; and meantime he was wholly supported by his wife's mother, a lady in prosperous business.

IN THE DIVORCE BUSINESS. After one year he abandoned his wife, writing her a letter from Indiana, in which he accused her of gross offenses. Twenty-two months after this he commenced an action for divorce against her in Minnesota, where he had acquired a domicile. In the complaint he stated that neither signed nor verified by Baker, but was signed by his attorneys, it was charged that his wife had practiced fraud and deceit upon him at the time of their marriage, by concealing from him the fact of her previous marriage to her first husband, Horton (who it was alleged in the complaint had deserted her), and on the discovery of which fraud he was induced by Baker, had abandoned her. Baker also made affidavit that Letitia was a non-resident of Minnesota, and that he did not know her residence. The Court granting, therefore, service of summons by advertisement, the summons was published in the Minnesota Permanence Advocate, of the correction of the facts stated in the affidavit in a brief and general way to the facts alleged, and in addition, that the defendant was a disreputable person, and in January, 1872, Mr. Baker was divorced from his second wife, Letitia.

Within a few weeks after this decree the new widower arrived in New York city, with a letter of introduction to the family of Mrs. Lawrence, and there for the first time met Miss Letitia, who had come from Minnesota to New York for a short time, he made her an offer of marriage. Pressing his suit strongly, he followed the family to Lenox, where they passed the summer, and meantime the two became betrothed. But stories derogatory to Baker were brought to the family, and when further inquiry brought to light his recent divorce, their influence was sufficient to

BREAK THE ENGAGEMENT. In September of the same year Baker returned to Minnesota, whence, through the mediation of Miss Letitia, his cousin, who had come from Minnesota to New York for a protracted visit, he opened a correspondence with the decedent, renewed his suit, and sought to reinstate himself in her favor. To convince her of the legality of his divorce and that no legal disability prevented him from again marrying, he procured the opinion of legal counsel in Minnesota, who held the correctness of the facts stated in the opinion of the Minnesota counsel, that the divorce granted was legal.

The decedent was convinced that no legal impediment existed to Baker's marrying; and three days after the date of the opinion of the New York counsel, she was secretly married to him in the residence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony, in the presence of Miss Brown, the cousin, and a male friend of Baker's, named the arrangement for the marriage having been previously made by Baker with the clergyman, who, having been accidentally informed of Baker's recent divorce, and the doubts in regard to its validity, was also shown the opinion of the counsel, by which he was satisfied of the right of the couple to marry. Baker, soon afterward returned to Minnesota, and the decedent remained in the city of New York, keeping her family entirely ignorant of her marriage.

On the 16th of March, 1873, the decedent died, and her estate was in the hands of an executor named Charles

The Testatrix's Strange Charge.

New York, March 26.—A New York lawyer, who has been charged with a strange charge, is now in the hands of the law. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature.

The testatrix died in childbirth, leaving no issue. The validity of the clause was contested on the ground of fraud and undue influence exercised over the decedent by the legatee. It was not contended that a marriage ceremony had not been duly performed by competent authority, but it was said by the contestants that the next of kin of the decedent—that Baker was not, at that date of the marriage ceremony, competent to marry, as he had a wife living from whom he had not been legally divorced; that, and to leave as the fraudulent representations, he led the decedent to believe that a decree of divorce which he had obtained in Minnesota from a former wife was a valid decree, and under this belief to consent to a marriage without the knowledge of her family, and that it was under the belief that Baker was a lawful husband that she made the bequest named—when she would neither have consented to the marriage nor made him the recipient of her bounty had she been aware of the real facts connected with his previous marriage and alleged divorce.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE. The legatee, John A. Baker, is a native of North Carolina, and about forty-three years of age. He was educated a lawyer. He married many years since a lady who bore the name of Letitia, and to her he had two children, a son and a daughter. In 1857, while a widower, on his way to Europe, he formed the acquaintance of Miss Letitia Hargis, a resident of Chicago. Each returned to America at different times, Baker in the fall of the same year, Baker called upon Miss Hargis, who was residing with her mother in Chicago, renewed his acquaintance and paid attentions to her with a view to marriage, but subsequently left that city, returned about Christmas, and further pressed his suit. About this time Miss Hargis informed him of a previous marriage to one Horton, from whom she had been divorced, and furnished him with information to obtain the full facts of the case if he would confer with her. She being a divorced woman was felt by him to be an objection to pursuing his attentions further, he might withdraw his suit. He wrote her a letter replete with assurances of love and affection, and asking her to accept him in marriage. An engagement followed, and in November of 1863, Baker and Miss Hargis were formally married, and lived together for nearly a year, during which time he was absent on his temporary absence; and meantime he was wholly supported by his wife's mother, a lady in prosperous business.

IN THE DIVORCE BUSINESS. After one year he abandoned his wife, writing her a letter from Indiana, in which he accused her of gross offenses. Twenty-two months after this he commenced an action for divorce against her in Minnesota, where he had acquired a domicile. In the complaint he stated that neither signed nor verified by Baker, but was signed by his attorneys, it was charged that his wife had practiced fraud and deceit upon him at the time of their marriage, by concealing from him the fact of her previous marriage to her first husband, Horton (who it was alleged in the complaint had deserted her), and on the discovery of which fraud he was induced by Baker, had abandoned her. Baker also made affidavit that Letitia was a non-resident of Minnesota, and that he did not know her residence. The Court granting, therefore, service of summons by advertisement, the summons was published in the Minnesota Permanence Advocate, of the correction of the facts stated in the affidavit in a brief and general way to the facts alleged, and in addition, that the defendant was a disreputable person, and in January, 1872, Mr. Baker was divorced from his second wife, Letitia.

