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Night.
O night! most beautiful, most rare!
Thou givest the heavens their holiest hue
And through the azure folds of air
Brings't down the azure dew!
For thou, with breathless lips apart,
Dost stand in that dim age afar,
And lo! upon that trembling heart
Messiah's herald star!
For I love thy hallowed reign!
For more than three blessed thou art!
Thou givest the unbeliever's brain
By entering at his heart.

THE DOUBLE ESCAPE.

In the fall of the year 1812, some three or four months after the declaration of war, a fleet of eight or ten small craft was fitted out of Salem, by William Paul and others, intended for the Philadelphia flour trade. Among them was the schooner Fox, a little fore-and-aft of about fifty tons. Samuel Hodgdon, master—George Henssler, mate—an old and experienced pilot, by the name of Eldridge, and the boy Bill, from whom, by the way, we derive these particulars, formed her complement of men. Our little Fox was in ballast—save in her hold snugly stowed against the bulkheads, for those were not strictly temperance times, was a barrel of American gin. Thus appointed the Fox topped her boom and was off, with a fair wind and a good promise of success, for a late arrival stated that no cruisers were in the bay.

On the fourth morning they found themselves off Great Egg Harbor and, much to their chagrin, in the close neighborhood of a strange sloop-of-war. Running away was out of the question—and in answer to one or two rather pressing invitations, by a messenger not over particular in regard to forms and ceremonies, the Fox hauled her wind and stood for her unwelcome neighbor.

"Nabbed, by Jupiter!" said the old pilot, squinting a small catarrh of tobacco juice to leeward, as he saw a boat put off from the sloop-of-war filled with men.

In a few moments Capt. Hodgdon had the pleasure of being told that he was a prize to his Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war Prometheus, of seventeen guns, and that the company of himself and mate was particularly requested on board the schooner. The former got the message, and the latter, who had been mustered the requisition, was complied with, and the captain and mate repaired on board.

With the consent of the commander the captain and mate were permitted to go on board their own vessel for the night, which was in charge of a midly and nice man. About 8 o'clock the two vessels were to lay off and on in the harbor, close in company, although with course not the least suspicion was entertained of an attempt to recapture.

Not relishing, however, the idea of making a voyage on a sloop-of-war, the captain and mate, and themselves prisoners if it were not, Henssler, the mate, and the boy Bill laid their heads together to retake the schooner. Rather a formidable undertaking, it must be confessed, with ten armed men on board and the guns of the sloop-of-war in the hands of the crew, and the greatest interest to the stories of old sailors.

"I say," said one of them, as he wound up his yarn, "you have been sitting there chucking this half hour—had manners to you—can't you do something toward helping out the evening's entertainment?"

"What can I do?" was Bill's laughing reply.

"Have you a plug of tobacco about you, youngster? I have been on short allowance of tarred rope for two months."

"I have no tobacco," said Bill; "if I could get at the skipper's chest, I might smuggle a few rods. But I tell you what," he added, lowering his voice, "there's a barrel of gin on board, and if you'd like to whet your whistles, I guess I can hook a drop. The old man won't mind it, seeing he is going to get clear to-morrow. Will that do?"

Of course this proposition received the assent of all hands, the hatches and dipper were soon found, the hatches silently removed, and Bill crept slyly down the hold after the coveted liquor, the men in the meantime raising their voices in conversation in order to drown any noise that Bill might make in securing the prize. After a while he appeared with the bucket full of gin, and a heavy swig was taken all around. It may be supposed that such a good opportunity was not permitted to pass unimproved, and the "main brace" was "spliced" pretty often.

After a while the bucket being dry, more than one hint was given that a fresh nip would not be disagreeable. Bill demurred at first; but by repeated urging at last reluctantly consented to bring on another bucket. It was brought, emptied and replenished again. In fact Bill plied them so briskly with liquor that, though not over strong, before long they were all in a comfortable state of somnolence.

