

Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 2, 1891.

THE MEMORY BRIDGES.

JULIE M. LIPPMAN

Bustly, bustly to and fro,
See them, the bridge-builders, come and go,
Grey-beards and bonny-eyes, mothers and
midges,
All of them busy building bridges,
High be they? Low be they?
Who can tell?
Each keeps his secret, and keeps it well.

Steadily, steadily, see them build,
Not one is idle of all the guild.
This one is planning and placing and plying;
That one is trusting and tracing and trying;
Strong be they? Weak be they?
Who is there
Knows if the bridges will break or bear.

Cleverly, cleverly, day by day,
Toil the bridge-makers sand stone or clay,
Fashioning after their own designing,
Some for rejoicing and some for repining,
Ugly or beautiful?
Who can know
What is the pattern the bridges show.

Ceaselessly, ceaselessly year by year
Grow the abutment, the arch and the pier,
Grow on the builders' brows wrinkles and
ridges,
Caused by the rearing of memory-bridges,
Deep be they? Slight be they?
All may see
What sort of furrows these furrows be.

Finally, finally each must tread
Over the Memory-bridges he's made,
Over the faults that are left for run,
Light is it? Hard is it?
They may ken
Who've crossed the bridges from Nov to
Then—'Youth's Companion.

CAPTAIN JOE AND JAMIE.

A Story of the Tantramar Tides.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

How the wind roared in from the sea over the Tantramar dyke!

It was about sunset, and a fierce orange-red gleam thrusting itself through a rift in the clouds that blackened the sky, cast a strange glow over the wide, desolate marshes. A mile back rose the dark line of the uplands, with the small, white farm-house already hidden in shadow.

Capt. Joe Bouldice had just left his wagon standing in the dyke road, with his four-year-old boy on the seat. He was on the point of crossing the dyke, to visit the little landing place where he kept his boat, when above the rush and whistle of the gale he heard Jamie's voice. He hurried back a few paces before he could hear what the little fellow was saying.

"Pap," cried the child, "I want to get out of the wagon. 'Fraid Bill goin' to run away!"

"Oh, nonsense!" answered Captain Joe. "Bill won't run away. He don't know how. You stay there, and don't be frightened, and I'll be right back."

"But, pap, the wind blows me too hard," piped the small voice pleadingly.

"Oh, all right," said the father, and returning to the wagon he lifted the child gently down and set him on his feet.

"Now," he continued, "it's too windy for you out on the other side of the dyke. You run over and sit on that big stick, where wind can't get at you, and wait for me. And be sure you don't let Bill run away!"

As he spoke the Captain noticed that the horse, ordinarily one of the most stolid of creatures, seemed to-night peculiarly uneasy; with his head up in the air he was sniffing nervously, and glancing from side to side. As Jamie was trudging through the long grass to the seat which his father had shown him, the Captain said, "Why, Bill does seem scary, after all; who'd have thought this wind would scare him?"

"Bill don't like it," replied Jamie; "it blows too hard." And, glad to be out of the gale, which took his breath away, the little fellow seated himself contentedly in the shelter of the dyke. Just then there was a clatter of wheels and a crash. Bill had whirled sharply about in the narrow road, upsetting and smashing the light wagon.

Now, utterly heedless of his master's angry shouts, he was galloping in mad haste back toward the uplands, with the fragments of the wagon at his heels. The Captain and Jamie watched him flying before the wind, a red spectre in the lurid light. Then, turning away once more to see to his boat, the Captain remarked, "Well, laddie, I guess we'll have to foot it back when we get through here. But Bill's going to have a licking for this!"

