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NO. 25.

SAILING HOME.

The stormy sea behind us raves—
We're sailing home!
Welcome the tumult of the waves—
We're sailing home!
If our good ship her course shall keep,
We're sailing home!
The waves leap not as our hearts leap—
We're sailing home!
Soon we may see our fatherland—
We're sailing home!
Soon 'mid its well loved hills may stand—
We're sailing home!
Soon eager heart to heart shall press,
After the oak's wide loneliness;
Soon we shall meet the old crew—
We're sailing home!
Ah, greet us with eyes that are dear—
We're sailing home!
The stormy waves give little cheer—
We're sailing home!
But sailing home,
Yet old friends unfaithful be,
Or love keep not its constancy,
Let the darkness in the sea
Than sailing home!
But ah, we trust that hearts are true
When sailing home;
We catch still the old alien
While sailing home,
Then let our ship her swift way keep
After the oak's wide loneliness;
Waves leap not as our fond hearts leap—
We're sailing home!

Adventure With Sepoys.

It was a lonesome, dreary spot, not far from the banks of the Ganges, where the military bungalow of Harry Eversly was situated. Built of brick, and coated with white chamois, it appeared to be half smothered amid a thick hedge of prickly pears where snakes and jackals lurked.

The furniture was of the plainest description, and well worn at that, but it was all the same to the young but stalwart soldier, who sat cross-legged on the floor, looking out through the open window, to where the distant grove of teak and poplar trees rose darkly against the clear blue sky of night, and where the crimson fireflies were flashing in and out among the slender shafts of the graceful bamboo.

Harry was a thorough soldier, strong in frame and cool in head, having served with distinction against the Sikhs. But despite his prowess and valor in the field of Mars, it was reserved for a soft, blue-eyed, golden-haired maiden to vanquish the stout heart of the warrior. Harry sighed amid his reverie, emitting a cloud of smoke from his lips as he twined the pliant stem of his hookah around his fingers. The monotonous creak of the punkah and the drowsy hum of the insects amid the shrubs outside proved insufficient to divert his thoughts.

Close to his hand lay his sword and pistols, for the ominous mutterings of the Sepoy rebellion already overshadowed India, and he knew not at what moment the detachment of native troops under his command might turn upon him. No European laid his head on the pillow with the certainty of being a live man in the morning, and many a poor fellow lay at night listening with nervous attention to the clang of arms, the hurrahs or groans, on which the sentinels struck the time, and thought perhaps that each reverberation might be the signal for revolt.

Suddenly through the open window of the bungalow a rocket with its glittering train of sparks was seen to ascend in a fiery arc. In silence the soldier watched the strange signal soaring into the clear blue sky until it burst, casting a brilliant shower of sparks on every side. A faint murmur like the distant purring of a tiger fell upon the ear, then all was silent as before.

The room was full of wavering shadows, but dimly relieved by the slight light of the night-lamp, and a slight movement in the further recesses of the apartment was sufficient for Harry to grasp his ready revolver as he strove to pierce the darkness.

For aught he knew a Thug or naked thief, with skin well oiled, might be lurking in a distant corner, or, perchance, a deadly cobra or hideous hyena, all of which abounded.

Judge, then, of the soldier's astonishment and sickening anxiety, when he beheld the slight form of a graceful native girl, whom he recognized at once as the ayah or attendant of his affianced bride.

"Safra, what brings you hither at this hour? For heaven's sake, speak! Has anything happened to my mistress?—to Miss Florence, my mistress?"

"I come to save her I love and serve from a terrible fate, and to warn you of your doom, sahib, which already overshadows you with the mantle of death. The men sahib is destined for the Rajah of Spampooa, and at midnight your men will join the rebels. The signal, a rocket, has announced that all is ready. I can do no more but invoke the aid of Brahma to save those I love. You must avenge to save. Siva he thanked, I have been true to my salt," and with a soft sigh the native maiden disappeared as mysteriously and silently as she had come.

