SIX YEARS WITHOUT A SCALP.

A Girl Has Her Scalp Torn off in a Wisconsin Shingle Mill and Survives Six Years.

A late issue of the Oshkosh (Wis.) *Northwestern* has the following account of an interesting case: Amelia Grumail died at her home in this city on Monday. She was the victim of one of the most singular accidents on record, and her case will be read with interest by all students of physiology and anatomy for a long time to come. On the 6th of September, 1873, while at work in the shingle mill of Buckstaff Bros. & Chase as a shingle picker, she passed under a shaft, when her hair caught upon a joint of the machine, and in an instant her whole scalp was taken completely from her head. The wound extended from the nose in front to the first dorsal vertebræ behind, and also took off one of her eyebrows, her left ear, and a part of her right ear. The scalp was left at the place of the accident, and could not be replaced, as it was cold, stiff and full of sawdust and dirt when the medical assistance arrived. Dr. C. Linde took charge of the case, and although the unfortunate sufferer was expected to die, everything possible was done for her. She was nineteen years of age, and up to the time of the accident in good health. Under careful medical treatment she rallied, and an attempt was made to graft new skin on the wound, but the surface exposed was so great that nature was unable to cover it with new flesh. Particles of skin were taken from the arms of several persons in this city and attached to the wound, in the hope that a graft might be sprouted and the wound healed up, but the attempt was not a success. The skull was laid so completely bare that there was not sufficient life left to start a new growth.

After treatment by Dr. Linde the patient went to Milwaukee, where she entered a hospital for a course of treatment, but although she improved somewhat the wound did not heal except around the edges. Up to the time of her death there was a large circular spot on her skull which was raw and unhealed, and required constant daily dressing by her attendants. Her general health soon returned to a certain extent, and for the past four years she has been able to do light housework and to walk out. Within the time stated she had a severe attack of typhoid fever, through which she passed successfully.

About ten days ago, on taking a severe cold, she was attacked with inflammation of the brain, superinduced no doubt by the peculiar condition of her head, and after an illness of about a week death put an end to her sufferings, which must have been horrible even to contemplate.

Why the Cadets Wear Gray.

Benson J. Lossing, the historian, thus relates the origin of the West Ponters' uniform:

In the course of a conversation with the late General Scott, in the library of the military academy of West Point, in the summer of 1862, the veteran gave to the writer an account of the origin of "cadet gray," as the cloth worn by the cadets is called.

While stationed at Buffalo in the summer of 1814 General Scott wrote to the quartermaster for a supply of new clothing for the regulars. Word soon came back that blue cloth, such as was used in the army, could not be obtained, owing to the stringency of the embargo and the lack of manufactures in the country, but there was a sufficient quantity of gray cloth (now known as "cadet gray") in Philadelphia.

Scott ordered it to be made up for his soldiers, and in these new gray suits they marched down the Niagara river, on the Canada side, in the direction of Chippewa. It was just before the battle known by that name, which occurred early in July. General Riall, the British commander, looked upon them with contempt when preparing for battle on the morning of the 5th, for the Marquis of Tweeddale, who with the British advance, had skirmished with them all the day before, had reported that they were only "Buffalo militia," and accounted for their fighting so well and driving him to his intrenchments north of the Chippewa river, by the act that it was the anniversary of American independence that stimulated them.

On account of the victory won at Chippewa on that day, chiefly by these soldiers in gray, and in honor of Scott and troops, that style of cloth was adopted at the military academy at West Point as the uniform of the cadets.

Rewarded with a Necklace.

The true story of the diamond necklace Daniel Webster gave to Mrs. Joseph Gales is said to be this: When Mr. Webster made his celebrated reply to Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, Mr. Gales, the senior editor of the Washington *National Intelligencer*, undertook to report it at the request of the orator, who assured Mr. Gales that his speech would not be more than half an hour long. The editor was busy, but he thought he could spare time to take down and write so short a speech. But as Mr. Webster was ascending the steps of the capitol on the morning that he was to speak he met Judge Story, who told him it was a good opportunity to give his views upon the Constitution. Webster acted upon the suggestion, and instead of speaking for only half an hour he spoke for three hours. Mr. Gales, under the spell of the orator, wrote on, perfectly unconscious of the lapse of time. But when he came to look over his notes he found they were so voluminous that he would never have time to transcribe them. The speech not appearing in the paper in due time, Mr. Webster called upon the editor at his house, who told him that his speech was so long and his time so much occupied that he feared that he could not find time to write it out for publication. While the orator was expostulating with the editor, and endeavoring to urge him to the work, Mrs. Gales appeared and said she thought she could write out the speech, as she had been in the habit of assisting her husband in transcribing his notes. She undertook the task, and in two days sent Mr. Webster his speech in full. A magnificent diamond necklace was the rich reward of the Massachusetts Senator.

