

Juniata and Reporter.

B. F. SCHWEIER,

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

Editor and Proprietor.

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NO. 36.

INDIAN MARRIAGES.

QUARTET OF RED MEN HIT BY CUPID'S ARROW.

Interesting Tribal Ceremonies at a Recent Wedding on Indian Island, Mo.

The tribes of the Algonquin Indians that inhabit the upper Penobscot river islands still hold on to some of the interesting ceremonies of their ancient mode of life. Two days before the opening of the solemn days of Lent, an occurrence most unusual offered cause for rejoicing at the Indian settlement on Moosehead Island in a wide expanse of the Penobscot opposite Oldtown, Maine. This was no less than the marriage together of four brides to as many gallant braves, whose presents of wampum, aided with money of the prosperity of modern times, they accepted, and accompanied the acceptance by the pledged troth of their womanly hearts to the men of their choice as husbands in wedlock was through life.

The Indians of the Penobscot islands are what was known as the Tarratines, a clan of the Abenagues, of the tribe of the Algonquin. The former, it is claimed, comes from a title given by Jesuit missionaries to Henry Huron, a chief whom they called Tarratouan. But, while there are differences of opinion among authors as to the origin of the appellation, one thing is sure, viz.—that history knows the Penobscot Indians as Tarratines. This is the name of a social club in Bangor among its most cultivated citizens, a prominent member of which is Vice-President Hancock.

The Tarratines were of the Indian tribes who took cordially to the French people who came into their country. Inter-marriages from the first days of colonization to the present have been of frequent occurrence. The Indian intercourse with the French people was very generally of apparent mutual satisfaction, which, it is to be regretted, cannot be said of their relations with the English. They rarely mistrusted the French new-comers, and when the latter built fortifications or other structures for defence of trade, there was anxiety for no jealousy exhibited in the minds of the aborigines. Their barterings with the latter in guns, ammunition, furs and other wares only drew from them attachment to the Gallic white traders and their families. The latter people, by their astuteness, and mingled their business with an openness and freedom that won love in the savage breast.

The Frenchmen's high spirits and companionable manners, the piety of the Jesuit fathers and the devotion which they showed to them in sickness and trials, together with the influence exercised by these spiritual guides in restraining the vices and cupidity of their fellow-emigrants, had much to do with this country. Not the least in the work was the inspiring influence of the grand ceremonies of the Catholic Church in the celebration of the divine mysteries and other holy offices. These worked excellent effects in making the Tarratine Indians fast friends of the French settlers. What wonder that one could trace in the faces of any of the marriage revellers of that day some of the features peculiar to the French people.

They did good service in the revolutionary war, and in the war for the Union a large number of Indians went manfully to the "front."

The names of the contracting parties at the marriage ceremony performed in the Catholic church on the island by Rev. Fr. Neilligan on Sunday, August 25, were Joseph Bancro and Louise Lockabasso, a most beautiful Indian girl, and said to have the proud blood of a former chief of his tribe in her veins; Joseph S. Neptune, relative of the old Indian chief who was then governor, and Maria A. Francis; Sabatus J. Tusep and Catherine F. Sabatus; Big Thunder and a widow who is nearly all French, very little aborigine blood showed in her countenance. The young men and Big Thunder at the post-wed displayed handsome Indian regalia, and nearly three hours were occupied in the tribal ceremonies and dances of these people.

An old chief started off from the middle of the hall with a weird chant, aided by time-keeping of a shop horn in his hand and a light stamping of his feet. He was followed in order, single file, by other males, and then by the squaws, all of them joining in the refrain of the leader, the melody natural, musical and fascinating as the sounds from an Aeolian harp. After each dance the hall several times in this sort of procession, with military precision, they formed into sections, then tripping and dancing backward, facing the females, and at given bars making a series of graceful and dignified movements most graceful. All this was natural, pleasing and interesting. The younger of the gentler sex were in many instances becomingly dressed. When the Indian customs were duly carried out, addresses were made by the Governor, San Neptune, and the Lieutenant-Governor, Sabatus Dana, and Josephus Naocia, one of the Indian council.

