An Unmanageable Prisoner.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Geneva, Switzerland, tells about a prisoner in jail at Vaud, who seems to be an unusually "hard case." The name of the prisoner is Christian Wyss, and he appears to have been an evil-doer from his youth upward. Though still under forty, he began his career of crime more than twenty years ago, being sentenced in 1858 to a term of imprisonment for a robbery committed at Vevy. In 1863 he was condemned to eight years' solitary confinement for robbery with violence and a murderous attack on the gendarme by whom he was arrested. During this imprisonment he made a ferocious onslaught on a turnkey with a chisel, of which he had surreptitiously possessed himself, and nearly killed the man. No sooner was Wyss released from prison than he resumed his evil courses. Two years thereafter he was brought before a criminal court at Payerne on a charge of breaking into the house of the pastor of Ressudens, whom he half strangled and left for dead, and, though he recovered for a time, he did actually die not long afterward of the injuries inflicted on him by his assailant. For this offence Wyss was sentenced in 1873 to thirteen years' solitary confinement. Before the year was out he attacked another turnkey, this time with a knife, and though the poor man was hurt to death he survived his wounds a few weeks, a circumstance which, indicating as it did a possibility of ultimate recovery, induced the magistrate by whom the murderer was tried to take an indulgent view of the case and add only two years to his sentence. After this event, and seeing that Wyss, who is not only a creature of ferocious temper, but of great strength and almost herculean proportions, continued to threaten his jailers, and made several attempts to escape, the authorities resolved to provide him with a prison of his own. A separate cell of solid masonry was, therefore, built for him. Light was admitted by a single, heavily barred window, and the door was of such strength as seemingly to defy the prisoner's utmost efforts to break out. In this door was arranged a small wicket, through which Wyss was fed like a wild beast, for no one ever entered his cell, where he was locked day and night heavily ironed. But one day when a guardian of the prison was conveying to Wyss his matutinal supply of food he perceived that the door had been tampered with. An alarm was forthwith given, and investigation made. It seemed that the prisoner had managed, nobody could tell how, to break a piece of iron from one of the bars of his window. This, by dint of hard work—using the floor of his cell as a whetstone—he had ingeniously shaped into a sort of chisel, with which he had forced back one of the bolts of his door, and would, doubtless, had he not thus fallen out of bed, have forced them all and regained his freedom. It required almost a regiment of gendarmes to secure Wyss and carry him to another cell, there to be kept chained to the floor until his own den should be once more ready to receive and, as his custodians hope, to retain him. If, before his time be out, Wyss should commit any more murders, it is very likely, in the present temper of the Vaudois people, that he will be hanged.

Where Clocks and Watches are Made.

This, trade, says a French paper, is considered one of the highest rank in all the branches of manufacture as being at the same time an art and an industry. The necessity of an accurate knowledge of time has become so great in these days of railroads and rapid ocean voyages that these instruments have become almost indispensable to every one, and, consequently, the trade has greatly increased of late years. Some very curious facts connected with the business are worthy of notice—for instance, the delicate movements of the minute instruments known as ladies' watches are executed by the rural population of Savoy and the French and Swiss Jura with a dexterity quite astonishing. The development of production in this branch of manufacture has been very great, and the statistics of the trade in general will not be without interest for the reader. France stands at the head of the list. She produces chronometers, watches, time-pieces, clocks, annually to the value of $13,000,000; then comes Switzerland, with watches, $12,000,000; America, in watches and Dutch clocks, $6,000,000; England, chronometers and watches, $3,200,000; Austria, time-pieces, $2,000,000; Germany, in time-pieces and a few thousands of watches, $5,000,000. These figures give a total considerably over $40,000,000 for the whole clock-making trade of the world. The amount assumes the greater importance when the fact is remarked that, differing from nearly all other businesses, the raw material enters so slightly into the price, the principal expenditure being almost exclusively in labor. The aproximate number of articles produced is as follows: France, about 1,000,000 pieces annually; Germany turns out more, some 2,000,000, but they are of a much inferior average price. The same may be said of the American manufacture, which provides commerce every year with 700,000 or 800,000 objects. As far as watches are concerned, Switzerland leads the list with an annual production of 1,500,000; France follows with 500,000; the United States produces from 300,000 to 350,000, and England some 200,000, but these are of very superior quality. The enormous total is that 2,500,000 watches and 4,000,000 time-pieces are annually dispersed to the four quarters of the globe.

Nature in India.

