THE
"CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN,"
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY
GOODLANDER & HAGERTY,
CLEARFIELD, PA.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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GEORGE B. GOODLANDER,
GEORGE HAGERTY,
Publishers.

CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN.

GOODLANDER & HAGERTY, Publishers. PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN. TERMS—$2 per annum in Advance.

VOL. 48—WHOLE NO. 2389. CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1874. NEW SERIES—VOL. 15, NO. 39.

Cards.

FRANK FIELDING,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to him promptly and faithfully. nov12'73

WILLIAM A. WALLACE. DAVID L. KREBS.
HARRY F. WALLACE. JOHN W. WRIGLEY.
WALLACE & KREBS,
(Successors to Wallace & Fielding,)
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
11-1273 Clearfield, Pa.

H. V. WILSON, M. D. M. B. VAN VALZAH, M. D.
DRS. WILSON & VAN VALZAH,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in residence of Dr. Wilson.
OFFICE HOURS: From 12 to 2 P. M. Dr. Van Valzah can be found at night in his rooms, next door to Hartswick & Irwin's Drug Store, up stairs. oct26'73

DR. JEFFERSON LITZ,
WOODLAND, PA.
Will promptly attend all calls in the line of his profession. nov.19-73

JOSEPH S. M'ENALLY. DANIEL W. M'CURDY.
McENALLY & McCURDY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Legal business attended to promptly with fidelity. Office on Second street, above the First National Bank. jan1:71

G. R. BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Having resigned his Judgeship, has resumed the practice of the law in his old office at Clearfield, Pa. Will attend the courts of Jefferson and Elk counties when specially retained in connection with resident counsel. 2:14:72

WM. M. McCULLOUGH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Court House, (Sheriff's Office). Legal business promptly attended to. Real estate bought and sold. jel1'73

J. W. BANTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 4. All legal business entrusted to his care promptly attended to. 2jy74

T. H. MURRAY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Prompt attention given to all legal business entrusted to his care in Clearfield and adjoining counties. Office on Market st., opposite Naugle's Jewelry Store, Clearfield, Pa. jel4'72

A. W. WALTERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Graham's Row. [dec3-1y

H. W. SMITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
911:73 Clearfield, Pa.

WALTER BARRETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office on Second St., Clearfield, Pa. [nov21,66

ISRAEL TEST,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House. [jy11,'67

JOHN H. FULFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Clearfield, Pa.
Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 5. Jan. 3, 1874.

JOHN L. CUTTLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
And Real Estate Agent, Clearfield, Pa.
Office on Third street, bet. Cherry & Walnut.
Respectfully offers his services in selling and buying lands in Clearfield and adjoining counties; and with an experience of over twenty years as a surveyor, flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. [Feb. 28:63tf.

FREDERICK O'LEARY BUCK,
SCRIVENER & CONVEYANCER,
General Life and Fire Ins. Agent.
Deeds of Conveyance, Articles of Agreement and all legal papers promptly and neatly executed. Office in Pie's Opera House, Room No. 4. Clearfield, Pa., April 29, 1874.

J. BLAKE WALTERS,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
AND DEALER IN
Saw Logs and Lumber,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
Office in Graham's Row. 1:25:71

J. J. LINGLE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
1:18 Osceola, Clearfield Co., Pa. y:pd

ROBERT WALLACE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Wallaceton, Clearfield County, Penn'a.
All legal business promptly attended to.

CYRUS GORDON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Market street, (north side) Clearfield, Pa.
All legal business promptly attended to Jan. 29, '73.

DR. T. J. BOYER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Market Street, Clearfield, Pa.
Office hours: 8 to 12 a. m., and 1 to 6 p. m.

DR. E. M. SCHEURER,
HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,
Office in residence on Market st.
April 24, 1872. Clearfield, Pa.

DR. W. A. MEANS,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
LUTHERSBURG, PA.
Will attend professional calls promptly. aug10'70

J. S. BARNHART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa.
Will practice in Clearfield and all of the Courts of the 25th Judicial district. Real estate business and collection of claims made specialties. n1'71

JAMES CLEARY,
BARBER & HAIR DRESSER,
SECOND STREET,
1j28] CLEARFIELD, PA. [ts

T. A. FLECK. A. N. HILLS.
T. A. FLECK & CO.,
Agents in Clearfield county for the sale of
E. BUTTERICK & CO.'S
Fashionable Patterns of Garments,
ALL STYLES AND SIZES.
Market Street Clearfield, Pa.

T. M. ROBINSON,
Manufacturer and dealer in
Harness, Saddles and Bridles,
Collars, Whips, Brushes, Fly Nets, Trimmings, Horse Blankets, &c.
Vacuum, Frank Miller's and Neatsfoot Oils. Agent for Bailey and Wilson's Buggies.
Orders and repairing promptly attended to. Shop on Market street, Clearfield, Pa., in room formerly occupied by Jas. Alexander. [3:4'74

JAMES E. WATSON & CO.,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS,
CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Houses and Offices to let. Collections promptly made, and Bituminous Coal and Fire-Clay Lands and Town property for sale. Office in Western Hotel Building (2d floor), Second St. [my13'74y

Cards.

A. G. KRAMER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real Estate and Collection Agent,
CLEARFIELD, PA.,
Will promptly attend to all legal business entrusted to his care.
Office in Pie's Opera House, second floor. april 1-6m*

John H. Orvis. C. T. Alexander. C. M. Bowers
ORVIS, ALEXANDER & BOWERS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Bellefonte, Pa. [jan26,'67-y

J. H. KLINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HAVING located at Pennfield, Pa., offers his professional services to the people of that place and surrounding country. All calls promptly attended to. oct. 13 tf.

