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ON TOP OF A CHIMNEY.

As I was leaving the yard one evening to trudge back to the bits of rooms we were forced to put up with since I came to this town in order to get better wages, I was called to the office by the foreman. "What's your present job, Lindsay?" he asked, and I told him. "Humph! that can stand over for a day or two, can't it? Stubbs has fallen ill again, and you must take his place."

I didn't care to be shifted before I finished what I was about, but a journeyman bricklayer, with a wife and children looking to him for bread, cannot afford to be too particular, and so I held my tongue.

"You must go to God's Brewery tomorrow morning and finish that chimney," the foreman told me. He gave me a few more directions besides, and then went his way while I went mine, not very well pleased at the prospect before me.

I suppose I never ought to have followed the trade, for though I'd gained myself a good character as a steady workman, I had never been able to overcome a horror at being perched at any great height. In the country, where the buildings were low, I managed well enough, but in this great city there were roofs on which I could not stand without this dread oppressing me, nor look down without feeling as though something below was tempting me to fling myself over and end at once the miserable sensation, which no effort of mine could shake off.

This huge chimney the foreman had ordered me to finish was reckoned one of the highest brick chimneys in London. We were all proud of the job, which had been carried on so far without a single mishap, but I had earnestly been hoping that I might not be sent to it, and it wasn't till the workmen had got almost to the top that I began to breathe a bit more freely, and trust that it would be finished without any help of mine.

Once at home with the youngsters' merry prattle in my ears, I forgot my uneasy feeling about the morrow's job, but the moment I dozed off to sleep it came back upon me in a hideous dream. I thought I was falling down, and just as the crash of my body striking the earth seemed inevitable, I woke up with a start to find myself bathed in a cold perspiration, and trembling in every limb.

No more settled sleep visited my pillow that night, and it was a relief when the booming of the clocks dispelled my frightful visions, and warned me that it was time to face a reality.

The morning was bitterly cold and boisterous, scarcely a soul was to be seen in the deserted streets at that early hour, and the dull thud, thud, of my footsteps sounded mournfully in the stillness reigning around. At last the great chimney loomed in sight, and gazing up at its immense height, I shivered at the thought of being on top of it, and forced to look down on the sickening depth below.

If it had not been for the name of the thing I should have gone back; but the thought of Bessie and the children spurred me on; so, buttoning my jacket tightly around me, I began to ascend the staging. In my journey upward I passed many costly-secured windows, and remember thinking, rather enviously, how nice it must be to be rich and sheltered on such a morning from the biting cold in a warm-furnished bedroom.

Some fellows would't mind the least bit if they were perched on the top of St. Paul's on the coldest of mornings, provided you supplied them well with beer; but I wasn't over-strong limbed, any more than I could pretend to be strong-minded; so what to them was nothing, to me was almost death itself.

The higher I went the more I missed the cold appeared to be, and my fingers became quite numb by the hour's frost that was clinging to the sides and spokes of the ladders. After a while I stood on the few boards forming the stage on the summit of the shaft, and giving one glance downward, my blood turned cold like ice, and I realized the immense depth to which I had come.

Giving myself a shake to get rid of the dizzy sensation that came over me, and unhooking from the pulley the tub of mortar which my mate, waiting below, had sent up, I at once began my solitary work.

I had been hard at it for more than an hour, and was getting a bit more reconciled to my position, cheering myself as I worked, and with the thought that each brick I laid was bringing me nearer to a finish when all at once a fiercer and colder blast than before came shrieking around the chimney. I was nearly overthrown, and, in the endeavor to recover myself, I tilted the board of mortar from off the edge of the shaft on to my frail standing place.

It is second, to my intense horror, I felt the board tilt, that were on them gliding away from the chimney, and, in a few moments I should have been lying, a mangled corpse, below, if I had not succeeded in flinging my arm over and into the hollow of the shaft, where, as the scaffold and its load of bricks crushed downward, I was left hanging, with certain death awaiting me the moment I loosened my hold.

