## Poetry.

*THE CHANGELING.*

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience,
To this way-ward soul of mine.

I know not how others see her
To me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and glorified in her hair;
For if she was wayward and golden
And as many changes took,
As the shadow of sun-gilt ripples
On the shady bed of a brook,

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to mine her eyelids,
And dimpled her cheek warmly over,
Till her entranced heart fairly smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending out thro' her eyes to me.

She had been with us scarce a twelve-month,
And it hardly seems a day,
When a troop of winter-evening angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Singers,
But kissed the hampering strings,
And when they had made the angel-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling
A little angular child,
That seems like her bid to fill blossom,
And Smiles as she never smiled.
When I wake in the morning I see it,
Where she nightly used to lie
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the sword sky.

As weak yet as trustful, alas,
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of nature, Nature,
Still worked for the love of me.
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it upon my breast,
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

## Select Story.

### HUNTED TOWN.

**A Thrilling Adventure of a Detective in Search of a Murderer.**

From the Memphis Avalanche.

About fourteen months ago a cold-blooded murder was committed in Coahoma county by Mr. George Stacy. Mr. Stacy killed a Mr. Riley in his own field while he was at work. Both were planters, and we think neighbors. They resided east of Friar's Point about ten miles. Stacy was arrested, indicted for murder, gave bond for his appearance on trial, ran away and left his bondsmen and surety—Judge Harrison Reid—to pay the bond. The circuit judge pronounced judgement against Reid for $6,000 about six months ago. The court gave Reid to the 1st of December, 1870 to bring up the prisoner or pay the bond. The prisoner was not to be found. Judge Reid applied to all the police officers and sheriffs in Mississippi and Arkansas. He applied to the detectives in Memphis, but all to no purpose. This was not calculated to make Judge Reid comfortable, for the first of December was rapidly approaching, and there was no escape but to pay the bond. About ten days ago, however, Reid, at the instance of a friend, laid his troubles before Mr. Cranmer, of this city, who having got all the points, promised to do the best he could. Reid returned home to Friar's Point in better spirits, but the 1st of December haunted him. Six thousand dollars security money to be paid just now is enough to make anybody blue, and miserable and wretched. The Judge was not happy.

Cranmer, whose spirit of adventure has carried him to California, over the plains, and back to the States, went vigorously to work. The first point for Cranmer was the fact that Stacy has a brother residing in Jackson, Mississippi. Cranmer visited Jackson, became intimate with Mr. Stacy, spent his money freely, and wormed out of him enough to satisfy Cranmer that George Stacy, the murderer, was residing near Huntingdon, Carroll county, Tennessee. Cranmer returned to Memphis, wrote to Judge Reid that he desired him to come up, as he was confident that Stacy was alive. A few days ago Cranmer and Judge Reid started for McKenzie, a town at the junction of the Memphis and Louisville and Northwestern Railroads, about 150 miles from Memphis. Here Judge Reid was requested by Cranmer to remain until he returned, and without informing Reid of his purpose, Cranmer departed for Huntington, county seat of Carroll county, on the train going to Nashville. Cranmer arrived there the night of the 17th, and early next morning he hired a horse. In a very curious way Cranmer learned that a Mr. Clark Justice of the Peace in Huntington, knew Stacy and where he could be found, but that Clark would not give any information unless forced to do so. Cranmer found Clark, who is a gray-haired gentleman, of good bearing, busy in his front yard nailing on the broken railing of a fence. "Squire Clark I suppose," said Cranmer. "Yes, sir." "Squire Clark, you know where George Stacy can be found, and I came to get the information." "Who are you?" bristled up the old gentleman. "I am an officer of the United States," pulling out a badge which happened to be a shawl pin; but the words "officer of the United State," spoken with a full voice and rather imposing military air, had its effect. "I tell you, sir," said Clark, "this is a desperate community, and your life is in danger. You had better leave." "Yes; but, Squire, you need not be alarmed, I've been among that sort of people before. You must tell me where I can find George Stacy." "I can't do it," says Clark. "Then, sir, I arrest you and will keep you till you rot or tell me where George Stacy can be found." This forcible speech of Cranmer had the desired effect. A broad-shouldered, full-breasted, man, five feet nine inches, about 45 years old, weight 180, dark hazel full eyes, thick, short neck, broad face, of weather beaten color—and an officer of the United States with a plug hat and a double-breasted overcoat—made an impression on Esquire Clark. The community, to be sure, was desperate, and if the "boys" learned of Cranmer's presence, his life would not be worth a broken jug—but Clark was not going to rot in prison. "Well Mr. Officer, I suppose I have to tell, but if it is found out that I have told you, my life will be in danger."

"Never mind that; get your horse and come along, sir, in a hurry." They rode four miles south of Huntington, and and about 9 A.M. came in sight of a mill "There," said Esquire Clark, "on the the hill, just beyond the mill, is the house where Stacy lives; in the mill he is perhaps now. I can go no further."