Having assured himself that there was no danger to be apprehended from his late boon companions, Bill crept aft and giving a preconceived signal, Henssler left his berth and sauntered on deck, with only a part of his dress on for fear of exciting the suspicion of the midly, who sat half dozing over

some newspapers which the captain had furnished him. The first object of the mate and the young conspirator was to secure the arms of the sleepers, by which time the pilot also came on deck.

With his assistance the men were hauled and cast down the fore peak. This accomplished, the captain, who had a hint of the progress of affairs, immediately addressed the astonished midly—at the same time very coolly taking a brace of pistols from the capacious pocket of his pea-jacket and cocking them—saying he "hoped he would make himself as comfortable as he could, for he was his prisoner!" at the same time begging to be excused if he left him for the present to his own meditations, as duty called him on deck. We cannot stop to describe the wonder of our midly at this unexpected speech, suffice it to say, how the pilot's eyes had turned, he submitted as philosophically as he could, while the captain went on deck, fastening his safe prize-master below.

It was now getting toward midnight. So far everything had succeeded well; how the worst was yet to come. How to get away from the sloop-of-war was their next study. The schooner, as we have said, was lying in close proximity to her guns, and she attempted to escape one broadside would blow her to atoms. Their first endeavor was to increase the distance between the two vessels. The pilot, who had been cautiously assuming the helm, and taking advantage of every favorable circumstance, by yawing and filling, so that by degrees the distance was insensibly increased. Edging along in this way until he found he had got in the neighborhood of the shoals of Cape May—the others in the meantime having secretly got everything ready for a start—they suddenly made sail and ran for the shoals. They had scarcely filled away when—crack!—came a gun from the sloop-of-war.

"Blaze away, my good fellows," said the skipper, exultingly; "it may require good eye-sight to hit the little Fox this distance in the night."

And blaze away she did, though every shot went high or fell short, and not the least damage in hull, spar or rigging was sustained.

Meanwhile, in an incredible short space of time, the sloop-of-war had packed her sails and was blowing directly in the wake of the runaway. The only chance for our Yankee was to creep in among the shoals, where her pursuer could not, from her draught, follow her. This she did, having a good start and being a good sailer, until the sloop-of-war thought it prudent to haul off, and she could neither cripple nor overhaul her.

The Fox still continued her course, running for the Rip-Raps, inside of which is a passage way, while the Prometheus bore up with the intention of running round the shoals and heading her off. But as the Fox had a straight cut, while her pursuer had a roundabout passage, the former got the start of her and succeeded in getting safely into the Delaware. At Newcastle was a depot of gunboats, stationed there to guard the mouth of the river. Running into this place, our Yankees delivered up their chop-fallen prisoners, and then proceeded on to Philadelphia, not a little proud of their daring achievements.

Having taken in a full cargo of flour at Philadelphia, where they remained about three weeks, our Yankee friends started for Salem. They waited for a very dark night ere they left the Delaware, in the hope of escaping the enemy, who were prowling about the capes watching the mouth of the river as a cat watches a rat hole, ready to pounce upon the first that attempted egress.

Taking advantage of an unusually dark evening, and having a pretty stiff breeze, they started. The schooner was a good sailer, in excellent trim, and they cracked on to her. Toward morning, having had a fine night's run, the skipper turned, congratulating himself that at any rate, he had slipped by one dangerous point. Not a little anxiety was felt by all on board to avoid the enemy, and more particularly the sloop-of-war, for they well knew if they should fall again into their clutches it would go hard with them. They knew no mercy would be shown them.

Scarcely had the day dawned when the watch sang out, lustily, "Sail, ho!" And "sail ho!" it was, true enough, for as the light increased they found themselves close ahead of two large vessels standing under easy sail to leeward of their beam.

"It is all over with us," said the pilot despondingly, as he cast his eyes toward their neighbors, "and here comes our death warrant," he added, as the flash of a gun was seen issuing from a bowport of the nearest and largest of the vessels, while its heavy report came booming over the water.

