Miscellaneous News.

THROWN INTO A CISTERN.

A Party of Tramps Brutally Treat an Aged Woman.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Aug. 25.—A bold outrage at Maple Grove, sixteen miles from this city, was last evening reported to the police. D. L. Hiller lives upon a farm near that place with his mother and his brother. Yesterday morning while the brothers were absent from the house at work, two men called at the house and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Hiller complied with their request, and when they had finished eating, one of them picked up a poker and threatened to kill her. The old lady begged them to spare her life, whereupon the brute dragged her to the cistern and threw her in. The cistern is twelve feet deep and was half full of water, but Mrs. Hiller clung to the lead pipe of the pump and managed to keep afloat until noon, when her sons returned and she was taken out in an exhausted condition. Investigation showed that the tramps had ransacked the house and abstracted $170 in cash and $1,350 in certificates of deposit upon the First National bank of Minneapolis. Mrs. Hiller is 65 years of age, and it is feared that the shock to her system from the brutal treatment she received may result fatally.

A WILD RACE FOR LIFE.

A Large Subterranean Lake Breaks Its Confines.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Aug. 25.—Terrible excitement was caused this morning in the the fatal No. 1 shaft at Nanticoke by the breaking away of earth barriers that separated a worked-out portion of the colliery from the chambers where mining is in progress, and the sudden precipitation of a large body of water into a gangway where over three hundred miners were at work. For a long time past a huge subterranean reservoir has been forming, containing millions of gallons of water. The underground lake was 570 feet below the surface. The chamber where the men were at work was one hundred and fifty feet further down and about the same distance from the mined galleries The first intimation the men had that the mine was being flooded was the sudden appearance of water in the chambers. As it increased in depth many hurriedly quit work and rushed to the bottom of the shaft. By this time a regular exodus from all parts of the colliery set in, the miners wading through water breast high before the last of them got out. The work of rescuing the men was proceeded with promptly, the steam carriage taking up twenty at a time. All sorts of rumors were set adrift, and the mouth of the mine was crowded with anxious women and children, exhibiting the usual alarm and frantic demonstrations. Luckily all were taken out safely. Ninety mules perished. Work will be suspended for an indefinite period, as the water is still running in. Had the earth fissure been wide enough to admit the whole volume of water at once not a man would have been saved.

WRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Destruction of a Schooner in a Storm and Loss of Two of Her Crew.

MILLER, Ind., Aug. 25.—The schooner Clara of Manistee was driven ashore yesterday and her wreckage is strewn along the beach for miles. Cap. Olson, her master and owner, and one of the sailors lost their lives, and John Gustavson, the mate escaped by swimming ashore on a plank. The vessel was bound for Chicago with a load of hard wood lumber. She left Manistee Monday morning with a light wind, but toward night a squall swept down upon her from the northeast, jerking her headsails out of the bolt ropes and crippling her so that she became unmanageable. All night long she staggered before the gale, that kept increasing in violence; the sea ran very high and the waves swept her deck of everything moveable.

She arrived off Chicago in such a disabled condition that it was impossible to work her into the harbor and she was driven up the lake, Realizing she was san to be on the beach, Capt. Olson let go the anchor when abreast of this place, but the flukes failed to hold, and she was dragged to the sand bar half a mile from shore, The seas kept dashing over her and the crew of three men were compelled to climb into the rigging and lash themselves to keep from being washed overboard. In less than an hour the coverings of the hatches were carried away and the sea swept into the hold, filling it to the decks. Then she rolled over on her side and Hane Christensen was carried away on the crest of a wave. Capt. Olson and Gustavson got hold of a plank.

It was raining hard and the night was so dark they could see nothing, but they clung to the plank with the hope that the waves would push it onward to the beach. Gustavson says he heard a loud cry and on looking behind him saw the captain had relaxed his hold, and was even then disappearing beneath the waves. He was unab... help him, and he went down. ...e to son does not recollect m... Gustavbattle far life. Thre... ...ch about his turned over and ... times the plank water, but h... buried him in the dashed ... ...e hung on to it, and was Wh... senseless on the sandy beach. ...en he regained his senses he was lying upon his back, with the rain down on his face. There was not a house in sight, for the village lies three miles back from the lake.