For a moment the resolute soldier appeared paralyzed by the appalling information, imparted so suddenly, but his irresolution was of short duration. With an impetuous exclamation he started to his feet, dashed the hookah from his hand, and glanced stealthily on all sides as he buckled on his arms, to ascertain if his movements were being watched by some dark-skinned spy. But all was silence, and with a rapid glance he satisfied himself that his two Colt's revolvers were capped and ready for use.

Carefully the young man stole from the bungalow, gliding noiselessly to the outbuilding where his horse was sheltered, and throwing the saddle upon the through-bred, he led the animal along a by-path which opened upon the highway.

Not a sound proceeded from the cantonment where the treacherous native troops reposed, but the rays of the moon reflected back the glitter of a sentinel's musket as he paced to and fro, all un-

conscious that the hated Fenigler was slipping beyond their bloody vengeance. When at a safe distance from his detachment, Harry leaped into the saddle, urging his steed forward at the top of his speed, his breast racked with terrible apprehensions, as he galloped in the direction of his mistress.

Florence Bascom was the only child of Judge Bascom, a widower, who held a high and lucrative position under the Government. He had looked with favor upon the growing attachment between his child and the gallant soldier, for Eversly boasted an ancient lineage that dated back to the Black Prince.

A sigh of relief escaped from the lady's lips as the white walls of the Judge's residence came suddenly into view. The tranquil rays of the moon cast a silvery shimmer over the somewhat fanciful architecture of the villa peeping forth amid a profusion of tamarind and feathery cocconut trees which surrounded this luxurious retreat.

Securing his horse in the rear of the garden, Harry lost no time in seeking the presence of Florence, whom he found pale and trembling with ill-defined fears.

Her father had been called to Calcutta unexpectedly on important business, and during his absence the numerous retinue of Hindoo servants had levanted, leaving her sole inmate of the house. Even her trusted ayah had disappeared, leaving the poor girl a prey to the most terrible vagaries.

In as few words as possible, Harry related the strange interview he had held with the native girl in his bungalow, and urged the necessity of instant flight.

"We are but a short distance from Calcutta, Florence, and, once there, we will be safe under the broad folds of the Cross of St. George. But we have no time to spare. Wandering bands of natives may be lurking near, while my absence, which is more than likely to be discovered, will surely invite pursuit."

Even as he was speaking the shrill notes of a trumpet floated to their ears on the still, sultry air.

"This is a cavalry trumpet, and close by the sound of horns, we must linger no longer, but fly for our lives. Do not tremble, keep up a brave heart, for no harm shall come to my darling while life and strength is vouchsafed me. I am good for a score of these negroes, treacherous rascals that they are!"

Hurrying through the garden, Harry placed Florence in the saddle, and grasping his bridle rein led the nag to the road which stretched along the dusty plain in the direction of the city.

A savage shout, a roar of many voices, caused Harry to halt in the shade of a clump of trees, while his vigilant eyes caught the reflection and glare of some burning edifice.

The Sepoys had commenced their work of rapine and slaughter.

Leaping into the saddle with his galloping in his arms, the soldier galloped forward, hoping soon to place his loved one in a place of security; but the sound of horns, which in his rear, followed by a savage yell, proclaimed that his movements had been discovered.

Glancing over his shoulder, he beheld a number of dark mounted forms, the glitters of the moon revealing their glittering accoutrements, while the silver facings of their uniforms proclaimed them to be troopers of the native East India Cavalry.

"Courage, Florence, courage," whispered Harry, as he dug the spurs into the bleeding flanks of his charger. "We shall soon be within sight of the city walls, when aid will come to us," but the trembling girl made no reply to her lover's words of hope and comfort, and his face gleamed ghastly white in the light of the moon as he listened to the dull thud of the pursuing steeds.

A rattling, ill-directed volley from the soldiers of the Sepoys whistled about the fugitives' ears, warning Harry that his savage pursuers were rapidly closing upon him. He could not hope to escape by flight; the growling of the overburdened charger was sufficient indication that his powers of endurance had been tested to the utmost, and were on the point of failing altogether.