Fire-Fishing.

Captain Squyer, of St. Johns, Florida, recently gave to a party of Northerners an exhibition of fire-fishing at midnight. Four men and two women were towed away in a small boat, which was propelled by means of a pole. In the bow of the boat stood the captain with a lighted lightwood torch in one hand and a harpoon or four-pronged spear in the other. A fat-pine fire also burned in the bow, casting a brilliant light on the water. The boat was pushed along in water from one to two feet deep, and its occupants were able to see the smallest fish much better than though it were midday. The glaring light seemed to blind the fish, who lay motionless on the sand. A well-directed thrust with the harpoon would be sure to land a fine fellow into the boat. Many interesting sights were seen on the sand-flats, among them numerous sheepheads fast asleep on their backs. The sheepshead, as seen at the bottom by a turpentine light, looks like a little white streak. His head often rests against an oyster shell for a pillow.

Wild Horses of the East.

General D. B. Harper, who has been scouting in the Platte country, tells the Greeley (Colorado) *Sun* that the prairie fires on the Rickaree and Republican have driven the wild horses within twenty miles of South Platte, and that there are half a dozen bands, the largest numbering fifty animals, ranging the country. He concealed himself in the long grass, and after some time one company of horses grazed up to within two hundred yards. There were a number of mules and American mares in the crowd, which had been enticed away from civilization and are now apparently as wild as their native associates. While thus watching, General Harper saw these horses satisfying their thirst. In one place on Payton creek (a dry stream), he saw them pawing with their hoofs in the sand, and afterward found the holes were thus dug for water. In many spots water can be found six or eight inches below the surface. A band of buffalo came in to Harper's sheep camp, about ten miles from the river, and a party of hunters went out and killed twenty or more.

Physicians say it takes hours to get over a too sudden rising. We have observed the same in connection with falling.—*New York Commercial.*

KING-KILLING.

The Attempt Upon the Life of the Spanish King and the Emotion of His Young Bride.

A letter from Madrid, Spain, to the London *Standard*, describes the recent attempt upon the life of King Alfonso as follows: King Alfonso and Queen Christine had driven out before three, it being one of the mildest afternoons that we have seen in this severe winter. The glorious sunshine had brought out large crowds of loungers in the streets, and the Retiro was alive with fine equipages and teams. As usual, the throng of carriages had gone to the drive, where the king and queen took several turns. His majesty himself was driving a handsome phaeton, and his pair of young and fiery horses were not very tractable. The queen looked quite happy and lovely as she returned the many marks of sympathy that greeted her in the Retiro. Toward dusk King Alfonso drove back by the Puerta del Sol and down the Calle Mayo, to debouch by the Armory square, at the principal entrance of the palace. Just as he neared the armory his animals grew uneasy, and he pushed on to enter by the Puerta del Principe. Behind him were two servants in plain royal liveries, and ahead a single outrider. Thus he approached the spot where the assassin was hiding, and, slackening the pace of his horses, the king wheeled them to enter under the portico slowly, on account of the bystanders

And as the horses had come abreast of the sentry box the regicide sprang out, and, leaning on the very carriage, fired his first shot at the king. His majesty stooped slightly, and, gathering his reins firmly, dashed the carriage under the portico, as the queen uttered a cry, clasping her royal partner's arm as a second bullet whizzed past, singeing the hair at the back of the head of one of the royal servants behind the queen. Then, in his turn, as he pulled up, King Alfonso leaned down anxiously and kindly to see if his youthful bride was hurt. Though painfully shocked and awfully alarmed at this abominable and dastardly outrage, her majesty was able, with the assistance of King Alfonso, to alight, and he slowly assisted her up the great staircase. King Alfonso never in the whole scene lost his presence of mind, and calmed the fears of the palace attendants and of many members of the foreign office, who had all rushed into the courtyard around the phaeton. As soon as her majesty was able to reach the great saloon in the first floor of the palace, she sank, nearly overpowered by emotion, on a chair, where she was soon surrounded by all the royal family and by her household. The Princess of Asturias, the Infantas Pax and Eulalia, Countesses Vajiera, Florenzia and Caldoron, and her own Austrian physician, were in attendance, and the queen soon tranquillized all, and confessed that her fearful alarm had been for Don Alfonso, who was nearest the regicide.

