

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show That Truth is Stranger Than Fiction.

ALL the good people of Middletown, Conn., who love romances are rejoicing over one at home. The hero is John T. Demme and the heroine Miss Julia E. Love. When the hero was quite a youth—he is now thirty-one years old—he was afflicted with as many trials and tribulations as usually fall to the lot of even the most romantically placed people. His family were poor and he himself was afflicted with hip disease, so that at one time it seemed likely that he would be thrust upon the uncertain mercies of the town for support. At this critical period the ministering angel, prescally disguised as the family physician, stepped in and advised the town clerk to send the boy to the New Haven Hospital for treatment. He was taken there and an operation was performed which resulted in his recovery. In the meantime his father had died, and young Mr. Demme began his career as a bookkeeper in New Haven. He advanced in his profession after the most approved manner, and in time was sought for by a Boston firm. He became a commercial traveler and has gathered together a neat little fortune. But this is only the record of his mercantile successes, which might stir Middletown with pride but not with deep emotion. The part of the story that causes the lover of romance to rejoice is that during these years Mr. Demme has been working and saving for the woman who helped to save his life in the hospital. Miss Love was a trained nurse there at the time that Mr. Demme was a patient, and that was the beginning of this romance. A pleasant side feature of it is that Mr. Demme's younger sister became a trained nurse through the influence of her brother's fiancée. The former patient and his nurse are to be married in Ohio, but they nevertheless wanted the license to be taken out in the neighborhood where they met.

A MR. RABJOHN, living about five miles from the main road on the divide leading to the coast, told the following story while in town the other day, says the *Cloverdale* (Call) Reveille: He was out hunting in the hills about three miles from his place, when the shadow of a large bird passed near him, and looking up he discovered an eagle flying over with something in its talons that resembled, to his visual organs, a small child or infant. It so excited his curiosity that he watched it until he saw it light in a clump of tall pines about a half mile distant. Following in that direction as rapidly as possible, he arrived in time to find the bird in the top of the tallest tree feeding a nest of young eaglets with its prey. The old bird stood in plain view, and without a moment's hesitation he drew a bead and fired, bringing it and its prey to the ground. It proved to be a young lamb about three months old that had been picked up by the eagle from some one of the numerous shepherds in that vicinity. It was already disemboweled and about half eaten, but enough was left to make a good meal for Mr. Rabjohn's family, which he took good care to pack home. The eagle measured nine feet seven inches from tip to tip of his wings, and he thinks the lamb must have weighed forty pounds when alive.

THE curious turnout of Mr. Dennett of Cape Elizabeth, Me., who supplies the cottagers with milk, eggs, and other country produce, attracts a good deal of attention. Mr. Dennett's team consists of a two-year-old bull with a ring in his nose, bearing a crooked yoke on his neck, harnessed to a flat-bottomed cart, which will float in the water. The animal is driven by Mr. Dennett like a horse. A reins of rope are attached to the ring in the bull's nose; they pass up over the horns through rings attached to them. With this queer team Mr. Dennett makes the trip to the beach two or three times a week, fording the Spermatic River at high tide. The bull swims the river like a dog and the cart floats like a boat and will sustain the weight of Mr. Dennett and his load of products safely. When Mr. Dennett and his unique team are seen approaching, the cottagers through the banks of the river in order to see him make the passage. Some of the most adventurous ones have tried the trip and several narrow escapes from capsizing have occurred.

"LIGHTNING plays some queer pranks," said Wm. Cathcart, at the Lindell Hotel, in St. Louis. "I was travelling through Coles County, Illinois, some years ago, and sought refuge from a thunderstorm in a farm house. The farmer undertook to build a fire in the kitchen stove to dry my damp garments. He was down on his knees blowing the coals vigorously when there was a terrific clap of thunder, and a bolt of blue fire shot out of the stove into his face. He fell back as limp as a wet newspaper. The lightning tore all his clothing off with the exception of one boot and trousers leg. There was a streak down through his beard, across his breast and down one leg as though made by a red-hot poker. I supposed he was dead as a door-nail. His wife picked up a large crock of milk that stood on the table and dashed it over him, and in less than three minutes he sat up, surveyed himself and mournfully remarked: 'Marier, you ought to treat me that way afore strangers.'"

