

WRECKED AMIDST DARKNESS.

The Apalling Fate of Two Balloonists on Lake Ontario.

James Hale, who made a balloon ascension with Prof. H. J. Kane in the balloon city of New York twenty years ago at Canadana, N. Y., and who had a thrilling experience, Kane never after being heard of—thus recalls the dreadful night of a Chicago reporter:

"The sky, of an inexpressibly tender blue, was really black with stars that really did 'globe themselves in heaven.' The whole unlimited expanse was filled with glowing worlds, round and effulgent, near and far. The greater bodies burned as it looked close upon us, and between them stretched infinite depths filled up with other stars. There were hung, separate and alone, out of the only world we knew, intruders upon silence and eternity!

It was the gradual sinking into the cloud sea, or a gradual rising of its waves around us, that brought me to a feeling of my own identity. I was really glad when their floezy moonlit folds covered us from the majesty of the night. The professor, to whom it was no new experience, was the first to speak.

"I'm going down a little," said he. "I think we've risen too far, and taken a wrong direction." And down we went, into pitchy darkness. I don't know how long we continued to fall, but at last we heard the clank of a cow-bell below us.

"All right," said the professor. "We've over-farmed yet. I was afraid of striking east for John Brown's track." "I've forgotten it," said he. "I've forgotten it, and here we are in the dark."

I suggested rising again, and with much grumbling he emptied a couple of ballast-bags over the side, and up we went, but not so rapidly as before. With an impatient exclamation the professor emptied more ballast, and our rate of ascent was perceptibly accelerated. The cow-bell clanked fainter, and finally was no longer heard. The events of the afternoon, the excitement, and the quiet of the air combined to make me sleepy, and imperceptibly I dozed off, the last thing I remember being the figure of the professor in black silhouette against the almost imperceptible lighter color of the night.

I don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened by the professor roughly shaking my shoulder. "Halt!" said he, and there was something in his voice that made my blood bound. "Halt, listen! What do you hear? Tell me, quick!"

I listened intently for a second or two. I heard a dull and sudden rumble that hardly died away before it was succeeded by another sound just like it.

"What do you hear?" he demanded impatiently.

"I hear something like distant discharge of cannon," said I.

"Cannon? and you feel I wish we were cannon. Hale, we are over the shore of Lake Ontario, and this balloon is sinking!"

My heart was in my throat. "For God's sake throw over what you have!"

"The ballast is all gone. While you were asleep I tossed it to clear some tree-tops."

"What are you going to do?"

"What! What indeed! The wind has changed on us. I can't control the balloon, and we are drifting out to death! The balloon won't live an hour. The breeze is strong enough to carry us across if she would live that long, but she won't."

"Throw over your sack!" said I.

"You throw that rug over, and anything else you have about you that weighs an ounce."

If two men ever worked quick we did. The car was emptied of everything it contained except ourselves in less than half a minute, and the noise of the breakers grew less. You can never know with what anxiety we watched the silvery edge that told where the moon would emerge from behind a heavy cloud that covered half the sky. Would her light show us the cold bosom of Ontario close beneath us, or the dull grateful color of firm ground? It was a question upon the solution of which hung life and death. When at last as with a bound the cloud was cleared, we stood looking over the edge of the car, frozen with fright, for there, directly below us and not a thousand feet away lay the crawling surface of the lake, the black and misty shoreline stretching hopelessly along the view to the south and fading every instant. It required very little time to show us that the balloon was going down with slow but fatal certainty.

"Hale," said the professor, looking at me fixedly, "do you know how far it is to the Canadian shore?"

I said that I did not.

"I'll tell you," said he. "We are about ten miles off the New York shore, and as nearly as I can judge by that light, opposite the port of Charlotte, from Charlotte to the Canadian shore is sixty miles. I conclude, therefore, that we have got to make this thing sail fifty miles, or one or both of us must drown."

tried to climb along them toward the bag, but the professor was ahead of me, and he climbed he called out.

