THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Sept. 3, 1875.

Democratic State Convention.

At a meeting of the Democratic State Committee, held in Harrisburg, March 4th, 1875, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the next Democratic State Convention, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Governor and State Treasurer, be held in the city of ERIE, on WEDNESDAY, the 8th day of SEPTEMBER, 1875, at noon.

The convention will consist of the usual number of delegates, viz: One delegate for each member of the Senate and House of Representatives.

JOHN MILLER, Chairman.

WITHOUT going into details, we are enabled to state from authentic information that Samuel J. Randall's self-confident predictions of his election to the Speakership of the next national House of Representatives are likely to come to grief, and, like Dead Sea fruit, turn to ashes on his lips. For well known reasons, heretofore stated by us, we never could believe that he stood the ghost of a chance. We are now well satisfied that the conduct of the war on his part will not come up to the high-sounding tone of the manifesto. In slang phrase, "That goose is cooked!"

THE Phila. *Times* deems it worthy of note that the Cincinnati Republican Convention, which met on Wednesday, tabled a resolution demanding the repeal of the Ohio Ghegan law. When it is considered that the party leaders have decided to conduct the canvass in Ohio solely on the religious issue, the hypocrisy of their position is made painfully apparent by the refusal of the Cincinnati Convention to condemn the Ghegan act. The resolution produced a profound consternation in the convention, and bold protests came up at once against its passage, when it was tabled by general consent. And yet the Ghegan law is the whole stock in trade of those who would degrade religion by plunging it into a desperate political contest. It simply provides that any persons in an Ohio charitable institution, needing religious ministrations, may be attended by a minister of their faith, if desired—this and nothing more. It is not surprising that a convention refused to demand its repeal, but it is surprising that the same party clamors against a law before the people that they dare not manfully condemn where a record must be made.

IT is only five weeks from next Tuesday until the Ohio election, and yet the Southern outrage mill, usually so busy just before an election in a Northern State in grinding out homicides of negroes and ku kluxing of loyal white men, is idle, and its former bloody work, like Othello's occupation, is gone. If George H. Williams was now Grant's Attorney General, as, thank Heaven! he is not, it would be doing a flourishing business and would furnish its stereotyped tales of butchery and horror, at the bare recital of which the northern mind would grow sick. Louisiana, under the Congressional compromise of last winter, which the conservatives accepted for the sake of peace, is quiet and orderly; Arkansas having escaped from the threatened grip of Grant, and now being under Democratic rule, is advancing to prosperity with rapid strides; the days of the carpet-bagger have passed away in Alabama and under the administration of her new Governor (Houston) peace and order prevail, and as soon as the Democrats in Mississippi, aided by the intelligent but deceived colored voters, can give Gov. Ames, the son-in-law of Ben. Butler, "a good send off" through the ballot-box, there will be no more bloody riots inaugurated in Vicksburg, in that State, for political purposes. Altogether the future of the South is bright and promising for both the white and the black man, and the rapacity of its official thieves and robbers will soon be a thing of the past.

AT the close of the Auditor General's report for the year 1874, under the head "Miscellaneous," will be found the following item of expenditure:

Wm. B. Mann, District Attorney of Philadelphia, for examining the books and accounts of foreign insurance companies, in Philadelphia, and reporting the same to the Auditor General..... $9,624.48

We do not know how many *foreign* insurance companies there are in Philadelphia, but it may be safely assumed that their number is not very large. And yet this king of the Philadelphia ring, the notorious Bill Mann, was paid out of the treasury last year over *nine thousand* dollars for examining their books and accounts—a sum, which is more than *one-third* what the annual salary of the President was before Grant and the salary grabbers in Congress increased it two fold. We do not suppose that "sweet Will am" spent a great deal of time in making the examination—certainly not one-tenth enough to justify such enormous pay. The business has proven a rich *placer* for such an enterprising explorer as Mann, for in 1867, according to the State Treasurer's report, he was paid for similar work $12,144.34, and in 1868, $17,922.74. During the session of 1869, Mr. Brown, a Democratic member from Clarion county, offered a resolution requesting the Auditor General to send in a statement showing what services Mann had rendered for this $30,000, but Mann's ring friends in the House promptly voted it down. The whole thing is a shameless fraud and is one of the innumerable ways in which the tax-payers are plundered by corrupt radical politicians. Bill Mann is making speeches and attempting to gull the people into the support of Hartranft, because, as he says, Hartranft is a model governor and the friend of economy and reform. Was ever impudence more unblushing?

The Erie Convention.