The white stone walls of a villa burst suddenly upon the despairing eyes of the desperate man, and he determined to seek shelter there as a forlorn hope.

Leaping from the saddle, with Florence in his arms, Harry dashed forward, ascending the front stairs with frantic energy.

Depositing his almost inanimate burden on the floor, he turned to confront his enemies.

One Sowar had outstripped his fellows in the race for life and death. Seemingly anxious to distinguish himself, the fellow had dismounted, and sword in hand, had rushed recklessly after the European. With a show of exultation he dashed through the front door, his uplifted saber floating in the moonlight, while his dark, swarthy countenance glowed with fanatic hate and ferocity.

Scarcely had the clanking spurs of the Sowar struck the stairs, when Harry fired, without a murmur, fell headlong to the floor.

His comrades, who had arrived in time to witness the death of the trooper, filled the air with shouts of vengeance, at the same time they charged their carbines, but Harry had removed Florence to a less exposed situation.

Revolvers in hand, the soldier watched the stairway upon which the Sepoys made a simultaneous rush. But the passage-way was narrow, the Sowars, in their headlong eagerness, impeded each other's progress, while Harry, cool and collected, partially sheltered by the darkness, fired with deliberate aim and deadly effect upon the enraged and baffled murderers. Three of their number lay plied, one above the other, and seized with a sudden panic, the remainder of the troop precipitately

sought shelter, and for a few moments a death-like stillness pervaded the deserted villa. The smoke gradually cleared away and once more the moon partially lit up the scene.

Taking advantage of the momentary lull, Harry sought the side of his destined bride. She had recovered from her faintness, and, although pale, her voice never faltered as she spoke to her lover. She was resigned to her fate, hope had died within her, and her lips moved in silent prayer as a sudden fenshish yell from the tigers outside proclaimed that their fertile brains had concocted some new plan by which they hoped to reach the victims who had thus far evaded their grasp.

Resuming his post, Harry watched for the slightest demonstration from his wily foes. He could not hope to hold out long against his adversaries, and his stout heart sank within him as he thought over the slim chances of aid or succor from the not far distant city.

The plans of the Sepoys were soon made manifest, and a shout of exultation burst from their hoarse throats as a mass of blazing fagots was started amid the light wooden work of the house.

The blinding smoke rose in eddying clouds, compelling Harry to retreat from the post he had defended so well, while vivid tongues of flame rapidly spread from point to point, all of which the poor fellow was powerless to avert.

In vain he attempted to fire through the increasing sheets of flame in hopes to drive the Sepoys from their hiding places. His efforts were all in vain, and a groan of anguish burst from his parched throat as a blinding, suffocating cloud of smoke compelled him to seek the room where Florence had taken refuge.

Through the half-open windows puffs of smoke were rolling forth, while the sound of an increasing roar leaped far on high, the yells of the warriors, echoing above the burning wood as they watched impatiently for a glimpse of their intended victims.

Harry, as he felt the scorching heat of the advancing flames, clasped Florence in his arms, retreating as far as possible from the reach of the raging element, while the dark, whirling wreath of smoke enveloped the lovers like the folds of a winding sheet.

Sword in hand, with Florence, calm and resigned, leaning upon his arm, Harry chafed like a tiger at bay as he gazed through the shattered panes of the window.

Suddenly the clear notes of a bugle rang out, followed by a sharp word of command. A rattling volley of rifle shots and the rush of horses fell upon Harry's ear, who leaped eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of the newcomers.

He beheld the lithe forms of the Sepoys gliding beyond the range of the flames, closely pursued by stalwart men, whose red jackets pronounced them at once to be his countrymen.

With a shout of joy the overjoyed soldier made haste to leave the burning ruin which had afforded such friendly shelter.

By means of his long military sash and a sheet hastily torn from a bed, he improvised a mode of descent, which soon placed them beyond the power of the writhing flames.

