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" Battle with Life." Bear thee up bravely, Strong heart and true ; Meet thy woes gravely, Strive with them too ! Let them not win from thee Tears of regret. Such were a sin from thee, Hope for good yet !

VOL. VIII.

Rouse then from drooping. Care-laden soul ; Mournfully stooping 'Neath grief's control Far o'er the gloom that lies, Shrouding the earth, ht from eternal skies Show us thy worth.

Nerve thee yet stronger, Resolute mind ! Let care 10 longer Heavily bind, Rise on thy cagle wings Gloriously fice ! Till from material things

Pure thou shalt be.

Bear ye up bravely Soul and mind too ! Droop not so gravely Bold heart and true Clear rays of streaming light Bhine through the gloom. God's love is beaming bright E'en round the tomb.

DANDY FERGUSON.

THE HERO OF THE CHAPARAL SHAFT. I do not believe that Quasimodo was a more pitiably deformed creature, or Quilp a more hideously unnatural looking object, than was Dandy Ferguson when I saw him for the first time, that calm summer afternoon, langhing and joking with crowd of boon companions in the cool shade of an awning at Quartz Mountain. His face was seamed and distorted by peculiarly glossy scars-the ineradicable evidence of close and long contact with that shriveling element, fire. His body was bent, and he walked with a sidling movement. He was a sickening spectacle at first sight, suggesting fearful suffering in the past, and my curiosity in regard to him was th roughly aroused.

"Who is that man?" I asked, accost-ing a tall, blue-shirted miner who was standing in front of the post-office. "Don't you know him?" answered

the man; "why, that's Dandy Ferguson. I thought ev'rybody knew Dandy Fer-

guson." "Why do you call him Dandy Ferguson ?

"Because-well, because he used to be a dandy-a reguler out-an'-out sport. When Dandy Ferguson first came to this camp he was a gilt-edged gentle-man, an' no mistake. He wore a plug, an' flashed a spark in his biled shirtfront as big as a peanut. He put on more airs'n a mine superintendent, an' most all the boys was down on him from the start. That was about three years

got out and Ferguson staggered away from the windlass, but his luck went back on him at the last minute. He stumbled and fell just as he came to the jumped through the door of the histin works an' caught hold of the chains. His coat an' hat was gone, an' he looked His coat an' hat was gone, an' he looked like an angel—almost—as he swungover the shaft in his white frilled shirt an' his long yallar hair. It was dandy Fer-guson. He didn't wait for nobody, but jamed a big scantlin' thet two men couldn't alifted, down over the shaft. Then he yelled fur a rope, an' told some near the door to fetch him the ol' win'-lass thet was lyin' outside, near the dum-my. You hever see men work like they stumbled and fell just as he came to the tranway at the door, an' the whole side of the buildin' came down on him with a crash. A hundred men forgot danger an' death, an' rushed into the flames, but Miller, the man that played it so sneakin' mean down in the shaft, got to him first and dragged him out. Ev-erebody thought he was dead, an' the to him first and dragged him out. Ev-erybody thought he was dead, an' the crowd covried him an' Miller—who dropped insensible after he'd got Fergu-son out—to the camp. But Dandy Fer-guson lived through it, though for weeks he lay between life an' death, an' fur months he didn't stir out of a dark room. But there was no lack of heln an' provers my. You never see men work like they dri as soon as ther was a head. The did as soon as ther was a head. The rope an' the win'lass was brought into the works on the jump an' fastened to the scantlin'. Down went the rope and Ferguson shonting after it. 'I'm here, boys, an' I stay till I roast.' Then he grabbed the crank, an' spun the rope round the bar'l faster'n it ever was rolled before. He used one hand first, an' when she tightened he laid the other on. Si Holden wanted to help him but he wouldn't hev no interference. 'Time enough,' says Ferguson, ' when I drop.' It wasn't long before a half-naked body came up. They got the rope off as quick as they could, draggin' Harry Miller out of the works more dead'n alive, tremblin' like a leaf. They thought at the time thet he was scared at the But there was no lack o' help an prayers an' faithful nurses to bring him round. No, sir; an' there wasn't a man, woman or child within a hundred miles o' the Chaparal mine thet wouldn't a crawled Chaparal mine thet wouldn't a crawled on their hands an' knees to watch one hour at his bedside, an' thought it one o' the brightest kind o' honors—you can bet yer life an thet. Yes, sir, Dandy Ferguson is a king in this yer country. He can hev anything or do anything he likes. We'd send him to Congress ef he'd go, but he won't. We've got him here, though, an' I guess he'll never leave. I wish I was one o' them poetry writers; I'd write the bulliest poem about Dandy Ferguson you ever read, you hear me? Yes, he's married. Got married after he came out. Talk about alive, tremblin' like a leaf. They thought at the time thet he was scared at the danger he'd been in an' didn't notice how much exhausted he was; but they found out afterwards thet he'd played it down in thet shaft as mean as one man married after he came ont. Talk about weddin's! That was a weddin'; everycan play it on another at sich a time. You see there was five of 'em in the lower drift, an' when the burnin' tim-bers of the upper works began to drop down they all made a rush for the main body got an invite, an' ev'rybody piled in to see the gamest man in the State in to see the gamest man in the Biate tie to the gamest woman on God's foot-stool. Who was she? Why, Maggie Hildreth, of course. Who else'd it be, I'd like to know? What became of Harry Miller? Well, thet's purty good. Miller, ye see, came out all right, an' you be he didn't rest till he'd begged Bill Shoum's pardon fur leavin' him in shaft. The cage was on an' they couldn't get out till a rope came down. They could see a flicker of light up above, an' yelled till they was hoarse watchin' thet glimmer growin' brighter ev'ry minute, au' knowin' thet the shattin' timber'd blaze mighty soon an' cut off all hope of Bill Slocum's pardon fur leavin' him in their ever gittin' out. It was a terrible their ever gittin' out. It was a terrible thought an you can't blame Bill Slocum fur grabbin' the rope as soon as it dropped down to 'em. Harry Miller jumped 'long side of him, yellin'— '. 'Let go, darn ye, let go ! They can't lift two of us.' 'Let go yerself,' shouts Slocum, turnin' round on him like a tiger tiger. " 'My old mother's up there,' yelled Slocum, pointin' up the shaft. "'My wife's waitin' fur me,' howle Miller. "An, with thet he knocks Slocum down in the drift an' goes up the rope band over hand before the others could