"Very well," said Cranmer, "I am obliged to you." Cranmer dismounted, tied his horse about a quarter of a mile from the mill, and started. He crossed the mill branch on a foot log above the mill, and ran at a rapid gait, but just as he was ascending the hill in its rear and and a few yards off, Stacy was just in the act of jumping out of a hole, cut for the purpose. Cranmer drew his revolver and told him to stop. The muzzle of a navy repeater persuaded Stacy not to jump. Cranmer entered, placed handcuffs on him, and went to the house. A few yards off, to get ready for the trip. While at the home, Stacy's brother brother-in-law and cousin came up from the mill, walking in an ordinary gait; but two of them had rifles on their shoulders—a sight that Cranmer did not like; it was calculated to make him feel lonely among strangers whose character was not altogether good for peaceful pursuits. But a woodchopper come to the house to relieve Cranmer's anxiety, and as he went out of the back door of course Cranmer felt doubly comfortable.

"Who are those men?" asked Cranmer.

"One is my brother, another my wife's brother and cousin?"

"Alas! Are they in the habit of carrying those rifles?"

"No, they are hunting." "Ah!"

Presently they came up to the house. Cranmer reminded Stacy that it was time to go; Stacy was ready, but Cranmer was not. He turned to the gentlemen with the rifles and with the same emphatic manner with which he had overawed Squire Clark said: "Mr. Stacy and myself are ready to leave, but we are not going to move a step until you leave. And the first man who makes a motion to take his rifle on his shoulder, I will shoot through the heart." And with this he drew his navy. "And," continued Cranmer, "I want you all to march to that yonder hill (about three hundred yards off) and if you don't move d—n quick I'll commence firing." They moved—and when they got to the place designated Cranmer and Stacy mounted a horse of Clark's; Stacy first, Cranmer behind, bound for the railroad. The train for Nashville came first, and as Cranmer preferred a railroad car, going anywhere and in any direction, having in charge a desperate man, the leader of a gang of outlaws. Before getting in Cranmer locked his wrist to a handcuff on Stacy's, guarding against escape. They returned to ward McKenzie early the next morning—met Judge Reid, the most surprised and happiest of men. The $6,000 were not to be paid—enough to relieve Reid or any other man.

George Stacy is now in jail at Friar's Point; will be tried, found guilty of murder, doubtless, and hung, unless he escapes or is rescued. Altogether the arrest of Stacy is one of the most remarkable and daring feats that has ever been performed by any "United States officer" or any other sort. Judge Reid has been saved from pecuniary ruin, and justice has not yet been defeated.

### A Humorous View of the Farmers' Club—Mark Twain's Report of the Proceedings.

[From the Buffalo Express.]

Ex-Constable Quinn desired the club to inform him how to make hogs root.

Dr. Slow had been a practical farmer for the last six weeks, and in all his varied agricultural experience no such article as hog's-root came under his notice. What was it? Was it edible? or useful in any way? or was it, as he suspected, another worthless humbug devised by the sharpers to defraud us practical farmers? He knew not whether it was propagated by seeds or cuttings, but he would advise Mr. Quinn to be shy of hog-root, especially if it was a new fangled or high-priced tuber.

Mr. Moker, the agricultural writer, explained the anatomy of the hog's proboscis. It is designed for subterranean foraging, by process vulgarly called rooting, to which Mr. Quinn's inquiry probably referred. He would recommend that Mr. Quinn wipe his hog's nose. If he finds it red, he may be sure it is tender and needs protection by a metallic shield. Some resort to the strategic device of inserting a wire ring in the hog's nose, in his efforts to remove which he would naturally thrust his snout into the soil, and thus root unwillingly. That was playing it rather low on the hog, and the metallic shield was preferable on the score of fair dealing and philanthropy.

Mr. Greeley exhibited a pumpkin of his own raising. As it embodied his solitary and crowning success, after several years of discouraging failure in pumpkin culture, the club surrounded it with uncovered heads and mingled emotions of surprise, admiration and envy. It was a superb fruit, and when Mr. G's hat was placed on it, to illustrate its size and symetry, the hat and pumpkin seemed so perfectly adapted to each other, and together produced an effect so startling, that several enthusiastic members swore they would have known who raised that pumpkin if they had seen it anywhere. It is to be photographed by Gurney, and next year's Tribune subscribers will receive copies. The pumpkin was the flattering product of one bushel of seed planted on the farm in Chatuqua. Soon after blossoming, the vine manifested an inclination to wither. It was thereupon transplanted to a large flower pot and removed to the town residence of its founder. For some time it pined and drooped, and they sat up nights with it, expecting that every moment would be its last; but every moment turned out not to be its last, and with careful nursing it finally rallied and came up to maturity, as cherished as tough a pumpkin as ever grew.