There is nothing in India that is so constant a surprise as nature. Your eyes are accustomed to your own flowers and forms of forests and garden growths—the oak, the ash, the sycamore, the modest daisy, the wholesome, virtuous clover that blossoms over meadows and valley. You look in vain for the old forms that were so pleasant to you in childhood—that were ways friends when the world grew dark and sorrows swept over your young and trembling life. The trees are new. You have heard of them in poems, in ghost stories, in Arabian tales, but in India they are around you. Here is the mango, a noble tree, that gives a pleasant fruit, said to be among the atonements of an Indian residence, but which we shall not see, leaving Hindostan before it ripens. Every one has been telling us of the comfort we shall find in the mango, and that, although we come from the land of fruits, we shall surrender our peach and pear and Newton pippins to the mango. All we have seen of it has been some candied mango, so killed by the sugar that it might as well have been pumpkin or melon rind, sent to us by some of the Maharajahs. We have also had it as a curry, but the spices introduced into such a condition that it might have passed for radish or celery. As a tree it is royal and green and rich. Here we see the tamarind, under which you are forbidden to pitch your tents because of the unwholesome exhalations. Here is the pipel and the Japanese acacia; the banana, with its hospitable leaves; bamboos, the orange and the lemon; cactus until you are weary of cactus; a very world of ferns, and the rose in endless profusion. Animal life has a freedom that is unusual to our rapacious eyes—accustomed as we are to look upon everything that God has made as something for man to kill. Here the religion of the natives, which throws over all animal nature protection, has its influence. As you stroll over the walks of an Indian garden or look out upon an Indian forest you see animal life in all forms. The monkey is more common than squirrels at home, and over your table as you gather about it the birds of prey assemble and circle around and around until your meal is done and it comes their turn to take your place.—*Calcutta Letter.*

Nelson's Coffin.

The romantic suggestion that earth should be brought over from France to make a grave for the late Prince Imperial has a singular parallel in the life of Admiral Nelson. When the famous French three-decker, L'Orient—the scene of young Casabianca's heroic death—blew up at the battle of the Nile, a large piece of her foremast fell into the rigging of the Swiftsure, an English frigate. The latter's commander, Capt. Benjamin Hallowell, one of Nelson's warmest friends, at once ordered the ship's carpenter to make the fragment into a coffin, which he presented to the admiral with a letter expressing his hope that "the day might be far distant when the trophy of Nelson's greatest victory should be his last resting-place." Nelson was greatly pleased with this characteristic gift, which he immediately installed in a corner of his private cabin, and, in compliance with his own repeated request, his body was actually placed in it after his death at Trafalgar.

NEW CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE.

Success of the Remedy in Scotland.

The Aberdeen *Evening Express* says: Duringthe last few months a course of treatment, having for its object the cure of intemperance, has been carried on in Aberdeen with apparently most successful results. Some of our readers may remember that about the beginning of the present year a paragraph appeared in our columns narrating the extraordinary success which attended the efforts of a Chicago physician to cure drunkards of their craving for spirituous liquors, by the use of a medicine prepared from the red Peruvian bark. Among the persons whose attention was attracted by the story were several gentlemen of influence in Aberdeen, to whom it occurred to give the supposed remedy a practical trial. These gentlemen brought the matter under the notice of Dr. Stewart, of the Heathcot Hydrophatic Establishment, at the same time making the proposal which had suggested itself to their minds, namely, that a patient such as would make the case, so to speak, a test one, should be put through a course of treatment at Heathcot. They were gratified to find Dr. Stewart quite as much interested in the matter as they themselves were, and ready to bear a share in the expense of the experiment, for such it was. Without loss of time the work was commenced, and little difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable patient to operate upon. A man possessed of no mean share of accomplishments, and yet in the prime of life, who for years had been the slave of habits that wrongfully dragged him to ruin, who, indeed, four months ago, presented the appearance of a physical and mental wreck, was, if any could be, a fitting subject; in point of fact, it was specially with a view to the reformation of one whose deplorable condition made him an object of pity to all that saw him wandering about our streets, that the proposal first took form. The inebriate was conveyed to Heathcot about four months ago, and he once put under the treatment, which may be here described. The remedy is said to have been discovered by a Dr. DUnger, of Chicago, and the sole ingredient used in its preparation is the red Peruvian bark (*Cinchona rubra*), known among druggists as "quill bark," from the fact that it is obtained from twigs about the size of a quill. The bark is reduced to powder, and soaked in sweet spirits, after which its bulk is lessened by one-half being strained or evaporated off. On the first and second days the medicine (which, in its prepared state, bears the name of *Extractum Cinchonæ Rubræ Liquidum*) is administered to the patient in the proportion of a teaspoonful every three hours, the tongue being occasionally moistened in the intervals between the doses. On the third day the dose is reduced to a half-spoonful, a quarter-spoonful, and subsequently to five, ten and five drops. The treatment is continued, on an average, for eight days—in extreme cases, for thirty days—the quantity of the preparation derived from the same source—quinine—the *Extractum Cinchonæ* is a powerful tonic, but possesses the quality, which quinine lacks, of inspiring those that partake of it with a thorough, and for the time, unconquerable aversion to spirituous liquors. At Heathcot the treatment was, in effect, as we have indicated; and, almost from its commencement, it seemed to exert the most extraordinary results. After the first few doses, the intense craving for drink became less, and gradually disappeared; while in place of it there was manifested a no less marked aversion to the alcohol, which shortly grew into positive disgust. The treatment was continued for three months, after the lapse of which period the patient returned to Aberdeen, with a color in his cheeks that for years had been absent, and such health and vigor in his movements as could not fail to carry conviction regarding the result of the work. The once decrepit and maudlin drunkard has been furnished with employment; physically the man has been retrieved from utter ruin.