GEORGE C. KIRK,
Justice of the Peace, Surveyor and Conveyancer,
Luthersburg, Pa.
All business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. Persons wishing to employ a Surveyor will do well to give him a call, as he flatters himself that he can render satisfaction. Deeds of conveyance, articles of agreement, and all legal papers, promptly and neatly executed. *29mr74

JOHN D. THOMPSON,
Justice of the Peace and Scrivener,
Curwensville, Pa.
Collections made and money promptly paid over. feb22'71tf

GEO. ALBERT......HENRY ALBERT..........W. ALBERT
W. ALBERT & BROS.,
Manufacturers & extensive Dealers in
Sawed Lumber, Square Timber, &c.,
WOODLAND, PENN'A.
Orders solicited. Bills filled on short notice and reasonable terms.
Address Woodland P. O., Clearfield Co., Pa.
e25-1y W. ALBERT & BROS.

FRANCIS COUTRIET,
MERCHANT,
Frenchville, Clearfield County, Pa.
Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of Dry Goods, Hardware, Groceries, and everything usually kept in a retail store, which will be sold, for cash, as cheap as elsewhere in the county.
Frenchville, June 27, 1867-1y.

THOMAS H. FORCEE,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GRAHAMTON, Pa.
Also, extensive manufacturer and dealer in Square Timber and Sawed Lumber of all kinds.
Orders solicited and all bills promptly filled. [jy19'72

REUBEN HACKMAN,
House and Sign Painter and Paper Hanger,
Clearfield, Penn'a.
Will execute jobs in his line promptly and in a workmanlike manner. arr4,67

G. H. HALL,
PRACTICAL PUMP MAKER,
NEAR CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.
Pumps always on hand and made to order on short notice. Pipes bored on reasonable terms. All work warranted to render satisfaction, and delivered if desired. my25:1ypd

E. A. BIGLER & CO.,
DEALERS IN
SQUARE TIMBER,
and manufacturers of
ALL KINDS OF SAWED LUMBER.
8-7'72 CLEARFIELD, PENN'A.

JAS. B. GRAHAM,
dealer in
Real Estate, Square Timber, Boards,
SHINGLES, LATH, & PICKETS,
9:10'73 Clearfield, Pa.

JAMES MITCHELL,
DEALER IN
Square Timber & Timber Lands,
jel1'73 CLEARFIELD, PA.

DR. J. P. BURCHFIELD,
Late Surgeon of the 83d Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, having returned from the Army, offers his professional services to the citizens of Clearfield county.
Professional calls promptly attended to. Office on Second street, formerly occupied by Dr. Woods. [apr4,'66-tf

H. F. NAUGLE,
WATCH MAKER & JEWELER,
and dealer in
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silver and Plated Ware, &c.,
je1972 CLEARFIELD, PA.

S. I. SNYDER,

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER,
AND DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Graham's Row, Market Street,
CLEARFIELD, PA.
All kinds of repairing in my line promptly attended to. April 23, 1872.

REMOVAL.
REIZENSTEIN & BERLINER,
wholesale dealers in
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
Have removed to 137 Church street, between Franklin and White sts., New York. [jy31'72

Miss E. A. P. Rynder,
AGENT FOR
Chickering's, Steinway's and Emerson's Pianos; Smith's, Mason & Hamlin's and Peloubet's Organs and Melodeons, and Grover & Baker's Sewing Machines.
ALSO TEACHER OF
Piano, Guitar, Organ, Harmony and Vocal Music. No pupil taken for less than half a term.
Rooms opposit Gulich's Furniture Store. Clearfield, May 5, 1869-tf.

J. HOLLOWBUSH . . . . E. DAVIS CAREY
HOLLOWBUSH & CAREY,
BOOKSELLERS,
Blank Book Manufacturers,
AND STATIONERS,
218 Market St., Philadelphia.
Paper Flour Sacks and Bags, Foolscap, Letter, Note, Wrapping, Curtain and Wall Papers. feb24,'70-1ypd

H. F. BIGLER & CO.
have for sale
CARRIAGE & WAGON WOODS,
SHAFTS AND POLES,
HUBS, SPOKES, FELLOES, &c.
Carriage and Wagon Makers should make a note of this and call and examine them. They will be sold at fair prices. may22.72

STONE'S SAW GUMMERS AND SAW UPSETS.
We have received the agency for the above and will sell them at manufacturer's prices. Call and examine them. They are the best.
je19-72 H. F. BIGLER & CO.

Mountain Echo Cornet Band,
CURWENSVILLE, PA.
MUSIC furnished for Picnics, Festivals, Concerts, Lectures, &c., on reasonable terms.
Address, E. S. BONNER, Sec'y,
may6-6m Curwensville, Pa.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKING.
JOSEPH H. DEERING, on Market street, in Shaw's Row, Clearfield, Pa., has just received a fine lot of French Calf Skins and Kips, the best in the market, and is now prepared to manufacture everything in his line. He will warrant his work to be as represented.
The citizens of Clearfield and vicinity are respectfully invited to give him a call.
Work done at short notice. 7:16'73y

MY MOTHER AT THE GATE.

Oh, there's many a lovely picture,
On memory's silent wall;
There's many a cheerful image
That I tenderly recall!
That sweet home of my childhood,
With its singing brooks and birds;
The friends who grew beside me,
With their loving looks and words;
The flowers that decked the wildwood,
The roses fresh and sweet,
The bluebells and the daisies,
That blossom at my feet,
All, all are very precious,
And often come to me,
Like the breezes from a better land
Beyond life's troubled sea;
But the sweetest, dearest picture
That memory can create,
Is the image of my mother—
My mother at the gate.

It is there I see her standing,
With her face so pure and fair,
With the sunlight and the shadows
On her snowy cap and hair;
I can feel the soft, warm pressure
Of the hand that clasped my own,
I can see that look of kindness
That in her blue eyes shone,
I can hear her parting blessing
Through the lapse of weary years,
I can see through all my sorrows
Her own sweet and silent tears,
As I amid the darkest trials
That have mingled with my fate,
I have turned to that dear image—
My mother at the gate.

But she has crossed the river—
She is with the angels now;
She has laid aside earth's crosses,
And the crown is on her brow;
She is clothed in clean white linen,
And she walks the streets of gold;
O loved one! safe forever
Within the Savior's fold,
No sorrowing thoughts can reach thee,
No grief is thine to-day;
God gives thee joy for mourning,
Thy tears are wiped away.
Thou art waiting in that city
Where the saints and angels wait,
And I'll know thee, dearest mother,
When I reach that pearly gate.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.

