Preaded Man-Rater.

An Englishman in India writes: The annual Bulan Passa, or Ramadan, was being observed, when our Malays fast by day, gorge themselves at night, and suffer all the horrors of dyspepsia until feeding time comes again. When the sun sets a gun is fired from the picturesque little fort guarding the Klang river and the British residency. The first meal is over, and again at the approach of midnight the faithful were making ready for another attack on the good things provided; when, preparatory to the repest, one Hadjie Mahomet Yakim, a stalwart Menangkabow man, proceeds to a large log of timber at the landing place, at the end of Gelan Malaon—the Malay street—to perform his ablutions and add to the long list of prayers he has so conscientiously recited during the past day.

past day.

A scream of terror is heard from the landing place, and the Hadjie's friends rush out of their house, alarmed at what they hear. A search is made, but the poor Hadjie has disappeared, leaving his turban and marks of struggling in the mud to show what fate had been his. the mud to show what fate had been his. A few inquiries soon indicate that one of the numerous crocodiles in the river had taken the unhappy Hadjie, and the usual standing reward of forty cents a foot was offered for the capture of the brute. Three days elapsed when a Pandi-Pahang man offers to the super-intendent of police to "tankup itu boya" (catch that crocodile), if the resident will increase the reward to a dollar a foot. This was readily agreed to, and within twenty-four hours the Hadjie-eating crocodile was booked literally. A large iron hook was baited with a large fowl, a very long rattan, some ninety feet in length, being fastened to the hook.

The bight of the rattan is thrown over the overhanging branch of a tree, and the bait is suspended on the surface of water. The following morning the spot is visited, and the rattan has disappeared. A cance with one crocodile-catcher and two others search the river, and at last the floating rattan is discoverd. A pull at it soon indicetes what sort of fish has been hooked, and our boatmen play the crocodile with a long scope until he is quiet enough to get ashore; then they manage to secure him literally hand and foot, the jaws lashed together, the tail, however, being left free. The brute measured thirteen feet in length, and how the three plucky fellows managed to fasten him, and subsequently roll him off the bank into the small dayout cance, is beyond my comprehen-The bight of the rattan is thrown over out canoe, is beyond my comprehen

Of course, when tired out, the croco dile was pretty quiet, and they could easily have speared him; but they ab-solutely brought him to the boom, or solutely brought him to the boom, or public landing place, unhurt. Here a public reception was accorded to the man-eater, and all the boys in the town fairly towed him up the hill to the fort gates. The superintendent received him and took him inside his small gar-den, an attention he schrowledge by den—an attention he acknowledge by sweeping half the flower pots with one sweep of his tail, and sending an unhappy retriever flying across the compound.

I was away when the crocodile was brought in, but I arrived at night to witness a scene worth sketching. There lay the fastened brute, with heaving flank, and now and then a sweep of the tail that indicated with what force it could be used.

tail that indicated with what force it could be used.

One of the officers stepped forward and gave the beast a kick in the side, which he resented with a stroke of his tail that would have certainly put a stop to my friend's kicking for some time to come, had it taken effect. The fort garden was crowded with men, and the glare of torches, gleaming of weapons and angry glances from the poor Hadjie's friends at the victim before them, formed a scene not easily forgotten. Speculation was rife as to whether the right crocodile had been caught, but all agree he looked fat enough to contain a Hadjie during Bulan Phasa. This was soon set at rest, and I had the satisfaction of putting three rifle bullets in the neck of the brute, which settled him. On opening him, sure enough there was the poor Hadjie's head, almost cloven in three parts, and other remains—evidences of a taste for goats, fowls and other such odds and ends.