the shaft as he did; but Bill wouldn't have it; said thet Miller'd balanced accounts by savin' the life o' Dandy Ferguson, the man thet saved him. But thet's played. You want to know what's become of him. Well-say, look here, mister, I don't like to own it, but I'm the cuss-I'm Harry Miller. Interdooce ye to Dandy Ferguson? Of course I will, an'you'll never git an interduction to a gamer man, or one it's more honorto a gamer man, or one it's more honor-able to know. An, mister, ef ye ever tell about the Chapparal shaft, an' how Dandy Ferguson stood by thet win'lass in the red hot histin' works, jest throw it in somewhere thet he's better'n four kings in this camp—it'll top off the story fust rate, an', besides, you bet it's no more'n the solid truth." stop him-they'd killed him on the spot ef he hedn't climbed the rope as he did. Served him right? Kerrect, mister, they'd sarved him mighty well right an' no mistake, but he beat thet game. He'd int strength enough to the the The Bonanza "Boss." He'd jist strength enough to tie the slack 'round his waist w'en he give way all at once an' hung to the end of the rope like dead weight, an' Dandy Ferguson a haulin' him out o' A Paris paper says: Who is the richest man in the world is no longer an enigma 1 It was only fit that Paris should this year number among her guests Mr. John William Mackay, of Virginia City, United States, and that its Exposition should be visited by the death. Down went the rope agin, an Slocum was tied on an' hauled up, Ferguson workin' the win'lass like a giant. The cords stood out on his neck like most powerful representative on record of the kingdom of gold and silver. Born in Dublin in 1835, Mr. Mackay went to black-snake whips, an' the sweat poured America when quite a youth, and was Cornishmen stood by him tryin' to make him let them roll up the rope while he house in New York. Toward the end of him let them roll up the rope while he house in New York. Toward the end of rested, but he cussed 'em and told 'em 1852, soon after the discovery of gold, to dry np; he said he was at the wheel, an' he'd stay there ef he died fur it. W'en Slocum came up, the fire was all in winter of that year. Having a natural around an' over the win'lass, an' the two inclination for everything connected with mining, he immediately adopted it Cornishmen grabbed Bill an' carried him out-they couldn't stan' the heat, Ferguson sent down the rope agin, an' as a profession, meeting with all the hardships and ups and downs that are part and parcel of its wages. Commencup come Sam Hildreth, with jist strength nough to make for the door. "The roof over the biler and the pitch ing his career in Sierra county, where he remained several years, he at length on the door-posts was smokin'. Jest as made a "raise," and started for Virginia the rope went down fur the fourth time, City. Here his funds ran out, and he an' we loafin' round on the outside watchin' Dandy Ferguson standin' there worked for some time timbering the Mexican mine at **\$4** a day. As a charac-teristic of the man, it is stated that about this period Mr. Mackay was fre-quently saying that if he could only get like a man at the stake, expectin' every minute to see him drop, an' not a man of us with gumption enough to think what was wanted, a woman rushes into together \$25,000, to make the declining years of his dear mother comfortable, his greatest ambition in life would be the flery furnace an' slings a wet blanket over the bravest, gamest man in the State o' Californy attained. Beset by various changes of fortune he ultimately, in 1863, became associated with Mr. T. M. Walker, and " 'Thet's the ticket,' shouts Ferguson 'You're a trump, whoever you are, my girl, an' I won't furget ye, live or die.' "An' he didn't. It was Sam Hildreth's to this firm was added, in 1865, Messrs. Flood and