A LOST CONTINENT.

THE EVIDENCE THAT IT WAS INGULFED BY THE PACIFIC.

Some Startling Revelations of Modern Science—Curious Facts Which Have a Bearing on the Question—Two Appalling Alternatives Presented.

Little as we know of the prehistoric adventures of the Atlantic ocean and the countries which border it, we know still less of the Pacific and its antecedents. Reasoning upon the date of the earthquakes of 1854 and 1868, Professors Barhe and Hochstetter reckoned the average depth of that ocean to be from 2,000 to 2,400 fathoms. The Tuscarora, which traversed the Pacific from California to Japan via the Sandwich islands, taking soundings on the way with a view to the laying of an ocean cable—found an average depth of about 2,200 fathoms, with depressions of 3,000 fathoms. The Challenger in the South Pacific found an average depth of about 2,500 fathoms; also with deep spots reaching occasionally 3,500 fathoms. But in the northern Pacific a very different state of things is found. In Behring sea it is an exception to find a depth of 100 fathoms; twenty-five, thirty, forty and fifty fathoms are the rule. Round the fur seal islands—St. Paul and St. George—bottom is reached at twenty-five, thirty, forty and fifty fathoms; in the center of Behring straits the depth marked on the coast survey charts is twenty-five fathoms. Again, at the south the average depth of the ocean between Chili and New Zealand is known to be about 1,500 fathoms. Thus, so far as we know—and that is a precious little—the basin of the Pacific is a circular bowl about 3,000 fathoms deep in the deepest part, with a well defined rim on the western, northern and eastern sides, and with innumerable islands cropping up all over, like the peaks of the mountains of a submerged continent. On the southern side the rim is broken off and the bowl merges into the Antarctic ocean.

BASIN OF THE PACIFIC.

Assuming that this is a correct description of the Pacific basin—which, from want of adequate soundings, we are far from being sure of—it compares curiously with the Atlantic ocean, about which we know a good deal. The latter ocean has a bench or terrace, varying from 50 to 100 miles in width, and from nothing to 100 fathoms in depth, which borders the continents that inclose the ocean. Beyond this bench deep water—in places as deep as 3,500 fathoms—comes suddenly. The ocean basin is traversed from north to south by a plateau, extending from the Azores, or even further south, to Iceland; on either side of the plateau is a deep valley of water. On the plateau depths of 2,000 fathoms are rare; 1,500 fathoms is the usual average. But just outside the edges of the plateau there are places where no bottom is found at 3,000. The theory of cosmogonists is that this plateau was once dry land, and that it sunk to a depth of nearly two miles beneath the surface of the ocean in a convulsion of nature. It was by coupling this hypothesis with Plato's remarkable account of the lost island of Atlantis, from which, according to the Egyptians, they and the Greeks, and indeed all the enlightened peoples of ancient times, derived their civilization, that Ignatius Donnelly constructed his interesting theory of a lost continent.

Sir William Dawson has not furnished the public with the reasons that induced him to suppose that the Creator's work is finished in the Atlantic and unfinished in the Pacific. It cannot have been that he argued that there had been no subsidence of the bottom of the latter, for the evidences of such a catastrophe were long ago pointed out by Dana and Darwin. The coral insect will not build below 100 or 150 feet beneath the surface of the water. Yet coral detritus has been brought up from depths of 2,000 to 3,000 fathoms, and this throughout Polynesia, as far north as 2 degs. or 3 degs. above the tropic of Capricorn, and as far south as Australia. Hence, it seems that what is now the bottom of a deep sea must once have been the bottom of a shallow sea, such as Behring sea is now.

SOME VERY CURIOUS FACTS.

Again, the colossal remains on Easter island show that at some time or other that island must have been connected with islands now lying 1,000, 2,000 and 5,000 miles further west. They could not have been erected by the natives of an island which cannot feed its people, much less prove a home for art. The islanders could not have sailed to Easter from Polynesia, for they cannot beat to windward in their light draught canoes, and the tradewinds blow from the east and southeast for eleven months in the year. Nor could they have come from the west of South America, for they are men of a different race from any that ever lived on this continent, being, in fact, obviously members of the Polynesian family. Hence, the former existence of a South Pacific continent, though not absolutely demonstrated, is rendered so probable that no man of science would be surprised at the discovery of absolute evidence of its having been.

