DLUME IX.

# EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 12, 1875.

NUMBER 8:

# NOTICE! TO ALL

# OM IT MAY CONCERN!

Owing to the great scarcit of money and the long cond neglect of many of my customers to up their indebtedness for the past year ore, I am compelled to adopt

#### NOTHER SYSTEM ing business. Very many of my cus-

rs have allowed their accounts to run ich an unreasonable length of time a great loss to me, without any benefit mselves, has been the result. Hence

#### ssible to Continue the Credit System at the same time keep up my stock meet my obligations promptly.

m sincerely thankful for the liberal age that has been extended to me, ow earnestly ask one and all who are sted to me, no matter how large or small the amount, to call and settle,

need and must have money. Believ-I do from past experience (which I paid well for) that it will be better e as well as for my customers to adopt

#### I WILL NOT. the FIRST of JANUARY, 1875. SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

ment to my customers to buy for cash

#### OCK OFF ONE-HALF the PROFIT tofore realized in this place on goods

ping that my old customers will take use at the new mode of doing busiam about to adopt, but will continfavor me with their patronage on a ly eash basis, which they will be sure nd the very best for all concerned. I e myself to mark my goods down to

#### ONE PRICE TO ALL! MPETITION DEFIED! IN GOODS AS WELL AS PRICES. eorge Huntley.

s. Hardware, Tinware, Greceries, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,

# its will be paid in tull at the end of each [Dec. 11, 1874.] HE TIMES.

FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER.

pendent in Everything! Neutral in Nothing! ed to all Corrupt Rings in Ma-

pal, State and National Affairs.

DAILY TIMES i on Saturday, the 13tn of March, 1875. don Saturday, the sandays excepted, ditorial direction of A. K. M'clure, pactly from clear, n. w type, on a large containining all the news of the day, he Associated Press Telegrams. Spe.

# Weekly TIMES on Saturday, March 20th, and week-

, containing all Important news of the uplete Market and Financial Reports.

tances should be made by brafts or Post rders. Address THE TIMES. 9. 14 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

SIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is given, that Florence Willegheny township, Cambria county, by deed of voluntary assignment ed all the estato, real and personal, of forence Willebrand, to H. Kinkead, of g. in said county, in trust, for the benefit ditors of the said Florence Willebrand. alltors of the said Florence willowand, na, therefore, indebted to the said Florence will make payment to the said and those having claims or demands.

e known the same without delay. H. KINKEAD, Assignee, burg, Feb. 12, 1875,-6t [GEO. W. OATMAN, Counsel.] MINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Estate of JAMES PHALEN, dec'd. PASIATE OF JAMES PHALEN, dec'd.

See of Administration having been granted undersigned, by the Register of Cambria, on the estate of James Phalen, late of Lownship, Cambria county, dec'd, all perdebted to said estate are required to make late payment and those having claims are led to present them duly probated for settle. MARY PHALEN, Adm'x.

26, 1875.—6t. HENRY BEHE, Adm'r.

Estate of John B. Myers, dec'd. Estate of JOHN B. MYERS, dec d.

Its tostamentary on the estate of JOHN B.

It tost in the Borough of Loretto, Cambria
Pa., dec'd, have been issued to the subscrilifting in said borough. All persons indebtis above named estate are notified that paynust be made without delay, and those havins against the same will present them prouthentleated for settlement.

26, 1876.—R. APPALONIA MYERS.

### HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

How little we know of each other, As we pass through the journey of life, With its struggles, its fears and temptations, Its heart-breaking cares and its strife! We can only see things on the surface,

For we people glory in sin, And an unruffled face is no index Of the tumult that races within

How little we know of each other! The man who to-day passes by Blessed with fortune and honors and titles And holding his proud head on high,

May carry a dread secret with him, Which makes his bosom a hell, And he, sooner or later, a felon,

How little we know of each other! That woman of fashion who sneers At the poor girl, betrayed and abandoned, And left to her sighs and her tears,

May writhe in a prisoner's cell,

May, ere the sun rises to-morrow, Have the mask rudely torn from her face And sink from the height of her glory To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other! Of ourselves too little we know : are all weak when under temptation-

All subject to error and woe. Then let blessed Charity rule us-Let us put away envy and spite-

For the skeleton grim in our closet May some day be brought to the light.