Then came the time for the young folks, who at about 11 p. m. began their frolics in modern dances to the music of a native band, consisting of a violin, cornet and trombone, which well performed on, in accompaniment. Although the marriage ceremony was performed on Sunday evening, according to Indian custom, the bride did not go home with her spouse until after a second night of feasting and pow-wowing, at which time they must have felt pretty tired, and at honeymoon taking a rest.

On the island there are four Sisters of Mercy, who teach the girls and Indian boys and give them lessons in faith and morality. Many handsome houses are now completed, or being built on the island. Thrift, good behavior, and a desire to have the world know that they are, in their own way, making fine strides in the arts of the whitemen, characterize the present day Tarratines. At the post-wed I talked with a noble appearing Indian named Francis, whom I met four years ago at Moosehead lake. He acts as a guide for many Boston gentlemen at various seasons of the year in the wilderness and forests of this picturesque commonwealth.

The Remarkable History of a Slave.

General Khaleddin Pasha, who died last week at Constantinople, was unquestionably the most remarkable Tunisian functionary of the present century, and at one time seemed destined to play the most important part in the history of Islam.

Purchased some sixty years ago as a slave by the State Treasurer, Mahmoud Ben Ayt, he lived to become a favorite in the Tunisian cabinet, and was engaged in prosecuting a heavy claim against his former master, who produced his own deed of sale as an exhibit at the trial. He married a daughter of the Tunisian Prime Minister, whom he eventually succeeded, and having gained the approbation and decorations of half the courts in Europe by an audacious escape to Moslem reforms, he finally gained the good graces of the Sultan by warmly espousing the cause of Pan-Islamism.

The Boy of Tunis dismissed him some time before the French invasion, but Khaleddin only exchanged his gorgeous abode on the shores of the Mediterranean (low or lately a French military hospital) for a scarcely less magnificent palace which he built on the heights of Sidi-el-Melk. A bad hand, made him Grand Visier, but his tenure of office was brief. The Turks resented his success, and neither his commanding presence, his marvellous power of talking political platitudes, nor his lavish expenditure in the matter of bakshish, could prevent his fall. He talked French fluently, and loved to propound to European visitors his theories as to the future of the Caliphate. He constantly endeavored to return to office, but the Turkish cabinet always proved too strong for the wily and eloquent Christian.

Ornamental Handkerchiefs.

Pocket-handkerchiefs are descending to flimsy cobwebs of delicate lace and silk. Some very unique handkerchiefs have just been imported from Mexico. They are entirely of lace except a small central spot measuring about two inches square, which is of linen. They cost eighteen-and-sixpence each. A good many of them are worn at receptions. The harmonious very well with fine dresses, but no practical use can be made of them. Many of the daintiest handkerchiefs have borders and insertions of Valenciennes lace. They cost twelve-and-sixpence each. But exact counterparts trimmed with imitation lace can be bought for one-third that price.

The hand-embroidered handkerchiefs are exquisitely neat and pretty. They come from France and Ireland. Since the Irish linen weavers have taken to embroidery the French have no longer a monopoly in these handkerchiefs. The Irish embroidery is every way as good as the French. The only difference is that in the handkerchiefs from Paris the linen is of a slightly finer texture. Handkerchiefs with coloured borders are very popular. The designs are as numerous. A handkerchief with a scalloped outer edge in imitation of an ivy leaf is novel and pretty. Then there are handkerchiefs with deep borders of coloured dots. Each dot is a tiny flower. Handkerchiefs of Japanese silk have coloured corners only.

Journals of General Gordon.

