

and was watched, and it was ascertained that he was preparing to go to Germany, but becoming aware of police surveillance he gave up the intention.

PARIS, 22.—The publication of the journal *Le Pays* has been suspended by the government for two weeks.

LONDON, 23.—The *Times* says the removal of Moran, Chief Secretary of the U. S. Legation, is a misfortune both to England and America, the latter country never having had a more honest representative.

By a collision of railway trains this morning, at Blackburn, Lancashire, several persons were killed and injured. A collision, this morning, on the railway at Dudley, Worcestershire, caused the severe wounding of many persons.

LONDON, 24.—A special dispatch in the *Post* asserts that Herr Majunke, editor and member of the Reichstag, whose release was announced a few days since, is still in prison.

A special telegram from St. Petersburg to the *Times* says that the difficulties with the Turcoman tribes in Khiva have been settled. The Attraction expedition has returned without fighting. The Turcomans voluntarily released thirty prisoners.

HONG KONG, 24.—Two American war vessels have arrived with additional survivors of the steamship *Japan*.

LONDON, 23.—The American bark *P. S. Carleton*, from San Francisco, took fire to-day at Kings-town, Ireland, and was scuttled.

QUEENSTOWN, 23.—The bark *Norge*, from New York, Nov. 19th, for this port, has arrived with two survivors of the crew of the bark *Amity*; the latter foundered while on the voyage from Philadelphia to Antwerp; eighteen of the crew were drowned.

VIENNA, 23.—The *New Free Press* states that the documents read in the secret session of the Annin trial explained the policy of Germany in regard to the appointment of a successor to Pope Pius IX.

LONDON, 24.—Thirty persons were killed and wounded by a railroad accident at Woodstock to-day, some of the latter being fatally injured; all were conveyed to Oxford.

An explosion occurred in Bignall Hill colliery, North Staffordshire, to-day; twenty miners were killed. Thirteen bodies have been taken out.

PARIS, 24.—The National Assembly has adjourned until January.

MADRID, 24.—The Spanish commissioners to the Philadelphia Centennial exhibition met to-day. Senor Castelar made an eloquent address. He sketched the rise and progress of the United States and the ideas of liberty and labor which prevailed there. He said that he found in American civilization, language and arts, traces of Spanish origin which time and ingratitude were unable to eradicate.

LONDON, 26.—The ship *Horsa*, from San Francisco, which arrived at Queenstown to-day, reports having picked up the captain and part of the crew of the bark *Capiolani*, which was reported lost on the voyage from Brisbane to San Francisco.

ST. LIN, Quebec, 26.—An extensive brewery in this village was burned this morning; loss \$75,000, uninsured.

THE HAGUE, 26.—Herr Pestel, councillor of the legation at Paris, has been appointed minister for the Netherlands at Washington.

ST. PETERSBURG, 26.—The Grand Duke Nicholas, son of the Grand Duke Constantine and nephew of the Emperor, has been declared insane. He has been placed under the guardianship of his father. He was associated with the diamond scandal of a few months ago.

BAYONNE, 26.—The Carlists have offered to restore the German brig *Gustav* upon the payment of custom duties alleged to be due.

MADRID, 28.—Food is reported to be very scarce at Pampeluna, and all the known Carlist sympathizers are being expelled from that city.

LONDON, 28.—A telegram has been received from Madeira, stating that three of the crew of the emigrant ship *Cospatrik* from London, for New York, had arrived at St. Helena, and reported that the *Cospatrik* was burned at sea; the report lacks confirmation, but it is feared that the crew and passengers of the *Cospatrik*, numbering 500 souls, have all perished with the exception of the three reported to have arrived at St. Helena.

Later, 5.30 a. m.—A second tel-

egram from Madeira states that the *Cospatrik* was burned on Nov. 17th, in latitude 37 N. longitude 12 W.; it is now estimated that 465 lives were lost by the disaster.

The ship *Cospatrik*, burned at sea, was from London, for Auckland, New Zealand. She sailed Sept. 14th, was spoken Oct. 28, in lat. 11 S. lon. 34 W., and was burned in lat. 37 S., lon. 12 E., off the Cape of Good Hope.