Geographers have amused themselves by reconstructing the lost continent, as Donnelly reconstructed Atlantis. They have taken existing islands for the tops of mountain ranges, and imagined valleys between them, spreading from range to range. Thus, Dana imagines two principal mountain ranges, one starting from the Hawaiian group and running south to the Mendana, Society and Pearl islands, and another starting from the Society group and running westwardly through the Navigators, the Fiji group, the Solomon group, New Guinea, the Spice islands, Celebes, Borneo, Sumatra and joining the continent of Asia at Malacca. Perhaps this theory of cosmogony is as reconcilable with the facts as any other.

It involves two alternatives, each more appalling than the other. If there was a Pacific continent, how did it disappear? Did it go crashing down through the waves, in an instant, in some mighty earthquake, which hurled millions of human beings into eternity with such awful swiftness that no one knew what was happening to him? Or did it subside gradually, the area of cultivable land becoming smaller each year, so that men fled to hilltops to escape the inexorable advance of the surging sea, and while a few made their escape and bore to distant lands the story of the deluge, the great bulk perished miserably of hunger, or fought for the food which was too scanty to suffice for all? Are such catastrophes likely to occur?—San Francisco Call.

A Friendly Warning.

Lieutenant—I would like very much to have a leave of absence for three days.

Colonel—Going on a picnic?

"Yes, colonel, we are going to have a little fishing party out in the woods."

"Going to be ladies in the party?"

"Yes, colonel, quite a number of young ladies will be in the party."

"You can go, and I hope you will enjoy yourself, but for heaven's sake, young man, be careful. It was on just such an innocent picnic that I came to be engaged to the old lady in there."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Prince Carl, of Sweden, is such a beauty that his photograph is found on every toilet article used by Stockholm women.

DELIGHTFUL LIFE IN ALASKA.

The Brief Nights of Summer and the Almost Endless Nights of Winter.

The stagnation of life in Alaska is almost inconceivable. The summer tourist can hardly realize it because he brings to the settlement the only variety it knows, and this comes so seldom—once or twice a month—that the population arises as a man and rejoices so long as the steamer is in port. Please to picture this people after the excitement is over, subsiding into a comatose state and remaining so until the next boat heaves in sight. One feels one's self mechanically; takes one's constitutional along the shore or over one of the goat paths that strike inland, nodding now and again to the familiar faces that seem never to change in expression—except during tourists' hours—and then repairs to that bed which is the salvation of the solitary, for sleep and oblivion are the good angels that brood over it.

In summer the brief night—barely forty winks in length—is so silvery and soft that it is a delight to sit up in it even if one is quite alone. Lights and shadows play with one another and are reflected in sea and sky until the eye is almost dazzled with the singular loveliness of the scene. I believe if I were banished to Alaska I would sleep in the daytime—say from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m., and revel in the wakeful beauty of the other hours.

But the winter, and the endless night of winter! When the sun sets in discouragement at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and rises with a faint heart and a pale face at 10 or 11 in the forenoon; when even high noon is unworthy of the name, for the dull luminary having barely got above the fence at 12 o'clock, backs out of it and sinks again into the blackness of darkness which it is destined to endure for at least two-thirds of the four and twenty. Since the moon is no more obliging to the Alaskans than the sun is, what is a poor fellow to do? He can watch the aurora until his eyes ache; he can trim his lamp and chat with his chums and fill his pipe over and over again; but the night meanwhile thickens and the time begins to lag; he looks at his watch to find it is only 9 p. m., and there are twelve hours between him and daylight.—Alaska Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Charm of American Women.