The unpublished journals of General Gordon in China are to appear shortly. Mr. A. Egmont Hake, his cousin and companion, and editor of "The Story of Chinese Gordon," is at present engaged on them, and they are to be published by W. H. Allen & Co. There is to be a beautiful etching of Gordon in Mandarin dress by W. H. Prinsep, from the original in the Chatham mess. The work will also contain numerous original maps of the country, and letters relating to the country of the momentous Soudan rebellion. The journals were supposed to have been lost some time ago under very peculiar circumstances. They were lent by Gordon to a member of Lord Russell's cabinet, and were sent to be printed for the convenience of the Ministry, as they contain valuable and exclusive information about China. When Gordon came home he was exceedingly angry at the publicity and publicity of the journals, and he broke up the type, and it was supposed that he destroyed the manuscript at the same time. This, however, was not the case, for some time ago they were found by Sir Evelyn Gordon in an old lumber-room, and were by him handed over to Mr. Hake.

May Sue For a Stolen Husband.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided that a woman may bring suit for damages against another woman who has robbed her of her husband. The decision is of particular interest to women because it seems to settle the fact that in law, at least, the wife is as good as the husband, and is entitled to the same privileges as he. Judge Vann says, in his opinion: "The husband's right to the conjugal society of his wife is no greater than her right to the society of her husband. The rights of one and the obligations of the other spring from the marriage contract, and are mutual." If this principle were carried into every-day life surprising revolutions would ensue in a great many households on the land.

Big Prices For Hair.

Purely white hair, if long and fine, may be converted into a little fortune by its possessor, supposing she has a good hairdresser. A white woman is known to obtain for a crop of hair white as snow and fine as spun silk, the nice little sum of \$750, which certainly would make hair farming a remunerative occupation, supposing that only two such crops could be raised and disposed of in a lifetime. It is said that the French ex-empire paid \$200 an ounce for hair to match her own, which was in her youth, that much prized hue which is the same as virgin gold.

There is a spring in Georgia the waters of which cure all kinds of ailments. As an ounce of aqua ammonia to each pintful of water is said to provide the quickest restoration of tone to exhausted nerves and muscles, besides making the skin firm and smooth.

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SEVERAL MURKERS.

How over the darkening moorlands; Takes all the quiet air; Drifts in the forest hollows; And a soft snare everywhere.

The nearest twig on the pine-tree; Looks blue through the whitening; And the lightest scabbard rustle; Though never a wind goes by.

But there's red on the willow-berried; And red in the lovely glow; On the cheek of the little side me; That once was pale, like the snow.

—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

AS THE FILES TELL IT.

(From the Centropolis Sun. Edited by Joseph Gordon, at Centropolis, Prairie City, Mo., September 24.)

By L. W. JOHNSON.

Jim Fadden and Pat Toimes, of lamented Sparks City fame, have bobbed up again with their usual smiles, and only exchanged their gorgeous abode on the shores of the Mediterranean (low or lately a French military hospital) for a scarcely less magnificent palace which he built on the heights of Sidi-el-Melk. A bad hand, made him Grand Visier, but his tenure of office was brief. The Turks resented his success, and neither his commanding presence, his marvellous power of talking political platitudes, nor his lavish expenditure in the matter of bakshish, could prevent his fall. He talked French fluently, and loved to propound to European visitors his theories as to the future of the Caliphate. He constantly endeavored to return to office, but the Turkish cabinet always proved too strong for the wily and eloquent Christian.

Fadden passed through here yesterday with a corps of surveyors and a wagon-load of bright red stakes laid out his town and village, and as he passed by the temporary court-house he pointed to it and called out to Col. Bogan, the enterprising section chief, to get a newspaper company, that he would like to build on wheels moving over to Prairie City inside of two months. The crowd, very properly, gave Mr. Fadden the "short" laugh, forecasting his treatment at the polls next November.

To assist in his nefarious scheme to retard the growth and settlement of this magnificent country by involving all in a dirty county seat fight, these professional town builders have arranged to import a newspaper company, that he would like to build on wheels moving over to Prairie City inside of two months. The crowd, very properly, gave Mr. Fadden the "short" laugh, forecasting his treatment at the polls next November.

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work of building going on in the future capital of Prairie county.