O'Brien; remaining so until 1868, when Mr. Walker retiring, Mr. sister Maggie, an' w'en she came out o the smoke an' flame with her dress in a Fair replaced him. The stupendous wealth of these four enterprising men blaze, she calls out sharp to the men. "'Keep thet blanket wet. There's then became manifest. They having secured the Hale and Norcross, one of the Bonanza mines, were enabled to procure others, finally purchasing the Consoliwater in the tank. I'll marry the fust man thet throws a bucket of water over Dandy Ferguson-I'll marry him ef he's dated Virginia ground for about \$80,000. a Chinaman. Further acquisitions of territory resulted in their obtaining that marvelous deposit "Them's her identical words, mister, The men didn't need no further orders, of ore known as the Comstock lode. 'cause Maggie Hildreth was the han' With their constantly increasing capisomest girl in the country, an' the best, tal, and the active and incessant efforts made by Mr. Mackay and his partners, the wonderful Bonanza mines were an' hed ev'ry young buck fur miles aroun' close at her heels all the time, handicappin' each other for smiles. But her brother Sam saved her from them eventually opened to the astonished world. Mr. Mackay has three eights of galoots-saved her for a better man, by wetting the blanket himself. About the profit derived from them, and yearly adds to his overflowing exchequer the this time the heat was terrible, one man almost fabulous sum of 60,000,000 francs in the drift an' another half-way up, (\$12,000,000.) This is calculated to crawlin' fast enough in ordinary circum-stances, but hardly fast enough with bring him in exactly 125 francs (\$25) per minute 7,500 francs (\$1,500) an hour, death racin' down on his savior at a twoand \$180,000 francs (\$36,000) a day. forty gait. W'en Jack Harmon came out o' the shaft he stood a minute on the scantlin' swayin' back an' forth like a Little over 42 years of age, Mr. Mackay is still in the prime of life, has a handsome, commanding face, splendid phydrunken man, blinded by smoke, an' besique, and fine presence, and, whether among his miners, in the society of the elite, or in the bosom of his friends and wildered, an' ef Ferguson hedn't caught him he'd a gone back agin. Two more of us hed got in with buckets o' water-'bout all ther was in the tank; but it family, we view in the "Boss" of the "Big Bonanza" all those attributes seemed to dry off as fast as we poured it on, fur the blanket was smokin'. W'en which go to make up the thorough man and the courtly gentleman. the rope went down fur the last time, to haul up Joe Harper, the scantlin' was Fireproof Clothing. Mr. Sieborath, of Dresden, has been experimenting with a view to find some cheep substance that would prevent of he didn't come out soon the whole ladies clothing from burning with flame. Weak solutions of alum were not satisshebang 'd give way an' bury him; the sides was in a light blaze, an' the place where the win'lass stood was the only factory, but a five per cent. solution of phosphate of ammonia proved quite successful; the impregnated clothes did not burn with flame, but were merely destroyed by carbonization. Lastly, a spot where even Dandy Ferguson could 'a' worked. It must 'a' bin an awful strain on him-thet last pull-but he never owned it, an' bimeby up comes solution containing five per cent. phos-phate of ammonia was tried on linen and Joe, bravest man in the camp I reckon, reach down about two hundred feet to where the men was. They were clean gone with excitement, au' didn't know what to do, en' the fire roarin' and crack-lin' like the devil's own blaze, "Some rushed one way an' some another, while some of them stood starin' into the hot, black smoke an' valler fire, dszed, scared, helpless. Quicker'n it takes me to tell it a man" barrin' Dandy Ferguson, 'cause you see