My first impulse was to throw my other hand over and draw my body up, so that I could be partially across the top of the shaft. In this I was successful, and continued to balance myself, half in the chimney and half out.

There for some time I could only cling with frenzied desperation, praying earnestly to be saved from the horrible death threatening me; and when these vain, ungodly, unchristian, and unprofitable prayers ceased to be of any avail, I turned my thoughts to the outside of the shaft.

Not a bit of scaffolding remained within many yards of me—and that but the poles, with a few boards dangling to them—and there was nothing to break my fall should I quit my hold.

Shudderingly I drew my head over the shaft, for there the darkness was my danger, while to gaze on the scene which out brought the old feeling of being dragged back to me in full force.

Then I began to think of the wife and little ones whom I had left snug in bed, and bitter tears came into my eyes as I wondered how they would live if I were taken from them. The thought brought me back to more selfish ones, and I kept asking myself, "Must I die? How long can I hold on with this fierce wind besetting me? Is there no hope? Will

no one, seeing how I am placed, strive to rescue me?"

Again I turned my eyes downward. In the court-yard of the brewery and in the street below people were fast collecting; windows were being thrown open, and women and children, shrieking and sobbing, were gazing from them at me. The crowd below thickened, running higher and higher. A large kite fluttered steadily and nearer. How I tried to grasp the cord with the other as soon as it was within reach, comes vividly before me now. But it never did come within reach, a gust of the breeze carrying it far away, and dashing it to the ground.

An hour passed on, and though clinging to the brickwork, it was almost unconscious of cold and fear had no remedy but in ruthlessly breaking the solemn, sacred tie that binds them. A vague, restless feeling seized upon me or both, producing discontent, engendering a certain thought of present bondage which exists only in fancy, and creating a feverish desire for new associations and spheres, which are supposed to be more fitted and providentially designed for the mind and heart. No escape but in cutting the knot. It is a delusion. The marriage relation, in all its history, was never expected to be entirely free from misunderstanding and discord. Foolish to think that the whole mortal life can flow on like the early stream, without a ripple or an eddy. Home is a school, a discipline, whereby husband and wife are to grow into each other, getting rid of their angularities, harmonizing their peculiar characteristics, and more and more becoming one in thought, sympathy and life. The true blessing of wedded souls is not insured by a simple exchange of plighted faith. It comes through and after many a self-denial, many a renunciation of the will, many a scourging of the resentment, anger, pride, vanity, and passions of the heart. It is true here, as in other relations, that he who respects his life shall lose it, and he that loathes his life shall save it.

By this communication a stouter and stronger rope was sent me. But my danger was not over, for in my weakened and unsteady state, it was a perilous slide down it. At first I could scarcely brace my nerves up sufficiently to launch myself over the brickwork, and my head turning dizzy for a moment, I thought myself about to fall. I slowly descended until about half the distance was accomplished.

Then the horror fear seized me. "What if the rope should break or not be securely fastened?" and dreading each second that my fears would be fulfilled, in feverish haste I slid on.

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Other hands than mine finished the shaft in calmer weather, and, on a more securely-fastened scaffold; and I, well content for the best of little wages, soon got over the shock of my near fall; but, as I go to and fro to my work, and look up to the huge chimney, I often recall with a shudder the hour when I clung to its summit, counting the moments, each one of which seemed to bring me nearer to a dreadful death.

Waste in Steam Engines.

This waste arises from a variety of causes—1st, bad firing, which means cold combustion; 2nd, insufficient surface of evaporating surface, and in condition of that surface, either from internal or external deposit or both; 3rd, a faulty proportioning of the parts of the boiler to each other and to the work to be done, which causes heated water to be carried over the steam—4th, a cause of deficiency of evaporation, which, however, so far from being as a rule, is a waste of steam, is a waste of the boiler.

