

HENRY A. PARSONS, Jr., Editor and Publisher-

years.

Did he miss her?

grinding economy.

said :

went abroad.

full perfection?

in his young days.

die they say."

ety.

in a fleecy

twilight.

a sweet voice say:

over her own hard heart.

Here was surely interest, variety, but

Love was offered more than once, but

met no return, and she sighed heavily

In Rome, where the party lingered

many weeks, Georgina lived a new life of delight in seeing what she had im-agined in hours of reading, what her father had often described to her, hav-

ing visited the Eternal City as a tutor

"Holeroft is here, down with

" Die !" Duncan Holcroft !

perceived to the balcony. Could the wide world hold

Wrapping her head and sh

she had left London.

"Where?" some one asked, indiffer

never ease for the old heart-hung er. What would fill her life, round it to its

NIL DESPERANDUM.

Two Dollars per Annum.

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1877.

items of Interest.

NO. 42.

When a Colorado man is asked whether he likes to be lynched, he says, "I'll be hanged if I do."

did twenty years ago.

A flight of butterflies recently passed through Falls county, Tex. They num-bered into the millions.

It was rough on a fellow to have to get up in the middle of the night and hunt around for another blanket. But it was rougher to find that the blanket wasn't there.

other day, "boots blacked inside." Couldn't for the life of us think why mybody wants the inside of his boots blacked. Should think it would ruin a fellow's stockings.

inquired a venerable gentleman of the mother of an impertiment youngster. "The sauce age, of course," replied the mother. The sage saw it.

In South Africa rawhide is used as a ubstitute for all kinds of cordage. It is made into the drag ropes for the wagons, headstalls for the oxen, bridles for the horses, cordage for thatching the huts, slips for bottoming the beds, chairs and stools.

Railroad traveling in France is very while in England during the same period one was killed in 12,000, and injured in 336,000.

made.

An ingenious use of carrier pigeons is on record. They were employed in Bel-gium to smuggle tobacco into France. Each bird carried a certain quantity of Each bird carried a certain quantity of the weed, and two dozen pigeons per day were regularly dispatched. How long the new industry had been estab-lished is not stated, but one day it came to grief. A bird was too heavily loaded and he dropped with his burden, ex-hausted, into the Seine. A police in-quiry resulted, and the whole business was exposed.

BY ALICE CARY. Among the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall Is one of a dim old forest. That seemeth best of all : Not for its gnarled oaks o'den, Dark with the mistletoe : Not for the violets golden That sprinkle the vale below ; Not for the milk-white lilies That lean from the fragrant hedge, Coquetting all day with the sunbeams And stealing their golden edge ; Not for the vines on the upland, Where the bright red borries rest : Nor the ninks, nor the pale sweet cowalin It seemeth to me the best. I once had a little brother. With eyes that were dark and deep : In the lap of that dim old forest He lieth in peace at sleep. Light as the down of the thistle, Free as the winds that blow, We roved there the beautiful summers. Corners. The summers of long ago ;

But his feet on the hills grew weary, And, one of the antumn eves, I made for my little brother A bed of yellow leaves.

VOL. VII.

Pictures of Memory.

Sweetly his pale arms folded My cheek in a meek ombrace, As the light of immortal beauty Silently covered his face ; And, when the arrows of sunset Lodged in the tree-tops bright, He fell, in his saint-like beauty, Asleep by the garden of light, Therefore, of all the pictures That haag on Memory's wall, The one of the dim old forest Seemth the best of all.

HER HEART'S SECRET.

" If you refuse Duncan Holcroft you are a complete idiot, Georgina Gilroy, and I wash my hands of your affairs altogether.

Mrs. Cassowin sails majestically from the room where Georgina, her niece, remains nervously clasping and unclasp-ing her slender white fingers, and wondering why matrimony should be a positive duty in the cole by which she had been educated. She is only twenty-two, slender, fair, and looking about sixteen, with her waving golden hair and out puzzled her.

soft, brown eyes. She has two hundred pounds a year, all her own, and why can't she be allowed her.

to live a quiet life unmolested, Since her own parents died, about three years ago, she had been dragged from the country parsonage, in which her father lived and died, saving the little fortune for Georgina by close econo-my, to her aunt's fashionable home, such

as her mother pined for throughout all

pallor left her checks and lips, and she was just her sweet shy self again. Then he left her. Left her to meet such wrath from Mrs. "I think I have always loved you," she sobbed, "only I know it, at last!" "I cannot die now," he said. Cassowin that she rose against her bitter "I will go to Grandfather Gilroy, since you are so tired of me," Georgina And he did not. said.

