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Afloat.

My oars keep time to half a rhyme,
That slips and slides away from me;
Across my mind, like idle wind,
A lost thought beats idly.

Adream, afloat, my little boat
And I alone steal out to sea;
One vanished year, O lost and dear!
You rowed the little boat for me.

Ah! who can sing of anything
With none to listen lovingly?
Or who can time the oars to rhyme
When left to row alone to sea?

—*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

The Reapers.

The reapers bend their lusty backs;
Their sounding sickles sway;
At every stroke the golden sea
Recedes to give them way,
The heavy ears fall bowing down,
And nestle at their feet.
Such will, such work, as their's perforce
Must win—must homage meet.

So careless of fatigue they go,
So true, so steadily,
The admiring traveler on the road
Leans o'er the gate to see;
With marvel of the soon-fallen breadth
The lounging gossips tell;
But the reapers labor for us all;
'Tis need they should work well.

Ere the great sun that burns above
Shall crimson in the west,
And the children's poppy nosegays fade,
And they lie down to rest,
Each golden spear that upward points
Shall fall upon the field,
And the farmer drain a sparkling glass,
Rejoicing o'er the field.

Fly, bonny men, your sickles bright,
And give the people bread!
At every conquering stride you take
On want and woe you tread.
Drop, heavy ears, and give the strength
You gathered from the plain,
That men may rise refreshed and firm,
And do great things again!

God bless the hands, all hard and brown,
That guide the cleaving plow,
That cast abroad the shining seed,
And build the wealthy mow!
They rear the bread our children eat;
'Tis by their toil we live;
Hurrah! give them the loudest cheer
That grateful hearts can give!

THE BANK PRESIDENT.

From Poverty to Power—Ambition of Men Born Low—The Bank of California Nothing but William C. Ralston—The Enormous Aspirations and Dealings of Both.

From mate of a Mississippi steamboat to head of one of the largest banking institutions in the world—undoubtedly the largest in this Western half of the world—seems a transformation dazzling and dramatic. But it was a gradual one. In this instance, as in all others, it was no royal road that led to position and power. The climb was a hard one and had its different stages and halting places; by no single bound was the height reached. Different indeed the fall. Yesterday, looking up, men wondered; to-day, looking down, they stand aghast. For one of the adventurous who then stood with feet seemingly firm planted high up the hill, which so many aspire to climb, now lies a crushed and shapeless mass at our feet. Less far indeed from top to bottom than from bottom to top; for the one journey years are necessary, for the other a single minute suffices. It is very hard at just this point to refrain from preaching. But I will. The corpse found floating and drifting about the bay of San Francisco has been dragged ashore, and if you can look upon it without learning something, all that the ghastly lesson conveys, indeed, a sermon would but be thrown away.

William C. Ralston was the most restless and ambitious man I ever knew, and among restless and ambitious men my lot has principally fallen. As already hinted, his beginning was an obscure one. The precise details of his early life I do not remember, and will not endeavor to repeat, though I have had them from his own lips. But unless I much mistake, the banks of the Mississippi river were the only banks with which he had to do prior to immigrating to California in the early gold days, and with these he had to do in the capacity of mate—some say deck-hand only—of a stern-wheel steamer.

To the comparative lowness of this starting point, may we not attribute that aspiring ambition which led to a fall? For you may have noticed that men born to a middle station in life plod always in it contentedly, while those born in the lower levels are scarce ever satisfied till they have climbed to the top of the social shaft. It does not exactly follow that those who start on the top round of the ladder are uneasy till they have climbed to the bottom, but it is very frequently the case. In this matter society is like the ocean, that which breaks loose from the bottom struggles up, and good ships which are launched and expected to swim on the surface go down if accident knocks a hole in them. Little by little, Mr. Ralston got on. But the more he got on the longer were his strides. Most men set for themselves a point in life at which to rest when reached—at least they say they will rest at it; he never did. The only point where he proposed to stop was when he had gotten as far as he could go, and this programme carried with it very few limitations, as you can well imagine. Nothing short of all could satisfy the man. As in business, so with pleasure. For pleasure in itself he did not really care—indeed, I much doubt if he knew what it was. Lavish surroundings contributed little to his happiness, but he maintained the establishment of a prince. How it was afterward, when railroads came to be built, I do not know, but in the day of my knowledge he was whirled to his country seat by relays of horses at the close of each day's business, with all the speed and more of style than any two railroads could furnish. For horses, as horses, he cared very little, and about horses, as horses, he knew less; but his stables were full of the most famous of goers. For wine, he had no inordinate fondness, I think, but down in his cellars you found brands which are commonly supposed to be reserved for the tables of royalty alone. His "hospitality" was marvelous; but I do not know that any one can say he was hospitable. Go to him with a letter of introduction—or without one, if you happen to be an eminent editor, prize-fighter, lawyer, theologian, or a member of any one of the learned professions—and he insisted upon you making his house your home while you stayed, furnishing you with horses, steamboats, palace cars, or anything else you wanted to go with when you went.