He made his way along the beach to the house of the Calumet shooting club. He had just enough strength to give a feeble rap on the door, and when it when it was opened he fell fainting across the threshold. He was carried and kindly cared for until he recovered sufficently to relate his story, and after being provided with clothes, he took the train for Chicago.

Before leaving Gustavson went down to the beach to see what had become of the wreck. He found that it was broken up, and the broken timbers and cargo were scattered in every direction. The captain's chest which contained a large sum of money, was broken open and the contents were missing. Gustavson thinks the chest has been rifled by thieves. Neither of the bodies have been recovered. All day and last night a crowd of men from the village were on the beach gathering up cargo as it was drifted ashore and hauling it away.

A HITCH IN TIME.

How to Prevent Trousers from Bagging at the Knees.

"How do I keep my trousers from bagging at the knees?' echoed an old man who had served many years in the British navy, in response to a New York Sun reporter's question. Why that's one of the simplest things in the world if a man only knows how, and will put himself to a little trouble at first. Jack Tar's trousers, as you know, are very close reefed and built sung and taut all the way down until near the bottom, where they are given full sail and spread themselves well over the boots. They are the very kind that are to bag at the knees; so one of the first things the young landlubber is taught when he enters the navy is how to wear them.

No doubt you have often heard of the sailor taking a hitch in his trousers every time he sits down, and no doubt you thought he did it merely as a sort of introduction to the yarn be was about to spin. Yes, few people imagine that the hitch is what keeps the trousers straight; but just think a moment and you will recollect that they fit very tight around the knee and that whenever you sit down and poke out your knees you stretch the cloth. That's what makes the bagging when you sit down: you leave plenty of slack for the knees to play in at the knees, and your clothes will wear out before they will bag. After taking the hitch a few times it will become almost a second nature to you and you will do it unconsciously every time you sit down. The hitch may be simple, but its worth more to a man than one of those patent $5 trouser stretchers. As for the coat not one in a half dozen knows how to button it so that it will set well. The proper way is to begin at the bottom end button and go up. Not a day passes but I have to laugh at people who say they are going to button their coats up, and then calmly proceed to button down.'

Evaporated vs. Dried Fruit.

The term "evaporated" has become well established in the markets, for fruit prepared by artificial heat, as distinguished in the markets from that dried in the primitive way of exposure to the sun. Evaporated fruit being dried rapidly, has not time to become changed and partly soured, and being dried in the dark, remains beautifully white, instead of turning brown like that exposed to the sun; besides these are the important advantages of freedom from dust, and the soiling by insects, birds, etc. The evaporated fruit presents such a superior appearance, there is no wonder that it brings a much higher price in the market or stores than ordinary dried fruit. This is a matter of so much importance, that one who has any considerable quantity of fruit to preserve by drying, cannot afford to go on in the old-fashioned way. There are several driers or evaporators now offered at a moderate price, which turn out as good products a the expensive machines first introduced. The difference in the price between the superior and inferior article, will readily pay for a good dried in one season. With artificial heat one is not liable to loss in stormy weather, which stops the drying in the, sun and it is often very difficult to keep the partly dried fruit from spoiling. Indeed, the advantages of drying by artificial heat are so many and so obvious, that we advise all interested to look into the merits of the several driers now offered with a view to purchase. Not only is artificial heat superior for drying fruit, but vegetables, especially sweet corn, are much better in flavor and appearance then when dried in the old way.—*American Agriculturist for September.*

Woman's Promise and Her Memory.