Clasping Georgina's slender hand fast, he found the life-giving sleep all nar-cotics had failed to give him; waking said. "I would! Go bury yourself in that wretched little farmhouse at Fry Cor-ners; you, who might lead the fashion here, Duncan Holoroft's wife!" after many hours to see loving eyes un-They were married when the priest came in a few hours later, the good sister still remaining to share the nurs-But even Fry Corners was preferable to Georgina, to the prospect of leading the fashion. ing. But the life-giving joy was Georgina's love, and all the restless discontent left her happy life forever when once she

She shivered at the thought, shy little country flower, and accepted her aunt's ungracious dismissal. It even seemed as if she threw off a

knew the secret of her own heart, Mrs. Cassowin says she can't under-stand why Georgius had followed Dunburden as she stepped from her luxur-ious carriage at the station. Mrs. Cassowin, slightly remorseful, was at the last moment willing to revoke her decree of banishment, but Geor-ging would not see the day of twocan Holcroft to Rome, when she might as well have had a proper wedding and reception at home; and Georgina has gina would not see the flag of truce, only half unfolded, and went to Fry never explained.

Fry Corners sees her no more, nor will her husband make her a slave to fashion or society, but hand in hand, thoroughly one in heart and mind, they It was not a fascinating abode, a small farm, managed by a miserly old man and one maid servant of seventy or find useful work and tender charity to thereabout, whose life was a burden be-cause old Mr. Gilroy had failed to make her his wife, after accepting her attenfill all the leisure hours when friendship's calls are answered.

tions for a matter of thirty or forty Fashion Notes.

Long, close-fitting sacques with double-breasted fronts are the popular shape for low-priced cloaks. Georgina had the free, open country, perfect liberty to do as she pleased, and the command ot her own income. Short round skirts are gradually mak-

the command ot her own income. But she was not happy. "I do believe I am naturally of a dis-contented disposition," she thought, as she wandered up a shady lane. "I've got all I want, a country home, old women to help, and children to be kind to. I can play Lady Bountiful to half Fry Corners on a small scale. I have miles of good, useful sewing, plenty of books, my own piano, nobody to scold me, no finery to worry over, and yet—I —I wonder if Duncan Holcroft cares be-cause I have gone?" ing their way into popularity. They are cut quite narrow, and are short enough to escape the ground behind. A single scantily pleated flounce or else two narrow knife-pleatings form the plain border around the edge. As woolen materials are so heavy, modistes are making sham lower skirts

of cambric or of alpaca for heavy woolen suits, merely trimming them with flounces of the wool, or else facing them with woolen goods from the knee down. cause I have gone ?"

Some of the handsomest imported dresses are made with the round waist, What made that question leap to her what hundred times a day. She had refused him, put him out of her life, and yet she thought of his court-ly manner, his grave, gentle kindness, which, of course, must be worn with a belt.

The "Breton " costume is only worn his real conversation, so different from the society small talk that wearied and by little girls; its glory having departed from "big" folks. With satin brocades and embossed

velvets has come in the Queen Anne She felt herself such an atom in his style of dress, high ruff and all. circle of friends; so lowly and little, compared to the belles fluttering ever Handkerchiefs are stowed away in

pockets no more, but are carried in the hand or attached to the waist. in his view, so ignorant and insignifi-cant, that she could only wonder when she remembered the honor he had paid Valenciennes lace is more in demand than point lace. The "Holy Grail" Spring flowers faded, summer bloom pattern and other sacred designs, copied from robes in convents, are the choicest.

died, autumn fruits were gathered in, winter snows melted. It was May again, and Georgina had very much resembles the old " Dolly been one year at Fry Corners. The old farmer had failed in that year, and very tenderly and pitifully his Varden" cloth; as it is covered with large designs, such as birds, insects and

A great joy lighted the languid eyes, "For you! Georgie, do you love me at last?" THE WRECK OF THE HURON.

one of a United States Man-of-War-Over One Hundred Persons Lose Their Lives-Thrilling Statement of a Surviving Of-