ACCORDING to a story told by Leon Martell, who has arrived in San Francisco from Manzanillo, Mexico, two of the persons who were supposed to have been drowned by the capsizing of the last brig Tahiti, which left San Francisco last fall, with 300 Gilbert Islanders, bound for coffee plantations in Central America, have been seen in Manzanillo. Martell says that he was told by Felix Johnson, one of the survivors, that when the brig capsized on October 10, Johnson and four Islanders, including a woman, succeeded in leaving the vessel. They were sixteen days in an open boat without food and water. The woman died on the fourth day and the rest ate a portion of her body to keep themselves alive. One member of the party became insane and jumped overboard. One died, but Johnson and the fourth Islander finally

succeeded in reaching shore, and were cared for by fishermen.

HALF of St. Petersburg was laughing a few days ago, over the arrest of the son of M. Smirnoff, a wealthy state councillor, on the charge of stealing a goose. Many people attended court to listen to the young man's defense. He made no attempt, however, to prove his innocence, but acknowledged his guilt. He declared that the goose had attacked him while he was going home, and had attempted to "bite" his legs. In defending himself, he had caught the bird by the neck and killed it. Not knowing what to do with his prey, he finally decided to carry it home and use it for a Sunday roast. The charge of the owner of the goose that Smirnoff had willfully stolen the property was not upheld, as the learned judge declared that he had "a right to defend his life." Many days will pass before he will hear the last of the stolen goose.

AS LITTLE Cal Stephens, of Ossawatimic, Kan., was playing around a well that worked with two buckets, a rope and a pulley he fell in, carrying the top bucket down with him. His screams attracted the attention of Bob Layson's big St. Bernard dog Hadley, who, without a moment's hesitation, sprang in the well, and either by accident or intention carried the other bucket down with him, over balancing and bringing the other bucket with little Cal clinging to it to the top. Aunt Biddy McGee was there and rescued little Cal. A ladder was soon procured and Hadley was brought out. As Aunt Biddy McGee with her arms around the wet child and the dog was gently crying the people who had gathered went down in their pockets to get a medal for Hadley.

MRS. CATHERINE LINDSAY of Peterboro, N. H., has raised some chickens under difficulties. The eggs, in the first place, were put under a hen who deserted them in about six days; they were then given to another hen, which died in four days. The eggs were then taken into the house and put into a basket, with flannel under and over them. Over this flannel was a rubber bag holding hot water. The basket was set upon the shelf over the stove, where it remained a little over three days. Mrs. Lindsay getting up about three o'clock each morning to renew the hot water in the bag. The eggs were then put under another hen, which has brought out a small brood of chickens after these various changes in the hatching process.

It was an "old comrade" in arms, so he represented himself, that entered G. F. Berry's bank at Armstrong, Ill., and sat down to talk over war doings with the banker. He sat and chatted pleasantly until all the customers had left the building. Then he said that he had in his pocket some wartime documents to exhibit to Mr. Berry, and reached into his hip pockets for them. The documents proved to be a couple of revolvers. The comrade then drove Mr. Berry into his private office, locked the door, pocketed all the money in sight and took his departure. A hue and cry was quickly raised, but the "old comrade" had disappeared.

A POUCHKEEPSIE, N. Y., paper says that during the exhibition of a circus there a number of people were watching the elephants, and among them a lady who was attended by a pet, a small black and tan terrier. The keeper brought a bucket of water and set it before one of the elephants and the little dog ran up to it to get a drink. As he was helping himself the elephant grabbed him, and in a twinkling popped the tiny beast into his capacious mouth and swallowed him alive. The lady burst into a flood of tears as she saw her pet disappear.

THEY say there is nothing new under the sun, but we believe that Bainbridge Ga., can produce a dog with a new appellation on him. He is inordinately fond of pig and cats them with a relish. They are rolled around in his mouth and between his teeth until put in correct shape, then they are swallowed greedily. Sometimes the sharp point sticks in his dogship's throat and for a day or two Racket will cough and sneeze around until it is dislodged.

LAST month, Mrs. Harrison Breedlove, of Carson City, Nevada, who is sixty-three years of age, presented to her husband, seventy years old, a pair of bear cub twins. They are believed to be the oldest couple on record who have been favored in this way.