Within a few weeks after this decree the new widower arrived in New York city, with a letter of introduction to the family of Mrs. Lawrence, and there for the first time met Miss Letitia, who had come from Minnesota to New York for a short time, he made her an offer of marriage. Pressing his suit strongly, he followed the family to Lenox, where they passed the summer, and meantime the two became betrothed. But stories derogatory to Baker were brought to the family, and when further inquiry brought to light his recent divorce, their influence was sufficient to

BREAK THE ENGAGEMENT. In September of the same year Baker returned to Minnesota, whence, through the mediation of Miss Letitia, his cousin, who had come from Minnesota to New York for a protracted visit, he opened a correspondence with the decedent, renewed his suit, and sought to reinstate himself in her favor. To convince her of the legality of his divorce and that no legal disability prevented him from again marrying, he procured the opinion of legal counsel in Minnesota, who held the correctness of the facts stated in the opinion of the Minnesota counsel, that the divorce granted was legal.

The decedent was convinced that no legal impediment existed to Baker's marrying; and three days after the date of the opinion of the New York counsel, she was secretly married to him in the residence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony, in the presence of Miss Brown, the cousin, and a male friend of Baker's, named the arrangement for the marriage having been previously made by Baker with the clergyman, who, having been accidentally informed of Baker's recent divorce, and the doubts in regard to its validity, was also shown the opinion of the counsel, by which he was satisfied of the right of the couple to marry. Baker, soon afterward returned to Minnesota, and the decedent remained in the city of New York, keeping her family entirely ignorant of her marriage.

On the 16th of March, 1873, the decedent died, and her estate was in the hands of an executor named Charles

The Testatrix's Strange Charge.

New York, March 26.—A New York lawyer, who has been charged with a strange charge, is now in the hands of the law. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature.

The testatrix died in childbirth, leaving no issue. The validity of the clause was contested on the ground of fraud and undue influence exercised over the decedent by the legatee. It was not contended that a marriage ceremony had not been duly performed by competent authority, but it was said by the contestants that the next of kin of the decedent—that Baker was not, at that date of the marriage ceremony, competent to marry, as he had a wife living from whom he had not been legally divorced; that, and to leave as the fraudulent representations, he led the decedent to believe that a decree of divorce which he had obtained in Minnesota from a former wife was a valid decree, and under this belief to consent to a marriage without the knowledge of her family, and that it was under the belief that Baker was a lawful husband that she made the bequest named—when she would neither have consented to the marriage nor made him the recipient of her bounty had she been aware of the real facts connected with his previous marriage and alleged divorce.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE. The legatee, John A. Baker, is a native of North Carolina, and about forty-three years of age. He was educated a lawyer. He married many years since a lady who bore the name of Letitia, and to her he had two children, a son and a daughter. In 1857, while a widower, on his way to Europe, he formed the acquaintance of Miss Letitia Hargis, a resident of Chicago. Each returned to America at different times, Baker in the fall of the same year, Baker called upon Miss Hargis, who was residing with her mother in Chicago, renewed his acquaintance and paid attentions to her with a view to marriage, but subsequently left that city, returned about Christmas, and further pressed his suit. About this time Miss Hargis informed him of a previous marriage to one Horton, from whom she had been divorced, and furnished him with information to obtain the full facts of the case if he would confer with her. She being a divorced woman was felt by him to be an objection to pursuing his attentions further, he might withdraw his suit. He wrote her a letter replete with assurances of love and affection, and asking her to accept him in marriage. An engagement followed, and in November of 1863, Baker and Miss Hargis were formally married, and lived together for nearly a year, during which time he was absent on his temporary absence; and meantime he was wholly supported by his wife's mother, a lady in prosperous business.

IN THE DIVORCE BUSINESS. After one year he abandoned his wife, writing her a letter from Indiana, in which he accused her of gross offenses. Twenty-two months after this he commenced an action for divorce against her in Minnesota, where he had acquired a domicile. In the complaint he stated that neither signed nor verified by Baker, but was signed by his attorneys, it was charged that his wife had practiced fraud and deceit upon him at the time of their marriage, by concealing from him the fact of her previous marriage to her first husband, Horton (who it was alleged in the complaint had deserted her), and on the discovery of which fraud he was induced by Baker, had abandoned her. Baker also made affidavit that Letitia was a non-resident of Minnesota, and that he did not know her residence. The Court granting, therefore, service of summons by advertisement, the summons was published in the Minnesota Permanence Advocate, of the correction of the facts stated in the affidavit in a brief and general way to the facts alleged, and in addition, that the defendant was a disreputable person, and in January, 1872, Mr. Baker was divorced from his second wife, Letitia.

Within a few weeks after this decree the new widower arrived in New York city, with a letter of introduction to the family of Mrs. Lawrence, and there for the first time met Miss Letitia, who had come from Minnesota to New York for a short time, he made her an offer of marriage. Pressing his suit strongly, he followed the family to Lenox, where they passed the summer, and meantime the two became betrothed. But stories derogatory to Baker were brought to the family, and when further inquiry brought to light his recent divorce, their influence was sufficient to

BREAK THE ENGAGEMENT. In September of the same year Baker returned to Minnesota, whence, through the mediation of Miss Letitia, his cousin, who had come from Minnesota to New York for a protracted visit, he opened a correspondence with the decedent, renewed his suit, and sought to reinstate himself in her favor. To convince her of the legality of his divorce and that no legal disability prevented him from again marrying, he procured the opinion of legal counsel in Minnesota, who held the correctness of the facts stated in the opinion of the Minnesota counsel, that the divorce granted was legal.

The decedent was convinced that no legal impediment existed to Baker's marrying; and three days after the date of the opinion of the New York counsel, she was secretly married to him in the residence of the clergyman who performed the ceremony, in the presence of Miss Brown, the cousin, and a male friend of Baker's, named the arrangement for the marriage having been previously made by Baker with the clergyman, who, having been accidentally informed of Baker's recent divorce, and the doubts in regard to its validity, was also shown the opinion of the counsel, by which he was satisfied of the right of the couple to marry. Baker, soon afterward returned to Minnesota, and the decedent remained in the city of New York, keeping her family entirely ignorant of her marriage.