Mr. Gordon, however, avoided our office; so we are denied the pleasure of stating his opinions on our beautiful location.

The building boom is certainly well under way. Fifteen new houses were commenced this week, and it is reported that three of the leading merchants of Centropolis will move their offices to the new town. They recognize that Prairie City is by far a better location for the capital than is windy, dusty, dry, alkali Centropolis.

(The Sun, September 24.)

We have endeavored to treat the address of the Flower with that respect due a lady, but to first City, statements as were made in last week's paper taxes our patience to the utmost. She says that three of our business men are thinking of moving over, and that she is a candidate for the office of Miss Purdie. She is an able chemist for Prairie City, but she should adhere to the facts.

(The Sun, September 24.)

Mr. Gordon, of the Sun, made this office a general nuisance Monday. (The Sun, October 6.)

It is time that some steps were taken by our business men looking to the coming county-seat election. With such disreputable tricksters as the late Centropolis, now Prairie City, and some assistance in the mechanical work on our paper this week.

(The Sun, October 13.)

We received yesterday another call from Mr. Gordon, of the Sun, and from certain words dropped by him we are led to believe that he will also be a resident of Prairie City before many moons.

As the election draws near, it is provoking how low men will stoop to accomplish their points. Fadden and Toimes have at last bribed three of our business men into moving their offices to the new town. They are even reported as having cheated Miss Purdie of her dues as publisher of the Flower. While we are so glad to see the lady's efforts to make her name known, the results they may have expected, we do think they should stand by their agreement with her. If they will not do this, how can our farmers and merchants be expected to support their propositions to build a court house as a gift to the county and to donate lots to our merchants who move over before election. Stand by Centropolis, and let us be led away by these false tricksters!

(The Flower, October 14.)

We had occasion this week to thank Mr. Gordon, of the Sun, in person for his well intended sympathy and labor in support of our cause. He is a good man, as we now do, that our relations with the gentlemen engaged in this town building enterprise has been cordial and satisfactory to us.

We throw up the sponge. Gentlemen of Centropolis, we have fought for you long and faithfully. We have been steadfast in our faith and diligent in our efforts. We have done our best, and we are now leaving the matter to you. You have leaned back in your easy chairs and refused to work until now. It is too late, and no power can stem the current of popularity that is setting in for Prairie City. We yield to the better enterprise of Prairie City, and to-morrow shall commence to move our office over and become the Prairie Sun. We thank you all for the support you have given us, but it is impossible to stay with you longer. Nature is against us and for Prairie City, and we hope to see you all with our son. Long live Prairie City! Long live Centropolis!

The Prairie City Dispatch, (Special Dispatch to the Daily Hovitz, Denver, Col.)

CENTROPOLIS, COL., October 19.—A typical Western sensation, that came last night, and at this hour (midnight) is hardly yet subsided.

About an hour ago a mob of about fifty masked men attacked the Sun office with the intent and purpose of hanging the editor, Joe Gordon, and burning his office, the affair growing out of the hot county-seat contest now in progress in Prairie county between Centropolis and the new town of Prairie City. Mr. Gordon, who has been in nearly every county-seat fight in Kansas, and has been a staunch champion of this place up to this time, today made a complete flop, and came out boldly for the opposition town. His change so excited the property owners here who have decided not to yield, that they planned a severe re-venge on Gordon, and but for a timely intervention they would have succeeded.

The mob had broken down the door entered the office and was busy scattering the type and breaking the printing press. The mob was very noisy in its work by hanging the editor, who had been caught. Just as they were tying the rope about his neck, he fled the building, and was starting for a gallows tree, a halt was called by a young woman dashing up to the house, tumbling from her horse and, revolver in hand, rushing into the office with a threat to shoot down every man who touched Gordon. The men were paralyzed by the apparition, but obeyed the woman with one impulse and hurried away, leaving the rescued and rescuer to put out the fire. A great portion of the building and outfit were ruined, but Gordon seems satisfied to get out of the scrape alive.