The Jersey Lily, who had royalty and aristocracy at her feet, is the best possible proof that the aristocracy of nature eclipses that of birth and rank even in the most pretentious and exclusive spheres. No duchess while I was in England enjoyed a triumph to be compared with that of Mrs. Langtry, who may now be seen in her glory, gowns and all, without a presentation at court. And yet the American women, at least the fashionable ones, are always hankering after aristocratic advantages. If they only knew it, they surpass those whom they envy. American women have a natural charm, often an innate distinction of manner, that has made them sought at every court in Europe. Not long ago I was talking with a countrywoman who knew as much about foreign society as any other American, or, indeed, as many Europeans of the most favored class, and we amused ourselves by counting the compatriots we had personally known who had become countesses, ambassadresses, duchesses, princesses, not to say queens (for Elise Hensler sat very near a throne), and there were 124.

Some of these women had been clerks in the war or treasury department in Washington, and several were not at all of the society that calls itself "good," no matter how bad its members may be. I remember how the Washington belles shuddered when a little Georgetown girl they did not visit bore off a baron in triumph before them all. But she demeaned herself as bravely as any of her new sisters, I have been told, and has held her own at more than one European court.—Adam Badeau's Letter.

Administering the Chicken Oath.

George Sam, the laundryman who recently took unto himself an American wife, appeared as Sang Lee's friend and counselor, and when he saw Hop's confusion insisted that the rooster be killed. Judge Hutchins gracefully descended from his previous decision, and decided that if the court got the carcass of the chicken the oath might be administered in that way. When Hop heard this his knees began to shake and he glanced nervously around the room. A bucket was secured to catch the blood, and Sang Lee whipped a butcher knife from his boot leg. Before the decapitation of the fowl it is customary to read an oath to the witness. Sang had one prepared, and in a sing-song voice like the filing of a saw, he read the document. The other Chinamen put their fingers in their ears so as not to hear the words. Hop kept muttering to himself, and when Sang finished reading said: "Me no takee money." Sang lit a match, and, applying it to the paper oath, allowed it to be consumed. George Sam remarked to a reporter, as he pointed to the paper: "Him go to heaven now. If Hop Lung no tellee truth him die in sixty days." But Hop was not to be caught. When the chicken was brought forward he refused to kill it, and reiterated his statement that he was innocent. Sam Lee was perfectly willing to cut the rooster's head off, but he was not allowed to do so. "This is the most intricate case I ever tried," said Judge Hutchins in his summing up of the evidence.—Cleveland Leader.

Broken Dishes at Hotels.

Hotel managers here say that the fracture of dishes—china, glass and earthenware—is a more serious item of expense than any outsider would suppose. Although they make it a rule, for their own protection, to charge broken dishes to the servants when they are plainly careless, the rule does not relieve the hotels from serious loss every year. The greatest amount of breakage is in handling and washing; dishes may not be actually broken at first, but they are constantly nicked and cracked, and, after that, soon go to pieces. Large houses, like the Fifth Avenue and the Windsor sustain a loss of fully $10,000 annually in this way, independent of what the servants pay for. Managers say that it would be 50 per cent. greater except for the system of fines imposed on the domestics, who are made by it less heedless. Any householder may judge from the destruction of dishes in his own kitchen what it must be in a great hotel.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Colored Worshipers at Washington.

There is a large Catholic church in Washington attended exclusively by colored people, with black saints in the niches and other things to correspond. It is attended by a colored aristocracy, and a membership in it is considered a sign of tone by some. There is a fine choir of negro voices, and masses are sung quite as well as in those attended by the whites. There is also a colored Episcopal church, the rector of which is a graduate of Trinity college and a man of much ability. But aside from the two Presbyterian churches nearly the entire colored population attend worship at those of the Methodist or the Baptist faith.—Washington Letter.

Since the fare on the New York city elevated railroad was put down to 5 cents the volume of travel has increased wonderfully.

THE SALVATION WORK.

PRACTICAL VIEW OF THE PLAN ADOPTED BY THE "ARMY."

Origin, Nature and Development of One of the Most Remarkable Reform Efforts of the Present Century—Its Financial System.