The *Times*' Berlin correspondent says the question is being discussed at Berlin, whether it is possible to punish the Carlists for the outrage upon and seizure of the German ship *Gustav*. Advices from San Sebastian are to the effect that the *Gustav* is deeply imbedded in mud, and that the Carlists are busily engaged in unloading her. The captain of the *Gustav* was slightly wounded by the Carlists.

HAVANA, 26.—The *Diario* says Senors Aldama and Aguilera have purchased two steamers, for the purpose of bringing filibustering expeditions to the island of Cuba. General Jordan will return to the island, accompanied by Aguilera; the former will assume the chief command of the insurgents. The *Diario* further states that Aldama and his companions intend to re-establish a Cuban Junta in New York, with the object of regaining the influence and power formerly held by that body, and creating a situation in Cuba similar to that existing in '69, by the commission of all possible depredations by the insurgents. It says Captain General Concha knows much more of the plans of the insurgents than is published; it gives publicity to the foregoing because Concha dislikes mysteries. Concha is resolved, as on former occasions, to combat the enemies of Spain everywhere. A letter to the *Diario* reports that strong efforts are being made in Washington to obtain the recognition of the Cubans as insurgents; the letter couples the names of Aldama and Collector Casey with these efforts, and says the object is to throw on the market Cuban bonds held in Washington.

Our Country Contemporaries.

Beaver Enterprise, Dec. 23.—William McCauslin died at his residence in this city last night. Cause supposed to have been an overdose of morphine.

A correspondent of the *Enterprise*, from Fort Cameron, writing in reference to the complaints, made in that paper, of the disturbances in Beaver city by drunken soldiers, says they "were a few men who had received their discharge, and the money accruing to them for their terms of service, in consequence of being utterly worthless and incorrigible, and as such, being of no further use to the United States."

As we go to press we learn that the District Court met this 10 a. m. and overruled the motion to quash the indictment against Wm. Fotheringham for the crime of polygamy. He will be put upon his trial at the February term. Daniel Tyler's and John Lloyd's motions to quash also overruled. All will be put upon their trial at the February term. Dowdle charged with bigamy will also be put upon trial at the same term.

It may surprise our numerous friends, as it does us, so soon to see our name at the head of the editorial column of the *Enterprise*. But strange as it may appear, so it has happened.

Our health having been materially improved, we have acceded to the solicitations of the "Beaver Publishing Company" to again take the field and wield our humble pen, in the interest of the *Enterprise*. We trust the numerous readers of the *Enterprise*, will accept our humble efforts in their behalf, and aid in so laudable a work by an increased subscription and prompt payment.

DANIEL TYLER.

Shot Him Dead.—On Friday night Thomas Dahl, night foreman of the Sheridan Hill Smelter, West Jordan, being under the influence of liquor, went hunting for John Ennis with a pistol, for the avowed purpose of making the latter a fit subject for a coroner's investigation. Ennis, being made aware of the fact, armed himself with a shot-gun, and when the two met, the contents of the last named weapon found their way into Dahl's abdomen, inflicting a most horrible wound, from the effects of which he died on Saturday morning.

CHRISTMAS IN A DISPENSARY.

The snow lay thickly over the ground and upon the house-tops—would be a very nice way to commence my story. But as fiction must have a coloring of truth, it would be absurd of me to utter so false a statement as the above—at least as far as our town is concerned. We have seen very little of the article for some years past, and then only in a diluted form, which would not be pleasant to introduce into a story. It would seem as if old King Christmas had sold a large quantity to theatre managers, and had but a small pile left, which he must use economically. However, this subject of the snow is open to discussion. Meanwhile, I shall go on to state that on last Christmas day it fell to my lot to be on duty at the Northeast Dispensary, in the good old town of L—. I was then surgeon to that institution, having two most agreeable gentlemen as my colleagues, Christmas morning! The sky was bright, the air was keen, the ground was hard—in fact, the weather was beautiful for the time of year.

"Just the morning," cried Dobbs, "for a nice long walk, which will brace us up, and give us an appetite for the goose on Jack Dooze's table!"

"Yes," said Buryham, throwing himself into a military attitude, to which he was partial, and putting up his ruthless eyeglass to look at me; "and I hope Alf Adams won't have too much work while we are away."