But firing may result in the fire being too thick or, too thin or irregular. If too thick the carbonic acid that is generated by the combustion of the lower part of the fuel with which the air first comes in contact is changed in its passage through the upper part of the fuel into a second gas, by absorbing from the fuel a second volume of carbon. If this gas, carbonic oxide, does not meet with free atmospheric air, and meet with it at a suitable temperature in the upper part of the furnace, it must remain uncombusted, and will pass through the flues or tubes of the boiler and make its escape into the air, carrying with it the valuable uncombusted carbon of the coal in a gaseous form. It is commonly said that smoke is uncombusted fuel. This is true; but it is not commonly recollected that there may be invisible smoke arising (even from a coke-fire) which shall contain the highly combustible ingredient carbonic oxide gas. When it is remembered that every pound of coal burnt into carbonic acid is capable of evaporating about 12 lbs. of water from 212 deg., while a pound of coal, converted into carbonic oxide, is capable of evaporating but 4 lbs., it will be seen how necessary it is that no mismanagement of the fire should cause a portion of the fuel thus to escape unburnt into the chimney. Another defect in the management of a fire (an opposite defect, as it were) by which coal may be wasted is the admission of too much air; and this arises when the fire is too thin in relation to the chimney-draft, or when (a more common evil) it is thin in places, owing to the negligence of the firemen in keeping it properly leveled.

The way in which waste arises from these causes is that unnecessary air is introduced into the fire at a temperature of say, 60 deg., and that this air has to be heated, and then (even if the heat be abstracted from it, as far as practicable by the boiler) it will escape up the chimney at a temperature of from 200 deg. to 300 deg. in excess of that which it had; and the whole of this excess represents wasted coal. Thus, on the one hand, it is of importance that there should be a proper amount of air to secure the perfect conversion of the carbon into carbonic acid; and, on the other hand, it is most desirable that this amount should not be exceeded, involving the necessity of uselessly heating air not wanted for combustion. Such a happily balanced state of things it is almost impossible but not absolutely impossible, though only attained at comparative trials, and when these trials are conducted by highly skilled men.

Matrimonial Incompatibility.

The Rev. Dr. Peabody, in a late essay, touches upon this delicate subject after the following fashion:

The truth is that the greater proportion of the so-called incompatibilities and incongenialities of domestic life which are so often made the ground for the dissolution of the matrimonial bond, are inadmissible as a justifying ground for any such dissolution, and could be readily overcome and blotted out of existence if the parties most concerned had only the will to do it. A couple are no sooner married than they find that differences of opinion and mutual jabs cut, and all is not gold that glistens; and then one or both straightway imagine that there is no remedy but in ruthlessly breaking the solemn, sacred tie that binds them. A vague, restless feeling seized upon me or both, producing discontent, engendering a certain thought of present bondage which exists only in fancy, and creating a feverish desire for new associations and spheres, which are supposed to be more fitted and providentially designed for the mind and heart. No escape but in cutting the knot. It is a delusion. The marriage relation, in all its history, was never expected to be entirely free from misunderstanding and discord. Foolish to think that the whole mortal life can flow on like the early stream, without a ripple or an eddy. Home is a school, a discipline, whereby husband and wife are to grow into each other, getting rid of their angularities, harmonizing their peculiar characteristics, and more and more becoming one in thought, sympathy and life. The true blessing of wedded souls is not insured by a simple exchange of plighted faith. It comes through and after many a self-denial, many a renunciation of the will, many a scourging of the resentment, anger, pride, vanity, and passions of the heart. It is true here, as in other relations, that he who respects his life shall lose it, and he that loathes his life shall save it.

A Long Dance.

