

HE STOLE A PRESIDENT.

In the ante-bellum days of steam-boating, away back in the '50s, among the many fine fancy steamboats that ran in the Louisville and New Orleans trade...

She was owned and commanded by the late Capt. John Coleman, of this city, and his son Tom was clerk of her. Old Jimmie Hughes was head engineer on her and it used to be a subject of common remark that he was seen "on watch" without a guage stick in his hand...

When "Old Zach" was to be inaugurated President of the United States, committee composed of high officials and the most distinguished citizens of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Memphis, Louisville and Cincinnati were selected to accompany him from one city to another on a special steamboat chartered for the occasion...

The citizens committee at New Orleans visited the levee for the purpose of selecting the boat that would leave that port, stop at the plantation of the "old hero," and convey him from there to Vicksburg.

A WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE. Last Friday evening, about 5 o'clock, says the Lewisburg Journal the wife of Mr. Samuel Huffnagle, residing in West Buffalo twp., about two miles from Millburg, committed suicide. We obtain the particulars of the sad affair from the Millburg Times.

It appears that she had been melancholy, but it was not imagined that her mind was impaired to such an extent that she would commit so rash an act. Her husband was away from home some distance, and a four year old daughter was the only one near when the woman did the deed.

Now when you come home take good care of her rest of them. This is my last.

It is said that she also left a letter to her husband, the contents of which are not made known. An inquest was held by Samuel Geigen, Esq., who impanelled the following gentlemen as a jury: Dr. Steans, W. L. Hubler, J. M. Barber, James Moss, D. W. Sankey and C. Z. Badger.

Mrs. Huffnagle was the daughter of Mr. Isaac Zeller, of West Buffalo twp., and was about 24 years of age. She leaves two small children. The remains were interred on Sunday forenoon in the Dunkard cemetery.

plying for virus know where it comes from or how it is obtained. To supply this imperative need are various institutions known as vaccine farms, the largest of which is within the bounds of Pennsylvania. Situated at Marietta, Lancaster county, surrounded by the fertile hills of the beautiful Lancaster valley, and bordering on the placid Susquehanna is the most complete virus farm in the world.

HOW THE FARM WAS STARTED. An interesting history surrounds the establishment of the farm. Dr. Alexander who has made the subject of inoculation one of deep study was one day informed that a full-blooded Guernsey heifer was a victim of spontaneous inoculation. An investigation proved this to be true. The animal was housed, carefully treated and developments awaited. The usual symptoms of small pox inoculation were observed—the forming of a crust and fever. On the eighth day the crust was removed, the affected parts carefully cleansed and a quantity of purest bovine virus was extracted from the sore.

THE PROCESS OF RECOVERY. After this operation, which never is performed twice upon the same animal, the heifer is again washed and stabled. They are supplied with food the tendencies of which are cooling, and the brutes remain quietly stabled for a week. During the time the process of healing is in progress the angry appearance gradually subsides, the sores are covered with a healthy-looking surface and the pox slowly disappears. In from eight to ten days after the extraction of the virus the animals are perfectly well, exempt from small pox and none the worse for their unwilling contribution to the interests of science. They are then returned to their owners.

THE STORY OF A RUNAWAY ENGINE. Light engine 10 passed here at forty miles an hour; nobody on her. Such was the telegraph message flashed over the wire from the operator at Webster to the train dispatcher at Como one night during the winter of 1883.

THE PROCESS OF INOCULATION. On the third day the heifer is taken to the operating room and placed generally after a severe struggle, upon the operating board, to which it is strapped, neck, body and legs, effectually preventing any violent movement. Two shavers with razors rapidly shave the hair from the inner and back portions of the upper part of the hind legs. This operation is painless. Then the lance is used to scrape the tough skin to the flesh until the serum or liquid of the blood appears. Six spots about the size of a half-dollar are scraped on each shaved space. Now comes the painful part of this seemingly cruel operation, during which the poor brute twitches violently and with its expressive eyes almost appeals for mercy. A scarifier, such as is used to vaccinate human beings, is vigorously used and soon the quivering flesh presents an appearance resembling raw beef. From ivory points, each of which is heavily coated with virus obtained from former subjects, the inoculation is produced, accompanied by the tremulous vibration of the heifer, which is more frightened than hurt at this stage.