Writing in Scribner of the clergy, and especially of the eloquence of the sailor-preacher Father Taylor, Edward sailor-preacher Father Taylor, Edward Eggleston tells the following anecdote of Kossuth: Mr. Emerson compares Taylor with Kossuth in this gift of natural and unchecked oratory. I remember an incident that happened during the great Hungarian's progress through this country. In Madison, Ind., he spoke in the church of which my step-father was the pastor. After his address in English the Americans were all turned out to make room for the Germans, but I climbed, boy-like, from the parsonage yard through the church window and got a place on the steps of the high, old-fashioned pulpit, where, hanging over the balusters, I saw, rather than understood, the wonderful oratory of Kossuth. The Germans were wrought into a frenzy of excitement, but just as the speaker, depicting the coming liberty of Germany, had reached the summit of his tremendous declamation, and while the throng of Germans crowding every inch of floor and galleries was swayed to and fro in excitement as by a wind, a child held in the arms of a woman in the very middle of the church, took fright at the applause and began to scream so frantically as to render any further speaking impossible. It took some minutes to get the mother and child out of the jam; the break was depressing, and I felt very sure the speech was spoiled. As the child's voice at length went out in the open air, the disappointed and now depressed and ence turned to the orator, who swept his hand through the ai and said vehemently in German:

"He may cry now for Germany, but eston tells the following

German:
"He may cry now for Germany, but
when he is old be will laugh!"
The lost ground was recovered by
this single dash, and the audience

nat is the difference between a man and a sailor in prison? One see to go, and the other can't go

DESPERATE INDIANS

Neb.-How They Fought the Sold

Details of Their Gaibreak at Fort Robinson, Neh.—How They Fought the Seidlers.

A correspondent at Fort Robinson furnishes details of the recent outbreak of imprisoned Cheyennes, as follows: The original programme of these savaes seems now to have been carefully prepared by them with an intelligence and spirit which would have been heroic in the highest degree if employed in a better cause. During a visit to this band of reckless wretches, made by your correspondent during the past three weeks, it became evident that the young bucks were strung up to the highest pitch of resolve and were plotting some desperate undertaking. They freely gave out that they were ready to die before consenting to be transferred south, and said they would butcher one another with their own knives.

When the decisive moment arrived for their desperate attempt, the first incident which took place was the delicerate shooting by a buck of Private Rich ard Smith, Company A, Third Cavalry, through the window sash, in front of which the latter was walking as sentry; after which the Indian sprang through the window and seized the gun of the wounded soldier, as quickly springing back to his cover. Then simultaneously two bucks ran out of the door at the west end of the barracks and fired upon the two sentinels there, wounding one, Private Peter Halse, Company A, and as precipitately rushed back. The guardroom close by was filled with the guard, and Corporal Pulver opened the door quickly to see what was the matter, Turning the corner where the firing occurred, he too was shot by an Indian, whereupon the remaining members of the guard jumped through the windows, as a structure with the Universe of the content of the door at the private Peter where the firing occurred, he too was shot by an Indian, whereupon the remaining members of the guard jumped through the windows, as a structure of the door. occurred, he too was shot by an Indian, whereupon the remaining members of the guard jumped through the windows, as did the Indians, pell mell, and the firing became rapid and almost indiscriminate. Here Private Daniel Tommeny, of Company E, on guard, was shot down. At the lower northeasterly end of the barracks a squad of Indian bucks, four or five in number, huddled and fired rapidly on the soldiers to protect the flight of their band.

band.
The bucks dashed forward, with children under their arms, while the squaws followed close upon their heels, carrying saddles, bridles and provender carrying saddles, bridles and provender for their perilous march. Captain Wessells had Company C out quickly from their quarters, which run in an oblique direction to the prison house of the Cheyennes, and volley after volley was poured into the fleeing desperadoes and as earnestly returned by the Indians, who sped toward the saw mill, which the south, and their bleeding bodies, mangled and torn, bucks, squaws and papooses all together, literally strewed the road they had selected for their much-hoped deliverance. This lasted for miles out into the darkness until the neighboring hills, rising

This lasted for miles out into the darkness until the neighboring hills, rising like giant icebergs, were reached; and many a one stumbled and fell dead just as the mountain fastnesses were reached, where pursuit would be impracticable and safety gained.