Alf Adams, the reader's humble servant, smiled a smile seldom to be observed. Silently he watched his two companions muffle themselves in overcoats of alarming dimensions, and, being ready, disappear for the remainder of the day and evening. I stood at the window, watching the stream of human beings gaily trooping along. The bells of the various churches pealed forth; but their merry music, instead of making my heart full of joy, only drove me half wild to think that I was fastened up in that gloomy place, while my own family were living and making merry not quite half a mile from me, and I dare not go to see them! No surgeon could begot for love or money to take my place for half an hour. One thing might have enlivened the hours: I had a present of a turkey, sent me from the Green Isle, which, with a small plum pudding, was to be my dinner. So I had invited Jack Bryden to help me to eat it. But, alas! my bosom friend and school-fellow could not muster courage to enter my den on such a day. So I sat down to my solitary meal, railing at the whole world, and particularly at that smart young man, Jack Bryden. I believe I was very ill-tempered over my dinner. The turkey was pretty good; but the servant had a look on her face of pity for me and satisfaction for herself as to the good things in the kitchen. I therefore concluded that she had been drinking.

The pudding was brought in, but what was my horror to find it smelt of brand! Fully half a glass of brandy had been put upon it! Now, I ask any one, had that girl any right to act thus to me, when she knew very well that I was a perfect teetotaler? Her reason was found out afterwards. I blamed the poor girl for half a glass, when in three days a bill for six glasses was presented from a neighboring public house. Of course the servant declared she had put all the brandy on the pudding, which was about the size of my two fists; and I assure you, ladies, they are but small. After my lonely dinner, I drew the large arm-chair to the fire, which I stirred into a blaze, and lighting my pipe (for I smoke if I don't drink), I began gazing abstractedly at the picture of the grandfather of a late surgeon to the institution, which had not been removed from over the chimney board. But the grim old patriarch seemed to enjoy my discomfort; so much that I started up in disgust, and once more sought the window. There they go; the merry crowd, laughing and chattering, although every nose was in danger of frostbite.

Four wedding coaches dashed past, lest they be late for the church, but I also saw one coach which went slowly along, and it recalled the lines of a very sentimental friend, who once wrote an "Ode to Christmas"—

"The wedding coach was busy,

And the hearse was busy too."

I was about to moralize on this point, when the porter, dressed in his Sunday suit, knocked, to say there was a case in the surgery. I went down, to find a nice young man in "delirium tremens," who requested a draught, and glad I was to get him out, lest he might do me an injury; for persons in his state have a peculiar way of polishing off if the chance presents itself.

There is never more drunkenness in L— than on Christmas Day; not only because it is a day of rejoicing, but because so many take pledges not to drink from a given time "till Christmas Day." So I expected to have plenty of cases about twelve o'clock that night, when friendship would have had time to merge into hostility with broken heads as the result.

During the afternoon I had cases dropping in, of various sorts. But I was called out to visit one person, whose state was most pitiable. A female lying on an old dirty sack, weak and ill; two children playing about the squalid room. Where was your "merry Christmas" for that poor mother? Her husband, dead; she too ill to work; phthisis hurrying her away ere the year went out. Two shillings a week, forsooth, from the parish, and this a "merry Christmas!" No matter, the children will be sent to the industrial schools, and their mother, quietly reposing in her parish coffin, will have a "happy new year," and never feel sorry more.

Once more in my sitting-room. The shades of evening have deepened; the wind begins to sigh round the house, down the chimney, and through the key-hole; so I have the gas lit, the fire stirred up again, and order tea.

Just as I was beginning my evening meal, the door opened softly. Then there was a pause, as if some one was examining me through the space formed by the hinges.

"Come in!" I cried.

A face appeared at the door, and the eyes having examined the room generally, and me particularly, the remainder of the body followed, and then I saw the form of a man I had met before.

Starting at me in a wild manner, he said, "How do? Don't you know me? Don't you remember I told you that I should come to tea some evening? Your man downstairs wasn't going to let me in; but I gave him a farthing rolled up in paper, and said I was a most particular friend of yours. He will think I gave him a sovereign."

At this the being uttered a series of horrid chuckles, and rolled his eyes about in a most alarming manner.

The first time I met this person was at an hotel, where he was capering about, singing and reciting, and then going round the room with his hat for coppers. I was told by a gentleman that he was a harmless lunatic.