#### BLOWN UP.

Can't say, I'm sure, sir. Been used to bilers all my life; but working 'em's different to making 'em. There's something wrong, as you say, or they wouldn't always be a-bustin'. 'Taiu't once, nor twice, nor new and then, for it's a thing as is always a happening; and though I've never had more than a scald or two myself, I've seen some strange sights-men all blown to pieces, so that they were picked up afterward in baskets; men taken to the hospital with their flesh hanging to them in rags, and they'd lie writhing and tearing at the wrappings in such agony that-there, I ain't above ewning it-I've cried like a child to see my poor mates' sufferings. a fully convinced that in three cases And there they'd be, day after day, till a four persons buying goods never find sort of calm came over them, and the pain make their purchases, and as an in- to 'em, they seemed so easy; and it would be because a gentle hand was laid upon

Some gets better, but not when they're scalded badly; for it's strange stuff, is steam, Well, no; I'm not afraid, and never do feel afraid. What's the good? One's got it to do, and there's the mouths at home to feed, so one can't afford it; and then the odds are precious long ones against it being one's own bustin. But now so many more steam engines are coming into use, day by day, it seems as if something ought to be done in the way of making bilers stronger. Cheapness is cheapness; but then a thing's dear at any price that makes such ruin as I've seen sometimes; so why dou't they try some tougher metal than iron?-though, certainly, steam's strong enough to tear up anything. But there seems to me to be some fresh plan wanted for making bilers. I didn't work there, but I went and had a look d'reckly after that horrible accident at the Big EBENSBURG, PA. Works last autumn. Well, there was Manufacturers and others who some- about an acre of buildings, sheds and setrer, swept away as if you'd batter'd 'em al' down : great fire bricks weighing a bundled and a half pitched here and there like chaff; sheets of lead sent flying a hundred yards; tall chimneys powdered down, and the big busted biler itself jumped right out of its place; while as to the middle of it, that was torn off and crumpled ily and Weekly. up, and blown, like a sheet of paper, to a distance. Plenty of life lost there, and plenty of escapes; but what I took most notice of was the plates torn off the biler ; torn off, as I said before, like so much paper, while these sheets or plates of iron had given away to the rivets, and looked for

all the world like torn-off postage stamps; torn off, of course, along the perforating. thing as wants altering. You perforate the edges of your plates to admit rivets, and so take half their strength off-p'r'aps in, and they p'r'aps crystallizes the irononly p'raps; mind, I don't so, only the raw edges of the biler looked crystally and britpressure o' steam, and up goes your biler-

"Then how are we to fasten our biler lates," says you, "if we don't rivet 'em?" low should I know? I ain't a scientific man-I only stokes. That's for you to find out. But you ain't a going to tell me, are you, that you scientific men and biler-makers can't find no other way to make bilers only by riveting them? Say you bends the plates edges over, and hooks one into the that underneath there would be someother, like tin sarspan-makers does their tin. They'd stand some strain that 'way.

and you wouldn't weaken your plates. I ain't a biler-maker, or I should try that

keep to what our fathers and grandfathers had before us. They went along and made of me.

The Indianapolis Journal tells this as a privilege is distributed and made of me.

The Indianapolis Journal tells this as a privilege is distributed and made of me.

And now far up in the sky the warm true story: "Mr. L. Barr, an employe at the stock, it is called a "straddle," and the stock of the stock their footmarks, and we go along after 'em. And so on we worked, hour after hour,

Stoked locomotives and stationaries, agri- the sweat ran down my face; but I turned offices, and been down in the engine-rooms large lifted, for I said to myself, "She

know, for any body, specially in a hot country, where every breath of air that her long curls dabbed in blood. comes down to you is already roasted, as it were, and can't do you no good.

Bustins? Well, no, only one, and that was quite enough; for though it didn't burt any body it did hurt my heart, and if you happen to be a father you'll understand what I mean.