MAGNIFICENT SCENERY—ONE MILE AND A-HALF ABOVE THE EARTH.

As we went to press yesterday, the balloon was still in sight, apparently hovering over some point a few miles southwest of the city, at a great height. The first news that was received of it was by the return of one of the carrier-pigeons of Frank Howell, which proved itself a blooded bird by flying stright to its cote. For a time, however, it was so excited and agitated over its effort, that it could not be induced to go into the cote and have detached from it the message which it bore. In a half hour it was secured and the card taken off its leg. The inscription thereon read as follows:

OVER SAFE HARBOR.—4:20 p. m.—Fifteen hundred feet high; thermometer 70°; all comfortable; grand scenery.
WISE AND JOHNSTON, Balloon.

As the bird arrived here at 4:50, it had made excellent time, and Mr. H. may congratulate himself upon his success in raising this class of birds. In the meantime a dispatch was received announcing that the balloon had been observed near Wrightsville. These "reports from the air" were duly posted on the bulletin board of the *Intelligencer*, and were read by hundreds who passed by or came to hear the news, so general was the interest felt in the result of the trip.

Later in the evening the following dispatches were received:

YORK, Pa., 5:27 p. m.—Wise and his balloon several miles south of this place, moving southwest.

YORK, Pa., 11:30 p. m.—Prof. Wise is on the Cincinnati Express, having landed about one and a half miles this side of Shrewsbury station, York county.

Another of the pigeons arrived in this city abut 9 a. m., this mornnig, bearing the following message:

SHREWSBURY, York Co., Pa.—7 p. m.—Have landed safely. Will be home in the morning. This is 40 miles from Lancaster. WISE AND JOHNSTON.

It is supposed the bird roosted over night and resumed his flight this morning. These are the first carrier-pigeons ever sent from or arrived at this city, and their performances are regarded with great popular interest.

At 3:49 this morning Messrs. Wise and Johnston arrived safe in this city, and we will now let the latter tell the story of his trip:

Well, our grand balloon ascension has taken place. We have "gone up," made our voyage and returned home, and it is now expected that we shall write a description of the trip. Description is not our forte; but in lieu of that we will dot down in a homely way some of the incidents attending our first journey to the skies.

Long before the time of starting, Centre Square was filled with people watching with much interest the inflation of the balloon, and anxious to see it ascend. Prof. Wise was no little annoyed by the over-officiousness of friends, who, in their mistaken endeavor to assist him, kept him back very considerably in the delicate work he had to perform. As for the historian of the voyage, he was early on the ground, and anxious to remain there during the inflation, but was more than once driven off by the flood of queries that were constantly being dinned into his ears by the crowd, of which, for the nonce, he was a central figure, and every other one of whom seemed determined to "interview" him. Some of the questions asked were in themselves very proper ones, but when one is obliged to answer, in the same words, the same question asked by a thousand different persons, the interview becomes, to say the least, monotonous.—Here follow a few of the questions we were expected to answer, or acknowledge that we couldn't answer:

When will you go up? Where will you stop? When will you come home? How high will you go? Will you not get giddy away up there? Ain't you afraid? Come, won't you take a drink before you go? Do you intend to take all those sand-bags hanging to the balloon along with you? Have you got your life insured? Do you think the balloon will be likely to knock down the monument? &c., &c., &c.

A thousand warnings reproofs and admonitions also fell upon our ears.—Don't you think you are tempting Providence in thus hazarding your precious life? Stick, old boy, don't back out. I'll bet fifty cents you don't go up. Telegraph to me as soon as you land. Be careful and don't fall overboard. I'll give fifty dollars for your seat. I wouldn't go up for the world. Good bye. God bless you.—Gone, but not forgotten, &c., &c. Then we were called all manner of pet names, such as "nauty" for aeronaut; "looney" for balloonist; "gassy," "little angel," &c., &c. Similar sayings and queries were poured upon us so constantly, that it was a genuine relief when the time came for us to step into the basket and bid the multitude adieu.

The ascent, as thousands who witnessed it will testify, was a most successful and beautiful one. Our air-ship arose from the midst of the dense mass by which it was surrounded, and passed directly over the Athenæum, being greeted with loud huzzas and waving of handkerchiefs. The compliment was returned on our part by the waving of the star spangled banner by Master John Wise and the vigorous swinging of hats by Prof. Wise and the reporter, and then the air below us was filled with a shower of small printed circulars thrown from the basket attached to the balloon. Thus lightened, the balloon soon shot up to an altitude of 4,000 feet, and Prof. Wise made preparations to throw out the drag-rope, which had been coiled in the bottom of the basket, in deference to the fears of some worthy gentlemen that if coiled in the Square it might become entangled in the Soldiers' Monument, and carry off that exquisite piece of sculpture! The rope became much tangled and required the exercise of no little time and patience to unravel and throw it overboard. It was accomplished at last, however, and then our labor for the voyage was over, and we had full time to look down upon the world from our elevated seat. And what a magnificent scene it was! It included a view of all Lancaster county from the Blue Ridge to the Maryland line, and from the Octorara to the Susquehanna, but at an elevation of four or five thousand feet, everything was so much reduced in size, that the largest buildings looked like toy-houses; the streets and roads like well-swept paths; the newly plowed fields and fields of grass, stubble, tobacco and corn, and the patches of woods, each varying in size and color from those adjoining, looked like a great colored map, or a vast irregular chess-board; while the streams which work their devious ways to the Susquehanna, looked like great serpents of a leaden color. The frequent and graceful curves of the Conestoga added greatly to the beauty of the picture.