Invited down to his country seat, you were at liberty to remain as long as you pleased, and perhaps you would not see your host more than once during your visit. The whole ranche and all it contained were at your disposal, however, and if a man could not enjoy himself with such freedom of range as this, the fault surely could be but his own. I I have heard it said that the Bank of California allowed him $25,000 a year wherewith to entertain Eastern visitors. Again, I have heard it stated that no limit was fixed, but that a *carte blanche* was given him to entertain valuable visitors as he pleased, and that at the end of the year he drew for the total expense incurred. If you ask me which of these stories I believe, I reply, without the least hesitation, neither!

You have heard of the Bank of California, of which William C. Ralston was president at the time of his death, perhaps. Do you know what it was? No? Well, the Bank of California was William C. Ralston. At the time of its organization he was cashier only, it is true, but if you suppose that the president of a bank is anything less or is meant to be anything more than a respectable figure-head, you know less about banks in general, and New York banks in particular, than one would suppose possible in this age of general enlightenment. As cashier, William C. Ralston ran the bank. As president he ran the bank. The bank he always was, and when the bank no longer was, he died—by suicide, some say—naturally enough, say I. Here you have the whole history of the bank in a nutshell. As for the directors or trustees, all, they were good men and rich men, undoubtedly; and as such they, in common with other stockholders, will now have an opportunity of performing the first real duties which the honorable situation of stockholder or director makes imperative, viz., paying in a handsome assessment to make their stock good. Thus the end crowns the work, and perhaps some day the day of dummies will be done.

It may be complained that I have written too much about an individual and too little about an institution. But it was necessary to tell what the one was in order to explain the workings of the other. The Bank of California was restless and ambitious, in direct response to the characteristics of its founder. The two pulses beat together. As a synonym for strength, its name on the Pacific coast long ranked next to that of the Bank of England. As a power, the Bank of England was but a country schoolmaster in comparison with this most despicicalh—locally considered, I mean. The Bank of California either controlled, or meant ultimately to gain the control of everything on the coast. It was at any time ready to contract to take all the quicksilver, all the cattle, or all the wool that the country produced. A small slice of a valuable mine would not be touched at any price. But go to it with a controlling interest to dispose of, and you could name your own terms—that is to say, if William C. Ralston wanted it. Anything that he wanted, from a Congregational church to a mountain in the uttermost wilderness of Nevada, the Bank of California was willing to buy or take on deposit. It was a power in politics, a mighty engine in elections, a Colossus bestriding the State as well as the mastodon of the municipality of San Francisco; admittedly it controlled the courts, but still its restless arms were outreached for further conquest. (Again I find it very hard to refrain from moralizing. I'll do it, though, or perish nobly in the attempt.)

If you deem such a monopoly as the Bank of California actually was (to say nothing of what it threatened to become) detrimental to the morals of a community, injurious in the highest degree to the welfare of a State, I'll not quarrel with you. But if you think such a monopoly has ever reared its head, or gone on breathing for any comfortable length of time, without getting bowled down at the good Lord's earliest leisure, you're less devout than I, and we'll say nothing more about it, for fear of getting into a theological disputation, a sort of cudgel play that should be avoided in August.

It never seemed to me that William C. Ralston did business for the purpose of making money, exactly. He did business mainly for the sake of doing business, and this, to my thinking, is not the legitimate end of business doing. If the excitement alone is wanted, why not gamble? Why do business unless you do it with a money success in view? If it's to come to the same thing at last, I, for one, had rather lounge than seize the greasy reins of commerce in my mad grasp. Sooner far would I go charioteering through the world in an ox cart than driving a random tandem. So with pleasure. If there's no fun in it, I don't want any. (As for lugging a nine-pound gun over the fair face of creation, a swampy swale below and a blistering July sun above, with a chance perhaps of getting one woodcock, but more of a certainty of getting none, no more of that for me.) The man who doesn't like drinking for its own sake is a fool to get drunk, and why should one who's not fond of riding take the risk of a broken neck, simply because his next-door neighbor jogs round on horseback?

William C. Ralston did not care enough about money to keep it after it was made. What wedded him to his work was the excitement attendant upon making immense trades and moving millions. As for keeping the money he made, that never entered his mind—he scattered it broadcast on every side. It was as though a man should pump away for dear life and all the while have nothing but a bottomless vessel to hold his pumpings—yes, as though one should pump away, with clang and noise, but have never a valve in his pump. Men do this sometimes, for exercise. But exercise is not work. One must have a serious purpose in view, or even the swinging of dumbbells avails not. And if I had not resolutely resolved to refrain from pointing a moral, I would say right here that the want of a worthy purpose is just the hole in which William C. Ralston and his bank went under. But I prefer that each reader should apply the great ethical blister, which I have so generously spread for himself. Place it where it will do the most good, please.