TIMELY TOPICS.

Three dray loads of silver dollars were lately drawn to the United States treas-ury in San Francisco. The entire value was only \$300,000.

Edison, the famous inventor, said to a Chicago reporter who asked him if he had ever been in the western metropolis before: "Yes, I was here thirteen years ago. I had a linen duster, \$2.50, and a railroad pass. I was not interviewed then."

The oldest man has been gathered to The oldest man has been gathered to his fathers. He was a German, living in Geluhausen, and was 148 years old when he died. His life had been a pro-tracted struggle with poverty. He left two sons, sixteen grandchildren and 848 great-grandchildren to mourn his loss,

The Japanese government, which is making rapid strides towards modern civilization, has just awakened to the necessity of preserving its forests, and stringent regulations have been passed, which shall not only hinder the too rapid destruction of the forests, but increase the area covered by woodlands. Hahnemann was born.

A huge temperance fete was held re-cently in the Crystal Palace, London, under the auspices of the Band of Hope Union, which embraces about 3,000 societies, and a membership of nearly 500,000. It is estimated that 60,000 persons attended the fete, and a cricket match and a balloon race were among the attended the attractions.

A bread fruit tree is now acclimated and in healthy bearing in the capital grounds at Sacramento, Cal. The fruit has the shape of a pear, four inches long and three in diameter. It has a canta-lonpe flavor. The milky juice of this tree makes the toughest meat tender if steeped in it for ten minutes. In Bar-badoes it is usual to hang meat and fowls in the branches, where the vapor of the trees effects the same purpose.

The little republic of Switzerland has an army of 120,000, organized in eight divisions. There are 94,000 infantry, 16,-500 artillery, 3,500 engineers,2,700 sani-tary force, and 2,000 cavalry. Besides, this, which is called the elite army, there is a landwehr of 92,000 men. What Swit-zerland does with all this military force does not appear.

Under the new liquor law in Mississippi every saloon-keeper is required to buy of the State auditor a book of cou-pons, and everybody who takes a drink is handed one of these coupons, which the State receives for taxes at one cent each. If he pays for two drinks he re ceives an orange-colored coupon good for two cents, if five drinks, a blue coupon good for five cents.

These figures show how London has grown in the twenty years since the first great exposition:

A FATAL FIGHT WITH CONVICTS. Scorpions, Centipedes, Tarantula.

There are two kinds of scorpions, the green and the black; the latter is the nost venomous. When I lived in Trebi-

An Uprising in the St. Louis Work-house--A Fractious Inmate Killed and Several Wonnded. most venomouts. When I lived in Trebi-zond, says a writer, they were so numer-ous that we kept a canopy over the bed to catch those which might fall from the calling. It was carefully examined every morning. I have shaken them out of my boots. I repeatedly came within an ace of stepping on one with my bare feet when getting out of bed. They have an uncanny way of hiding in cracks and under large stones, and run with spider-like speed when aroused, holding their spiky tail in the air, in an aggressive manner that is not reassur-ing. It is claimed Ly some that no swelling follows the sting, but only pain and sometimes death. But I have seen several cases of scorpion-poisoning at-A desperate fight at the work-house in St. Louis, between four of the guards and a number of the prisoners, who had

evidently been organizing an attempted escape, resulted in the death of one of the prisoners and the serious wounding of four others. For some days past a spirit of unrest had been observable among some of the prisoners, but no overt act occurred until the afternoon overt act occurred until the afternoon of the trouble, when one of the guards, named Merkel, saw a paper communica tion passed between two of them. This at once precipitated matters, and led to the fatal encounter. The dead prisoner, Geerge Stevens by name, was an habit-nal vagrant, who for a year past had gravitated between the police court and the work-house. He was an epileptic, and on this account claimed an immunity from the severe labor of stone-breaking. several cases of scorpion-poisoning at-tended with swelling; Nicola, my don-key-driver, had his leg swelled to twice the size, attended with excruciating pain. and on this account claimed an immunity from the severe labor of stone-breaking, at which the city's offenders are put when sent down; but the work house authorities believed that his sickness was a sham, and compelled him to take his place on the rock-piles with the other prisoners. Since this was done Stevens had been noticed to be morose and sullen, and a few days before the previous affray he committed a murder-ous assault upon George Merse, one of In Asia Minor the native make a decoc tion of scorpions, and give it to their children as an autidote and preventive. I never heard it did any good. This, on the theory of similia similibus, might be called Homeopathic treatment if it had not been employed before ever