The second time I met him, I was hurrying along on business. With the most unfortunate want of forethought, I nodded to him and passed on. In a second he was by my side, and, tapping me smartly with his fore-finger, cried—

"Do you know me, sir?"

"Yes, I answered, smiling, and attempting to walk away; but, preventing me, he said—

"What's my name?"

"Richey," I said, with a half-frown; "but his antics made me smile, for he kept skipping about from one side of me to the other."

"You're a medical man, I think," then said he; "and I have seen you go into the North-east Dispensary; now I am a medical man also."

This I knew to be untrue. And upon giving him a look which conveyed my doubt, he quickly added, "That is, I'm a chemist; I am going to write up for my papers. I am at present in the literary line, and I assure you I am heartily sick of it." These words given with emphasis.

Now I knew what his literary line was. I going about the hotels with six old—very old—Bradshaw's Railway Guides, and offering them for sale as belonging to the present month, is anything in the literary line, then he was in that business.

"I must go now," said I, feeling that the eyes of the passers-by were on me; "I have a most important case to attend."

"Very well," he answered. Then taking off his hat, and holding it towards me, said, "Will you 'toss me,' to see if I shall give you a penny, or you give me one, for I want a glass of—"

"Oh, here's a penny for you!" I cried; "good-by."

"Will you take me home to tea with you?" he persisted.

"No," I cried, "Perhaps I'll see you to-morrow." For I wished to leave him, as quite a crowd of giggling persons had collected.

"No," he murmured, in a melancholy manner, as if he had been deceived in that way before; "no, not to-morrow; do not say to-morrow; but I shall come to tea some evening—to tea some evening."

And now this Christmas evening, he came to fulfill this promise; which had never been exacted from him by me.

"Richey"—for this was the name he went by—was below the middle height, but evidently very strong and active; indeed, it struck me that I should not like to have a tussle with him. He had the most extraordinary talent of imitation; indeed he appeared to be constantly imitating somebody. His general accent was that of a "heavy swell," to be seen on a concert-room stage. But it would change, as the ideas passed through his mind, to imitations of Trollope, Buckstone, and local actors. As he spoke he threw himself into most strange ludicrous attitudes.

As he stood before me, I noticed a parcel under his arm. I could not understand what it was. He kept taking it from under his arm and putting it in his hat, then taking it from that and returning it to its original position.

After capering about the room, looking at the pictures, he suddenly stopped short to ask me in a whisper, with mock alarm, if "the gentleman over the chimney-board was my father?"

Then taking off his hat, in an assumed attitude of humility, he held out his clasped hands, muttering his awe and respect for "such a noble person—such a forehead—mouth—nose—such eyes, etc."

"Well," thought I, "this fellow begins to amuse me." I felt rather glad he came.

So I pulled the bell-rope for another cup, and when it came, I asked him, rather pleasantly, to draw over his chair.

I may here remark that while the servant was in the room he sat down very quietly, his large staring eyes fixed on her face with a look of intense admiration for her beauty, always keeping the mysterious package, however, vacillating between his arm-pit and hat. As soon as she left the room, he began imitating the "Artful Dodger," when he gives his disgusting twist of the hand, and glanced at the door.

"Do you know, I like girls. No matter what their station be. I fell in love with a nice young lady once. We met, 'twas in a bar; but the manager's eye was upon me. He discovered that I was trying to 'toss her' for a glass of ale, so—he! he! kicked me out! He did!"

He changed his subjects so quickly, that I soon was obliged to become dumb, with the exception of a monosyllable now and then.

Thus some hours passed merrily. At length he jumped up and skipped round the room suddenly stopping at the side-board, he opened it quickly, to see if any thing was inside. Immediately he dived his hand in and skipped around the room with a bottle of Dobbs' whiskey in his hand. This had been a Christmas present to Dobbs. What would Dobbs say? Of course he would say that I had broken the pledge with him. Oh,

it must be rescued! But, no, I could not persuade my volatile visitor to put it down—force would be dangerous. So I leaned back helplessly in the chair.