Jimmy Kennover finished his thirty-one hour's dance at 2 o'clock at night, says a Valhalla, California paper. Jimmy kept in locomotion throughout the whole time unaided, only taking a brief recess for the purpose of bathing his feet and having a brief respite. At this time he showed few symptoms of over-exertion. His feet were slightly swollen, but he otherwise seemed as fresh as when he commenced. His exertions were bathed by his trainer with brandy, which proved a most excellent specific for the purpose for which it was used. Before the expiration of the ten minutes allotted Jimmy began to feel sleepy, and was glad to begin his exercise again as soon as possible. At frequent intervals he drank wine with raw eggs as an invigorant. His appetite was also keen during the trial, and he ate heartily. When the last twenty minutes before the elapse of the thirty-one hours had come, Jimmy, who it seemed, had husbanded his strength to the close, let himself out. He seemed as fresh and more vigorous than when he first began, and he danced the last three dances with an energy and a heartiness which would have put to blush a youth of sixteen. Jimmy, in fact, did not stop when 3 o'clock struck, but kept on going for nearly ten minutes longer. When the rest was finished he departed with his trainer for his lodging, where he was placed in a hot bath, rubbed down, and put to bed. The spectators during the evening enjoyed themselves in singing and dancing, and passed the time very agreeably. Jimmy slept calmly and peacefully until 7 o'clock the next morning, when he arose and dressed himself. He made his appearance on the street that forenoon, apparently as fresh as ever. For a person sixty years of age, the feat which he has performed is truly remarkable.

How to Deal With Blackmailers.

The *Journal of Commerce* very sensibly says: We do not undertake to advise a person exactly what to do when a blackmailing call to try his game upon him. We would not deliberately recommend throwing him out of a third or fourth story window into the street. If an honorable man is transported with just indignation at the sight of a blackmailing man to be attacked with "temporary insanity," and should hurl the fellow through the window, sash and all, we think it would be hard to convict him of homicide. Similarly, if he should kick the scoundrel down three or four flights of stairs and give him a parting "nose" at the door, which would land him in a mud puddle in the middle of the street, we could safely insure him against excessive damage for assault and battery. Much must be pardoned for the glow of righteous wrath; and these summary processes do have the advantages of neatness and dispatch but we will not gravely commend their adoption. The blackmailing man is handed over to the police. If he attempts to escape arrest, he should be detained, with whatever force is necessary to keep him quite and docile. Some people would employ more force and others less. Those unfortunately impulsive persons who cannot restrain themselves, would possibly mark him with a black eye—and that would assist in his identification—but the great object is to keep the scoundrel fast and tight till the policeman responds. In the present public humor, we think that jurors and judges would make short work with these crawling pests of society.

Horrors of Cuban Warfare.

A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from the battle-field of Viameses, in Cuba, where the Spaniards lately defeated the Cubans, gives a terrible picture of the horrors of the war now desolating that island. "No prisoners are ever taken. The enemy's wounded left upon the battle-field are slain by the victors. Their throats are cut; their arms and legs are cut off; in some cases the top of the head is cut off with a machete—a large heavy knife resembling a broadsword; and in some instances, the bodies are too shockingly mutilated for description. Such treatment of wounded men is a disgrace to civilization.

Casablanca.

When I was a boy, nothing ever affected me so much as the story of Casablanca. My boyish breast was rent in twain, torn to two, broken asunder as it were, and the copious tears, that's the word—copious tears rolled from my eyes in ecstasies, and you could see the drops they took for a while; but by two clean streaks down my cheeks.

I have attempted to recite it dramatically on the stage, but I would be so overcome by the terrible story, that I invariably broke down and never succeeded in getting the boy off the burning deck, whence all but him had the good sense to flee.

I longed to emulate him, and one day, fired by reading it, I rushed out and set the pig-pen afire, and got upon the roof and stood there, "beautiful and bright as a born to rule the storm," and I cried aloud, "Say, father, must I stay?" and my father came running out and said he guessed not, and jerked me down so quickly, and went to work on me with a barrel stave, that I thought the deck had blown up, and the enemy's hundred-pounders were still blazing away.