On the 16th of March, 1873, the decedent died, and her estate was in the hands of an executor named Charles

The Testatrix's Strange Charge.

New York, March 26.—A New York lawyer, who has been charged with a strange charge, is now in the hands of the law. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature. The charge is that he has been guilty of a crime which is not only a crime, but a crime of a very serious nature.

The testatrix died in childbirth, leaving no issue. The validity of the clause was contested on the ground of fraud and undue influence exercised over the decedent by the legatee. It was not contended that a marriage ceremony had not been duly performed by competent authority, but it was said by the contestants that the next of kin of the decedent—that Baker was not, at that date of the marriage ceremony, competent to marry, as he had a wife living from whom he had not been legally divorced; that, and to leave as the fraudulent representations, he led the decedent to believe that a decree of divorce which he had obtained in Minnesota from a former wife was a valid decree, and under this belief to consent to a marriage without the knowledge of her family, and that it was under the belief that Baker was a lawful husband that she made the bequest named—when she would neither have consented to the marriage nor made him the recipient of her bounty had she been aware of the real facts connected with his previous marriage and alleged divorce.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE. The legatee, John A. Baker, is a native of North Carolina, and about forty-three years of age. He was educated a lawyer. He married many years since a lady who bore the name of Letitia, and to her he had two children, a son and a daughter. In 1857, while a widower, on his way to Europe, he formed the acquaintance of Miss Letitia Hargis, a resident of Chicago. Each returned to America at different times, Baker in the fall of the same year, Baker called upon Miss Hargis, who was residing with her mother in Chicago, renewed his acquaintance and paid attentions to her with a view to marriage, but subsequently left that city, returned about Christmas, and further pressed his suit. About this time Miss Hargis informed him of a previous marriage to one Horton, from whom she had been divorced, and furnished him with information to obtain the full facts of the case if he would confer with her. She being a divorced woman was felt by him to be an objection to pursuing his attentions further, he might withdraw his suit. He wrote her a letter replete with assurances of love and affection, and asking her to accept him in marriage. An engagement followed, and in November of 1863, Baker and Miss Hargis were formally married, and lived together for nearly a year, during which time he was absent on his temporary absence; and meantime he was wholly supported by his wife's mother, a lady in prosperous business.

MISCELLANY

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I hear from many a little throat, A warble, interrupted long, I hear the robin's flute-like note, The blue-bird's slender song.

Brown meadows and the russet hill, Not yet the haunt of grazing herds, And thickets by the glimmering rill, Are all alive with birds.

O choir of spring! Why come so soon On leafless groves and frost-dew lawn? Warm life the yellow beams of noon, Yet winter is not gone.

For frost shall abate the pools again; Again the blustering East shall blow, Whirl the white tempest through the glen, And bid the pines and firs to lean.

Stay, for a tint of green altho' creep Soon o'er the orchards grassy floor; And from its bed the crocus peer Beside the homely daisy's door.

A GEN FROM WHITTIER.

One of the great Quaker poet's sweetest metrical gems, "School Days," is devoted to showing the regret of a brown-eyed New England girl at having "spelled down."

"The little boy Her childish favor staid," "I'm sorry that I spell the world I hate to go above you, Because, you see, I love you."

"Still memory to a gray-haired man That sweet child face is showing; Dear girl, the grasses on her grave Have forty years been growing."

"He lives to learn in life's hard school How few who pass above him, Lament the triumph and his loss, Like her—because they love him."

OSKOSH IN THE VATICAN.

[Dr. J. N. Hyde, of Chicago, in the Overland (for April).] Lieutenant Dixon was one of those rugged youths, full of muscle and ambition, whom our great West has contributed to the roll of officers of the United States Navy.

His exterior, it must be confessed, was neither that of a Beau Brummel nor yet of an Admirable Crichton. He was, it is true, large of limb and tall of stature; but then he also had red hair, square brows and jaw, a straggling beard, and wide set teeth.

He spoke the French and German languages as though he were cracking nuts between those same teeth, and his appearance in the dance was highly suggestive of the motions of the farm-horse in his old home at Oskosh, Wis.

When his vessel, the United Statesloop-of-war Maskalooza, was stationed at Civita Vecchia in Italy, in the year 1866, he visited the Eternal City on a leave of absence, and took up his residence in the Hotel de Rome, on the Corso.

He was assigned an apartment on the third floor of that spacious hotel, and there, as soon as he had unpacked his trunk and salt pork that are as inseparable from sea-cruising in the Mediterranean as in less historic waters.

It happened that his room faced upon an alley, on the other side of which was a large stone residence, one of whose windows was exactly opposite his own.

This circumstance of itself would hardly require mention, were it not for the additional fact that, during the day, at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon, he discovered he had for a vis-a-vis the girlish face and graceful figure of a lovely young Italian.

The rough stone work of the old walls made a frame that contrasted delightfully with the bright picture it inclosed. The Lieutenant concluded that he had never seen anything half so beautiful before.

Whether this was due to that isolation from all representations of the sex which is incidental to the life of a sailor, or to the natural susceptibility of the heart of youth, is a matter of conjecture. It can only be said that, with him, to look was to look long and often, and surprise was soon succeeded by admiration.

The young lady, Signorina Aliza Cozza, was related to Monsignore Bella, a gentleman well known in political and religious circles in Rome. He was understood to have a decided inclination to wear upon his head the hat of a cardinal.

But of this, of course, Lieutenant Dixon knew nothing. He only saw clearly enough that the young girl was about 16 years old, had golden-brown hair, blue eyes, that served a double purpose: they not only gave forth the indescribable light that dances in the eyes of youth and beauty, but they also reflected portraits of young gentlemen with red cheeks and incipient whiskers.