After the mob had dispersed, a party of five or six horsemen came over from Prairie City armed to the teeth, and have been parading the streets since then, as if looking for a fight. It is impossible to tell what the outcome may be, but the heroine of the episode

contemptuously says these men will hurt nobody.

It appears that the lady, who is the editor of Gordon's opposition sheet, got wind that her opponent was to be hanged for his dopping and urged these men to arm and come to his relief, but they being too slow to please, she procured a saddle horse and bravely came alone, and stuck her foot in it.

(From the Flower, October 21.)

Owing to the cowardly attack made last week on Mr. Gordon and his paper, he has been unable to get out his paper this week, and his readers will be compelled to await his complete recovery and reorganization of his office. Mr. Gordon was but slightly injured in the affair with which all are familiar, but the shock has incapacitated him for work for a few days.

(Slightly contradicted in another place.)

We have to thank Mr. Gordon, of the late Centropolis, now Prairie City, for some assistance in the mechanical work on our paper this week.

(From the Sunflower, October 28.)

With this issue the names of our papers are changed, and we present to our combined readers a combined paper under the combined name of the Sunflower. Thinking all for the many expressions of good will and well wishes for future happiness and success, and trusting that Prairie City will be the permanent county seat of Prairie County.

We remain, gratefully yours,

JOSEPH GORDON.

You may tangle the tale to suit yourself.

(The Nickel was Flunged.)

A tall man with a dark moustache and imperial got into a south-bound Broadway car at Twenty-second street the other day, and took a seat about midway up the car. When the conductor came for his fare the man flung a nickel from his pocket. The conductor looked at the coin sharply and passed it back again.

"What's the matter?" asked the conductor.

"It's plugged," said the conductor. The man put a pair of eyeglasses on his nose and critically surveyed the nickel. He found that the conductor had not noticed it, and he looked at the nickel. He was about to put the bad one back into his pocket when he noticed that every one in the car was looking at him. He turned red, hesitated, and finally dropped the nickel, and it landed on the floor. Every one saw him do it, but every one tried to appear as if he didn't notice it.

The nickel lay on the floor in plain sight, but no one would look at it. All seemed to think that they would appear as if they coveted it if they did. Every one seemed quite uncomfortable. Two or three men tried to read, but they couldn't concentrate their attention on their newspapers. The conductor passed over the nickel once or twice, and tried not to notice it.

At Fourteenth street a man got in and was about to sit down, when he spotted the nickel. He picked it up and tried to hand it to an old gentleman with a red face and a white moustache, saying: "You dropped this, sir."

"No, I didn't," said the old gentleman, with a laugh. Then everybody laughed, as if greatly relieved. The man who had picked up the nickel looked closely at it, turned bright crimson, and dropped it again. Everybody saw him, but whichever way he looked he saw only averted faces. The people would glance slyly at him from the corners of their eyes and then look away again very quickly. Again no one looked at the nickel, although every man there knew to a nicety just where it lay. It stayed in the same place on the floor until the car stopped just above Chambers street. Here the conductor told the passengers to take the next car, and that one was going to switch off and go up town again. As they left the car all the passengers took a last glance at the plugged nickel. At any rate, it was touched. It started up town again, and all the passengers went down town with that nickel weighing heavily on their minds.

Large Hands and Beer Drinking.

Attention has been drawn, says the London Standard, to the rather curious fact that, on the authority of carefully collected statistics, it is proved that the hands and feet of the women of America are steadily progressing in size, so that very soon, if they continue to grow in dimensions, there will no longer be any reason for ladies across the Atlantic to be vain of the smallness of their extremities. A person interested in the matter asserts, for instance, that the gloves and shoes worn by American women are slowly but surely approaching the size of those worn in other countries; and though the reason for this increase in size is not yet known, it is suggested that it may be found closely connected with the growing habit of beer drinking.