We soon reached a door guarded by two military policemen, and giving access to a room well lighted up. There sat on a sofa, his arms pinioned, his feet in irons, staring round vacantly and listlessly, Otero, the regicide. When he stood up he looked much like what most "gallegos" of the water-carrier class seem in Madrid. He was better dressed than his fellows are as a rule, and his velveteen trousers, dark fustian coat, his broad red and yellow sash, his clean shirt front and neat cravat in a sort of ring, looked much better than might be expected in a criminal who avows that his main impulse to commit his crime was destitution. Otero is below middle height, thick build, broad shouldered and of muscular limbs. His head is not very large, and the broad cheek bones, large sensual mouth, brown restless eyes, low forehead, shaggy hair and heavy chin gave him a look of great energy and brute force. Not a word of repentance or regret dropped from the lips of this very young criminal, even when his mother and brother's name where mentioned.

Mustangs in Texas Thirty Years Ago.

The word mustang is a corruption of mesteno, the Mexican name for a wild horse. Many years ago there were thousands, no doubt millions, of these animals in Texas. In 1849, and for several years thereafter, they were numerous in the region between the Nueces river and the Rio Grande. They were found further north, but not in such numbers. Immense herds of wild horses could be seen grazing on the prairies. When they saw anyone approaching the leader would often move to the front and make a reconnoissance. If things did not suit him he would give his head a peculiar toss, wheel and sound the note of alarm. These demonstrations would be followed by prompt movement on the part of the herd, sometimes to the front, but more usually to the rear. They would wheel into line, change front, move in line or in column with as much precision and order as cavalry. It was wonderful to witness how well they were drilled and disciplined. In the event a retreat was ordered the leader would move in the rear for a while. If any lagged or straggled they were very apt to feel his teeth, if not his hoofs. On some occasions a movement to the front was ordered. It was a change in line or in column, proudly headed by the leader. This was the case sometimes when mounted men were in sight. The Texas rangers operating in that country were followed by pack-mules in charge of a guard. It was necessary at times to form a hollow square, place the mules inside, and to throw out skirmishers to fire into the animals. If the leaders could be struck the charge would be broken. The horses would retire at once.

The mustangs were hunted by Mexicans, and the finest ones singled out and lassoed. Whole herds were driven at a run into pens having extended wings, which contracted as they approached the gate. As many as 500 mustangs have been penned at one "run." They were sold at almost nothing, five dollars being a high price for a choice horse. These mustangers were a wild set, often no better than Indians; some of them were honest, good men. They were guilty of many murders and robberies. The Comanches made many visits to that region. They would pounce upon the mustangers, set them afoot or kill them, as caprice dictated. The Comanche wanted the mustangs to ride and to eat. Horseflesh is a great delicacy with them. The choice part is the fat immediately under the mane. The section in question was very hot in those days for Americans. A Texan was considered an hereditary enemy by both mustangers and Indians. His only protection was the rifle and the six-shooter and a horse of strength and bottom.—*Texas Mute Ranger.*

A Sled-Ride Behind a Train.

One of our townsmen who w up north a short time since tells a pretty good story of a joke on a conductor in the employ of the Utica & Black river railroad company. The conductor runs a passenger train. It seems that a young fellow residing near Lowville has quite a local reputation as a dance artist, and he travels about the country considerably and furnishes entertainments for the amusement of the people. He is noted for genial manners, and the boys attempt to "run upon him" on account of his good nature. A short time since the young man referred to had occasion to travel from one station to another, a distance of about two miles, and he conceived the idea that it would be easier to ride than to walk. He had no money, so he resolved to beg a ride. The conductor promptly refused to carry him free, but the fellow insisted that he ought to ride free. The conductor insisted that he should not, and the fellow offered to bet that he would get a free ride to his place of destination. He had a hand-sled with him, and when the train was about to start he went to the rear of the train and hitched on. Away went the train dragging the sleigh with the boy firmly seated thereon. Train hands and passengers looked on in astonishment. The conductor went to the rear platform and asked the venturesome fellow for his ticket. The boy laughed at him and hung on. The conductor resolved to give him a shaking up, so he ordered the engineer to put on extra steam. The train fairly flew. The sled scarcely touched the snow, so great was the speed of the train. It remained right side up all the time, however, and the deadhead passenger hung on like grim death. The upshot of the matter was that the dance artist reached his destination in safety, and joked the conductor unmercifully. It is supposed the latter bought the cigars for the crowd. The boy, by his recklessness and "grit," won the admiration of the conductor, and now he rides free on the train any time he likes.—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Jet trimmings continue the rage.