The soldiers, who all along, from officers down to the privates, had treated them with the greatest kindness, were now aroused to the highest pitch of exasperation, and, where the first shot did not dispose of the victim, a cover de grace. and, where the first shot did not dispose of the victim, a coup de grace was readily given by final pistol charge. Almost every one is shot through the head, and the attitudes of the dead are of almost every variety. Some throwing their hands in the air wildly; some clutching at their knives with a last effort, and others holding their firearms in a frozen, helpless clutch. One of the Indians fought so tenaciously at close quarters that his garments were set on fire by the pistol which killed him.

set on fire by the pistol which kines him.

Twenty-two braves, eight squaws and two children were thus killed, although one of the latter is believed to have frozen to death. The men, although frenzied at this sudden but Indian-like ingratitude for their kindness, were as tender in caring for the squaws as if they had done no harm. Captain Wessels himself carried a child less than two years old for a hundred yards to a sels rimself carried a child less than two years old for a hundred yards to a place of safety. Lieutenant Simpson brought a wagon and team to pick up the women and children, and Captain Wessels says that while it is to be re-gretted that any woman or child was killed, it could not be helped, as they was huddled together so no distinction were huddled together so no distinction could be made between male and female.

Some very ludicrous as well as tragic scenes occurred in the bright moon-light. Captain Wessels, with six men, was following moccasin tracks, and, dismounting, he, with the six men, crawled a non the high ridge, when he discovered a Kiochas squaw whom he knew, with a buck beside her. He called to her to surrender, when the buck charged the party like an infuriated demon, discharging his revolver at close quarters, and actually drove the captain's party until they could reload, which done, Private George Lavalle killed him. Sergeant Casey, of the group, says it was the most astonishing case of resolution he ever saw. was following moe asin tracks, and, dis-

An Appalling Record. In this happy land, says the Cincinnati Commerciai, 1,132 people were killed by their fellow-men in 1878. We briefly summarize the killings as follows:

Persons poisoned.

Persons killed by thieves.

Killed in political quarrels.

Fathers kill sons. Fathers kill sons.
Insane murderers.
Mothers kill their children.
Men killed in common quarrels.
Bar-room and drunken quarrels.
Wives killed.
Ohild murders.
Accidenta killings.
Justifiable. Justifiable.

Killings on account of dogs.

Killings on account of wives.

Card and gambling quarrels.

Fends.

Parricides.

Fatal operations Fouds
Parricides.
Fatal quarrels about property
Mobs kill.
Wives kill husbands.
Officers killed.
Fraternal fatal quarrels.
Thieves abot.
Colored people killed.
Persons killed on account of language or opprobrious epithets used.
Miscellaneous killings.

1,000 FEET DOWNWARD.

Terrible Fall of a Balloonist in an Ar-

The Terrible Fall of a Balloesist is an Arkanssa Tews.