"Now, sir," cried he, knocking off the head of the bottle, and pouring out a quantity into a tumbler taken from the side-board. "I shall drink your health! A toast to my noble friends, which are yourself and our noble grandfather over the chimney-board! Here's to him, as the old year going out; and here's to you, the new year coming in." Here he rambled off into a lot of nonsense. The whiskey soon began to fife his brain. Just then the porter called me down to a case. To him I mentioned that I had a queer fellow up-stairs, and that if I pulled the bell-rope he was to come up at once—not that I feared danger, but there was no knowing what might happen. I came up stairs to my room with a full determination to get rid of my strange friend as quickly and quietly as possible. When I entered, I found him dressed with the table-cloth round his shoulders, hanging like a toga. His eyes were like blazing coals, as he stole toward the door, turned the key and removed it from the lock.

"Now," cried he, "I shall tell you who I really am. I am the Evil Spirit of Christmas! I once have I roamed the earth, and until now I have not had one victim. The time has at length arrived. This shall, indeed, shall be a 'merry Christmas' to me."

I laughed and said, "Very well acted indeed."

"Acted? I am in earnest!" Here he produced, to my alarm, a long dissecting knife, which he had taken from an open case (for we kept those instruments up stairs). I saw that the drink had carried away what little sense the wretched man ever had, but I thought a bold front would quiet him. So I laughed, and said, "Now, my dear sir, do sit down, and—"

"Never! Blood I must have!"

"The bell," thought I, and turned quickly. Go d heavens! the bell-rope was cut high up! I felt faint; but with an effort I rallied; and snatching up the poker, I cried, "Look here! if you don't stop this nonsense instantly, I shall smash you with this!"

The maniac roared with fiendish laughter as he cried, "I am a spirit! your weapon will go through me as through air!"

There he stood glaring on me a remorseless maniac.

Oh! how I prayed that the bell might ring, and that the porter might announce a patient. How sweet would be the sound—like angel-melody to my heart! But no; cases were but few at present. Oh, that I had told John to follow soon after me!

"Prepare! Thy doom is come!" cried the madman, as he drew towards me. I stood behind a chair, with the poker clutched in my left hand. Suddenly he rushed at me, catching my blow upon his arm, and seized me by the throat. Fortunately I caught the wrist of the arm that held the knife—that long, sharp instrument glittering in the gaslight. I raised my voice, and cried, "Help! elp!" But the wind, which had now risen to a storm drowned my voice; besides, in that long, rambling house, I could only be heard outside the door. The maniac at length got a firm hold of my throat; but just before he did so I gave one loud piercing shriek of "Murder!" Then my eyes seemed forced out of my head; my brain was on fire; the membranes of my ears seemed bursting; and—I remembered no more!

When I revived I found myself in bed, with Buryham and Dobbs standing by me. "All right, old boy!" cried Dobbs; "you are better now."

At first I thought I had been dreaming; but as the remembrance came back in all its horrors, I shudderingly asked, "How did I escape?"

"Dobbs and I came home earlier than usual," Buryham replied. "When we came in the porter told us you had a very queer fellow with you, and mentioned what you had said to him. We hurried up stairs, tried the door, but found it fastened. We then heard your cry of 'Murder!' So, without more ado, we burst open the door—and, by Jove! we were only just in time, as the madman was turning you round to drive the knife into your heart! However, no safe enough now. By this time he is lying in the padded chamber of the work-house."

I pressed both their hands, and the tears silently rolled down my cheeks. Since then I have been very select in my company; and whenever I see a man of eccentric character, I feel a cold shudder creeping through my anatomy as I remember the horrors of that "Christmas in a Dispensary."

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INDIGESTIBLE BREAD.—The reason why those baking powders in the market adulterated with alum, chalk, and other substances make bread and biscuits very indigestible, is because they harden the gluten of the wheat and render it less soluble. Now this is not the case with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder; its purity and perfect combination enable it to render all articles easy of digestion, besides preserving their natural taste. Those who have not should test them, as also his True Flavoring Extracts, so pure and delicious.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—During a recent trial or comparison of ordinary Baking Powders in New York, with DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER, it was shown conclusively that better results were attained with from one-half to two-thirds the quantity of the latter, than with any other in market. The secret of the success lies in the care with which DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER is prepared, and its entire freedom from substances that are injurious to the system.

We challenge comparison at any and all times. The verdict of the consumer is always in our favor. For sale by all Grocers.