A DANISH woman of wealth recently made a remarkable will, providing that the interest of her fortune shall be distributed annually among twenty unmarried women or widows in her native town.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

CUSTARD PIE WITHOUT MILK.—Beat together thoroughly five eggs, five table-spoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Pour into this one pint of water. Flavor with spices most pleasing to the taste, and complete the pie as you would for any ordinary custard. This quantity is sufficient for two pies. They are very nice, and custard made in this manner may be eaten after pickles or any sour fruit by people with weak stomachs, without producing any disagreeable effect.

HUCKLEBERRY DUMPLING.—A huckleberry dumpling, made of biscuit dough, steamed the same length of time as an apple dumpling, is a favorite New England dessert. A cup of huckleberries stirred into a pint of fritter batter makes a good luncheon dish. The huckleberries should be sweetened with a little sugar, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice should be sprinkled over them. As soon as they are done, dredge them with sugar. A variety in the familiar griddle-cake is made with a pint of flour, a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of butter, one beaten egg, and a pint of huckleberries. The batter should be quite thin, and positively accurate directions as to the quantity of flour to be used cannot be given, as some flours thicken more than others.

WELL-MADE CLAM, CHOWDER.—A well-made clam chowder is a very tempting dish, especially if it is eaten by the seaside after a long tramp on the sandy shore. Almost every housekeeper who has lived by the sea has a slightly different rule. The following is a New Bed-

ford recipe which may be thoroughly recommended: Put twenty-five clams into a half-pint of water after washing them thoroughly. Set them over a fire and let the water boil; when the shells open, they are done. Take them off the fire, remove the heads and leathery parts of the clam, and chop the remainder fine. Save all the clam-juice in the shells, when the clams are taken out. Peel and slice six potatoes, and mince two onions, add a small slice of lard, six sea biscuit, pepper and salt to the taste, the clam-juice, a pint of milk, and one of water, half a grated nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of celery seed, or a stalk of celery minced fine. Let this mixture cook slowly for four hours. Then add the clams, with two teaspoonfuls of Worcester sauce, and half a cup full of tomato catsup. When the chowder boils up once, it is ready. Some cooks add two tablespoonfuls of sherry, but this does not seem to belong to a chowder, nor the sliced lemons that are sometimes served in it.

ABOUT WRINKLES.

How They May Be Averted and a Smooth Face Maintained.

WRINKLES are the index of nervous condition. Upright lines between the eyes indicate mental trouble, thought, care or temper, more than physical illness. Fine netted lines about the eyes denote nervous exhaustion and the depression which follows overstimulus. Women are likely to get them from living and sleeping in close, hot rooms.

The latest scientific writer on the subject says the air in our rooms should be changed three times every hour. The skin owes its beauty to the nerves which control the fine invisible blood vessels of the surface, whose work lends glow and transparency to the face. The nerves in turn owe their sensitiveness to the air, which, noxious or pure, is our chief nutriment, inhaled by gallons hourly. When the nerves are deadened by close air, the fine muscles lose their tone, the tissue of the face shrinks, and the wrinkles begin to form. At first they are fine, fugitive; a week's watching may wipe the face over with cross-hatching of fine lines, and another week of rest will restore lost tissue, fat and fluids to fill the spaces and smooth the face again.

To avert wrinkles, the nervous and over-taxed must rest and eat nourishing food. The neuragic should eat roast fat and make food tempting with condiments, adding to their fare the sound, coarse bread which contains phosphate to feed their starved nerves, and is the great regulator of nutritive function. Too often the trouble is not so much what people eat, but what they don't eat, and do not get provided for them at the table. Leanness and wrinkles go together. We seldom see a florid, plethoric woman with them, as the supply of blood keeps the skin in repair.