Dr. Sixhammers suggested that the result of Mr. G's. indomitable struggle with this pumpkin showed how every city family could provide itself with pumpkin pie. He hoped to see the day when every window sill in every city would be adorned with fruitfying pumpkin pots, and every workman's cottage embowered in pumpkin vines.

Thos. Dodd, of New Hampshire, writes to the club that he is fifty years old, infirm with consumption, has a large family, ten dollars in money, and wants to know what to do.

Mr. Moker—Go out to Greeley Colony and invest in our irrigating ditch.

Mr. Layman—Buy a Texas ranche or a Florida orange grove.

Dr. Slumber—His health requires light farming in a bracing climate. Let him start an indigo plantation in Alaska.

Mr. Greeley—He mustn't come to New York. His $10 wouldn't last a year; but out West he can invest it and grow up with the country. If I had gone West with $10 at his age, I should be a happy man now, with two suits of respectable garments, an office, and a conscience guiltless of distracting tariff and farming essays.

Mr. Herring invited the club to visit his farm, thirty miles up the river, next Wednesday, and inspect a lot of beets that he had persuaded to vegetate. He had expended upon that plant only half a ton of bone dust, one cart load of salts and a barrel of guano; yet in spite of his neglect it had within a year grown to the size of his little finger. His farm man would explain to the clerk the peculiar difficulty of raising this rare exotic. He would treat the club to a regular farmer's dinner, the materials for which he had already engaged at the city markets.

The club accepted and adjourned.

The report of the Hon. Columbus Delano, Commissioner of Internal Revenue has been issued. It contains many important facts. The aggregate of Revenue receipts for 1870 is $140,253,287 85. The total receipts of the last six months of 1870 is $100,797,370 40, a gain of over ten millions over equal period of 1869, or a gain of over twenty-five millions over that of the fiscal year of 1869. Number of distilleries in the United States 248 with a producing capacity of 910,331 gallons daily. Total amount of spirits produced during the last fiscal year 72,425,353. Revenue receipts from this source over fifty-five millions of dollars. Receipts from Tobacco $31,376,707 57 an increase nearly $5,000,000. The repeal of special tax on gas bottles takes place May 1st, 1871.

New York pays $29,805,000 Revenue tax. Ohio pays $10,000,000. Illinois comes next and then Pennsylvania.

The Postmaster General's report is also issued. He thinks that this Department will be self supporting in a year or two. He recommends the abolition of the Franking privilege and the adoption of the card system.

### EDUCATIONAL.

REPORT OF ST. CLAIRSVILLE SCHOOL FOR THE MONTH ENDING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Room No. 1 | 50 | 48 | 45 | 41 | 37 |
| Room No. 2 | 50 | 47 | 44 | 41 | 37 |
| Room No. 3 | 50 | 47 | 45 | 41 | 37 |
| Room No. 4 | 50 | 47 | 45 | 41 | 37 |
| Room No. 5 | 50 | 47 | 45 | 41 | 37 |
| Totals | 250 | 236 | 224 | 205 | 185 |

Roll of Pupils Perfect in Attendance.

ROOM NO. 1.

| | |
|---|---|
| John Anabuster, | Harry Rosell, |
| Rose Clark, | Jacob Pratt, |
| John Redlier, | Charles Kahle, |
| Clough Bryson, | Mosie Lewis, |
| Davie Johnson, | Oscar Pangman, |
| Harry Pennington, | Hughes P. Tate, |
| Jessie Wilson, | Myrtle Mason, |
| Minnie Alexander, | Lotie Glenning, |
| Effie Davies, | Annie Patterson, |
| Mattie Glover, | Nellie Freeman, |
| Mary Bowles R. | Nancy J. Hathaway, |
| Katie Johnson, | Alice Wade. |

ROOM NO. 2.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lillie Alexander, | Josie Pangman, |
| Lee Ella Bowles, | Sarah Gregory, |
| Mary Gregory, | Annie Lewis, |
| Emma Irwin, | Chalmers Clark, |
| Josie Johnson, | Lizzie Pratt, |
| Hugh Redlier, | Gilbert Pratt, |
| Clara Leckliter, | Ellen Freeman, |
| Annie Neely, | Frank Irwin, |
| Sapia Spriwell, | Charley Johnson, |
| Laura Woodrow, | John Overbaugh, |
| Lenah Woodway, | Lizzie Lockhart, |
| Geo. Anderson, | Dolly Wilson, |
| Edgar White, | Mary A. Martin. |

ROOM NO. 3.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ella Anderson, | Mary Alexander, |
| Jessie Bowles, | Lulu Brown, |
| Addy Armstrong, | Maud Davies, |
| Margaret Cree, | Ella Hall, |
| Alice Freeman, | Dora Mae Tribe, |
| Lizzie Simpson, | Flora Hayman, |
| James Irwin, | Maud McMillan, |
| Jno. Mitchell, | Mary Wells, |
| Sammie West, | Jno. A. Woodruffe. |