For, according to the learned on the subject, the theory is that the women of all beer-drinking nations have larger hands and feet than those of countries where wine is the everyday beverage. It is certainly true that German and English women have, in the majority of cases, larger hands and feet than French, Spanish or Italian women. But we do not see that it follows that this is due to the beer drunk in the first-named countries, or that the feet and hands of the women of Italy, Spain and France would become larger were wine to be discarded. The latter are generally slighter in build than their English or German sisters, and their hands and feet are in proportion.

Divorce Figures.

A striking fact brought out at the annual meeting of the National Divorce Reform League at Boston, is that 80.1 per cent. of divorces occur in the state in which the marriage took place. While such figures indicate that the evil lies elsewhere than in the defective laws, the league declared that the marriage laws were in a deplorable state, especially with regard to a system of registration.

A BOY MILLIONAIRE.

Little Marshall Roberts, 16 Years Old, the Possessor of a Fortune of \$5,000,000.

Little Marshall Roberts, son of the late Marshall O. Roberts, is the youngest millionaire in New York City. There are hundreds of children in New York who will probably some day inherit one or more millions, but little Marshall Roberts already inherits his vast fortune, and in eleven years it will be entirely in his control.

His father was one of the great merchants of his day, and when he died some four years ago he left an estate valued at \$10,000,000. The little boy did not have this entire fortune bequeathed him, because there were other claimants with equal rights to it. When Mr. Roberts died he was an old man. His widow, one of the beautiful young society women of our metropolis, and the mother of little Marshall, was his second wife. His first wife was thirty years her senior, and had a daughter, Mrs. Van Wert, his stepmother. Mrs. Van Wert has a daughter, Miss Evelyn Van Wert, who is 20 years old. This makes young Mrs. Roberts, who is now but 16 years old, the wife of a lady of 40, and stepdaughter to a young lady of 20, and the little millionaire of 10 to one to a maiden twice his age.

When Mr. Roberts died he left a will dividing his money between his wife, his granddaughter and his little son. The son has half the money for his own use, but until he comes of age his mother is to have the income from the \$5,000,000.

Little Marshall Roberts will some day be one of the greatest catches in the matrimonial market, and he bids fair to be a handsome and clever young man. He is a nice healthy looking fellow for his age, well formed, and with a round face full of intelligence. He has great soft brown eyes like his mother's, and a dimple in a rather decided-looking chin.

He has been across the ocean almost every year of his life, has lived for months in London, and speaks English, German and French as well as English, and is being educated for a man of the world.

His greatest ambition at present is to be an athlete. He has a bicycle on which he rides up and down Fifth avenue; he plays tennis, tennis and tennis. He is a fine swimmer, and almost every fine morning he may be seen mounted on one of them, and paddling his way down the river. He is being educated for a man of the world.

He has a tutor who lives in the house and looks after his mental training. He is being educated for the English fashion and learns his Latin and Greek with his English primer.

Mrs. Roberts is proud of her bright, handsome boy, and takes every pains to make him a healthy, educated gentleman. He eats plain food, sleeps on a hard mattress, and wears simple, but the value of money and in every way is trained with the same rigor as a royal prince.

His fortune is, most of it, invested in real estate and Government bonds, and four or five well-known men are his guardians. His income, however, comes into his hands, and he has \$200,000 a year which is almost \$500 a day, or \$25 for every hour he lives.

Bridge Building Projects.

The proposal to bridge the English Channel from Dover to Calais has given rise to a number of similar schemes elsewhere. Among the latest is one for bridging the Dardanelles and the Aegean with the European and the Asiatic shore. This is a feat that has not been attempted since the days of the great storm destroyed the bridge of boats which Xerxes had cast across the Hellespont for the passage of his army. It is stated that the project is now being advanced by a French engineer, and that they are now being considered by the Sultan's Porte. The distance between the Asiatic and European shores does not exceed a mile and a quarter, and the chief engineering difficulties are due to the extreme rapidity of the currents.