No religious organization of the present day has evoked such derision and ridicule, alike from saint and sinner, as the Salvation Army. It is a thing of lowly origin, carried on by rude, illiterate persons. Culture and refinement are largely lacking in its ranks. Its methods are such as to antagonize refinement. It has generally failed to win the friendship of the churches. They have regarded it as but the ephemeral extravagance of fanatics. The pulpits have condemned it. The police courts have more than once decided that it was a nuisance.

Yet, since its introduction into America six years ago the movement has grown with most surprising rapidity. The cause of its growth is apparent to any reflective person. It is emphatically a creation of the populace. It has the power of expansion. The growth of the Salvation Army is but one phase of the advance of humanity upon new ground. The soldiers come neither from the undisciplined semi-church adherents nor from orderly non-Christians. Instead they are enlisted directly from the great mass of the ignorant and vicious, who had no anchorage to anything good. This fact is what constitutes the work of the Salvation Army a reformation and a development.

THE WORK IN ENGLAND.

In England, where the work has been longer established, and where it is prosecuted under the immediate direction of Gen. Booth, beneficial results have undoubtedly accrued. The international headquarters are in London, where 150 persons are employed in the work, including clerks. There are 1,322 corps scattered over Europe, America, Africa, Asia and Oceanica. All of these organizations wear the same emblems, sing the same songs and act under the same inspiration laid down by Gen Booth.

"The vast influence which that man wields is something that puzzles me," remarked a clerical gentleman, while the general was in Chicago. "The people have implicit confidence in his sincerity and disinterestedness. His power as an organizer is apparent to the most casual. He is a man not only to see each opportunity, but to grasp it squarely and firmly at the right instant."

"His people never dispute him," was the reply of a Salvation Army officer who overheard the remarks. "We are positive of his fidelity to the cause. We know that he and all his family work unceasingly for the good of humanity. He never has one cent of the contributions made by the army. Some years ago five wealthy men of London urged him to continue the work he had begun among the lowest portions of the city, and guaranteed him a living. From that work grew up the Salvation Army. But the general is not one penny the richer for it, contrary to the many reports of his vast wealth.

"The officers of the army are supported entirely by the collections taken up at the meetings. Each corps is expected to be self-supporting. There is a treasurer for every corps. A balance sheet is prepared and read every three months. If there is a surplus after paying the salaries it is sent, in this country, to the "war chest" in New York. If any corps can't pay its expenses it is helped from this fund. There is no connection between the English and American financial department of the army. In London the books are audited every day by public auditors and it is impossible for one cent to come into the hands of Gen. Booth or any one else without an account being given of it.

"The church properties all over the world are deeded in trust to the general for the sole use of the Salvation Army.

SALARIES OF THE OFFICERS.

"Commissioner Frank Smith, divisional officer of America, gave up a business and all he had to come into this work. He receives a salary of $5 a week and his traveling expenses. The salary of a married major is $9 a week and his house rent. A married captain gets $10, but no house rent. If he has no wife he gets $7. A woman captain receives $6 and a lieutenant $5, if the corps can pay it. If not, less. One must literally take a vow of poverty, self denial and hard work before becoming an officer. We are expected to refuse all presents, and must be in readiness to go anywhere at any time. We must agree to the strictest discipline and permit questioning into our private lives. No officer is accepted until thoroughly tried and found fitted for the work. In the London training school young men and women are required to do menial work to prove their spirit of self-abnegation. Gen. Booth's children were obliged to submit to this discipline. Inferior officers pledge themselves to labor solely for the army, to the exclusion of every personal interest and desire, subject to orders from superiors, when even personal attachments are formed.

"The drum and banjo are but expedients which we are willing to lay aside whenever other means of arousing public notice can be relied upon. We appeal to those who can be reached at first in no other manner. Curiosity causes many to follow us and join the army. Much good is done among the dissolute and hopeless of both sexes who are fallen to the lowest depths. In Europe there are refuges and regularly appointed persons who induce the despairing women to reform. Our statistics show that a large number of those who find relief actually lead better lives thereafter. Such a refuge has been opened in New York. We seek only to save the lost, to improve the vicious, to reform the reckless. We take those whom nobody else wants, and our success in the missionary field demonstrates the wisdom of our methods, despite the fact that some people term us 'nuisances.'"—Janet Dale in Chicago News.