"That means heaven to us!" said the mate—"Skipper, aloof! You're wanted on deck!" he shouted down the companion way, arousing the captain from a very agreeable dream of sailing safely into the harbor of Salem.

The schooner, notwithstanding the hint that had been given, still continued on her course as though unmindful of the presence of her war-like neighbors, when another flash of her guns and a ball came dancing along, striking the water directly under the bowsprit of the schooner and scattering the spray in all directions.

"Ay, ay! don't be in such a blessed hurry"—grewled the old pilot—"the world won't be made in a day!"

"Hard-to-see!" shouted the captain, who had now come on deck—"It's no use, pilot, the fates are against us. We must run under the big fellow's quarter."

"I say, Bill," exclaimed the old man as he brought the schooner up to the wind, "we shall be put on short allowance soon, and we must make the most of it while we can." However, those were old-fashioned times, when a glass of biters was rolled as a sweet morsel over the tongue.

"Schooner ahoy!" shouted a gruff voice from the gangway of the larger vessel, which proved to be the frigate, "Your name and cargo?"

"The Fox of Salem, with flour," was the reply.

"Ay, ay," was the response, followed in a few moments by an order to drop alongside of her consort, which was a short distance seaward, and discharge part of her cargo, reserving the balance for the frigate.

The feelings of our Yankee skipper may be better imagined than described when, on obeying the order, he found himself fastened to his old captor, the Prometheus. Unless not a few were showered upon him for the Yankee trick he had played them. "We've got you now, my fine fellows, safe enough," said one of the officers superintending the tackle by which the flour was discharged. "You'll have to take it, my boys," said another. Despite its cunning and doubling, we have unearthed the Fox this time," added a third; and so the remarks ran on as they proceeded to transfer the flour from the schooner to the sloop-of-war. Before doing this, however, six hammocks with their bedding were flung over the schooner's side as fenders to prevent chafing.

Our Yankees listened to the taunting remarks of their captors in silence, and doggedly assisted in breaking bulk, save now and then the old pilot grumbled on his speen in anything but the choicest language, he cast ruder a wrothful glance at the mate of heads that peered down upon them from the railing of their enemy.

About thirty barrels had been transferred when the frigate, which was now at the leeward, suddenly threw out a signal to the Prometheus to follow her in chase of the schooner. A large vessel which had just appeared in sight. Not stopping to take in the hammocks, and determined not to lose their present prize a second time, they seized the schooner's cable around the foremast, and taking it on board the sloop-of-war, made it fast. They then ordered our skipper to make sail, threatening if he attempted to escape to sink him on the instant. The Prometheus soon started in chase, with the Fox in tow. The wind blew pretty fresh, and the schooner dashed along at a merry rate in the wake of her captor, her speed being such as to cause but little hindrance to the sloop.

It was past noon when the chase commenced, and for two or three hours the Prometheus and her prize slipped along in fine style, when, thinking that now or never was the time to effect an escape, Henssler, after consulting with the captain, crept along on his deck, and with a lathet, and succeeded in severing nearly all the strands of the cable which served as a tow line, taking the precaution, however, to leave the out ends as though the cable had parted.

In a short time afterward the pilot managed, by yawing the schooner, to bring a pretty fair strain upon the cable, and they had the satisfaction of seeing it snap like a thread. The schooner after this continued on her course as though she did not mean to attempt to give her captor the slip—but somehow or other her helmsman steered so wisely that the sloop-of-war began to lurch and lurch, and in a few minutes she was on her beam ends, and her prize stood on the same track until the sun began to get low, by which time the former, by her superior sailing, had run herself nearly hull down.

"Nearly time to 'bont ship, skipper?" said the pilot, inquiringly. "It will take longer legs than that craft has got to overtake us now, I'm thinking."

"Ready about!" said the captain, and in a moment the little Fox was on another tack, once more running from the enemy.