Emboldened by the success which attended their efforts in this instance Dr. Stewart and his friends had another patient subjected to the effects of the medicine at Heathcot. In this case it was a commercial man, whose deplorable desire for spirituous liquors was fast ruining him and destroying the happiness of his family. The case was not so hopelessly bad as the previous one, yet it called for remedy if ever one did. The man was brought to Heathcot one day, dead drunk, and when the first craving had passed, he was shown what effects spirits as he displayed in the other case resulted. His wife, in a letter, while expressing in the most earnest manner the hope that the efforts for her husband's reformation would be rewarded with success, despaired of the result, knowing from experience, as she said, that the unhappy man would find some means of furnishing himself with stimulants of some shape, whether whisky, chloral, opium or chloroform. In a month however, the patient was allowed to visit the city daily for the purpose of attending to his duties, returning to Heathcot at night. He is now an altered man, has no longing for strong drink, and hates the very sight of it. Yet another case. A young man, whose habits threatened to involve him in the moral and physical destruction which in the preceding cases was all but reached, was sent up to Deside, and, after undergoing a fortnight's treatment at the hands of Dr. Stewart, returned to town freed from the incubus which had been ruining him. These are the instances which, up to the present time, have been noted by Dr. Stewart, and in all, it will be observed, the result has been success—complete and unmistakable success.

It would be rash, however, to view the cures as complete yet. Time will have to show whether the effects of the medicine are lasting, and meanwhile the cases must be regarded as evidencing only a temporary cure. Viewed in the latter light, however, the results are, we think, sufficiently interesting to warrant our giving publicity to them.

A Case of Suspended Animation.

Emil Bausch, of Williamsburg, N. Y., who has been suffering for some time from heart disease, sat down to his dinner table one day recently, seemingly in his usual health. After partaking heartily of the viands placed before him he rose from the table, but was taken with what he thought a fainting fit, and said he felt sick; then, throwing up his hands, he fell on the floor. The family, thoroughly startled, though they had long been expecting such an occurrence, hastened to his relief and bore him to a sofa, where after two or three efforts to articulate both respiration and pulsation apparently ceased. The family physician was sent for, but being absent, word was left for him to call immediately on his return. Meanwhile no signs of life were visible in Mr. Bausch, and the family convinced of his death sent for an undertaker, who came and was also convinced of the death of Mr. Bausch. Before going back to his store for ice and box with which to preserve the body until the time for the funeral he attached the usual crape insignia of death to the front door bell.

He was gone an hour, and then when he reached the house and prepared to remove the body to the box the jar of removal startled the supposed corpse into life. Sneezing first, he gasped for breath, and in a few moments circulation that had been temporarily suspended resumed its course, and, though weak, Mr. Bausch became once more a man among the living. The family rejoiced at the recovery, overwhelmed him with attention, and even the undertaker felt pleasure in the unusual termination to his services and joined in the congratulations. He quickly hastened the removal of his paraphernalia, the last thing to take down being the badge of crape from the door, which for two hours had been suspended there.

How to Swim.