The Democratic State Convention will meet at Erie on next Wednesday. A very weighty responsibility will rest upon it, and the result of its deliberations will be awaited with intense interest. From our knowledge of the delegates who will compose it, personally as well as by reputation, it will not fall short, if it does not surpass, in intellect and character most of the State conventions which of late years have preceded it. As much is expected of it, we trust that its members will fully appreciate the neccessity of a full and thorough interchange of views, and the reasons upon which they are founded, before taking final action on the important business committed to their charge. "Make haste slowly" is a motto which every delegate to the convention ought steadily to keep in view. It is an old saying, that in a multitude of counsellors there is wisdom; but, like all other general propositions, it has its exceptions. We have known more than one Democratic State Convention which has brought wreck and disaster to the hopes and prospects of the party, by hasty and inconsiderate action, merely to gratify the imperious and unreasonable demands of a few of its prominent and leading members. Personal considerations are only entitled to respect when they are in harmony with the political fitness of things, and when they will not endanger a reasonable chance of success. What the people now demand is an honest, economical and high-toned State government, and they are not so much interested in the nomination of any two particular men for Governor and State Treasurer as they are that the candidates will fully meet their expectations in that respect after they have been elected.

Samuel J. Tilden, Governor of New York, is a living and most notable example of what an honest and courageous man can do as a reformer, when he enters upon the work with fearless courage and an indomitable will. Already, at the very commencement of his administration, his bold and vigorous measures have caused a terrible shaking of dry bones among the thieves and plunderers of that State, who will be made to disgorge their ill-gotten spoils and restore them to the treasury. Have we a Tilden, or a man who nearly approaches to him, in Pennsylvania? If we have, let the Erie convention summon him to the front, and the people will call it blessed and hail him with loud acclaim. They want no counterpart of the good-natured, easy, negative Hartranft in the Executive chair, nor of the adroit, speculating Mackey to take charge of the treasury vaults; but honest, positive men—men who own themselves and are not owned by corrupt rings—men who see the right and dare the right pursue. We will not of course undertake to foreshadow who the coming man will be. Many names have been mentioned in connection with the nomination, most of them from a feeling of local pride merely and without any ultimate chance of success. There are, however, several first class names on the list chief amongst which, as we have heretofore expressed our deliberate conviction, is Cyrus L. Pershing, now President Judge of the Schuylkill district. From a careful study of the whole field, we believe him to be the strongest candidate named, and that with his nomination the Democracy of the State would be thrown less on the *defensive*—a most important consideration—than they would encounter with that of any other man. There may be just a possibility that we are mistaken, but we confess that we are utterly unable to see it. We feel that with him we could certainly win. We will not say, because we do not believe it, that with another we could not do so, provided he possesses some of the same elements of strength that Judge Pershing unquestionably does. It is our own judgment, however, that such a man will be difficult to find. If the members of the Erie convention will rise to the full responsibility of the occasion, they can make the first Tuesday of November a political Austerlitz, or they can just as easily turn it into a political Waterloo.

KNOWING the fact that the Senatorial conferees from this county were instructed by the County Committee when it appointed them to vote for John H. Fiske as the Senatorial delegate from this district (Cambria and Blair) to the Erie convention, and believing, as it had a right to believe, that the conferees would act in *good faith*, the Democratic convention of Blair county, at its meeting on last Monday, conceded the delegate to Cambria, and deeming it entirely unnecessary to elect conferees for that purpose, left the appointment exclusively with the conferees from this county. This was right and proper and threw the entire responsibility of the selection on the Cambria Conferees, precisely where it ought to rest. We have only time and space to day (Thursday,) to make the humiliating announcement to the Democracy of the county and the district, that the Cambria Conferees met at the Summit, on Wednesday afternoon and appointed, not John H. Fiske, who is a true and unflinching Democrat, but John Porter, a notorious political guerilla. In the name of a betrayed and outraged Democracy, we hereby register their indignant protest against this high-handed proceeding. To them it is an *insult*, at once gross, shameless and unpardonable, and not soon to be forgotten. The *true* Democracy of this Senatorial district will *not* be represented at Erie, but political bushwhackers *will*.

HON. ELI SLIFER of Union County, declines to be a candidate before the Erie Convention, for State treasurer.

LAST WORDS.

In less than one week from to-day the Erie Convention will have met, nominated candidates for Governor and Treasurer, laid down its platform, and adjourned. This, therefore, is the only opportunity we shall have of addressing a few last words to the gentlemen who will compose that body, previous to their meeting.

The people (and we use the word not in the cant of the stump, but in contradistinction to wire-pullers and political tricksters) are going to decide the contest this Fall. When business is brisk, wages good, employment plenty, and not only the necessaries, but many of the luxuries of life within the reach of every industrious citizen, the people are absorbed with their private affairs, and leave public matters to be run by the professional politicians.

When, however, all this is reversed, as it is at this time, and business stagnates, and thousands willing and anxious to work are found struggling for the necessaries of life, then indeed do the people take an active and prominent part in the direction of their public affairs. Compelled to economize, trying everything and searching everywhere for relief, they scrutinize more closely and rigidly the management of their public trusts. Such is their present condition, and such the work they are now and will be engaged in until election day.