As the night fell the wind increased, and before night a heavy gale was raging. The fugitives held on their way as long as they could, until it was absolutely perilous to run any longer, when they were obliged to lay to. The wind blew furiously, and there was a bad sea running, but the Fox was a noble sea boat and she rode it out bravely. To prevent her making so much leeward, a "drag" was thrown over, which checked her drifting off considerably. The gale continued unabated through the night, but so anxious were our Yankee crew to keep clear of their late captor, they thought little of the storm.

When the morning broke so that objects could be discerned at any distance, what should greet the sight of the wearied watchers but the self-same cruiser, still moving like a phantom ship around them. The vessel to which she and the frigate gave chase proved probably to be one of their cruisers, and she had put back, following in the track of the Fox like a homed on the scent. The vessel, however, burred to bay, and when she was discovered she was lying under the sunniest sail, about two miles to leeward. Fortunately for our Yankee, the gale still continued, and the sloop of war made so much lee-way that by noon, to the great joy of those on board the schooner, she had drifted out of sight. The weather moderating soon after, the skipper thought it best to cut sticks and make tracks, which he immediately did.

Making the best of his way along, by sundown he found himself on Montank Point, intending to run into New London. Thinking it best, however, after so many narrow escapes, to see if he had a clear way before him, Bill was sent to the masthead to reconnoiter. Shinning up the back-stay, had over his head, Bill had no sooner arrived at a point where he could have a full view, than he bawled out "Sail, ho! sail, ho!"

"Where away?"

"In the sound," shouted Bill. "By George, that's a whole fleet of them. True enough, there they were, a whole squad of the enemy."

"We must run for Newport," said the skipper; "are you acquainted along here, Mr. Eldridge?"

"Never was here in my life, skipper, but we'll try and feel our way along. We've got a goodly company, and when we get hold of Point Judith light we shall manage well enough, if the wind holds, I dare say."

The night shut in pitch dark—a circumstance which, though at first deemed unfavorable, proved in the end their salvation perhaps. The wind had now become rather light; but in due time

Point Judith light was made, which having passed some distance, they dropped their mid hook just off the town of South Kingston, not a little rejoiced at their safety.

Secure, however, they deemed themselves, their perils were not quite over; for about daylight next morning a boat came alongside, and a young man who was in it hailed the pilot, who happened to be on deck alone.

"How did you get here, or rather why are you here? This is no place for you, sir."

"How did we get here, youngster? We didn't grow here that's certain—but what it is to you why we came and how we got here?" said the old man gruffly.

"Don't get wrothy, old fellow—my only object is to serve you. Do you know you're in a bad neighborhood?"

"In a bad neighborhood, say you, sir?" said the skipper, who had now come on deck, attracted by the strange voice.

"Yes, sir," the young man replied—"An armed schooner, the Liverpool Packet of Halifax, is at anchor just under the light. Lucky for you, sir, it was so dark. She has been hovering around here this long time, taking everything that comes along. I wonder how you kept out of her clutches."

"This is not safe anchorage there, sir," said the skipper, who was off, "skinner, you will not remain here long, but top your boom for Providence."

"Why not Newport?"

"You are not safe there. A number of vessels have been out of Newport harbor lately. You can't be off too soon, skipper, and if you wish for my assistance I will help you to get under way."

The young man's information and offer of aid were gratefully received. All hands—that is, Bill and the mate—were called, the anchor hove, the short sail hoisted, and in a short time, with a fair, fresh breeze, and under a full press of sail, the little Fox, carrying a bone in her mouth, was on her way to Providence.

She entered the harbor in grand style, with her colors flying and her six hammocks slung over her side, trophies of her gallant deeds. Here the vessel and cargo were sold, and a noble voyage she made of it, notwithstanding the loss of the thirty barrels of flour. Out of the fleet that sailed with her only two others escaped, the rest being taken and destroyed. The crew of the Fox returned by land. Bill, as big as life, with six dollars and money—his share of the spoils taken, as he said, with ten prisoners, from His Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war Prometheus, 17 guns, off Long Island, by the schooner Fox, of Salem, armed with one barrel of gun and four men, for there was no more of the boy to Billy after that adventure.