White is the favorite color for evening dresses.

Small Japanese fans with long handles are very fashionable.

Young ladies wear their corsage bouquets on one side of the neck, near the shoulder.

White jet and white Spanish lace appear to be favorite decorations of white dress bonnets.

Long round trains show rows of fine plaiting, and square trains employ side garniture and full trimming at the back.

New silk handkerchiefs for the neck are in pale shades of blue and rose, and edged with plaiting of Breton, Languedoc or Valenciennes laces.

A revival has taken place in the fashion of wearing a bodice that differs from the skirt, both in material and in color—the spencer, in fact, of forty years ago.

Skirts are decidedly shorter this season, whether for the matron who wears striped velvet, brocade and satin, or for youthful dancers in gauze, silk muslin and India muslin.

It is becoming a fashion for ladies each to adopt a separate flower for her own, and to wear it on all occasions; natural blooms especially whenever they are obtainable.

Full fraises of lace are worn high and close around the throat. The lace is put in treble box plaits, and there is a long bow of muslin and lace added to this to fall low on the corsage.

The newest corsage for evening dress has the short basque shape at the hips, is laced at the back, and terminates there as well as at the front in long and acute points. The neck is heart shaped or round and very short puffed sleeves replace shoulder straps.

Long black kid gloves with a bracelet of small yellow rose-buds at the top is one of the caprices of semi-dress toilettes. For a debutante to wear with a white and blue toilette, white undressed kid gloves had a band of tiny blue forget-me-nots forming a bracelet at the top of each, just below the elbow.

Flannel, serge and cashmere in light tones are made up with dark velvet for bridesmaids at English weddings. Old English, almost fancy, dresses are adopted sometimes. At a recent wedding white satin, with Watteau plaits, tight sleeves with puffs, and Olivia caps of white lace and green satin were chosen, and looked most quaint on the children who acted as bridesmaids.

The Duty of Husbands.

The first duty of husbands is to sympathize with their wives in all their cares and labors. Men are apt to forget, in the perplexities and annoyances of business, that home cares are also annoying, and try the patience and strength of their wives. They come home expecting sympathy and attention, but are too apt to have none to give. A single kindly word or look, that tells his thought of her and her troubles, would lift the weight of care from her heart. Secondly, husbands should make confidants of their wives, consulting them on their plans and prospects, and especially on their troubles and embarrassments. A woman's intuition is often better than all his wisdom and shrewdness; and all her ready sympathy and interest is a powerful aid to his efforts for their mutual welfare. Thirdly, men should show their love for their wives in constant attention, in their manner of treating them and in the thousand and one trifling offices of affection which may be hardly noticeable, but which make all the difference between a life of sad and undefined longing, and cheery, happy existence. Above all, men should beware of treating their wives with rudeness and incivility, as if they were the only persons not entitled to their consideration and respect. They should think of their sensitive feelings, and their need of sympathy, and never let the fire of love go out, or cease to show that the flame is burning with unabated fervor.

A Dog's Long Swim.

The most remarkable instance of Jet's homing instinct occurred when we were forced to conclude he must have been taken away on some vessel, coming in near our place for water. He had been gone all the week, and we were greatly in fear we should never see him again. On Saturday afternoon we had been out to a ledge of rocks, a mile off shore, in the sail-boat, after weakfish and lobsters, and, as we made sail and turned for our home on the Navesink Highlands, one of the boys on the forward locker sang out: "There's something adrift over toward Sandy Hook! Let's run out and see what it is!" The sharp-eyed youngsters brought the glass to bear on the drifting object, and declared they believed it was something moving. So we put the helm down and steered for the speck on the water, which only the brightest eyes on board could make out. We ran on and on, a long stretch, and then the boy with the glass suddenly exclaimed: "I do believe it is our Jet!"