Of but little avail then will it be for stump orators and party organs to proclaim—that the State debt has been reduced, when they discover that had the taxes, they have paid been honestly appropriated, it would have been reduced still more—that they pay no State taxes, that they are paid by the corporations of the State, when their support enables corporations to pay both State taxes and large dividends—that even if Hartranft and Mackey have speculated with and plundered the State funds, their predecessors did the same—that salaries and all the expenses of the government have increased because all the expenses of living have also greatly increased, when they know that they are living on far less than they did a few years ago; as well might you attempt to satisfy the hunger of a starving man with promises as to hoodwink the people with such subterfuges.

They need, and must and will have something more practical, something that will give them promise of relief and better times. The promises of orators, newspapers and party platforms will not satisfy them unless, accompanied with candidates whose reputations will give assurance of their being carried out.

Let the platform at Erie be brief, plain, candid, and confined to State issues.

Let it unequivocally commit the party to a reduction of salaries and all other expenses, and to an honest, faithful and economical administration of every department of the State Government.

Then see to it that such candidates are nominated as will inspire the people with confidence, that if elected, they will carry out the promises in the platforms, and your victory of last will be insignificant compared with that of the present year.

Our candidate for Governor should be a man of sterling integrity, and known as such throughout the State; he should be neither an office holder nor one who has been an office seeker, for whilst we know men of both classes, who are thoroughly honest, upright and conscientious, and whom we could cordially support for any office, yet the people look upon them as identified with, and as having been instrumental in bringing about, the present state of affairs; he should be a bold, courageous and just man, not afraid to do right, who would strike down corruption within his own party as soon and as earnestly as within that of his opponents.

With a candidate embodying such qualities placed in the field against Mackey's friend and co-speculator the contest would not be doubtful.

The candidate for State Treasurer should be a man of like character, and entirely free from all corporate connection or influence.

From what we know of the gentlemen selected to the Erie Convention, we have every confidence that they will fully satisfy public expectation and the popular demand, well knowing as they do, that, whilst politicians may set up and run conventions, the people when aroused determine elections.

WHAT CAUSED THE FAILURE.—The failure of the Bank of California, while immediately caused by the depositors' run, was directly the outcome of a conflict between two classes of California speculators, one of the Bank of California party, headed by Mr. Ralston and Mr. Sharon, and the other headed by Messrs. Flood, O'Brien & Haydenfelt. The latter party have established a bank in San Francisco, called the Bank of Nevada, with a cash capital of $5,000,000, gold, and the right to increase to $20,000,000. Incidental to this fight have been the mining properties known as the Savage, the Caledonia, the California, the Ophir and the Consolidated Virginia. The three latter are known as the Big Bonanza mines, and the Bank of California partly obtained control of them. In getting this control the stock of the California was run up from sixty to 8.00, was then multiplied by five, which would make the highest price $1.60. It has since decline to fifty-three. The Ophir stock, while they were getting control, advanced to 7.00, was multiplied by five, making 7.00 represent 1.40 in new stock. It has since declined to forty-six. The consolidated Virginia, during the process of getting control, advanced from 86 to 7.80.

A MERCHANT ROBBED.—On Monday, Patrick Flinn, a merchant of Mt Carmel, started to Philadelphia to buy goods. While on the cars, at Minersvill, he made the acquaintance of a fellow-passenger, who stated that he was also going to Philadelphia. The two stopped in Reading, and missing the regular passenger train, Flinn was persuaded by his companion to take the freight train. At Monoeacy the new found friend suggested that they had better alight and walk into Pottstown, as they would be discovered riding on the freight train. Upon reaching a point near Douglassville, they were joined by two other men, and one of the three walking close behind Flinn, knocked him down, and the others kicked him until he was almost insensible. They robbed him of $120 he had on his person, and sprang into a boat and put off for the opposite shore. The boat upset, but they made their way across by swimming and wading. By that time the neighborhood was thoroughly aroused.—The robbers were caught in a corn field, and committed to Reading prison.

—There was much excitement at Shenandoah, Wednesday morning, occasioned by the shooting of Thomas Sauger, at Lehigh Colliery. Sauger was inside boss for J. M. Heaton & Co., at Raven Run Mines, and was shot by five men, all strangers, receiving six bullets and expiring immediately. Another man, name unknown, was also shot. The cause of the assassination is said to be that the miners became dissatisfied with Sauger a year ago, and refused labor, however, but since then he has received coffin notices, and notice to leave or he would be killed. A later telegram states that two more men have been shot.

THE California election took place on Wednesday the 1st inst. The Maine election occurs Monday, September 13th.

Sectional Friendship.

SPEECH OF A MISSISSIPPI EDITOR.