Novel Remedy for Hysteria.

Dr. Brown-Sequard says: The daughter of a friend of mine was attacked with a fit of hysteria every morning. I succeeded for a time in breaking up the fit by the use of violent means for half an hour before the paroxysm was due. But after a time the means I used completely failed. My friend then went to the gymnasium in Paris named "Frat," which was far more daring than I am, and was in the habit of treating hysteria in a very bold and unique way. He used to take his patients, as he did this lady, up a ladder after having bandaged their eyes so that they could see nothing.

After they had ascended to the height of about twenty feet, he made them walk very carefully on a plank that was about seven or eight inches in width. He, of course, was a gymnast, and accustomed to walk there, so that he could easily lead the person forward. When the young lady had reached the middle of the plank, which was about twenty feet long, he said to her, "You are a large gymnast—he said to his patient, 'Now you are perfectly safe, and there is no possibility of your fit coming on again.' He had previously assured her that this means was infallible; had referred to hundreds of previous cases, and exaggerated his success in order to act on the mind of the patient."

"Now," said he, "after I have left you you will not try to lift up the piece of cotton-wool that is fixed on your eyes until one minute has elapsed." He started away and left the patient there in great danger, as you may imagine, of falling. After a minute had passed the patient removed the bandage and opened her eyes. Fortunately for Mr. Triet, no accident has ever occurred there. How many patients he cured that way I don't know; but I know the daughter of my friend was certainly cured.

A Feather's Weight.

They suffer in Cedar Rapids, even, it appears. Here is a wail of indignation: "The man who can sit patiently in the opera house and be satisfied with the view of the stage he gets through a three-story feather in a tall girl's hat is fit to be transported to a better world than this. But even such a man loses some of his patience when a regulation dry goods clerk, with his hair parted by a civil engineer, sits beside the girl and engages in conversation with her. Then the feather waves gracefully before his eyes as she bends her head to listen to his remarks on the weather, and a confused bleating of feather, high hat, back hair, and the actors on the stage drives the observer to distraction. Those long white feathers are very nice indeed; in fact they are fine; but we earnestly assert that they ought not to take the place of a drop curtain in the opera house."

AFTER MANY YEARS.—Fourteen years ago the son of a farmer at Newton St. Cyres, near Exeter, assaulted a policeman and absconded. He was fined by the magistrates in his absence, the alternative being seven days' imprisonment. Four years ago he came to attend his mother's funeral, and in an attempt was made to arrest him, but he eluded the police. Last week his father died, and the man again came to attend his funeral. This time the police made sure of their prisoner by arresting him in the churchyard, and he is now undergoing his imprisonment.

How They Kill Cattle in Texas.

The ordinary plan of drawing the steer down to the block, and striking him on the head with an axe, is too slow for the wholesale butchery carried on here. About one dozen head are driven into a small pen, sufficiently large to hold that number closely packed, and a gate forced to behind them. This bed has an open flat platform across the top of it, upon which two men are stationed with poles with sharp pointed knives fixed on the end of them. With a rapidly acquired by long practice, they plunge their spears into the necks of the affrighted and struggling animals, cutting the jugular vein, and each successively falls as if struck down with an axe. The blood sprouts out in streams as if from a dozen fountains, and in less than a minute the whole pen full are down quivering in the throes of death, and most cruelly with blood. The door of the pen leading into the rendering room is then thrown open, the animals drawn out in succession, a knife rapidly splits the skin around the neck and down the stomach. A rope is attached to the upper part of the hide by a clamp, to the other end of which is a male, which leisurely walks off down the yard carrying the skin of the animal with him, and leaving the carcass still quivering with animal life. A tackle hoists the body up to a level with the mouth of one of the immense caldrons, and in less time than it takes to say "descent" the carcass has been lowered into the caldron. There are four or five of these caldrons, each large enough to hold a dozen beefs, and they are kept constantly going during the killing season. The fallow is drawn off into large hogheads, and the remains of the great soap kettles are carried out on to what is called the "hash pile," consisting of bones, horns, and the animal matter from which all the fatty substance has been extracted.