William C. Ralston was not a bad man in reality. True, he did very many things which are commonly esteemed bad; but I do not think that he put much heart into them. There was little of earnestness or vim about any of his dissipations; seeing another person do a thing he thought it was the thing to do, and there must be fun in it. He never wanted to be counted out on anything. In a very similar way he did much good. So did the Bank of California. It encouraged many praiseworthy enterprises, developed valuable industries, lent its shoulder frequently to public improvements, where a bank conducted on prudent principles would not have lent a finger. On one occasion it even lent money to me—is there need to say more? Then again the Bank of California gave aid to some schemes most outrageously corrupt. But nature in her own way turns most malfeasances to good. I do not know, however, that in such cases a credit mark goes down in the book to the account of individual or institution, unless good was intended.

JOHN PAUL.

He was Excluded.

A curious issue has been made up in Chicago for a court and jury to pass upon. A prominent Methodist named Brown has sued the pastor of his church, laying the damage at $50,000, for excluding him from the communion table. The reputed reason for the excommunication is that the gentleman is not a proper person to partake of the elements of the eucharist. One Sunday, after the regular services, the Rev. Dr. Deming announced that the congregation were invited to partake of the sacrament with the exception of Ira Brown, who would be excluded from the sacramental table. Mr. Brown was not present, but was soon posted by his friends, who called at his house to tell him what had transpired. The news came unexpectedly upon him, but after he recovered from his surprise he called upon the Rev. Dr. Deming to talk over the matter with him. When he arrived there he inquired of Mr. Deming by what authority he had declared his place vacant at the sacramental altar. Mr. Deming stated that it "was by the authority of the Lord of Hosts." Mr. Brown said that was enough for him, and on the following morning he consulted a lawyer and commenced an action for libel against Mr. Deming, laying his damages at the respectable sum of $50,000.

THE TORPEDO.

The New Defense for the Ports of the United States in Case of a Foreign War.

As a standing army or a huge navy are things not consonant with the ideas of the people of the United States, and as she has many ports that a powerful fleet in case of war could bombard and capture, attention has been largely turned to defense in the torpedo, and this system is being brought to perfection as nearly as possible.

Recently at Cook island some experiments were made with the torpedo. The programme was, first, for the iron-clad torpedo boat, under command of Lieutenant Barbour, to blow up an old coast survey schooner of about 100 tons by means of a submerged torpedo on the end of the prow of the Alarm; then to riddle the wreck by means of the Gatling guns mounted on the rail of the Alarm and to prevent the imaginary foes from climbing on board. After this it was intended that the Nina should heave alongside and with a Harvey torpedo demolish what might remain.

Upon being signaled, says a report, the Alarm turned almost as easily as though she had been upon a pivot, and made for the object of attack. The old hulk was about 100 feet long, and had a tonnage of eighty-five tons. All eyes were turned toward the Alarm, whose massive prow, armed with a seventy-five pound torpedo, was making slowly for the schooner. Slower and slower she went, approaching the hulk as though certain destruction awaited her, but in a few seconds a volume of water was hurled into the air some two hundred feet, speckled with spars and timbers, which immediately began to fall pell-mell into the harbor, like the descending sparks of a spent sky-rocket. The schooner had disappeared, and there remained of her but chips and splinters, literally reducing her to toothpicks. The old schooner was no more. A gurgling commotion ensued, and the lower portion had settled to the bottom hopelessly crippled. But the Alarm was not done with her. She was still to all intents and purposes an enemy, whose men might clamber on board and seek revenge. So she backed off and let fly her terrible fifteen pounder, which was supposed to finally demolish the improvised rafts made by the enemy's drowning sailors. Then she started her rapid Gatling guns, which were mounted on her rail, and 250 balls were rattled among the supposed struggling men in the water and on the floating timbers. It was a real war scene. The Alarm was enveloped in smoke. Still the thunder of the Gatlings reverberated from the neighboring hills until the last struggling wretch was supposed to have been sent to his eternal rest beneath the waters of the harbor.

Before the smoke had cleared away up came the Nina to the rescue, and before the schooner's *debris* had fairly been scattered by the tale she hurled against it a Harvey, which caused a frightful commotion, and, as it was supposed, put an end forever to the enemy. Now the Despatch, the boat with the visitors, turned round and came close alongside to view the wreck, and while so doing another spar torpedo was exploded by the Nina as a warning not to approach too close. Signals were then exchanged with the Alarm, asking, "Shall I send boat?" to which an affirmative reply was sent, and soon after Admiral Porter returned in his boat to the Despatch. Scarcely had he been received when the Alarm announced that she was going to fire another round of Gatlings. Scarcely had the party recovered from their surprise, when Commander Barbour gave them a thorough shaking up. He ran out on the submerged iron spar of the Alarm a genuine old seventy-five pounder (beneath the water and quite unseen by the visitors on the Despatch of course). On the starboard side he ran out a fifty, and on the port side a twenty-five pound torpedo. Gradually the Despatch grew nearer and nearer, and, like an unsuspecting victim, was right on the ram, when three huge columns of water flew up in front and on either side of the Alarm, followed by a terrible concussion, showing that the three had been exploded at almost the same instant. The Despatch quite staggered under the attack; but the Alarm was deluged by these three inverted waterspouts, for the water ran out of her afterward as though she had just returned from a visit to Neptune. This was at least a retribution for the insult to some extent, and so the captain ordered Engineer Harris to show the iron "heel."