"Hale, one of us can get to Canada, and the other must feed the fish. I've got a family, and I'm going to Canada." I felt that it was my death sentence, and when the next instant I saw the flash of his blade around the ring above the car, and saw the same beautiful light in his eyes that I had seen before, I knew my time had come. Nevertheless I made a fierce struggle and leapt toward him, in the hope that I might clutch the ring or some of the upper rigging; but in the moment of my jump the basket dropped, the balloon, with Kane in the rigging, his shining knife between his teeth, shot upward like the rising flight of some great bird, and I was struggling with the waves. I sank, but only for a few seconds.

I had always been a stout swimmer, and I struck out to keep myself afloat as long as I could. It was a gruesome prospect there in the middle of Ontario, a mile of humanity in an infinity of water. I could only hope to keep alive a few hours at longest, but I meant to fight it to the end. These things rushed across me like a flash, while I was yet under the surface. The very first stroke I made my heel struck something. I turned and saw the basket, bottom up, within three feet of me. To my joy I discovered that while it was made of willow, it was waterproof, and having buoyed suddenly, was in condition to be used as a buoy, so I used it.

That was a long and weary wait for morning, but the sun blazed out of the east at last—and then I wished it hadn't, for the light was blinding. I looked in vain for land. Evidently I had been dropped in the middle of the lake, and must take my chance of being picked up by some passing craft before night. Failing that, I knew I must die. But after a morning that seemed a year, my aching eyes were suddenly brightened by the sight of a steamer plowing straight toward me. I thought she never would reach me, but in about an hour's time she did, and came very near passing me by unnoticed. I was nearly half a mile from her course, but she put about, and a line was thrown to me, and in five minutes I lay fainting on the cabin floor.

It was the steamer Corinthian bound from Port Hope to Rochester upon her daily trip, and if the professor hadn't dropped me when and where he did, I wouldn't be telling you this sorry story to-day.

Johnson's Witness.

A farmer named Johnson was on trial before a Detroit justice the other day for assault and battery, and when the prosecution had finished he put a little old man of about sixty-five on the stand as his witness. The lawyer began:

"What is your name?"

"If you'll tell me your name I'll tell you mine," was the prompt answer.

"Where do you reside?"

"I won't answer no such foolish question! I've paid taxes in this county for fifty years, and I won't be talked to if I was a child!"

"Well, Mr. Blank, you saw this difficulty, did you?"

"If I hadn't seen it would I be here? Do you 'spose I want to be arrested for forgery?"

"How did it begin?"

"How do anything begin?" snapped the old man.

"Well, now, will you tell the jury all about it?"

"No, sir, I won't! If the jury want to know anything about it they must ask me."

"You must answer the questions," remarked his honor.

"I will if I want to, but they haven't asked any questions yet."

"Did the plaintiff and defendant have any hard words?" asked the lawyer.

"I 'spose they did, but I wouldn't swear to it."

"Did either one call the other a liar?"

"I 'spose they did and that's what brings on the fuss. I'm over sixty, but if any man calls me a liar I'm going to knock his head off!"

"Well, when the plaintiff called the defendant a liar, what was the result?"

"Why, how do I know?"

PUTTING ON AIRS.

What Took the Fritts Out of One Man.

He was a shrewd, white-haired, old gentleman tourist who sat sipping a lemonade in Baldwin's the other day, and who remarked, as a self-important looking individual came in and laughingly looked around.

"No," was replied; "he's a much greater personage. He is one of the successful candidates of the late election."

"I might have known it!" exclaimed the old gentleman emphatically. "He acts just as I did when I was elected to Congress."

"How was that?"

"Well, you see, I was elected M. C. from the fourth district just after the war. We had a pretty lively campaign of it, and as I never had been in politics before, I somehow got the idea that the whole country had quit work and was watching my contest with quivering anxiety. Every time the other side accused me of being a chicken-thief, or a bigamist, or something, I'd get back at them with a card in the Redville Parlor, headed 'Another Lie Nailed!'

"Yes, and I was disgusted to find they never paid the slightest attention to me either. What surprised me more was that, although I kept the President and cabinet advised of everything that occurred, I never got the slightest sympathy from any of them. I thought it was blamed singular."

"Didn't notice you at all?"

"Not at all, sir, and when I was elected, and the boys lighted a bonfire in the main street, and serenaded me, and I spoke six hours in the open air as to my future course on the tariff and finances, the New York papers merely said that a 'Mr. Gunn had been elected by a small majority,' my name being 'Gonley' as you know."