The loss of the United States man-ofwar steamer Huron off the North Carowar steamer Huron off the North Caro-lina coast during a heavy storm adds another item to the sad record of dis-asters by sea. Out of a list of about 138 officers and men only thirty-four persons were saved. One of the four surviving officers—Ensign Lucien Young—tells the following thrilling story of the wreek: About ten minutes past one A. M. I was aroused by the thumping of the ship when she struck bottom hard. The cap-tain sang out as he came from cabin :

when she struck bottom hard. The cap-tain sang out as he came from cabin : "Hard down," meaning the wheel. I put on a coat and pair of pants, and then ran up on deck and found that it was blowing a fresh gale. I then heard the order, "Brail up the main trysail," and assisted, but we could not take it in. I then asked the captain if we should throw the guns overboard? He said : "Yes, do it as quickly as possible." We got the pennant tackles hooked to the lee We got gun, but could not remove it, because she had bilged, and we could not get the gun over for the sea. The captain then ordered me to burn all the signal I

could. In the meantime all the port boats and cutter had been carried away. The ship was lying on her port side, bilged; her broadside inclined about forty degrees, and the seas breaking clear over her. I next went into the cabin and saved two boxes of Costar

lights, and sent up five rockets besides burning over one hundred signals. The sea was then caving in the cabin rapidly.

When I heard the order for "all hands to go forward as quick as possible," I hurried the quartermasters who were with me and some other men to go forward. As I passed the cabin door Mr. French asked me if that was all. I stop-ped and told him "Yes." Then he said: "We must be quick." We all started forward together. I had held on to the Catling when a ward hear a same Gatling gun, when a very heavy sea came over and washed me and about five others down to leeward. All but myself went under the sail and were drowned. I was caught in the bag of the sail and had both legs hurt by being thrown against the gaff. I then regained the gear of the nine-inch gun, and worked myself forward, though I saw Mr. French go in the main rigging. Also saw a number of the men standing in starsaw a number of the men standing in star-board gangway and in the first launch and another lot of men underneath the topgaliant forecastle. I succeeded in getting upon the topgaliant forecastle, with the assistance of those men already there. A number of men had on life-preservers and one rubber balsa was rigged on the forecastle. Two or three of the men lashed themselves to the bowsprif. Every one was perfectly cool

bowsprit. Every one was perfectly cool and showed no signs of fear. The ma-

TOUGH TO THE LAST. Jumping from a Train and Running, Swim-ming and Fighting while Wounded. Deputy Sheriff Edsall, of Chemung county, N. Y., was on his way to Roch-ester on an Erie railway train, with Mike Murphy, a criminal who had been sentenced to the penitentiary. When two miles west of Kanonah, and while the train was running at the rate of thirty miles an hour, Murphy jumped from the car. The train was stouped

from the shore standing opposite the wreek looking at it. I told them to go further up the beach and do all they could to save the men, as they appeared to be landing up there, with a very strong current running up the coast. We pulled out several more of the men. I asked the shore people where the life saving station was. They said there was one seven miles and another four miles down the beach. I saw a man on horse-back and sent him to the upper station for assistance and to telegraph to Wash-ington for assistance to the wreck. This was about seven A. M. Then I saw Mr. from the car. The train was stopped as soon as possible. The officer went back, expecting to find the mangled body of his prisoner. He found the ground torn up for twenty-five feet along the track where Murphy had tambled and ploughed through it. There was blood on the ground, but Murphy was nowhere to be seen. Some men work-ing near said they saw Murphy jump off, and that he had picked himself up and told them the conductor put him off. He had started across the fields on a run. He was sighted by the officers was about seven A. M. Then I saw Mr. Conway, who had just landed. I asked the men on shore why the life car was not there. They told me the life crew, conthere. They told me the life crew, con-sisting of thirteen men, were at Roanoke Island. I asked them why they did not bring the life car up. They said it was locked up in the station, and they were afraid to break open the door. I told them if they would come with me I would break open the door and get it out. Five of them volunteered to go. I neted them if they are our simple and a run. He was sighted by the officers nearly a mile away. The sheriff started in pursuit. Murphy plunged into Five Mile creek and swam across, and ran up along the stream. The sheriff crossed asked them if they saw our signals, and they said they did, even the very first signal. I then walked and ran down the beach with these men to the station. We the stream in the same way, and gained rapidly on the fugitive. When within found no one there, but saw a team coming down the beach, which proved to be that of Sheriff Brinkley, of Dare county. I broke open the door, got out the mor-tar and lines, broke open a locker and found powder and balls, which Sheriff Brinkley brought up in his team, but when I got back to the scene of the

An Arizona Fight.