The officer in command of the rescuing party was overjoyed when he discovered that through his energy he had been the means of saving two valuable lives. From his post of duty outside the walls of Calcutta he had seen the burning building, heard the firing, and started at once to the rescue.

Harry had the pleasure of returning Florence to the arms of her anxious father, who interposed no objections to Harry's importunities of a speedy marriage.

A brief period of bliss and happiness succeeded, and then Harry was summoned to the field where his brother officers were earning renown and glory.

At the close of the rebellion the young man had gained both distinction and promotion, while the Victoria cross ornamented his breast. Content with the laurels won "at the cannon's mouth," he retired from the army to enjoy without interruption the society of his beautiful wife and little ones.

Wind Locomotion on Land.

It is curious to note that while to the railroads is owing the abandonment of the wind carriage (formerly seen by travelers in China, Spain and Holland) to the same agency it now seems likely that its rejuvenation will be due. Wind vehicles are already in use on the long stretches of tracks which extend over the western prairies, and the speed attained is said to rival that of the fast express train. One has been in use on the Kansas Pacific railroad for the past three years. The vehicle is said to average a speed of thirty miles per hour, and, with a strong breeze, to travel at the rate of forty miles an hour. This last speed was reached with the wind right beam. A distance of eighty-four miles has been passed over in four hours, the car sailing part of this time close hauled and overdisadvantageously curved track. The vehicle has four wheels, each thirty inches in diameter, is six feet in length, and weighs six hundred pounds. The sail has two booms, respectively fourteen and fifteen feet in length, and an area of about eighty-one square feet. The mast is eleven feet high, tapering from four inches square at the heel to two inches at the truck. It will be obvious that many of the laws applying to the iceboat apply equally well to the sailing car. A little consideration will show that when the latter is sailing at forty miles per hour it is traveling faster than the wind that impels it, and this is constantly the case in iceboat sailing. On the other hand, iceboats always sail close hauled; in fact, the sheet is almost constantly kept flat aft. The sailing car, as stated above, goes fastest with the wind directly on the beam or side. Of course the difference is due to the greater resistance offered by the larger and more elevated surfaces of the car body and its occupant, and to the friction of the axle journals, which, probably, under ordinary conditions, is sufficient to prevent the sailing car ever attaining the iceboat's speed.

The Dead Alive.

During the Chartist riots in 1840, James Binn was arrested for murder and shot in Lancashire, England. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Before the last sentence of the law was executed, he made a confession of many crimes, and among the rest of his exploits as a professional body-snatcher, in which business he had been engaged for many years, the following facts were elicited:

In July, 1829, he was living in Belfast, having fled from England to escape punishment for his offenses. He had done several small jobs in Belfast for the doctors, and on the night of July 20, in the year named, a well-known physician of Belfast sent for him and told him that he had a very delicate piece of work for him to perform. A Mr. Bell, a lady of great beauty, and the wife of a rich professor, had just died of a very peculiar disease, and the doctor and his associates desired the body to investigate the cause of death. The doctor paid him so much money down, and dispatched him to Kilmore with such instructions as were necessary. He was to secure the corpse, and a coach would be ready at front of it a woman, which would be two assistants, who would be ready to help him at a given signal.

He went to Kilmore on the day of the funeral at which he was present. He examined the lock on the door of the vault and was satisfied that he could easily remove it. At midnight he went to the churchyard armed with a wrench, a pair of shears, and a pickaxe. First satisfying himself that the coach was in waiting, he entered the graveyard and proceeded to the vault. The night was dark and the rain was falling. Creeping up by the side of the church, he approached the tomb of the Bell family. To his surprise he saw that the door was open, and a faint light burning inside. Stealthily drawing near he glanced in. He saw the coffin lying along the wall, and a coffin lying on the floor, which he had just removed. A woman was apparently in the act of putting to her mouth. The woman gave a shriek, rushed through the door, and fled, leaving the lamp burning on the floor.