Her hair was as black and almost as plentiful of light as her eyes. And as to her figure, that was as graceful and lithe as the forms of the Sabine beauties that her romantic ancestors led captive and reluctant brides to their homes in ancient Rome.

Dixon could hardly blame those old Latin bachelors. She did not apparently notice the advances made by her neighbor, but we may be quite confident that she had a suspicion of the trouble brewing beneath the brass buttons that covered his broad chest, for although, as we have said, he commenced by frankly instructing her, he confessed that he concluded by actually blowing kisses to her across the alley, and flinging expensive bouquets into her lap.

I hope the fair Aliza, should this chronicle ever reach her eyes, will pardon the publication of these details. It must be remembered that she was only a young lady, and had neither the requisite strength nor skill to fling the bouquets back again. On these occasions she rose hastily from her seat, and thus the flowers fell to the floor. But somehow they afterward invariably found their way to her toilet table; and somehow, also, it always happened that when he was at his window she was at hers.

Affairs were rapidly progressing toward that point when it seemed as if the new hotel, and the old pension were to be on most excellent terms with each other, when one morning our Lieutenant heard the young lady singing Rossini's exquisite cavatina, "Use Your Voice."

The voice was that of a sweet and rich contralto, and the words of the native tongue of the fair Italian seemed to form a sudden conclusion. He had to form an introduction to her at all hazards. He made no delay in his efforts. It was easy to discover her name, and he learned incidentally of her relationship to Monsignore Bella. Now it so happened that he had already been introduced to Monsignore at a reception given by the American Minister at Rome at the legation.

In Spain, where the gentleman he sought lived in apartments. It has been already mentioned that Monsignore Bella was exceedingly anxious to place upon his head the hat of a cardinal. At this very time he was up to his ears in all sorts of plans and projects, looking to the advancement in the church. He, however, reserved the lieutenant with considerable courtesy, as he intended to him one finger, applied for the little time at his disposal, and acceded to the request. He promised to send a letter of introduction that very afternoon to the address on the card of his visitor.

Monsignore was as good as his word. The letter of introduction was duly dictated, and read as follows: "Mr. Dixon, I have the pleasure of introducing to your consideration Lieutenant Eugene Dixon, of the American marine, who will, I doubt not, receive at your hands that general hospitality which, I am sure, you will agree he deserves. Faithfully yours, BELLA."

It appeared, however, that Monsignore Bella, stimulated by his ambition and zeal for the church, had occasion to write another letter that same afternoon. Both of these he handed to his valet, with instructions as to their delivery. The latter, however—possibly in consequence of an undue libation of the "laetrhya christi" in his master's wine closet—became confused as to the destination of these two epistles. He accordingly dropped the letter of introduction to Cozzi in the mail office, and delivered the other into the hands of Lieutenant Dixon at the hotel.

My Lord: Signor Biancard, an officer of the French army, will repair to the Vatican to-morrow morning. I beg your lordship to secure for him an immediate private interview with his holiness, as he has important secret information relative to the Austrian occupation of Venice. There should be no delay. I will be responsible for the authenticity of his reports. Your Lordship's faithful servant, BORACIO BELLA.

"Hallo!" said Dixon, as he read the address on the envelope of this note—"a letter of introduction—sealed, and addressed to Monsignore Bella! I can't see that's what might be called the Italian method." Perhaps the gentleman I'm looking for is short of parser or chief boatspahn's mate in Cardinal Antonelli's office at the Vatican. Seems to me this is fetching rather a long tack in order to make soundings.

But our hero was not to be deterred by any such consideration from pursuing his project. On the evening following, he says, "I'm in full armor—cocked hat, epaulet and sword-belt—and descended to the court-yard of the hotel, where he entered a carriage which he directed to be driven to the Papal Palace. As he was whirled past the yellow waters of the Tiber and the gloomy castle of St. Angelo, he did not feel any interest in looking upon these memorials of a remote past, which others have journeyed many miles to see. His mind was intent upon another problem. In what manner should he accost the gentleman to whom he was about to be introduced? Should he attempt the courtly manners of the noble ecclesiastics of the papal government? Or should he imitate the sleek and almost fawning subserviency of the lower order of priests? He resolved to do neither, but to adopt the style most congenial to one of his education and instincts—the "rough and ready" behavior of the Western American.

Once arrived at the Vatican, his coach dismissed, and the magnificent staircase ascended, his reception was the most formal. He was ushered past the Swiss guards whose harlequin uniform still contrasts strangely with the gravity of their demeanor—past groups of cardinals, whose crimson capes did not fail to remind him of the birds that are their namesakes—past the grand saloons, where the genius of Michael Angelo, Giulio Romano, and Raphael have hung the walls with glowing portraits of human life, along the corridors of that immense building, which is said to cover as much space as the city of Turin—past the unrivaled collections of antique sculpture, impossible of reproduction and the despair of modern art—past all these to the antechamber of Cardinal Antonelli. Here he delivered his letter to a gentleman in waiting, who, in a few minutes, and speedily returning, addressed him a few words in the Italian language. The messenger, in fact, announced that Cardinal Antonelli desired that the visitor should be conducted without delay into the presence of his Holiness.

Now Dixon knew about as much of the Italian language as of the Choctaw of his native land, and he therefore, the remotest conception of the purport of this message. He was, indeed, inclined to believe, in consequence of the extreme politeness of his companion, that the latter had inquired after the health of his estimable mother, who was then busily engaged in the dairy of the old farm at Oskosh. Dixon responded "that she was enjoying excellent health, that he had heard from her that very day, and that a sawmill in the vicinity of their residence had been burned down since he left home—total loss; no insurance!"