The centipede or scalopendra is an-other insect about which I know noth-ing good that can be laid to its credit. ing good that can be laid to its credit. Possibly a use may be found for it, as they use spiders' webs for quinine in fever and ague, and powdered cock-roaches for Bright's disease. It has not over thirty feet, so that the name is a misnomer; but the feet terminate in a sharp and scratchy point. The centipede is copper-colored, and its back is armed with scales that make it quite hard. Its sting is more often fatal than that of the scorpion, and I have never taken to it ous assault upon George Merse, one of the guards, for which he was punished. Of late he had been seen in mysterious communication with other prisoners, and as he was known to be a desperate and powerful man, he was closely watched by the guards. While he was working in the gang superintended by one of the guards named Christian Kelbs, Stevens was seen by Guard Mer-kel to pick up a piece of paper which had been dropped at his feet by another prisoner. Merkel immediately ap-proached him and asked him to surscorpion, and I have never taken to it kindly, since I had an adventure with kindly, since I had an adventure with one in Smyrna. I was sitting at supper, thinly clad in accordance with the cus-tom of the country during the long steady heat which endures from April to October. Suddenly I noticed something creeping over my instep, and in an in-stant it was crawling up my leg, scratch-ing the skin slightly as it lessurely pur-sued its way up toward my knee. Aprender the paper. Stevens clinched it in his hand, and declared he would die before he would give it up. The prisoner who had dropped the paper offered to get it back, but Stevens refused to surrender it under any consideration. After some parleying on the part of the ing the skin slightly as it lensited parts. Ap-sued its way up toward my knee. Ap-prehending the situation at once I realized that to startle it would be the height of folly. Keeping my leg per-theight of folly. Keeping my leg per-the start of the height of folly. Keeping my leg per-fectly still, therefore, I carefully clarped it above the knee with both hands to Stevens by force, when he, though heavily shackled, proved able to fight like a lion. He seized large rocks and began assaulting the guards, at the same time calling on his fellow prisoners to aid him Chard Cor down a resolver prevent the reptile from getting over the knee. When I was ready I struck out knee. When I was ready I struck out my foot with a smart, rapid jerk, and most happily shock off the creature, and immediately put my foot on it, crushing a centipede nearly six inches long. But I love the tarantula even less than But I love the tarantula even less than s centipede nearly six inches long. But I love the tarantula even less than the centipede. It is in truth a redoubt-

scene at this moment was one of great excitement and confusion. The prisonable foe, for aside from its hideous able foe, for aside from its hideous appearance it is quite unnecessarily aggressive, and clears several feet at a jump. I have seen snake-charmers in the East tossing them from hand to hand like a hot potato; of course the poison had been extracted. They vary greatly in size, according to the cliin which a number of loaded shot-guns were kept. Arming themselves, they returned and found the prisoners. They oate, but always retain the same general

had apparently made

NO. 26.

You can't fasten your clothes with

rolling pin. American lager beer is actually being exported to Germany.

Items of Interest.

America exports large quantities of condensed milk to England.

A man is training dogs to play base-ball. They will be known as the K-nine. The store of a man who doesn't adver-tise looks as lonely as a sprinkling cart on a wet day.—Dantelsonville Sentinel. In New Orleans a man who put his arm out of a street-car window had it broken by coming in contact with a car passing in a contrary direction. Ver-dict for the plaintiff, \$7,500.

It has just been found out that a West-ern man gained a big reputation for patriotism on the Fourth by backing his mule against a high board fence and let-ting it kick. Even his next door neigh-bor mistook the sound for artillery firing.

Oh sea! Oh mighty, mighty sea! That gives the stomach ache to me, That spoils my appetite for tea, Oh sea! Oh deep! Oh mighty, mighty deep, I gave these what I could not keep, And o'er thy waters wept a weep; Oh deep!

-New Haven Register. The town of Black Diamond, Cal., enjoys the distinction of being the only walled town on the Pacific Coast. It has a high fence surrounding it, and the only entrance is a gete, over which is an inscription warning the public of a five-dollar fine upon any person who eaves the gate open,

The laws of Mississippi forbid the marriage of a widow and her father-in-law. Therefore Alfred Boyce, aged 60, and Mary Boyce, aged 19, were com-pelled to go to Illinois to have the cere-mony performed. He is sickly, and may die soon. His father is alive, at the age of 82, and Mary says she would as lief marry him, she likes the family so well.