The body-snatcher gazed at once at the woman's dress and, impressed with the conviction that she was a person above the ordinary rank, he resolved to follow and see where she went to. He had no difficulty in tracking the rapidly retreating figure. It passed out of the church-yard at a small wicket on the north side of the church, and entered the parsonage.

Satisfied that he possessed an important secret, out of which he could make money, he returned to the vault. The light was still burning, and he signalled the men in waiting. They were soon on the spot, but on entering the vault they discovered, to their utter amazement, that the coffin was empty.

The body-snatcher kept his secret, and the mysterious disappearance of the body was a matter of unexplained surprise. Extinquishing the lamp, the body-snatcher returned to his quarters at a small inn, and the assistants going back to Belfast in the carriage.

The next morning the news of Mrs. Bell's restoration to life was abroad in the town. The body-snatcher lingered in the neighborhood until he ascertained that the clergyman had quitted home for a friend's house, and was with some difficulty that he obtained an interview, as the domestics informed him that the lady was indisposed and confined to her room.

"My business," he said, "is of very

Market Gardening about Paris.

There are over 6,000 men, women and children engaged in growing early asparagus, lettuce, carrots and the like, in and around Paris. The rent of the land varies from \$180 to \$240 per acre, according to situation and irrigation plant. These market gardens are of comparatively small dimensions, and vary from 1 1/2 to 2 1/2 acres in extent. Taking the smaller size, the plant necessary to carry on business costs nearly \$2,500 including large and small bell glasses, straw mats, glazed lights, frames, tools, baskets, horse, cart and other necessary materials. The regular workmen, it is said, earn an average pay of about forty cents a day, with board and lodging, all the year round. Extra men receive about seven cents per hour, women five cents. Most of the men come from other sections, not so much for the sake of the wages, which are low for France, but in order to learn a business which they can return to profitable account when they return to their homes after two or three years' service.

Miramar.

The Emperor of Austria has placed Miramar at the disposal of Pope Leo XIII., during the summer heats. It is a castellated villa, facing three miles from Trieste, and is built on the extreme verge of a cliff, rising sheer to a considerable height above the sea. The London Echo describes it as having the decided advantage in picturesque beauty over the old Papal retreat at Castle Gandolfo. From the top of the square turret the eye takes in the whole panorama of the Gulf of Trieste. The background rises the curious peaks of the Dolomite Chain, and on the right the imposing masses of the Friuli Alps, while at their base, dotting the coast line as it travels away to the misty Lagoons of Venice in the far horizon, are numerous towns and hamlets that have played their part in bygone days. The most celebrated is Aquileia, the seat of numerous Ecclesiastical Councils; the scene of Cour de Lion's shipwreck on his return from Palestine, and those fugitive cities; after Austria's devastating visitation, founded Venice. Bright and peaceful as the villa looks under its Italian sky and in its flower-perfumed atmosphere, sad memories haunt its hearths and gables. The rooms are full of associations and mementoes of the once happy couple that tenanted them, before they forsook their Eden with the vain hope of reviving the empire of the Montezumas. As the end of the visitor wanders away to the past, the scene of the cliff seems to change to a sulphurous whirl of that tragic vault at Quetorato, and the cry of the sea birds to the wallings of that poor, mad, lonely, and widowed Princess in her seclusion at Lacken. Miramar, with its sad traditions, will scarcely form a cheerful summer retreat for a contented Pope, but Leo XIII is said to have taken the Emperor's offer into consideration.

A Remarkable Career.