His companion regarded him for a moment with a slightly puzzled expression of countenance, and then, beckoning the visitor to follow, he led the way through a series of corridors to a secluded part of the palace, where he opened a door. After the Lieutenant had entered the apartment to which it admitted, his conductor closed the door, and remained within call in the outer passage.

The American found himself in a small room furnished with extreme plainness. A small table stood near the centre, upon which lay pens and paper. Beside this stood a carved oak chair, with a high back, in which sat an old gentleman of very pleasant expression of countenance. He was ostentatiously dressed in dark-colored clothing. He wore, also, a pair of embroidered slippers. On his head was a velvet cap. His face was clean-shaven, and, consequently, there was nothing to conceal the play of his features. By the side of the entrance door stood a second, and smaller chair.

Now Dixon was actually in the presence of the Pope; but he believed that he saw before him Signor Cozzi, to whom, as he thought, his letter of introduction had been delivered. Never having seen Pius Ninth, he had not the remotest idea of the identity of the individual whom he was addressing. If he had, we may perhaps doubt whether he would have acted so differently. But try he he was in the very chamber, which Kings and Emperors have entered with bended knees, in order to kiss the sacred right of the finger of him whom they regarded as the viceregent of heaven upon earth. Other and less exalted personages, in accordance with the requirements of the papal court, are not admitted to this privilege. They, too, are expected to advance upon their knees, but to venture upon saluting the hand of the pontiff. It is then to press their lips upon the embossed counterpane

on the point of His Holiness' alms-table, performance which is vulgarly called "kissing the Pope's hand." They who have seen the beautiful picture by Healy, recently exhibited in the art gallery of the Chicago Exposition, can form a just conception of the sweetness and benediction that beam in the countenance of the prince of the Church of Rome. Whatever may be said by those who disagree with him, respecting his doctrinal belief, his firm adherence to the ancient dogmas of his office, and his unmitigated hatred of those whom he considers the spoilers of the church's heritage, certainly there is but one opinion respecting his private character. He is universally admitted to be a kind-hearted, urbane, Christian gentleman.

It must be confessed that he was not a little surprised at the manner in which he was approached by his visitor on this occasion. Dixon strode into the room as though he were pacing the quarter-deck of a frigate, and advancing to his Holiness with the same boldness and assurance that he had later, and shook it with all the unaffected earnestness of sincerity. "Sir," said he, in his execrable French, "I am delighted to see you. I am proud to make your acquaintance—upon my word I am. Permit me to hand you my card. Mr. Bella was very kind in giving me the letter of introduction. If he had not, I think I should have dipped my colors, and introduced myself. You seem to be pretty much at home here. Private office, I suppose, and all that sort of thing. Not much of a run, after all, down to your house on the Corso. Well, you don't do much more in the way of style here than I did, when I entered a midshipman's storage, and got good-bye to the corner grocery in Oskosh."

The Pope was at first startled, then shocked, and finally convinced that an error had been committed somewhere. He accordingly rose from his official seat, and, extending those fingers of his soft white hand, in the manner according to which it is customary to give the papal benediction, proceeded to the following words in Latin: "Pax tecum in pace demitto, Dio!" Now this was a polite intimation to his visitor to terminate the interview.

But the young gentleman had never enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, and was, therefore, not to be blamed for supposing that his host pointed at once to see. "He gave one look to the words in Latin: 'Pax tecum in pace demitto, Dio!' Now this was a polite intimation to his visitor to terminate the interview. But the young gentleman had never enjoyed the advantages of a classical education, and was, therefore, not to be blamed for supposing that his host pointed at once to see. "He gave one look to the words in Latin: 'Pax tecum in pace demitto, Dio!' Now this was a polite intimation to his visitor to terminate the interview.

One fine morning, a good many years ago, a party of revenue men were clustered on the shores of Whitman Bay, in a state of some excitement, for the clearing off of the early morning mist had revealed a boat, which was being towed by a man and a mule, and they hoped that the fastest smuggler on the coast, that had shown them her heels many and many a time, whose repeated escapes had caused them to become the laughing-stocks of the country-side, and had even excited a suspicion of complicity in the breasts of the authorities, had at last fallen into their hands. "It is here, at least," shouted one who had a telescope; "that is the Lottery, or my name's not Bowden!" There was no time to be lost; the breeze might spring up at any moment, and the best vessel and the crew met conversant with the coast, handiest in bad weather and most reckless of consequences, remain free to resume a career of fraud and violence. So the officer in command ordered a couple of boats to be manned at once, and put off to secure the prize. But the Lotteries made up their minds not to give up their valuable cargo and fine craft without a struggle, and made all the usual preparations against boarders. The attacking boats approached, the shots were exchanged, and they were finally beaten off; Ambrose Bowden, who pulled the bow-oar of one of them, being killed. Indeed the officer in command would have not been justified in persevering with the attack at the risk of his men's lives; for the object he had in view, that of suppressing the lottery, had now been accomplished without sacrifice. The crew were well known, and though it had been impossible to surprise them in an overt act of smuggling, it would be a very different matter now that they had the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. So it proved; when the affray was reported, the authorities determined to make an example, issued orders to arrest the vessel, and all or any members of the crew, wherever they might be found. And now commenced the punishment of the smugglers, who led the lives of hunted rats. Officers of justice, with soldiers to aid them, were perpetually on their tracks; dragoons scoured the country, prowling for them. They could not find the vessel without the strictest precautions, and had to move about by night. In the day time they lay concealed in barns and granaries, where they constantly heard inquiries being made about them. Of course their only chance of escape lay in the fact that the whole country-side was in their favor and against the revenue people; there was not a farmer, an innkeeper, a shopman, or a laborer willing to do his best to aid and conceal them. Still, at every game of hide-and-seek the searcher wins in the end. To lie in concealment beyond a certain time is trying to the nerves. One of the smugglers, named Toms, grew tired and allowed himself to be arrested, when he turned his evidence and pointed out Tom Potter as the man who had fired the fatal shot. You may imagine the storm of execration which arose against the traitor, especially when the dragoons managed, by a stratagem, to elude the precautions taken for the concealment of Potter, who was at length arrested in his own house and carried to London. The only chance of saving him lay in getting the one witness for the prosecution, Roger Toms, out of the way. But this was difficult, for Toms, knowing well that his life was in danger, had taken refuge on board of a revenue cutter, which he never left. However, certain influential and responsible persons whom she could trust sought out his wife, and prevailed upon her to use her influence to lure her husband away from the neighborhood of his protectors the first time he had to go ashore. Satisfied that no violence would be offered to him, and anxious to save him from the disgrace of his comrade's blood, she consented, and was the means of his falling into an ambush. The word given, however, was faithfully kept; no injury, no unnecessary discomfort was inflicted upon him, but he was spirited away to a safe place, with the intention of sending him to some place where he would be out of the way, and unable to give evidence at the time of the trial. But Toms was traced by the Government officers to Germany, and found in the hold of a ship just sailing for America. His evidence on Potter's trial amounted to this:—that he, Toms, had in the cabin of the Lottery during the night of the capture, had seen Roger Toms, and that Potter had some conversation with him. For the defense, an old seaman testified that he saw the boat's crew, and that Roger Toms was a member, who called