A Jonesboro (Ark.) paper gives the details of a balloon ascension in that place, and the aeronaut's terrible fall, as follows: Although the weather was very cold and snow on the ground, the people from the country began to come in early, on horseback, on foot and in wagons, and by noon perhaps the largest crowd ever assembled in Jonesboro was found kovering around the fires in the public houses, and standing about on the snow in the public square and around the spot where the men were preparing the balloon. The preparations seemed to progress slowly, and preparing the balloon. The preparations seemed to progress slowly, and the crowd, cold, hungry and impatient, clamored and waited until nearly five o'clock, when all was announced ready, and the balloon, swaying and tugging at the ropes, seemed like some huge monster struggling to be free, and the words "let her go!" were pronounced, and she shot upward with a fearful surge, with Mr. Dirk clinging by his hands to the trapeze, but some twenty feet below the balloon. Sweeping slightly north and west, the huge monster sped rapidly upward through the slightly north and west, the huge mon-ster sped rapidly upward through the chill air until it attained a height of perhaps twelve hundred feet, and seem-ed almost to mingle with the murky clouds that hung low and heavy around it. When some one hundred feet up, the man made an effort to mount the bar, but failed; and when about three hundred feet up, again essayed to place himself on the trapeze and again failed, and as the balloon climbed higher and higher he was still hanging by his hands to the bar. To those who took time to think, his situation now seemed perilous, as it was evident he was for some reason unable to get upon the bar, and it was exceedingly doubtful if he could hold by his hands to the cold iron at such an altitude in such an air, and many an anxious eye looked cold iron at such an altitude in such an air, and many an anxious eye looked longingly for the balloon to commence its descent; but it still clung with flendish tenacity to its giddy height. The suspense now became intolerable, but it was brief. The doomed man, realizing his peril, now made a last frantic effort to gain a hold upon the rope above. It was in vain. His fate was sealed. This was known to those who looked upon the distant, diminished form, hanging by so frail a hold between heaven and earth. He knew and felt it; and who can realize the horror of that moment. A thousand eyes were looking longingly. A thousand eyes were looking longingly, a thousand hearts were praying silently; but a million arms could not rescue him but a million arms could not rescue him. He had passed the reach of human aid and the limit of human endurance. What scenes of his past life throughd through his brain. What thoughts of home or mother, we will never know. The last hopeless cry of despair was not heard; the last startled look of the eye gazing into eternity was not seen gazing into eternity was not seen. Alone and unaided he met his doom. One arm drops, nevertheless, from its grasp an instant, the other loosens its hold, and he falls down, down. Some gaze at the fearful sight with the help-less fascination of horror; strong men, who have braved death on the battle-field, turned away with bl-nched faces and sickened hearts. A wail of woe goes up from fainting women; all else is still. For more than half the distance he descended in an erect position, feet down, and then he swung over and dropped rapidly, head foremost, toward the earth, his hand stretched instinctively forward, and then with a heavy thud he struck the frozen ground, and the sickening scene was over. The crowd then rushed to the spot where he had fallen, just outside the yard of the west side of the fence at the residence of Mr. G.W. Cuberhouse, about 200 yards northwest of the point he rose from. In falling, he passed through the branches of a small hickory tree, and the limbs seemed as if hewn off with an sxe; and where he struck the hard, frozen earth, his body made a cavity some inches deep and two feet long, though he rebounded, and lay stretched upon his breast.

He had evidently been turned by striking the tree, and fell upon his back and right side, as the skull was crushed at the back of his head. His neck, back, both legs and right arm were terribly broken up, while his left arm and face gazing into eternity was not seen.

Alone and unaided he met his doom.

the back of his head. His neck, back, both legs and right arm were terribly broken up, while his left arm and face seemed uninjured, and, when prepared for the grave, his countenance were a remarkably calm, natural, life-like expression, as if sleeping, with no appearance of agony or discoloration.

His body was taken in charge by Coroner Wren, who superintended his burial, and he was conveyed gently to his grave, attended by a few humane and sympathizing citizens.

thizing citizens.

Cushing and Choate.

The late Caleb Cushing and Choate, at a trial where they represented different sides, were both anxious for an adjournment. As this was an unusual thing for either, after the adjournment, Mr. Gerrish, a friend, asked Choate the reason. This is his account: Said I, "How is it that you were ready for a continuance to-day? It is a little odd of you," Choate replied, "Oh, I am a little pressed with business, and can afford to let this case stand over." Said I, "Choate, this is sheer nonsense. I'll tell you what the matter is. You are afraid of Cushing." "So I am," was the reply, "and I am not ashamed to own it either." "Well, well," said I; "this is pretty good. The idea of Rufus Choate being frightened! What on earth do you fear in Cushing?" "Mr. Gerrish, I will tell you. I am afraid of his overwhelming knowledge of the law." In the afternoon Cushing came into the office. I went for him at once. "Caleb, what was the matter to-day? Why didn't you insist on trying that case?" "Oh," he replied; "the weather is warm, and we have much to attend to, and I didn't care to hurry matters." "Now, Cushing, be honest; were you not a little afraid of Choate?" "Well, Gerrish, to be candid about it, I was. Are you satisfied now?" I then inquired what he feared Choate for. "Do you think," said I, "that he knows any more law than you do?" "No, sir, I don't," was the answer; "but I'm afraid of the man's influence with a jury, right or wrong."—Albany Law Journal, Cushing and Choate.