AN IMMENSE VACCINE FARM. During the small-pox epidemic, which has been raging in this city for the last few weeks, the thousands of people who applied to the physicians and board of health have created a demand for an immense quantity of vaccine points. But few of those ap-

plying for virus know where it comes from or how it is obtained. To supply this imperative need are various institutions known as vaccine farms, the largest of which is within the bounds of Pennsylvania. Situated at Marietta, Lancaster county, surrounded by the fertile hills of the beautiful Lancaster valley, and bordering on the placid Susquehanna is the most complete virus farm in the world. This valuable source which supplies every city in the United States and every country in the world was started by Dr. H. M. Alexander, of Marietta, in 1880.

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A party consisting of H. K. Mulford, a prominent druggist of this city; Professor W. T. Stewart, G. W. McMullin, of Philadelphia, and Geo. Small, of York, visited the farm yesterday to inspect the modes employed in preparing the virus and shipping it. The farm employs from thirty to fifty hands in the capacity of gatherers, packers, shavers, inoculators and shippers. The stock used is of the finest of Jersey, Devon and Holstein heifers ranging in age from 8 to 10 months, never over a year and recruited by the gatherers from the surrounding country, from the farmers, who are paid so much for the hiring of the animals. Lancaster county's farm land's the most celebrated in the world, are excellent sources of supply as the rich grass causes the cattle to be in the very finest condition. The heifers are brought to the farm in two conveyed by a patent cart which amply provides for the comfort of the animals while en route for the farm. Upon their arrival they are thoroughly cleansed and placed for a day upon a diet of oats and middlings. The next day they are fed on corn, oats and middlings. This diet causes fever, which makes the heifer more apt to thoroughly take the inoculation.

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THE MEANEST MAN FOUND AT LAST. The meanest man in all this land of Union, America went down from Lincoln, Nebraska, into Kansas the other day. Mind you he wasn't a Nebraskan; he was an interstate emigrant coming from somewhere east of the Mississippi. At Wymore there is a merchant who carries his stock in a basket, and he is famous all that land over for his popcorn. He came on the car with his wares, and this mean man, who was with his wife, little child of perhaps 3 years, and his father-in-law, asked the price of popcorn. Five cents a package. That was too much. He didn't want any. After the merchant left the car, the mean man said: "I want some o' that 'ere popcorn, but I kin git it cheaper than that. Presently he

Anybody hurt? No. Where is light engine 10? She's here, towed in by the passenger train at Como came the sequel.

Light engine No. 10, in charge of engineer Jack Hartzell, had orders to run from Kenosha Summit to Webster regardless of the passenger train which was due there near midnight. Besides himself and his fireman, Roadmaster Dan Kelly (now a resident of Denver) were in the cab. Four section men were in the back part of the coal tank separated from the men in the cab by a wooden gate to hold back the coal. This latter fact was unknown to the dispatcher.

When half way down the mountain the engineer lost complete control of the engine. He applied the reverse; no effect. The tank and water brakes were set, but the speed was not lessened. Some of the intricate machinery of the little Masoengine was broken, and she was plunging down the steep mountain incline and around the sharp curves at a rate of speed that threatened destruction to herself and death to her occupants.

Engineer Hartzell jumped and landed on the ground uninjured, the fireman came next, and then the roadmaster. The latter escaped with slight bruises. By this time the section men in the coal tank began to realize that the engine was running at a frightful rate of speed, and one of them remarked to his companions: "If Jack is going to run like this I am going to get off. He climbed over into the cab only to find it deserted. His face blanched and he was so terror stricken that for several minutes he did not move. Then he went back to his companions. The engine at this time had attained such a velocity that to attempt to get off meant certain death.

On rushed the engine down the steep grade with its four frightened occupants, who sat motionless in the fearful anticipation of a momentary collision with the overdue passenger train.

Crash! The little engine was motionless. The occupants were unharmed. There was no jar—Could a collision have occurred? One of the section men leaped to the ground. The engine was standing in a little sag in the track with a hundred foot of up grade ahead. Some parts of the intricate machinery had broken and had caused the sudden stop.

The passenger train! The thought flashed through the mind of the section man, and with a promptness born of long experience he seized a lantern from the signal of the engine and started down the track.

