Three Marvellous Escapes.

In Virginia, Nev., a cage containing six men was slowly coming up the shaft of the Hale and Norcross mine. When about 600 feet from the bottom, at a point where there is an irregular place in the guides, it suddenly lurched to one side, throwing the men to the other. Patrick Holland, who was on the outside, was crowded off. It was impossible and would have been useless to stop the cage, and it proceeded to the surface. Then the men got the usual sacks and boxes and started back to the "sump" to gather up the fragments of their companion's body. As they approached the place in the shaft where the accident had occurred they heard a voice below them telling them to go slow. Holland, instead of falling to the bottom and being dashed to pieces, had landed safely on a "wall-plate." Any one who has ascended a shaft knows how rapidly the wall-plates flit by when the lantern is held so as to bring them to view. The cage from which Holland was thrown was coming up at the usual rate of speed. How the man could possibly have been lodged on one of these pieces of timber without being jammed by the cage or knocked off as it went past him is a wonder. The wall-plate is a square timber, fourteen by sixteen inches, so that there was very little standing-room for Holland while he was waiting for the cage to come down and rescue him. If the shaft had been so light that he could look down any considerable distance of the 600 feet between him and the bottom he would scarcely have had the nerve to cling to his narrow footing. The darkness of the mining shaft was a point in favor of the miner.

As a Mr. Jerome, of West Waterford, N. Y., was walking across the high railroad bridge at Cohoes, he beheld a train coming rapidly upon him from behind. He was at about the center of the bridge and there was no room on either side for him to stand out of the way of the train. After a moment's hesitation he dropped between the railroad ties, and throwing his arms around one of the cross timbers hung suspended until the long freight train had passed above him. Attempting then to lift himself, he found that his strength was exhausted and he could not perform the feat—a difficult one at any time. As the *Press* report says: "He shrieked for aid, and again and again essayed the task of drawing himself up by the strength of his arms. It was all in vain, and each struggle only served to weaken his frail hold upon the timber. Death seemed very near to him, and just as he was about relinquishing his hold he heard encouraging cries and he rallied his little remaining strength for a last struggle for life. To Mr. Jerome it seemed an age before help arrived, but in reality it was but a few moments, when as his fingers were slipping his wrists were grasped and he was saved. The shock was so great that he had been great, and when drawn up he was unable to stand."

The third adventure, which was also unattended with fatal results, happened to steamer No. 6, of the Cleveland Fire Department, and is told by the Cleveland *Herald* substantially as follows: An alarm was turned in at 5:55 P. M. and the engine started for the scene. It was beginning to get pretty dark, and in coming down the incline to the Cuyahoga street bridge the driver failed to see that the draw was swung. The horses, engine and four men were precipitated thirty feet into the river, the men escaping with their lives but the team being drowned. The injuries were none of them serious, although all four were more or less bruised and shaken.

The Forger and the Lawyer.

"One of the most expert forgers that ever appeared in this country," said a well-known detective to a New York reporter, "was caught in Massachusetts lately, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. He had not been in prison more than three months, when, to the astonishment of the jailer, a pardon came for him, in due form, all signed by the governor, and properly countersigned. There was nothing to be done but liberate the prisoner, and he walked out. But he had not been gone long before the jailer discovered that the prisoner had managed, through his friends to get a blank pardon from the governor's office, and had filled it out himself, and cleverly forged the signatures, and had then passed it out to his friends again, to be mailed to the jailer in proper shape. The clever forger had not got far enough away to escape, and he was arrested and sent back to prison. He employed a young New York lawyer, whose name is familiar through the fame of his father, and told him the story. 'They have no right to lock you up again,' said the lawyer, 'having once liberated you, without legally proving that the pardon is a forgery. I can get you out, but it will cost you $1,500.' 'Go ahead,' said the forger. The lawyer went ahead, gained his case, and liberated the prisoner. 'I am going out West immediately,' said the forger, as soon as he was free. 'My father, who is a wealthy man, owns a thousand-dollar farm in Kansas, and he has just sent me this letter, begging me to come home and lead an honest life, and telling me to draw on him for $2,000 to pay my bills. I am his only son, and I have almost broken his heart; but this life is coming to an end; I shall settle down on my father's farm and be an honest man,' and he showed the letter, a pathetic production from an afflicted parent. 'I shall need $1,000 of the money to pay some little bills,' continued the forger, 'and here is a draft I have made on my father for the $2,000. If you will give me a check for $1,000, I will give you the draft, and will send you the other $500 as soon I get home.'

"The lawyer read the letter carefully, drew a check for $1,000 and handed it to his client, and received the draft for $2,000. About three days after the draft was deposited in a bank for collection, it came back with the message that the man on whom it was drawn had been dead for eight years, and wasn't worth a cent when he was alive."

The Conductor and the Dog.