Says a recent issue of the Prescott (Arizona) Enterprise : Yesterday afternoon quite a ripple of excitement was created in our usually quiet town by the appearance of two genuine border ruffians on our streets. They first made daylight through him, and he wisely a full gallop, yelling like demons and firing right and left at everything that showed itself, the bullets whistling in

shal, also armed themselves and mount-

showed itself, the bullets whistling in unpleasant proximity to several persons who were on the street. John Baible's dog was the only thing hit by them. Proceeding on down the street, they stopped on the outskirts of the town and reloaded their weapons. Marshal Standefer and Col. McCall med themselves and got into Duprez's barouche and started in pursuit. Sheriff Bowers and Frank Murray, city mar-shal, also armed themselves and mount-

ing their horses, started after them. jumped from the train. How he man-Standefer and McCall passed the ruffians aged to run four miles, swimming a swift

rapidly on the fugitive. When within pistol shot he fired at Murphy, who then jumped into the watea a second time and crossed back again, and continued up the stream. The officer swam wreck all the masts of the Huron were gone and no one was on board.

ruffians on our streets. They first made themselves troublesome at Jackson & Tomkins' saloon, where they drew their revolvers and flourished them in a threatening manner. Col. McCall, who happened to be there, was covered with the pistols several times, and told that if he opened his mouth they would let dedicat themselves and they would let kept still. They then began firing at a dog, and afterward, mounting their horses, rode down Montezuma street at

the creek again. After running half a mile Murphy again swam the creek, fol-lowed by the sheriff. Murphy then struck off into the fields and took the Hammondsport road, which he finally left and made for a thick piece

he finally left and made for a thick piece of woods. In crossing a rough piece of ground Murphy fell. He made two efforts before he could get up. The sheriff was then so nearly exhausted that he was unable to go much faster than a walk. Murphy reached the woods followed by pistol balls. The sheriff had noticed blood at intervals on the trail. When the officer get into the the trail. When the officer got into the

from the car. The train was stopped

woods Murphy was nowhere to be seen. The sheriff walked in, when he was soon almost stunned by a blow across his neck from a club, and, before he could tern, he was siezed by Murphy, who began to shower blows on the officer's head. The latter managed to free himself, and made an effort to use his revol-

ver, but Murphy knocked it out of his hand, and tried to get the weapon him-self. A struggle then began between

the two men for possession of the pistol. By a lucky chance the officer got the club Murphy had dropped, and, spring-ing back, he struck him a blow that felled him to the ground. He then

of flesh having been torn out when he

Great Britain now cultivates nearly 1,000,000 fewer acres of wheat than she

A laboring man named Giles Collins has been fined five shillings in England for making a pet of a Colorado beetle.

The income of Great Britain for 1876 was about \$400,000,000, and of this amount \$170,000,000 came from customs duties on wine and spirits, and excise duties on spirits, malt and licenses.

Saw a sign in a barber's window the

"What is the age of your little boy?"

safe, according to statistics. Between 1872-75 but one person was killed out of 45,258,270, and one injured in 1,025,360,

The will of Mrs. Caroline A. Merrill, the rich New York lady, who, dying the other day, left nearly \$350,000 to Car-dinal McCloskey, is about to be contested. Seventeen nieces and nephews are to be the contestants on the ground that the deceased was insane and was under undue influence when the will was

"Mr. Editor." said he, producing a

a's childhoo

"When you marry, I hope you will return to your proper sphere," Mrs. Gilroy would say whenever she spoke of Georgina gave time, s Georgina's future ; but she never heeded much in those days. Sitting in Mrs. Cassowin's grand

drawing-room, waiting for Duncan Holcroft to come and propose to her, as her aunt informed her he had requested permission to do, Georgina, timid and gentle, felt her whole being rise in revolt.

Was life to be to her what it was to her aunt, a round of calling, shopping, would have made another will. party-going, party-giving, interviews with dressmakers and milliners? Could she not escape to some locality where there were nobler aims and desires? fully Where?

Mrs. Cassowin had expostulated in Hitherto, Georgina had been vain. gently firm.