As he turned the first curve the head-light of the delayed passenger train flashed into sight. The lantern waved across the track. Toot, toot, resounded the whistle and the train came to a standstill. It was probably the most miraculous escape in the annals of railroad-ing.

Many of the passengers had been complaining to the conductor of the passenger train about being late. When they realized that the delay had prevented a horrible accident and had probably saved them from a frightful death, they were profuse in their apologies, and some with their wives and children aboard fervently thanked God for what they considered a divine interposition of Providence.

The dispatcher had mentally resolved that the operators at Grant and Bailey should be discharged. When he learned that the four section men had been occupants of the engine, he felt grateful that the two operators had fallen at their desks the engine would have been sent crashing into the river and four human lives would have been unaccountably sacrificed.

A combination of accidents had prevented a dire calamity.—Denver Republican.

A sad warning to spring lovers is cable from the land of fandangos and bullfights. A young girl has been officially huffed to death. Young men cannot be too careful.

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A ROMANCE IN LONDON LIFE.

The London correspondent of the Toronto Week writes:

I want to tell you something I heard as I came from 'Partners' the other night. About forty years ago a Mrs. Munroe, a childless widow with a large fortune, took a house in Curzon street for the season, and wanting a companion, betrothed her of her niece Jessie, the eldest daughter of a clergyman in Scotland, a young lady only just out. The girl was written for, came, and proved a great success; for she was an excellent dancer, exceedingly pretty, and blessed with a good digestion, and, consequently, with a good temper. It was after the May drawing-room, at which she had been presented, and at the ball at St. House, that Captain—shall we call him Nemo?—meeting her for the first time, fell desperately in love before the end of the evening. A few rides in the early mornings by the Serpentine, a few 'drums' in Arlington street or Park Lane, the opera twice, the theatre once, endless dinners routs and balls, and then, just at the end of the season he proposed and was accepted. The lover having little money Mrs. Munroe generously agreed to give her niece an allowance, and insisted on the marriage taking place in town, instead of upsetting the quiet little manse close to the loch on the east coast. So St. James', Piccadilly, was filled with the elite to view the ceremony one early autumn morning, and Miss Jessie in orange blossoms and Brussels lace sat in the old barbaric fashion through the long wedding breakfast, afterwards in flounced gown and round-curtained coronet going with her bridegroom for their honeymoon to the Italian lakes. Capt. Nemo was a sailor and soon to start with his ship for a cruise of fifteen months. I think there was a talk of his wife joining him, but the station selected was an unhealthy one, so after all she remained in England with her aunt to look after her. Letters were to be very regular, and the time would soon pass. When the letters were all written and received, and the very last of the fifteen months had dragged itself away, the day arrived on which Jessie was to meet her husband at the railway station. No one was on the platform but Mrs. Munroe looking white and strange who gave him a note to read and then took him to his pretty little empty house from which the inmate had flown that morning to Paris. The poor lady wept, asked that her carelessness might be forgiven; she had been duped, deceived and would never see the wretched girl again. Captain Nemo was quite gentle. Yes, he would try to die with her that night, and they would talk over what was best to be done. Then he went into the morning room where Jessie's miniature was still hung on the wall; and an hour afterwards, when they went to call him, he was found dead with a bullet through his heart, clasping her portrait and her cruel letter in his cold fingers. There being no "World" or "Truth" in these days the scandal was quietly hushed up. After a time Mrs. Nemo appeared again in London but none of her old friends noticed her; her own people sternly cast her off. Mrs. Munroe answered no appeal and formerly refused any communication, and finally when she died left not a penny of her fortune to the ering niece who had so grossly deceived her. So year after year came and went, and matters grew from bad to worse. A woman educated so long ago was not so likely to be able to help herself as is the Girton-trained girl of the day, with her practical common sense, and it became more and more difficult for her to keep her head above water. Within the last ten years, however she has found occupation and if you like to come with me some afternoon I can show you where a small, spare woman in neat bonnet and shawl, with fine china-blue eyes and lint-white hair, diligently sweeps a crossing in the heart of her old neighborhood which small woman is Mrs. Munroe's niece the girl who was presented to the Queen, who danced at St. James' Piccadilly, and had an Italian honeymoon. She refuses all help now from any one. How do I know this? I was told the story by a connection of her husband. Do I think it's true? Emphatically yes.

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