A few weeks ago Mr. William R. Palmer, treasurer of the Union Square theater company, was presented by one of his many friends with a small full-blooded English bull-dog with a pug nose and short tail. It was one of the best natured dogs in the world, but his aristocratic pug nose and protruding teeth were against him. One day last week Mr. Palmer, in company with a friend and the dog, took the train at Jersey City for Philadelphia. The two gentlemen occupied one seat, while the bull-pup appropriated the opposite one, the back of which had been reversed. The gentlemanly conductor came to this seat in turn, and asked, casually: "Whose dog is that?" Mr. Palmer looked up with the same gentlemanly indifference and said, "He belongs to me." "Well," said the conductor, "he will have to be taken into the baggage car." "All right," replied Mr. Palmer, and the conductor passed on. An hour later he came round again and seeing the dog still occupying the same seat, with the same ugly composure, and the two gentlemen busily engaged in conversation, the conductor said somewhat testily, "I told you that this dog would have to be taken into the baggage car." Mr. Palmer looked up with some surprise and said, "Very well, take him there." The conductor advanced and so did the dog toward the end of the seat. The pug opened wider a naturally ingenuous countenance and the conductor reiterated to Mr. Palmer, respectfully this time, "It is really against the rules of the company, sir, and the dog must be taken out of this car." The heated discussion between the two gentlemen was again interrupted, and Mr. Palmer turned toward the conductor: "Why, haven't you taken him away yet?" Then the conductor passed quickly down the aisle, and meeting the brakeman at the door, nonchalantly jerked his thumb over his shoulder and said: "Tom, just take the dog up there into the baggage car, will you?" The door slammed, the gentlemanly conductor passed on through the train, and the brakeman advanced toward the dog. But the English pug cocked his head on one side, opened his mouth and looked cross-eyed at the advancing official in such a way that he never paused, but walked straight on through the car. Mr. Palmer's pug occupied the seat all the way to Philadelphia. — *Philadelphia Times.*

To remove starch or rust from flatirons—Have a piece of yellow bees' wax tied in coarse cloth; when the iron is almost hot enough to use, but not quite, rub it quickly with the bees' wax and then with a clean coarse cloth.

The "Homing Instinct" in Pigeons.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll contributes to *Scribner* a curiously interesting paper on "How Animals get Home," from which we clip these paragraphs. Mr. Ingersoll rejects the theory of any special homing instinct, attributing the remarkable examples of returning animals to an attentive use of the senses:

One of the most striking powers possessed by animals is that of finding their way home from a great distance, and over a road with which they are supposed to be unacquainted. It has long been a question whether we are to attribute these remarkable performances to a purely intuitive perception by the animal of the direction and the practicable route to his home, or whether they are the results of a conscious study of the situation, and a definite carrying out of well-judged plans.

Probably the most prominent example of this wonderful power is the case of homing pigeons. These pigeons are very strong of wing, and their intelligence is cultivated to a high degree; for their peculiar "gift" has been made use of since "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The principle of heredity, therefore, now acts with much force; nevertheless, each young bird must be subjected to severe training in order to fit it for those arduous competitions which annually take place among first-rate birds. As soon as the fledgling is fairly strong on its wings, it is taken a few miles from the cote and released. It rises into the air, looks about it and starts straight away for home. There is no mystery about this at all—when it has attained the height of a few yards the bird can see its cote, and full of that strong love of home which is characteristic of its wild ancestors, the blue-rocks, it hastens back to the society of its mates. The next day the trial-distance is doubled, and the third day is still further increased, until in a few weeks it will return from a distance of seventy miles, which is all that a bird-of-the-year is "fit" to do; and when two years old, will return from 200 miles, longer distances being left to more mature birds. But all this training must be in a continuous direction; if the first lesson was toward the east, subsequent lessons must also be; nor can the added distance each time exceed a certain limit, for then, after trying long and hard, and failing to recognize any land mark, the bird will simply come back to where it was thrown up. Moreover, it must always be clear weather. Homing pigeons will make no attempt to start in a fog, or if they do get away, a hundred chances to one they will be lost. Nor do they travel at night, but settle down at dusk and renew their journey in the morning. When snow disguises the landcape, also, many pigeons go astray. None of these circumstances seriously hampers the semi-annual migration of swallows or geese. They journey at night as well as by day, straight over vast bodies of water and flat deserts, true to the north or south. Homing pigeons fly northward or southward, east or west, equally well, and it is evident that their course is guided only by observation. Watch one tossed. On strong pinions it mounts straight up into the air a hundred feet. Then it begins to sweep around in great circles, rising higher and higher, until—if the locality is seventy-five or one hundred miles beyond where it has ever been before—it will go almost out of sight. Then suddenly you will see it strike off upon a straight course, and that course is homeward. But take the same bird there a second time and none of these aerial revolutions occur—its time is so pressing, its homesickness too intense for that; instantly it will turn its face toward its owner's dove-cote.

A Daniel Brought to Judgment.