But on this day even her courage failed before her aunt's wrath at the proposal to dismiss Duncan Holcroft. He came across the wide drawing-

room as she sat thinking, his footfall unheard upon the soft carpet.

He was tall, erect, handsome, past fifty, yet not old ; his eyes clear as a boy's, his iron-gray hair curly and abundant, his gray moustache giving a military air to his well-cut features.

Faultless in attire, courteous in manner, he also possessed half a million atractions in solid investments.

But in Rome, one of the party, lounging in lazily to the general sitting-room of the wide house where they all But all else seemed to him worthless compared to the possession of the slen-der, pale child, who half buried in a lodged, said, half yawning : deep arm-chair, realized as yet nothing of the yearning love in the large, dark malaria !"

eyes fixed upon her. It was scarcely to be supposed that Duncan Holcroft, bachelor as he was, had traveled over fifty years of life with untouched heart, but he had lived over all other love till this one came

and conquered him. It stirred his heart with a sick pain, when Georgina, looking up, paled to her lips, while her eyes were full of fear and trouble, seeing him.

She had always given him a frank, cordial greeting, and he had hoped to win sweeter tokens still from her soft eyes and sweet lips, and instead he had lost what was already given. "Did you not expect me?" he said, gently; "you looked startled." "I did not know you were here, and

it did startle me to see you so close beside me !" Georgina said, a flaming color shooting now over cheek and brow, as she wished herself a thousand miles BWRY.

He spoke to her gravely then, and very, very gently, wooing her most ten-derly, considerate of her youth, her ti-midity; and heartily ashamed, she could only sob and shiver. "Ohild," he said at last, "do

distress you? Am I so hateful to you-

But she interrupted him quickly: "You are not hateful to me," she

said, impulsively. "I like you ever-ever so much, only-oh, why do you want to marry me?" name ? Trembling and white, Georgina crept in, softly laying her hand upon the sis-ter's shoulder : He could not keep back a smile, though his heart throbbed heavily with

pain. "I love you, dear," he said: "I love you far too well to wish to grieve you. Shall we be friends still?" "Oh, if you will," she said, eagerly, ignorant of the stab in every word, "Iet us forget to-day." pered, very low.

As if he could.

But he was a true gentleman, a sin-core, unselfish lover, and he led her on to talk of other mattern till the ashy you to live-for me!"

well?

flowers. A Japanese folding toilet glass is the And, wearying for an interest in life, latest device ; when placed on a dress-ing-bureau, ladies are able to get a front, Georgina gave time, strength, and an unfailing patience to the querulous in-

back and side view of their heads, withvalid, never faltering in her self-imposed out changing their position. duties. He died in May, blessing her with his last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, last breath, and after the funeral, Janet, The fashionable style of hair dressing s very low in the neck. The rows of

puffs worn outside the front of the bonhis old servant, produced a will giving net and resembling false teeth in their stiff regularity, are no longer in vogue. her the frrm and the savings of years of Georgina had known of this, and had

The Telephone as an Aid to Bivers. gently remonstrated when Mr. Gilroy

The Cincinnati Enquirer says : " Mr. "I have more than I spend," she John T. Guyre, the submarine diver, with the assistance of Mr. J. V. Shiras "and Janet has served you faithsolicitor for Bell's telephone, made some experiments with the telephone under But once more homeless, she joined a

water. Divers have always eagerly departy of Mrs. Cassowin's friends and sired a reliable means of communication with those above them. Various plans have been devised, and all abandoned save the first and long-tried one-that of signalling by pulls at the life-rope.

One very successful plan, save of expeuse, was to interpose a reservoir, large enough to admit a man in it, be-tween the diver and the air-pump. Those above spoke to the man in the reservoir, and he repeated it to the diver. This plan operated well. The sound was conveyed so distinctly that the man in the reservoir could hear the diver's hair rubbing against his helmet. This was abandoned on account of its expense. The telephone test was made in the river where the Covington water-

works pipes are being laid. The small-er telephone, the one used for receiving was placed within the dress, lying upon the diver's chest and near his month. This enabled him to get his mouth near enough to talk, but was very dis