Glass House Throws a Stone.

Omaha Man—Going to put up some fences, eh? By the way, I noticed the other day that a farmer won't even build a fence without consulting a priest.

Nebraska Farmer—What's that for?

"They want him to fix an auspicious day, you know."

"What fools those heathens are! The time to plant fence posts is when the horns of the moon are down."—Omaha World.

In the Canadian Northwest.

The territory of Alberta, in the Canadian northwest, contains, it is computed, 76,325 cattle, 10,025 horses and 21,300 sheep. Thus, at $40 per head, $3,053,000 is invested in cattle, $601,500 in horses at $60 per head and $85,200 in sheep at $4 per head. This is a very good beginning, considering it is only three or four years since the first attempt was made to establish ranches in the territory.—Chicago Times.

A new industry for Texas is about to be opened, in the direct shipment from Galveston to London, England, of fresh beef and mutton.

GOOD-BY, SWEET DAY.

Tho' loath to say good-by to this sweet day—
This day that brims at lip with amber wine
Brewed of sweet memories,
This syren, wooing bees
To dreams of wassail with the columbine
And lingering glances of enamoring May.

Tho' loath to say good-by to such as this,
I fill my heart with no sad requiem,
But from the mountain's crest,
Into the billowy west,
Watch the dear guest go down, and as the hem
Of evening's curtain folds, steal a last kiss.

Good-by, sweet day! Over the white, white gown
That soon will fold the daisy downs in sleep
There will a shadow be
Of thy loved face, to me
A promise of thy coming back to keep
Faith's tryst, and light the stars in spring's rich crown.

—Wade Whipple.

SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher Expresses His Views—What He Saw.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, referring to his last visit to England twenty-three years ago, said: "The contrast between the attitude of England then and now toward America was striking. Then English public opinion was against the United States. The large factory population of Lancashire, although suffering from famine for want of our cotton, sympathized with us in our struggle; but the influential people of Great Britain were not only opposed to the sentiment of the north, but to a very great extent supported the south. That has now been so changed that it may be said that there has been a complete revolution in the thought of the people in that respect. I think that this has been largely brought about by the increase of travel between the two countries, enabling us to get better acquainted with each other."

"As to the political and social condition of the English people, Mr. Beecher?"

"The answer to that is found in what is at the foundation of all material prosperity, namely, the land. In the relation of the people to the land, great and fundamental changes are going on that are affecting their social condition from the top to the bottom, and which will also affect their political condition. For example, land owners who would formerly obtain from £7 to £8 per acre for the rent of their land are glad to let it go for thirty shillings, and sometimes cannot get that. The consequence is that the owners of the land, instead of renting to farmers, to middlemen, or to their stewards, are farming the land under their own direction and are selling the produce direct, either to the retail dealer or to the consumer. Facts of this character have forced upon the public mind questions in relation to land tenure, to the law of entail and primogeniture, that hitherto have aided in the intrenchment of a landed and privileged class, accustomed to separate itself to a very great degree socially from the bulk of the people. Then I noticed there is a growing discontent in regard to the public schools, or board schools as they are called in England. It is true that these schools give a free education, but it is doled out more or less as charity.

"When I looked at the population of London, and caught a glimpse now and then of its lower strata, I was lost in such amazement that I was almost dazed. There is a large population there of which we have no type here—men whose fathers and mothers were evidently starved, and whose children have grown up starved; whose lives are of the most tentative kind; whose existence is not only a struggle, but a perpetual fight with famine.—New York Letter.

An English Family at Home.

An English husband and wife at home, M. Narjoux tells us, are an amazing pair—martyrs to the spleen and addicted to overeating. The mother concerns herself very little with her children. Immediately they are old enough, they are sent to boarding schools. When the boys grow up they go to the colonies, and when the girls leave school they start in chase of husbands. It is because English parents see so little of their children that they feel no pang when their offspring depart for the antipodes; hence to the boarding school system are directly traceable the colonizing propensities of the Briton. Even when her children are at home the British matron has very little time to devote to them, since she has to attend the meetings of innumerable philanthropic societies and to listen to the sermons of the fashionable preachers.

