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Selected Story.

MISS HARPER'S MAID

After the last voyage but one, the good ship of which I was first officer went into dock for a thorough refitting, and I had a longer spell at home than I had enjoyed for many years. I would not change this way of life for any in the world; but I was glad for once to stretch my legs fairly on dry land, and see something of green fields, brick and mortar, and my shore-going friends in the neighborhood of Canterbury.

Among the families in which I was most intimate was that of a Mr. Harper. He had made a comfortable fortune by trade, and now was enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a good house on the outskirts of the city. An only daughter kept house for him; for he was a widower. Now Julia Harper, when I first knew her, was a fine, handsome girl of two-and-twenty; tall, well made, but on rather a large scale, with bright, restless eyes, and a profusion of dark hair. She had a great many admirers, some of whom there is every reason to suppose, admired the old gentleman's money as much as the young lady's eyes, but they met with no great encouragement.

I often met with Julia at the house of mutual friends. I certainly liked the girl; and my vanity was flattered, because, with so many admirers around her, she showed me, as I thought, a decided preference. She seemed to be never tired of talking about the sea. She wore me with questions about it; and on more than one occasion said—very unguardedly—that she thought a voyage to India would be the most delightful thing in the world. Of course, I made fitting answer, that with a congenial companion, a voyage anywhere would be delightful; and more than once, opportunity being favorable, I was on the point of declaring myself, when an internal qualm of conscience arrested the dangerous avowal.

Affairs were in this state, when an accident befell me which brought matters to a crisis. There was a steplechase one day in the neighborhood of Canterbury, which I attended on foot. During the excitement of the race, I attempted a difficult cut across the country, failed at a leap which was beyond my power, and had the misfortune to sprain my ankle. The injury was a very severe one, and I was laid up for many weeks in my lodgings. You have often laughed at me for talking everything so coolly. I assure you that I did not take this coolly at all. I chafed, indeed, like a lion in the toils; and was continually arresting the progress of my recovery by putting—in spite of repeated prohibitions—the crippled member to the ground. At last, I began to learn a little philosophy, and resigned myself to the sofa with a groan.

The loss of my liberty was bad enough; but the loss of Julia's society was a hundred times worse. Her father came often to see me, and brought me kind messages from his daughter; but, if I had no more substantial consolations, I believe that I should have gone mad. Julia did not actually come to me; but she wrote me repeated notes of inquiry, and often sent me flowers and books, and other tokens of womanly kindness. The messenger employed on these occasions was Miss Harper's maid. She was generally enjoined to deliver the letters and parcels into my own hands, and sometimes to wait for an answer. She came, therefore, into my drawing-room, and if she had occasion to wait, I would always desire her to be seated. The girl's name was Rachel. She might have been old, or ugly, or deformed, for anything I cared, or indeed, that I knew about her. I had a dim consciousness that she had a very pleasant manner of speaking; but I give you my word that, after she had been half a dozen times into my room, I should not have known her if I had met her in the streets; I regarded her only as an appendage to the fair Julia, whose image was ever before my eyes, shutting out all else from my view.

This, however, did not last forever. It happened one day that when Rachel brought me a parcel, I—in my lover-like enthusiasm—started up from the sofa, and incautiously planted my injured foot on the ground. The result was a spasm of such acute pain that I fell back upon my couch with an involuntary cry, and a face as colorless as marble. Rachel immediately stopped forward; and with a cordial expression of sympathy, asked if she could do anything for me, and proceeded, with a light, gentle hand to arrange the pillows under my crippled limb. I felt very grateful for these ministrations, and as I gave utterance to my gratitude, I looked for the first time inquiringly into Rachel's face.

I thought that, altogether, she was a very pretty girl, and, moreover, a very gentle one. I observed now what I had never observed—indeed, had had no opportunity of observing—that she had a charming little figure. Her shawl had

fallen off while she was arranging my pillows, so that I could see her delicate waist and the graceful outline of her light-colored form. I was interested in her now for the first time, and was sorry when she took her departure, with the expression of hope that I might not suffer further inconvenience.

I hoped that she would come again on the following day, and I was not disappointed. She came with a note and a bouquet from Julia; but before delivering either she inquired after me with—what I thought—genuine concern. I answered kindly and gratefully; and before opening her mistress's note asked her several questions, and drew her into conversation. The more I saw of her the better I liked her. She was at first a little reserved—perhaps embarrassed—but after a few more visits this wore off, and there was a quiet self-possession about her which pleased me mightily. I could not get rid of the impression that she was something better than her social position seemed to indicate; at all events, she was very much unlike all the waiting-maids I had ever seen. I soon began to delight in her visits. She came almost every day with some letter or message from her mistress. I looked forward to the time of her coming, and felt duller when she was gone. I thought that it would be delightful to have such a handmaiden always about me, to smooth my pillow and bring me my meals, and talk to me when she had nothing better to do.