A wicked telegraph man assuming an unsophisticated look, approached an electric machine on exhibition in Church street, and seemed eager to try it. The exhibitor, glad to see the new patron, welcomed him cordially to try, and ex-patiated upon the machine's merits in curing diseases. The telegraph man took hold. The figure on the dial reached the merited limit parameter is and the wonted limit, passed it went on and upward, and the pointer still kept flying around and the crowd grew absorbed. The machine man, losing his accustomed front, dashed at the machine to see what caused its inexplicable conduct, while the telegraph man held to his grip, as-suming an unsteady aspect and wild, haggard expression. Armed with a cop-per wirs under his coat, the ends reach-ed to the wrists, he had made a "cir-mit." and the mechine was powerless to cuit " and the machine was powerless to effect him. The joke came out, to the delight of the crowd, whose good humor knew no bounds at the result.—New Haven Courier.

New Hampshire's Tramp Law.

The following are the most important

ago, an' he came up here from the Bay to git a whiff o' fresh air, an' make nature an' the pines give him back what he'd lost spreein' 'round with them stock sharps and young bloods o' 'Frisco. No, he don't look like he was more'n half human, that's a fact; but I'd rather have them scars o' his than wear the clothes of the richest man in Californy -thet is, ef I'd gone through what he has an' suffered what he did. Prond of em ! Mister, thar a'n't a man in this yer country-no, sir, nor in this yer State-as is prouder'n Dandy Ferguson of what other men might grieve over an' s gh about, an' no man's got a better right to be proud, either. When he fust came to Quartz Mountain he used to parade the streets with his nose cocked np-so; he'd hydraulic himself with patchouly an' smell-water till you couldn't git within a mile of him.

"He was a delicate-looking cuss, an his hands were as soft as a barber's. The boys used to bet that if big Bridget Sullivan-our washerwoman-was to take it iuto her head to jump him, she'd knock spots out o' him in short order. Thet was our opinion of him when he played his small cards in this yer camp—but he showed down both bowers an' the ace before he quit the game, you bet yer life. D'ye see thet quartz mill over thar on the side hill? Thet's the Chaparal Mine, ye know, an' it's thar thet Dandy Ferguson showed us what sand was. One night, about a month after Ferguson got here, somebody out there yelled 'Fire !' an' the camp turned out. The h'istin' works was in a light blaze, an' the flames shootin' high up in the dark: We all rushed to the spot like a pack o' mad animals-you know how a fire stirs men up an' excites 'em. Of course, nobody knowed what to do, an' for a minute we all stood round lookin' at the fire creepin' long the eaves, an' the burning shin gles droppin' down the shaft. Purty soon some one says: 'What !' kinder sharp an' fierce like. Then there was a little movement in the crowd, an' a man with a face as pale as fleath sprang away from the mouth of the shaft yellin' frantic: 'Water ! Water ! For the love o' God, turn on the water-the night shift's in the lower drift.' There was an' awful agony in thet man's voice; he had jist remembered thet his brother was down there, an' thet the fire under the biler of the engine was banked, thet the cage was too heavy to work by hand, an' the timbers in the shaft pitch pine, an' dry as a bone with great sparks droppin down like flakes in a snow storm. You've heard how fast a man thinks in times of heard how fast a man thinks in times of danger. Jim Slocum thought of his brother, the dry timbers, the engine, the **F**erguson from us, but we knowed thet cage, an' water, all in a second, but that was all. He didn't hev time to think of the fact that thar wasn't a bar'l of water within a mile of the mine. Somebody rushed to the tank-ther was about a tubful there. The fire was playin' round the biler, an' the engineer hed turned the safety cocks to let thet out. We all rushed ev'ry which way yellin' fur ropes, ladders, anything-as ef ladder could

In the twenty years ending in 1876, the total ratable annual value of property has increased from \$56,418,315 to \$115,-556,565.

The following congresses have been or will be held in Paris during the Ex-position. 1. Agriculture. 2. Metrical and monetary, for the adoption of a universal system. 3. Special congress for determining a universal measure of threads of every description used in textile fabrics. 4. For the protection of literary, artistic and industrial property, patents, etc. 5. For provident institu-tions, life, fire, agriculture insurances. 6. Philological. 7. A congress of European economists. 8, Meteorological. 9, A congress of Alpine clubs, 10, Public hygiene, 11, To consider protection ises? against epizootics. Similar congresses to the above were held at Vienna in 1873, and at Philadelphia in 1876.