two other men, and that they were all in the well-known cutter on the night of the capture. Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe."

"My son," said he, "God bless and return thee safely to thy native land. When thou lookest upon this shore, remember one who takes an interest in the career of thy great nation. I suspect, from thy words, that thy hands have been taken captive by a daughter of our Italy. Take an old man's advice, and give not thy heart to her who is only fondly so. My son, Beauty is but a fatal gift. Having uttered these words, he conducted his visitor to the door, receiving his profuse thanks with a kindly smile, and dismissing him with a warm pressure of the hand.

Dixon returned to his hotel half dazed by his adventure. Here he found two letters awaiting him—one, the genuine letter of introduction delivered through the mail, which thus gave him the clue to his morning experience; the other contained an immediate summons to return to his ship, which was under orders to proceed at once to sea. "He gave one look to the window of the fair Aliza, but she was for the first time absent. She had misconstrued his non-appearance of the morning, and was, in this manner, attempting to repay him for it. So with a sigh the youth packed his trunk, took the next train for Civita Vecchia, and was soon prowling the blue waters of the Mediterranean in the gallant Maska.

I saw Dixon in the city of Boston not long since, where he is now engaged in the practice of law. He informed me confidentially, that the little finger of the girl with blue eyes and light hair, to whom he had been married, was worth more to him than all the black-eyed and dark-haired beauties that ever breathed the air of Oskosh."

SMUGGLING-AMA. BY LOUIS BROWN.

One fine morning, a good many years ago, a party of revenue men were clustered on the shores of Whitman Bay, in a state of some excitement, for the clearing off of the early morning mist had revealed a boat, which was being towed by a man and a mule, and they hoped that the fastest smuggler on the coast, that had shown them her heels many and many a time, whose repeated escapes had caused them to become the laughing-stocks of the country-side, and had even excited a suspicion of complicity in the breasts of the authorities, had at last fallen into their hands.

"It is here, at least," shouted one who had a telescope; "that is the Lottery, or my name's not Bowden!" There was no time to be lost; the breeze might spring up at any moment, and the best vessel and the crew met conversant with the coast, handiest in bad weather and most reckless of consequences, remain free to resume a career of fraud and violence. So the officer in command ordered a couple of boats to be manned at once, and put off to secure the prize.

But the Lotteries made up their minds not to give up their valuable cargo and fine craft without a struggle, and made all the usual preparations against boarders. The attacking boats approached, the shots were exchanged, and they were finally beaten off; Ambrose Bowden, who pulled the bow-oar of one of them, being killed. Indeed the officer in command would have not been justified in persevering with the attack at the risk of his men's lives; for the object he had in view, that of suppressing the lottery, had now been accomplished without sacrifice.

The crew were well known, and though it had been impossible to surprise them in an overt act of smuggling, it would be a very different matter now that they had the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. So it proved; when the affray was reported, the authorities determined to make an example, issued orders to arrest the vessel, and all or any members of the crew, wherever they might be found.

And now commenced the punishment of the smugglers, who led the lives of hunted rats. Officers of justice, with soldiers to aid them, were perpetually on their tracks; dragoons scoured the country, prowling for them. They could not find the vessel without the strictest precautions, and had to move about by night. In the day time they lay concealed in barns and granaries, where they constantly heard inquiries being made about them.

Of course their only chance of escape lay in the fact that the whole country-side was in their favor and against the revenue people; there was not a farmer, an innkeeper, a shopman, or a laborer willing to do his best to aid and conceal them. Still, at every game of hide-and-seek the searcher wins in the end. To lie in concealment beyond a certain time is trying to the nerves. One of the smugglers, named Toms, grew tired and allowed himself to be arrested, when he turned his evidence and pointed out Tom Potter as the man who had fired the fatal shot.

You may imagine the storm of execration which arose against the traitor, especially when the dragoons managed, by a stratagem, to elude the precautions taken for the concealment of Potter, who was at length arrested in his own house and carried to London. The only chance of saving him lay in getting the one witness for the prosecution, Roger Toms, out of the way. But this was difficult, for Toms, knowing well that his life was in danger, had taken refuge on board of a revenue cutter, which he never left.

However, certain influential and responsible persons whom she could trust sought out his wife, and prevailed upon her to use her influence to lure her husband away from the neighborhood of his protectors the first time he had to go ashore. Satisfied that no violence would be offered to him, and anxious to save him from the disgrace of his comrade's blood, she consented, and was the means of his falling into an ambush. The word given, however, was faithfully kept; no injury, no unnecessary discomfort was inflicted upon him, but he was spirited away to a safe place, with the intention of sending him to some place where he would be out of the way, and unable to give evidence at the time of the trial.