This boy that stood on the deck's name wasn't Casablanca, but plain Tom Dickens; and during the battle his father had told him to stay where he was till he came back, and he stayed there. He had probably tried that little game of disobedience before, and knew what it would result in. Now, in my boyhood I have often done a good many things which seemed heroic, when in fact, I was constrained to be heroic for fear of getting an unmerciful kicking; and after all, I never got into the life. The true blessing of wedded souls is not insured by a simple exchange of plighted faith. It comes through and after many a self-denial, many a renunciation of the will, many a scourging of the resentment, anger, pride, vanity, and passions of the heart. It is true here, as in other relations, that he who respects his life shall lose it, and he that loathes his life shall save it.

A Child Seized by a Panther and Saved by a Dog.

A panther recently attempted to carry off a child in Nevada. The child, which was a little girl three years old, was playing before the open door, while its mother was sweeping. The panther, which had crept near, suddenly leaped upon the child, seized her by the shoulder, and turned to flee with her, when a powerful and ferocious mastiff that was lying in the house, near the open door, dashed out and seized the panther by the throat. The wild beast dropped the child, which was not hurt, and then a furious fight ensued between the panther and the mastiff. The dog tore open the panther's throat with his teeth, and the panther tore the flesh from the dog's sides with its claws. The mother of the child rushed out and rescued her darling from beneath the feet of the maddened combatants, carried her into the house, and then seizing a loaded rifle that was standing in a corner, she hastened to the help of the mastiff. She fired almost at random, but the bullet struck the panther in the shoulder and passed clear through his body. He fell to the ground, and the dog, now utterly furious with the rage of combat, soon finished him.

Second Sight.

When I was a child and read fairy tales, I used to wish that I had had the "second sight," that I might go where I chose without the knowledge of any other mortal. I can't say I wish it now, for if people use me as they do other folk—and what more likely?—I should be apt to be in a chronic state of rage on account of the ten, fifteen, or twenty years added to my age by my doctored friends, who know me first when "I was a married woman and they were only school-girls." I should hear criticisms on my dress, and my "tricks and manners," and hear old bachelors speak of me as a designing widow, on whom it was dangerous to call in Leap-year.

No, I've given up my desire for the "invisible eye," but I really should like to have second sight. It must be convenient. If I had an old Scotch uncle or aunt possessed of the accomplishment, I should sit down and write to him or her, and say:

"Make your abode with me for life. Live in my heart and pay no rent. You will be more useful than the washerwoman, and more necessary than the cook." And I should not set that aunt or uncle to washing dishes. I should provide her with a big arm-chair and a bottle of whatever is necessary, and set her to "speering" forthwith.

There she would sit in her chair, all hands, and when I said, "I'll have codfish for dinner, she would say:

"Don't do it, Mary."

And I would say:

"All the Topspices are coming to dinner. I see um."

And then I should make a preparation of roast and boiled, and of dessert and after dinner coffee, to say nothing of the bread and butter, and the sugar and the Topspices burst into the hall together.

When I put on that light silk dress and that new bonnet, and took that new parasol in the fingers of my new gloves, with a blue sky overhead, perhaps Aunt would begin to groan and would say:

"Beware! bidie at home."

But wouldn't it be better than to be caught in the rain? I should think so.

She would have visions of Biddy giving away the cold mutton to her cousin at the area gate, and would know why we always had so little butter and so much soap-fat.

In fact, she would be better than any private detective, and no end of a comfort to everybody.—*Ledger*.

The Origin of Words.

Most men, and women, too, desire fame, or notoriety. Yet a great name may come to base uses. St. Etheldreda's name became shortened to St. Audrey, from whence came the word "taudery," signifying cheap and gaudy. It is said that the images of the saint were so much over-dressed by her votaries, that they unconsciously furnished the English language with this very expensive term. And further endorsement was given to the word by the fairs held on St. Etheldreda's day, at which articles of female finery were sold. Another sainted lady, who lived in the same century, the seventh, gives a household name to the cat. "Tabby" is said to come from St. Abbe. Two towns in England are named in her honor, Tabby, but come from the corrupted name "Tab." "Boston," as some few people know, is St. Botolph's town, shortened; and there is in the American name as well as the English Boston, a street named "Bulph," after the saint.