Little Daniel Maxwell was the name of the naughty child whom Officer Haley found desecrating the Sabbath by flinging stones in East Fourteenth street. When in the course of this exhilarating pastime he had broken a grocery store window and almost maimed a couple of by-passers he was taken into custody and yesterday appeared in the Jefferson Market police court.

"My young friend," said his honor, sternly, "it will never do to let you cut up in this fashion. Don't you know better than to be fooling about on the Sabbath day? Answer me that!"

But the small prisoner only said "Boo hoo."

"Come, tell me quick. Don't you go to Sunday-school?"

"N—n—no—sir."

"You don't. That's odd. But your mother tells you to be a good boy, and teaches you to say your prayers, don't she?"

"I dunno."

"Oh, yes you do. Tell me what she does on going to bed every night?"

"Sh—she snores," sobbed the prisoner.

There was a titter, and his honor looked a trifle disconcerted, but he said:

"Oh, I con't mean on lying down. What does she do before that?"

The prisoner looked up through his tears.

"Goes through the old man's pockets," he said.

He was committed as incorrigible.—*New York Herald.*

Cattle Raising in Texas.

As showing the cost and profit of keeping cattle in Texas, the Henrietta *Journal* of that State says: The cost of keeping cattle per year is about $1.50 per head, or $1,500 per 1,000. Four men, with twelve to sixteen head of horses, will tend a herd of 1,500. The profits are about as follows: Beeves, per head, cost $15; running expenses, $1.50; sell at $22, with a profit of thirty-two per cent. Profit on cows costing $13.50 per head; cost of keeping, $1.50, or $15. Increase of calves, seventy-five per cent., worth $5 per head. Net profit, twenty-three per cent. On a mixed herd the beeves sold will pay expenses, and the increase will double itself in three years. A discount is made on a mixed herd of ten per cent. for losses. The profit on a mixed herd is about twenty per cent. It says there is a total of cattle in the Pan Handle country of about 120,000 head, and that it is fair to calculate that the increase this year from the present will average not less than fifty per cent. of the entire number. This will give 50,000 calves; the number that will stop this season at from the Texas drive will be about 20,000 head. This will leave in the Pan Handle for the year's round-ups about 200,000 head, and this does not begin to fill up the country, as it is estimated that it will hold a million head. The present average prices for mixed herds per head, are: Texas stock, $13.50; domestic stock, $15; beeves alone, $22.

Growth of the States.

Some new and important figures, presenting the comparative growth of the great geological divisions of the United States, are given in an article by Robert P. Porter, of Chicago, in the Princeton *Review*. The writer shows that the growth in population of the Western States in nineteen years (since 1860) has been 7,962,632; that of the Southern States 4,025,984; that of the Eastern States, 3,808,706; the increase in the Western States being nearly 8 000,000, or equal to the aggregate increase of the Eastern and Southern States in the same period. According to Mr. Porter's figures, the number of persons employed in manufacturing in the Eastern States in 1850 was 696,661; in 1860, 900,107; in 1870, 1,273,808; at the present time, 1,734,863. In the Western States, 58,947 in 1850; 113,045 in 1860; 300,621 in 1870, and 994,512 at the present time. In the Southern States, 109,866 in 1850; 131,979 in 1860; 186,470 in 1870, and 258,389 at the present time.

The local debts of these States in 1870 were: Eastern States $278,535,896; Western States, $94,337,648; Southern States, $93,730,129. The local debts at the present time, according to Mr. Porter's estimate, are: Eastern States, $540,155,048; Western States, $146,032,037; Southern States, $183,292,183. If the State debts are added the three sections owe as follows: Eastern States, population 14,300,000, total debt, $628,223,316; Western States, population, $14,600,000, total debt, $172,825,910; Southern States, population 14,295,000, total debt, $365,987,964. The article carefully discusses the relative progress of each section of the country, and points out in an entertaining manner the strength and weakness of each geological division of the United States; declaring that only by such a view of our wants can we gain common sense, common aims, and a deeper faith in the future of the republic.

A "stringy," rattling voice and a constant disposition to expectorate, indicates incipient throat trouble of dangerous tendency. Use Dr. Boll's Cough Syrup in good time and be saved much trouble and annoyance. For sale by all druggists.

About the Indians.

A correspondent of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* says: There are in the United States about 300,000 Indians; 55,000 in the five civilized tribes—the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles—20,000 more belonging to other tribes in the Indian Territory, and the rest are scattered in the western part of the United States, with a few remaining in New York, North Carolina and other States.

The civilized tribes have forms of government more or less similar to that of the States. The Cherokees have a constitution and code of laws. The Creeks have a constitution, but their laws are not yet codified, although efforts have been made in this direction and a code prepared. The Creeks have a chief, elected by the people every four years, a house of kings and a house of warriors, district courts and a supreme court.

The chief justice of the Muscogee nation is a Baptist preacher, and is now a missionary to the wild tribes 250 miles west of his home. I met him the other day at the Muscogee Baptist Association, on his way from his missionary labors. He came back to preside over the supreme court at its next session, in about two weeks. The Rev. John McIntosh is his name—grandson of Gen. William McIntosh, who put the Creeks killed in 1825 on account of the treaty of Indian Springs.