ently. "At the hotel where we stopped the advantageous for hearing. Insulated wires connected this instrument with first week we were here. He's going to the one above. Mr. Guyre descended to a depth of eighteen feet. Every Georgina groped her way dizzily unthing he said was distinctly heard above. He found some difficulty in hearing what was said, as the air, passing out of misery as pressed her down ? Like a lightning flash she read the the helmet with a hissing and bubbling noise, somewhat drowned the voice of the telephone. This will be easily remedied by making a telephone of such special shape that it will be near cause of all her restless craving since she had left London. She loved Duncan Holcroft, king amongst men. She had walked away the diver's ear, and removing the air-valve to some point in the dress further from the ear. Mr. Gayre considers its use a fixed fact, and is delighted in befrom her own paradise, closing the door, and Danean Holcroft would die, and

never knew she had loved him. At the hotel where they had stopped ! Why it was close beside them. lieving his perilous business will She could be there in ten minutes. made less dangerous. She never paused to think of propri

Russian Editors and Sub-Editors. The anecdotes regarding the censor-ship of the press in Russia have just had in a fleecy white shawl, she sped along the street, thankful for the gathering the crown placed on them in Moscow. The waiters paused, but led her to the Here the Teatrailnaia Gazette was held to have committed some offence, and an

room. At the door she paused. She could see a sister of charity kneeling beside a high bed, could hear officer of the Press Bureau sent to the office of the paper. No one was present but the publisher, who was at once "She is here, in Rome. When I an sterily summoned to fetch the editor. The publisher left the room, and returned dead carry my message. Tell her I loved her to the last. Yon will find her in a minute or two with a large pair of

at the address I gave you. Georgina Gilroy! You will not lorget the scissors, saying : "Here, sir, is the editor." The officer was rather disconcerted, but soon recovered himself, and exclaimed more sternly than ever :

"No nonsense, fetch me the sub-"I am Georgina Gilroy," she whis-

But low as it was, the whisper reached Duncan Holcroft's ears, and a smile lighted his white, wasted face. "Little Georgie," he said, faintly, "darling, have you come to say fare-

police station to answer for their con-

jority of us got close together on the upper side of the forecastle, suffering much from cold and exposure. The seas would break clear over us and nearly suffocate us. Mr. Conway, watch officer, had one blanket, and shared it with Mr. to throw up their hands and surrender, instead of which they opened fire on Danner, Mr. Loomis and myself. We him. Tullos, one of the desperadoes, slid off his horse and fired three shots at

sounded over the side and found about six feet of water. A little while after we sounded again and got seven and a half and eight feet. We then saw lights one point on the starboard bow, and we gave three cheers and repeated it several

him. Running across the road, Tullos got under the bushes and commenced to times. We then saw that the flood tide was making in fast, and the sea breaking load his revolver, still refusing to surover us worse. We here saw our first launch, the only boat left, stove in, and it knocked Captain Ryan and Navigator Palmer overboard. I then saw two men render, when a shot from the sheriff's revolver stretched him lifeless, Vaughn, his companion, kept firing away, but was soon bronght down with a bullet in killed on the forecastle. Mr. Conway his head, but was not killed. There suggested that we make some effort to get a line on shore. I said I would at-tempt it and called for some one to put fatal shots. the balsa overboard, when a three-inch line was made fast to the balsa and the some lowered overboard, but it fouled

with the jibboom forguard and other spars. I got down on the torpedo spa and worked about ten minutes to clear the balsa, and called for some one to

help me. Mr. Danner came down part of the way and said he was too weak and could not get on. I told him it was our only chance, and he had better try. He said he could not and would hold on awhile. Williams, one of the seamen, came down then and said he would go. In about fifteen minutes we succeeded in getting the balsa clear of the spars. could get no more line and First Lieutenant Simons, Mr. White and many others in the forecastle sang out to me "The line is out; cut it and get on

shore if possible for assistance,' I had a small penknife, but could not open it because my hands were so is not a new one to the writer of this, numbed. Williams opened it and I suc- In the early days of White Pine there ceeded in cutting the rope. I was then struck several times by the spars—once in the small of the back and across the hips. We thought the beach ran perpendicular to the ship. It was foggy and we could not see the shore. the line was cut the balsa went toward the stern of the ship and we thought we were going to sea, which was one thing that misled the majority of the ship's company. We paddled the balsa with pieces of panelling. Near the stern of the ship a heavy surf struck us and capsized the balsa end for end, my leg be-ing jammed tight. It held me underbites.