Chicago's Grain Elevators.

Chicago is the biggest grain mart in the world, and handles about 90,000,000 bushels annually. How this vast amount is received, stored, and shipped, is the subject of an interesting article in the Chicago *Times*. The first steam elevator was established in the spring of 1848, with a capacity of 100,000 bushels. To-day Chicago has eighteen steam elevators, with a combined capacity of 15,350,000 bushels, or more than the product of 1,000,000 acres of the fertile wheat producing lands of the continent. Their capacity varies all the way from 200,000 bushels to 1,500,000. The entire cost of the eighteen elevators now in operation was about $5,000,000, exclusive of the grounds on which they stand. Add for this $1,000,000, and the result shows $6,000,000 invested in this industry. Two firms handle more than one-half the grain that passes through Chicago. They control eight of the eighteen elevators, and last year they together delivered over sixteen million bushels of wheat, seventeen million bushels of corn, four million bushels of oats, and over two million bushels of rye and barley.

A Couple of Monkeys.

In Paris quite a commotion was created by the entrance of a very singular party. It consisted of two tiny cavaliers mounted upon exquisite little ponies. One of these small riders was a handsome boy about seven years of age, and the other was a large monkey strapped to the saddle of his steed. A servant in livery followed on horseback at the distance prescribed by etiquette. Finding that this strange cortege was attracting a crowd, the police interfered, and the young gentleman and his companion were forced to return home. On inquiry being made it was found that the boy was the only son of a Portuguese count, at present residing in Paris, a terribly spoiled child, to whom his parents can refuse nothing. Consequently, when he took it into his head to take his monkey, which is his special pet and companion, out riding with him, he found no one bold enough to oppose his whims. That duty was reserved for the polic

Thrilling Proof of Affection.

When a couple of excursionists were strolling through the market at Detroit, the girl looking longingly at the fruit, and the young man, after a struggle with himself, purchased several plums and divided with her.

"Do you doubt my love, Milly?" he asked, as they chewed at the fruit.

"Noap," she replied, her mouth "plum" full.

"Because," he continued, "if I didn't love you I wouldn't be around buying boss plums at five cents apiece, would I?"

She seemed satisfied.

THE KEELY MOTOR.

A Power Almost Beyond Description—Thousands of Pounds Pressure to the Square Inch—No Vessel Yet to Control it.

Notwithstanding the fact that the *Scientific American* declares the Keely motor a humbug of the first water, we still hear of it and of what it proposes to do. The grand principle of the motor is of course a secret, and it is said by Prof. Keely will remain so until the discovery—for it is claimed to be a discovery rather than an invention—is so secured by letters patent that it will be protected. It is said that the power is simply water, and in the rough is the same as if you took a barrel full of water and, running a pipe up to the second story window of a building, the lower end of the pipe being in the barrel. If you then fill the pipe with water the pressure is so great that it will burst the barrel into pieces. Anybody can try the experiment and thus illustrate the power of water.

A reporter lately visited Prof. Keely and found him confident and sanguine as ever. His machine-shop or laboratory is in the basement of his house in Philadelphia, and it is said that engineers, when they come in here, are puzzled by the strange forms of the apparatus, the chief purpose of which is strength. Professor Keely pointed to a "generator," an enormous egg-shaped mass of iron in a corner (I think it must have been thirty-five inches long by twenty inches in diameter across), and said it had a hollow of the capacity of a gallon and a half in its center. All the rest of it was solid iron. It had been discarded because it was not strong enough to imprison and hold in check the force he had invented. He directed my attention to a "multiplicator," or regulator of the force—a piece of mechanism abounding with heavy iron chambers, with walls of great thickness and connecting tubes of small bore and heavy brass circumference, and said that had been discarded likewise. "Every tube of that machine burst here one morning while I was standing right here in the room. There have been seven explosions since I began these experiments, and I haven't got a scratch from one of them. I've been very fortunate." Touching with his foot several pieces of iron weighing from 200 to 500 pounds each, he applied to them all the stigma that they "wouldn't stand pressure." There were flanges and screws, bent and useless, that it seemed as if nothing but the power of nitro-glycerine could ever have deformed.

What is the force that curls up iron in this way? I asked.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Keely, with his eyes in the air, and slowly formulating his reply, "it's a force obtained from the liberation of the latent power in water. The process of liberation is practically instantaneous. It tears the water, so to speak—decomposes its particles. The force is stronger than any vessel heretofore known. The only trouble has been to get an apparatus strong enough to contain and control it."