A very old settler has been discovered by a correspondent of the Indianapolis News. He lives in Scott county, Ind., his name is Kin Ferguson, and his age is 107. He was born in what is now is 107. He was born in what is now Botetourt county, Virginia, 1771, was married in 1792, and removed that year, on pack horses, to the wildeness of Kentucky, and subsequently to Indiana. His voice is strong and his memory re-markably good. His hearing is slightly impaired, and his sight entirely gone. He has a fair appetite, and walks about the house and yard without difficulty. He remembers distinctly some of the events of the war of the revolution, and seems to dwell on them with interest. He is himself a pensioner for services rendered in the Indian wars under General Harrison. He has never had more than \$100 at a time.

A Lat's Foster Children.

Here is a case for the naturalist. At the fair grounds there is a feminine cat which has brought up and reared two young skunks. She suckled them with he same fondness and maternal affection as if they were her own progeny. The skunks were deodorized, and, of course, did not excite the repugnance of their difference between the cold water system and the thermal mode of treatment. foster mother on that score. They were as playful as kittens, but, as they grew up in discretion and skunkhood, they began to develop into creatures bearing

began to develop into creatures bearing very little resemblance to the cat species; but this did not excite the disgust of their mother. She had adopted them, and overlooked the deficiencies of well-bred cats. They curled their bushy tails on their back and manifested no disposition to slyly lay in wait and spring on their victims. Their instincts were entirely different. They had a penchant for eggs and other delicate food, instead of mice and birds. A few days ago it was decided to separate the cat from the skunks, and by weaning the latter teach them to shift for them-selves. The separation has grieved the himself to make his new-found friend partake, and becoming weary of that, tried another tack. Stepping back a few inches from the glass, he poured forth his sweetest notes, pausing now and then for a reply. None came, and moody and dispirited he flew back to his perch, hanging his head in shame and silence for the rest of the day; and al-though the door was repeatedly left selves. The separation has grieved the old cat, and twice a day, Mr. Kalb states, she visits her foster-children, and, watching them through the bars of their cage, manifests a mother's fond-ness, evidently desiring to give them sustenance. The skunks also appear to take the privation to heart, and want to be with their old stepmother. --St. Louis though the door was repeatedly left opan, he refused to come out again. Republican.

characteristics. A gentleman in Nassau told me that his sister went up to bed one evening, and discovered an enor-mous tarantula in the middle of her pilresist boldly and their presence was greeted with a volley of rocks, one of which struck Capt. McQuard on the low, just l.ke a great ink-spot. Having seen it afterward bottled, I can testify head, knocking him senseless. The that its legs had a spread of six inches, and its black hairy body was the size of a pigeon's egg. She screamed, that be-ing the right thing to do under the circumstances, which brought the family o the room; as her brother entered the tarantula made a spring at him, which resulted in the candle falling on the floor and a general rush of everyone, pell-mell, for the door. The candle having been re-lit, it then became important to find out on whom the taran-tula might be crawling. After some more fun of this sort, the creature was

guards fired upon the prisoners, and Stevens and four others fell, the former mortally wounded. Two of the other prisoners, Henry Watson and Mont gomery Morgan, were badly wounded, the others received flesh wounds only. Stevens died seven minutes after being shot, and the rest surrendered.

The Gar and Sea Nettles.

A correspondent at Fortress Monroe, Va., says: Apropos of fish, the most remarkable ichthyological specimen I ever beheld abound in these waters, finally driven into a corner and impaled and is called "the gar"-ce.gar, I should say, from its form, color and place of abode. It has a small round body and pointed head, exactly like an on a sharp spike and was then preserved in alcohol. Who says alcohol has no

Warm and Cold Baths.

An article of a very interesting and instructive nature, on the physiological action of baths, was published in a late number of the London Lancet. Summing class tail, but which bears about as close a resemblance to our idea of a caudal appendage as does the rear of a locomo up, the writer notes that warm baths produce an effect upon the skin directly tive. It is of the genus Lepidostens, with numerous cousins in the pike famicontrary to that which is brought about ly, and its principal peculiarity consists by cold water. The cutaneous vessels dilate immediately under the influence of the heat, and although the dilation is followed by a contraction, this contrac-tion is seldom excessive, and the ultin muscle, for strength and activity of which it excels any trained acrobat. Startled by the motion of a passing ship, it will dart out of the water like a flash, skimming above the surface with mate result of a warm bath is to increas the cutaneous circulation. The pulse and respiration are both quickened in the cold bath. The warm bath increases gigantic leaps and lightning rapidity, touching nothing for rods, but sustained by sheer force of its own muscular conthe cold bath. The warm bath increases the temperature of the body, and by lessening the necessity for the internal production of heat, it decreases the call which is made upon certain of the vital processes, and enables life to be sus-tained with less expenditure of force. While a cold beth causes a certain stiff. While a cold bath causes a certain stiffness of the muscles if continued too

A Mystifled Bird.