At 3:47 p. m., we passed over Millersville at a height of 2,000 feet, and were greeted with loud applause by the citizens. We returned their cheers and showered upon them hundreds of printed circulars. Continuing on "our southwest course," at a very moderate rate of speed, we crossed the Susquehanna river not far from York Furnace, at 4:30. From this point we had a beautiful view of Safe Harbor, Washington borough, Columbia, Millersville, Lancaster, and one or two small towns in York county. The river immediately beneath us looked like a great rough road. With the aid of Col. McGovern's field-glass, we tried to get a view of Chesapeake Bay, but the atmosphere to the southwest of us was so hazy that our wish was not gratified. The sun shining brightly on the balloon caused it to expand and rise rapidly, and we soon attained a height of 7,000 feet. From this elevated point we got a good view of the river from Port Deposit to a point far above Harrisburg, though little except the river could be seen at these extreme limits. Beneath us, however, everything was superbly beautiful. The lower end of Lancaster and York counties being much more broken and wooded, than that part of Lancaster county over which we had already passed, presented a much more picturesque appearance, though from our great height the farm houses and barns which dotted the scene looked no larger than so many dog-boxes.

Soon we began to descend more rapidly than we had arisen. The circulars were again given liberally to the breeze. They rose above us and fluttered around the balloon like great snow-flakes. At a height of 5,800 feet we could distinctly hear the cheers of those below us, and still more distinctly the crack of the rifles of some gunners. The themometer which had fallen to 42 degrees when we were at our greatest height, rose several degrees as we approached the earth. As there was a fine open space ahead of us, Prof. Wise determined to make a landing, and called to the people below to look for and take hold of the drag rope. Soon men, women, children and dogs were seen running from all directions toward the field in which the balloon was expected to come down. Here an amusing incident occured. Two large dogs, evidently mortal enemies, belonging to neighboring farmers, met upon the field while the balloon was some hundreds of feet above them. Not observing the balloon, and probably supposing that the excitement among the people was got up for *their* especial benefit, the dogs went for each other like true terriers; "they fit, they growled and they yowled," and there is no knowing what might have been the result of the fight, had they not discovered the balloon coming right down upon them; but as soon as they saw it, they let go their holds, yelped in concert, and with their tails between their legs, fled ingloriously from the battle-field.

In the meantime the balloon landed nicely in a buckwheat field on the farm of F. A. Beattie, situated in Chanceford township, York county, near the Windsor township line, and not more than a mile and a-half from the new Narrow Gauge Railroad from Oxford, Chester county, to York. Here we were soon surrounded by a crowd of people who rendered us all necessary assistance, and towed the balloon from the buckwheat field into a grass field, where it was anchored by willing hands. Our lunch baskets were inspected, and the relative merits of Hotel Copland and Restaurant Miller impartially discussed. A vote was taken as to which set the better table and the result was one unanimous "aye!" (opener.)

A council of scientists was now held. Wise proposed to retreat; reporter proposed to advance. Wise demonstrated by actual trial that the balloon wouldn't go up with passengers, even without a pound of ballast; reporter proposed to leave a passenger behind. Wise suggested that reporter should be left behind; reporter suggested that Wise, being the heaviest, would do better. Finally a compromise was effected between the "high contracting parties by making a sacrifice of little Johnny, and, although Johnny protested against the injustice thus done him, he was so entirely in the minority that his protest was unavailing. A few dollars were crammed into his pocket as hush-money, he was placed in charge of a very decent-looking man named Emanuel Smith, of Windsor township, who contracted to give him conveyance to the nearest railroad station, and preparations were at once made for another ascension.

Having thus disposed of Master John and taken in about fifty pound of more disposable ballast, Prof. Wise and the reporter re-ascended amid the huzzas of the yeomanry of Chanceford and Windsor townships. On attaining an elevation of 1,600 feet, the view was magnificent. As evening approached, the lights and shadows fell much more beautifully upon the earth than was the case earlier in the day. Says the reporter, "I'm sorry for little Johnny; but it's good to be here." Says Wise, "Yes, I'm glad that I granted your request to make a second ascension," and quietly throwing overboard a bag of sand, he sent the balloon up, and up, and up, until we had attained a height of 7,800 feet, and the gas again began to flow freely from its neck. Not a word was spoken for some time, the occupants of the basket being absorbed in contemplating the grandeur and immensity of the scene. There we hung in mid-air, thousands of feet above the earth, which seemed to be an immense basin with a bottom of bright mosaic, which became dim and indistinct near its outer circumference. The sides of the basin were of an ashen hue becoming gradually lighter until, towards the upper rim, all the colors of the rainbow were distinctly marked. To the west, and just above the golden rim of the basin, shone the great sun, more than twice its usual size. It was so near the horizon that it could be easily looked upon without any injury to the eye. In color the upper half was exquisitely tinted from the palest lemon to the deepest orange, and the lower half from the most brilliant blood color to the darkest purple. It slowly and majestically disappeared behind the rim of the great basin over which we alone seemed to be suspended.

While gazing at the gorgeous sunset we had gradually fallen to an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and Prof. Wise determined to make a landing near Shrewsbury, which had been in sight for some time. Calling loudly, he attracted the attention of several persons, but they were slow in comprehending what he wanted. A man who was plowing in a field near by left his horse standing in the furrow and hastened to our assistance; but just then his horse also discovered the balloon, and after half-a-dozen jumps, got loose from the plow and made a bee-line for the barn, running at a gait that would have done no discredit to Fellowcraft. A lad of 16 was the first to seize the dragrope, and as he was pulled along and almost lifted from his feet, by a gust of wind which struck the balloon, he quickly let go, causing the balloon to drift from the grass field in which we intended to land, to a cornfield adjoining. Here the Professor threw overboard his grapel, which soon took hold and we came down very gracefully among the standing corn. We were soon surrounded by a great crowd of people, and learned from them that we had landed on the farm of Christopher Schroeder, Shrewsbury township, one and a-half miles north of the town of Shrewsbury and three or four miles from Shrewsbury railroad station.—The crowd towed the balloon from the cornfield to the grass-field where in less than an hour it was emptied, loaded on a wagon and conveyed into the town, and thence to the nearest station on the Northern Central Railroad, where Prof. Wise and the reporter awaited the arrival of the train for Harrisburg, upon which they took passage, and reached Lancaster at 4 o'clock this morning.