Dinner is always eaten in melancholy silence. "If the children speak the mother corrects them; the father feeds calmly on. From time to time one or other holds his or her glass or plate with a 'please,' 'thank you,' or 'more,' and that is all." After dinner the ladies and children retire. The gentlemen remain—if there be only one, he stays by himself—and to them or him are served "fiery wines, such as sherry or port, spirits or sugared wine, in which ginger and cayenne pepper have been infused." If the hard drinking Briton takes, as he usually does, more than is good for him, his wife makes no remonstrance. She is "so accustomed to this 'natural accident' that she thinks nothing of it.—Boston Herald.

They Made Him Explain.

A man and his wife, with eight children, running from a babe in arms up to a boy of 12, crossed on the transfer boat recently to take the Atlantic Express. The children were chubby, healthy and sunburned. The man said he was going back to Kansas. In answer to inquiries he said he had been living in the state eight years. Some surprise was expressed by bystanders that a man should wish to return to Kansas after being so long here, and he was asked in what part of Oregon he had been living. He said at French prairie. "Good heavens!" said a man, "what do you expect to find in Kansas better than French prairie?" "Why, that is one of the finest portions of the state," said another. "You will never be contented to live in Kansas again." The man looked a little sheepish and said: "Well, you see, my wife's relations live there, and she kind o' wants to be with them." That settled the matter.—Portland Oregonian.

Taxation on Personalty.

The late William H. Vanderbilt, for some years after he inherited his great fortune, paid no taxes on his personal estate. He "swore off" his taxation on personalty. That is to say, he maintained, when applied to for an inventory, that his debts exceeded the value of his personal estate. This became such a scandal that in 1880 he confessed to owning personal property in excess of his debts to the value of $1,000,000, and on that amount he paid taxes each year until his death, and on that amount only. It is now known that he left at least $53,000,000 in taxable securities, of which all but $8,000,000 has escaped taxation.—Chicago Tribune.

Awful Lonely.

"Ma," said Polly Caution, "the Liberty statue is that of a woman, isn't it?" "Yes, dear." "Won't she be awful lonely out on that island without a man to look after?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

An insurance painter—Honesty is the best policy.

A PLUCKY SOLDIER.

DRAGGING A WOUNDED COMRADE OFF THE FIELD AT GETTYSBURG.

A Drummer Boy Who Had to Shoulder a Musket—His Excitability While Under the Confederate Fire—A Perilous Journey.

"Speaking about pluck," said Col. Higgins, of Waverly, of whom a reporter had just been making inquiries, "there goes a fellow whom I saw do as nervy a thing as I witnessed while I was in the service."

The reporter looked across the street in the direction in which the colonel had nodded, and saw Dick Enderlin plodding along, hands in pocket, in his matter of fact, indifferent sort of a way.

"It was at Gettysburg," remarked the colonel, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "You probably know that Dick enlisted as a drummer boy. He was in my company, and he beat a drum for all that was out; beat it so hard that you couldn't find drum heads enough in the army to keep him supplied, and a short time before the Gettysburg fight he came to me for the sixth or seventh drum head, and I just gave him a gun. He kicked a little, but took it, and made pretty good use of it afterward, too.

IN THE WHEAT FIELD.

"Toward the close of the first day's fight at Gettysburg our regimental line was stretched along the crest of the ridge, adown the side of which was a field of wheat almost ripe enough for the reaper. Much of it had been cut that day, and more was destined to be cut on the morrow—cut by shot and shell and swept by the musketry of the two armies. On the opposite side of the field, and but a frightfully short distance away, were the rebel lines. Twice that afternoon we had charged across that wheat field in the effort to drive the enemy from their position, and twice had we been driven back, leaving many a dead and wounded man among the standing wheat. The wheat was so high that when lying down one could not be seen by the enemy, and for some time before the charge was ordered we had occupied the position described, keeping up a sharp fire on the enemy, and receiving as good as we sent in return. I couldn't help but be amused at Dick. In order to save the men as much as possible, I directed them to lie down to do their loading, and only rise to deliver their fire; but Dick insisted upon standing up all the time. Three or four times I yelled at him to keep under cover or he would get hit, but, in a few minutes, excitement would get the better of him and he would be on his feet again, loading and firing as rapidly as he could handle his piece.

