Dispatch from Prof. Jenney—Geld Finally
Discovered in Paying Quantities.

An important dispatch from Prof. Jenney was received at the Interior Department, in Washington, a few days ago. It is dated "Camp on Spring Creek, Black Hills, Dakota, July 17. Prof. Jenney says:

"I have discovered gold in paying quantities in gravel bars, both on Spring and Rapid creeks, from twenty to thirty miles northeast of Harney's Peak. The deposits are the richest yet found in the Hills, and are favorably situated. There is a good head of water in the streams, amply sufficient for working purposes. The gold is derived from quartz ledges of enormous dimensions in a belt of clay, slate and quartz. It is twenty miles in width, "crossing the Hills in a northwesterly direction. At this point the clay from the bed of the stream near the camp yields from four to eight cents to the pan, and several pieces about the value of one dollar have been found by the soldiers. I am engaged in prospecting the value and extent of the proposecting the value and extent of the soldiers. I am engaged in prospecting the value and extent of the soldiers. I am engaged in prospecting the value and extent of the soldiers. found by the soldiers. I am engaged in prospecting the value and extent of the prospecting the value and extent of the region. About 200 miners have deserted French creek, and followed me here. They are pouring into the Hills from all directions, and offer me every assistance in prospecting the country. But no matter how good the mines may be, the future great wealth of the Black Hills will be its great lead to the black Hills. will be its grass lands, farms and timber. The soil is deep and fertile, and the rainfall greater and more regular than that of any region west of the Alle-ghany Mountains." The Secretary of the Interior imme-

diately sent a copy of the dispatch to the President. The Secretary states that the government will use all means at its command to keep every unprivileged person out of the mining district until the negotiations now pending shall be consummated. As soon as a course of action is decided upon, the Sioux Commissioners will be notified.

Extraordinary Murder Trial.

Extraordinary murder cases are com-mon enough—for the reason, of course, that crimes of this description are com-A case very far out of the usual runif it be a murder case at all, and not a sad accident—has been brought before public notice in New York by the release on bail of Mrs. Sarah Merrigan. This woman has been in jail two years, has suffered two trials, and endured all the misery and disgrace of an accusation of murder. Her present release is supposed to be final, the bail being fixed at a nominal figure, and her counsel hav-ing assurance that the prosecution will drop. Mrs. Merrigan was charged with the murder of her dearest friend, a companion at the convent where she was educated, and an intimate acquaintance in after-life. Miss Hamill, the woman supposed to have been murdered, inherited a fortune soon after leaving school, and by this means was enabled to occupy a station in life superior to her friend. The theory of the prosecution was that Mrs. Mer. igan envied the good fortune of her friend, hated her for it, and compassed her death merely to satisfy low feelings of jealousy and revenge. Miss Hamill frequently visited Mrs. Merrigan, and it was on one of these occasions that the death took place. Both women were superstitious. They consulted fortunetellers together; and the theory of the defense is, that the rehearsal of one of Hamill on a chair for the purpose of While the operation was in progress, Mrs. Merrigan was called away. She had previously placed a clothes-line about Miss Hamill's neck, and thrown the end over the door of the bed chamber, to get it out of the way. As Mrs. Merrigan passed from the room, she closed the door after her. She returned soon afterwards, only to find that Miss Hamill had been strangled in her absence, having stepped from the chair on which she was standing, without reflecting that the rope about her neck was fastened at the other end. The defense appears to be lame in many respects, but it must be remembered that it has been sufficient to secure the disagreement of two juries; and it is said Mrs. Merrigan's counsel are fully convinced of her innocence. - Chicago Tri-

A Test for Eggs.