Steaming the face is the fashionable treatment to remove wrinkles, but it is an idea of American adoption, if not original. French specialists deprecate steaming. They say that it makes wrinkles worse when the practice is suspended, and assert that it causes falling of eyelashes and eyebrows. The intensely hot steaming may have that effect in certain states of the blood, and it must cause determination of blood to the face, which is far from healthy. The remedy is to use vapor at milder heat, keeping up the process longer at a time. Half an hour over the vapor, however, is more time than most women can spend. The most convenient application is a firm waxen paste which takes time for rubbing in out and gives just the right amount of massage for the face in the process. The soft oily salves and creams in request are not such good wrinkle erasers as a firm, protective cosmetic which will not rub off easily, but allow the moisture of the skin to remain and freshen the tissues.

It is easier to disperse wrinkles than to eradicate any other defect of the face. Sleep, much more than people suppose necessary, rather hearty food, and moister air in houses are indispensable to keeping a smooth face, whatever cosmetic is used, and a toilet paste or cream has twice the effect in less time if the hygiene of the complexion be observed.

Massage of the face should be by a firm, leisurely stroke, just soft enough to irritate. The best usage makes the movement in circles, the sweeps over the wrinkles, not lifting the fingers, much as one has finished on that particular line. Massage of the face should be soothing, not leaving it flushed and burning. To avert the wretched network of lines about the eyes and baggy eyelids, observe the precaution never to sleep after a dance or late hours without bathing the face plentifully in very warm water and taking a few teaspoonfuls of something light, half a cup of chocolate, or hot bouillon, eau sacre, rice and syrup, or a lemonade, with or without a fresh beaten egg. Three spoonfuls of such refreshments will take off the horrible exhaustion which presents its accounts on waking. A cup of hot water with one drop of oil of cinnamon is a famous restorative, especially in heart weakness after late hours.

The Law of Color.

An artist's rule as to color is: Choose carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in the hair, the eyes, or the complexion, says the *Fancy Goods Graphic*. A woman with blue-gray eyes and a thin, neutral-tinted complexion is never more becomingly dressed than in the blue shades in which gray is mixed, for in these complexions there is a certain delicate blueness. A brunette is never so exquisite as in cream color, for she has reproduced the tinting of her skin in her dress. Put the same dress on a colorless blonde and she will be far from charming, while in gray she would be quite the reverse. The reason is plain. In the blonde's sallowness there are tints of gray, and in the dark woman's pallor there is always yellowish tones, the same as predominate in the cream-colored dress. Women who have rather florid complexions look well in various shades of plum and heliotrope, also in certain shades of dove-gray, for to a trained eye this color has a tinge of pink which harmonizes with the flesh of the face. Blondes look fairer and younger in dead black, like that of wool goods or velvet, while brunettes require the sheen of satin or gloss of silk in order to wear black to advantage.

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION.

The American Museum of Natural History Enriched.

IT will be welcome news to thousands of Americans that the magnificent entomological collection of the late Harry Edwards has been purchased and presented to the American Museum of Natural History in New York. More than half of the purchase price was secured by the committee through subscription from the professional and personal friends of Mr. Edwards, and friends of the Museum; the balance being assured by the trustees of the Museum.

In making his collection, Mr. Edwards has laid almost every country in the world under contribution, and he found an invaluable assistant in his wife, who accompanied him on all his tours in the pursuit of his profession as an actor.

As it is stored in the museum to-day the collection looks like a hopeless confusion of boxes of every kind, from elaborate wooden cabinet full of glazed drawers to hundreds of wicker cigar boxes, also glazed, and even boxes of old cigar boxes, full of all manner of bugs impaled on slender pins. Each of the boxes is fitted with a cork cotton under the paper lining, into which the pin points enter easily, and the boxes all contain a quantity of the white crystals of naphthalene for protection against moths.

"Desks," which are cases with sloping, glazed tops, and cabinets are now making for the proper arrangement and display of the specimens, which are much crowded in their present cases. When they shall all be arranged, the collection will occupy a considerable part of the floor and wall space on one of the upper floors of the new building which now forms the front of the museum. Where now we are gazing on the ground floor the big buff-colored case, the case of the great ape and gillias, and the skeletons of the elephants. This part of the building will be opened to the public very soon.