Among the most curious derivations is the Turkish name of Constantinople, Stamboul. The colloquial phrase among the Greeks to designate the place was "eis ten polin," "to the city." Of this the Turks make "Istambul," and, finally, Stamboul. In an effort to produce English words in Turkish form, a Turkish scholar contrived to get no nearer to "stamboul" than "Ascender." The transformation in this case is curious as Stamboul, from "eis ten polin," York, from the Latin Eboracum, would seem to present at the first glance little resemblance to the original.

The process of change in common usage was something of the following: Eboracum, Eborac, Eborwic, Eboric, York. This is almost equal to the derivation of the name of a pickle from Jeremiah King; Jerry King, Jer King, girkin. But colloquial changes are not always to be despised. They mean history. The common expression, "a game leg," for a lame leg, would at first seem to be making sense of a misfortune. The true word is "gam," old English meaning, defective. We have Cambridge in great numbers in the United States, in places where there is neither a river, can, nor a bridge. Every machinist knows that a "cam" is the name given to a piece of machinery which causes an eccentric motion. The river Cam is a crooked river.

Names of places in this country are meaningless in their application, except as in the case of old towns, showing where the first settlers came from, like Chester and others. There are many Nottinghams, but those who date their letters in these towns, and who do not know that they are not the fact that the respected ancestors of some of us were troglodytes and lived in caves. Nottingham, the original name of Nottingham in England, signified "the home of the dwellers in caves" and antiquarian examinations have found traces of the residences of these cave-dwellers.

Such are a few of the curious transformations to which words and names are subject, while as yet people were unable to read. The sound changed the orthography, and thus nearly every trace of the original disappeared in the course of time. If the world were in like condition now, with no printed books and newspapers to preserve the correct spelling, wild work might be made even with prominent names. Fidelity would hardly be recognized by the founder, could he return. Bawltmore would be a puzzle to Lord Baltimore. Two other leading cities, when mentioned together, seem to have in the sound of their names a distinction as to age, namely, New York and Newer Leans, though the latter loses a syllable in the second word to the enrichment of the first.

A Sad Scene.

During the progress of the reconstruction of the ruins of the Centre street fire in New York, where seven lives were lost, relatives of those who were missing also crowded about the ruins, and with eager and watchful eyes panned upon every object which they thought resembled a human figure. Among others was the young man, McGrath, whose sister is among the missing, and who remained in a position above the workmen the entire afternoon. At intervals of an hour he would leave the ruins and hurriedly cross the street, where was sitting shivering with the cold an old woman, thin and poorly clad. Approaching her at one time with tears in his eyes, he said, his voice quivering with emotion,

"There is no sign of her yet, mother; I'm afraid we'll never find her."

"Oh, Mike, don't say that; let us place our trust in God."

The young man walked quickly across the street and was again at his post watching as intently as ever. The presence of the old lady, together with her violent sobbing, attracted many around her, but she seemed to take no notice of what was going on, keeping a steady gaze upon her son. When it began to grow dark he left the building, and coming over once more to his mother, asked her to go home, as nothing more could be done. At first she was unwilling to comply, but at last went off in the direction of the cars. When she had left the son turned around, and in a low voice, scarcely audible, said:

"God help her." In conversation with the writer, Mr. McGrath said that his sister and himself kept house for his mother that she might enjoy the latter days of her life in comfort. "I know," she said, "she can never bear up with this loss, and what is most troubling me now is that she as well as my poor sister will soon leave me."

Mrs. Donohue, who lost her two oldest daughters (her main support) at the fire, was unable to bear up under her loss, and lost her mind. Around her bedside clung her four remaining children, who were crying, but who are yet unable to realize the critical condition of their mother or the sad and untimely end of their other sisters. The mother was slightly better yesterday, and spoke very rationally, but it is believed if she is permitted to view the remains of her two girls that she will never recover. Her entire cry yesterday was: "Oh, the worst is to come yet." Father Mooney, of St. Bridget's Church, made allusion to the unfortunate girls yesterday, and asked the congregation to pray for them.