At a reception to an excursion party of Mississippi editors, on Friday evening last, Mr. S. H. Stackhouse, of the Hazelhurst *Copiahan*, made the following reply to the address of welcome: "When the Queen of Sheba visited old man Solomon's dominions in the ancient time, flew over his hills and dales in his lightning railroad trains, sailed over his great lakes in his big steamers, rode upon his keel-boats as they plowed his canals, examined critically his farm and machine shops, she finally made her way to his headquarters and formally interviewed the thrifty old autocrat of all the Jews; and in that interview candor constrained her to acknowledge that although she had heard much of his greatness and magnificence, yet the half had not been told her. So it is with us, fellow citizens of Buffalo, in reference to this tremendous country you have got. We have heard a great deal about you. We have read much concerning you in your big newspapers, of your thrift, your push, your genius, enterprise, wealth, progress and irrepressibility. But now, since we have traversed a considerable scope of your grand domain, we are, like the Queen of Sheba, forced to acknowledge that the half has not been told us. We are not going into any more war with you fellows. If we had known how confounded numerous you were—what vast resources you had—what a nation of git up and gitters you are—we should never have been guilty of the absurdity of trying to whip you in the first place. Now that we have seen for ourselves, and gotten some sort of an idea of the magnitude of the job of cleaning you out, we consider that another war on our side would be preposterous and ridiculous, and we are for peace.

"Yes, fellow citizens of Buffalo, we are here in the interest of peace—God-like peace. In the glowing language of the inspired psalmist, 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' We believe in peace. We are quite ready to be harmonized. And I am glad to be able to say that everywhere we have been in the North and West we have met a cordial welcome and kindly greeting. Nobody has made faces at us. We have felt O. K. all the time. The railroads have deadheaded us and given us the finest drawing-room cars to sleep in. The hotels have reduced their rates, and some of them didn't have the heart to charge us at all. We have been well fed at all your eating institutions where we have stopped. In some places they have wined us and they dined us, rode us out in carriages and showed us the sights, made speeches to us, serenaded us with their brass bands, etc., etc. We have had just a splendid time of it. The ladies (God bless 'em, always) have smiled upon us, and the men have sometimes even gone to the extent of asking us to take a drink. That last is the capstone to the climax of reconciliation. [Hear, hear!] The true road to a Mississippi editor's heart is to invite him to take a drink with you. If that don't harmonize him—if that don't capture him—if *that* don't bring peace to the land and save the country, nothing else on earth will."

A SEWING-MACHINE AGENT ROASTED.—The Reading *Daily Eagle* says: The usually quiet little village of Leesport, on the line of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, eight miles above this city, has had a sensation which has caused a good deal of amusement. A Reading sewing machine agent induced the head of a family there to take a machine and pay for it in monthly instalments. Before the machine was entirely paid off the husband and father died. The widow was in destitute circumstances with half a dozen children, and unable to pay the balance owing on the machine, when the agent came around to take the machine away. She was determined that he should not remove the machine until he had handed back at least some of the money that had been paid on it by her husband. He was apparently just as determined to secure the machine without returning any of the filthy lucre, insulted the woman, and endeavored to take by force what he said belonged to the company by reason of the payments of monthly instalments having been stopped. While the agent was inside the house she locked both the front and back doors, put the keys in her dress pocket, and being a robust woman "went for" the agent. She took hold of him, and a severe and prolonged tussle ensued, whilst the children were frightened, and cried and screamed. The widow threw the agent over the hot kitchen stove, and finally succeeded in sitting him down on top of it and held him there, when he begged piteously for mercy—"For God's sake, let me go, and I'll pay you back every cent your husband paid me." Being satisfied that he was severely scorched, if not partly roasted around the thighs, she pulled him off the stove, but held on to him till he had paid back every cent of the installments, and then she gave him two minutes' time to take the machine and clear out with it! The name of the plucky woman, and also that of the agent, are withheld by special request.

THE IRISH CENSUS.—The census of Ireland, begun four years since and just completed, shows that there are 960,000 dwelling houses on the island, a decrease of 360,000 since 1841. The population in the same period has fallen off 2,763,000. From 1861 to 1871 the decrease of population was only 386,000, and it is not believed that the natural increase will soon commence to make up the decrease by emigration. The survey of the island shows that out of the 21,000,000 acres of its territory, nearly 5,000,000 are unfitted for cultivation, being either lake, bog or mountain, leaving an area of productive land little more than three times the size of Massachusetts for the support of five and one-half millions of people. Ten millions of acres of this is pasture, so that the tillable land scarcely exceeds one acre to each inhabitant.

A REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.—A remarkable discovery was made on an island in the Mississippi, eight miles below Davinport, Iowa, on Friday, by some fishers. It was a subteranean cave, hewn out of huge rock, which was covered by rock, and which was reached by a stones throw. The floor of the cavity, which was made thousands of years ago, war thickly strewn with ashes and charred remains of bones, etc. They look to be dead leaves, first wilted then pressed together, resembling in color and solidity a cake from oat meal. Among the dry ashes they picked up three tusks, about the size of a boar's tooth, and still lower the boat came in contact with a hard substance which proved to be a skull, as brown as walnut, perfect in every respect, and of extraordinary size. On further examination an almost complete skeleton was discovered; but the most singular part came to light in the hardened and almost potrified leatherstraps, bronze buckles, and a wooden leg, which contained the right eztremity of that limb, it having been removed half way between the hip and knee. This is a very interesting discovery, proving that a knowledge of bronze was among the learning of the aboriginal Americans, and that mechanical surgery in those days equal at least to the adaptation of a timber extremity.

THE Texas cattle fever is prevailing to an alarming extent in Southern Illinois.

Over Two Cataracts.

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF A WOMAN AND TWO CHILDREN.

HANCOCK, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Fall's creek is a small stream traversing the western part of this county. On it, near Delhi, are two cataracts near each other—one forty feet high, the other thirty. At the head of the upper falls stood for years a saw mill, which disuse had reduced to a somewhat dilapidated condition. The recent rains had swollen the creek to three times its size, bringing the water up under the foundation of the old mill. On Tuesday last, a sudden storm of wind and rain arose in the vicinity. The wife of Mr. G. L. Sloat, living near the saw-mill, had started, with her three children, to go to a neighbor's. The storm overtook them below the saw-mill, and Mrs. Sloat took refuge, with her children, in the old building. While they were there the foundation was entirely undermined, and before they could escape they were swept toward the falls. Just as the mill was precipitated over the first fall it was discovered by Mr. Sloat, who was near by. He did not know his wife and children were in the building, but out of curiosity to see how it would be broken by tumbling over the cataracts, he ran to the foot of the lower fall. The old shell went to pieces the instant it was struck by the water falling over the first cataract.—As Mr. Sloat stood gazing up through the spray and foam he saw mingled with the debris of the old mill the bodies of his wife and children. Over the second fall they plunged. Mr. Sloat ran with all speed to a narrow gorge, through which the water passes, about four rods below the lower fall. He reached it before any of the floating timbers or bodies had passed through. In a few seconds the body of his wife came rushing towards the pass. He seized it and drew it out. Then he secured the body of his oldest child, and that of the youngest. The third did not appear, and after waiting a few seconds Mr. Sloat turned his attention towards resuscitating the rescued. His wife was only partially unconscious, and was soon restored. The two children were also resuscitated after a long trial, and removed to the house. The body of the third has not yet been found.

A TRAMP'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.—A tramp who was attempting to steal a ride from Ogdensburg to Rouse's Point on Friday night, experienced a trip which was well calculated to make an impression on his memory that will not soon be eradicated. It appears that the splendid pair of tigers and zebra which formed a part of the Hippodrome menagerie, which has spent most of the summer at Ogdensburg, were shipped that night for New York via Rouse's point. The tigers were removed from their cage, placed in temporary boxes and put in a box car. The door of the car was left partly open to allow a free circulation of air. The tramp, in looking for a good place to stow himself, away, came across this open car and crawled in.

After the train started the tigers became uneasy from the rumbling of the cars, having remained in a quiet state for two months, and tried to get out of the boxes. The tigress succeeded, and as she emerged from her coop the tramp shrank back into the corner and remained the rest of the trip as rigid as a statue. The tigress, after making an examination of the car, in which she even lapped the face of the tramp, laid down at the open door, with her paws hanging out, the rest of the journey.

In the morning, when Herr Lingal came to look after his pets, he discovered the tigress, occupying the same position, and ordered her back into the box, and she obeyed. He then discovered the tramp, who still occupied his crouching position, with his clothes wet through with sweat, and speechless from his all night ride with the tigers. It was a fortunate thing for the tramp that it was the female that got but of the box, for she is as kind and tractable as a kitten, while the male would have made tiger meat of him before reaching the end of the journey.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA AND ITS LATE PRESIDENT.—Speaking of the failure of the Bank of California and the suicide of its President, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* says: Poor Ralston! One day a bank President a bullion king, a princely host; the next a bankrupt and a suicide. On Thursday he drove his six-in-hand from his Belmont palace to the Bank of California, the envied of the populace; on Friday, shorn of his wealth and his honors, he crept a fugitive from sight to the shores of the bay and sought oblivion of his woes in the tide which, scarce a mile beyond, through the Golden Gate, joins the waves of the Pacific. Men may say what compassion or what enmity dictates, but when William C. Ralston voluntarily took his own life, he throttled criticism; when he accepted the draft of death he cashed his obligations to the world. Proud, reckless, generous, he met adversity and succumbed. He could reign a prince among his wealthy fellows, but he could not serve as a pauper. He could dare speculative schemes which would appal an ordinary man, but he could not face an existence which had robbed him of affluence. He played for heavy stakes and won; he continued the game and lost; and then, face to face with ruin, he sought the coward's solace—the grave of a suicide. This is a fitting end to such a career as his has been. The failure of the Bank of California is a calamity; the death of Ralston, its President, is an affliction, and those who have lost by the suspension of the one will have no more poignant regrets than those who have known and associated with the other.