Buried Treasure.

There is a legend that Gibbs, the pirate, buried certain treasure in the immediate vicinity of Newport, R. I., and the point on the west shore of Codding's Cove was the spot usually selected as the locality of this concealed store of wealth. Search has frequently been made near the shore for some evidence of its locality, and a scrupulous gentleman discovered an inscription upon a stone near the Cove, which was supposed to afford a key to the secret. The stone bearing the inscription is a large one, weighing many tons, and the letters are partially obliterated by time, but yet quite distinct. Any one may see them on the extreme rock of the point.

A party of Georgians, hearing of this remarkable discovery, and the legend of which it is the supposed key, sought out the spot, and a gentleman of the party pried up a heavy detached piece of the same rock which appeared loose, when a lady of the party discovered imbedded in the mud which forms its bed a piece of gold, a coin of the value, perhaps, of ten dollars, the date of which she has not yet been able to ascertain with certainty. A further search revealed nothing more. Query: Was the coin a portion of the Gibbs' treasure, and, if so, where is the rest of it?

Experimenting.

In a Cincinnati hospital a woman's skull was so much eaten away by a cancer that the brain was exposed. Her death being inevitably near, the attending surgeon thought it no harm to experiment upon her in the interest of medical science. He introduced steel needles, and applied a weak current of electricity. The patient, although unconscious, did not feel the punctures of the needles in the brain, but experienced tingling pain in the hands and arms. When the surgeon reported his experiments to the local Academy of Medicine, there was some criticism of his conduct, as he admitted that the woman's death might have been hastened by it. His defense was that she could not possibly have recovered, and the value of the experiments was very great.

A Virginia Mound.

Speaking of the great mound near Moundsville, West Virginia, a correspondent says that the people of the neighborhood have made up their minds to dig the earth for the structure was taken from a basin which lies near the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A tunnel has been run to the centre of the mound, arched with brick at the entrance, and a shaft sunk to the bottom connecting with the tunnel. In sinking the shaft a large skeleton and some relics were discovered. It is believed by the owner that the whole mass of the mound is composed of ashes, and some of the material is to be tested to ascertain its value as a fertilizer.

The Emperor's Heart.

When Napoleon the Great died at St. Helena, an English physician took charge of his heart, depositing it in a silver box filled with water. Two tapers burned near it, but the custodian felt nervously anxious while watching it through the night, and did not sleep. In the silence of midnight he heard a rustling sound, then a plunge into the water, and rebound on the floor—all occurring with the quickness of thought. He sprang from his bed to see an enormous rat dragging the precious relic to his hole! A moment more and the heart which had been too vast in its ambition to be satisfied with the sovereignty of continental Europe, would have been more degraded than the dust of Imperial Caesar.

S-A-V-E-D!—During the burning of a dwelling in Indianapolis, and while the house was literally enveloped in smoke and flame, Johnny Grey imagined he heard the cry of a child within, and with the exclamation, "My God, some one is burning up!" pulled down his cap and rushed in—but soon reappeared bearing in his arms a young goat. The cry of a kid is not unlike a young child's—hence the mistake. It was a brave act, nevertheless.

A TRUE STORY.

A Brave Miner who Saved the Lives of a Dozen Men.

Two or three weeks ago, says the New York Tribune, an accident did not occur near Scranton, Penn.; the newspapers missed a sensational horror; and a dozen men, instead of being hurled into eternity without having time to breathe a prayer, walked quietly home to their dinners, quite unconscious that Death had had them by the throats. It might, after all, be worth our while to look into the cause of the loss of this tragedy to the world; we should have been keen enough to unearth the guilty party if it had occurred. The facts are briefly these:

In the largest anthracite coal mine in the State, the cars of the engine by which the cars for passengers are lowered and hoisted is placed in the hands of a Scotch-Irishman, an ordinary fellow enough. The cable, necessarily of great weight and thickness, passes through the roof of a slightly built shed under which he stands. One morning, as the man stood snoring his pipe, his hand upon the lever, his mind very probably busy with his dinner, and assuredly not wrought up to any heroic display of energy, the ascending car (loaded with coal) at one end of the cable broke, and fell crashing into the dark shaft, to be shattered into a thousand fragments. He knew that in the next minute the cable, released from the strain, would fly back and fall with crushing weight on the hoist beams and boards of the roof. Death was absolutely certain if he did not escape from the shed. But if he took his hand from the lever, the descending car, full of men, must fall one or two hundred feet. He had but one instant to face his death and theirs, and to choose between them. There was a boy in the back of the shed; the man mentioned to him with his head to go out. Then he tightened his hold on the lever. The loosened cable struck and caught somewhere below against the side of the shaft. Surely God meant it should so strike! It was the delay of but a breath of time; but it was enough. The car grated with a jar against the ground far below; its occupants stepped leisurely out, while the man who had saved them above threw himself from under the shed, just as it fell, beams, pulley, and all crashed down on the spot where he had been standing.

We do not know the man's name, and should scarcely need to publish it if we did. Fame or reward jar somehow against the dead itself. There is a wholesome tonic for all of us in the certainty which is forced upon us now and then, of the unknown, unmeasured resources of courage and heroism and unflinching integrity to duty which we possess among what we choose to call the mass of the people. It is, after all, only when a man reaches the certainties of middle age that he is not surprised every new day by the knowledge of how admirably a crew has been put into the world for its long voyage; how many of the women are gracious and finely natured; how many men respond promptly to the call of honesty or duty or even self-sacrifice because it is the simple and natural thing for them to do so.

We will congratulate ourselves, then, not that this class can boast one such brave fellow as this Scotch-Irish engineer, but that, like King Harry over Percy's grave, we believe that it "has a thousand such as he."

A New Field for Women.

Woman, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is compelled, with the same zeal and energy as ever in the field of labor hitherto monopolized by absurd and presumptuous man. A young lady aged only fifteen years, was committed for trial at Cardiff on charge of burglary. The fair burglar, if, indeed, such she is proved to be, is alleged to have entered a house by means of the kitchen window, and abstracted from the dwelling money amounting to £55, and a gold watch and chain. The most desperate ruffian with blackened face and pistol in hand could not have performed the work with greater skill and audacity, but the womanly nature of the prisoner unfortunately led her the next morning to "make some extensive purchases of clothing," and this led to her apprehension. Women should remember that burglars, as a rule, are not vain; it is not their habit to waste the results of their industry upon attire. A "dresses" burglar would inspire no confidence among his pals, and a woman who succeeded in a profession which demands from those who adopt it not only courage but discretion. In the meantime, we may, perhaps, venture to point out to woman that it is hardly fair on man that she should add housebreaking to the list of occupations she proposes to undertake. No man with any sense of what is due to woman would like to level a revolver at her head, even to protect his life or property, still less to discharge the deadly weapon at her. He could only, even if the worst came to the worst, humbly but earnestly request her to retire, and, offering her his arm, escort her to the door. Even this would cause him a severe pang, so sensitive is his foolish heart.

A Wild Race.

On the island of Borneo has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra del Fuego and in South America. They walk upon their hind legs, and on two legs, and in that attitude measure about four feet in height. They construct no habitations, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves and trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants, eggs and on one another. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labor, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When captured alive, one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds are like articulate language. They turn up a human face to look at their captors, and females show instincts of modesty; in fine, those wretched beings are men and women.

Items of Interest.

Three newspapers in Iowa are edited by ladies.

Fifty cents a day is the pay of a laborer in Quebec.

Cleveland is now supplied with water from the tunnel under the lake.

California has added to the States in which local option laws prevail.

The boys are thinking of forming a National Association of marble-players.

Remove wax from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

It is reported that Brigham Young has \$7,000,000 stowed away in the Bank of England.