The 27,000 insects in the collection represent about 40,500 different kinds. Mr. Edwards made two volumes of a partial catalogue, and in them are set down the names, habitat, and descriptions of 7,882 different moths, and butterflies alone, and in the section devoted to beetles, wasps, dragon flies, etc., the numbers run up to 6,211. From this bewildering multitude of objects only a small handful of individual insects can be mentioned here. Among the most showy and beautiful of the specimens are the "bird-winged" butterflies (*Ornithoptera*) from New Ireland and Queensland, Australia. Some of them have yellow bodies and great wings marked in green and black, with very beautiful shading of the tiny scales, and in others the wings are black, with yellow under-wings. Some of the females measure six or seven inches across the wings. The males are somewhat smaller and far more brilliantly colored. The blue bird-winged butterfly has blackish wings bordered with a band of luminous bluish slate color, and with a brilliant patch of iridescence and peacock blue upon the under-wings. The wings of the female are of a blackish-brown color, with white patches.

The collection is also rich in swallow-tailed butterflies (*Papilio*) from every part of the world. Among the most striking is the *Papilio* from Ceylon. Its wings are black, dusted with fine blue-green scales and marked with a transverse band of brilliant emerald green. The *Papilio Paris*, from the Himalayas, is like the other except for a vivid green patch on the wings instead of the transverse band. There are many different species of the *Morpho* butterfly, from Brazil, Venezuela, and other South American States. The *Morpho Cypris*, from Bogota, has wings of the most brilliant metallic blue, marked with a transverse row of spots. Another specimen of this kind has black wings with transverse bands of the same vivid metallic blue; and still another has wings of a very pale, lustrous sea-green, like the inside of a shell, and in some lights showing exactly the appearance of mother-of-pearl, or of an opal.

The moths (*Sphingidae*) are present in a great number of specimens, among which North American moths are well represented. The general characteristics of the "hawk" moths are long, slender bodies and narrow wings. They are often mistaken for humming birds as they sweep about in the twilight. They have very long probosces, which are curled up as they lie in the boxes. In color they show blacks, browns, grays, and several shades of dull orange. The famous "death's head" moths from Germany and Japan bear the clearly marked outlines of a skull and cross-bones on the back of the thorax. The shape of the skull varies in specimens from different regions. The males have much smaller bodies than the females.

A magnificent series of objects in the collection are the specimens of the great moth *Sphinxia zolotyia stacyi*. One pair, a male and female, cost \$25, and were presented to Mr. Edwards by a friend. The female measures eight inches across the wings, and the slim body is about three inches long. The male measures about six in the wings, and the body is a little smaller than the female. The hind wings of the male are of a rusty red, and the fore wings are mottled white and brownish red and have a transverse band of salmon pink. There is an eye-like spot, about as big as an old silver three-cent piece, a little beyond the middle of the wing. When the wings are folded they look like the head of a large snake, and the spot is strikingly like a serpent's eye. The female is almost as brilliant as the male in this instance.

There are many specimens of the beautiful, delicately-colored lunar moths. They came from Natal, the Himalayas, India, Japan and New York. Some of them have pale green wings with a purplish border on the fore wings, and all have the long, tail-like appendages to the hind wings.

Among the beetles are very many from Australia, some of them collected in 1889 and 1890, when Mr. Edwards was last at the antipodes. There is a long series of "golden" beetles brilliant with metallic lustre. A specimen of the *Callisela mastersi* is a beetle increased, black and glossy, in a greenish-brassy mat, smooth and hard as glass, and shining like the polished brass on a man-of-war.

There are many long-horned beetles (Cerambycidae) from all parts of the world. One big fellow has horns nearly seven inches long. There are also thousands of leaf-eating beetles, (*Chrysomelidae*), and among them is one from Malacca called *Xylorhiza venosa*, which is about two inches long and looks exactly like a fragment of decayed wood. You would swear you could not be mistaken as to the broken, disintegrating woody fibre. There are also great numbers of all sorts of the American wasps, bumble bees, carpenter bees, and hornets, and many brilliant dragon flies, known among the youth of New England as "devil's darned needles."

Among the family of Orthoptera, or grasshoppers, are many curious specimens of the Mantis. The ridiculous "praying mantis" of Japan and Victoria is shown in a specimen about four inches long, which sits up on its skinny gray-green legs, with its head erect on its long neck, and holds up two of its long fore-legs together as a child puts his hands together in prayer. One enormous specimen of the *Phasmidae* from Queensland is a sort of dreadful grasshopper about a foot long and measuring eight inches across his wings. There are innumerable outlandish bugs whose bodies and wings cannot be distinguished from the trees or herbage upon which they live. Their wings are veined exactly like leaves, and they are of every color, from pale green to the rusty color of bark and dead limbs.