The present chief is Ward Coochman, born in Alabama, and who remained there until 1848. He was a delegate to the Baptist Association at Newoka. He is a stout-built man, about fifty-five years old, black hair, black eyes, thin whiskers, will weigh 200 pounds, and was dressed in a citizen's dark gray suit. He is a man of ability, and has an affable address. I took tea with him—coffee rather.

The Presbyterians and Methodists have each a mission school on the manual labor system, and the Creek nation pays the board and tuition of a certain number of pupils. The Baptists are contemplating the establishment of a mission school this fall.

There are twenty-eight public schools, kept open ten months in the year, and under the supervision of a superintendent of public instruction, and he is also superintendent of public blacksmith shops! The nation pays for sharpening both mental and agricultural tools. They pay $40 per month to teachers and pay for school books.

The Indians enjoy religion. I attended an all-night prayer meeting last Sunday. They say they used to worship the devil all night, and think they ought to worship God all night, too.

The meeting began at dark, and ended about sun up, or a little later. Imagine a savage crowd of Indians assembling in Creek at the top of their voices just before daylight, and suddenly a bugle blasts sounds on the air—wouldn't you think of Gabriel?

The Creeks have no marriage laws, but the Baptist Association adopted a memorial on the subject, urging the next council to pass a proper marriage law. Your correspondent had the honor of drafting the memorial. Their custom allowed several wives, but the churches have so altered public opinion that it is rare to find a man with two wives.

"How did you punish the violation of marriage vows?" I asked an Indian lawyer.

"You see that man there?"

"Yes."

"Well, his wife was taken by another man, and one night he went with some other men, arrested the betrayer, beat him senseless, and then cut his ears off with a dull knife."

"How did they treat the woman?"

"The same way. Sometimes they let her off easier than the man."

"What became of the man and woman?"

"They are living together as man and wife, and the injured husband got him another wife."

"Was that your custom?"

"Yes; the chief made that law, and everybody followed it."

Sometimes they cut the woman's nose off by way of variety.

If the criminal could hide out until after "Busk," the annual festival, he went free. Some of the tribes had cities of refuge, as the Israelites had.

London—Its Greatness.

London is a vast world in itself. You are impressed, when you find yourself in it, with its immensity; as one is impressed by the vast reach of the ocean when he steams over it day after day without a glimpse of land or the sight, perhaps, of a single sail. You feel like a mere atom in this vast billowy tide of human life. Cut up into smaller communities London would make a dozen cities equal in population to New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and San Francisco! It contains more people than our six populous New England States, more than the whole kingdom of Denmark, more than twice as many as Norway, nearly as many as all Scotland. It is said to contain more Jews than Palestine, more Catholics than Rome, more Irishmen than Dublin, more Scotchmen than Edinburgh. There are omnibuses running across the city, by as straight a route as the cow-path streets allow, which start before five o'clock in the morning and barely make two round trips before midnight.

And year by year the great city pushes out its borders, encompassing villages after village of the outlying suburbs in its spider web of pavements, and water mains, and omnibuses, and busy traffic. The villas around its fringes, as Hare says, seem to be constantly making an effort to get into the country and never succeeding. Many neighborhoods in the solidly built city still bear the names by which they were known whenthey were only little hamlets in the fields miles from the city gates—such as Chelsea, Kensington, Camberwell, Bayswater, St. John's Wood, etc. It is partly because of the absorption of so many villages in the great metropolis that it is afflicted with such confusion in its street nomenclature. If you wish to visit King street it is possible for you to explore ninety-four different streets of that name before you find the right one. If it is Queen street, your chance of hitting the right one the first time is just one in ninety-nine. Does your friend live on Church street—you are confronted by one hundred and fifty streets of that name besides the one you want! Even of John streets there are one hundred and nineteen, and of New streets—new a long while ago in most cases—one hundred and sixty-six! It becomes a necessity, in such cases, to give the street a surname, so to speak—as men begin to take surnames when James and John and Mary became frequent in the same circle of acquaintance. Streets are often designated, therefore, by adding the name of some well-known thoroughfare into which they run, or the special neighborhood to which they belong, as Queen street, Cheapside; King street, St. James Square; Church street, Tooting; High street, Marylebone, etc. And in any case the initials of the general division of the city are usually affixed to the address—"E. C.," for East Center; "W. C.," West Center; "S. E.," Southeast; "N.," North, etc.—*Good Company.*

Thirteen Days Without Food.