"That was hard."

"Well, I put that all down to envy and malice, and I started for Washington. I expected that at least the Speaker of the House and a committee appointed by the Senate would be down at the depot to welcome me to the capital."

"Did they do so?"

"The only persons who met me were a committee of clergymen, who tore my overcoat half off, rannamed me into a hack and robbed me, with the aid and assistance of the hotel clerk, who then gave me a dark room on the top floor, and asked the first week's board in advance; said it was the rule of the house with Arkansas members."

"That's what I thought. Well, the next morning I went up to the White House to see if the President would like to stroll down to the House to introduce me and see me sworn in. I sent up my card, and in an hour or two some secretary or other sent back word that the President was at breakfast and couldn't be bothered."

"That was pretty short, wasn't it?"

"Well, I was just dumfounded. How ever, I went down to the capitol and told the sergeant-at-arms to go in and announce to the members that I had arrived. He grinned and said, 'That's pretty good, that is,' and rushed off. I expected that, of course, the members would come crowding up to congratulate me, and say something like 'magnificent speech of yours, that last one, Gonley. Beat 'em by forty-eight votes, too, old fellow.' And then maybe they'd give me three cheers, and all that sort of thing."

"And did they?"

"No, sir; I hope I may never stir if they didn't give me a back seat in the cloak-room until my name was called, and a door-keeper fired me out into the corridor two under the impression that I was a lobbyist. Well, after I had been put on the joint committee on spittoons and window washing, and spent a couple of months trying to wedge in my great four-hour speech on the match tax, something occurred that let down my check-rein, and took all the frills off—'so for good.'"

"What was that?"

"Well, I was taking a drive out to the soldiers' home one afternoon with three members, when a light buggy went by like a streak of greased lightning, the trotter driven by a solemn-looking man in a rusty plug hat, who was smoking a cigar and steady a small terrier on the seat with his elbow."

"That's Butcher Boy," said one of my companions, with great interest; "trots in twenty. He's a rattling good stopper, bet your life."

"Did you notice that dog?" said another. "Best bred pup in town; tail no bigger than a rat's; very fine dog, that."

"As I had nothing else to say, I casually inquired who the driver was."

"Why, that's the president," said one of them with a yawn. "By Jove! how I'd like to have one of those pups!"

"That settled it. I've been as meek and sad as a car-horse pulling a picnic ever since."—*San Francisco Post.*

An Old Rule for Ventilating Bedrooms.

A simple device is within the reach of every one having an ordinary window in his room, by which fresh outdoor air can be admitted in small quantity, with such an upward current as will prevent its being felt as an injurious draft by the inmates. It is particularly adapted to sleeping rooms when the weather is too cold to admit of an open window. Thus, start both top and bottom sashes of the window half an inch, which is not quite enough to clear the rebate or stop-heads at top and bottom, but which leaves an opening of an inch between the meeting rails, through which a current enters, but diverted upward by the glass as it should be, so as not to fall directly to the floor, as its coolness might otherwise induce it to do. It thus becomes well mixed with the air of the room without being felt as a draft.—*Plumber.*

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

The new fans are very large. The fashionable muff is quite small. Jet ornaments are beautiful on black hair.

Suits are much trimmed in apron shape. Felt hats only are considered for young ladies.

Fur-lined cloaks are shown in all shapes. Gold-embroidered lace is among fresh extravaganzas.

Quillings of different kinds are much used as trimmings.

Lynx furs in light gray shades are in great favor this winter. The princess dress will be the favorite style of dress for evening.

Black marten remains the favorite of the low-priced dark furs.

The most approved wrap for young girls is the English jacket. Thick, light woollen corduroy is also among the cloaking stiffs.

Large pigeons and parrots are seen on the new bonnets and hats.

Brunettes are wearing ties and neckerchiefs of bright buttercup yellow.

The "Oxford," or the English walking hat, is the favorite of the moment. Ostrich feathers in contrasting shades, are now found to match the changeable silks.

The strong Alaska seal-skins, with thick, durable pelts, are used for most saques.

The first choice for a child's set of fur is a muff and boam made of Arica chinchilla.

Except for the daintiest wear, the silk stuffs are not prominently considered for girls' costumes.