I was interested in Rachel, and enjoyed her visits; but, believing still in Julia Harper's fidelity, I was faithful to the core myself. But circumstances soon occurred which shook my faith, and then my love began to dwindle.

Rachel brought me a note one day, and a parcel containing a pair of worsted work slippers, which her mistress said she hoped I would wear for her sake until I was able to leave my room. She did not actually say, but she implied, that she had worked them for me herself. When I said something to Rachel about the time and trouble Miss Harper—must have expended on them, I observed a very curious and significant expression on the girl's face. I had observed it once or twice before, when I had said something indicative of my confidence in Julia's sincerity. It was an expression partly of pity—partly of disgust; and seemed to be attended, for I could see the compression of her little mouth, with a painful effort to repress the utterance of something that was forcing its way to her lips. I was thinking what this could mean when a piece of folded paper fell from the parcel; I picked it up, and found it was a bill—a bill for my slippers, which Miss Harper had bought. I knew now the meaning of the look. Rachel saw that I had got a glimmering of the truth, and I thought that she seemed more happy.

She had wished me "good morning," and was about to depart, but I told her that I could not suffer her to go. It was altogether a deplorable day—what we call in the log *squally*. There was a great deal of wind—a great deal of rain; and just at this moment the latter was coming down in torrents. After some persuasion she consented to remain. Then I asked her if she would do something for me; and, with a bright smile she answered: "Yes." I had a new silk neckcloth waiting on the table to be hemmed. She took it up, and then, turning to me, asked naively how she was to hem it without needle and thread. To this question—for which I was well prepared—I replied that in the other table-drawer she would find something containing both. She searched, and found a very pretty Russian leather case, silver mounted, with all the appliances a seamstress could desire. Then I begged her acceptance of it—said that I had ordered it to be made on purpose for her use, and that I should be bitterly disappointed if she did not accept it. And she did accept it with undisguised pleasure. And a very pleasant thing it was to be on the sofa, and watch her neat little white hands plying the needle in my behalf. I had been longing to see the hand without the glove, and I was abundantly satisfied when I saw it.

She had hemmed one side of the handkerchief, and we had conversed on a great variety of topics, when the weather began to clear up, and the sun to shine in at the windows. Rachel rose at once to depart. I said that I was quite sure it must be dreadfully wet under foot, and that I was certain she was thinly shod.

"Not very," she said. But I insisted on satisfying myself, and would not be content until she had suffered to peep out beneath the hem of her gown one of the neatest little patent leather slippers I had ever seen in my life. I said that they were very dainty little things, but altogether fine weather shoes, and not meant for wet decks. But I remembered presently that I had seen in her hand, when she entered the room, a pair of India rubber overshoes, and I reminded her of them.

"They are my mistress's," she said; "I had been desired to fetch them from the shop."

"Wear them," I said, "all the same—they will keep you the worse, and will keep your little feet dry."

"But how can I?" she answered, with a smile; "they will not fit me at all."

"Too small?" I said, laughing. "Yes, sir," she said, with another smile, even more charming than the first. I told her that I should not be satisfied until I had decided that point myself, and at last I persuaded her to try. The little rogue knew well the result. Her feet were quite lost in them.

If I have a weakness in the world, my good fellow, it is in favor of pretty feet and ankles; so, when Rachel insisted on taking her departure, I hobbled as well as I could to the window to see her pick her way across the mud puddles. I satisfied myself that the girl's ankles were as undeniable as her feet; and she was unequivocally *bien chaussee*. I could not help thinking of this long after she was gone. And then it occurred to me that Julia Harper was certainly on a rather large scale. She had a good figure of her kind, and she had fine eyes; but Rachel's were quite as bright and much softer; and as for all the essentials of graceful and feminine figure, the mistress was far inferior to the maid's. I kept thinking of this all the evening, and after I had gone to bed. And I thought, too, of the very unpleasant specimen of Julia's insincerity which had betrayed itself in the case of the slippers.

The next day was an auspicious one. Looking prettier than ever Rachel came with a note from her mistress. I was in no hurry to open it, you may be sure. I asked Rachel a great number of questions, and was especially solicitous on the score of wet feet, which I feared had been the result of her last homeward voyage from my lodgings. She had by this time habituated herself to talk to me in a much more free and unembarrassed manner than when first she came to my apartments; and the more she talked to me the more charmed I was; for she expressed herself so well, had such a pleasant voice and delivered such sensible opinions, that I soon began to think that the mental qualifications of the mistress (none of the highest, be it said) were by no means superior to those of the maid. In deed, to tell the truth, my good fellow, I was falling in love with little Rachel as fast as I possibly could.