The editor of the London *Truth*, after observing that probably not one in twenty of the persons who indulge in boating on a holiday can swim, proceeds to tell his readers how to acquire this accomplishment. Nothing, he says, is more easy. When the air is out of a body its owner sinks; when the air is in the body its owner floats. Let any one slowly draw in his breath as he draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it while he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go through his lips as his arms are passed back from before his head to his sides and his legs are stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downward. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim is because swimming professors either do not know or do not choose to teach the philosophy of breathing so as to render the body buoyant. I would engage to make any one a tolerable swimmer in an hour, unless he be a congenital idiot.

The Destruction of American Forests.

Of a desolation which is recorded far back of the days of Roman or even of Grecian glory, we read that "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees." In the days when American forests were considered practically limitless, our fathers were far too famous for lifting up axes upon the thick trees, and the resultant destruction is even now upon us, like the Philistines upon Samson. This destruction comes upon us in many forms, most of which are, in fact, rapidly and terribly cumulative. Here is a beautiful stream of water, for example, which was a great element of wealth to the region through which it flowed. It might not only have continued to be so, but to have gained in usefulness instead of being dead or surely and swiftly passing away. The numberless little hollows on the hills where were the springs which grew into rivulets to feed it have been stripped of the moisture-economizing verdure with which the Creator clothed them, and so the springs are dry, and the rills no longer murmur their once glad songs of labor as they hastened down the valleys to turn the mill-wheels of the mechanical industry. In this one matter of destruction of hydraulic power with which we have been already smitten, hundreds of millions of dollars of annual damage has been and is the actual result. That this drying up of the streams is attributable not only chiefly to deforesting, but almost solely to it, common sense—which is, in fact, the very essence of both fact and philosophy—must be plain to every candid or unprejudiced person. Rain feeds the springs. To feed them economically, it should be gentle and frequent, not violent and at long intervals. Intelligent forest engineering would require that such portion of hills be clothed with a mantle of green trees as by its cooling influence it would more frequently so contract the aerial sponge as to give us showers at short intervals. This is the case in forest-clothed, beautiful Britain. The reverse is true in tree-tipped Spain, whose people have become as proverbial for their hatred of trees as their country has for sterility of soil and sleeping streams. There, and on eastward all through the Orient, a relentless, brilliant sky and an appalling absence of verdure will teach one as nothing else can how beautiful are clouds that weep, and, in its proper time, how delicious a drizzling rainy day. The deforested Eastern lands are as famous for seasons of blinding storms, and valleys torn by terrible torrents, as they are for the reverse. They will soon find their counterpart in all these characteristics in America, unless we rouse ourselves with a will to understand and to master these evils. Forests promote streams available for our precious manufacturing interests, also, by furnishing vast and almost innumerable beds of fallen leaves and of moss, which act on the earth like a huge overlying sponge, to check the sudden rush of the rain-fall into the valleys and swell into the brown torrent. Very rapidly in recent years are mournful instances multiplying in which these manufacturing streams are transformed by freshets from spirits of blessings—to give homes and food and clothing to thousands who live in the hamlets, by turning the machinery which helps them by their labor to help themselves—to demons of destruction. Forests also promote such steadiness of flow of the streams as to make them sources of national wealth in giving employment to skilled labor, by preventing the rapid evaporation of moisture. Probably more than half the water that falls on a deforested region in a dry season is whisked off by evaporation just at the time when it is most needed to strengthen the depleted mill-streams. The steam engine, to be of any practical use as a motive power, must have its action controlled by the conservative influence of the balance-wheel. Otherwise its wheels would whirl at one time with a fury which would result only in destruction, and then they would move too slowly to be of service. Thus the forest, by increasing the frequency of gentle rains, and so decreasing the volume and the length of intervals between showers, also by regulating the rain-fall in the playground, into the streams, is the great regulator provided by nature for their control in the service of man. All over the manufacturing portions of our country we may find instances where large amounts of capital have been invested to develop and make available our once magnificent and almost numberless hydraulic powers. Trusting to what seemed a certainty of employment for themselves and their families, thousands of skilled laborers have in many cases confidingly made their homes at a point where the stream seemed abundantly powerful and permanent. Then, as the summers came and went, the river seemed to sicken, and grow more and more feeble, till there would be a week or two each year in which the spindles and the looms would be silent. As time went on these periods of idleness have lengthened into months, in which the labor struggle for bread and clothing, for mere existence for the humble little home, or debts incurred in sickness, was compelled to be suspended. The cause of all this was that the sources of the river's life had been destroyed or injured by the ignorance, cupidity, or recklessness of men who "lifted up the axe on the thick trees" far up the mountains, where the mill-streams had their birth.—*G. W. Powell, in Harper's Magazine.*

A Stranger's Nose.