Among the minor troubles of city life sthe difficulty of procuring a regular supply of fresh eggs. When we cannot remove our woes, the next best thing is to try to understand them, So we devote this paragraph to what will interest all out of hearing of the cheerful sounds of the barnyard. An egg is generally called fresh when it has been laid only one or two days in summer, and two to six days in winter. The shell being porous, the water in the interior evaporates, and leaves a cavity of greater or less extent. The yolk of the egg sinks, too, as may be easily seen by holding it toward a candle or the sun; and when shaken, a slight shock is felt if the egg is not fresh. To determine the precise age of eggs, dissolve about four ounces of common salt in a quart of pure water, and then immerse the egg. If it is one day old, it will descend to the bottom of the vessel; but if three days it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, it will come to the surface and project above in proportion to its age.

Archæologital Rescarches. A recent London letter says that the

discovery of the true method of deciphering the Sanscrit works in Chinese translations is beginning to bear valuable fruit. This discovery is, in fact, the key which has unlocked the storehouses of a vast literature which had previously remained almost wholly unknown. The whole number of believers in the Christian religion now upon earth is much less than that of the aggregate of the various sects of Buddhists; but it is only within the last fifty years that we have begun to learn who and what Buddha was. Long ago, Jesuit priests, penetrating into Thibet, found there Buddhist monks with tonsures, rosaries and censers; with sacred books in which a code of morals exceedingly like that of Christianity was taught, and with legends which seemed to be either parodies or get him to risk it.

· Variable Committee Commi

GO TO BED LATE, AND ARE ALWAYS ABOUND. WHEN WANTED, AND WHO CHEERFULLY

THIS VOLUME

DEDICATORY. It was the authors solemn intention at the outset to dedicate this book to some newspaper man—Gregory, Piatt, Griswold, Watterson, Bayard, Waterloo, Seymour, Bailey, Swineford, Wood—to some particular one of the coterie who use the pen more than the scissors, and whose original work sustains the reputation of the American press for brilliancy. This was his intention, but when nearly five hundred newspapers, each saying a kind word for the book, had reached his table, it was plain that such a dedicamitted by persons laboring under intense mental excitement, who are not controlled by ordinary motives, nor restrained by mere consideration of fitness. and hoping to push the sale of the book among such tribes as love to sit down and read, or hold spelling-bees, in pre-ference to hunting around for scalps, the author prevailed upon himself to write such a dedication as the reader has found.

Cause of Triching in Pork. Some new cases of deaths due to the eating of pork infested with trichina. quoted in Western journals, should be the means of directing public attention anew to the horrible diseases of swine called trachinosis, and to the fact that, when once the parasite attacks a human being, the result is prolonged suffering, and, in a multiplicity of instances, death. The worm existing in the pork literally bores its way out of the stomach and into the muscles. It has lately been found that swine may become infested with triching through eating carrion, or even decayed vegetable sub-stances. This is a point worth consid-eration by farmers who incline to the belief that dead chickens, putrid swille or any other filth about the place is le, gitimate food for pigs. The animals ar-not dainty in their tastes, and will lunce off their dead relatives with infinith gusto; but it is the poorest economy to permit hogs to assume the role of scav-enger. No milk-dealer will allow his these fortune-telling experiences caused the death of Miss Hamill. The story is, that Mrs. Merrigan had placed Miss though the brutes are crazily fond of though the brutes are crazily fond of the can be considered the can be considered to the can the odoriferous weed; and there is certainly more reason for the farmer to that his porkers have no access to un-clean food. In the one case, if precaution be neglected, the taste of the milk is affected; in the other the entire flesh is rendered poisonous and dangerous food.—Scientific American.

How They Do It in California.

The following actually occurred in our vicinity this week. The parties thereto are well known and respectable; the lady 55 years of age, and the gentleman five years her senior. They had from quently heard of each other through mutual friends, but had never met until a few days ago, when the following conversation took place: Gent-Madam, what is your name? Lady-My name is —. Gent—My name is —. I live in Livermore, where I own a ranch Ahem! how would you like me for a husband? Lady—Well, really, I don't know. I've heard your name, Mr. but how would you like me for a wife? Gent—Madam, the sight of you more than does justice to what I have heard. Will you be my wife? The lady assented. The gentleman went immediately to Oakland to get a license, and twenty-four hours after their first meeting the couple were man and wife, and by this time are on his ranch at Livermore.—Almeda County (Cal.) Independent.