On reaching Shrewsbury and inquiring for the nearest telegraph station, we were much gratified to learn that Mr. B. F. Koller, the wide-awake correspondent of the Baltimore *Gazette* and York *Gazette*, had already sent to the *Intelligencer* a telegram announcing [illegible] he found out who we were he said he picked up one of the circulars which we had thrown from the basket some time before we landed. Mr. Koller will accept our thanks for the favor done us. We are also under obligations to Messrs. F. A. Beattie, of Chanceford, and Christopher Schroeder, of Shrewsbury, on whose farms we landed, for valuable assistance, as also to Alexander Reiphart and David Glatfelter, for conveying ourselves and the balloon to the railroad station. Mr. A. Miller, Squire Baker, and many others whose names we did not learn, rendered us assistance.

To the Lancaster Gas Company and its efficient manager, Hugh Corcoran, the aeronauts are indebted for supplying at cheap rates a full supply of the best quality of gas, manufactured especially for the occasion. To Joe Cremer, John Sides, John Copland and George H. Miller we are indebted for abundant lunches of the choicest eatables, which were partaken of with the greatest relish at a height above the earth to which an eagle would hardly venture to soar.

The Mayor of the city, the police force, and the citizens generally merit our thanks for their courtesies and the good order enforced during the inflation of the balloon.

To Messrs. Grist and Wood, of Philadelphia, and Frank Howell, of this city, we are indebted for the use of well trained pigeons for the voyage. Both of Mr. Howell's pigeons came in promptly with their messages, one of the birds having been dropped from the balloon, when at the altitude of 6,000 feet.

To the Franklin Institute, and to Mr. ———, the instrument maker, of Philadelphia, and Col. Ed. M'Govern, of this city, we are indebted for fine instruments, though we fear we have added but little to the "cause of science." The day being clear and pleasant, the only "observations" we could note was the fall of the themometer and barometer as we went up, and the rise as we descended, and these phenomena occurred as regularly as we changed our height.

We can only add our testimony to that of all those who have preceded us in aerial navigation, that in the hands of skillful aeronauts like the Wises, the balloon is the grandest, safest and most pleasant mode of travel known to man; and the only drawback connected with our journey was when we were obliged to leave our pleasant seat in the balloon and get into the dusty, dangerous, rickety, rattling cars of the Northern Central and Pennsylvania Railroads.

The largest sheep owner that the Highlands ever knew was Cameron of Corricholie, now dead. He was once examined before a committee of the House of Commons, and came to be questioned on the subject of his ownership of sheep. "You have some fifteen hundred sheep, probably, sir?" said the interrogating M. P. "Aiblins," was Corrichollie's quick reply, as he took a pinch of snuff—"aiblins I have a few more nor that." "Two thousand, then?" "Yes, I believe I have that and a few more forbye," calmly responded the Highlander with another pinch. "Five thousand?" "Oh, ay, and a few more." "Twenty thousand, sir," capping with a [illegible] his precious bid. "Oh, ay, and some more forbye," was the imperturbable response of Corricholie. "In heaven's name how many sheep have you, man?" burst out the astonished catechist. "I am no very sure of a thousand or two," replied Corricholie, in his dry laconic way, and with an extra big pinch "but I'm owner of forty thousand sheep at the lowest reckoning."

Remember that October 2d is the last day for obtaining final naturalization papers, and October 3d the last day for the payment of taxes, if you would exercise your right of suffrage in November.

A STUBBORN FIGHT.

On the 22d, within two and a-half miles of Allandale, Ga., on the farm of John Davis Terrell, a most remarkable scene occured. It was a terrible rencounter between a dog and a rattlesnake, which ended in the death of both.

About dusk that evening, as he and his plough boy and a white woman he had hired to hoe were wending their way slowly homeward after the day's labor was over, leading their horses along a pathway near the margin of the corn field, the woman who was barefooted and walking in the path before them, suddenly sprang back, exclaiming there was the biggest snake she ever saw. Mr. Terrell then advanced with a short pine knot in his hand, with the intention of striking it when the boy cautioned him, reminding him of the imminent danger he would incur by attempting to kill such a snake, with such a frail weapon. He made no further effort to strike it, but the motion with the pine knot no doubt alarmed his snakeship, for he instantly turned and glided into the bushes and briers, and as he moved his rattles made the well-known sound, which was also familiar to the dog, who, hearing it, at once sprang upon the snake and, it is supposed, caught it by the tail and tore away its rattles, as their sound was not afterward heard.

Then commenced a death struggle. The snake would strike at the dog, and he would seize it in his mouth and shake it. Before he got a good hold on it, it struck him several times with its fangs. The dog had previously killed several rattlesnakes, and understood how to fight them upon a fair open field, but in this case he fought at a very great disadvantage, being impeded in his movements by the thick jungle of vines, briars and bushes, among which the snake had taken refuge. The fatal wound must have been given by the snake very soon after the contest commenced, as the dog was observed to become weak and stagger, then he seemed to renew his attack on the snake with terrible energy and ferocity taking it by the body and shaking it most vigorously from side to side, and tearing great slugs of flesh from its body.

As soon as he had subdued the reptile he carried it out to the open ground, where his master was, and laid it down. Then, reeling like a drunken man, under the workings of the deadly poison, the brave fellow placed his feet on its body, and with the energy of desperation and death already grappling with him he literally tore out its vitals and strewed them on the ground. In a moment and at the very climax of victory, the faithful dog reeled and fell to the ground, and in a few minutes was still in death, notwithstanding every possible effort was made to save him. The snake was an enormous one, and from Mr. Terrell's account must have been at least five feet long.

MONKEY SAGACITY.

It was a wild dreary part of the country, on the plains of India, while journeying, that one day a friend and myself sat down under the shadow of a banyan tree. We were enjoying a meal of various edibles, when we were disturbed by the arrival and the noise of a troop of large, black-faced monkeys. The branches overheard literally swarmed with them. They looked on us as interlopers, no doubt; and for some time their gestures appeared so menacing, that we were apprehensive they would dispute the ground with us.