Left to himself, Jamie crouched down behind a strange, solitary little figure in the wide waste of the marshes. Though the force of the gale could not reach him, his long fair curls were blown across his face, and he clung determinedly to his small, round hat for a while he watched the gleam of red light, till the jagged fringe of clouds closed over it, and it was gone. Then, in the dusk, he began to feel a little frightened; but he knew his father would soon be back, and he didn't like to call him again. He listened to the waves washing, surging, beating, roaring, on the shoals beyond the dyke. Presently he heard them, every now and then, thundering in against the very dyke itself; upon this he grew more frightened, and called to his father several times; but of course the small voice was drowned in the tumult of wind and wave, and the father, working eagerly on the other side of the dyke, heard no sound of it.

Close by the shelter in which Jamie was crouching there were several great tubs, made by sawing molasses hogsheads into halves. These tubs, in fishing season, were carried by the fishermen in their boats, to hold the shad as they were taken from the net. Now they stood empty and dry, but highly flavored with memories of their office. Into the nearest tub Jamie crawled, after having shouted in vain to his father.

To the child's loneliness and fear the tub looked "cozy," as he called it. He curled up in the bottom, and felt a little comforted.

Jamie was the only child of Captain Joe Bouldice. When Jamie was about two years, the captain had taken the child and his mother on a voyage to Brazil. While calling at Barbadoes the young mother had caught the yellow fever. There she had died and was buried. After that voyage Captain Joe had given up his ship, and retired to his father's farm at Tantramar. There he devoted himself to Jamie and the farm, but to Jamie especially; and in the summer, partly for amusement, partly for profit, he was accustomed to spend a few weeks in drifting for shad on the wild tides of Chignecto bay. Wherever he went, Jamie went. If the weather was too rough for Jamie, Captain Joe stayed at home. As for the child, petted without being spoiled, he was growing a tough little fellow, and daily more and more the delight of his father's heart.

Why should he leave him curled up in this tub on the edge of the marshes, on a night so wild? In truth, though the wind was tremendous, and now growing to a veritable hurricane, there was no apparent danger or great hardship on the marshes. It was not cold, and there was no rain.

Captain Joe, foreseeing a heavy gale together with a tide higher than usual had driven over to the dyke to make his little craft more secure.

He found the boat already in confusion; and the wind, when once he had crossed out of the dyke's shelter, was so much more violent than he had expected, that it took him some time to get things "snugged up." He felt that Jamie was all right, as long as he was out of the wind. He was only a stone's throw distant, though hidden by the great rampart of the dyke. But the Captain began to wish that he had left the little fellow at home, as he knew the long walk over the rough road, in the dark and the furious gale, would sorely tire the sturdy little legs. Every now and then, as vigorously and cheerfully he worked in the pitching smack, the Captain sent a shout of greeting over the dyke to keep the little lad from getting lonely. But the storm blew his voice far up into the clouds, and Jamie, in his tub, never heard it.

By the time Captain Joe had put everything shipshape, he noticed that his plunging boat had drifted close to the dyke. He had never before seen the tide reach such a height. The waves that were rocking the little craft so violently were a mere backwash from the great seas which, as he now observed with a pang, were thundering in a little further up the coast. Just at this spot the dyke was protected from the full force of the storm by Snodon's Point. "What if the dyke should break up yonder, and this fearful tide get in on the marshes?" thought the captain, in a sudden anguish of apprehension. Leaving the boat to dash itself to pieces if it liked, he clamored in breathless haste out on to the top of the dyke, shouting to Jamie as he did so. There was no answer. Where he had left the little fellow but a half-hour back, the tide was seething three or four feet deep over the grasses.

Dark as the night had grown, it grew blacker before the father's eyes. For an instant his heart stood still with horror, then he sprang down into the flood. The water boiled up nearly to his armpits. With his feet he felt the great timber, fastened on the dyke on which his boy had been sitting. He peered through the dark, with straining eyes grown preternaturally keen. He could see nothing on the wide, swirling surface save two or three dark objects, far out in the marsh. These he recognized at once as fish-tubs gone afloat. Then he ran up the dyke toward the Point. "Surely," he groaned in his heart, "Jamie has climbed up the dyke when he saw the water coming, and I'll find him along the top here, somewhere looking and crying for me!"