But Toms was traced by the Government officers to Germany, and found in the hold of a ship just sailing for America. His evidence on Potter's trial amounted to this:—that he, Toms, had in the cabin of the Lottery during the night of the capture, had seen Roger Toms, and that Potter had some conversation with him. For the defense, an old seaman testified that he saw the boat's crew, and that Roger Toms was a member, who called

two other men, and that they were all in the well-known cutter on the night of the capture. Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe."

"My son," said he, "God bless and return thee safely to thy native land. When thou lookest upon this shore, remember one who takes an interest in the career of thy great nation. I suspect, from thy words, that thy hands have been taken captive by a daughter of our Italy. Take an old man's advice, and give not thy heart to her who is only fondly so. My son, Beauty is but a fatal gift. Having uttered these words, he conducted his visitor to the door, receiving his profuse thanks with a kindly smile, and dismissing him with a warm pressure of the hand.

Dixon returned to his hotel half dazed by his adventure. Here he found two letters awaiting him—one, the genuine letter of introduction delivered through the mail, which thus gave him the clue to his morning experience; the other contained an immediate summons to return to his ship, which was under orders to proceed at once to sea. "He gave one look to the window of the fair Aliza, but she was for the first time absent. She had misconstrued his non-appearance of the morning, and was, in this manner, attempting to repay him for it. So with a sigh the youth packed his trunk, took the next train for Civita Vecchia, and was soon prowling the blue waters of the Mediterranean in the gallant Maska.

I saw Dixon in the city of Boston not long since, where he is now engaged in the practice of law. He informed me confidentially, that the little finger of the girl with blue eyes and light hair, to whom he had been married, was worth more to him than all the black-eyed and dark-haired beauties that ever breathed the air of Oskosh."

two other men, and that they were all in the well-known cutter on the night of the capture. Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe."

"My son," said he, "God bless and return thee safely to thy native land. When thou lookest upon this shore, remember one who takes an interest in the career of thy great nation. I suspect, from thy words, that thy hands have been taken captive by a daughter of our Italy. Take an old man's advice, and give not thy heart to her who is only fondly so. My son, Beauty is but a fatal gift. Having uttered these words, he conducted his visitor to the door, receiving his profuse thanks with a kindly smile, and dismissing him with a warm pressure of the hand.

Dixon returned to his hotel half dazed by his adventure. Here he found two letters awaiting him—one, the genuine letter of introduction delivered through the mail, which thus gave him the clue to his morning experience; the other contained an immediate summons to return to his ship, which was under orders to proceed at once to sea. "He gave one look to the window of the fair Aliza, but she was for the first time absent. She had misconstrued his non-appearance of the morning, and was, in this manner, attempting to repay him for it. So with a sigh the youth packed his trunk, took the next train for Civita Vecchia, and was soon prowling the blue waters of the Mediterranean in the gallant Maska.

I saw Dixon in the city of Boston not long since, where he is now engaged in the practice of law. He informed me confidentially, that the little finger of the girl with blue eyes and light hair, to whom he had been married, was worth more to him than all the black-eyed and dark-haired beauties that ever breathed the air of Oskosh."

SMUGGLING-AMA. BY LOUIS BROWN.

One fine morning, a good many years ago, a party of revenue men were clustered on the shores of Whitman Bay, in a state of some excitement, for the clearing off of the early morning mist had revealed a boat, which was being towed by a man and a mule, and they hoped that the fastest smuggler on the coast, that had shown them her heels many and many a time, whose repeated escapes had caused them to become the laughing-stocks of the country-side, and had even excited a suspicion of complicity in the breasts of the authorities, had at last fallen into their hands.

"It is here, at least," shouted one who had a telescope; "that is the Lottery, or my name's not Bowden!" There was no time to be lost; the breeze might spring up at any moment, and the best vessel and the crew met conversant with the coast, handiest in bad weather and most reckless of consequences, remain free to resume a career of fraud and violence. So the officer in command ordered a couple of boats to be manned at once, and put off to secure the prize.

But the Lotteries made up their minds not to give up their valuable cargo and fine craft without a struggle, and made all the usual preparations against boarders. The attacking boats approached, the shots were exchanged, and they were finally beaten off; Ambrose Bowden, who pulled the bow-oar of one of them, being killed. Indeed the officer in command would have not been justified in persevering with the attack at the risk of his men's lives; for the object he had in view, that of suppressing the lottery, had now been accomplished without sacrifice.

The crew were well known, and though it had been impossible to surprise them in an overt act of smuggling, it would be a very different matter now that they had the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. So it proved; when the affray was reported, the authorities determined to make an example, issued orders to arrest the vessel, and all or any members of the crew, wherever they might be found.

And now commenced the punishment of the smugglers, who led the lives of hunted rats. Officers of justice, with soldiers to aid them, were perpetually on their tracks; dragoons scoured the country, prowling for them. They could not find the vessel without the strictest precautions, and had to move about by night. In the day time they lay concealed in barns and granaries, where they constantly heard inquiries being made about them.

Of course their only chance of escape lay in the fact that the whole country-side was in their favor and against the revenue people; there was not a farmer, an innkeeper, a shopman, or a laborer willing to do his best to aid and conceal them. Still, at every game of hide-and-seek the searcher wins in the end. To lie in concealment beyond a certain time is trying to the nerves. One of the smugglers, named Toms, grew tired and allowed himself to be arrested, when he turned his evidence and pointed out Tom Potter as the man who had fired the fatal shot.

You may imagine the storm of execration which arose against the traitor, especially when the dragoons managed, by a stratagem, to elude the precautions taken for the concealment of Potter, who was at length arrested in his own house and carried to London. The only chance of saving him lay in getting the one witness for the prosecution, Roger Toms, out of the way. But this was difficult, for Toms, knowing well that his life was in danger, had taken refuge on board of a revenue cutter, which he never left.