A WONDERFUL SWIMMING FEAT.—Although the distance from Dover to Calais is twenty-seven miles, Captain Webb undoubtedly swam a much greater distance, owing to the currents, which, it will be remembered, carried Captain Boyton far out of his course. When to the actual distance traversed we add the fact that Captain Webb was twenty-three hours in water so cold that few men could have borne exposure to it for more than one hour, we begin to comprehend the extraordinary nature of his feat. It is confessedly entirely without a parallel. Marvelous stories have been told of the length of time that the South Sea Islanders can sustain themselves in the water, but the warmth of the Pacific is so much greater than that of the British Channel that no comparison can be made between feats of swimming under such different conditions. Captain Webb is beyond all question the ablest swimmer of whom there is any record, and he has performed a feat which not one man in a thousand believed to be possible. If his success will only have the effect of inducing our young men to devote to swimming some of the energy which they now give to base ball and boating, Captain Webb will have been a benefacter to his race.

—Three months ago a discharged conductor named Burkley was killed by Express Messenger Price, while the former was trying to rob his car. Recently the sum of $4,000 was paid by the Conductors Mutual Benefit Association to Burkley's widow, her husband having been a member in good standing. She is an excellent woman, in poor circumstances, and the Association paid her the money without raising any question as to the way in which her husband met his death.—*Chicago Tribune.*

News and Political Items.

—Boston has a pauper who can solicit alms in ten different languages.

—For a fine complexion drink buttermilk every morning before breakfast.

—A Norristown girl of ten years is but two and a half feet high, and weighs only nine pounds.

—The Pope has conferred the grand cross of the order of St. Gregory on the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

—Josephus Sooy, State Treasurer of New Jersey, is reported to have embezzled fifty thousand dollars of State money.

—Miss Nellie Thurston is to make a balloon ascension at the Madison County (N. Y.) Agricultural Fair next month.

—Mr. Sawyer, of Jaffrey, N. H., has the wedding hat of John Worcester, one of the original settlers of the State. It is 225 years old.

—Titusville has a coopershop with a frontage of one hundred and fifty feet, and a capacity for forty thousand barrels. A staveing big concern that.

—A conscientious farmer, in Lewiston, Me., wiped the mud from his cart-wheels before permitting his load of hay to go on to the scales to be weighed.

—Ralston, the California banker, was not a native of this state. He was born in Wellsville, Ohio, but he got his business start in Pittsburgh as a steamboat clerk.

—Col. E. W. Longstreet, a prominent merchant of Syracuse, New York, killed himself on the 27th. The firm of which he was a member recently failed for $40,000.

—The murder of one woman by another is a rare event, yet it occurred in Chicago Saturday night, Mrs. Sachstadter killing Miss Lizzie George—in self-defense as she claims.

—The Catholic cure of St. Jean Baptiste village, Canada, has given notice that he will refuse sacrament to women of his church who wear low-necked dresses or pull-back skirts.

—Admiral Tom Thumb, in London, is six inches shorter than our General Tom Thumb, is thirty-six years old, weighs twenty-six pounds, is a Hollander and speaks five languages.

—Louis Gonier, who tried to commit a rape upon a child nine years old in Philipsburg, Centre county, in June last, has been found guilty and sentenced to seven years in the Western Pemtentiary.

—A man in Philadelphia has a postal card with over 4,700 words written upon it, and he expects to write 2,000 words more upon it; making 6,700 in all. It is to be sent to the Centennial Exhibition.

—Monseigneur Dupanloup, who, it is reported, will soon be made a cardinal, rises at 4 o'clock in the morning in summer and winter. He is frugal, never indulges in wine and is given to boundless charity.

—Thomas Fisk is growing a mammoth sunflower. The stalk is 7 feet 2 inches high; the largest leaves are 24 inches wide; it is 14½ inches across the one blossom already out, and the stalk contains seven buds.

—A divorce in Grant County (Wis.) was recently applied for because the young mother insisted on having a $15 cradle. "A bass-wood sap trough is good enough for that little red-faced vagabond," said the brutal husband.

—A flock of 2,500 sheep at Mission San Jose, Cal., got frightened recently, and ran into a patch of poison oak. Here they got tangled and piled one on another in layers six or eight deep, and some 700 were smothered or chrushed to death.