After dark the scenes in and around the station-house where lay the body of Fanny Stewart were appalling. Mothers who had lost their children, and who had watched the labors of the workmen all the afternoon, with their feet imbedded in the cold, damp snow, called on the Captain to procure information of "what would be done on the morrow?" "if he thought all the other mothers as afflicted as the one I am," and hundreds of other questions which he answered as best he could.

A New-Mexican Love Chase.

In New Mexico, where young ladies are scarce, five men wooed the same damsel. The lovers, it seems, were all equally poor and—disreputable. The girl didn't love any of them, but she feared all of them. As the wooing waxed warm, the lovers began to indulge in threats of shooting and throat-cutting, and one of them, more savage than the rest, declared he would cut the throat of the girl himself sooner than see her the wife of any of his rivals. This so frightened the girl that she resolved on flight. Making ample, but secret preparations, she fled one morning, on horseback, to the rancho of a friend, distant nearly a hundred miles from home. The next day her flight was discovered, and the five lovers set out in pursuit, every one of them determined to catch her and marry her, or die. They rode in company till the horse of one began to fall behind, when he insisted that the others should slacken their speed, so as to give him an equal chance. This they refused to do, whereupon he drew his revolver and began to fire on their horses. This so maddened the four other lovers that they opened fire on their assailant, and shot him and his horse, but not till he had wounded and lamed two of their horses.

The owners of the two wounded horses, seeing that they would be distracted in the race, demanded that their comrades should give them an equal chance by all going on foot. This proposition being declined, a second fight was immediately begun, which ended in the death of two of the combatants, and the wounding of the other two so seriously that they could not proceed.

After two days of suffering, the wounded men were found by a party of explorers, and sent to a cabin, where they could have such help as the limited resources of a frontier settler's family could supply. There one of them soon died, and the other, after a long illness, convalesced sufficiently to ride away on horseback in search of some old companions. He did not propose to go in pursuit of the girl again, as he had heard of her marriage to a cousin who was still with the bowie-knife, and a dead shot.

Beware of Poisoned Tea.

A physician from the country was passing a down town restaurant a few days ago, and feeling a little famished after a long ride in the cars, he stepped in and ordered a cup of black tea. Almost immediately after partaking of it he felt sick at his stomach, and soon he commenced vomiting, which continued throughout the night. Twenty-four hours afterward he had not fully recovered. The doctor attributed the effect to veridigris in the tea, which may have been used as coloring matter, or derived from the copper pans on which the tea was dried, or from the vessel in which it was drawn.

We have heard of other instances in which veridigris was discovered in black tea.—*Exchange*.

A Pumpkin Pie.

A pumpkin pie, ten feet in diameter and four feet deep, was the chief feature of a California dinner recently. The enjoyment of the guests was somewhat marred by a child falling into the pie and drowning before their eyes.

Items of Interest.

A thrifty farmer in Madison, Ind., has drunk the value of a load of hay once a week for sixteen years.

There has never been a season when the Connecticut tobacco crop promised so many Havana cigars as this.

A Maine branch of promise suit, fourteen years old, has at last been terminated by the death of both parties to it.

A Belgian, to whose mind and love for his servant girl a wife, sister-in-law and son were obstacles, removed them by cutting their throats.

A Choctaw avenue (St. Louis) girl frankly confesses that her advocacy of the woman's rights movement is due to an insane desire to wear red-top boots and a pistol pocket.

Mrs. Mary C. Mast, widow of the late register of deeds of Leavenworth, Co., Kan., has been appointed by the Board of County Commissioners to succeed her late husband in that office.

A Georgia woman is credited with having raised a large family, although not out of her teens. It was her mother-in-law's family, and she did it with a keg of gunpowder planted in the cellar.

