A Thrilling Incident at Libby.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

Of the six officers of the regular Army who found themselves in Libby prison in 1863–4, one was a fine looking Colonel from Indiana—a big-bodied, big-brained, big-hearted fellow, choke-full of energy. He worked like a steam engine until he got out of Libby. Once he found his tunnel too small for his burly form; once he was checked at the outer end of it by two or three armed Confederate soldiers, who had been quietly waiting for him; again a clever ruse was detected just as he got to the middle of the gate, and so it went, until he had made half a dozen attempts. But he never gave up, and finally got out, and now is a prosperous citizen of Indianapolis, a trifle stouter than when he was in Libby, and a good deal richer; but otherwise unchanged. As Uncle Remus says, the Colonel's "min wuz allus wukking." After two or three attempts to get out of Libby had failed he began to suspect his failures were the result of treachery in the prisoner's camp. Exchange, like kissing, went by favor. The Colonel, after thinking each failure over, came to the conclusion that some poor devil was selling his manhood for a mess of pottage—carrying the favor which would "exchange" him to his home by betraying the plans of his companions in arms to the enemy. He loo'ed about him for the man. Cautious inquiries at length gave him such information as prompted him to say to each of the other five regular Army officers: "Meet me at such a spot at midnight. I have found the traitor. We will cou t-mar ial him to-night." At midnight the six men met in a dark corner, and in whispering voices organized a drum-head court martial. The Colonel presented the name of the suspect, and then his proof. In the ballot that followed each of the six voted "guilty." "Now," said the Colonel, "this is not a farce. We must vote a sentence, and then we must execute it." "Very well," said the next man. "Well," said the Colonel, "I vote for death. The wretch deserves it." "So do I," said the next, and so on down to the sixth—a Pennsylvania Major. He knew the culprit, a Pennsylvanian like himself, better than the rest. He knew that he was quite capable of the crime charged against him. He had no doubt of his guilt. He wanted to see him punished. He said all this to the other members of the court, and then he added: But you know we are not a legal court martial. We have no authority to act—certainly no authority to kill. We may sift the evidence presented against a man for our own satisfaction, but we cannot sentence, much less kill him. The most we can do is to prefer charges against him to the War Department. We can't kill him." Suddenly interrupting himself, he said: "Colonel, what's that in your hand?" "The rope," said the Colonel, grimly; "I've been plaiting it as we talked," and he passed it around. He had taken an old shirt, torn it into narrow strips and woven it into something that looked like a rope. "Now, Major," he said, when it was handed back to him, "what you have said is all very well. It does credit to your heart as well as to your head. But you're outvoted; the majority is against you. The sentence of the court is, that scoundrel shall die, and die he will this minute, for I'll kill him myself. Come, Captain, he said to the brawny Irishman next to him, you and I will settle the rascal." "Why, you wouldn't strangle him in his sleep, would you?" asked the Major, also on his feet as the others started towards the sleeping form of the traitor. "Certainly," whispered the Colonel; "why not?" "He can't pray, and we can't have any noise." "You never will," said the Major firmly, getting in front of the Colonel; "I won't let you; you'll have to kill me first. I won't stand by and see you stain your honest hands with his dishonest blood in such a way as that. Why, man, it would be murder. You would be a murderer. I won't permit it." Gliding softly before the rest he reached the sleeping man and sat down beside his bed. There he sat till the gray morning came stealing in through the chilly atmosphere.

Long before that time the Colonel and his companions, baffled and disgusted, had stolen away to their sleeping places, carrying the plaited rope with them. As soon as the Major could see the traitors face in the dim light of the dawn, he waked him, and told him all that had occurred. "Now, sir," he said sternly, "I saved your life last night, although I believed you worthy of death. I won't do it again. I saved your life for my sake, not for yours. My advice is that as soon as the guard comes in for roll call you get out of Libby, and as soon as you get to Washington get out of the army. If you're in the army when I get out I'll prefer charges against you, and if I meet you I'll kill you." Trembling with excitement the wretch, without a word of denial or palliation, got up, and as soon as the guard came in, got out. The stalwart six forwarded charges against him from Libby. When they got out of prison they found him out of the army, so they dropped the matter. The traitor is in the army now, reinstated by act of Congress, I believe; but the Major who promised to kill him on sight is under the green sod of the prairie. Still, the Colonel would make things lively for the traitor if they met face to face.

Death in a Well.

PITTSBURG, October 30.—Kiefer & Stiefel's tannery, in the upper part of Allegheny city, was this morning, the scene of a terrible affair, two men sacrificing their lives in an unsuccessful attempt to save that of a fellow workman. The firm have been digging a well, to be used as a vat, and this morning Christian Dickson, an employe, went down to measure the depth of the water, when he was overcome by the foul air. Ferdinand Schraeder and Chas. Schultz, who were working near by, heard his cries and Schraeder descended into the well to assist him, but had no sooner reached the bottom than the fatal choke damp rendered him insensible. Schultz then followed, but he was also overcome. Ropes were then secured and fastened around the bodies of Solomon Ramberger and Rhinehart Remsen, who were lowered into the death trap. With difficulty they tied the insensible men to the ropes and were hauled up. Dickson, Schraeder and Schultz were dead and Remberger and Remsen were unconscious, but with the aid of restoratives were soon revived and were able to go to their homes. Dickson was a single man and the other two were married.