—State Treasurer Sooy, of New Jersey, protests his entire innocence of the charge alleged against him, and declares that a full examination of his books will show every cent intact. He is in jail, having been unable to give the bail demanded.

—The residence of ex-Mayor Chas. M. Reed and Hon. Henry Rawle, Republican candidate for State Treasurer, at Erie, were entered Saturday night, and several hundred dollars' worth of silverware stolen from each. There is no trace of the thieves.

—A farmer in Wayne county, Pa., met his death the other day in a terrible manner. He was carting a load of quicklime, when his wagon was accidentally overturned; he was buried underneath the lime and died before assistance could reach him.

—In Beaver county are two Postoffices—Holt and Bellowsville—about four miles apart. In sending a letter from the former to the latter it is obliged to "travel" a distance of about sixty mile. The postal facilities between these points are pretty hard to beat.

—Jesse Pomeroy owes his life thus far to a deadlock. The Governor urges commutation, but the Council refuses to commute, and the Governor refuses to sign the death warrant. So Jesse can neither be hanged or let off till they get a new administration.

—The New Orleans *Bulletin* is prophetic as well as classical. It says: "After the great continental reaction and the new upheaval of the Democracy, the carpetbaggers still found afloat in the South, will be few and far between, *raru nantes in gurgite vasto.*"

—Mrs. Mary Torbert, residing near Caln, Chester county, has in her possession a guinea egg 59 years old. It was colored on Easter Sunday, 1816. It has the date and the initials of Phebe Freeman marked on it. She also has a lemon 31 years old; it is quite hard and dry.

—It is said by the New York *Star* that Miss Edith O'Gorman has sued the *Arcadian* for libel, that sharp journal having stated that she married Gerdemann, and called her a naughty name. She sues for $50,000, and G. C. Moses is her lawyer. O'Gorman, O, Moses!

—Only a few days since an Arizona Postmaster caused to be published a long and indignant card wherein he resigned his office because the salary did not repay him for the labor. And now the Government is looking for that Postmaster, whose cash account is $3,700 short.

—Bob Stickney, of Cincinati, the famous circus performer, having challenged Fred O'Brien to leap with him for the championship of the United States, the latter has accepted, and has sent the forfeit money to Frank Queen, New York. Bob Stickney has leaped with a double somersault over twenty-five horses.

—Few things amuse children more than blowing bubbles. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of castile or oil soap, cut up in small pieces, in three quarters of a pint of water, and boil it for two or three minutes; then add five ounces of glycerine. When cold this fluid will produce the best and most lasting bubbles that can be blown.

—A bell, to weigh 10,000 pounds, has been ordered for St. John's Catholic church in Cincinnati, the largest bell in America. It is six feet high and six feet "across the mouth." The clapper weighs one hundred and fifty pounds. Whether the Republicans of Ohio will "ring" this bell into the campaign as an issue remains to be seen.

—When Mrs. M'Cormick, of Pittsburgh, was committed to jail for selling liquor in violation of the statute her five babies refused to be separated from her and all went to jail together. The affectionate panic of the youngsters at the idea of losing their mother was one touch of nature too many for Pittsburgh justice. The little ones had their way.

—At Pottsville, on Thursday, the commissioners of Schuylkill county were convicted of misappropriation of the public funds. Last year a barn was built at the almshouse, in Pottsville, which cost $23,059, and, according to the highest estimate made by a builder, it should not have cost more than $16,800. This is a wholesome example.

—Leopold Sonneman, editor and proprietor of the Frankfort *Zeitung* and member of the German Parliament, was on Saturday morning last forced to testify as to the authorship of certain articles. For the same reason five editors of the paper are already imprisoned.

—The Republican press, says the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, is quoting with satirical flourish the gigantic assertion of General Garfield, to the effect that "the lies that are directed against the political system of Ohio are planted in the South." It would be a sad thing if some one in this terrible bombardment should happen to kill a Credit Mobilier thief.

—Two very old men of East Tennessee have sat for their portraits at the request of the object being to exhibit them at the Centennial next year. Michael Dyer, residing near Maryville, is said to be 115 years old and is a native of North Carolina. Mr. Grimaldi, of Knoxville, is 106 years old, a native of England, having been in the British navy sixty three years.

—Two women have been travelling in Iowa selling corsets at unusual low prices. Indeed, their anxiety to give ladies a perfect fit, and the insignificant sum they asked for their services excited suspicion. Now not a lady in Iowa will admit she has bought corsets in six months, and the two peddlers have resumed their occupation of tramps, or retire and occupy a dismal cell in the county jail.

—Rosie Cotterman, aged 11, a German girl of Bloomington, Ill., having had a fight in the way of an infuriated cow to contend with, put four or five smaller children behind the fence. Her clothing was almost torn from her and she was badly bruised. The Mayor and police force, assembled from the lamp posts and telegraph poles, were loud in praise of her courage.