The steamship England reached New York from Liverpool after a rough passage. When a longshoreman descended into the fore hold, which was stowed full of barrels, packed so closely as to leave only a space of about three feet between them and the deck, he heard talking, and suddenly touched something that his instern showed to be a human body. Soon afterward the sailors dragged to the light a man, still alive and conscious, but so reduced by starvation that he was only a living skeleton, with skin like shriveled parchment drawn over his bones. The ship's physician tried to force nourishment down the stowaway's throat; but he was too far gone, and in half an hour he died. It was evident that he was a foreigner, and when he was first taken on deck an Austrian girl from among the steerage passengers succeeded in understanding a few words that he was able to murmur. He begged for water, said that he had tasted neither food nor drink since the day the ship sailed and that his name was "Harry." That was all he was able to say. His body was sent to the morgue. In the narrow space into which the stowaway had squeezed himself just before the steamship sailed, he could only lie down or crawl around over the heads of the barrels; but could not stand nor could he sit upright. His clothing showed that in his terrible hunger he had gnawed it, as he had also gnawed bits wood from the barrels.

Scenes in a Colorado Cattle Ranch

A "Round Up."—As in more primitive days the different herds ranged intermingled over the public domain, so do they now stray from ranch to ranch, and at certain seasons of the year they must be collected and separated. They are distinguished by ear-marks, and more especially by brands, said brands being conclusive and universally accepted evidence of ownership. In June and July, and in September and October, "rounding up," or the grand collection and separation, takes place. For each district a master or director of the "round up" is chosen, whose orders are implicitly obeyed by the working force, consisting of from twenty to fifty men, furnished by the ranchmen of the district in proportion to their holdings. They have two or three horses apiece, and are accompanied by assistants, herders, cooks, etc., etc. Starting from a given point, taking a regular course, and camping every night, they sweep over the ranges. Each day they "round up;" the horsemen scour the country, and, with the skill coming from long practice, gather the cattle together. In vain does the restive steer break away and run back or aside, the skillful horseman is ready for him, the trained horse turns on a five-cent piece," and he is headed off, and must yield to his fate, and move on in the pre-ordained track. The "round up" takes place sometimes at a "corral," or large inclosure, sometimes on the open plain.

"Cutting Out."—Only the firstpurposes of the "round up" has been subserved when the cattle are collected. Next the cows and calves must be "cut out," and we saw the "cow boys" ride into the herd, single out the cow (with calf following), and with great skill extricate her from the throng. The young calves are, of course, not yet marked, but the presence of one cow makes it imperative to place that cow's mark on it. Strayed calves, on the other hand (called "Mauvrics," from an old Frenchman in Texas who is said to have added largely to his worldly stores by a systematic abstraction of these waifs and strays), are sold for the benefit of the associated ranchmen. "First catch your calf," as Mrs. Glass would say. Perhaps you may think that this is an easy task; but you would find, if you tried it, that you never ever more mistaken in your life, for the ease with which the rancheros accomplish it has only come with careful training and long practice. The little animal runs wonderfully fast, springs, turns and dodges almost like a flash; but the cowboy never takes his eyes off of him, and the trained horse, now well warmed up and entering fully into the spirit of the chase, responds to, almost seems to anticipate, every turn of his rider's left hand and wrist. Meanwhile the latter with his right arm is swinging the rope or lasso, and in another minute he has thrown it exactly over the calf's head. Instantly the horse plunges forward, giving "slack" to the rope, and allowing it to be wound around the horn of the saddle; then he moves on, dragging the calf after him, and the little creature is soon in the hands of the men with the branding-irons. These soon have quieted down in fear, and are quickly applied, and in a few minutes the calf, now indelibly designated as the property of his master, is again running about.—*A. A. Hayes, Jr., in Harper's Magazine.*

Where Corn is King.

Corn is king in Kansas, so far as space is concerned. They plant it by square miles, one might fairly infer, the fields are so incredibly far-reaching; and if it did not grow very much of its own accord it could not grow at all, as the sheer abundance of it forbids anything like thorough cultivation. They aim to plow it twice, though sometimes once has to suffice, and where it has been sod planted it is left untouched till it ripens; and yet it thrives in spite of that makes folly of all rule and precedent the stalks attain a size and height which give them a resemblance to young forests of hickory, and the men with plows look lost among them; and as for the ultimate yield in ears and bushels, is it not proclaimed everywhere in those graphic and seductive land advertisements which tell how Kansas was ten years ago the twenty-fourth State in the production of corn, and is now second only to one, and that one the thirty-eighth? The small cost and labor of tilling is doubtless the chief inciting cause of this extensive recourse to a crop, which, however bounteous it may be, offers but slender profit unless fed to live stock; but I suspect that it is a crop that also has special favor with the frontier people—perhaps without their exactly realizing the preference—because of the resolute, imperious, army-with-banners method it has of possessing and holding the country. For it is by nature aggressive and determined. The smaller grains feel their way timidly in a primitive soil, and the aboriginal verdure disputes every inch of progress with them. But where this autocrat of the cereals takes root it scorns rivalry, and its sway is complete and enduring. And so these leagues upon leagues of Kansas corn, seen in the summer and in their glory of silked and tasseled and sunlit strength, convey a signally striking impression. They do not merely cling to the earth, but they seize it and make it their own, you know that from the dense and advancing ranks win never be stayed, never turned back; and somehow the vast expanse of unconquered prairie yet spread out before them and all about them—ten acres to each one acre of theirs—seems overawed and contracted by their masterful influence. It is Birnam wood come to Dunsinane.—*Scribner.*

Some Things That are Hard to Find.