Diphtheria has for two years raged in some districts of Hungary. In one town 2,185 persons out of 20,000 have lately been attacked, and 927 have died. The malady also prevails in Vienna.

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COLD WAYES.

Rome of the Causes Which Produce Them—
Becoming More Prequest.

The climate of the United States, and especially the eastern portion of it, is subject to great and rapid changes. These are caused, in many instances, by the large extent of land surface over which its territory extends and the difference in the amount of solar heat received in different parts. When large bodies of snow have been deposited in the north the wind sweeping over them is deprived of its heat, and a lower temperature is the result. When winds from more southerly latitudes occur, the reverse takes place. The vicinity of the large oceans which margin the continent of North America on the west and east also tend to produce a change, water of North America on the west and calso tend to produce a change, water parting with its heat less readily than the land. In addition to these the curtheland. rent of warm water thrown along east coast of the United States by gulf stream, and in the Pacific by east coast of the United States by the sea of Japan, also exert a powerful influence on the climate of the United States. That waves of heat and cold travel in certain directions, and often with increasing rapidity, is generally caused by the course of chains of mountains and the vicinity of oceans and lakes. In the States east of the Alleghanies clouds loaded with rain or snow generally come from the east or north, while in the great valley of the Mississippi the cold wave usually has its origin in the ice and snow-covered countries directly north, and periods of drouth by winds from the south.

In European countries the cultivation of the soil and the removal of timber have produced important climatic changes, and the same has been noticed in the United States. Our winters, probably, have not so much severe weather as occurred in the early settlement of the continent, but it takes place more suddenly and to a greater extent. This is easily accounted for, as the land, when denuded of timber, presents less obstruction to the advance of storms, and also affords a greater diversity of exposure in its surface to the rays of

when denuded of timber, presents less obstruction to the advance of storms, and also affords a greater diversity of exposure in its surface to the rays of the sun and becomes more readily and differently heated. As is well known, wind is nothing more than air rushing in to restore the equilibrium which has been disturbed by expansion caused by heat, and when the air thus moving is loaded with snow or other vapor, this, when meeting with air of a different temperature, condensation takes place and rain or snow is deposited.

The influence of these sudden changes on health is a subject for the investigation of medical men and philanthropists. That it has much to do in causing physical infirmities cannot admit of a doubt. A change of forty degrees of temperature, such as occurred on the 2d, must aggravate all diseases of the pulmonary organs, and hence, perhaps, the extent and fatal effects of consumption in the Eastern and many of the Western States.

Countries in which the temperature is nearest uniform, whether it be of a high or a low temperature, are generally least afflicted by diseases which arise

nearest uniform, whether it be of a high or a low temperature, are generally least afflicted by diseases which arise from exposure to the extremes of heat and cold; while almost every portion of the habitable globe is subject to visitations from maladies which produce disease and death. These generally arise from local causes, such as stagmant water and large quantities of animal and vegetable matter undergoing decomposition. They do not extend to large areas, and instances of longevity in such countries are not uncommon.

The lengthening day and the restoration to a state of rest of the disturbed atmosphere will cause the present cold wave to be in a manner temporary, but so long as large bodies of ice and snow are spread over the great lakes and large portions of the east and west, the recurrence of similar waves of cold, though yet of each interest.

recurrence of similar waves of cold, though not of equal intensity, may be expected to prevail.—Philadelphia

John Mangero.