—A benevolent tramp lost his life by the publication in a Kansas City paper of a story telling how a farmer killed a tramp for a sick member of the brotherhood to die upon, left him a $5,000 wad of greenbacks which was concealed in his shoes, and now the farmers put sick tramps in their front bedrooms and feed them on patent fixings, so long as they are not buried.

—A Captain Webb has accomplished the astonishing feat of swimming across the English channel from Dover to the French coast, a distance of 21 miles. He did it in a natural way without a life preserver of any kind, and gained a victory over the waves by virtue of his skill, pluck and endurance. This is one of the most wonderful exploits of human endurance that the world has ever heard of, and we doubt whether its equal can anywhere be produced in the pages of history.

—Half a century ago, a family in Louisiana, in which were two sons, died, leaving them young. The parents died and left the children helpless. They were adopted by different families, became permanently separated, went to other parishes, lost sight of each other, grew up, and finally became neighbors in the same parish, where they resided for years in the same neighborhood and visited each other for about thirty-five years before discovering they were sisters. The discovery took place last year, and was celebrated by a family dinner.

—On Monday, at Hopkinton, R. I., a man named Morris Ryan, aged 18, was found at the top of the stairs with a loaded gun, intending to shoot a cat, when his sister Mary, aged 14, who desired to save the cat's life, grappled with her brother by the shoulder to pull him back. At the same time two other sisters, younger than Mary, came to the top of the stairs. In the scuffle between Ryan and Mary the gun went off, killing instantly and one of the other sisters. The sister was wounded in the arm, and Mary was wounded in the leg. The mother is a widow.

—The entire business portion of Reynoldsville, Pa., a station on the Pittsburgh division of Allegheny Valley Railroad, was burned on Saturday morning last. The following business houses were burned: Arcade block, in which the post office, Cole's hardware store, Sisley's drug store, Tompkins & Dingham's grocery, D. C. Oysters & Co.'s grocery, Boguers & Co.'s grocery, Alexander's drug store, and several restaurants and dwellings. The Masonic temple in course of erection, the school house were also destroyed. The proprietors of Reynoldsville House are heavy losers. The total loss is at $108,000; insurance about $[illegible].

—A singular case of bigamy came before a Manchester, England, court. In 1850 the prisoner was married to Mary Talbot, at the Manchester Cathedral. In 1856 he was married to Mary [illegible] at St. Mary's Church, Deansgate, on the 18th of May this year the prisoner was again married to his first wife. The prisoner, after living with his first wife for months, deserted her, and after being absent nearly eight years, she, believing him dead, married a man named [illegible]. He died, and shortly before last Christmas the prisoner made his appearance at the house of his first wife and married her a second time, the ceremony taking place on the 18th of May last at St. [illegible] Church, Salford.

—Joseph Becker, a boy aged [illegible] years, whose parents reside in [illegible], has developed a wanton humanity that approaches the horrible cruelty of a savage in other's torture instanced in the case of the boy Pomeroy. The account says that the boy, without any cause whatever, set fire to a barn in the occupation of any kind, deliberately entered the house of William Russel, in which were children, and taking a baby from its cradle carried it out into the street and threw it down and beat it to death with a club. But for the timely arrival of neighbors, who took the young savage from his victim, young Becker would have killed the baby outright, and as it is the infant is supposed to have been injured beyond all hopes of its living.

—There is a story to the effect that William H. Mundy, of Seneca Falls, who recently played at that place twenty games of chess at one sitting against twenty-four different players, without looking at the men or boards, which is said to be more games than were ever played at one time before. The playing took place at the residence of Judge Josiah [illegible], the player sitting on the stoop, talking meantime and answering questions about the game. There was a display of skill in the position of the pieces in two of the games when Mr. Mundy stood up and named all the moves that had been made in the games and the positions of the pieces on the board. Mr. Mundy once played games at once at Hudson, N. Y., and again in Geneva, N. Y. When in his years of age, it is said he beat some of the best players.

—Mr. Joseph Hahn, who lives in Marine City, Michigan, had gone down one hundred and twenty-five feet in an artesian well when he struck a vein. In the twinkling of an eye, upon the slipping of the auger, the wooden casing at the mouth of the well like a stone driven from a sling, followed by a volume of water, gravel and mud, that rose full twenty feet into the air, while the frightened men fled from the roaring torrent and the disgorged debris made Mr. Hahn and his friends think they had struck the mouth of a volcanal. Stones weighing from twenty to twenty pounds were projected into the air, and some of them fell crashing through the roof of Mr. Hahn's house near by, and the family were obliged to seek shelter at a neighbor's, for human life was for the moment in the farm house. In the neighborhood of Mr. Hahn's farm a stone, large or small, was rarely found, but which can be taken away by the carloads.