Then, running like a madman along the narrow summit, with a band of tightening about his heart, the Captain reached the Point, where the dyke took its beginning.

No sign of the little one; but he saw the marshes everywhere laid waste. Then he turned round and speed back, thinking perhaps Jamie had wandered in the other direction. Passing the now buried landing place, he saw with a curious distinctness, as if in a picture, that the boat was turned bottom up, and, as it were, glued to the side of the dyke.

Suddenly he checked his speed with a violent effort, and threw himself upon his face, clutching the short grasses of the dyke. He had just saved himself from falling into the sea. Had he had time to think, he might not have tried to save himself, believing as he did that the child who was his very life had perished. But the instinct of self-preservation had asserted itself blindly and just in time. Before his feet the dyke was washed away, and through the chasm the waves were breaking furiously.

Meanwhile what had become of Jamie? The wind had made him drowsy, and before he had been many minutes curled up in the tub, he was sound asleep.

When the dyke gave way, some distance from Jamie's queer retreat, there came suddenly a great rush of water among the tubs, and some were straightway floated off. Then others a little heavier followed, one by one; and last of all, the heaviest, that containing Jamie and his fortunes. The water rose rapidly, but back here there came no waves, and the child slept as peacefully as if at home in his crib. Little the Captain thought, when his eyes wandered over the floating tubs, that the one nearest to him was freighted with his heart's treasure! And well it was that Jamie did not hear his shouts and wails! Had he done so, he would have at once sprung to his feet, and then tipped out into the flood.

By this time the great tide had reached its height. Soon it began to recede

but slowly, for the storm kept the waters gathered, as it were, into a heap at the head of the bay. All night the wind raged on, wrecking the smacks and schooners along the coast, breaking down the dykes in a hundred places, flooding all the marshes, and drowning many cattle in the salt pastures. All night the Captain, hopeless and mute in his agony of grief, lay clutching the grasses on the dyke top, not noticing when at length the waves ceased to drench him with their spray. All night, too, slept Jamie in his tub.

Right across the marsh the strange craft drifted before the wind, never getting into the region where the waves were violent. Such motion as there was—and at times it was somewhat lively—seemed only to lull the child to a sounder slumber. Toward daybreak which he grounded at the foot of the uplands, not far from the edge of the road. The waters gradually slunk away, as if ashamed of their wild vagaries. And still the child slept on.

As the light broke over the bay, coldly pink and desolately gleaming, Captain Joe got up and looked about him. His eyes were tearless, but his face was gray and hard, and deep lines had stamped themselves across it during the night.

Seeing the marshes were again uncovered, save for great shallow pools left here and there, he set out to find the body of his boy. After wandering aimlessly for perhaps an hour, the Captain began to study the direction in which the wind had been blowing. This was almost exactly with the road which led to his home on the uplands. As he noticed this, a wave of pity crossed his heart, and the thought of the terrible anxiety his father and mother had all that night been enduring. Then in an instant there seemed to unroll before him the long, slow years of the desolation of that home without Jamie.

All this time he was moving along the sinking road, scanning the marsh in every direction. When he had covered about half the distance, he was aware of his father, hastening with feeble eagerness to meet him.

The night of watching had made the old man haggard, but his face lit up with the sight of his son. As he drew near, however, and saw no sign of Jamie, and marked the look upon the Captain's face, the gladness had died out as quickly as it had come. When the two men met, the elder put out his hand in silence, and the younger clasped it. There was no room for words.

Side by side the two walked slowly homeward. With restless eyes, ever dreading lest they should find that which they sought, the father and son looked everywhere—except in a certain old fish-tub which they passed. The tub stood a little to one side of the road. Just at this time a sparrow lit on the tub's edge, and uttered a loud and startled chirp at the sight of the sleeping child. As the bird flew off precipitately, Jamie opened his eyes and gazed up in astonishment at the blue sky over his head. He stretched out his hand and felt the rough sides of the tub. Then, in complete bewilderment, he he clambered to his feet. Why, there was his father, walking away somewhere without him! And Grandpa, too! Jamie felt aggrieved.