It was dinner-time at our work-a great place, where the engine used to be going to pump water night and day, so that there were two of us; one week I'd be on daywork, next week night-work, and so on. Now, it so happened that our water in that part was terribly hard-water that would cover the juside of a biler with thick fur in no time. But whether it was that or not I can't say; all I know is that one dinnertime I went out into the yard to wash my hands and have a cooler, when I heard a strange, wild, rustling noise, and felt something hit me on the back of the head; and then, turning round, I stood fixed to the spot, for the air was black with tiles, and brick, and laths, and rafters, while the whole place seemed to be crambling up together, just like if you'd built up a tall card bouse, and then tapped it so that one card fell on top of another till there was a litt'e beap all lying close and snug; so that out of a tall building there was nothing left but some smoking ruins.

I know it was not my fault, for I had looked at the guage just before, and the pressure of steam-wasn't heavy. I know there was plenty of water in the biler, and the safety-valve was all right; so that all I could do was to be thankful for the accident happening at dinner-time, and also for my own wonderful escape. And then, though I wasu't hurt, something seemed to come over me like a flash, and struck me calm her, and she went to sleep. to the ground in an instant.

When I came to, I felt horribly sick and deathly like, and I looked about from face to face, wondering what was the matter. for I couldn't make it out why I should be exchange for country produce, I will, 'em, and they were going into the long a lying on my back, with people round me in the yard-one holding up my head, and another sprinkling my face with water.

Then it all came back at once, and I shuddered as I turned my head and looked at the ruised works; for I knew what it was struck me down to the earth. I said before it was like a flash, and it was-it was the quick thought which came across my brain, for I knew that, being dinnertime, my little golden-haired gal would have brought my 'lowance tied up in a basin, and something had told me that she had gone into the stoke-hole to find me when I had gone into the yard.

"Let me get up," I says, and I ran toward the ruins and began tearing away at the heap of brick and rubbish, while the crowd now gathered together, hearing that there was some one underneath, began

tearing away at the rubbish like fury. By and by the police came and some gentlemen and something like order was got at, and people worked well to get down to where the stoke-hole had been. I had said there was some one there, but I couldn't shape my mouth to say who it was, and some said it was one man and some another; but whoever they named seemed to come directly back from his dinner or because he had heard the explosion. So, by and by, people began to look from one to another and ask who it was.

"Ask Wilum," says some one, "he was here at the time," and some one asked me. But I had no occasion to speak, for just then, alarmed at the child not going back night, as usual, the little gal's mother came shricking out and crying :

"Where's little Patty? Where's little Patty ?" And then, when no one spoke, she gave a sort of pitiful moan and sank "Now, then," I says to myself, "that's a slowly down-first on her knees and then sideways on to a heap of bricks; and I remember thinking it was best, for I could not find it in my heart to go to her help, more; then you puts, perhaps, hot rivets but kept on tearing away at the hot bricks and rubbish.

It was puzzling and worriting, for one could not seem to be sure of where anytle. Weil, then, some day comes a hextry thing had once stood in the horrible confusion before us. One said the stoke-hole even I, who had worked there two years, much lost time. could not be sure amid the confusion

Hour after hour went by, and still we beam was lifted or dragged away I was obliged to turn my head, for I felt sick, and the place seemed to swim; for I expected to see Patty's little bright curls torn out and hanging to the jagged wood, and thing horrible and crushed.

I know it wasn't manly, but what can I say when there was a little, bright, blue-

putting our feet in just the same spots, men getting tired and dropping off, but althinking it must be right, come what will ways plenty ready to fill their places; while I-I never thought of it, but kept Had to do with engines many years, on tearing away till my hands bled, and

of steamers; and that last's about the hot- must be under that!" And then again test and worst of ail. Killing work, you and again, in my mind, I seemed to see the torn and crushed face of my darling, and

In the midst of the piled-up blackened ruins-bricks, mortar, tiles, lead, and ragged and torn beams, huge pieces of wood snapped and torn like matches-we toiled on hour after hour till the dark night came, when the gas-pipes that had been laid bare and plugged were unstopped, and the gas lit, so that it flared and blazed and cast a strange wild light over the ruined place. There had been flames burst forth two or three times from parts of the ruins, but a few sprinktings from the fire-engine in attendance had put them out; and as we worked on the rubbish grew cooler and