One Fool Was Enough.

At 11 o'clock last night when the Grant landed her last load there was among the passengers who had been to see the fire in Windsor a "smart" young man. Near the dock he noticed a colored roustabout sitting asleep with his head against a door-post. The young man danced up to him, gave him a rude push and impertmently demanded why he did not go over the river and help put out the blaze.

"Wa—was you dar?" inquired Sambo.
"Of course I was," replied the other.
"One fool dar's 'nuff," retorted the black one, and he calmly closed his eyes and resumed his nap. — Detroit Free

Too MUCH RISK.—"Come on now Ned," cried a New York girl at Long Branch the other day to a stripling lover Branch the other day to a stripling lover at her side, "we've got clear of papa; now let's take a dive." "Your father is an awful big and stout man, ain't he?" observed the youth. "Oh, never mind that," exclaimed the Miss, petulantly; "let's take a swim. Just see the great waves." "Don't you think it dangerous?" anxiously inquired the lover, gazing up and down the beach. "Dangerous! No! There isn't hardly any undertow at this point." "Oh, but it isn't the under-tow I'm afraid of," interrupted the young man. "Isn't it?" "No, it's your father's toe!" And she couldn't

HIS HONOR AND BUJAH.

An Hour in the Control Station Court. [From the Detroit Free Press.]

A SHADDER.

A SHADDER.

After remarking that harvest apples adn't matured enough to be half ripe yet, his Honor picked up the warrants and nodded toward the corridor. The first one out was a match-waisted female named Sophia Sullivan, and her face couldn't have looked more sorrowful had she lost fifteen cents and a coral ring.

"Mrs. Sullivan, you are charged with disturbing the peace," remarked the court; "in other words, viz., to-wit, as follows, you assaulted your husband, cut his scalp open with a plate, and reduced him to that point where he couldn't tell the difference between a Saratoga regatta and the new Sartoris baby."

"Well, I did hit him, Judge, and I hit him pretty hard," she said.

"And your excuse!"

"There's been a shadder on my life for the last five years," she went on.

"And the name of that shadder is which?"

"My husband hates me because I've got red hair and a turn-up nose!" she

sobbed. "Great shedes! but is that so?" "It is, your Honor. He comes home drunk, abuses me, and I get desperate and fight back."

"Mrs. Sullivan, go home—go back to your abiding place. Your husband is a rhinocerous—a lunatic. Hate hair and a nose like that! The man ought to be boiled in tar! I'll get him down here some day and he'll think a horse-barn fell upon him!"

" SAM. "Got an Injun for you!" whispered Bijah, as the next prisoner came out. He was a deck-hand on a propeller. Some one had injured his left eye, his proud spirit was down to zero, and his outfit would have sold for twenty-five cents at a second-hand clothing store. Still he was an Indian, and as goodlooking an Indian as can be found on

the plains.
"Is your name Okemos?" asked the Court. "No, sir-named Sam," was the re-

ply. "Where is your lodge?"

"Down here ten rods." "Where is your squaw?"

"Him run away two year ago."
"Where is your tribe?"

" Eh ?" Where, sir, are the dignified, stoica and gallant red men of the forest who

used to camp on the very spot where this station-house now stands?" "Him in Toledo, I guess," responded

"Child of the forest-native of the prairies, I feel sad for you," said the Court as he leaned back and skucked a peanut. "No lodge no tribe no chief no war-house no scalps. Where you played when a child you will now find oyster-cans and old boots. White men are raising cabbages and such base truck on the hills where you used to hunt the wild roebuck. Where you once halted to listen to the whispers of the streamlet, you will now hear the sounds of a John Chinaman chasing a woolen under-shirt up and down a wash-board. I don't want to strike an Injun after he is down. Go away, restless, broken spirit—get ont of doors and try and be a better red man !"