A man who will refrain from calling his friend's speech a "happy effort."

A woman who remembers last Sunday's text, but is unable to speak understandingly of the trimmings on the bonnet of the lady in the pew next in front.

An editor who never feels prepared to have his good things credited, or mad when they are stolen.

A pencil that is always in the first pocket you put your hand into.

A man who has been a fool some time during his life and knows enough to keep the knowledge of it to himself.

A married man who does not think all the girls envy his wife the prize she has captured.

A married woman who never said, "No wonder the girls don't get married nowadays; they are altogether different from what they were when I was a girl."

An unmarried woman who never had an offer

A man who never intimated that the economies of the universe were subject to his movements by saying, "I knew it I took an umbrella it wouldn't rain," or some similar assinine remark.

A pocket-knife that is never in "them other pockets."

A mother who never said she "would rather do it myself" when she should have taught her child to do that thing.

A child who would not rather eat between meals than at meals.

A person (age or sex immaterial) who does not experience a flush of pride upon being thought what he is not and may never hope to be.

A singer who never complains of a cold when asked to sing.

A woman who, when caught in her second best dress, will make no apology for her dreadful appearance.—*Boston Herald.*

Infallible Cure for Business Interruptions.

A merchant doing business near the foot of Jefferson avenue used to spend about half his time in explaining to callers why he could not sign petitions, lend small sums, buy books or invest in moonshine enterprises, but that time has passed, and it now takes him only two minutes to get rid of the most persistent case. The other day a man called to sell him a map of Michigan. He had scarcely made known his errand when the merchant put on his hat and said:

"Come, and I'll see about it."

He led the way to a boiler shop, two blocks distant, wherein a hundred hammers were pounding at iron, and walking to the centre of the shop and into the midst of the deafening racket he turned to the agent and kindly shouted:

"Now, then, if you know of any special reason why I should purchase a map of Michigan please state them at length."

The man with the maps went right out without attempting to state "reason the one," and the merchant tranquilly returned to his desk to await the next.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Russian editor has been sent to Siberia for criticising a sermon on the infallibility of the Czar.

SUMMARY OF NEWS

Eastern and Middle States.

Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, the well-known writer and lecturer, died at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., the other day, aged fifty-three years.

It has just come to light that John F. Haws, late a bookkeeper in the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Bank of New York, who fled to Belgium in August last and subsequently went to Canada, was a defaulter to the extent of $38,455. The defalcation was concealed by the bank officers, and only recently became known to outsiders.

The Austrian bark Rebus, which arrived at New York, the other day, brought six castaways taken from the wrecked whaling schooner Petrel. Captain Ivanovich of the Rebus reports that on November 3, when thirty-four days out of Trieste, he sighted the hull of a dismantled vessel. He bore down toward the vessel, and descried six persons clinging to the wreck. A fierce northerly gale was blowing, and the sea was running strong. The signals of distress from the wreck were answered by lowering a boat. With great difficulty the rescue was made. The air was very cold, and from exposure to it and the water the survivors were nearly dead. The saved persons were Portuguese and whalers who had taken passage in the Petrel to return to their homes on the Azores, Maderia and Canary Islands. The schooner sailed from Newburyport, Mass., October 25, for a whaling cruise in the northern Atlantic. She had on board twenty-one souls. Three days after she sailed she encounted terrible northerly gales that took away her masts and rudder. On the 29th of October she capsized, and fifteen persons, including Captain George Fisher, her owner and master, were lost. For four days the six survivors clung to the wreck, with but little food and scarcely any water. The Petrel was only sixty-one tons burden.

Proposals from various banks and bankers for selling $10,000,000 six per cent. bonds to the government were refused in New York by Secretary Sherman, who declined to pay more than 106. Afterward offers at this price amounting to $6,122,900 were made and accepted.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Little, two children and Mr. and Mrs. James Brown were rowing on the Merrimack river, in Massachusetts, from Centralville shore to Little Canada, when the leaking of the boat frightened them and during the confusion it was overturned. Mr. Brown swam ashore. Mrs. Little and one child clung to the boat and were rescued. Mr. Little and Mrs. Brown (his sister) and Mr. Little's two-year-old son were drowned.

Western and Southern States.

William Davis was executed at Lockhart, Texas, for the murder of Dolly Hudspeth on October 20, 1878. He acknowledged his guilt from the scaffold, and suffered death without evincing any emotion. A large crowd witnessed the hanging.