Some of those chaps who wear their elbows down thin leaning on saloon counters have an artificial fly with a fine thread attached to the back, and sometimes these toys can be handled for the amusement of a small crowd. When an unknown man yesterday fell asleep in a saloon on Michigan avenue, the young man with an artificial fly was there. He took position behind his victim, who was lying back on his chair, and presently the fly alighted on the stranger's nose, walked up the bridge and down, and settled for a moment on the tip end. The sleeper never moved a finger. The fly went over the old route, drove into the corner of the left eye, galloped over to the right, and came down to the grand stand on the dead run. But the sleeper slept on. It began to appear that he was used to flies, and so the game was changed. By sticking a pin through one of these toys you can make quite a bee of it, the pin being the stinger.

When the "bee" descended on the stranger's nose, everybody expected to see a sudden start, but it did not come. After a jab at the tip end the "bee" crawled along up, waiting for developments and getting in an occasional sting, but not even a sigh escaped the sleeper. The young man with the insect was getting tired when the stranger lazily opened his eyes, slowly rose from his chair, and coolly remarked:

"Now, then, if you have got through fooling with my nose, I'll fool with yours for a while!"

It isn't likely that particular young man will ever dangle artificial flies any more. He was doubled up, straightened out, choked, mopped and slammed so thoroughly that his appetite will run to chicken-broth and arnica for some days to come. When the cyclone had passed the stranger said to the white-faced crowd on the bench:

"Gentlemen, if any more of you see anything peculiar about my nose, please call around and let me know!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Words of Wisdom.

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry them across the lowland, that you may linger longer on the mountain tops.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning as the injudicious praise of our friends.

The chief art in learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.

Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone forever.

Abstemiousness and frugality are the best bankers. They sow a handsome interest and never dishonor a draft drawn upon them by their humblest customer.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must either be bad air, unwholesome food, improperly-severe labor, or erring habits of life.

Our fortune depends entirely upon external causes, but our happiness upon ourselves. Its principal ingredients are a manly mind, an affectionate heart, and a temperate imagination. The first has the power to disarm affliction; the second to double every enjoyment; the last to guard us from wild wishes and vain pursuits.

Coaxed Into a Fortune.

We don't know whether one would call this a romance or an old phase of human nature, but it is a fact as we tell it. Our town readers all know Horace Tyler. He has been on the Base Range ever since the mines were discovered, and his genuine manhood is a characteristic of the man. In his chosen occupation of teamster he has plodded over the dusty highways and sandy deserts of the Eastern Nevada "nigh onto fifteen year," as Uncle Josh would express it. He came to the coast a mere boy, and in his independent, sturdy sort of way has grappled with fortune, not as successfully as some, perhaps, as all his years of toil simply resulted in his ownership of a team, and his wresting a hard livelihood from incessant daily labor. He was as honest as they make 'em, and that trait was his pride. Why he left the old home, "way down in Vermont," is his secret, and he is stubbornly reticent on that point, simply stating that he came away because "he hankered after a life on the plains." Whatever the motive, he betrayed no desire to return to his birthplace, despite the fact, now known, that it was a most luxurious one, and that every comfort and pleasure that wealth could command was his if he would accept it. Sunday morning Mr. W. O. Tyler, a cousin of Horace, arrived in Eureka from Vermont, charged with a special mission. He sought out his relative, and announced to him that he had been sent by his father to persuade his boy—now a bearded man—to come back to his home. His parent was waiting, eager to welcome him, and praying that his son might listen to his pleadings. Not only this, but all his riches—a cool $250,000—was at his son's command, upon his arrival. The latter inducement would have been sufficient for an ordinary mortal, but it did not influence Horace a particle. On the contrary he was obdurate, flatly refused to go, and despite his cousin's entreaties, which lasted from the time the train arrived Sunday night until it departed yesterday morning, he persisted in his determination, and bade the ambassador good-bye at the train, still firm in his resolve. He came back to town, curried his horses and fed them, greased his wagons, and then, falling in with some of his friends, related the incident to them in a matter-of-fact way (including with the remark that "he owned that team, didn't owe much money, and he reckoned he could make a living independent of anybody." He was met with a storm of remonstrances, arguments and advice. This policy on the part of his old comrades staggered him. He thought he was doing the right thing, but when they remonstrated to him how unfilial his conduct, how cruel he was acting in withholding from his aged father the comfort that his son's presence would be to his fast declining years, Horace weakened. He could not stand the upraidings of his associates, and he turned to Eureka a lonely and sad citizen. His cousin was telegraphed to at Elko, and instructed to await Horace's arrival. Yesterday he sold his team, paid up every cent that he owed, and this morning departed for Elko, where he will join his relative and proceed on his journey eastward. May good luck attend him. He has furnished us with a novel item, and one that will be hard to match. Think of it! Fifty-three years found in these degenerate days—an eccentric individual that has to be coaxed and driven into the possession of $250,000.—*Eureka (Nev.) Leader.*

To Make Ice-Cream.