neath the water for a while, but both Williams and myself regained the balsa, when I told Williams to get on the end and we would swim and steer the balsa in, for fear of another capsize. We were thrown over again, and the sea threw Williams away about ten feet. My arm being jammed, I was thrown on my back. When I came up again it was vealed to him the fact that rather still water, so I swam along and pushed the balsa toward Williams, and he got on top, stood up and looked acound. He said that he saw masts of matically thrown upon the floor and dashed with water, to which the hogs, fishing vessels ahead, which proved to be telegraph poles on the shore. I said to him: "Well, steer for it." We capsized twice more and before we knew it we were on the beach. I told Williams to him :

of the muddy porkers, and refused to buy, but later in the day ascertained that the drover had sold his hogs to to haul the balsa up on the sands, in Again the publisher departed, and again returned this time with a pot of paste and a brush. "These, sir," he said, "are the sub-editors." In consequence all four delinguents were arrested, and publisher, editor, and the two sub-aditors marched off to the police station to answer for their com another packer, and was bragging londly that he had not only saved shrinkage, but received more than thirty-seve dollars for the mud which eaveloped ham.

fast as I could, my lege hurting m badly. I found ten or fifteen ing me very

on the other side, and headed them off. stream three times, and then offer resis-Sheriff Bowers and Murray came up on tance to his pursuer, is wonderful. this side, and the sheriff ordered them

> Fight with an American Lion. The Kausas City (Mo.) Times says

There is now on exhibition in the Lin-dell Hotel the rudely stuffed hide of a Bowers, all of them coming pretty close, very large and ferocious-looking monnwhen a charge of buckshot from the tain lion, which was killed a few weeks sheriff's gun brought him down. Marago in Hinsdale county, southwest of Pueblo, Col. Mr. H. J. Minor and a shal Standefer also emptied a load into partner named Henry Shane were en-gaged in running a pack train of burros, or small Mexican asses, over the mountains to the mines in the San Juan country. They had just gone into camp one night in Antelope Park when the liou made its appearance. It appears that

one of the burros had given out from was so much shooting going on that it is almost impossible to tell who fired the exhaustion and had been left standing alone in the snow a short distance from The horse Sheriff Bowers camp. The animal, although almost uuable to move, suddenly gave evidence rode was shot in the hind quarters. This of great terror and alarm and commenced to bray. Mr. Shane started out of camp

to see what the trouble was. As soon as he left the circle of the camp-fire a large

mountain lion sprang upon him from a projecting rock above him, and bore him to the earth. His partner, Mr. Minor, saw the animal spring, and called at once but to Shane to keep still. The lion stood growling over the prostrate man, with its two fore feet on his breast. Minor It dropped the ropes he was engaged in coiling and seized a Winchester rife and fired. The animal dropped and Shane scrambled to his feet and assisted in despatching the ferocious beast. He was hurt slightly about the breast where the claws had penetrated the clothing. The lion is but poorly stuffed, but it is quite a curiosity. It resembles a very large cat, and would measure perhaps

seven feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. It is the largest and best specimen of the Rocky Mountain lion species ever brought to this city.

Lynched by a Texas Mob.

Some three weeks ago says the Houston (Texas) Age, Deputy Sheriff Wil-liams, of Walker county, arrested an escaped negro convict, and was carrying him back to Huntsville to place him in the penitentiary. While on the way back, the negro requested permission to stop for some purpose, and the request was granted by Deputy Williams. The handcuffs were removed from the negro, and as quick as lightning he grabbe A pork-packer of In lianapolis, while

bartering for a car-load of hogs, re-cently, noticed that the backs of the the officer by the throat, and seized his pistol, with which he shot the officer hogs were covered with mud, and an examination of the floor of the car retwice in the breast, and with a knife he then cut the wounded man's throat and left him for dead. The horse of the officer returned home

alluvial accumulation was not a matter of accident, but of design, several without his master, which excited the suspicions of friends, and they immedihundred pounds of clay of wonderful adhesive properties having been systeately set out to ascertain what was the matter. They soon found the bleeding victim, who, despite the attempt of the negro, did not die, and from him they with their well-known propensity for wallowing, had gone with considerable gusto. He did not like the appearance earned of the deadly assault.