"Pap," he cried in a loud but fearful voice, "where you goin' to?"

A great wave of light seemed to break across the landscape, as the two men turned and saw the golden head shining, dished, over the edge of the tub. The Captain caught his breath with a sort of sob, and rushed to snatch the little one in his arms; while the grandfather fell on his knees in the silent, and his trembling lips moved sulkily.

Has a Temperance Beer Been Found.

Is it found? What? Why, the much-prayed-for beverage which teetotalers can drink without spoiling their digestion or ruining their morals. The lack of a decent temperance drink is the greatest drawback to the temperance reformation. Tea, no doubt, is an invaluable substitute for beer, and some cannot understand how our ancestors lived before it was invented. But tea cannot be brewed at a moment's notice, and a thirsty man in the middle of the day is driven to ordinary drinking water, ginger-beer, or lemonade.

The ideal temperance drink must be bright, sparkling, and with some body and substance in it. The managing director came down to our office the other day carrying with him two bottles of a beverage which seemed to comply with all these indispensable conditions. Riley Temperance Hop Ale is the somewhat forbidding title of the new drink, and our visitor waxed eloquent as he dealt upon its virtues. On the principle, however, that the proof of the pudding is in the tasting of it, nothing he could say was half as eloquent as the beer itself. If you drank it without being told what it was you might very easily mistake it for genuine beer. You would only find out your mistake when after drinking a considerable number of glasses you found you were "no forwarder!" and no nearer the point of intoxication than when you began.

Our representative heard a very interesting account of the way in which the invention came into his hands. The credit of the discovery really belongs to an ex-private in the Guards, who after he left the service had for some time charge of a temperance coffee-house. Seeing how much the temperance drink was required, he gave his whole attention to manufacturing one, and after three years' study discovered the secret of manufacturing beer without alcohol, thus producing the beverage he now sells.

Although it is but of yesterday the demand for the new beverage is spreading, and it is said to have been greatly in vogue at the stores (where they are not allowed to sell genuine ale), where "Old Riley," as it will be designated, is found to be an invaluable substitute.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is in favor with all classes because it combines economy and strength. 100 Doses One Dollar.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, September.—The recent dictatorial order of Postmaster General Wanamaker, directing the postmaster at each county seat in the Union to visit and report upon all the post-offices in his county, is a subject of a good deal of comment and some criticism at this time. There will be much more criticism and a great deal of indignation on the part of postmasters not at the county seats when the real purpose of Mr. Wanamaker becomes known. That purpose ostensibly is to secure data by which the postal service may be benefited. Its real purpose is political.

The county seat itself is, in the cases out of ten, the political headquarters of the county. The most simple minded can see that there is no real public business involved in making the postmaster of a little county seat town the judge and censor of other offices in the county which do ten or twelve times as much business as is done in his little place.

And again, the most simple minded can see that there would be good politics in having a county seat postmaster who is, of course, a Republican and a Harrison man, crack the whip over all other postmasters in his county no matter how much more business they do than is transacted by him. Thus, under the guise of attempting something for the betterment of the postal service, Mr. Wanamaker hopes to boss directly through the county seat postmasters all the postmasters throughout the country. These men, if they should tamely submit to the cracking of this political whip, would constitute a political army in themselves.

But will there be such tame submission? There will not be. For, besides the work which is contemplated that these postmasters shall do in this campaign, Mr. Wanamaker's scheme involves the endorsement of all postmasters under the Harrison banner and their forced support of that small gentleman in his large ambition to succeed himself. There are many men who are postmasters and who are also in favor of Blaine's nomination. How will they take this dictation from Washington that they must be Harrison men? How will they regard a scheme, a part of which is to head off Mr. Blaine? The men will answer for themselves.