Some said that the child could not have been there, but the sight of her mother tearing out was sufficient, when once she got away from the people who had her in their house-a house where but part of the windows had been broken by the explosion -and came running to where I was at work, snatching at the bricks and wood till I got two or three to take her back, for I couldn't have left where I was to have saved my life. But I remember so well asking myself why it was that women will let down their back hair when they're in a state of excitement, and make 'emselves

By and by some one came to say how bad my wife was, and that she wanted to see me; but I felt that I couldn't go, and kept on in a fevered sort of way, work, work; and I've thought since that if she had been dying it would have been all the same. However, I heard soon after that she seemed a little better, and I found out afterward that a doctor there had given the poor thing something that seemed to

It would have been a strong dose, though, that would have sent me off to sleep, as sulted if you'd offered them five shillings never tiring, but lifting beams that two or little durling had won the hearts of all three men would have gone at, and tossing around. Often and often, since, too, I the rubbish away like so much straw.

The owners were kind enough, and did all they could to encourage the men, sending out beer and other refreshments; but the heap of stuff to move was something frightful, and more than once I felt quite in despair, and ready to sit down and cry weakly. But I was at it again the next moment, and working with the best of

"Hadn't you better leave now?" said one of my masters : "I'll see that every-

I gave him one look, and he laid his hand kindly on my shoulder, and said no more to me about going; and I heard him say, "Poor fellow!" to some one by him as he

We came upon the boiler quite half a dozen yards out of its place, ripped right across where the rivets went; while as for the engine it was one curious bit of iron tangle-rods and bars and pieces of iron and brass twisted and turned and bent about like so much string, and the great fly-wheel was broken in half a dozen

This showed us now where the great cellar-like place, the stoke-hole was, and we worked down now toward that, but still clearing the way, for how could I tell where the child might be? But it was weary, slow work, every now and then rigging up shears and fastening ropes and pulley and sheaf to haul up some great piece of iron or a beam, and, willing as every one was, we made very little progress in the dark

Once we had to stop and batter down a wall with a scaffold-pole; for the police declared it to be unsafe, and the sergeant would not let us work near it till it was down, and all the time I was raging like a madman at the check. But it was of no use, and the man was right. He was doing his duty, and not like me searching for the little crushed form of my darling in the crael ruins. The people made me worse, for they would talk and say what they thought so that I could hear. One would say she might still be alive; another would shake his head, and so on; when I kept stopping in spite of all I tried not listening this time : I had uncovered a little foot, and busted, and spreading ruin, and death, and had been here, and another there; but to what they said, and it all seemed so there was the little white sock all blood-

> The engine-room was now cleared, and in spite of my trembling and horror, as | little read spot. worked on while, as every big rafter or every big piece was disturbed, nothing had been found, but all at once as we were trying to clear behind the boiler, and get down to the stoke-hole, one of the men gave a till there, in the gray light of the morning, with jewels, and estimated to be worth at cry. I caught at the man nearest to me. I was looking upon the little motionless and then lights, rubbish, the strange wild scene, all seemed to run round me, and I I had fancied, dabbed in blood from a cut should have fallen only the man held me in her little white forehead, where the nor can the lady or her family imagine who

up, and some one brought me some brandy. I was myself again directly, and, stumbeyed child in the case-one of those little ling over the bricks to where a knot of men dodge, I think; but there, that's only one things whose look will make your great had collected, and a policeman had his my heart would break to see the little, way out of many as could be found by ex- rough hand fall to your side when raised bulls-eye lantern open, and they were in anger, while the tiny thing can lead you stooping to look at something that lay just Seems to me, sir, as if we English people about and do what she likes with you? under a beam they had raised to the left the men all drew back till I knelt there all hates anything new, and always wants to P'r'aps I ain't maniy, but, somehow, chil- of where I expected she would be found. alone.

Then, with my throat dry and my eyes staring, I crept up and thrust two men aside, right and left, when the other made way for me without speaking, and when I culturals and manufactories, and printing away every time there was something got close up I covered my face with my hands and softly knelt down.