"Heap glad—old man heap good feller!" whispered the delighted Sam as he bent his back and shot under the

A DRONE. "Erastus Washburne Harrison, the police say that you are a drone-bee in the great hive of industry," said the Court to the next prisoner:

Literatus washburne harrison, the constant world. He says the following messages have been received from a spirit "purporting to be that of Donaldson:"

Erastus, settling back on his dignity. "I don't want any proof—proof sticks out all over you. See the whitewash on your back! Gaze at that head of hair, which hasn't been ambied over with a comb since you can remember! Behold that soiled shirt—those old clothes— your general dilapidated look. It's no crime to be poor, Mr. Harrison, but it's

pizen for a poor man to be lazy!"
"I haint lazy," replied the prisoner. "Ah! Erastus, don't talk to me! I see no ambition in your eye—no resolutions in your face—no dust around in your actions. You wouldn't crack a cocoanut for the sake of the milk and meat. Go to the ant, thou sluggard,

consider her way and be wise.' "I haven't got any aunt," said Mr. Harrison.

"Well, you've got to ante out of this, my humble friend. I'm going to make it sixty days."

The Wool-Growers.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania and Ohio wool-growers, at Titusville, Pa., last week, it was resolved that, in view of the present unsatisfactory condition of the wool market, to hold for an advance and, at the same time appeal to all growers to continue with the Patrons of Husbandry in the furtherance of their interests. Meanwhile, an effort is to be made to deal directly with the manufac-turers, failing in which they will be com-pelled to abandon the wool-growing business, and, in imitation of our fathers of 99 yerrs ago, declare our independ ence of those who are living from the handling of our produce, to the end that their difficulties may be righted. They invite correspondence from both wool-growers and manufacturers in all parts of the country. Any information will be furnished by the association's Secretary, J. A. Curtis, West Liberty, Pa.

GETTING OUT OF BED.—Dr. Hall does not approve of the old doctrine which was formerly instilled into the minds of children—that they should spring out of bed the instant they awake in the morning. He says: "Up to eighteen years old every child should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over. to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they would rather get up than not. It is a very great mistake for persons, old or young—especially children or sedentary persons—to bounce out of bed the moment they wake up; all the instincts shrink from it and flercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much as good, sound sleep, because the operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slowly, and to shock the clusive.

The Future of the Petate Crop.

Will the beetle destroy the potato crop and make the growth of this important edible either impossible or greatly re-stricted? We give a decided No to both hese questions, frequently saked of us ersonally, and almost every day sug-ested by the fears of our exchanges. The potato is far too important a crop

to be stamped out of existence by the beetle. Intelligent and enterprising farmers would find means of growing potatoes enough for general use were the difficulties four-fold what they are. Possibly the price of potatoes might be doubled, or even trebled, but the use of the vegetable would not be discontinued, and its production would be more profitable than ever before. Potatoes always been too easily grown. Hence the price has been low, and the farmer has not had fair pay for the hard work which bandling a potato crop implies. Henceforth, by doing some additional light work in destroying potato beetles, by planting on better soil and giving better culture, the crop will be larger, the price better, and the receipts persent trobled. haps trebled, at a slight additional cost per acre. The potato beetle will, without doubt, increase the price of potatoes somewhat, and in this the consumer must suffer; but farmers who know how to deal with the enemy can and will make more money from potatoes than ever before. The potato is henceforth transferred to the list of crops not easily grown, and therefore always most profit-able. It is skill and patience which best pay in farming, and not brute strength, and these are what potato culture needs. So long as it was a business that mainly employed strong arms and backs in digging and securing the crop, potato growing was not a very inviting occupa-tion, however profitable. Now, by the perfecting of machines for planting and digging potatoes, the manual labor has been reduced 50 per cent. It is now a question of moral and intellectual quali-ties, and only those farmers will succeed who are able to see what is needed and have the patience and perseverance to do it. In less words, potato growing is to be in fewer hands until a larger proportion of American farmers are more thorough and successful in their business.