The following remarkable sketch of the career of Lieutenant De Rudlo of Custer's old Seventh Cavalry, now stationed at Bismarck, W. T., is told by a Bismarck correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press. De Rudlo is the man who with Sergeant O'Neil had such a marvellous two days' experience in the midst of the hostile Sioux two years ago, keeping them at bay from cover with a repeating rifle for hours; then travelling through their country for two days without food or knowledge of their situation. De Rudlo was originally an officer in the Austrian army, but was expelled and exiled for sympathy with the oppressed Italians. Louis Napoleon had belonged to the Italian association of patriots, had proven a traitor, and was then, in 1858, in the way of a successful political revolution. His death would turn all Europe topsy-turvy, and give the oppressed a hearing. On the 10th of January, 1858, De Rudlo dropped into Paris. He was there by appointment. He was a fellow conspirator of Felice Orsini. It was planned that the Emperor should die at one of his grand balls, at the hand of a guest's dagger. De Rudlo was to dash through the Imperial ball, to be thrown into the royal carriage and one some distance in front and one in the rear, to keep back the crowd until the conspirators were sure of their work and escape. The Emperor's carriage, with the Empress and Empress Eugenie in it, approached the grand stairway of the opera house through a file of lancers on either side. De Rudlo says he was standing immediately behind the Emperor's carriage, when he saw the conspirator who was commissioned to throw the first grenade. When he saw his arm make a curve through the air, De Rudlo dropped to the ground, quick as the explosion occurred he raised himself up and tossed his grenade over the heads of the lancers, and again dropped, waiting for Orsini to throw the third one; but Orsini was blinded by the smoke from De Rudlo's shell and wounded in the head; this misadventure kept the conspirators from throwing their grenades until it was too late, one more was thrown out of its order. De Rudlo's shell fell under the front wheels, killing the horses, the coachman, and tearing out the whole side of the carriage. There was the wildest dismay. It was an attack in the dark. The lancers fell back, the crowd scattered, the horses plunged to the right and left and confusion confounded beyond expression. De Rudlo's design was to dash through the lancers and finish His Majesty with a dagger if the grenades failed. Orsini's blindness prevented the execution of that part of the plot. De Rudlo knew that his own life was worth nothing if he broke for the carriage before the third grenade was thrown. He, therefore, waited until the third explosion occurred. The delay in delivering it, and the fact that it was thrown by the fourth man instead of the third, demoralized the working of the plot and gave the lancers time to rally and surround the carriage. De Rudlo saw that personal knowledge of the Emperor's death was impossible at that time. He withdrew from the scene. There had been several killed, and any amount of consternation created, and our conspirator was pretty well satisfied that the object of his attack was dead. He rapidly realized that all Paris was started, and before sunrise all France would be in a night of terror in the city. The extent of the conspiracy was a secret to all except the conspirators. There was universal dread of all the possibilities of a commune. During the night there were 54 killed and 117 wounded. The storm passed, and the Emperor and Empress remained unharmed. At 3 o'clock in the morning De Rudlo was arrested at his lodgings. A roommate and fellow conspirator, Piere, had been arrested, and upon his relations with De Rudlo, the latter was suspected and brought before the Judge of Instruction for a preliminary hearing. The plot covered that contingency, and in a few minutes De Rudlo proved an alibi and was discharged. He was subsequently rearrested, sentenced to the guillotine, and his sentence was only commuted on the scaffold steps. He was then sentenced to the French penal settlement in Guinea, Africa, from which he escaped to America, where where he joined the United States regular army.

Shooting the Horse.

We have frequently referred to the correct principle of horse-shoeing; but there are many matters of detail that, if overlooked, will spoil the best of principles ever laid down. The nails should be quite small, and driven in more gently than in the custom. There is no reason why the smith should strike a blow at the little nail-head as strong as he would deliver at the hoof of a spike in an oak-bank. The hoof of the horse is not an oak stick, and the delicately-pointed and slenderly-headed nail is not a wrought iron spike; and you will see the nailer work away at them as if it was a matter of life and death to blow them entirely out in at the bottom of the hammer. Instead the driver shall drive his nails slowly and steadily, instead of using violence. In this case, if his nail is badly pointed and gets out of the proper line of direction, no great injury is done. It can be withdrawn, and a new one substituted, without harm having been done to the foot. But the swift, blind and violent force of the hammer, which is all they possess until the taste for finer leads them to add some gay, light upper dress, and theatrical-looking boots, perhaps.