"Don't you use any chemicals or other known scientific agents?"

"Nothing whatever. The motor is not an invention; it is a discovery."

Of course I didn't ask Mr. Keely to explain all about the process of generating his "force," but it must be the simplest process conceivable. All he wants, in the first place, is an iron cylinder with capacity from a thimbleful to five gallons, according to the quantity of force he is to generate. But the walls of this cylinder must be of extraordinary thickness and density. Some of his experiments have resulted in the separation of flanges connecting the two halves of the cylinder or, when this has not occurred, in the wasting of water and force through the sweating pores of the iron walls! The utmost force which Mr. Keely has been able to generate with safety has registered a pressure of 16,000 pounds to the square inch. When it is considered that steam boilers are usually tested at 300 pounds to the square inch, and run at a pressure not often exceeding 130 pounds, the requisite strength of the Keely motor boiler or generator, even for this pressure of 16,000 pounds, may be estimated. But this pressure by no means denotes the full and fearful extent of Mr. Keely's force, which is practically illimitable. He has now in process of construction a generator composed of metals of probably sufficient strength and density to enable him to test the value of his invention. The heaviest gauge of force-power hitherto made was manufactured for the great Dupont gunpowder mills, at Wilmington. It registers to the square inch 23,000 pounds. The gauge just made for the Keely motor by Thomas Shaw of Philadelphia, and which has been on exhibition several days, will register to the square inch 54,000 pounds.

Prof. Keely claims that there is no humbug about his discovery, but that it will do all it represents—that is with a few quarts of water, and with no expense, ran anything from a sewing machine to an express train—that it will supply power to run any mill in the country. In an affidavit he says: I now publicly assert that I have produced the results which many persons have seen in the precise manner heretofore stated, to wit: the introduction of atmospheric air into my machine, a limited quantity of natural water direct from the hydrant at no greater than the ordinary hydrant pressure, and the machine itself, which is simply a mechanical structure. With these three agents alone, unaided by any and every chemical compound, heat, electricity, or galvanic action, I have produced, in an inappreciable period of time, by a simple manipulation of the machine, a vaporic substance, at one expulsion, of a volume of ten gallons, having an elastic energy of ten thousand pounds to the square inch. This I solemnly assert, and am ready to verify by my oath.

How Opium is Smoked.

The pipe in which the Chinese smoke opium has a stem probably two feet long, made of cane such as certain fishing rods are made of; about twenty inches from the mouthpiece, which is an inch in diameter, is the bowl. This appears to be made of boxwood, and is not unlike a small low coffee cup, large at the top and small at the bottom, with a tight cover fitting in it. In the center of this cover is a small hole. The opium is not put in the pipe, as might be supposed, but in a little wad on the top of the cover over the hole. The smoker takes a long needle and on the end of it gathers from the little jars a piece of opium the size of a bean. This he holds over the lamp, and thus melts and burns it until it is of the proper consistency. Then he places it over the hole in the cover of the pipe, and with his needle punches a hole through it, which joins the hole in the cover. Then he lights it and smokes away. When it is gone he repeats the process.

The Crops.

Full harvests at home give great importance to the crop reports from abroad. Cable dispatches report a better yield in England and on the continent than was anticipated earlier in the season; but still, says the New York *Herald*, there is a deficiency in both quality and quantity, and it is likely there will be a great demand upon this country to supply Europe with bread.

Women as Voters.

A gentleman from Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, who has devoted some time to gathering the details, gives us the following interesting facts on the practical workings of woman suffrage in the Territory:

The most interesting facts are in regard to ladies as jurors. Good and evil are strangely mingled in the new Territories, and Wyoming contains a large proportion of intelligent and eminently religious and good women; it was hoped, therefore, that great good would result from placing them on juries. After a few trials, however, the system was quietly abandoned, and has never been revived. The reasons for this are many. First is the fact that so few women are eligible. The following classes are, from the necessity of the case, exempt: All nursing mothers; all approaching a condition of maternity; all the delicate, nervous, or hysterical; all who from temporary physical condition are not fit for sitting on a long trial; all of notoriously bad character, and all who are exempt from the same causes that men would be. These classes include nine-tenths of the whole sex. When to these are added those who have sick or very young children, who need frequent care, it seems that all Wyoming has no more than a hundred women, at any time, fit for jury duty. The system, therefore, was given up, not as a failure exactly, but as utterly impracticable.

Another difficulty presented itself. When a jury, consisting of men and women, (five of the latter,) was long detained and locked up for several hours, the resulting inconvenience was so great, and the expense so much increased, that both sexes were heartily sick of the experiment. The general result is said to be that both the friends and foes of woman suffrage are disappointed, as neither the good nor the evil predicted has come to pass. One good is claimed—that there is better order at the polls than formerly. If any other benefit has resulted, it is not apparent yet. Some complain that the cost of running for office has vastly increased, as the candidates have to bring out their lady supporters in carriage; but the ladies, in their convention a few weeks since unanimously resolved against it, declaring themselves "as able to walk to the polls as to church or market." A few fights have resulted from challenging the votes of ladies. The first lady whose vote was challenged at Laramie dropped her ballot and indulged in a good cry, whereupon her escort sailed in and made it hot for her challenger. After a few fights on this subject challenging ladies was, by common consent, discontinued, and in that particular at least they have an advantage of the men.