A Japanese boy named John Mangero was wrecked off the island of Niphon in 1840. He was rescued by Capt. Whitefield, of a New Bedford ship, and carried to Honolula, from thence to the United States. Capt. Whitefield placed him in a school in Fair Haven, Mass. He made great proficiency in the languages and other branches of study. After leaving school, his enterprising spirit led him to California, thence to the Sandwich islands; here he sought the aid of the seaman's chaplain, the

the aid of the seaman's chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Damon, by which he secured a passage to Japan.

ments through suspicion of those in au-thority in his native land, he came to be respected for his intelligence and in-tegrity.

He was sought for especially on ac-

tegrity.

He was sought for especially on account of his knowledge of American affairs. When Commodore Perry visited Japan with his fleet, and made his famous treaty by which the ports of the country were opened to the world, John Mangero was the medium of communication.

tion.

He translated the communications from the Japanese to English for the commodore, and his reply into Japanese for the Japanese government. In various ways, by his influence in no small degree, Japan has emerged from a condition of medisoval stagnation to that of the magnificent enterprise she now exhibits.

John Mangaro is now a man of least

John Mangero is now a man of leading influence in public affairs in Japan. The partiality the Japanese government has manifested for the United States is doubtless due in no small degree to him.

He Put His Hand In.

He Put His Hand In.

Of the Prince of Wales and Dr. Lyon Playfair, it is told that they were once standing near a caldron containing lead, which was boiling at white heat. "Has your royal highness any faith in science?" said the doctor. "Certainly," replied the prince, "Will you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal and lade out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the prince. "I do," replied the doctor. The prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without sustaining any injury. It is a well-known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead injured in lead boiling at white heat, ing protected from any harm by the bisture of the skin. Should the lead at a perceptibly lower temperature, a effect need not be described.

FOR THE PAIR SEX.

News and Notes for Women. Four Hindoo women have been grad-ated lately from the Madras medical

Queen Victoria and the princess of Wales wear their hair parted plainly over the forehead.

he forenead.

Red is so popular that the Paris fashion writers feel compelled to say that it is worn with frenzy. In accordance with a custom of the

country, the king of Burmah has lately married his own half sister. English ladies still wear an ornament al smelling-bottle hanging from their girdles or belts, with a few charms at-

Twenty-five native students in Cal. cutta have pledged themselves not to marry until they have reached the age

of twenty-one. The Ladies' Work society of London has received a prize for the embroidery that it displayed at Paris. The Princess Louise is president of this organi-

"I am almost seventy-one," said Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines to a Washington correspondent, the other day, "and I expect to live till I am a hundred and fifty. I come of a long-lived race. One of my aunts lived to a hundred and fifteen." Seeing the correspondent scrutinizing her hair, "It isn't dyed," she said "and it is very abundant, falling below my waist."

my waist."

At the Brazilian minister's reception in Washington the wife of the French minister wore a dress which a writer of the Star of that city describes as follows: "No tollet worn in Washington in many years surpassed that of the American wife of M. Outray, the French minister, who was present with her in many years surpassed that or the American wife of M. Outray, the French minister, who was present with her husband. It was a superb robe of garnet velvet, a court train showing a creamy brocade petticoat, and a waist with a Marie Stuart collar embroidered in pearls. A diamond necklace and carrings were worn, and stars of the same jewels and rubies in her hair; point lace filled in the neck and finished the sleeves."

Fashion Notes.

Coiffures are as varied as ever Cameoss are fashionable again.

Street dresses for walking are all made Bangle rings are among late jewelry

Feathers are again worn in the hair the evening.
Celluloid coral is always fashionable

or young girls. r young girls.

Gold bead or gold ball necklaces have of gone out of fashion. Both real and imitation jewelry such worn at the moment.

The newest fans are made of fine wire, elicately painted by hand. Square jabots of plaited muslin and oce are the most fashionable.

Soft black velvet caps are much worn out-of-doors by English women.

Paniers are becoming matters course on full dress Paris toilets.

Scarfs of India muslin trimmed with Breton lace are worn instead of fur. Paniers of watered silk or brocade e used on plain silk and satin toilets. Overdresses of satin are worn with inderdresses of plush, and vice versa. Dolman visites fit closely to the figure, and for the most part have elbow

Street wraps are either long sacques,

heavy ulsters, or fur-lined circulars and dolman visites.