One quart of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one large spoonful of flour stirred to a smooth paste in a little of the milk, and one pound of sugar; scald until thick, taking care not to let it burn. When cold, add one quart of whipped cream and the beaten whites of four eggs; flavor to suit the taste, and it is ready to be frozen.

To make ice-cream nicely and quickly, a suitable apparatus is indispensable. If one has no freezer, a tin pail with a closely fitting cover can be made to answer. Set the pail in a basket—a large peach basket is good; pack equal quantities of coarse salt and finely broken ice around the pail, nearly up to the rim; pour the prepared cream into the pail, taking care not to get any salt into it; cover the whole with flannel and leave for twenty minutes, that the cream may chill. Freeze by turning the pail half-way round and back, and every few minutes open the pail and stir the cream; for this purpose use a smooth stick. Work fast while the pail is open as the air that reaches the cream delays the freezing process. Have a damp napkin at hand to wipe away the salt from the freezer every time that it is opened. It may be necessary to renew the ice and salt while shaking, as the freezing mixture must be kept close to the sides of the pail. When the cream becomes solid, cover again with flannel, and if convenient, let it stand for an hour before serving.—*Rural New Yorker.*

To Those who Write.

Write the proper names plainly.

Never wrangle or dispute in print with anybody.

Be brief in statements; sparing in comments.

Write with ink; never with pencil, unless unavoidable.

Don't attempt fine writing; it is news that is wanted, not style.

Short items and lots of them are what please the editor and reader.

Be pointed; do not write all around a subject without hitting it.

When you have nothing to say, stop. Never mind filling out the page.

Paragraph whenever a change of subject occurs, and in no other place.

Don't puff; if an advertisement is worth anything, it is worth paying for.

Eschew preface; plunge into the subject at once. State facts, don't moralize.

Write only on one side of the sheet, as the copy has oftentimes to be divided among several compositors.

Avoid unpleasant personalities, and never send an item, the force of which is understood only by yourself and a few others.

Do not be afraid of making your communications too brief.

You can keep the authorship as nearly a secret from the public as you please; indeed, nobody need know you write for the newspapers unless you choose to let them know yourself. The editor won't tell—rely upon that.

Western Harvest Hands.

For harvest hands to handle the large crops on the Western plains the farmers depend, first, on the emigrants, who flock into a country subject to homestead; second, on wheat harvest "tramps." These men start in Texas and follow the harvest north. Some keep on the line of the rivers. They work in Texas until her harvest is saved, Then they strike for the Mississippi river and there take boat for the North. When they reach a point where the wheat is not cut they disembark and go to work. Finishing there, they go further north, and so keep on until Minnesota is reached, ceasing work only when the great fields of wheat on the Red river and Dakota plains are cut. Other men get in their wagons and drive north. These, in hundreds of vehicles, can be seen going north. They have cut the crop of Texas. The crop of Southern Kansas has been saved by them. The farmers of Nebraska look toward the southern horizon for the white-topped wagons to roll into sight. They will soon be among the hills of the Dakota plains. These men are the best of harvest hands. But some of them have very imperfect ideas of the rights of personal property, and are especially loose in morals in regard to horses.

Buried by Lightning.

From the village of Tecumseh, Michigan, are received the particulars of one of the most peculiar freaks of lightning lately recorded. The village sexton, John O'Connell, was engaged in digging a grave when one of the recent thunder-storms came over. There was a blinding flash of lightning accompanied by an instantaneous report, as it seemed, directly in the grave, and Mr. O'Connell found himself prostrated in the bottom of the grave, which was nearly completed. The whole surface and sides of the grave were plowed up, and he himself was half buried in loose earth. He tried to rise and was unable to, and thought at first his lower limbs were severed from his body. They were completely bereft of feeling, and he had lost all use of the muscles. Gradually, however, feeling was restored, and he was able to rise, when he found both boots completely shattered and the lower parts of his trousers torn, but himself uninured. A general feeling of lassitude and weakness followed, but this soon passed off, and equipped in new boots and pantaloons, he was soon well.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Eastern and Middle States.