It is especially desirable that the Wanamaker and Harrison scheme of theirs, which is a very shrewd one, shall be put in motion as early as possible in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Iowa. They want to get all the results possible out of this new machinery for the benefit of their party in those States where very warm campaigns are now on.

Pennsylvania is looked upon with peculiar interest by Mr. Harrison. He knows how strong the Blaine sentiment is in that State, and is anxious to see how this new political weapon will work against the men of whom he is both afraid and jealous.

The effrontery of Wanamaker's order shows out more brazenly when it is known that he has no power or authority of law for issuing or enforcing it. He has no funds out of which to pay county seat postmasters for the expenses incurred by them in their visits of inspection. Their only pay can be in the shape of spoils according as they do their boss's work. The postmasters whose offices are to be inspected have a perfect right to turn the inspectors out of doors when he comes prying into their business. Mr. Wanamaker is already in the possession of information that a number of postmasters have refused to allow his legally designated henchmen to go through their books or in any way glean any information which could not be acquired by a casual visitor.

Washington is the political centre of the United States. Politicians from all parts of the country make this city their headquarters, and like politicians they talk. From what they say it is evident that great interest is taken in the campaign now in progress in Pennsylvania. The people throughout the country are wondering whether Pennsylvania will retrieve herself from the odium which exposed political rottenness has cast upon the State or whether her finances shall continue to be dealt out to spoilsmen in pay for dirty political work. They know all about the Keystones business, the arrest of the Philadelphia mercantile appraisers, the Keystones and Spring Garden bank robberies, and the other dishonest revelations which the legislative committee investigation now in progress are disclosing. They are horrified at the corruption which pervades the administration of the State affairs of Pennsylvania. They know of the action of the Auditor General, and of the State Treasurer, and that all this dishonesty and corruption has been the result of the political management of the Republican leaders such as Quay and his lieutenants. What astonishes them more than anything else is the apparent indifference of the people of Pennsylvania to this condition of affairs. They, however, look and hope that, for the honor of their State, Pennsylvania will move in this election, that the Keystone State will find herself once more free from corrupt bossism. There is no denying the fact that Pennsylvania has a bad case throughout the country. That it will injure her in a hundred different ways to keep that name no one can deny. That she can ride herself off at the coming election no one can doubt. That she will do so is the hope and belief of the majority of people throughout the country.

Rio De Janeiro.

One of the Most Beautiful Cities in the World.

The recent overthrow of the monarchy in Brazil, and the establishment of a new republic under the name of the United States of Brazil, has called renewed attention to that wonderful country, which is larger in area than our own United States, and has an internal river navigation far exceeding that of any other state in the world.

Rio de Janeiro is the capital of Brazil. It is situated in latitude 22 deg. 54 min. south and longitude 45 deg. 36 min. west. It occupies the east side of a broad bay, one of the most magnificent harbors in the world. The city was founded in 1556 by the Portuguese, at which time a large emigration took place. In 1808 King John VI. of Portugal fled from Lisbon on the approach of the French army under Napoleon I., and took refuge in Brazil. He proclaimed its independence and established a monarchy.

Rio de Janeiro consists of two cities, the old and the new. The latter has broad streets, the buildings well constructed and handsome. It is here one sees the Brazilian civilization and customs; here are the princely mansions, the commercial buildings, and, in a word the social activity. Seen at a distance, Rio de Janeiro presents a panorama of grandeur and beauty. Above the anchorage is a castle from the arrival and departure of vessels. Here are seen the lovely terraces of the public promenade, the convent of San Bento, with its buildings and gardens and numerous churches.

The Botanical Garden at Rio de Janeiro is probably the finest in America. Here have been cultivated, from the earliest years of this century, the plant and other exotics from seeds brought from the Isle of France by the naturalist Lantix d'Arben. Here is a celebrated collection of palms, arranged on each side of a long avenue. The trees are over 80 feet high, and form an immense array of columns with green capitals, presenting the appearance of an immense bower of a most surprising kind.