Masculine looking, rough gray mixed ulsters are worn, with rough gray mixed felt hats to match. A light rose pink is the choicest color

for ladies' gloves at this writing. Pure white kids, of course, are indispensable on wedding occasions.

A Catamount Huntress. Miss Susie Jones, daughter of Captain Jones, a pioneer settler of the county, last week noticed that the dogs had "treed" some animal near the house, last week noticed that the dogs had "treed" rome animal near the house, armed herself with a gun and proceeded to investigate the matter. No sconer had she approached the tree than a gigantic catamount sprang to the ground. The dogs followed in close pursuit over tangled weeds and through the dense willows and forests of the Tuolumne for near a mile, when the animal again took to a tree for protection. The brave girl trudged on alone, with her gun on her shoulder, and on comher gun on her snounder, and on con-ing up with the dogs soon discovered his catabip in unusually close proximity, but not daunted by his glaring eyes and ferocious appearance, took deliberate but not daunted by his glaring eyes and ferocious appearance, took deliberate aim and fired. The cat made a spring, but fell to the ground dead. Swinging the monster over her shoulders she carried him home in triumph as a trophy of her prowess. A friend sent us the animal, and we found it to be one of the largest of his species. The young lady hunter has only seen some fourteen or fifteen summers, and is a native of our county.—Modesto (Cal.) News.

Bret Harte's Diplomatic Correspond

Bret Harte's Diplomatic Correspondence.

"Silks! Gol blame my skin, I should say so! Why, pardner, you jest bet yer life There's more uv m made in this place—sho! There's more uv m made in this place—sho! There's more you could crowd on your wife Ef you was a Mormon! An'sat'n, An 'ribbins, an' velvits an' sich—Praps, now you've read in yer Lat'n 'Bout Greasns, who struck it so rich. Well, Greasns would be—so! guess, sir—Raised out by a bet of the chips Repersentin' them fur by blows—yes, sir, Their value his pile would eclipse!"

The continuation of this interesting statement can be found in the official report on the manufactures of Gredfield, Germany, by Mr. Bret Harte, United States commercial agent in that city. The back of the document bears the following indorsement, in the writing of Mr. Evarts:

"This report is instructive in matter and noble in manner, but it is thought by the secretary of state that in so far throwing over the traditions of the department as to state the value of the goods manufactured in his district in poetic numbers and figures commonly employed, Mr. Harte has perhaps not imparted the information asked for in his instructions with such defunes and precision as might have been desired."—Washington Republic.

They Killed Him

The other night, as old Blinks sat listening to the various opinions expressed about our Indian troubles, he felt constrained to relate some of his own experiences with the Indians, prefacing his remarks with the assertion that not one man in ten thousand knows anything about the subject. Baid he: "You give me one hundred men as brave as myself, who would rely on me for strategy, and follow where I would lead, and we'd whip all the tribes between here and Alaska!"

Iollow where I would lead, and we'd whip all the tribes between here and Alaska!"

Blinks proceeded to state that in the early days of Texas he commenced the subjugation of an Indian tribe all on his own hook. He was both infantry and cavalry, and his courage and wily tactics appalled the Indians more than an ordinary army corps would have done. He maintained his uneven warfare for several months, until one day he found himself some three hundred miles within the Indian Territory, where no white man had ever been before. As he was passing through a defile in the mountains, fifteen hundred Indians surrounded him. They had closed every avenue of escape; abrupt mountains towered on either hand, their sides lined with savages; several hundred guarded the pass ahead of him, while an equal number had closed in upon his rear. To escape was impossible, the odds were too great to give battle, so he majestically surrendered and defiantly told them to deal with him as they pleased. The delight of the Indians at capturing such an important and dreaded enemy prevented them from killing him at once, and they were two days in council trying to invent some more horrible torture and manner ef death than they had ever practiced before. of death than they had ever practiced

before.