And so, indeed, it was! As we ran past him and came up to the wind, to pick him up, the dear old fellow recognized us, and followed the boat, as she turned, with as grateful eyes as ever were seen in the world. When we dragged him aboard, he sank into the bottom of the boat utterly exhausted. He could not raise his head when he got home, and we had to carry him up the bank on a seine-barrow. It was many a long day before Jet recovered from that soaking, and he was not at all free about going into the water again all summer. Where he had been how he got there, and how he came to be swimming toward home, in the middle of Raritan bay, of course we never knew. The children adopted the theory that he had been taken to New York, had found a chance to jump overboard there, and had been paddling toward home when we found him. As the distance is nearly twenty miles, this theory hardly seems credible, but the fact remains, that the dog must have been in the water a very long time, trying to return home.—*From "A Faithful Friend," in St. Nicholas.*

Henry Clay's Wager.

In 1814, when the peace commission, composed of Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, James A. Bayard and Albert Gallatin on the part of the United States, and Lord Gambier and Mr. Goulbourn on the part of Great Britain, were endeavoring to come to an understanding on the important questions of the navigation of the Mississippi river and the fishery privileges, the British plenipotentiaries sought to alarm the Americans by informing them of the invincible army which was moving on New Orleans, supported by a powerful fleet. They dwelt on the gallantry and daring of Packenham, laid much stress upon superb character of his troops, which they truthfully declared were the flower of the British army, veterans of the victorious Peninsular campaign, and Lord Gambier gleefully remarked, "New Orleans will soon be in our possession, and the free navigation of the Mississippi assured to us."

This greatly nettled Mr. Clay, who had determined never to concede the point as to the great river, which with prophetic eye he saw must one day become the grandest commercial highway on the globe, and so, with the instinct of the true Kentuckian, he at once offered to wager Lord Gambier that the British army would never capture New Orleans, and that Packenham would be disastrously defeated. "For," said he, "I am informed that General Andrew Jackson, from Tennessee, has gone to New Orleans, and I have the most implicit faith in his ability to cope with your army." Lord Gambier joyfully accepted the wager, which he fixed at a hundred guineas. When the news of the rout of the British army at Chalmette and of the death of Packenham was received in Europe, Lord Gambier approached Mr. Clay at a grand ball—given, we believe, in honor of the success of the negotiations at Ghent—and handing him the hundred guineas, said: "Mr. Clay, I believe there are three kinds of things under the special care and protection of Divine Providence—lunatics, drunkards and the American people."—*New Orleans Democrat.*

Alaska women cure babies of crying by taking them to the seashore and holding them in the water until they are silent, but it won't do to try this plan on an American baby who knows its rights, and knowing, dare maintain. Master Dwight Perkins Lowell Smith would recite the Declaration of Independence to his mother rather than become silent in consequence of being held in the water.—*Boston Transcript.*

Quaint Stories of Birds, Beasts, Fishes and Insects.

A. H. Clark, of Groton, N. Y., has a sheep that butts apple trees and shakes off apples for the cattle to eat.

A duck that had been shot by a Scdus bay hunter was seized by an eagle, and the hunter had to shoot the eagle in order to get his duck.

In North San Juan, Cal., a thief stole an overcoat from the saddle of a horse. The owner's dog saw the theft, followed the man to his home, made him give up the coat, and then took his master to the thief.

A Southern cat could not be induced to go through a hole except by backing. The secret was that in going through a hole in a corn-rick one day, in the usual way, a terrier made a grab just as she was disappearing and bit her tail off.

In scaling a fence, an Ohio dog landed at the bottom of a well sixty feet deep. A servant looked into the well the following day at noon and saw a pair of eyes staring at her from below. The dog had been in the water fifteen hours, and had kept alive by swimming all the time.

A man hunting near a stream saw his bird dog suddenly make a point from the bank directly into the water. He saw nothing but a large pickerel swimming leisurely away, when he concluded to shoot. The dog instantly retrieved it, and, on opening the fish, a fine woodcock was found inside.

A New Jersey watchdog enjoyed the blood of choice lambs within a limited circuit for many nights before he was detected. It was found that he could slip his collar, but he never did this until after the family had retired, when he would satisfy his appetite, go to a brook and wash the blood from his mouth, then return to his kennel and slip his head into his collar.