We had just risen from our meal, when, to our surprise, one of the monkeys (a young one) fell down from a high branch at our feet. It was quite dead. The clamor that arose above us, on the occurrence of this calamity, was deafening. The whole assembly of monkeys clustered together for a confab. Long and loud were the chattering and various the grimaces of the tribe, each individual vieing with the other in the loudness of his tongue.—Their looks and gestures made it apparent that they suspected us of being the cause of the sudden death of their juvenile comrade. But we were unarmed, and the good sense of the monkeys seemed to tell them that their must be some other culprit.

Having come to this conclusion, one monkey, apparently the senior and leader of the whole tribe, separated himself from the rest, ran to the spot on the branch, and then glided nimbly down one of the pillars or pendant roots, and came to the corpse of the monkey, took it up, examined it minutely, particularly the shoulder, where there was a small wound. Instinct immediately turned suspicion into certainty. He placed the corpse on the ground again, and turning his gaze in every direction, endeavored to pierce the foliage in his search for the murderer.

After a while something seemed to rivet his attention. In an instant he had mounted the tree, sprung to the spot, and with one clutch had seized a long whip-snake, with which he hastened to the ground. Now occurred a most curious scene. The whole monkey rabble, following their leader, were on the ground almost as soon as he. Then as many as could ranged themselves on each side of the snake. Each monkey put his hand on the reptile, clutching hold of the skin of the back tightly. At a given signal the executioners dragged the writhing snake backward and forward on the ground, till nothing was left of the murderer but the backbone. The mode of execution was effectual, and in the way it was carried out, showed the clear understanding which the monkey language conveys.

AN ASTONISHED YOUNG MAN.—A Nashville paper gives the following sample of social amenities in that section:

"A Nashville youth asked his sweetness to go to some entertainment with him last week, but she declined on the ground that her shoes were out of repair, whereupon the young man offered to have them mended if she would have them sent around the next day. A lady friend who overheard the conversation, secured a well-worn pair of brogans belonging to her colored cook, and had them conveyed to the enamoured young man early the next morning. The latter was astonished, as he had been under the impression that his Dulcina was the possessor of the neatest foot in Nashville (or a pair of them for that matter) but bravely concealing his feeling of disappointment, he took them to the nearest shoe-maker, with a request that they be mended at once. After the shoes had been repaired, the young fellow escorted them to the home of the one of his heart, expecting to be overwhelmed with thanks. On the contrary, half an hour of glib talking on his part was required in order to convince the lady that he had no intention of insulting her."

TIED TO THE TRACK.

One of the most atrocious crimes ever committed was perpetrated at a point near Henryville, Ind., about twenty miles back of Jeffersonville, on Saturday night, the 29th ult. A brief account of the affair was given by telegraph, but the following details from the Jeffersonville correspondence of the Louisville *Courier Journal* will be found interesting:

As freight train No. 10, coming south on the J. M. and I. railroad, due at 10 o'clock yesterday morning, in charge of Conductor Waterhouse, had reached a point about one mile this side of Henryville, the train was hailed and stopped. A number of men, probably a dozen, were gathered around a man, and Conductor Waterhouse was told that the man had been run over by a previous train, and was dying. The conductor had the injured man taken on board the train, in company with Dr. Ferguson, of Henryville, who had been called to render medical service. The injured man had his left leg torn off by the train, and was weak from the loss of blood, and for some time after he was aboard was unable to talk. He revived for a time, however, and told the following story:

"My name is August Gardner. I was born in France, and have been from that country but a short time. I am but twenty-three years old. I have no relations or friends in this country. My father is dead. I was going down to Louisville in search of employment, and as I had but little money I thought I would walk. It could not have been much past ten o'clock last night, when three men came up to me as I was walking along the track. One of them demanding my money. I told them that I was poor, having only a few dollars. This did not do any good, for they seized me, two holding me and the other one searching my pockets and taking my pocket book and everything else I had. They threw me down on the track. I thought they were going to kill me and I begged them to spare my life. They said nothing, but one of them produced a long piece of rope from his pocket, and they commenced to tie me to the track, over a cattle guard. I was badly frightened. I told them that I never knew them, and had never done them any harm, and if they would let me go I would say nothing of what had occurred. While I was talking and pleading with them they still kept on tying me to the track over the cattle guard. They tied me lengthways to the rail. The rope was tightly fastened around my body, legs and arms. When they got through I could not move my arms and legs. While I was begging them not to leave me there they went off. I knew that the cars would be along soon, and I tried my utmost to free myself and loosen the ropes that bound me. At first I did not think that I would be able to move at all, but, after repeated efforts, I succeeded in working my arms and body off the track, [illegible] left leg off, but could not. I yelled with all my might, hoping that somebody would come and save me, but no one came. It was raining hard at the time, and very dark. I had been lying there about an hour when I heard the cars coming. I cannot tell you my feelings. [A preceptible tremor passed through the frame of the dying man.] In a few seconds the train was nearly up to where I was lying. I gave a wild shriek and closed my eyes. The cars passed over me, the wheels cutting off my leg, and cutting the ropes loose that bound me. I suffered intense pain, and crawled and dragged myself a few feet from the track. I fainted away, and when I came to I was very thirsty. It was still raining, and I dug a hole in the ground by my face with my fingers, so that it would fill with water. By doing this I managed to get a little water. I was so weak that I could not move, and I hallooed frequently during the night for help but no one came until morning when I was found."

The man has since died and the citizens of Henrysville have offered $1,000 for the perpetrators of this horrible crime.

WHAT A NEGRO PREACHER SAW.

A Salem (Alabama) preacher has, according to a Southern exchange been telling his congregation a strange yarn. We hope he preached "to the marines" but his audience was colored, and he himself the hue of ebony. The negro is credulous.