A Talk About Beards.

The early Romans considered a full beard as evidence of the savage nature of its wearer or at least his lack of refinement. The term "barbarian," which was applied by the Romans to almost every race outside their own, has been confounded with the beard, the Latin barba, French barbe, signifying beard, especially as the word was used as a reproach to one who wore hair upon his face, and some suppose that the barber of to-day obtained his name from that root. Neither of these suppositions are correct, the term originating with the Egyptians, in application to the natives of Barbar, an ancient country on the coast of Africa. Still, it would not be surprising if the beard had something to do with its adaption by the Romans. Recollection may be called, incidentally, to the play of "Ingomar," wherein the beard of the hero furnishes material for dramatic eloquence. In this case its possessor regarded it with pride, and his hardest task was to cut it off.

On the other hand, when an Egyptian artist desired to depict a low, slovenly fellow, he represented him as having several days' growth of hair upon his face. But, for that matter, the artist of to-day would be likely to portray a tramp in the same way. Among the Egyptians artificial beards were worn, however, as a matter of personal ornament—one of the whims of fashion—and Egyptian warriors returning from a campaign pointed with pride to their unshaven faces, as an evidence that their battles and hardships had given them no opportunities to attend to their personal appearance. The beard has always been one of the attributes of the soldier.

Shakspeare depicts him as "bearded like the pard," and he makes Jack Falstaff say that if he does not perform a certain valorous deed he'll never wear hair on his face more. Readers of Thackeray will remember that Sedley allowed his mustache to grow when he desired to pass for an officer. At the time during which the incidents of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" are supposed to occur, no English gentleman, unless he were a military man, wore a beard of any kind, except at the risk of being looked upon as eccentric or worse. Later the "mutton-chop" style came into vogue, and has since remained "delightfully English." In this country, men not very old well remember when a man with hair on his face was looked upon with curiosity and even with suspicion.

The Man With a Vow.

They met on the crowded avenue yesterday in front of the city hall. One was a young man of about 22—the other a man about 60 years old. One lives in the northern part of the State, the other in the southern. Fate had brought them together. There was nothing cordial in the meeting. They didn't cry out:

'Put it thar!' and pump handle each other like a couple of old friends. On the contrary, the young man grew red in the face, and breathed hard and stammered out:

'Ten years ago I went to school to you!'

'Yes, you did,' was the calm reply.

'And one day you licked me almost to death for an offense committed by another boy!'

'Well, you were always in need of a licking.'

'And I swore,' continued the young man, aye! I registered a solemn vow that if I ever met you after I had grown up I would have my revenge. Prepare to be pounded to a lifeless mass.'

'I'm prepared' replied the old schoolmaster, as he spit on his hands, and in a minute the fun was raging. The young man rushed upon him with a war whoop, but his nose struck something and he fell down. He got up and rushed at him again, and this time he was flung down, rolled over, stepped on, and left with a number of loose teeth and a splitting headache. The police took him in, but when they came to hunt for the old man he was across the street trying to pin up a rent in his coat and saying to some of his acquaintances:

'Ah! it brings back all the memories of the old red school house to get my hands on an unruly pupil in the first reader class again!'

School Life in China.

Very much is thought of education in China, and if a poor boy take literary honors, he can fill as high a position as though he were a boy of rank. All boys, especially in the south of China, are expected to go to school, but beside the mission schools there are not many for girls.

A tutor has not only to teach boys how to read and write, but politeness forms the basis of Chinese education, and the many ceremonies belonging both to public and private life have to be learned at school. Very much trouble is also taken with the writing lessons, "an elegant pencil" being thought of great consequence, and all the mistakes made in the writing lesson the master corrects with red ink.

Like boys of Japan, the Chinese learn their lessons out loud, and sometimes make a great clatter in the schoolroom while doing so. But boys may not talk together in school, and to prevent their doing this the desks are arranged some distance from one another.

When a lesson is known the boy takes his book to the master, bows, turns his back, and repeats it. This is called *Peychow*, or "backing the book," and is to prevent the boy from reading the lesson, which the large characters would make it very easy for him to do.

The way the Chinese are taught is on a very different system from ours. They learn by heart first, and then have explained to them what they have learned. Their first lesson is on filial piety, and throughout life the Chinese boy and girl, and man and woman are noted for their love toward parents. They then learn the Sacred Trimetrical book, which treats of the nature of man, modes of education, social duties and many other things. Next come the four classical books, and then the five sacred, so when Chinese boys go to school they are well set to work. Unlike the Japanese, however, they do not think that they have anything to learn from other nations.

CONVINCING.—The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to test the article direct. C. N. Boyd, the druggist, has a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with coughs, colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

Killed by a Woman.