Daniel S. Dickinson, formerly United States Senator from New York, who was very fond of saying sharp things, sometimes gave offense by his wi... cisms when he least expected ... One day when he was walk... ...o do so. along the street in Alb... ...ing moodily Silas Wright was ... ...bany, at the time Wright, the ... governor, he met Mrs. serving h... governor's wife. She, observing in a ... ...s abstracted air, said to him ... jocular manner: "What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?" "Of a woman's promise," responded Dickinson. "Well done, senator," said Mrs. Wright, who passed on, but did not forget Dickinson's remark. Some time afterward he requested her to help him to persuade the governor to appoint a friend to office, reminding her, at the same time, that she had promised to aid him whenever he should ask for assistance. "That is true, senator," she replied, "but of course it was nothing." "How is that?" exclaimed Dickinson, much surprised. "Because it was a woman's promise, don't you know?" responded Mrs. Wright. The senator did know, and he had to tell his friend that the "adverse influences" were so strong that the coveted appointment could not be obtained for him.—*New York Ledger.*

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THE ATTACHMENT.

'Bax!'

Baxter Jones, called 'Bax,' for short, was Squire Syphax's office clerk.

'Yes, sir,' answered Bax.

'Fill me out a writ of attachment,' said the squire. 'I'll stand no more of this nonsense.'

'Yes, sir—what name, sir?'

'You'll find it there,' said the squire, writing on a card and tossing it over to Bax, who picked it up and set about his work. The document was speedily finished and presented to the squire who affixed his signature.

'Give it to Constable Darby and tell him to serve it without delay,' added the squire.

'Yes, sir.'

'And when he brings in his prisoner, report to me.'

'Yes, sir.'

Squire Syphax, magisterially, was the sternest of men; individually he was the most soft-hearted and yielding.

For the moment he was filled with official indignation toward a delinquent, on whom, for some contemptuous disregard of the law's behests, he was determined to visit his weightiest penalty. He was still feeble from a recent and severe attack of illness, and while waiting the return of the warrant, he retired to seek a little rest, meanwhile forgetting the cares of office in a delicious revery, of which the charms of a certain lovely creature were the central feature. In this occupation let us leave him for the present, merely premising that he was a bachelor, both diffident and susceptible.

Bob Darby was a constabulary model. He did his duty to the letter and expended few words about it.

When the servant came in answer to his ring of Widow Goodheart's doorbell Bob inquired: 'Is your mistress at home?'

'She is,' was the response.

'Tell her I must see her,' said Bob.

'She's very busy,' replied the maid, 'and unless the business is very particular——'

'It is werry partic'lar,' interrupted Bob, brushing past and entering without ceremony. 'I am werry sorry to inconwenience you, mum,' he said, when Mrs. Goodheart had made her appearance; 'but I've got to take you over to the squire's right away.'

The widow turned pale and trembled.

'Has the dear man—has he had a relapse?' she asked in a tremulous tone.

'Couldn't say, mum,' answered Bob; 'all I know is, it's a case of 'tachment.'

'A case of attachment!' exclaimed the widow, the color mounting to her handsome face.

'I shall be ready in a moment,' cried the widow, and so indeed she was.

'There's a kerridge at the door, mum,' said Bob, and when he had handed the lady in, nothing more was said till they reached the squire's door.

That functionary, like many country magistrates, kept his office at his house, and into the apartment so appropriated the widow was at once ushered.

Bob Darby, having duly signed the return upon the writ, handed it over to the squire's clerk, who proceeded straightway to notify his honor.

As the latter entered he started with surprise. Instead of the contemptuous culprit Dick Slote, at whose guilty head he was prepared to hurl the law's anathemas, was the lovely widow Goodheart, the angel of his dreams, whom he saw before him! In the name of all the Dromios, what diabolical error was this?

Catching up the returned warrant, to his horror he read:

"To any constable, greeting: You are hereby commanded to take the body of Dorothy Goodheart and bring the same forthwith before me, etc., etc.

CALEB SYPHAN, J. P."

Darting a look of wrath at the clerk and the constable, he ordered them to withdraw.