The spectacle seen on entering the Bay of Rio de Janeiro is grand and astonishing. The bay is surrounded by high mountains of granite. There are picturesque islands scattered about; various cities occupy the margins of the waters, between which and the capital boats are constantly plying. As the seat of a great empire, Rio de Janeiro has seen the residence of the nation, the General Assembly, the superior authorities, etc. It possesses an excellent university, military and civil academies, commercial institutions, charitable establishments, museums, libraries, a conservatory of music, arsenals, etc. According to the census of 1880 the population is 400,000.

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a remedy for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once.

Some People Never Learn.

It is surprising how some people who continue to use things in daily life without any attempt to learn how properly to use them. There is, for instance, the man who can never learn how to sharpen his razor, the woman who winds her watch the wrong way, the people who do not know that the time of starting the principal trains on the different railroads and the time of closing the mails is advertised in the newspapers, the people who blow out the gas, the folks who jump the wrong way from a moving car, the unfortunate who are always getting left or suffering injury or losing property because of unfamiliarity with things they ought to know.

In great cities we learn to look the world in the face. We shake hands with stern realities.

A Puerile Defense.

The deeper the investigation goes into the corrupt practices of the Auditor General and State Treasurer's department of the government and the City Treasurer's office in Philadelphia, the more appalling the scandal grows. Notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that are being made by interested parties to prevent further investigation, the fact is still apparent that two officers of the government, high in official positions, representatives of the Republican party, stand convicted before the people of gross negligence and malfeasance in office. One has taken the safer course of evading the legal process of the State and keeps himself out of its jurisdiction, thus avoiding the unpleasant necessity for testifying to damaging things. The other in his weak struggles to extricate himself from the toils, has belittled himself to that extent that he is the laughing stock of the business men of the community. How puerile is the defense which he makes in claiming that the Treasurer of the City of Philadelphia acted as his agent for the purchase of neckties and other nicknacks, giving this as an explanation of his acknowledgments of "favors received" in his letters written to Treasurer Bardsley.

What a strange coincidence is that whenever City Treasurer Bardsley made an entry in his private books, charging Auditor General McCamant with his share of moneys received out of the advertising pools, and wrote his name upon the stubs of his check book to keep a record of the fact, that Mr. McCamant should just at that time need a necktie of a peculiar pattern and capacious length, and that his eye should just have fallen upon some late publication in book form of some noted work that he desired to possess, and forthwith the spirit should move him to ask his friend Bardsley to purchase it for him and send it for him and send it by return mail.

"Chops and tomato sauce" there is something wonderful significant in this. But these are dangerous times. The people of the State of Pennsylvania have learned to read, and reading and studying current events, have learned to think intelligently. Such an attempt as this made by a high official whom they have trusted, and who has hoodwinked them, and played upon their credulity, will be taken as an open insult. It is all well enough to charge that the system that of collection of the Mercantile taxes in Philadelphia offers a premium for this kind of work, that through lapse of time it has grown rotten to the core, nevertheless in such an attack upon the system, no justification can be found for the public official or public officials who have, because of the opportunity been led into dishonest practices, and because private aggrandizement was insight, have forgotten the injunction, "Thou shalt not steal." No matter if justice has gone astray, these delinquents have escaped punishment in the courts of justice, they have notwithstanding been adjudged guilty in the higher tribunal of public opinion.

Possible Journeys.

To Paris by way of Siberia will doubtless be an improved route of travel by and by. People who dislike ocean travel, and who have been in the habit of saying that they will go to Europe "when the ocean is bridged over," will find it bridged for all practical purposes when the proposed Siberian railroad connects, by way of Behring's Straits, with an Oregon and Alaska coast railroad. This is looking forward, but not as far as human eye can see, for it is quite within the range of possibilities. The time must come when our Alaska riches will be brought nearer to the States. Railroad syndicates will grapple Alaska with lines of steel, and the way to Siberia and thence to central Europe will become an easy one. The Siberia railroad is of course to be built by the Russian government. Whatever ideas of self aggrandizement or added power the nation has in the plan, the process of the sun will prove such a railroad to be a great factor in civilization.