ROOM NO. 4.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bella Anderson, | Ada Davies, |
| Mary Overbaugh, | Lizzie Kennon, |
| Annie Parks, | Addison Thompson, |
| Charles Teel. | |

ROOM NO. 5.

| | |
|---|---|
| Lillie Wilkins, | Belle Davies, |
| Blanche Grove, | Mary Loeling, |
| Ada Wickenkamp, | Carrie Woodruffe, |
| Neeld Redman, | Chas. Lamb, |
| Wm. Baumgartner, | Julia Bailey, |
| Maggie Davies, | Jenny Hammond, |
| Susie Johnson, | Emma Thompson, |
| Eva Cree, | Eddie Meyer, |
| Ruth Ecker, | Wm. Marshall. |
| George Clow, | |

This list of those who during a month have been neither absent nor tardy, might be doubled, if other pupils and *families* would do their duty as these and their friends do theirs.

Many of the cases of tardiness are for but two or three minutes, and often several marks belong to one pupil. A in the High School one young lady had six and one of the boys four. The other boys had but three in all.

J. J. BURNS, Supt.

## Farm and Household.

### Cheap Method of Pickling Pork.

For each hundred pounds of pork weigh out eight pounds of salt. After the meat is cold rub each piece with a part of the salt. Repeat the operation the next day. The third day take the remainder of the salt, which should be about five pounds, add to it two pounds of brown sugar, four ounces of saltpetre, one pint of molasses and about three gallons of water. Boil and skim, and when cold pour over the meat, which should in the meantime have been closely packed in a suitable vessel and weighed down just enough to insure it all being covered with the brine. Eight pounds of salt, two pounds of sugar, four ounces of saltpetre and one pint of molasses are enough to cure one hundred pounds of pork in good style, and if three gallons of water does not make brine enough to cover it, (which is sometimes the case when the pieces are so rough they cannot be packed close) more water must be used. In six weeks the meat should be taken out, and the brine boiled and skimmed, so as to remove the blood. Rinse the meat in cold water and rinse out the vessel, then repack, and when the brine cools, pour it over as before, being sure to have enough to cover all the meat. To this end it may be necessary to make some new. About the last of March or the first of April, when the weather begins to get warm, the brine should again be boiled, skimmed and the meat replaced as before. If kept in a good cellar it will remain good and palatable as far into the summer as you may choose to save it, and when it is taken out to cook will be found to look as bright and fresh as fresh pork itself. We cure hams and shoulders in the same way, only at the end of six weeks they are taken out and hung up to dry, and then smoked. Better cured hams we have never seen. It is sometimes convenient to cure hams, shoulders and pieces of pickled pork all together in the same vessel, in which case, when the hams and shoulders are taken out to hang in the smoke-house, the brine left in the vessel will be enough to cover the remaining meat. It should be boiled and skimmed, as above directed.


## Miscellaneous.

TO PHYSICIANS.

New York, August 10th, 1870.

Allow me to call your attention to the PREPARATION OF BUCHU, known as HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. The component parts are Buchu, Cubebs, Juniper Berries, and Triple Rectified Spirits. Cubebs exercise a specific influence upon the Urinary Organs, and Juniper Berries in the proportion used, with the Triple Rectified Spirits, render this remedy now in general use.

Buchu as prescribed by Dispensatories, is of a far inferior quality to that used in Helmbold's Extract Buchu, and is not to be compared with it either in its chemical or medicinal properties. The Buchu in my preparation predominates; the essential qualities of the other ingredients are not impaired, as they are by the process used in the Dispensatories, and it is a fact well understood by druggists, that the Buchu they purchase in this city, is inferior to that used in my preparation.

Trusting that you will favor it with a trial, and if upon inspection it will meet with your approbation,

I am, very respectfully,
H. T. HELMBOLD,
Chemist and Druggist of 19 years experience.

From the largest Manufacturing Chemists in the World.

New York, November 1, 1851.

"I am acquainted with Mr. H. T. Helmbold, old established Drug store opposite my residence, and was successful in commencing the business where others had not been quite successful before him. I have been favorably impressed with his character and enterprise.

WILLIAM WEIGHTMAN, JR.,
Firm of Powers and Weightman, Manufacturing Chemists, Ninth and Brown Streets, Philadelphia.

# Helmbold's

Fluid Extract

BUCHU

For weakness arising from indiscretion, the exhausted condition of the system, whether existing in male or female, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of how long standing. Its use in any of the following diseases will be found truly astonishing. Loss of Power, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Weakness, Horror of Disease, Confusion of Ideas, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Impotency, Sexual Debility, and Diseases of that character