These few are among the thousands of insects which Harry Edwards collected, and which are now his monument.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

GRANDMA'S FRIEND.

The mother-in-law sits in her chamber to mourn. Not allowed to say that her soul's her own. But banished and sent to her room alone, Her boy whom she loved and cherished with care, Has turned against her and left her there.

And o'er her Bible she folded her hands so meek. As the tears coursed down her pallid cheeks. Hush! the e's a patter of feet on the stair, And mother-in-law gently smooths her hair. As a child's vice on her ear doth fall: "Want to show mamma my old rag doll." —[St. Louis Republic.]

THE BEE'S MARKET BASKET.

Every bee carries his market basket around his hind legs. Anyone examining the body of a bee through a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on the surface, the hairs approaching each other as the tip so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket, and into it, after a successful journey, he will cram enough pollen to last him for two or three days. Every one has seen a bee returning home with a little yellow lump on his hind leg, and if the insect is then examined the form of the basket can easily be seen.

SCRATCHING A TOAD'S BACK.

There are few things more amusing than to watch a toad submitting to the operation of back scratching. He will at first look somewhat suspiciously at the twig which you are advancing toward him, but after two or three passes down his back his manner undergoes a marked change. His eyes close with an expression of infinite rapture, he plants his feet wider apart, and his body swells out to nearly double its ordinary size, as if to obtain by this means the maximum of enjoyment. Thus he will remain until you make some sudden movement which startles him, or until he has had as much petting as he wants, when, with a puff of regretful delight, he will reduce himself to his usual dimensions, and hop away, bent once more upon the pleasures of the chase.—[Our Dumb Animals.]

A DOCTOR THAT SENDS NO BILLS.

There is a little doctor that grows on a tree, and instead of giving you a prescription, lets you have himself for a few cents, and that's all the expense he puts you to. If you squeeze him in a glass of slightly sugared water every morning and drink him before breakfast he will keep away Mr. Dyspepsia, whom he hates cordially. If you have a headache cut him into slices and rub him along your temples and you will find yourself growing better.

If a bee or insect of any kind sting you put a few drops of the doctor on the spot, and the pain will disappear quickly. And, girls, if you mix him with a quart of milk, and bathe your face with the simple cosmetic, the result will be a perfect bettering of your complexion. And if you pour him into an equal part of glycerine and rub your hands with the mixture before going to bed and then draw on a pair of rosy kid gloves,—which you must wear all night,—why, your hands will rival the snowdrops in whiteness.

Besides all this, the doctor, whom, no doubt, you have already guessed to be a lemon, is always ready to assist himself in the preparation of a refreshing, old-fashioned summer drink.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A Country for Crazes.

"This is a great country for crazes," remarked S. B. Dumble at the Laclede. "A few years ago the entire country was in the throes of the pedestrian craze. In every city, town or village athletes were wearily tramping round and round a sawdust circle, while thousands of spectators applauded the dreary exhibition. Nobody walks now that can ride. Next we had the roller skating craze, which affected both men and women. It too, has gone glimmering, leaving a trail of broken bones in its wake. The bicycle craze is now upon us, and bids fair to become a chronic disease. The men have had the red necktie craze and recovered from it in time to laugh at the suspender craze of their big sisters. America soon loves her fads to death."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Black and cream muslin dresses are very fashionable, printed with a spotted figure.

A PIG NEARLY CAUSES WAR.

Stirring Incident of the Earlier History of Washington Territory.

The celebration a few weeks ago of the centennial of the entrance of Captain George Vancouver into Puget Sound and of the discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Robert Gray, has led to a searching of records and a bringing to light of a number of interesting facts concerning the early history of the Pacific northwest. Hitherto the comparative insignificance of this part of the United States has made its history of little interest, but the growing importance of the Puget Sound country is drawing more attention to the circumstances by which it became a part of the United States.