A chinchilla scarf and muff is the fashionable choice for young ladies who have fine complexions.

Wooden buttons are among the novelties; they are of walnut, or of walnut inlaid with white wood.

Colored chenille fringes, finished with cashmere beads, are among new trimmings for costly dresses.

Gray squirrel saques are serviceable wraps for children, as the fur is warm and endures hard usage.

The popular fur-lined wrap is the circular, which is easily put off and on, and does not crush the dress beneath it.

Never were buttons seen in more varied designs or more beautiful materials than on ladies' costumes at present.

Fur trimmings will be more used this winter than they have been for many years as borders for cloaks and dresses.

All sorts of crawling things, lizards, spiders, beetles, frogs and caterpillars, as well as serpents, are reproduced in jewelry.

The richest toilets are of black satin and silk profusely decorated with jet embroideries, fringes and passementeries.

For the colder weather there are raw silk gloves with ribbed tops, fleece-lined silk gloves and cashmere and cloth gloves.

A coquettish addition to a set of furs is a bag to be worn at the side. When the suit is fur trimmed a fur belt may be added also.

Tiger-velvet is a novelty used for trimming bonnets. It is a satin ground, with irregular-shaped spots, in a long, raised velvet.

Engagement bracelets are sometimes substituted for rings. They fasten with a golden padlock and the lover wears the key at his watch chain.

Long neckties of bright colored silk, embroidered on the ends, have again appeared in the shops after an absence of two or three seasons.

Seal skin saques, in shapes similar to those worn by ladies, are made for girls five years of age, and are often ordered for those still younger.

The Zouave jacket reappears in velvet, heavily braided or embroidered with gold, and in satin richly ornamented with iridescent beads.

White is much worn by young ladies in the evening. Cream and ivory white are much used. The materials are fine cashmere, light cloth and muslin.

Sealskin is shown in darker, richer shades this winter than the furriers have hitherto obtained, and remains the favorite fur for saques and cloaks.

Pearl buttons are carved as handsomely as carvings in flowers, classic heads and miniature landscape designs, and some seen enameled and gilded.

Some of the new morning dresses have the front breadths opened to show broadened skirts, and others are made with "house waists and panier sashes."

Short waists are predicted as among coming fashions. In that case the "slim slip of a girl," who has reigned so long, will retire in favor of her more plump sister.

The style of dressmaking of this season for the young girls, or young girls in their "early teens," follow very closely those for the full-grown of the sex.

The fine shirtings used on underclothing, are separated by plain bands about a sixteenth of an inch wide, and stitched on both sides so that they are as firm as cords.

Muffs are as small as it is possible to make them when expected to cover both hands, and are also perfectly plain; that is, without bows, fur tails or tassels on the ends.

Short evening dresses will be much in favor this winter, as well as those with the demitrain. The long sweeping train will no longer be the rule but the exception.

Velvet, embroidered in sets comprising vest, cuffs, collar and pocket-laps, is shown for handsome costumes. Satin embroidered in the same manner is shown also.

Broad bead laces and bead embroideries, are used for side trimmings upon dresses, separating the back from the front, or for the back of nannies or the front of bodices.

The colors of school girls' gloves run through the dark and medium cloth and cameo-tints, the light neutral and, and, the accepted evening colors, and white.

Pretty little black silk chatelaine pockets are pointed on the upper side by a single flower or a bouquet of roses, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, or any other favorite flower.

Double basques and double collars appear on some of the new plush jackets. The pockets are square, and are placed at the sides, and the jacket is fastened by two rows of fancy buttons.

The toque is the novelty in sealskin hats. It is a kind of turban with round crown, but points slightly in front and back, and has a band of very deep fur, such as sea-otter, passed around the edge.

The finest novelty of the season in millinery is what is known as the "feather" bonnet. This is composed almost wholly of mounted feathers taken from the necks of pheasants, at least half a dozen of which are required for one bonnet.

The birds that find most favor are of the parrot species, with long bills and very gay plumage, in which there is yellow, green and red, as these colors are much seen in the cashmere combination. Drag-on flies of brilliant colors are for the same reason popular ornaments.