A substitute for the whites of eggs, as employed by various manufacturers, has been invented in Europe.

How doth the little blue politician Improve each shining hour? To scatter hayseed in his hair And dust his coat with flour.

A butter factory which, according to a recent paper, "will pump four hundred tons" is about to be established in Iowa.

There is a prejudice in human kind against large ears. As the poet says: "Man wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long."

Nine-tenths of the women believe that if one hears a dog howl at midnight for three successive nights that there is to be a death in the family.

Iron fortifications are to be used for the defense of Gorman strongholds, the experiments made during the past six years having proved them to be almost impregnable.

An Ohio cleric prohibits admission to tobacco-chewers; and a notice is conspicuously posted in it that every man who chews, whether he chews or not, must take his life.

Jones—I wish somebody would leave you, Will, to me in the shape of half a million. Will—I guess people have left enough of me already to you, Jones, in the shape of Bills.

Telegraphing is a game that prairie chickens do not understand, and in consequence many of them are killed by coming in contact with wires in their flight in large flocks.

Hereafter no portrait is to be placed upon any of the bonds, securities, notes, fractional or post office currency of the United States, while the original of such portrait is living.

Some fellow, with no respect for the dignity of butter, remarks of the lady who models busts in that article of food, that her talents would have reflected credit upon Greece.

A French statute decrees that any person inadvertently on in a newspaper may claim for his printed self-defense twice as much space as was occupied by the article to which he takes exception.

A Texas gentleman four years ago bought a sow and four pigs for five dollars, branded them and turned them loose. He now enjoys the proud distinction of being the "Hog King" of Texas.

A saloon keeper in Des Moines, Iowa, has put up a sign in his establishment for the benefit of crusaders—And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet—and not into somebody else's rum shop.

The production of coal on the Pacific coast is rapidly increasing. The Mount Diablo Mines have averaged 175,000 tons a year for two years past, and the lowest prices are \$6.25 for fine and \$8.25 for coarse.

Passengers to the Pacific by rail breakfast in Stieras with twenty feet of snow around the miles of land, part of which is not more than four inches high, and the next day see pear and peach trees in blossom.

Sixteen years ago Tom Kenyon went to Kansas City without a cent, and the other day he signed a check for \$16,000. He signed with another man's name, and his supply of freedom-air has been abbreviated.

The Albany Argus, in a local article on the "Coring Island" says Erasmus Corning, Jr., Esq., has refused \$40,000 for the trotting horse George Palmer. He is a better horse-to-day than ever before, but it is not probable he will ever trot in public again.

The boundary dispute between Virginia and Maryland runs back to 1663. It involves the possession of the Potomac, with its riparian rights, and about 250 square miles of land, part of which is not immensely valuable on account of the oyster harvest.

There is an old story that St. Peter, when he revisited earth, was obliged, among the multitudinous changes on every hand, to have a guide through most of Europe, but on entering Spain he dismissed him; "for here," said the Saint, "everything is just as I left it."

There is a farmer in Flushing who owns a Kentucky bred male that has, within the last thirty days, kicked in seventeen barn-doors, unroofed a dozen chicken-coops, and trampled the life out of four of his favorite pigs. He calls it, says the Brooklyn Argus, Ben Butler.

In his "Notes on Virginia," Thomas Jefferson sneered at these reports, saying: "It is claimed that there was a prior declaration of independence in North Carolina, a statement having about as good foundation as the report that a volcano exists in the mountains of the same State."

The San Francisco Bulletin thinks the loss in the death of cattle in that country since fall has been over \$1,000,000. The feed has been very scarce, and consequently the cattle were in no condition to meet the long storms. Shelter is out of the question. Some individuals own 50,000. Of course they cannot be fed.

While the women were praying on the sidewalk in front of a saloon in New Albany, Ky., recently, a fight was inaugurated between some men close at hand, and though oaths and ribaldry were thicker than blows, one woman didn't finish her prayer