Life in Curacao.

The next morning we began our sight seeing and festival life. First, a visit to the Dutch man-of-war Von Galen; and in the evening to the dinner-party, to which we were invited out of courtesy to our captain and his wife, who were friends of the hostess. It was as perfectly served as any entertainment in New York, and there were sixteen courses and six kinds of wine: green turtle soup, pie of green turtle baked in its own shell (these dainties being such a favorite food with the gentry that supplies the restaurants, caught among the reefs and coves of some of the islands, are kept in tanks and reservoirs ready for use), redfish, meat, and various fresh vegetables in endless variety, all served from a side-table by colored waiters. In the centre of the table was a pyramid three feet high of the delicious flowers of the island, on each side the musk and water melons, and a profusion of fruits of whose names I had heard, even though I had never seen before, melon and fragrant, preserved fruits, jellies, marmalades, French confectiories and ornamental cakes; then to end the repast, cheese, coffee, liqueurs and cigars; after which we listened to some music by a young lady from Venezuela.

Adventure with an Orang-Outang.

An orang-outang fully seven feet high was discovered by the crew of the merchant ship, at a place called Bamboon, on the northwest coast of Sumatra, on a spot where there were few trees and little cultivated ground. "It was evident that he had come from a distance, for his legs were covered with mud up to his knees, and the natives were unacquainted with him. On the approach of the boat's crew he came down from the tree in which he was concealed, and made for a clump at some distance; exhibiting, as he moved, the appearance of a tall, man-like figure, covered with shining brown hair, walking erect, with a waddling gait, but sometimes accelerating his motion with his hands, and occasionally impelling himself forward with the bough of a tree. His motion on the ground was evidently not his natural mode of progression, for, even when assisted by his hands and the bough, it was slow and vacillating; it was necessary to see him among the trees to estimate his strength and agility. On being driven to a small clump, he gained by one spring a very lofty branch, and bounded from one branch to another with the swiftness of a common monkey; his progress being as rapid as that of a swift hawk. After receiving five balls his exertions relaxed, and, feeling exhausted, he again descended, he vomited a quantity of blood. The ammunition of the hunters being by this time exhausted, they were obliged to fell the tree in order to obtain him; but what was their surprise to see him, as the tree was falling, effect his retreat to another, with seemingly undiminished vigor! In fact, they were obliged to cut down all the trees before they could force him to combat his enemies on the ground, and when finally overpowered by numbers, and nearly in a dying state, he seized a spear made of supple wood, which would have withstood the strength of the stoutest man, and broke it like a reed. It was stated, by those who aided in his death, that the human-like expression of his countenance, and his piteous manner of placing his hands on his wounds, distressed their feelings so as to most make them question the nature of the act they were committing. He was seven feet high, with a broad, expanded chest and narrow waist. His chin was fringed with a beard that curled on each side, and formed an ornamental rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. His arms were long, even in proportion to his height, but his legs were much shorter. Upon the whole, he was a wonderful beast to behold, and there was more about him to excite amazement than fear. His hair was smooth and glossy, and his whole appearance showed him to be in the full vigor of youth and strength."

Short-Sight.

Short-sightedness depends upon an elongation of the globe of the eye from before backwards, and it is moulded in this faulty form in the following way. When children or young adults are engaged many hours daily in close work with bad light or imperfect type, the eye is constantly strained in the effort to see, the internal blood vessels become seriously congested, and in time excite a portion of their more fluid contents; the outer coat of the ball, tender and dilatable in youth, gives way in its weakest spot posteriorly. The contents of the globe are permanently increased, and the eyeball, instead of a sphere, comes in time to resemble an egg in form, being thus unduly elongated, the rays of light which proceed from distant objects are brought to a focus in front of the retina instead of upon it, and in order to focus them on the proper spot, it is necessary to cause them to diverge before striking the eyeball by the interposition of a concave lens.

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