A dispatch from St. Paul, Minn., says that Major M. A. Reno, who, two years ago, was court-martialed for offensive conduct toward a woman, and whose sentence was mitigated by President Hayes, is again in trouble for a similar offence, the victim of the insult this time being the wife of Post-trader Farnsham at Fort Keogh, Montana. The general Terry has declared a court-martial to try him to sit at Fort Meade. It will be remembered that Major Reno was in command of troops near Custer when the latter and his force were massacred.

A house-to-house inspection has been commenced at Memphis under the auspices of the national board of health.

As the two hundred hands—mostly boys and girls—employed in the cracker and candy manufactory of J. F. Corle & Son at Kansas City, Mo., were returning to work from dinner one of the walls of the building suddenly fell in with a terrible crash, burying in the ruins nearly one hundred persons. Then the rest of the walls gave way in rapid succession. From within the huge, tumbling wreck issued the terror-stricken occupants, who mingled their screams and shrieks with the crash of falting timbers and masses of brick. Hardly had the house fallen before the ruins took fire. The furnaces were in full blast at the time of the accident and the dry building material was like tinder. In the meantime the scene within and about the building was terrifying in the extreme. In the second story about thirty girls were cut off from the stairs by timbers blocking the doorway. They ran to the windows, and before any one could stop them several had jumped to the ground, receiving terrible wounds. At last the door to the stairway was battered down and the girls were released, but not before eight persons had been killed and several more badly injured. The accident is supposed to have resulted from the heavy stock on hand causing the walls to crumble. The building was three stories in height, but of brick, and was erected in 1862. It was considered perfectly safe, and had been in use by the Messrs. Corle two years.

Governor Bishop, of Ohio, has sued the Cincinnati *Gazette* for libel, claiming $60,000 damages for falsely charging him with a corrupt bargain and conspiracy to obtain control of the Cincinnati police board.

Captain Hall and a squad of rangers and several citizens, anticipating an attempt to plunder one Campbell's store, in Atascosa county, Texas, concealed themselves near it to capture the robbers. During the night five men rode up and entered the store. Two of them secured the clerk, while the others began plundering the store. Hall and his men appeared and demanded the surrender of the robbers. The latter, however, fired on the rangers, wounding one citizen. Hall's men returned the fire, killing one robber, mortally wounding another, and slightly wounding a third. The others escaped.

As a train was crossing the iron bridge over the Missouri river, at St. Charles, Mo., the west span of the main structure suddenly gave way, precipitating seventeen cars loaded with live stock, a caboose and seven men in the river. The engine and one car, with the conductor, engineer and fireman were saved by the breaking of the connection between the cars. Four men were killed and three severely injured. The damage done to the bridge is estimated at $7,000; value of the cars and stock at about $25,000.

The business part of Napoleon, Ohio, a town of 2,200 inhabitants, has been destroyed by fire. Loss, $100,000.

On the night of the Champion disaster another Charleston steamer—the Falcon, bound to that port from Baltimore—was run into off Cove Point by the schooner S. C. Tryon and sunk, but fortunately no lives were lost.

At Cincinnati a few days ago a cattle pen belonging to Perin, Gaff & Co. was destroyed by fire, and 950 head of cattle were roasted alive. The pen was one of the largest single buildings of its kind in the West, and was divided into two compartments, separated by a solid wall of masonry. The fire originated in the northwest end of the building, and in this part of it 950 beef cattle were stalled. All perished save three. In the opposite end of the building, south of the brick wall, were 300 more. The e escaped, as the fire did not spread beyond the wall. The bellowings of the poor brutes who were being roasted alive were terrible to hear, but their agony was of not long duration, the heat and smoke stifled them so quickly. The loss amounts to $35,000, which is covered by insurance.

The town of Strasburg, Mo., has been almost completely destroyed by a cyclone.

"Regulators" are reported to be extending their organization through a portion of Kentucky and threatening all judges and attorneys with summary treatment if they hinder on legal technicalities the trials of any persons in custody for felonious. Since the hanging of Kendall and McMillan at Martinsburg, Elliott county, the regulators are increasing in northeast Kentucky, and are said to have enrolled 3,000 of the better citizens of that region. A large party visited Morehead, Rowan county, recently, to hang James Rabourn, for the murder of his father-in-law a few weeks ago, but Rabourn was in the Bath county jail. They posted the following notice, signed "Deadwood City," on the court house door: "Notice—To any court that may try Rabourn for the murder of Hyatt—if you fail to give him justice you will be guilty as he. Also any attorney that may raise a technicality in his defence will be sent on a visit to Kendall and McMillan without tail. Any person destroying this notice will be dealt with according to the law of Judge Lynch."

From Washington.

The estimates for the consular and diplomatic service for the next fiscal year will exceed those for the current year by about $96,000.

An appropriation of $2,750,000 will be asked for taking the census in the next fiscal year.

Professor C. V. Riley, Chief of the United States Entomological Commission, has recently returned from the South, where, under the auspices of that commission, he has been making a thorough study of insects which injuriously affect the cotton plant. He reports that the results of the year's work are in every way satisfactory and valuable, and says they will be ready for publication at an early day.