The Khedive of Egypt has ordered the wedding outfit of his daughter to be made in Paris. One of the items of the order is flounces of point d'Alencon at \$80 a yard, and \$50,000 of other lace are to be added.

A parent in New Albany, Ind., who had fifteen daughters, has poisoned his dog, taken the locks of the doors and hung rope ladders over his doorway fence by the dozen, and still the provision bill is as ever.

Miss Florence Birney, a daughter of General Birney, has been learning to set type in the office of the *Dedham* (Mass.) *Gazette* for the past six months, and last week she went South to assist in editing a newspaper.

A maiden of sixty lately died in Westmoreland, England, and left \$500,000 to a gentleman who had captured her mature affections. The will is now being contested on the ground of irregularity, incapacity, and ignorance.

An ill-used husband around the Iowa (Kan.) *Register* office makes this observation: "If Susan B. and her confederates get shut up in prison for illegal voting, we know lots of men who will urge their wives to try voting next time."

Nattie Chosen, a young woman of sweet fifteen, in Alhambra, Shawano Co., Wis., will give her left hand to her husband in marriage, if she ever gets one. Her right hand was shot off last week while she was gracefully caressing a revolver.

A young woman in Virginia, feeling socially inclined toward a neighbor the other side of a formidable fence, and having no horse convenient, made the transit in safety and dryness recently by taking two chairs and using them as stilts.

The Cleveland girl who shot Henry Prinz, otherwise known as Harry Maynard, the gymnast, whose home was at Syracuse, gets off with no punishment at all, the grand jury before whom the case was called believing the shooting to have been accidental and refusing to indict her.

The great-grandfather of Thomas Edward died at one hundred and fourteen; his grandfather at one hundred and four; but the father died at the early age of sixty-seven. His young son, Edward, now only ninety-five, recklessly committed matrimony with a child of seventy. This is what comes of being an unadvised orphan.

There are in Austria twelve prisons for men and six for women. The number of prisoners at the end of last year was 10,422 of both sexes. The number of persons who died in prison during the year was 552. Every prisoner is obliged to attend school regularly, and popular lectures are delivered to the prisoners on Sundays and holidays.

Albert C. Abbott, fireman, of Charleston, injured at the great fire, died in the hospital, aged thirty-three. At the time of his injury he was engaged to be married to a young lady, and at the desire of both parties the couple were married three days before the young man's death. His brother was buried in the ruins at the same fire, and the mother died from grief at her bereavement.

Noble county, Ohio, a county of 400 square miles, with a population of 20,000 persons, has not one single grogshop. The liquor nuisance was abated there in 1870 by the enforcement of the Liquor Law. "Not a felony has been committed, not a glass of liquor sold, not a death, not a prison term, not a fine for two years; nor have the criminal courts had a solitary criminal to try for any offense."

Immense quantities of butterflies lately visited the city of Florence, in clouds so dense, says the Italian papers, that the gas-lights were obscured, and the streets at night rendered almost perfectly dark. The municipal authorities immediately ordered fires to be lighted, which attracted the insects and burned off their wings, so that in a short time the streets were covered with their white bodies to the depth of half an inch, as if with a fresh fall of snow.

The term horse-power, as applied to steam boilers, is so indefinite that it has come to be regarded by many engineers as practically valueless. A committee recently appointed by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, recommended that its use be discontinued. One of the members said that horse-power, as the term was used by different engineers and boiler-makers, indicated an actual power, which in one case sometimes varied one hundred per cent. from that in another.

The *Panama Star* and *Herald* gives a striking illustration of the vigor and rapidity of vegetation in the tropics, by referring to the bushes and trees growing in the ruins of the burned Aspinwall Hotel at Panama. It is scarcely more than two years since this conflagration took place, and yet there are now growing within the walls trees at least thirty feet in height. They belong to what are called trumpet trees (*genus Cecropia*) and the branches are said to be crowding out of the highest doors and windows, so as to render it probable that in their further growth they will throw down the walls with which they are interlaced.