However, certain influential and responsible persons whom she could trust sought out his wife, and prevailed upon her to use her influence to lure her husband away from the neighborhood of his protectors the first time he had to go ashore. Satisfied that no violence would be offered to him, and anxious to save him from the disgrace of his comrade's blood, she consented, and was the means of his falling into an ambush. The word given, however, was faithfully kept; no injury, no unnecessary discomfort was inflicted upon him, but he was spirited away to a safe place, with the intention of sending him to some place where he would be out of the way, and unable to give evidence at the time of the trial.

But Toms was traced by the Government officers to Germany, and found in the hold of a ship just sailing for America. His evidence on Potter's trial amounted to this:—that he, Toms, had in the cabin of the Lottery during the night of the capture, had seen Roger Toms, and that Potter had some conversation with him. For the defense, an old seaman testified that he saw the boat's crew, and that Roger Toms was a member, who called

two other men, and that they were all in the well-known cutter on the night of the capture. Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe."

"My son," said he, "God bless and return thee safely to thy native land. When thou lookest upon this shore, remember one who takes an interest in the career of thy great nation. I suspect, from thy words, that thy hands have been taken captive by a daughter of our Italy. Take an old man's advice, and give not thy heart to her who is only fondly so. My son, Beauty is but a fatal gift. Having uttered these words, he conducted his visitor to the door, receiving his profuse thanks with a kindly smile, and dismissing him with a warm pressure of the hand.

Dixon returned to his hotel half dazed by his adventure. Here he found two letters awaiting him—one, the genuine letter of introduction delivered through the mail, which thus gave him the clue to his morning experience; the other contained an immediate summons to return to his ship, which was under orders to proceed at once to sea. "He gave one look to the window of the fair Aliza, but she was for the first time absent. She had misconstrued his non-appearance of the morning, and was, in this manner, attempting to repay him for it. So with a sigh the youth packed his trunk, took the next train for Civita Vecchia, and was soon prowling the blue waters of the Mediterranean in the gallant Maska.

I saw Dixon in the city of Boston not long since, where he is now engaged in the practice of law. He informed me confidentially, that the little finger of the girl with blue eyes and light hair, to whom he had been married, was worth more to him than all the black-eyed and dark-haired beauties that ever breathed the air of Oskosh."

two other men, and that they were all in the well-known cutter on the night of the capture. Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe." Toms, then, had written in a bold hand in the Italian language, "Zincosianni's Store, from the island, Plo Noe."

"My son," said he, "God bless and return thee safely to thy native land. When thou lookest upon this shore, remember one who takes an interest in the career of thy great nation. I suspect, from thy words, that thy hands have been taken captive by a daughter of our Italy. Take an old man's advice, and give not thy heart to her who is only fondly so. My son, Beauty is but a fatal gift. Having uttered these words, he conducted his visitor to the door, receiving his profuse thanks with a kindly smile, and dismissing him with a warm pressure of the hand.

Dixon returned to his hotel half dazed by his adventure. Here he found two letters awaiting him—one, the genuine letter of introduction delivered through the mail, which thus gave him the clue to his morning experience; the other contained an immediate summons to return to his ship, which was under orders to proceed at once to sea. "He gave one look to the window of the fair Aliza, but she was for the first time absent. She had misconstrued his non-appearance of the morning, and was, in this manner, attempting to repay him for it. So with a sigh the youth packed his trunk, took the next train for Civita Vecchia, and was soon prowling the blue waters of the Mediterranean in the gallant Maska.

I saw Dixon in the city of Boston not long since, where he is now engaged in the practice of law. He informed me confidentially, that the little finger of the girl with blue eyes and light hair, to whom he had been married, was worth more to him than all the black-eyed and dark-haired beauties that ever breathed the air of Oskosh."

SMUGGLING-AMA. BY LOUIS BROWN.

One fine morning, a good many years ago, a party of revenue men were clustered on the shores of Whitman Bay, in a state of some excitement, for the clearing off of the early morning mist had revealed a boat, which was being towed by a man and a mule, and they hoped that the fastest smuggler on the coast, that had shown them her heels many and many a time, whose repeated escapes had caused them to become the laughing-stocks of the country-side, and had even excited a suspicion of complicity in the breasts of the authorities, had at last fallen into their hands.

"It is here, at least," shouted one who had a telescope; "that is the Lottery, or my name's not Bowden!" There was no time to be lost; the breeze might spring up at any moment, and the best vessel and the crew met conversant with the coast, handiest in bad weather and most reckless of consequences, remain free to resume a career of fraud and violence. So the officer in command ordered a couple of boats to be manned at once, and put off to secure the prize.

But the Lotteries made up their minds not to give up their valuable cargo and fine craft without a struggle, and made all the usual preparations against boarders. The attacking boats approached, the shots were exchanged, and they were finally beaten off; Ambrose Bowden, who pulled the bow-oar of one of them, being killed. Indeed the officer in command would have not been justified in persevering with the attack at the risk of his men's lives; for the object he had in view, that of suppressing the lottery, had now been accomplished without sacrifice.

The crew were well known, and though it had been impossible to surprise them in an overt act of smuggling, it would be a very different matter now that they had the brand of Cain upon their foreheads. So it proved; when the affray was reported, the authorities determined to make an example, issued orders to arrest the vessel, and all or any members of the crew, wherever they might be found.

And now commenced the punishment of the smugglers, who led the lives of hunted rats. Officers of justice, with soldiers to aid them, were perpetually on their tracks; dragoons scoured the country, prowling for them. They could not find the vessel without the strictest precautions, and had to move about by night. In the day time they lay concealed in barns and granaries, where they constantly heard inquiries being made about them.