Colonel W. B. Thompson, superintendent of the railway mail service, has completed his annual report for the last fiscal year. It exhibits an increase of over 40,000,000 pieces of mail matter handled on the postal cars during the twelve months ended June 30 last, the aggregate being nearly 2,650,000,000, or about twenty per cent. more than the preceding year.

General Thomas J. Brady, Second Assistant Postmaster-General, has completed his annual report, covering the entire field of inland mail transportation. It shows that during the fiscal year which ended last June mail service was in operation in the United States upon 1,059 railroad routes, aggregating 79,991 miles, at a cost of $9,567,590; and upon 112 steamboat routes, of a total length of 21,240 miles, at a cost of $734,388, and 9,225 "star" routes, aggregating the enormous total of 215,480 miles at a cost of $6,401,830. The total increase as compared with the preceding year was 479 routes, 14,745 miles and $689,787.

Foreign News.

Nearly 100 lives have been lost by floods in the island of Jamaica, West Indies, and the coffee crop has suffered heavily by the rain.

A Paris dispatch says the sale of the Russian St. Petersburg *Gazette* is forbidden in the streets of towns in Germany on account of several articles entitled "German Women," which are full of insults to the German nation.

President Grevy of the French republic has commuted the sentences of five culprits who were condemned to death, including the notorious assassins Abadie and Gilles. The president is adverse to capital punishment, and this looks like its practical abolition.

M. Philippart, the great financier of Paris, has failed, and has absconded, owing the Banque Europenne $800,000. The Bourse has posted him as a defaulter for $1,360,000. The Banque Europenne repudiate M. Philippart's Bourse transactions on their behalf.

The steamship Arizona, which sailed from New York for Liverpool with 300 souls on board, ran into a huge iceberg with terrific force and stove in her bow. Fortunately the vessel remained watertight and was able to put into St. Johns, Newfoundland.

The French grape crops this season are reported to be very poor. The loss in the champagne district by the failure of the vintage is estimated at $6,000,000.

The Catholic clergy of Ireland have appealed to the government for help for the poor.

The government at Madrid has received a telegram which states that two Kabyle tribes in Morocco have had a desperate conflict, during which 190 were killed on one side and ninety on the other.

An Ocean Tragedy.

The steamship Champion, of the Charleston line, bound for Charleston, S. C., from New York, was sunk at sea at three o'clock in the morning after a collision with the English ship Lady Octavia, when thirty miles east of Cape Henlopen, off the mouth of the Delaware river. Of the fifty-five persons on board the steamship Champion thirty were drowned. The Champion left her moorings at Pier 27, North river, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and had proceeded directly upon her course about 120 miles when, on the following day, the Lady Octavia, bound to New York from Rio Janeiro, Brazil, came into collision with her. The sea was smooth, the stars were shining brightly in a sky that was almost wholly cloudless, and the moon, which was low in the heavens, was shining faintly. The British vessel was sighted only three minutes before the collision occurred, and three minutes after the collision the Champion lay upon the bottom of the sea. Of the sixteen passengers on board four only were saved. The five female passengers were drowned, the only woman saved out of the six on board being Catherine Cross, stewardess.

The substance of the narratives of all the survivors shows that the collision occurred in fine weather, a smooth sea, and under the light of the moon and stars. Captain Lockwood, the commander of the Champion, had seen nothing ahead, yet had been away from the pilot house but five minutes when he was called back to find the towering form of a huge ship close upon his vessel. In his absence First Officer Leonard, a careful and veteran seaman, was on the lookout, with an assistant at the wheel. The captain instantly stopped, and then reversed the engines, and, after giving hurried orders to every subordinate he saw, went himself to the cabin, notified the passengers, ordered life-preservers in their hurry, and, with the vessel's edge almost even with the surface of the sea, continued to direct the lowering of the boats and efforts to save the passengers. The vessel left him on the surface of the water. He did not leave it. The first officer, Leonard, in command when the foreign ship bore down on his vessel, was drowned. It is not believed that the missing passengers left their rooms, or, at any rate, had time to reach the deck. Every person who was saved had but three minutes' notification.

Romantic Episode in the Career of a United States Senator.

A correspondent writes as follows to the Boulder (Col.) *News and Courier:*

The Denver papers publish two different statements concerning a duel that was to be fought in Breckenridge in the early settlement of this country, neither of which gives the true cause of the settlement of the difficulty, nor the reason it did not terminate fatally to one or both parties.

The principals in the duel were C. P. Hall, who is now in Montana, and Spencer, who is now in the Black Hills mining, and was formerly United States Senator from Alabama.

The difficulty occurred at a social gathering, where Hall, imagining Spencer had insulted him, wrote a challenge to mortal combat, and placed it in the hands of a friend to be delivered to Spencer. The latter at once accepted the challenge, naming hatchets as the weapons, and the early part of the following day as the time of meeting.

The parties each bought hatchets, but they were not the size and weight that could be thrown with accuracy. Spencer had had practice