As to the effect of suffrage on the ladies there are almost as many opinions as there are people in Wyoming. The majority, however, declare themselves unable to see any change. As far as can be known the ladies divide their vote between parties much as men do, rather more, perhaps, voting for personal friends. To sum up, the opinion of the best informed is that woman suffrage in Wyoming has resulted in making everything just as it was before, only a little more so.

Abducting and Marrying an Heiress

Last spring Mrs. Guimaraez, widow of a wealthy Spaniard, who bequeathed her an estate of over a million dollars and an almost princely income from royalties on all the mahogany and other valuable timber exported from certain districts of Brazil, went to Oswego county, N. Y., from Rio Janeiro. Her family consisted of her adopted daughter, Jessie, a girl of great personal beauty, whom Mrs. Guimaraez adopted at the age of four years, and who now is about sixteen, and a South American girl, still younger, whom she brought with her to educate. Mrs. Guimaraez was a native of Oswego county, and adopted Jessie, who also is her niece, during the life of her first husband, with whom, as well as herself, the child was a pet. For several years Jessie has been sent North, and has visited her mother's relatives in the town of New Haven, Oswego county, where lives a family named Simmons, and another named Calkins, whom she also visited.

One day the Simmonses visited Mrs. Guimaraez, and Jessie was permitted to go home with them. Jefferson Simmons is station keeper at Sand Hill, a small station on the Rome and Oswego railroad. Calkins, whose wife is a cousin of Mrs. Guimaraez, keeps a petty grocery at the same place. It is alleged that Jessie was in Calkins' store, and he asked her to drink some pop. She drank one glassful, after which she claims to have become unconscious, in which condition she was taken into a carriage by Frank Calkins, son of the storekeeper, who drove to Holmesville, three miles distant, and there a minister married him to the girl, after which he drove back to Sand Hill and left her at Simmons' house. Jessie says that the first thing she recollects after drinking the pop is being in Mrs. Simmons' house and hearing young Calkins telling Mrs. Simmons that they were married. She has an indistinct recollection of riding along a road in the interval of unconsciousness. The evening of the marriage young Calkins went to Oswego, told Mrs. Guimaraez that Jessie had married him and tried to reconcile her to the match. The following morning Jessie returned, accompanied by her friends, and related her story, alleging that she had been drugged. On the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Guimaraez started with Jessie for Illinois, intending for the present to leave her with her parents, who live somewhere in that State, and procure a divorce at once.

The friends of the girl allege that it was a job put up by the Calkinses, who knew Mrs. Guimaraez's affection for Jessie, and that she would be the sole heir to her wealth. Calkins has been employed as a track hand on the Rome and Oswego railroad.

Herr Krupp and His Guns.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: Herr Krupp, the famous cannon founder of Germany, is to exhibit one, if not more, of his breech-loaders in our Centennial exhibition. He has just astonished the British government by a positive refusal to sell one of his great guns to England. The *on dit* is that his refusal was conveyed in language more frank than courteous, being to the effect that "he was willing to contract for the arming of as many forts and ships as England wanted, at home or abroad, but he must decline to part with specimens for experimental purposes." It looks as if Herr Krupp fancied his breech-loaders might be imitated at Woolwich.

Would Certainly be Called.

It was the same old lady who was seen walking up and down the street in Vicksburg while the boat was taking on freight. She was ticketed for New Orleans, and the first night aboard the boat she opened her stateroom door just before retiring, stuck her nose out and yelled:

"Capting!" capting!"

"What's wanted, madam?" inquired that official as he approached the door.

"I'm a lone woman, capting, as you well know," she squeaked, "and if this boat blows up I depend on you to call me!"

He agreed, and she slept soundly and peacefully.

FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES.

Three Young Girls Attacked by a Buck Deer while Rowing Across a Pond.

Three young women, residing near the Big Brink Pond, in Shohola township, Pa., started to go berrying. They were obliged to cross the pond to reach the woods. Before entering the boat they saw something in the distance swimming in the water. Thinking it was a dog, they paid no further attention to it, but started on their way across the pond, which is about two miles wide. After rowing for several hundred yards, the girl who was piloting the boat saw that what they first thought to be a dog swimming in the water was a buck, which was coming directly toward them. Having a clumsy pair of oars, it was some time before the boat could be turned, and then the deer had reached to within a few yards of them. The girls became greatly terrified, for the deer was fast gaining on them, and from the way it snorted and plunged, they were satisfied it meant mischief. While the one rowed with all her might the other two paddled, thus somewhat increasing their speed; but the deer was slowly gaining on them, and knowing they could not reach the shore before being overtaken, they ceased rowing to prepare for the inevitable battle. When the deer, snorting and plunging, had reached to within a few feet of the boat, it stopped for a moment. Then it made a sudden plunge, and as its head struck the side of the boat the brave girls brought down their raised paddles upon it with such force as to drive it under water. The girls again raised their oily weapons, and as the head rose to the surface they again brought their paddles to bear upon it with the same result.