"When the sun had gone down and the shades of night had checked the firing considerably several of us were standing grouped together, looking out over the field of wheat, wondering what had been the result of the day's work and what would be the result of the morrow, when we heard some wounded man, way over in the wheat, groaning terribly. His moans were sickening to listen to, and it got so after a while that I couldn't stand it any longer. So, taking off my haversack, I handed it to Enderlin, who was standing by, and remarked that I was going for that fellow.

A TICKLISH UNDERTAKING.

"This, as every one knew, was a pretty ticklish piece of business, for, although it was then night, the moon was shining, and at every rustle of the wheat that indicated the possibility of its being moved by a human being the Johnnies would send their musket and rifle balls through it in a way that made it very unhealthy for any person that might be concealed there.

"Still I resolved to chance it, and getting down on my hands and knees I began to worm my way through the wheat in the direction of the groans. I had got but a few yards, however, when I felt some one grasp me by the leg, and I heard Dick's voice:

"'Look here, major,' he said, 'you mustn't go out there. You might get killed, and we can't spare you; let me go.'

"'Why, I don't believe you could get the fellow in, Dick,' I replied; 'he is probably hurt so bad that he has to be carried, and I don't believe you could carry a man in that way and through that wheat.'

"'Well, you just come back and let me try it,' said Dick, 'I'll bet you that I bring him in.' Saying which, Dick bolted ahead, worming his way on his belly through the wheat, as carefully and cautiously as possible, so as to avoid attracting attention, while I returned to the line and awaited results.

"He was gone a long time, so long that I began to grow uneasy, but finally he made his appearance, crawling on his stomach through the wheat, and on his back, with his arms clasped around his neck, was a poor devil whose hip had been shattered by a musket ball.

"'Where did you find him, Dick?' I asked him, as we lifted the poor fellow off his back.

"'He was within a couple of rods of the rebel lines,' was Dick's reply, as he crawled to his feet and stretched himself after his long trip.

"'Dick,' said I, 'you are a sergeant.' Of course I meant in embryo, for at that moment there wasn't any vacancy, but there were plenty of them within twenty-four hours."—Chillicothe Leader Interview.

Indian Girls Badly "Smitten."

The gravel train that left here a short time ago had a thrilling experience at Indian Town. It appears that the good looking old and young fellows on the train have been flirting with the gay young ladies of that burg just the same as they do with all young ladies that will flirt with them. From a succession of waving of 'kerchiefs, etc., the Indian girls become "smitten," just like white girls when their fairer sisters do, and they wanted a "talk" with the train boys.

But they wouldn't talk. They passed to and fro daily, but they had no time to talk. In fact, the cast iron rules of the Central Pacific prevented such foolishness. However, the "maidens" were determined that they should stop and have a friendly "talk," and did stop the train, all orders to the contrary; and this is how they did it: The train went down to Sunol and came back in a few minutes. It was backing, and as it neared the home of the dusky maidens the conductor saw a lot of ties and lumber piled over the track. The airbrakes were put on and the train stopped just in time to prevent it from being ditched. On each side of the obstruction the maidens had gathered, and their ugly faces smiled when the train came to a halt.—Pleasonton (I. T.) Star.

Story of Lord Churchill.

Lord Randolph Churchill now has this that follows told about him: Having an appointment with a peer, whose secretary did not know him by sight, that gentleman made a mistake, and when Lord Churchill came into the room the secretary walked up to him exclaiming: "Ah, Mr. Jones, I believe! His lordship expects you, sir." Lord Randolph drew himself up and angrily demanded: "Sir! Do I look like my secretary by the name of Jones!"

Oscar Wilde is now so fat that estheticism and he may be regarded as strangers.

1859-1886

Great Reduction

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