Charley Youngworth, of Virginia City, Nev., has cooked thousands of frogs, yet has never tasted a frog. "I dressed six frogs for a family, and after they had lain on a platter for half an hour," said he, "the legs were so full of life that they jumped around on the dish liveller than any shrimps you ever saw, some of them hopping off on the floor. That's the reason I don't like frogs."

At the performance of "Jesse Vere" in a London theater, where a mother has a terrific combat with two ruffians for the possession of her child, a large Newfoundland dog that got into the pit with his owner, a steamship engineer, leaped over the orchestra, and, landing on the stage, seized one of the fellows, and was with great difficulty removed. He had been a companion of children.

Two monkeys were utilized to ascertain the number of children in a neighborhood where school inspectors were puzzled by the falsehoods of parents. The monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a wagon, and accompanied by a brass band through the streets of the district. Stopping in a park, the school officers distributed candies to the youngsters and took their names and addresses. The trick proved that sixty London fathers had lied.

After three years a gentleman residing in Europe visited the Zoological Gardens, Philadelphia, where a cockatoo had preserved the society heard his voice. The bird flew about the cage in intense excitement, and when he caught sight of his old master he was frantic with joy. The door of the cage was opened, and the bird at once perched upon the visitor's shoulder and performed many tricks that he had been learned in other days.

There is some uncertainty as to how woodcock carry their young, both to the feeding grounds and from the presence of danger; but an old hunter says that he saw a woodcock rising with a young bird in her feet, her long legs dangling and swinging with her little burden. She alighted at no great distance, but, as he at once came upon her, she started up, dropping the young bird in her hurry. She came to the ground almost as quick as the young one, and rose again with him in her claws.

"You see that bay leader," said a Eureka (Nev.) stage-driver; "he was put on the road six months ago, and was full of life and ambition, and it took two good men to hold him down before the start, and now he's as boggy as a dray horse. They all go that way. Horses get broken-hearted. If you drive them twenty miles a day on all sorts of roads they will keep fat and die of old age, but put them on a fifteen-mile run where they've got to travel the same route each day and they'll die in two years with broken hearts. They can't stand the monotony."

Blind Tom.

The birthplace of Blind Tom, the colored musical prodigy, is Georgia, and he began to excite attention as a musician at the age of four years. All sounds afforded him delight; even the crying of a child caused him to dance about in a state of ecstacy. When at home he often bit and pinched his brothers and sisters to make them emit cries of pain. If kept quiet by the whip, he would beat against the wall, drag chairs about the room, and make all sorts of noises. When in London, a flute was produced for him, of a very complicated pattern, and having twenty-two keys. He frequently rises up at night and plays this instrument, imitating upon it all sorts of sounds which he hears at the time. Once when the agent attempted to make him stop playing a piano in a high-toned hotel, at three o'clock in the morning, Tom pushed him through the door. In Washington, he threw a man down stairs, who came in his room. When at home, in Georgia, he lives in a building about two hundred yards from the house, and there remains alone with his piano, playing all day and night, like one possessed of madness. Bad weather has an effect upon his music. In cloudy, rainy seasons, he plays somber music in minor chords; and when the sun shines and the birds sing, he indulges in waltzes and light music. Sometimes he will hammer away for hours, producing the most horrible discord imaginable. Suddenly a change comes over him, and he indulges in magnificent bursts of harmony taken from the productions of the masters. Since his childhood he has been an idiot, and he played nearly as well at the age of seven as he does now; but now his repertoire is much larger, as he can play anything he has ever heard. He now plays about seven thousand pieces, and picks up new ones everywhere. It is a curious fact that he will not pay Sunday-school music if he can help it, having a great dislike for it.

An Eagle Confiscates a Hawk's Prey.

A correspondent, writing from Sarasota, Fla., describes a scene the like o which he never witnessed before, though he had "read and heard of it frequently." He was paddling along the North creek, when "a savage fish-hawk that had been soaring up and down the stream saw a good-sized fish lying near the surface of the water, and, folding its wings close to its body, darted down upon it with the velocity of an arrow, caught it and carried it up into the top of a low pine tree, where it prepared to make a meal of it. A great bald eagle, which had been sitting secreted in the top of one of the tallest pines in the neighborhood awaiting this opportunity, pitched from its lofty perch, reefed its pinions to stop through the air like a bolt of lightning and struck the fish-hawk with such force as to send it whirling through the branches of the tree. The fish fell to the ground. The eagle followed, picked it up and carried it away. The fish-hawk, after recovering from the effects of the shock it had received, flew into a neighboring tree and sat there, silent and sullen, brooding over the burning insult it had received, but was unable on account of inferior size and strength to resent. I left the poor bird there and went my way, unwilling to add to his wrongs by sending a ball after him."