When the deer again raised from the water it seemed to realize that this was to be the death struggle, and its eyes gleamed like balls of fire. It made a lunge, and threw its fore feet over the side of the boat, near the oar locks. This nearly capsized the clumsy craft, and threw Maggie Jordan, the oldest of the three, into the water; but as she fell she caught the edge of the boat, and was hauled in by one of her companions. Then the heroine at the oars, as she felt the animal's breath in her face, raised a paddle and struck for her life, and as the blow fell across the deer's head, the blood started from its nostrils, and it sank back helpless and seemingly dead; but really only stunned. The girls then started for the shore, leaving the deer struggling between life and death in the water.

Reaching the shore, one of the girls ran to a small log cabin, an eighth of a mile distant, in which lived a family by the name of Berger, and told what had occurred. Mr. Berger seized his rifle and went to the pond, where he found the wonderful deer yet struggling in the water, a few rods from the shore. He rowed out to it, and seized it by the antlers, cut its throat, and then towed the body to the shore. The deer was the largest ever killed in the neighborhood, weighing 227 pounds.

A Wealthy Tramp.

A Kansas City paper says that as Mr. Anthony Matheney was coming in from his work on the Midland road, he overtook an old man near the four-mile bridge, in the Kaw bottoms. He appeared to be staggering along under the influence of liquor, and, from his ragged and dirty condition, Matheney at once came to the conclusion that the old fellow was a tramping pauper coming into Kansas City for relief. He passed by him without speaking, and thought no more about it. Next day, when he started back to his work, he was somewhat surprised to find the old man lying upon the side of the railroad track, in a helpless and apparently dying condition. He approached him, and on inquiry found that he was quite sick, and had been lying out in the open air all night, and was unable to walk. He gave his name as Angus McGregor, and that he was on his way from Fort Dodge to Kansas City. Mr. Matheney came in and procured the assistance of an express driver, and brought the old man to his house near the water works, and left him with his wife. He maintained a stolid silence until night, but ate a hearty meal, thus showing that it was a want of food rather than sickness which had caused him to fall by the wayside. But he was too far gone for food to revive him at once, and when night came on he was dangerously ill, so ill that medical aid was deemed necessary. When he was offered a bed he declined it, and positively refused to take off or allow his dirty rags to be taken off his body.

He slept upon a blanket on the floor, and under no persuasion would he take off his boots. The old man being unable to help himself, however, gave up and ordered his boots taken off. To the surprise of every one present, he took from his boots between two and three thousand dollars in greenbacks, nicely wrapped up in oil paper, and used as pads for his sore and blistered feet.

In explanation, the old man said he had been a soldier in the United States army for the last twenty years; had served in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Colorado. He had recently been discharged from McKenzie's regiment, in Arizona, and started from Fort Dodge, Kan., about two weeks ago, to walk to Kansas City. He says he is going home to Glasgow, Scotland, and that he has been afraid of being robbed on his way home. He is close and penurious, and says he could not afford to pay so much for railroad fares. He was, after great difficulty, persuaded to deposit his long-hoarded wealth, and take drafts on New York for the amount deposited. He is very suspicious, and unusually reticent about his own affairs. He paid Matheney liberally for the care bestowed upon him, and proposes to continue his journey east as soon as his health will permit him to move.

Swallowed Spectacles.

A Paris correspondent writes: Another rival to the man who swallowed a fork last year has just come to hand. A poor fellow named Venet has been admitted to the hospital here on account of having swallowed a pair of spectacles. It appears he partook one day rather freely of a dish of mushrooms, and having reason to suspect after having eaten them that they were poisonous, he attempted to bring on a fit of vomiting. Not succeeding in his first effort, he renewed his attempt by thrusting his spectacles down his throat. A gasp, a gulp, and down went the spectacles, and there they remain at the present. As the frames are of silver, no danger of poison is apprehended, but the poor fellow's condition is nevertheless a desperate one.

Base Ball.

Chicago will invest $30,000 in the new nine next year; Cincinnati, $20,000; St. Louis, $20,000; and Louisville is going into the business to the amount of $20,000. Cleveland, too, encouraged by the lively state of things at present, has arranged to form an association with a capital of $12,000, to engage a nine. Over $100,000 will be invested in base ball stock, and in the stock companies of Boston, Hartford, New Haven, New York and Philadelphia, not less than $300,000 will be found employed in running professional base ball clubs in 1876.

AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE.

In the Ruins of the Fine City of Cucuta in the Republic of Colombia.