Another project which concerns the United States more closely is the Russian plan for bridging over the Behring Straits and thus connecting America with Asia by means of a railroad. The narrowest part of the gulf which separates Siberia from Alaska does not exceed sixty miles, and there are a number of islands in a straight line which would serve as points of division, and reduce each portion of the bridge to a length considerably less than that of the proposed English Channel bridge. The Behring Strait project has aroused much enthusiasm throughout Russia, and is being eagerly discussed in the great cities of the Empire. Of course, there is something very attractive in a scheme, which, if carried out, will bring us nearer to the far west, and be possible to make the circuit of the globe on foot. But, on the other hand, in view of the generally accepted probability that the supremacy of the world in years to come is to be divided between Russia and America, it might be better for the general peace if the sea route were kept open. The Russian project would be well to delay the execution of the enterprise until our extradition treaty with Russia is ratified by the Senate. Otherwise native-born Americans would be crowded out of Alaska by the influx of Siberian exiles and convicts.—N. E. Tribune.

Ungallant Beau Was Thrown.

A reception was held at the home of one of society's local queens, says the Flower Press. When gentlemen in coats of steel opened their eyes to the fashion's triumphs were contending and bowing in the well-marked measures of a quadrille, till a garter was seen lying upon the floor, and the feet of the light-hearted dancers. Of course, some Chevalier Bayard of the ball-room stooped and picked up the garter, and the society of the world's fair owner, remembering how a king bent down to regain the countess of Salisbury's garter, and made it the badge of England's high estate, he, too, he politely stared, while ladies blushed, until the hostess, discovering the cause sent a domestic, who removed the offending article, and the dance resumed. You godal such is the nineteenth century that the young men would hold themselves polluted by the touch of a silken cord. Once men went forth to battle trusting to the talisman of a little ribbon or a fragment of a maiden's snaffle dress.

A Michigan man, true to his ruling passion, beat down the trader from whom he bought a piglet with which he committed suicide. He got 25 cents for the piglet.

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NEWS IN BRIEF.

—An ice mine is reported to exist near Howardsville, Colorado.

—Prince Louis Ferdinand, of Bavaria, is an enthusiastic veterinary surgeon.

—The two cables connecting Australia and Java were recently simultaneously broken by an earthquake.

—Following by electricity is an accomplishment for a large property in Central Spain.

—Electric roads exceed 25 per cent. of the mileage and of the number of street railways in this country and in Canada.

—A luminescence has been investigated, the light for which is produced by phosphorus of calcium, and is visible two and a half miles away.

—Electrically deposited copper is so ductile that it can be drawn down until it resembles the finest hair, and thus, too, without annealing.

—The famous Thysick Garden, in Chelsea, England, whose preservation is now a matter of discussion, has 20,000 different herbs and plants.

—Barn men are generally giving up urging the cultivation of corn plants by the acre, as less pasturage, on the ground "there's no money in it."

—London has a female barber shop where three young women handle the razors and shears for the women of the street. The place is well patronized.

—With a rainfall of two feet annually, it is estimated that the land has the benefit of about twenty pounds of ammonia per acre.

—The Turks are said to be especially fond of the turban, and that the red, said to be used as an emblem by which a lover makes known his passion for his mistress.

—The czar of Russia, Alexander III., is reported to be a devotee of the game of cards. This is an area equal to the whole of France.

—A new toy instrument from Paris compresses the fingers of a dancer on a thick card. The skirt of the dancer is sensible of every change in the weather.

—Paint the longness of your fever patients with glycerine, says a physician; it will remove the sensation of thirst and discomfort felt when the organ is dry and hot.

—New York's new apartment thirty miles from the city, is 50,000,000 and eighty lives were lost in its construction. It brings 35,000,000 gallons of water to New York daily.

—A history of all the wars in which Russia has been engaged since the time of Peter the Great, is now being issued. It will be edited by Gen. Leer. Three volumes are nearly ready.

—Domestic servants are no scarce in Montreal that women in want of help are said to visit the city streets, offering to engage young women to work for them at the close of their terms of imprisonment.