It will stretch over vast tracts of barren land, it is true, but it will bring the fertile regions into closer relations, and add to the neighborly knowledge of province with province. It seems a tremendous undertaking now, one worthy of a great Government, but it is not improbable that the railroad syndicate will follow the work of the first great Government road, as in our own country. The first railroad across America needed Federal moneys and received them, but the eagerness with which private enterprise entered into the building of new lines across this continent need scarcely be mentioned in Boston, where faith in the future of one great line is now taking the place temporarily of the dividend of the past.

The Siberian road will be a long one—a third longer than the longest connecting lines by which Bostonians go out to San Diego. It will be interesting to trace its route when the plans come; doubtless they will have much of instruction for those best instructed about Siberia.

There were few pleasant revelations in Mr. George Kennan's lectures, but one thing which many people remember with pleasure is the startling novelty of phrase in his preference to the "fierce Siberian sunshine" of the South. The time may come when people will go in a week's time on trains drawn by electric motors to find a winter refuge in sunny Siberia.

America's First Strike.

Do you know that this government had been in existence over fifty years before such a thing as a strike was known among the laboring people?" asked Frank Grasser, of Cincinnati, as he leaned thoughtfully against the cigar stand at Occidental yesterday. "Yes, sir, fifty years, and it was reserved for Ohio to be the scene of the first revolt. It was in 1840, in June, I think, that the employes of Wolf & Co.'s foundry in Cincinnati struck for an increase in pay, and in a few days it spread so to include all the iron workers of the city. For more than a month both sides held out, and at the end of that time the laborers succeeded in securing money with which to start a co-operative foundry. They chose a manager and a superintendent from among their own number, and started out with a great boom. At the end of three years they went to the wall, and after every thing was cleaned up they were still \$300,000 behind. As each of the incorporators was personally responsible under the Ohio law for the liabilities of the concern, without limitation as to time, every one of the strikers was compelled to leave the States in order to prevent their savings from being seized to satisfy their creditors. So ended the first strike."—San Francisco Call.

Eggs Worth \$400 Apiece.

"There are only four eggs of the great auk now in the country," says an oologist, "and they are valued at \$500 each. It seems odd to think of a bird becoming extinct, but no one has seen a Labrador duck, either, since 1866. There are but five mounted specimens in existence, and none of the eggs are in existence. Kirtland's warbler is another bird that is rare. Until recently but seven had ever been captured, and these all were found in a region near Cleveland, Ohio, less than a mile square. Specimens were worth \$100 apiece. But a little while ago a naturalist who chanced to visit the Bahama Islands came upon a colony of the birds, and knowing what a mine he had struck, shot about twenty and took them to his country. When he began to unload, the story came out and the market sagged \$5 or \$6. The Connecticut warbler is another bird of interest to oologists, because no one has yet seen its eggs. It passes up the Mississippi River in the early spring and probably mates far in the interior of British North America, and goes South in the fall by the way of the Atlantic seaboard. If any one can find the nest of the little fellow with four eggs in it, it will be \$200 in his pocket."

In Favor of Africa.

Bishop Turner's Hopeful Prediction For the Future.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—Bishop Henry McNeil Turner spoke at a large congregation of colored people last night here on his proposed trip to Africa and in advocacy of the migration of 150,000 of the colored race to that continent. His observation, he said, had taught him that there was little hope for the colored race in this country; that the best thing a number of them could do was to go to some other country and set up a government of their own and demonstrate that they had in their native ability to administer the affairs of a state.

He solemnly believes that black men and women in America would finally be the instrument to redeem and christianize Africa and plant on her soil one of the grandest governments on which the sun ever shone. A few weeks ago in a conversation he had with President Harrison, the latter wondered why the colored people took so little interest in the subject.