The day after the terrible earthquake in Cucuta, says a local paper, people flocked in on all sides, armed with implements for digging and mules to carry the plunder away. Merchants who attempted to find and recover their safes had to proceed revolver in hand. The pillage of the ruins went on for five days, during which time those bandits sent away some fifty mule loads of the goods of the unfortunates that lay buried under the ruins of what had been the fine city of Cucuta in the republic of Colombia. The streets and lanes among the ruins were covered with all kinds of goods and merchandise. In one place boxes of wine had been opened, the contents drunk, and the bottles scattered around; in other places chandeliers, silk trimmings, furs and furniture. In another were to be seen tins of sardines, salmon, oysters, etc., all in confusion, and all more or less covered with mud. In the midst of all this there were some people of this unfortunate city setting off Chinese crackers, drinking wine, surrounded by dead bodies, and shouting: "Now the rich are poor, and the poor rich." All this was accompanied with the clamors of the living, the groans of the wounded, and the cries of those buried alive, who begged to be helped out from under the ruins of their fallen houses. Some pious old woman would come into view with her lap full of stolen articles, murmuring: "What a terrible misfortune," and then hastening home to count the beads of her rosary and take an inventory of the valuables in her possession. The whole scene smelt of the infernal regions, and seemed a foretaste of the day of judgment. And so passed several days; those who could, left, and those who could not, did the best that was possible under the circumstances. The very aid sent to the unfortunate the robbers managed to share, and little of it fell to the lot of the really deserving. The chief of the national force stationed there abandoned his post. The Colombian Guard, as it was called, mutinied; and after robbing what it could dissolved and deserted. Even the alcalde took to flight and left the robbers masters of the lives and goods of their unfortunate fellow citizens. In fine Cucuta is now only a name for a horrible heap of ruins, with its dead inhabitants, killed by the hundred during the disaster, putrifying under them, and sending forth a sickening stench.

Brutal Keepers.

There seems to be very little doubt that the unfortunate man Conolly, who died at the New York penitentiary, was to all intents and purposes murdered by his keepers. His legs and the lower part of his body were covered with livid bruises, and one of his great toe-nails was torn off. It is plain that injuries of this kind could not have been caused by a succession of accidental falls, as pretended by the deputy warden. Keeper Fallon declares that Conolly was subjected to the most brutal treatment by keepers Geary, Reese and others, and testifies specifically to a number of outrages committed upon the unfortunate prisoner, which are revolting to every sense of humanity. The fact that the victim was half-witted, if not positively an idiot, deprives his murderers of the last semblance of an excuse for their brutality. The commissioners of charities and correction must investigate this case thoroughly, and take care that the guilty are punished. It is not the first case of the kind which has occurred. Keepers of an inferior class think that the only way to keep the outlaws in their charge under subjection is to make an example of some feeble prisoner who is unable to defend himself. By beating and overworking a man of this kind they hope to intimidate more unruly and unmanageable prisoners. This process they call "making a market of a man." Their theory is, of course, founded on the grossest ignorance of human nature and a naturally brutal disposition. Indiscriminate tyranny incites men to revolt, and if ever a general uprising should occur among the Blackwell's Island convicts, we shall not have far to look for the cause.

As Good as She is Beautiful.

An exchange has received from Carthage, Mo., the following glowing description of a rustic beauty:

"I have heard a great meny both male and female speakind of Pretty faces and lovely women But the Prettiest face I Ever Beheld is amonge our Carthage fair Daughters She has dark Chestnut brown hair a full white Brow and the Handsomest Eyes I ever saw so mild and gentle is those Dreamy gray eyes Sutch Rosy Cheeks and full Coral lips the Perfect Picture of health She is as Good formed her with out Paint or Pouder She is as Perfect as woman ever was She is not only Pretty (for Beauty a lone is worth But little) But she is Good and Industrious this noble Girl has made her own living for meny years and no one can say aught against her she does not sew for a living, neither does she make hats But she simply does House work she can turn her hand to eny thing about a house Cooking washing iorring scrubbing or Milking Chirning or sewing or fancy work my wife said she never saw a more Perfect Lady in her life She goes a Bout her work for more cheerful than those Porlar orniments and wall flowers go to the Piana She all ways welcoms with a smile she keeps the house cheerful with her cheerful noise singing But with all her Cheerfulness there is some thing about her lavly face that shows a sad Grave look as though some Cruel knife had Pearced the true Pure heart I will not give her name she is a inmate of the house of —— and is mutch Beloved by all the famoly they treat her as they do their own Daughter and she has the Noblest of Blood in her veins."

Ancient Jewish Tradition of Lilith.

Lilith was Adam's first wife, like a bird, with the fair, evil face of a woman. Immediately on her creation and introduction to our first parent the two began to fight. She said: "I will not give way." Adam said likewise. Lilith said: "We are equal, being formed of the same clay." An argument, by the way, for the superiority of Eve, who was not so formed. In short, neither would obey the other. Then Lilith uttered the holy