"cold refreshes by stimulating the func-tions, heat by physically facilitating them, and in this lies the important erally serious, is similar in effect and appearance to a scald.

Birthdays and Wedding Days,

We suppose any day is lucky on which a happy marriage is consummated, but the following is the old saw on this sub-A curious incident is related of a canject:

Monday for wealth.

Tuesday for health.
Wednesday the best of all.
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses.
Saturday no luck at all.
the second
he parties to a marriage can
lay of its celebration, but it is
to shoose the day of one's
yet these, too, had their me
Born of a Monday,
Fair in face;
Born of a Tuesday,
Full of God's grace;
Bern of a Wednesday,
Merry and glad;
Born of a Thursday.
Sour and sad;
Born of a Friday,
Godly given;
Born of a Saturday,
Work for your living;
Born of a Sunday,
Never shall want;
So there's the we. k,
And the end on't.

clauses of the law for the suppre tramps which has been passed by the New Hampshire Legislature :

"Any person going about from place to place, begging and asking or subsisting upon charity, shall be taken and deemed to be a tramp, and shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison not more than fifteen months.

"Any tramp who shall enter any dwelling house, or kindle any fire in the highway, or on the land of another without the consent of the owner or occupant thereof, or shall be found carrying any firearm or other dangerons weapon, or shall threaten to do any injury to any person, or to the real or personal estate of another, shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor in the State prison not more than two vears.

"Any tramp who shall wilfully and maliciously do any injury to any person, or to the real or personal estate of another, shall be punished by imprison-ment at hard labor in the State prison eel, but with the addition of rombic scales and tiny fins near the odd little termi-nus which no doubt it considers a firstnot more than five years.

"Any set of beggary or vagrancy by any person not a resident of this State shall be evidence that the person committing the same is a tramp within the meaning of this act.

"Any person upon a view of any offence described in this act may apprehend the offender and take him before justice of the peace for examination, and on his conviction shall be entitled to a reward of ten dollars therefore, to be paid by the county. "This act shall not apply to any

female or minor under the sge of seven-teen years, nor to any blind person. "Upon the passage of this act the Secretary of State shall cause printed

copies of this act to be sent to the several town and city clerks, who shall cause the same to be posted in at least six conspicuous places, three of which shall be on the public highway."

To Get Rid of House-Pests.

Hot allum water is a recent suggestion as an insecticide. It will destroy red and black ants, cockroaches, spiders, chinch bugs, and all the crawling pests which infest our houses. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarks of beiling water, let it or four quarts of boiling water; let it stand on the fire till the alum disappears; stand on the fire till the alum disappears; then apply it with a brush, while nearly boiling hot, to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, and the like. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting or mop boards, if you suspect that they harbor vermin. If, in whitewashing a ceiling, plenty of alum is added to the lime, it will also serve to keep insects at a distance. serve to keep insects at a distance. Cockroaches will flee the paint which has been washed in cool alum water. Sugar barrels and boxes can be freed from ants by drawing a chalk mark just around the edge of the top of them. The mark must be unbroken, or they will creep over it; but a continuous chalk mark half an inch in width will set their depredations at naught. Powdered alum or borax will keep the chinch bug at a respectable distance, and travelers should always carry a package in their hand bags, to scatter over and under their pillows, in places where they have reason to suspect the pres-ence of such bed-fellows,

select

not so

birth,

tortions, and looking exactly like a brown snake scudding through the grass. Among other wonders of the deep are the sea nettles that occasionally swarm

in the surf to the great discomfort of bathers. They are a sort of marine creatures of polypus nature, that look like an innocent little wad of moss clinging ness of the muscles if continued too long, a warm bath relieves stiffness and fatigue. The final effect of both hot and cold baths, if this temperature be moderate, is the same, the difference being, to use the words of Braun, that, "cold refreshes by stimulating the func-