"Poor little thing, she must have run past

another, I was blinded and could not see | mer, whispered this one wordfor a few minutes; till, stooping a little lower, there, smashed and flattened, covered with mortar and dust, was my old red cotton handkercher, tied around the basin here by my little darling.

For a few moments I was, as it were, struck dumb-it was so different a sight to what I had expected to see; and then I ing red. leaped up and laughed, and shouted and danced-the relief was so great.

an hour or more we are at it, working a way till the light began to come in the east, and tell us that it was daybreak.

Late as it was, plenty of people had stopped all the time; for somehow or another hundreds had got to know the bright, golden haired thing that trotted backward and forward every day with my dinner basin. She was too little to do it, but then, bless you, that was our pride; for my wife combed and brushed and dressed her up on purpose. And fine and proud we used to be of the little thing going and comingso old-fashioned. Why, lots of heads used to be thrust out to watch her; and seeing we used to feel that every one would try and protect her; and that was so. Time after time that night I saw motherly-looking women, that I did not know, with their aprons to their eyes, sobbing and crying; and though I didn't notice it then, I remembered it well enough afterwards -ab ! and always shall; while the way in which some of the men worked-well-to-do men who would have thought themselves infor their night's job-showed how my poor could have stopped this one, and shook hands with that one, for their kindness : only there's always that shut-upness about an Englishman that seems to make him all heart at a time of sorrow, and a piece of solid bluntness at every other time.

we were all worked up to a pitch of excitement that nothing could be like. We had been expecting to come upon the poor child all the afternoon and night, but now there could be no doubt of it. She must be here: for we were now down in the stoke-hole. working again with more vigor than had been shown for hours. Men's faces were flushed and their teeth set. They don't talk, only in whispers, and the stuff went flying out as fast as others could take it

"Easy, easy," the sergeant of the police kept saying, as he and two of his men kept us well lit with the strong light of their

But the men tore on, till at last the place was about cleared out, and we had got to a mass of brick wall sloping against one side, and a little wood work on the other side, along with some rubbish.

And now was the exciting time as we went, four of us, at the brick wall, dragged at it, and raised it, when some woman above shrieked out, and we stood trembs sex. Mr. Higgins had no other son. ling, for it had crumbled down and lay all of a heap where we had raised it from.

And we tore the bricks away till there was hardly a scrap left, and we stood staring at one another.

"Quick!" I shouted, huskily.

"Why, she ain't here, arter all !" says a policeman. "I'm blest," says another.

But I couldn't speak, for I did not know what to do; but stood staring about as if I expected next to see the little darling come running up again unhurt. "Try there," says the Sergeant,

Then he turned on his light into a dark corner, where the bits of wood lay, and I darted across and threw back two or three pieces, when I gave a cry, and fell on my knees again. For there was no mistake breast as I stooped down and kissed the every head level with the ground !

"Steady," said the Sergeant; and then quickly, as I knelt there, they reached over me, and lifted piece after piece away, golden arrow of elegant manufacture, set figure, lying there with her golden hair, as blood had run, but now lay hard and dry. Covered with blood and scraps of mortar. she lay stretched out there, and I felt as if peaceful face almost with a smile upon it: ly determine. The gift surely cannot be

reflected down upon that tiny face, lighting it up with almost heavenly beauty; and as I knelt there in the still silence of that half-stifled sob from those looking on.

With trembling hands I leaned forward neath her, I rose on my knee to bear her and has bright black eyes.

The policeman said something and some out, when I stopped as if turned to stone, one else spoke cheerily; but I couldn't then let go, and clasped both my raw and hear what they said, for my every thought | bleeding hands to my blackened forehead, was upon what I was going to see. And | and shricking out, "My God, she's alive!" now, for the first time, the great blind | I fell back insensible : for those little blue tears came gushing from my eyes, so when eyes had opened at my touch, and a voice, I slowly took down first one hand and then like the faintest sigh of the wind in sum-

"Father !"

That's her, sir. Fine girl she's grown, ain't she? But she was beautiful as a and plate that held my dinner, dropped | child. Hair ever so many shades lighter; and uniess you went close up you couldn't see the mark of that cut, though it was some time before the scar gave over look-

But really, you know, sir, there ought to be something flone about these bilers; for "Come on !" I cried again ; and then, for the rate at which they're a bustin's fearful.