He said that a young man, living in one of the many towns he had visited, asked a young lady to accompany him to church on the Sabbath day. She replied, pettishly, that her hair had not been curled, and that she would go to the bad place with her eyes wide open before she would venture to church with her hair uncurled. And she went not at that time; but the next Sunday, having gotten her curls adjusted she ventured out and listened patiently to the sermon until its close. When the congregation had been dismissed she moved toward the door, but fell on reaching the portal, with her feet to the door and head toward the pulpit. As she fell her clothing cracked like Chinese crackers exploding, and on examining her face, it was impossible to close her eyes, because of the loss of the lids. When her friends crowded around to raise her up, they found themselves unable to move her. The sequel showed that it took twelve strong men to lift her from the floor, and twelve to put her in her coffin. It also required the united exertions of twelve ministers to preach her funeral sermon—an exceedingly heavy job, doubtless. When the last sad rites were being observed, the lid of the coffin suddenly raised of its own accord, and something "about the size of a black cat" leaped out; and as this creature jumped from the coffin to the floor it cried aloud to the petrified audience: "Wait! wait! wait until I curl my hair!" "As I expect to answer in the day of judgment," said the sable divine, "I saw this scene with my own eyes, and it was just as I have told you."

An accommodation train between Jamestown and Lake View was the scene of a little incident on Thursday. "You don't think that boy is under ten, hey, you won't pass him for half fare? Just look at that, will ye?" And from out the old carpet-bag the old lady with trembling eagerness, brought the well-worn family Bible, and turning to the page reserved for births and deaths held it triumphantly up under the conductor's nose, with "Does that look as though I was a liar, young man?"—With such testimony before his eyes the conductor could do no less than pass the boy for half fare, amid subdued applause from the passengers, who had been amused spectators of the scene.

FORMOSA.

ITS GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION AND CONDITION—SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY.

[From the Sacramento (Cal.) Union.]

Formosa, the scene of the present difficulties between the Chinese and Japanese governments, is an island of 15,000 square miles in the China Sea, between 22° and 25° 30′ N., and longitude 120° 60′ and 122° E. It is about 245 miles long and 100 wide at its broadest part. The whole coast of the island facing the main land, and a considerable distance inland, belongs to China and forms part of the province of Fokien, from which it is distant ninety miles. The remainder of the island is occupied by aborigines. A ridge of snow covered volcanic mountains, called Muh Ran Shan, the highest summits of which are supposed to be 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, intersect the island from north to south. The declivities are clothed with luxuriant trees and pasture grounds, which give the island a very beautiful appearance, from whence it derived its Portuguese name, signifying 'beautiful.' On the west side of the island a number of mountain streams run down to the sea, and the soil on the mountain slopes is extremely fertile and well cultivated. The trade in rice, which is of superior quality, between Formosa and the main land, employs about 300 vessels. Wheat, millet, maize, sugar cane, oranges, pineapples, guavas, cocoanuts, arecanuts, peaches, apricots, figs, grapes, pomegranates, chestnuts, melons and vegetables of various kinds are also grown in large quantities. In addition rice, camphor, salt, sulphur, maize, fruits, timber, and other products are exported from the island. The commerce of Formosa is confined chiefly to Fokien, and a few other eastern provinces of China, from which it imports green tea, raw silk, and woolen and cotton stuffs. The domestic animals of the island are buffaloes, horses, asses, goats, sheep, hogs and cattle, and the eastern part is said to be infested with tigers, leopards and wolves. In 1848 a large area of coal of excellent quality was discovered near the village of Kilion, in the northeastern part of the island. The aborigines, who are slenderly shaped, and of olive complexion, wear long hair and blacken their teeth. They are divided into different tribes, have no written language, and are said to be honest in their dealings, but revengeful when provoked. The Chinese portion of the island is divided into four districts, and the capital is named Tai-wan-foo. The Chinese did not know of the existence of Formosa until the year 1403, and their authority over it was not established until the year 1683, since which time it has progressed satisfactorily under their rule. Large quantities of land have been purchased by speculators, who encourage emigration from the mainland and offer considerable inducements to settlers. The wealthy colonists are dissatisfied with the Chinese government, to which they are a fruitful source of uneasiness. Literature flourishes on the island and many of the residents of Fokien send their sons thither to be educated. Formosa has few available harbors, and the southern channel is remarkable for its violent northern winds and heavy seas. The Dutch became masters of the island in 1632, but were expelled by the famous pirate Coxinga, whose followers ruled until the Chinese obtained possession. The climate of Formosa is salubrious and its population is estimated at 2,500,000.

WHAT WE DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

We don't like to see handsome young men (that is, handsomely put up by a merchant tailor; in some cases on credit) cut a swell on the streets, tip their beaver gracefully, smile upon the ladies fascinatingly, and making a grand flourish in society generally, while they owe the printer for the advertisement which induces trade sufficient to supply them with spending money to keep up ficticious appearances among their "hail fellow, well met" companions.

We don't like to see the upstart of half a decade less than maturity, parade fine clothes which his mother has paid for from earnings at the wash-tub, or the poor father by carrying the hod or sawing wood, put on the airs of men, attempt to captivate silly long-trailing girls, by parting their hair in the middle and standing sentinel on corners, insult old ladies and gentlemen, run up bills at the ice cream saloons, while they do not posses wit enough to know that every sensible being regards them as unmitigated fools. We don't like to see good, kind-hearted mothers roasting over the kitchen range, kneading bread, and washing the family linen, while the eighteen years old daughter sits at the piano screeching off, to the delight of Mr. Jones, the pathetic ditty, "Who will care for mother now?"

We don't like to hear boys not yet out of their teens, call father the "old man," and mother the "old woman," squirting tobacco juice around them, and puffing long nines to the annoyance of passers-by on the streets, while their slang and strut all indicate a lack of good sense. All these things we don't like to see, and a good many more things which we may mention hereafter.—*Lancaster Review.*

A DISMAL PLACE.

Mr. James Brice, in an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, describes Iceland in a chilly way. He says there are no trees, though apparently there were plenty in the tenth century, when we hear of men hiding among them and being hanged from them. No corn is grown, nor any other crop, except a few turnips and potatoes, which taste only half ripe. The only wild quadrupeds are the blue fox (who has probably come, as the white bear now and then does, on ice-floes from Greenland), and the reindeer—the latter introduced about a century ago, and still uncommon, ranging over the desert mountains. There is no town except the capital, a city of 1,800 people, no other place deserving to be called even a village, unless it be the hamlet of Akerevi, on the shore of the Artic ocean, with some fifty houses; no inns (save one in that village whose resources consists of two beds, a single jug and basin and a billiard table); no hens, ducks or geese (except wild geese), no pigs, no donkeys, no roads, no carriages, no shops, no manufactures, no dissenters from the established Lutheranism, no army, navy, volunteers or other guardians of public order, except one policeman in Reykjavik, no criminals, only two lawyers, and finally, no snakes. "What, then, is there?" asks Mr. Brice, and replies, "Snow, mountains, glaciers, hot springs, volcanoes, earth-quakes, northern lights, caverns, morasses, and above all, deserts."