By this time Old Blinks bad got him-By this time Old Blinks had got him-self hopelessly entangled, and the crowd, seeing his dilemma, demanded at once to know how he got out of such a fix. Blinks coughed and "sparred for time," hoping to invent some way to wind up the story, but his imagination "fell down" on him and the boys kept press-ing him. He told of his thirst and de-actived his thoughts trusting that see ing him. He told of his thirst and described his thoughts, trusting that some idea would come to his resoue. The idea would come to his rescue. The crowd, becoming more and more aware of his predicament, interrupted, distracted and confused him so much be could think of no way out, so bringing his flet down on the table with a thump, and with a look of earnest sincerity, said: "By George, boys, they killed me."— Carson (Nev.) Appeal,

The Beggar Child's Charity.

The Beggar Child's Charity.

The following little story is a touching one, and the hero thereof is a well-known young gentleman of this city: He has been somewhat wild in his habits in the past, but for four months he had abstained from drink and spent his evenings at home. One evening, three weeks ago, he went out calling, and some one gave him a glass of wine. This aroused the sleeping fiend, and he went off on a grand carouse. For three days he lost all mastery over himself, and scarcely knew where he was. On the morning of the fourth day he was comparatively sobered up. He wandered into the reading room of one of our hotels, where he was well known, and sat down and stared moodily into the street. Presently a little girl of about ten years came in and looked timidly around the room. She was dressed in rags, but she had a sweet, intelligent face that could scarcely fail to excite sympathy. There were five persons in the room, and she went to each, begging. One gentleman gave her a five-cent piece, and she then went to the gentleman spoken of and asked him for a penny, adding: "I haven't had anything to eat for a whole day." The gentleman was all out of humor, and he said crossly: "Don't bother me; go away! I haven't had anything to eat for three days." The child opened her eyes in shy wonder and stared at him for a moment, and then walked slowly toward the door. She turned the knob and then, after hesitating a few seconda, she turned quickly and walked straight up to him who had spoken so ill-naturedly, and gently laying the five cents she had received on his knee, said with a tone of true girlish pity in her voice, "If you haven't had anything to eat for three days you take this and go and buy some bread. Perhaps I can get some more somewhere else." The young fellow blushed to the roots of his hair, and lifting the miniature sister of charity in his arms he kissed her two or three times in delight. Then he took her to the persons in the room and to those in the corridors and the office, and told the story a The following little story is a touching one, and the hero thereof is a wellthose in the corridors and the office, and told the story and asked contributions, giving himself all the money he had with him. He succeeded in raising over \$40, and sent the little kindly hearted one on her way rejoicing.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

Value of Old Coins.

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The trade in old coins is not a light one, nor are its profits small. Fictitions values have advanced 100 per cent, in five years and the tendency is still upward. In England there is much demand for old American coins, and collectors average 100 per cent, profit on their sales. In this country these coins are becoming very scarce indeed. The cents and half cents of 1793, which belong to the first series of copper coinage in the United States, are in great demand. A coin of 1787 was designed by Franklin, and is extremely rare. One of the silver dollars made in the old Philadelphia mint in 1794 is in the British museum, and cost that institution \$1,000. Silver quarter dollars coined in 1823 '27 are worth \$100 each. Silver half dimes, issued from the mint in 1802, are also at a premium, and all efforts to obtain any of them to complete sets, even at the figure of \$100, have, it is said, proved futile. Silver dollars of 1804 are extremely scarce, only five, so far as known, being in existence. Three of these are owned in England, and are valued at \$1,000 each. Half dollars of 1796 and 1797 coinage are worth \$50, and the same is offered for a 1799 cent or a half cent of 1795. In Philadelphia lives a numismatist who has been in the business for twenty years. Every summer he goes to England for two months and sells the coins he has collected. His name is well known there, and he visits all the principal towns where he finds men of wealth willing to pay handsome prices to add to their store of old and rare money.