'My dear Mrs. Goodheart,' began the squire, blushing to the tips of his ears, 'how can I atone for this annoyance?'

'Oh, it's no annoyance, I assure you,' simpered the widow. 'I am so glad to find you are not ill.'

'But—but this unfortunate attachment,' stammered the squire, dashing aside the ill starred document.

'I—I have long returned it,' naively murmured the widow, turning as red as himself.

A gleam of gladness flashed over the squire's countenance. Could it be she was ignorant of the indignity she had suffered? And then, to find the ice so happily broken! He clasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and poured out the tale of his pent-up love with an ardor and eloquence which fairly astonished himself. The widow's pretty head dropped on his shoulder as, with alternate smiles and tears, she listened rapturously to what she had so long been waiting to hear.

The squire came home a happy man from escorting the widow home that evening. But the sight of Bax Jones raised his fury.

'How dare you play me such a trick?' he thundered.

'What trick?' inquired Bax, innocently.

'What trick? Why, putting Mrs. Goodheart's name in that attachment!'

'I put in the name you gave me,' answered Bax.

'It's false!' roared the squire.

'Here's the card,' rejoined the clerk.

The squire glanced at it. It was one of Mrs. Goodheart's cards, left with some delicacy which she had sent during his late illness. On the blank side he had unwittingly written the name to be inserted in the writ. Whether the clerk had copied from the wrong side by mistake or had played off a practical joke, was not quite clear to the squire's mind, for Bax, in point of gravity, fell far short of his distinguished namesake, the author of 'Saints' Rest.'

However, in view of the happy issue and Bax's earnest professions of innocence, he was finally let off; but with a caution both to him and Bob Darby never to mention the affair under the penalty of the squire's hot displeasure.

IT is generally conceded that women dress to attract the admiration of men, and the Pittsburg *Dispatch* asks: 'But why do men dress?' Well, because they look better that way. They would attract altogether too much attention if they didn't dress.—*Norristown Herald.*

GREAT PROFESSION.

How a Legal Luminary Astonished One of His Ex-Clients.

An old fellow entered a lawyers office and excitedly exclaimed: "Look here, Colonel, I understand you have been employed by Wilkins to bring suit against me?"

"Yes, sir."

"But, Colonel, Wilkins accuses me of dishonesty."

"What of that?"

"What of it! Why, last year you defended me against just such a charge."

"Yes, I remember."

"Of course you do. You said during the trial that you had never met a more honest man than I am, and swore that I could not be guilty of a dishonest action"

"Yes, I believe I did."

"I know you did, and, sir, do you know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"I've got witnesses, and I'm going to prove in court that you said it. Then what will you do?"

"Acknowledge that I said it, of course."

"Then the jury will decide in my favor."

"I think not."

"Can't help it."

"Oh, yes, for I will tell the court how much faith I had in you last year, that I would indeed have staked my all on you, and that I was never more painfully shocked in my life than I was when, a few days ago, I received convincing proof of your rascality. My dear sir," the lawyer continued, "I am every day impressed more and more with the broadness and extensive comprehension of the legal profession. Don't be in a hurry. Always glad to see you, and will cheerfully serve you at any time." —*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Tim Campbell on Omens.

Congressman Timothy J. Campbell, brown as a berry, with an oriental sunset border, and as cool as a January cucumber, flitted through the corridors of the Delevan House yesterday, arm in arm with Prince Battenberg Roosevelt, while that affable gentleman retailed admiration of how they conduct jubilees in London according to the "English, you konw," custom. The hotel prince evidently made an impression, because when the Congressman had a chance to say something he would be on hand when the Queen counted out one hundred years on the throne. The Congressman had just come from Sharon Springs, where he had been in pursuit of health. But Congressman Campbell looks the very quintescence of health, and why he should seek springs of any sort unless for minerals, he could not easily explain. When questioned as to his narrow escape of being burned to death at Senator Arkell's residence, when the late lamented harmony tea party was held, the Congressman brusquely said: "Because I was not invited to the conflagration, nor was I invited to the party, but accidentally dropped in. I hear that the letter 'P' was burned in Senator Hiscock's gripsack, which some Republicans take to mean that Hiscock will be the next President. Why if that was any safe-to-bet-on omen I would have been President long ago. I have a gripsack covered with 'P's' burned into it by fire several years ago. But I don't take it to indicate that I will be President, but to mean plain Pat or Patrick, to be more genteel. Omens don't elect anybody. It takes votes."—Albany Argus.