The potato beetle, in common with most insect enemies, will prove a bless-ing in disguise to American farmers. Many of them may not see this now, but ten or twenty years hence they will. The midge in wheat compelled farmers to prepare their ground better, to put in seed more carefully, and to manure better than ever before; and we believe the petato beetle will ultimately have as good an effect on growers of the potato. There is neither reason nor religion in despendency. Reason and experience tell us that when any insect becomes too numerous something is sent to check it, and we are told in the good book that while the earth endureth summer and winter, seed time and harvest shall not fail.—Rural New Yorker.

Donaldson Heard from in Spirit-Land. [From the Chicago Journal.]

One "Dr." Chauncey Barnes, of Dubuque, a Spiritualist, again writes us that he is receiving communications from Donaldson, from the spirit world. He

"Lost in the lake-Donaldson. lost. Write to the Chicago Journal and Times." I then asked: "Is this your spirit,

Donaldson?" Spirit—"Yes; I knew you, Dr. Barnes. You told me I should lose my life—that I had better give up ballooning if I cared for my life," etc.

As to what I received after writing you last, Mr. Editor, it was as follows: The

spirit comes again and says he was driven down into the lake by a gust of wind, and it seemed as if the water attracted the balloon. Ballast was thrown out, but it was of no use. "I threw out ballast after the basket dragged in the lake, and soon the basket sunk. The gale and the seas were more troubled, so that we were washed off. We clung to waves washed us off. We saw our watery grave before us and gave up, seeballoon then went up, and we went down. We anticipated crossing the lake, and should if the gale had stayed its course for half an hour. The balloon, we think, is picked up-I do not knew as to where—should judge it was seen near Montreal. Never mind—it is all over. Let it be a warning to others. I still am as anxious to go to London in a balloon as ever, and now can help manage one, and in time there will one go across the ocean.

"DONALDSON."

Swimming as a Science.

In London the public schools have added a new branch to their course f study, namely, the art of swimming. It is effected by the formation of swimming clubs, under the lead of a few well-known merchants, and it is said that no ess than 5,000 children have already enroled themselves in these clubs, and theexperiment is proving completely success ful. In this both sexes join, using separate places their aquatic exercises, under the supervision of competet superintendents. The New York limes urges that it be tried in that div as a means of preventing a very grea num-ber of deaths by drowning, reported as high as fourteen in one week, with many cases probably not reported.

THE explorations of the slede parties attached to the British Arctic spedition now on its way toward the Nath Pole, will be conducted during the summer months, when continual daylight premonths, when continual daying prevails in the regions of the renots North. To enable them to distingush between day and night when they are a way from the ship, the officers have been provided with watches which shot twenty-four hours on the dial. The numbers from one to twelve indicate he day hours, while the night hours re indicated by the numbers thirteen to twenty-four, inthe numbers thirteen o twenty-four, in-

Eurore has five millions of soldiers all ready for fighting, with fifteen thought to the heart, causing it to assume a liop, where the instant before it was a corp, is the greatest absurdity. This is the greatest absurdity. This is the eyes are open will be followed on as the eyes are open will be followed a weariness long before noon.

Eurore has five millions of soldiers and cannon and a million and a quarter of horses; its united fleet censist of 2,099 vessels, manned by 280,000 soldiers, and carrying fifteen thousand guns. The cost of these immenses armaments is five millions of soldiers and cannon and a million and a quarter of horses; its united fleet censist of 2,099 vessels, manned by 280,000 soldiers, and carrying fifteen thoughton and a quarter of horses; its united fleet censist of 2,099 vessels, manned by 280,000 soldiers, and carrying fifteen thoughton and a quarter of horses; its united fleet censist of 2,099 vessels, manned by 280,000 soldiers, and carrying fifteen thousand guns. of dollars annually, three-fifths of the amount being consecrated to the armies.

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