The roof of a new round-house in course of erection for the Erie Railroad Company near East Buffalo, N. Y., fell in with a terrible crash, killing one man and more or less seriously injuring eleven others.

An explosion at midnight on board the steamer Drew, running on the Hudson between New York and Albany, demolished three state-rooms, filled the main saloon with smoke and brought the passengers out of their births in a state of great excitement. Investigation showed the explosion to have been caused by a box filled with powder, brought on board by a passenger, who was captured and proved to be a well-known swindler, often before arrested in various parts of the country for committing acts that sometimes bordered in the insane.

The ocean steamer Mosel arrived in New York, having on board 336 Russian Mennonites, who camped out on the wharf all night and the next day started for the West.

By the premature explosion of a blast in a quarry at Huntington, Pa., Michael Ryan, a sub-contractor, Joseph Roncoroni and A. W. Keith were instantly killed.

Considerable excitement and comment has been caused among the Hebrews in and about New York by the public declaration of Mr. Austin Corbin, president of the Manhattan Beach Company, of Coney Island, that he did not want any Israelites to patronize the company's hotel or railroad. The declaration which has created such a stir was written by Mr. Corbin himself, and is as follows: "We do not like the Jews as a class. There are some well-behaved people among them, but as a rule they make themselves offensive to our guests and by their wrongfully patronizing our road and hotel, and I am satisfied we should be better off without than with their custom." Prominent Hebrews of New York vehemently denounce Mr. Corbin's action as unjustified.

The First National Bank of Butler, Pa., has failed. The total liabilities are $288,000, and the assets are stated to be sufficient to pay all depositors, and to reimburse about $15,000 on the $80,000 of capital stock.

The Pennsylvania Republicans nominated Samuel Butler for State Treasurer at their convention in Harrisburg. The platform adopted declares its "implacable hostility to the repeal of the national laws which protect the purity of the ballot box and secure their elections," denounces the Democratic party and praises the President, is in favor of "the payment of the national debt in coin" and of "a paper currency redeemable in coin," etc.

Secretary St. Julian spoke for two hours at Portland, Me., on the extra session of Congress and the Republican financial policy. Daniel F. Davis, Republican nominee for Governor, Senator Blaine and Hon. Thomas B. Reed also addressed the meeting.

Fully 5,000 persons were present at the closing exercises of the three days' session of the National Temperance Union at Ocean Beach, N. J. The closing address was made by Mrs. Mary C. Lathrop, of Michigan.

The New York Republican State Committee has issued a call for the State Convention, to be held at Saratoga September 3.

Leon Peter Federmeyer reached New York city with a bonanza which he had transported from San Francisco, accompanied by James T. Fuller, who acted as referee. The walk was the result of a wager made with Lyman Potter, who arrived in San Francisco last year with a wheelbarrow which he claimed to have pushed across the continent from Albany, N. Y. The two men started from San Francisco on their novel tour on December 8, and Federmeyer made the trip to New York in six months and fifteen days, Potter being behind somewhere in Illinois.

As Michael Bolender, foreman in a New York candy manufactory, was returning home from work he was assaulted upon by Frank Portello, a discharged Italian workman, stabbed twice and instantly killed. Then Portello, with the reeking knife in his hands, walked along the street, defying the officers, who arrested him only after a fierce struggle. Portello's motive was revenge for having been discharged by his victim.

At Oswego, N. Y., the Empire, Reciprocity and Lake Ontario flouring mills, which have elevators attached, besides several other buildings occupied by business firms, have been destroyed by fire, causing a heavy loss.

John Barrett, a convict from New York, serving a sentence of two years and six months at Sing Sing prison for burglary, became retractory and refused to go to work. He was taken before the prison physician and found to be well. Still refusing to work he was locked up in a dark cell. There the doctor visited him, when Barrett discharged the contents of his shotgun full in the physician's face. For this act Barrett was taken from his cell and "paddled"—flogged with an instrument made of wood and leather. The next day, while being taken from his cell to the doctor's office, Barrett attacked Keeper Patrick Mackin with a knife, cutting his ear in two places and inflicting a severe wound in his left thigh. Keeper McCormick then knocked the convict down with his cane. Barrett fled to another part of the prison and armed himself with a heavy hammer. Keeper John H. Good attempted to arrest Barrett, who raised the hammer to throw at him, when the officer shot the convict through the heart with his revolver, killing him instantly. The shooting occurred in the presence of about 200 convicts, who had been formed into line preparatory to being marched to dinner. During the ten minutes prior to the firing of the fatal shot, the convicts broke ranks and crowded around Keepers Biglin and Good and the defiant prisoner. The men were growing very turbulent and disorderly until Keeper Good fired upon Barrett, when they fell back for a moment. A then rushed forward again several deep and drew their revolvers and marched the prisoners from the place. A coroner's jury declared the shooting justifiable.