> THE YELL OF A FROG.-Every boy who is acquainted with frogs, knows that their creaking "song" is not all that they swooned and had to be carried on board the can do in the vocal line. An English gen- vessel. In the boat nothing was found but tleman thus records his observations on an interesting, though not generally appreci- brought back to life and strength by the ated member of the rana family :

The fact that the common frog is capable of crying out lustily, when he feels himself in danger, does not seem to have been frequently remarked. In my small walled garden there is a common frog, who is persecuted by three cats. His residence is a heap of slates at the foot of an ivied wall. and here he is safe. But if he ventures far abroad, his tormentors soon espy him; and, how pretty and artless and young she was, though they seem nearly as much terrified as himself, they cannot resist the temptation to touch him with their paws. He immediately opens his mouth and

utters a prolonged cry, which appears to be very surprising to the cars, who draw back for a few moments, and then paw him again-apparently out of mere curiosityto be again scared by the same unusual sound. This sound is a shrill and rather suppliant wail, like the note of a small penny trumpet, or the cry of a new born in-There can be no mistake about it, as I

the same cry has immediately followed, the lower jaw being dropped so that the mouth stands open about a quarter of an inch at the tip. What must have been the uproar in the hig Cretoncean swamps, during the old ge-

ological days, when a million of frogs each about the size of a calf, when all opened their mouths together? The thunders of their croak must have been tremendous-Well, it was now just upon morning, and to say nothing of their yelling when they

> AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE, -Some years ago the Lancet published the following, vouched for by good authority: The wife of a Mr. Higgins, a farmer of Baltonss borough, near Glastonburg, having brought him three daughters in succession, and no son, he was so disconcerted at the repeated disappointment that he vowed that if his next child should be a daughter he would never speak to her. To his great joy his wife gave birth to a son, and nothing occurred to lessen his satisfaction until the child began to speak. To his astonishment and distress he then found that while the boy would readily address his mother and sisters, and indeed any female, nothing could induce him to utter a word to his. father, or any male person. This singularity continued during the whole of the father's life; entreaties, threats and promises were of no avail, and the unbappy man frequently bewalled, with tears, the distressing consequences of his rash yow. On the death of Mr. Higgins, the young man, to the astonishment of all who knew him, began to speak fluently to males, although for thirty years previously he had never been heard to utter a word to any of that

> A SEA STORY SOMEWHAT EARTHY .-The crew of an English man-of-war was down with scarvy, and there being none of the usual remedies at hand, an old sailor suggested the trying of one which had saved a ship's crew in some land of the tropics. This was simply to bury the men upright as far as their chins, until the earth drew the poison out of their bodies.

Six pits were quickly dug in the warm alluvial soil, and when the sun went down, the men were placed in them, and the earth shoveled in around them. It was a beautiful moonlight night; and the operation completed, the invalids chatted gayly together; their shaggy heads just bursting by these animals is almost incredible, and through the earth, in the fitful moonlight, made them look like men coming up to judgment; their voices sounded wei d and ghostly, as of another world. After awhile, one by one they fell asleep, and all was still. Their comrades then stole away and sought their cabins. When they arose in the morning and went to see low the buried there was the little white sock all blood- men fared, they found that the wolves stained; and I felt a great sob rise from my came down in the night, and had eaten off

A YOUNG LAWY of Troy, N. Y., received about Valentine's day a box by express She found in it a beef's heart pierced with a least seventy-five dollars. It is probably intended to be used either as a neck-pin or as an ornament for the hair. There was not the least intimation who is the giver. sent it. For the donor of so munificent a gift he shows a strange taste in sending such a remarkable valentine to a lady. A pet dog had the heart for his dinner, but what to do with the pin the lady can hardintended as an insult, and is probably the result of some odd conecit.

back to me say; and then some one else, light of the rising sun shone, and it was one of our rolling mills, is said to be one of the most payor al men west of the Alleghenies. He often picks up a couple of rails weighing 1,120 pounds for a small compensation, and can handle a 560 pound rail early morn I could hear again and again a easier than most men can handle a fair-sized stick of wood. He is credited with having lifted 1,475 pounds not long since. This modern Samson wears his hair short, is six and raised her head; then, passing one be- feet in height, magnificently proportioned,

A MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION.