The police in Reading Ill., keep a list of the ladies who flirt in public.

HONITON LACE.

In the county of Devon, England, is the lovely vale of Honiton, which is celebrated not only for the richness and fertility of the valley and the picturesque hills which enclose it on either side, but for the manufacture of its wonderful laces. This production is found there in great perfection—so beautiful in design, and so delicate in workmanship, as not to be excelled even by the choicest specimens of Brussels lace.

But the manufacture of Honiton lace is not confined to Honiton alone. It is made in various parts of the county of Devon, and especially along the eastern and a part of the southern coast, for a distance of about 30 miles, and 12 miles inland.

It is very generally believed—and the tradition is a probable one—that lace-making was introduced into Devonshire by the refugees from Flanders in the year 1567—the names of some of the lace-makers, which are of Flemish origin, supporting this idea.

In the early part of the present century the lace-manufactories in Honiton and the neighboring villages employed some 2,500 women and children, showing that at that time it must have been a lucrative employment; but the introduction of the bobbin-net machinery, over fifty years ago, caused a depression in the trade, owing to the fact that previous to this the whole of the net, "grounded," as it is termed by the initiated, was made on the pillow.

Honiton lace owes its present popularity to the laudable efforts of Queen Victoria, who, commiserating the miserable condition of these lace-makers, determined to assist them by again bringing their work into notice. She accordingly ordered her own wedding-dress to be made of this material; and it is needless to add that Honiton at once became the rage, and has continued to hold the popular favor and command high prices ever since.

A report of the great exhibition of 1851 estimated the number of persons employed in this district—including the Valley of Honiton—at about 8,000, though this was not considered as entirely reliable. The nature of this article—which enables the parties employed in producing it to carry on the operation apart from each other, and without interfering with their domestic arrangements—rendered it exceedingly difficult to state the exact number employed.

This beautiful fabric furnishes a household work which is found in the cottage of the poor rather than in large factories, as is the case usually with the production of similar articles.

In many of these little villages of Devonshire the traveler sees both the young maiden and aged matron, with her pillow on her lap, seated on a rustic doorway, arched over, perhaps, with the clematis or jassamine vine, busily plying her bobbin, which brings slow but sure remuneration. Cowper, in a few lines, describes this picture, as it may be seen any day:

Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store,
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.

Honiton lace is made by first fastening a "pricking"—that is a perforated pattern of cardboard or parchment—upon a cushion, which is known as the pillows; pins are next inserted in the perforations of the pattern. Then came the little bobbins or spindles, termed "sticks," upon which is wound the fine thread for making the fabric. These sticks are thrown under and over each other among the pins, in various directions, so as to form the desired pattern.

The great industrial exhibitions of London and Paris have brought about some important improvements both in [illegible] introducing designs of natural flowers in place of the grotesque forms and figures which all lace-makers incline to; and to those who are successful in carrying out this idea are awarded premiums.

There has always been much difficulty experienced in providing and keeping good designs. The pattern, from frequent handling, is gradually dragged out of shape; and, unless the worker possesses—which they rarely do—a knowledge of drawing, and proper appreciation of form, this is not easily remedied. Consequently, patterns have to be redrawn, from time to time by some competent designer; and this can only be done at large manufactories as the expense attending it is too great for the slender purse of a private lace-maker.

Another obstacle presents itself in this matter, from the fact that successful designing can only be accomplished in conjunction with the actual manufacture. While any artist can draw effective and pleasing patterns, they would probably be entirely impracticable. The designer must have a knowledge of the capabilities of the material; also, questions of cost may not be lost sight of in preparing these designs. Then, too, old lace-makers are very jealous of any interference with the original patterns; many of which have been handed down through several generations, until there has grown to be a feeling with these classes that any alteration is not desirable.

There are some curious names given to these old patterns, often furnished with no apparent reference to the object designated. The "turkey-tail" is a well-known border-sprig, which depends on the imagination to discover a resemblence to the spread plumage of the bird from which it takes its name. In edges, various fruits and flowers are supposed to be represented, —as the apple, pear, violet, rose, etc., —while fly-wheels, flies eyes, and names of celebrity swell the list—as Marchioness of Sligo edge, Marchioness of Douro edge, etc.

Honiton lace, as now known, is divided into two kinds—"Point" and "Applique." The term "point" was originally applied to lace that was made with the needle; now it is given to that lace the separate twigs or borders of which are connected by threads called "sporns." The "Applique" is distinguished from the "Point" in that these sprigs or borders are fastened on machine-made net, the sprigs being made on the pillow.

These pillows, or cushions, are circular in form, and made of canvass stuffed with chopped straw. They cost, in the lace districts,—where their manufacture affords a separate branch of industry,—three English shillings each.

In these same districts lace schools are established, where children are early instructed in this useful art, which is not only patronized by women and girls, but by men and boys as well, who ply the bobbins during their leisure hours. Large dealers send out collectors, who go about from house to house buying up these bits of work, small sprigs of which are made in endless quantites and sold by the dozen, when they are sewed together to obtain the required lengths. Connoisseurs in lace can readily detect the "Old Devonshire" by noting the want of regularity in the net-grounded as compared with the net made by machinery.

An affectionate husband took a watermelon home from market yesterday morning and told his wife to prepare it for dinner. She went to work and boiled the "wegetable," and now the husband is looking for some one to teach her the art of cookery and what articles need boiling.

A new game called "granger seven-up" is announced. Three persons play for a can of oysters. The first man out gets the oysters, the last man out gets the oyster can, and the "middle man" don't get anything.