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

Eastern and Middle States.

Great damage was done along the Atlantic coast by the heavy storm a few days since. Four vessels went ashore at or near Long Branch, and several hotels and cottages were much injured by the wind. At Coney Island there was a tremendous tide, and the damage done to summer hotels and other property is variously estimated at from $30,000 to $100,000.

Israel Boothley, cashier of the First National bank of Augusta, Me., committed suicide a few days ago by shooting himself in the head.

At the Pennsylvania Republican State convention, held in Harrisburg, John A. Lemon was nominated for auditor-general and Henry Greene for judge of the supreme court. A full list of delegates to the national convention at Chicago was appointed, and the convention, by a vote of 153 to 113, instructed the delegates to support General Grant as the nominee for President and to vote as a unit on all questions. A motion to instruct the delegates to vote for Senator Blaine was lost by a vote of 93 to 154. The platform adopted deprecates further financial legislation; condemns "tinkering with the tariff;" disapproves of commercial treaties; censures the Democrats for "attempting to cripple the government;" calls for honest elections, and denounces "acts such as those in Maine."

On the day after the recent heavy storm the bodies of eight men belonging to wrecked vessels were washed ashore in the vicinity of Sandy Hook and Long Branch.

The New York *Herald* has subscribed the munificent sum of $100,000 to aid the famine-stricken people of Ireland.

At an inquest held in Philadelphia on the body of Henrietta Brest, a blind girl, nine years old, it was shown that the helpless child had been shamefully neglected and ill-treated by her mother. When the girl's body was discovered it had been partially eaten by rats and covered with vermin. The coroner said it was the worst case of depravity he had ever encountered. The jury found that the girl's death was due to the mother's intemperance and neglect, and she was committed to jail.

The body of Miss Dolly Hartman, a beautiful school girl who died at the age of eighteen at her home in Allegheny City, Pa., was burned in the Le Moyne furnace at Washington, Pa. At death she expressed a preference for cremation. This was the fifth cremation at the Washington furnace and the second of a woman.

Adolph E. Borie, General Grant's first secretary of the navy, died in Philadelphia the other day, aged seventy-one years. Mr. Borie had been a prominent merchant of Philadelphia. He was with General Grant on his recent tour abroad.

Governor Davis, of Maine, in his message refers to the late difficulties and recommends an investigation of the whole subject of counting the election returns.

Later reports show that during the recent heavy storm at least eight vessels were wrecked and ten lives lost on the New Jersey coast.

The publication in the New York city papers that Mr. D. J. Whitney, chairman of the committee for the enforcement of law of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, was robbed by what he termed a "black list," made up of the names of persons of wealth and assumed respectability whom his detectives found frequenting gambling houses and other places of ill-repute, has caused a great deal of indignation and much ill-feeling against the society. The secretary of the society publishes a card asserting that the society does not authorize any espionage or the making of any lists except of names of witnesses for the prosecutions which it has undertaken.

A Senate sub-committee, consisting of Senators Wallace, Garland, McDonald, Hoar and Blair, has held a two days' session in New York city, examining witnesses in regard to alleged illegal arrests made by United States Supervisor Davenport and his marshals on election day in 1878.

Mrs. Sarah Dillingham, thirty-three years old, wife of a farmer living near Londonderry, N. H., was unmercifully assaulted and then shot and probably fatally wounded by her nephew, Frank Dillingham, twenty years old. After committing the crime Dillingham made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide and then surrendered himself. His aunt was found unconscious with a rope around her neck and a bullet hole in her head.

Two white and three colored prisoners were publicly whipped a few days ago at Newcastle, Del.

A two-horse sleigh in which Howard Hackett and James Feeney were carrying 100 pounds of nitro-glycerine overturned near Bradford, Pa., and the compound exploded, tearing a hole in the frozen roadbed twenty feet long and fifteen feet wide. Feeney jumped from the sleigh as it was going over and was found under the debris severely injured. Hackett was thrown fifty feet by the explosion and instantly killed. Two houses and a barn in the vicinity were wrecked by the concussion, one of the buildings being literally shaken to pieces.

The Chatham mills, an extensive three-story brick building