Queen Victoria's Baby Things.

One of the features of the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee was an exhibition of a nnmber of playthings and articles of wearing apparel that belonged to the queen in her infancy and early childhood. The dresses, the stockings, and even the bibs of the Queen had been preserved, and were shown in this exhibition.

The playthings included the favorite doll of the Queen's early childhood, or rather the ghost of her favorite doll, for it had lost an arm, an eye, an ear, and probably, though we are not so informed, the tip of its nose. A great deal of the doll's life blood—that is to say sawdust—had gone out through a wound in it's chest, and it was almost entirely bald. Its mouth was parted, as if it were trying to speak!

There was a pair of little slippers in the exhibition and the sight of them inspired one writer to imagine them traversing the whole earth through the possessions of the British crown; tramping through Ireland, through Canada, through the British South Sea Islands, through South Africa, through Australia and India and Cyprus and Malta, and past Gibraltar homeward. A long march for a pair of baby slippers.

One little stocking, whose mate was gone, was exhibited all by itself. There was a great deal of wondering where the other stocking was, but nobody knew.

Not all the articles in the exhibition pertained to Queen Victoria's infancy. One of the things shown was a piece of her wedding cake, so hard, it is said, that not even a faimshing native of India could have eaten it.—*Youth's Companion.*

"I SUPPOSE you don't believe in courtship," said the paragraphist, laughingly, to the president of the gas company. "Why not?" asked the president. "Because lovers always turn the gas down, you know ha! ha! ha!" "Oh, that makes no difference," said the president, "the meter gets in its work all the same, ho! ho! ho!" Then the paragraphist retired with a very gloomy countenance.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

"WHY," said the teacher, "did Payne write: 'There is no place like home.'" "Because," replied the smart boy, "it was the truth. He had no home, and, of course, there was no place like a place that wasn't anywhere." And the teacher started to mark him zero, but stopped and started to thinking and thinking and thinking, and finally told him that was correct and marked him perfect.

"Old Hickory's" Tender Heart.

Let me tell you a fact to make you sensible of a deep-rooted affectionate attachment of which the rough bosom of a war-worn veteran is susceptible. Earl has a few days ago received from the Hermitage Mrs. Jackson's portrait. He did not intend that the President should see it, but he stepped in by accident when Earl was copying from it. He stood and gazed at it for few minutes with some fortitude, until the association rose in his mind he began to weep, and his sobs became so deep that Earl carried the picture away to relieve him.

He has a bible in which a great many favorite passages were marked by his wite. One of them he reads every morning religiously.

This is devotion but whether it be of the right kind I leave you to judge.

* * * He and I were sitting one day alone on the sofa, and I alluded in some way his attachment for the little Rachael. He said she was the solace of his wandering life, and that the father (his adopted son) had been nursed on the bosom of Mrs. Jackson. She felt for him all the tendernes of a mother; that she parted with him, even to go to Nashville with reluctance, and looked for the returning Saturday with more anxiety than the the boy himself.

He paused a few moments, ruminating: and with his eyes suffused in tears said:

'Mr. Blair, she was one of the best of women, and it is gratifying to me that it is in my power to provide amply for the objects which, if she lived, would have been so dear to her: Rachael will be my greatest comfort if I should survive to return to the Hermitage.'—[Letters of Francis P. Blair in Atlantic.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Old Man Was too Hasty.