NEW YORK, October 31.—This morning a young man met his death by the accidental discharge of a fire arm in the hands of a dissolute woman in a shooting gallery at 484 6th avenue. Charles M. Sams, the victim, with a friend named Leb Harris and two women—Jennie Mitchell, Sams' mistress, and Alice Sinclair—visited the gallery this morning.

Jennie was given a rifle to fire a shot. While doing so she swung the weapon around and it went off, the ball entering Sam's forehead. The wounded man was taken to a hospital, where he died later. Harris ran away but the two women were arrested and held to await an inquiry. All the witnesses to the affair say that the shooting was accidental.

Asleep For 29 Days.

MILWAUKEE, November 3.—Edward Richards, 49 years old, an inmate of the National Soldiers' Home has been asleep 29 days. He went to Northern Wisconsin on a furlough in September and was engaged as a nurse by the Sheriff of Bayfield county, who one day found him asleep. He could not be wakened and was brought on to the Home in a comatose condition. He is regularly fed by an attendant and swallows anything put in his mouth. When held up by attendants he can walk. He is sensitive to touch on the bottom of his feet and drags his limbs up when tickled. In the early part of the present year Richards slept from Febuary 28 to March 16. He was once sent to the insane asylum and has frequently had cataleptic fits.

Jail Breakers Heard From.

GREENSBURG, November 1.—Wm. Williams, one of the negroes who broke jail yesterday, was captured last night at Stonerville by deputy sheriffs Clark and Byers. After making their escape, Weaver, a fellow prisoner, picked the lock which shackled the negroes Williams and Wilson together. They boarded a south bound train on the Southwestern Railroad. Williams jumped off at Stonerville, where he was captured with the shackles still on him. He says that Weaver and Wilson went on South, breaking for Cumberland, Md.

Money Burned.

ERIE, November 4.—Farmer Seib of West Mill Creek, is lamenting financial ruin through his own "cuteness." The neighborhood being infested by burglars, he thought to outwit them by removing his money from the safe and concealing it in the oven of an unused parlor stove, taking the additional precaution of keeping the sagacious trick from his wife, who unconsciously burned over eleven thousand dollars by lighting a fire in the stove.

Veterans at Gettysburg.

GETTYSBURG, October 20.—This evening an excursion composed of one hundred and thirty Massachusetts veterans, representing thirty regiments and four batteries of that State engaged in the battle of Gettysburg, arrived here. They were received at the depot by Post 9, G. A. R., and a committee of citizens. During the march to their quarters at the Eagle Hotel a salute was fired. The purpose of the visit is to mark the positions occupied on various parts of the field. Iron tablets appropriately inscribed being used for that purpose.

Post Office Receipts.

WASHINGTON, October 31.—Assatement prepared to-day at Washington city post office shows that notwithstanding the reduction of letter postage from 3 to 2 cents, which went into effect on the first of this month, the receipts have been $5,000 greater this month than they were during the same month of last year.

Heavy Reward For Dynamiters.

LONDON, November 2.—The Government has offered a reward of 5,000 pounds for information leading to the conviction of the perpetrators of the outrages committed on the Underground railways on Tuesday night. The railway companies offer an additional reward of 500 pounds.

Killed in a Circus Ring.

KINGSLAND, October 31.—Last night at New Edinburg, during the performance of Hunter's Consolidated Shows, some unknown persons from outside fired a volley of shots into the main exhibition canvas, and then escaped in the darkness. Only one person was killed. The seats were crowded, and the bullets passed through all sections of the circus. Cholman Decillenberg, a contortionist, was shot through the head, and died in the ring.

A Barn Burned.

LANCASTER, November 1.—The large barn of J. C. Stoner situated in the eastern end of Columbia was totally destroyed by fire this afternoon, together with all the surrounding outbuildings. The loss will be heavy. The origin of the fire is unknown.

If people troubled with colds, would take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral before going to church or places of entertainment, they would avoid coughing, greatly to the comfort of both speakers and hearers. Public speakers and singers find that the Pectoral wonderfully increases the power and flexibility of the voice.

A Boston editor became "a walking encyclopedia of historical and biographical knowlege" and them dien. People should not try to be an encyclopedia unless they expect to be soon laid on the shelf.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, and all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall st. N. Y.

THE BEST BEST BEST Policy of Insurance AGAINST Accidents IS P-D-P-K which is to say, Perry Davis's Pain Killer

Captain Chas. Allen, of Worcester (Mass.) Fire Department, says: "After the doctor set the broken bone, I used Perry Davis's Pain Killer as a liniment, and it cured me in a short time."

Captain D. S. Goodell, Jr., of Sangerfield, Madison, says: "For bruises, sprains and cuts, I know of no medicine that is more effective."

Dwight Pierce, Utica, N. Y., says: "For cuts, bruises, burns, and sprains, it has never failed to effect a cure."

An accident may happen to-morrow. Buy PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER to-day of any Druggist

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed nights after nights without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me. HORACE FAIRBROTHER."

Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup: it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours, Mrs. EMMA GERNEEY."

159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."

Lake Crystal, Minn., March 12, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."

Pylhalia, Miss., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles. E. BRADDON."

Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will *always cure* when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

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