Recently imported fans are of silk and satin in all the new colors, and also white and black with hand embroideries in artistic leaf and flower designs and jardiniere colors, and bordered with a double or triple row of feathers colored to match the embroideries; the sticks are of carved ebony.

Harper's *Bazar* says that in New York the echarpe (or victrolina), with long wide ends in front to cover the chest is fast taking the place of the boa in sets of fur; indeed, the boa is almost confined to fur seal and black marten, as these furs are more effective when made round instead of flat.

The walking jacket of the season is small and close-fitting, perfectly plain, no breast, sometimes in fact double-breasted, with side lappels upon the short skirt of the back, which do not extend below its edge. English collar, square, not large pockets and cuffs, its fits like a glove, except the buttons, which are often striking, always handsome.

Queen Victoria's income is over \$2,000,000 a year.

A London physician lately advertised in the *Times* for a lady housekeeper, offering liberal terms, and received 1,100 applicants.

There are now five ladies in the school of theology of the Boston University. In the college of liberal arts there are eleven ladies in the freshman class.

An English school board has expelled an eight-year old pupil who came to school with ornamental beads in her ears, and a Philadelphia private school teacher refused to readmit a girl who had been playing, in the juvenile "Pinafore" company during the summer.

Miss Alice S. Hooper, of Boston, left \$100,000 worth of property by will to friends and public institutions. She gave \$1,000 each to the Boston training school for nurses and the Bethesda Society, of Boston. The rest of her valuable property she bequeathed to personal friends and relatives.

Mrs. Mattie Potts, who in May last left Baltimore for New Orleans, has returned, having made the whole distance on foot. She averaged twenty-one miles a day, wore out five suits of clothes, "didn't spend a cent," was entertained free at all hotels and eating houses, received innumerable presents and sent her trunk ahead of her by express all the way "without charge."

The King of Siam, appreciating the results of the English education of his children, is giving the same advantages to his own children. Princess Civi, his bright, clever ten-year old daughter, receives from an accomplished English lady regular instruction in French, English and German, music, dancing and drawing. The queen, her mother, takes great interest in the lessons, and is so pleased with foreign ways that she tries of adopting the European dress.

The poor authorities of Dover and Canterbury, England, are greatly puzzled over a supposed Japanese girl who was recently found wandering about the streets of the latter city. No one there or in Dover being able to converse with her, she was sent to London. The Japanese consul of that city says that there is no similarity between her language and that of Japan. The girl and her story remain mysteries. As no one will support the poor stranger "in a strange land," the authorities send her from one city to another.

Protecting Plants.

We are few plants, and those of the hardiest character, that do not need or at least feel benefitted by a slight protection of some kind. Bearing in mind that we are not trying to keep out the frost, but merely to break the force of the strong, cold, drying winds, the nature of this protection becomes a matter of some importance. It not infrequently happens that the very means adopted to preserve plants becomes the agent that induces death, so that the sooner we fully understand why we protect at all, or, in other words, what are we protecting against, the more likely will our work prove useful. Coarse, light material of any kind is suitable for covering the surface of the soil around the plant such as long manure, coarse grass, leaves, spent tanbark, etc. For protecting the tops, the more open the covering, provided the wind break is effected, the better for the plants. The best results are frequently secured by simply placing tall, stiff weeds around the tops, tying them loosely together. After all, nothing is better than twigs, evergreen boughs, as they permit a free passage of air, and prevent the high cold winds from drying the life out of the plants beneath. Straw tightly around is the worst possible material that can be used for the purpose, as a free circulation is thus prevented, and the young shoots, if not the whole top, is likely to decay. It looks well, to be sure, but appearance in this case is of very minor consequence. Many of our so-called hardy shrubs are liable to lose their flower-buds during winter, notwithstanding the shoots are rarely injured, and this class should receive a slight covering; for instance, the rhododendrons and azaleas which form such buds in the previous autumn. Plants standing on the south side of buildings in the full sun require a slight protection from its rays during the winter months, as the high temperature of the day often receives a sudden reverse at night, and thus the plant, even if usually hardy, becomes injured. The work must be done before the ground freezes.—*Weekly Tribune.*

Betrothal and Wedding Rings.