A posse was quickly organized by the citizens, and after a long search the murderons convict was captured. Pre-parations were made to make short work of him. He was informed that he had to die, and if he desired to say anything to say it at once, and he then confessed that he had murdered the negro Henry Pearson at Spring Station and fied. Pearson is the same negro for whose

death Hero Dalton was tried before Justice Brashear and virtually acquitted. A virginia sherin aster a mutched as the gal-he wanted to make a speech on the gal-lows, and he replied, "Guess not; it looks like rain, and I don't want to get wet. Go ou with the hanging." Justice Brashear and virtually acquitted. The negro was then strung up to a tree and hung. His body was left hanging to the tree. to a tree

few remarks here on this silver remone tization question which I'd like you to I commence by showing that publish. money is a circulating medium, as it were, and after proving that the ancient Hebrews had shekels of silver, and dealing with the commercial system of the meient Phoenicians and Egyptians, we take in the classic ages of Greece and Rome, when the great sages and philoso-phers-"-!!!! @ @?!!

Sitting Bull's White Chief.

The commission which was sent to Sitting Bull made an important discovery in the fact that the warrior has in his camp a white prisoner, captured at the Custer massacre. Before reaching Fort Walsh rumors reached the commission that Sitting Bull held some of Custer's men as prisoners, and after the first conference one of the half-breed interpreters employed by General Ter-ry visited the camp, and while passing through, was accosted in English by a person dressed and painted as a chief, who said that his name was Martin Ryan, who was a corporal in Company I, Seventh Cavalry, Colonel Keough's company, and had been taken a prisoner at the battle of the Little Big Horn with Custer. Inquiry apparently sub-stantiated his assertion, and the following facts were ascertained : Ryan's life had been spared by Sitting Bull him-self, who adopted him into his own family. Ryan made several attempts to escape, but being carefully guarded was uusuce ssful, and on each occasion he was severely beaten. He has now apparently accepted the situation, and Sitting Bull has made him a war chief and married Ryan to one of his own daughters. Ryan has let his hair grow long in Indian fashion, dresses as an Indian, and is known by the Sioux as the White Chief.

Upon the return of the commission to St. Paul General Terry caused the mus-ter rolls of Company I, Seventh Cavalry, to be examined, and found that Martin Ryan's name is borne as corporal, and that he was present for duty when his command went into that fatal action of June 25, 1876. It was stated by the iriendly Indians that there are several others of Custer's men prisoners in Sitting Bull's camp, but Ryan's case was the only one which was verified. Sit-ting Bull was asked the question direct by General Corbin if he took any prisoners of the Seventh Cavalry, and answered flatly, "That is none of your business.'

The Teacher's Overcoat.

The Boston Commonwealth relates this school anecdote: "Francis Gardner, the late head master of the Boston Latin School, was noted for his economy of wearing apparel, upon which he prided himselt, and frequently lectured the boys on the folly of extravagance in that direction. One day he came into the recitation-room of a lower class, his well-worn overcoat flapping at his heels, as usual. The lads, all of whom had just reached their teens, looked up from their books to see what was coming. 'D'ye see this coat?' said the old teacher, stroking the sleeve of the venerable garment approvingly, and glancing over his shoulder for the rear effect. 'How many shoulder for the rear effect. 'How many of you boys can say you have worn a coat for forty years, as I have this?' There was a general laugh, is which the doctor joined, when, a moment later, it dawned upon him that his coat must have seen the light a quarter of a century pefore may of the boys were born !"

front team, while the oxen were kept in the road by the dog, which gave its orders by barks and enforced them by

A Novel Swindle.

Virginia sheriff asked a murde

was the only harm that befell the pursning party. Knowing Dogs. The Austin (Nev.) Reveille says

Willie Bargess, who drives a team of sixteen oxen, hauling wood, has a valu-able assistant in an intelligent dog. The animal is of no particular breed, possesses remarkable sagacity. knows exactly what position the should keep and how the oxen should go, and runs by their side and barks at

them and bites their heels when they go wrong. The cattle seem to understand what the barks and bites mean, and obey them as intelligently as they do the commands and prods with the goad

given by their human driver.

The sight of a dog driving an ox tear was a man engaged in hauling ore down from Treasure Hill to what is now Hamilton, who used for that purpose two ox teams, one of which he drove himself and the other was driven by his dog, a large yellow cur. The road wound with many curves down a steep mountain, but all that the man found it necessary to do was to attend to the rakes of both teams and guide the