One of the singular incidents was the quarrel over San Juan Island, when a pig came near involving the United States and Great Britain in war. The causes of the difficulty ran back several years. In 1818, when the title of the United States to the land up to latitude 49 degrees N. was disputed by Great Britain, a treaty was formed, allowing a joint occupancy of the region now covered by Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Into this neutral territory the Hudson Bay Company extended its posts, and at the same time the United States began making their way through the trackless wilderness. Finally, after our government had demanded that the boundary be fixed at 54 degrees 40 minutes N. and there had been much negotiation with little practical result, a treaty was agreed upon, in 1846, setting the international boundary from the Lake of the Woods westward at the forty-ninth parallel.

This settled everything until salt water was reached, and then the dividing line ran between the islands, giving all of Vancouver to Great Britain. There was some misunderstanding, from the wording of the treaty, which of two channels the line should follow, and accordingly San Juan, the largest and most fertile island in the Archipelago de Haro, was claimed by both countries. The Territorial Government of Washington asserted that San Juan belonged to the Territory, and attempted to collect taxes on property of the Hudson Bay Company situated on the island. The factor in charge informed the Assessor that the island belonged to her Majesty Queen Victoria, but the Sheriff of the Territory levied on some sheep and sold them for taxes. The Hudson Bay Company then appealed to the British Minister at Washington, the Plummer and the Satellite—which had been lying at Victoria.

This was in August, 1859. A boat from the Tribune landed Capt. Hornby—afterward admiral—and several other officers of the vessel. They were met by Capt. Pickett, who was cool and courteous. The English captain said: "I have 1,100 men on board the ships ready to land to-night." The reply of Capt. Pickett was: "Captain, you have the force to land, but if you undertake it I will fight you as long as I have a man."

Hornby answered, "Very well, I shall land them at once." "If you will give me forty-eight hours," continued Pickett, "till I hear from my commanding officer, my orders may be countermanded. If you do not you must be responsible for the blood that follows."

"Not one minute," was Hornby's retort. The Englishmen went back to the vessel, and Pickett gave orders for the drawing of his men in lines on the hill facing the beach, where the English would have to land. His directions were to fire, one third at a time, at close range, and then fall back. He added: "We will make a Bunker Hill of it, and don't be afraid of their big guns."

ington, D. C., and in 1859 a boundary commission was appointed to determine the line between the two countries. While the commission was at its work Lyman A. Cutlar, one of the American occupants of the island, was greatly annoyed by the depredations in his garden of a bear belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. Cutlar remonstrated with the officers of the company; but obtaining no relief, he took the case into his own hands and shot the animal. The next day the company's chief factor, Mr. Dallas, appeared in the steamer Beaver and tried to arrest Cutlar and take him to Victoria for trial. Cutlar picked up his gun, pointed it at the officer, and said they might take him to Victoria, but they would have to kill him first. Dallas did not dare precipitate a contest then and there, and so he went back to Victoria empty handed.

The attempt of the English to exercise jurisdiction on the island roused the wrath of Brig. Gen. William S. Harney, then commanding the Department of the Columbia, and he sent Capt. Pickett with a company of infantry to protect the interests of the American residents on San Juan. The British replied by dispatching three vessels to the scene—the *Porpoise*, the *Thetis* and the *Albatross*. In less than fifteen minutes the men were in line six paces apart on the hill, every settler on the island volunteering to re-inforce the regulars. The boats of the English vessels were lowered, but the sailors and marines were not landed. For several days the Americans slept on their arms, but the English made no attempt to land, and the affair was finally adjusted peacefully. In 1861 the Emperor of Germany, as arbitrator, decided that San Juan belonged to the United States.

Capt. George E. Pickett afterward became a Major General in the Confederate Army. With hat and sword in hand he led one of the storming columns till he fell, shot through the right side.

A Storm of Flies.

About nine o'clock Tuesday night Battle Mountain was infested with a cloud of tiny flies that drifted into the saloons on Front street in myriads, in many instances darkening the rooms and putting out the lights, says the *Central Nevada*. When the pests had passed away it was found that the tops of the lamps were covered with an inch and a half deep and the lambs' chumneys choked. It would appear that these minute flies were attracted by the light in the saloons, and in countless millions perished.