A staid old Hubbardston farmer came to the Hub yesterday to do 'a leedle tradin',' and as he meandered down Washington street 'headed for the Fitchburg depot,' as he said, he suddenly halted, gazed excitedly at a sign in front of a clothing-house, and then darted into a store exclaiming: 'Well, I vum, that is good!' After due deliberation he selected a $10 suit of clothes, tendering a payment of just $7. 'That's the right change, sir,' said he to the astonished clerk. 'But I don't understand it; 'I told you that suit would be $10,' argued the clerk. 'Yes, I know, but don't your old sign out at the door say, 'All we want is 70 cents on the dollar?'' and picking up his new purchase the honest old Hubbardston farmer hastily left. He trotted along congratulating himself on his wonderful smartness, and was heard to mutter, 'I guess I'm lively enough for these 'ere city folk's.' But a sudden change came 'o'er the spirit of his dreams,' after he had walked a short distance. A look of utter disgust overspread his face, the bundle fell from his arms, and in a mournful tone he said: 'Why didn't I look around a little before I bought them clothes?' The cause of the old man's consternation was another clothing sign that read: 'Goods sold here at half price.' After studying the situation several minutes he resumed his journey depotward, saying, 'I might have saved $5 just as well as not if I hadn't been in such a pesky hurry.'—*Boston Post.*

Miss Saxe in Her Mother's Gown.

A writer in the Kansas City *Journal* relates this anecdote of the late John G. Saxe and his favorite daughter, Sarah. It was the custom of the family to spend much of each Summer at Saratoga. One Summer it was decided that Sarah should remain at home in charge of the younger children instead of accompanying her parents, as had been her former custom. This decision roused the wrath of the young lady, and awakened all that latent obstinacy which her father claimed for her. In vain she remonstrated. Her best clothing was put under lock and key, and her parents departed, charging her to be a good girl, and to content herself until their return. The season was at its height, and many persons brilliantly conspicuous in literary circles were gathered under the flashing of the watering-place chandeliers. Saxe held his court at one end of the saloon that August evening, and sat conveniently facing the entrance door, when a servant announced "Miss Saxe." The poet raised his eye-glass to behold Sarah, a miss of 16, haughtily sweeping down the grand parlors, dragging after her her mother's best winter gown of velvet, and glittering with her mother's trinkets. It was warm work enduring that heavy, oppressive finery, but for three days father and daughter held their little independent courts at the famous watering-place, each ignoring the other's presence—a clear case of "Greek meet Greek." At the end of that time Sarah was ignominiously taken home by her father and duly punished.

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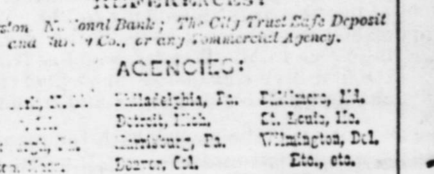

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Affords quick relief of
Neuralgia, Headache, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Asthma,
AND BY CONTINUED USE EFFECTS A CURE.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Six months treatment for 50 cents.

If your druggist has not the Inhaler in stock, send 52 cents in stamps, and the Inhaler will be forwarded by mail, postage paid, and if, at the expiration of five days from its receipt you are not satisfied with its effects, you may return it, and if received in good condition, your money will be refunded.

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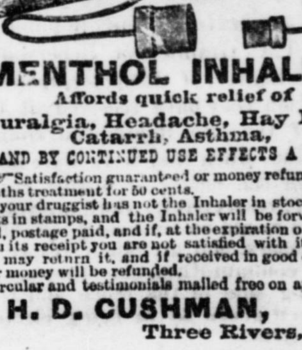
=FOOT LATHE!=



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It is the only mill in the world that grinds on both sides of the revolving burr at the same time, giving it double the grinding surface of any other mill, when the diameter of the burrs is the same.

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A NEW PATENT STEAM
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The first time "SOLIDS" could be used in MEDICATING STEAM.
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In all these diseases the Medicator is worth ten times the price asked.
Any Lady can Beautify her Complexion after using a few days.
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