Jennie R. Smith and Covert D. Bennett, the alleged Jersey City murderers of the former's husband, Policeman Smith, have been granted a new trial by the Court of Errors and Appeals. Judge Beasley delivering the opinion of the court, reversing the judgment below. The vote stood twelve to three in favor of a new trial, one judge not voting.

Much damage to buildings, crops and railroads has been done and several lives have been lost by one of the heaviest storms ever experienced in Western Pennsylvania. Karns City and Petrolia, two towns in the oil district of Butler county, and situated in a narrow valley through which Bear creek flows, were the severest sufferers. A large wave of water, between five and six feet deep, swept down on Karns City. Houses were picked up from their foundations and carried off as if they were chips. The people living in the houses were taken by surprise, and the scene was a fearfully piteous one. Women were weeping and screaming for aid, and children, with their bodies projecting from the windows, filled the air with cries for help. Property to the value of many thousands of dollars was in imminent peril. Boats, rafts, and a few horses were hastily procured by the residents of the higher portions of the town, and one by one the helpless people were rescued from their peril. Owing to the character of the houses and buildings, the damage to city is not over $15,000 or $20,000. From Karns City the water rushed through the valley, laying waste farms, carrying off the grain which was standing in the fields, and tearing away such outbuildings as were along the bank. On reaching Petrolia the wave went through the center of the town, and over fifty business and dwelling houses were swept away. The Parker and Karns City and Butler railroads suffered a loss of $10,000, all their trestles being damaged and the tracks washed away for miles. The scene presented during the rush of the waters was a terrible one. Mothers with babies in their arms and half-grown children clinging to their skirts were wringing their hands in pain and haggard faces plainly telling their fears, while men were seen combating bravely for life in the muddy torrents. The loss at Petrolia is about $100,000. Several persons were drowned and a number more reported missing.

Western and Southern States.

It is believed that there is danger of an attack from British America upon the army by 1,000 of Sitting Bull's hostile Indians. Sitting Bull himself is reported to be peacefully inclined, but is urged on to hostilities by his chiefs. The immediate cause of offence is said to be the recent preparations made by General Miles to patrol the border more thoroughly.

A late dispatch to a Cincinnati paper from Memphis says: "Throughout all of last night and to-day steady streams of people have been moving by every street, avenue and railway from the impending fever affliction now threatening the plague-stricken city. It is stated that 2,000 departed by the Louisville road alone, their baggage piled in high tiers extending from Main to Second street on the company's platform. To-day vehicles of every imaginable description have lined the highways, carrying people, baggage, household effects and camp equipage to the country. Within forty-eight hours the only remaining inhabitants will be poverty-stricken people unable for lack of means to leave, negroes and white men occupying places which imperatively demand their presence. The poor unable to go away outnumber those who remained last year. It will be impossible to reduce the population below 10,000. All property owners and nearly all leading officials have gone or are going away. Some twenty of our heaviest merchants are moving their stocks to St. Louis and Cincinnati, there to reopen and continue business until November. A dull, dreary and lonesome time is in prospect for all who remain. Many business houses closed last night, and will not reopen until cold weather sets in." Another Memphis dispatch of the same date says that business is about suspended, and nearly all persons of means have quitted the city with their families. The leading daily papers announced that during the epidemic they would publish half-sheets—the yellow fever dress of last year.

Mrs. Rhinehart and her daughter, Miss Heriker, were drowned in the Sangamon river, at Decatur, Ill. The young lady was to have been married, but her affianced failed to appear, and in a fit of desperation she started for the river, followed by her mother. She plunged in, and as Mrs. Rhinehart was attempting to save her both were drowned. Others of the bridal party narrowly escaped the same fate.

A desperate stabbing affray, growing out of a dispute, occurred recently about ten miles from Opelousas, La., between John and Bernard Hornsby, father and son, and Lewis Alexander Childs, brothers. The latter was instantly killed by a shot fired by Alexander Childs, brothers. The latter was instantly killed by a shot fired by Alexander Childs, brothers. The latter was instantly killed by a shot fired by