Mr. Marchant, in his work, "Betrothals and Weddings," says: "One very pretty form of betrothal ring which has fallen into disuse was the gemmel, or gimmel—that is, double or treble

ring. This was made of two or three hoops so chased and engraved that, when fastened together by a single rivet, the whole form one design. The usual device was a hand. When an engagement was contracted, the ring was taken apart; one division was worn by the fiancé, one by a mutual friend, and the third by the intended husband, and witness of the betrothal. On marriage, the three minor rings were reunited into one, and worn by the bride as a "keeper" or as a wedding ring. Tertulian, who died A. D. 216, tells us that a golden ring was, in his time, sent to the intended bride as a pledge. Sheldon says that betrothal rings were first given as substitutes for dowry money. In earlier days, when the art of writing was not so familiarly known as it is at the present time, the ring had a greater significance as a symbol of power. It formed a seal by which all orders were signed and all things of value secured. Therefore, the delivery of it was a sign that the person to whom it was entrusted was admitted to the highest friendship and trust. For this reason it became used in marriage ceremonies; and, in some of the earlier marriages, we find that not only the ring, but also the keys, were delivered to the bride. Wedding rings were not always made of gold. Iron was at one time generally used; and the Republic of Venice, in the primitive days of the republic, wore rings of that metal. Prometheus, whose ring was of iron, is said to have set this fashion. Among the very poor in England, rings made of rushes were used in the marriage ceremony.

Though the ring of gold has long been looked upon as a necessity in the marriage ceremony, it is by no means indispensable, and civil marriages may be contracted without it. The Puritans abolished the ring, or rather tried to do so, they looked upon its use as superstitious and of heathen origin. Quakers generally object to the ring on account of its heathen origin; but the ladies of that persuasion have shown a determined preference for its continuance, on account of the invidious position in which a married lady might be placed for the want of it.

Wedding rings are placed on the left hand and account of the obedience that is implied thereby. The converse is probably the reason why the engaged hand is placed on the third right hand finger of a *fiancée*, who still possess a large amount of freedom, and frequently exercises her power in an arbitrary manner. It is a pity that the symbolism of rings is dying out. When I was a boy, it was the fashion for men on the look-out for wives to wear a ring on the first finger of the left hand. If they were engaged to be married they wore the ring on the second finger, if married, on the third; and on the fourth if they resorted upon bachelorhood. Thus the most sensitive and modest young lady might all ways with ease detect the matrimonial disposition of a man by a glance. But this fashion being gone, a girl has to make love to a man before the man can ascertain his views. This is hard upon the girl, and often very hard upon the man. This fashion, in my opinion, should be revived, though the symbolism of it might be enlarged or modified, to save trouble. For girls I should propose this telegraphic code: "A ring on the first finger to denote poverty and willingness to get married; on the second finger, money and a disposition to list to nothing but the promise of a *fiancé*; on the third finger, already engaged, and so you needn't trouble yourself on the little finger, deliberating. Some such a code would simplify a man's views, and be of great use in helping to save him from making an ass of himself."

Irish Match-making.

While the landlady was at work, two old men strolled in for refreshment. One of them was evidently a small farmer. He wore his hat pulled down over his eyes, and appeared occupied by a matter of some weight. Talking to him earnestly and in a low tone, his companion, an old fellow with a shabby hat, shiny breeches, and much-worn shoes, looked about him with cunning eyes for the most retired nook, and pulling out an old stool, said:

"Sit ye there, man, and we'll have a pint and a talk."

The colorless potheen was served them, and each drank a thimbleful of it as if it had been water.

"Now, man," said the smaller and older of the two, "why not make a match between them? He is a smart lad, and she is a fine girl. God bless her! Just say what you will give her, and we can have done with it before the game is out."

"Well," said the farmer, after pulling and cracking all his fingers, "I have no thought of being mean. I will give her an acre, a quarter acre of land, with the potatoes tilled and brought to the door."

There was silence on the other side.

"I will give her a fine feather-bed."

"Very good, very good," said he with the cunning eyes. "We'll have another pint. They were served with the fiery liquid, and smacking their lips over it declared it the best they had ever tasted."

"The players must be near their work," the farmer, starting in the bottom of the cup, added, "I will give her fifteen pounds in gold."

A short quick laugh from his companion was the response: "That's very good, man; you are going well, God bless you!"