A writer to the London Times writing from Copenhagen, says:

"A Norwegian paper is relating a tale of an almost miraculous preservation. The captain of the schooner Amazon, of Stavanger, recently arrived at Bergen with a cargo of salt, reports that in passing the British Channel he had the opportunity of saving a British lad of afteen under very peculiar circumstances. The Amazon was about twelve geographical miles from the British shore when the captain thought he observed through his telescope something floating on the water. He altered his course so as to get nearer, and soon discovered that it was a small boat, in which a lad was lying fast

"The shouting from the schooner did not awaken him, but when a log was thrown over into the boat he awoke with a sudden start; an end of a line was thrown to him, and he was just able to fasten it when he a pair of oars and a Bible. The lad, when tender care shown to him, gave the following account of his fate: He was sitting on the shore, reading his Bible, when some of his companions came down to him and teased him with the marner in which he spent his leisure time. To escape from their banter he got into a boat and kept on reading, when suddenly he discovered, to his great dismay, that his persecutors had cut the line and left his frail boat to the power of

the quick running ebb. "He tried to use the oars, but struggled in vain against wind and water, and, as a dense fog set in, he soon lost sight of land. After several hours of alternate strugglo and nowerless despair he fell asleep, and sleep remained in fact his only comfort against hunger, cold, and the deep pangs of his isolation during the three days and two nights which he had spent in his frail boat happily, neither the name of the lad nor of the place where his parents live is given, but that will, I suppose, not be difficult to get at when the fact obtains your wide publicity. The name of the captain of the Amazon is Thompson."

# ELEPHANT LABORERS.

It would be too long to relate all the uses to which elephants are applied in Burmah. Let us watch them at work among the woodyards where the trunks of tickwood tree, which come floating down the river, are piled. Every working-elephant is mounted by a driver called a "cornac," whose min. cipal business is rather to excite the animal than to direct it.

In the season when the reads are cut, the trunks come down the bar much faster than they can be disposed of in the saw mills, and they accumulate in vast quantities all along the banks. It is necessary, therefore, to drag the trees out of the water and arrange them in piles until such time as they can be ent up. There are only three sorts of piles, varying with the size of the trees. First an elephant in the water clears the logs from the mass and ranges them one by one upon the river bank. He carefully examines the chaos of logs and proceeds with tucks and trunk to disengage the tree he has selected and which he intends to earry to land. As soon as the tree is placed on the bank another elephant is harnessed to it and drags it to the woodyard, where he leaves it. Two other elephan's now come up, and one of them takes one end of the log upon his trunk and drags it to the pile upon which, in view of its size, it ought to be placed, while his companion assists him by pushing the log with all his might. As soon as they reach the proper pile the first elephant lifts the top of the log upon the pile, then he forms a kind of ring around the log with his trunk, while the other with a vigorous blow of his head shoots the log into its place. The intelligence displayed we should scarcely have believed it if we had not seen their movements as described

# THE SLANG OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Gamblers of every grade, says a contemporary, have their slang terms to convey to the initiated just what they mean; and however blind it may be to the uninitinted, it is perfectly intelligible to those possessed of the high civilization (?) nécessary to "manipulate stocks," Four different forms of contracts are known under the general term of stock privileges. The "put" and "call" are single privileges. A "straddle" and "spread" are double privileges. A "ptit" is a contract giving the holder the right of delivering a certain amount of stock within a definite time at a stipulated price. A "call" is exactly the reverse of a "put," being a contract giving the holder the right of calling for the stock instead of delivering it. A dotable privilege is a "put" and "call" on the same stock in one contract. When a double costs from two and a half to five per cent. premium: But when drawn at a distance of from one or two and a half per cent. above and bolow the market price, it is called a "spread," for which a fixed premfum of two per cent. is paid. The distance from the market at which a "spread" is drawn depends on the class of stock and the activity of the market.