This day, indeed, precipitated the crisis. We had talked some time together, when Rachel reminded me I thought that there was an expression of mock reproachfulness in the little round face that I had not read her mistress's letter. I opened it in a careless manner; and had no sooner read the first line than I burst out into loud laughter. "Bravo, Rachel," I exclaimed. "You are a nice little messenger, indeed, to carry a young lady's *billets doux*. You have given me a wrong letter." She took up the envelope, which had fallen to the ground, and showed me that it was directed to "Edward Bloxham, Esq." "All the better, Rachel," I said; "but this begins, 'I am so delighted, my dear Captain Cox—Hurrah for the envelopes!'" I looked into Rachel's face. It was not easy to read the expression of it. First she seemed inclined to laugh—then to cry. Then she blushed up to the very roots of her hair. She was evidently in a state of uncertainty and confusion—puzzled what course to pursue. I folded up the letter, placed it in another envelope—not saying, of course, read another word of its contents. What was the cause of Julia's excessive delight I am not aware up to this moment; but I could not help asking Rachel something about Captain Cox. One question led to another. Rachel hesitated at first; but at last, with faltering voice and fearful face, told me the whole truth. She said that she had felt herself for some time in a very painful and embarrassing situation. She recognized her duty to her mistress, who had been kind and indulgent to her—much that had been done was extremely wrong. She had all along been ashamed of the duty on which she was employed, and had more than once hinted her disapprobation; but had been only laughed at as a prude. She had often reproached herself for being a party to the fraud which had been practised on me. She had not at first fathomed the whole extent of it; but now she knew how bad a matter it was. The truth was, that Miss Harper had for some time been carrying on something more than a flirtation with Captain Cox. But her father disliked the man, who, though very handsome and agreeable, bore only a passing but a good character—and, therefore, Julia had acted cautiously and guardedly in the matter, and had feigned an indifference which had deceived Mr. Harper.

When I first came to anchor at Canterbury, Captain Cox was on board of absence; and, as he had gone away without making a declaration, it had appeared to Julia that an overt flirtation with me in the captain's absence—something that would certainly reach his ears—might

stimulate him to greater activity, and elicit an unretractable avowal. Her flirtation with me was intended, also, to impress on Mr. Harper's mind the conviction that she was really attached to me, and he ceased, therefore, to trouble himself about Captain Cox. He liked me, and he encouraged me, on purpose that the odious captain might be thrown into the shade. Such was the state of affairs at the outset of Julia's flirtation with me. But Rachel assured me that I really had made an impression on the young lady's heart, though she had not by any means given up the gallant captain.

I asked Rachel how this could be—how it was possible that any heart could bear two impressions at the same time. She said she supposed some impressions were not as deep and ineffaceable as others. At all events, she believed that to Miss Harper it was a matter of no very vital concern whether she married Captain Cox or Mr. Bloxham; but that she was determined to have one or the other. The fact is, the girl was playing a double game, and deceiving both of us. All this was very clear to me from Rachel's story. But she told me it was her own belief that Julia would determine on taking me, after all—that for the very excellent reason that Captain Cox was engaged elsewhere. At least, that was the story in the town since his return to the barracks.

Poor Rachel shed a great many tears while she was telling me all this. She said that, having betrayed her mistress, she could not think of remaining with her. She was decided on this point. With warm expressions of gratitude, I took her little hand in mine, and said that I would be her friend—that she had done me an inestimable service—that I was glad to be undeceived—that the little incident of deception in the slippers had shaken my belief in Miss Harper's truth, that altogether my opinions had changed, and that I knew there were worthier objects of my affection. Then I spoke of her own position—said that of course her determination was right—but that she would confer a very great favor on me if she would do nothing until she saw me again. This she readily promised; and it was agreed that on the following day, which was Sunday, she should call on me during afternoon service. I pressed her hand warmly when I wished her goodbye.

She came at the appointed hour, looking prettier and more lady-like than ever. She was extremely well dressed. I shook hands with her and asked her to sit herself upon the couch beside me; and then asked her, laughingly: "What news of Captain Cox?" She said there was not the least doubt that Captain Cox was engaged to be married to a lady in London; and that Miss Harper, on the preceding evening, not before, had been made acquainted with the fact. I then asked Rachel what the young lady had said on receiving back her letter to the captain; and learned that she had been greatly excited by the discovery, and had been very eager to ascertain how much of the letter I had read. When Rachel told her that I had read only the words: "I am so delighted, my dear Captain Cox," she somewhat recovered her spirits, but this morning she had pleaded illness as an excuse for not coming down to breakfast, and had not since left her room.

There was at this time lying upon my table a note from Miss Harper, which had been brought by her father, an hour before. I asked Rachel to give it to me, saying: "Now, let us see, Rachel, whether any new light is thrown upon the subject." I think her hand trembled when she gave it to me. I opened and read:

"MY DEAR MR. BLOXHAM: Very many thanks to you for your promptitude in returning the note, which, stupid little bungler that I am, ('Not so very little, is she, Rachel?') I paused to remark 'I sent you by mistake—I am very glad that I had not sent the other to Capt. Cox—for although it does not much matter if one's letters to one's acquaintance fall into the hands of one's friends, it is not at all pleasant if one's letters to one's friends fall into the hands of one's acquaintance. I wrote to Capt. Cox only to tell him how delighted I was to hear of his engagement—for he is going to be married to a Miss Fitz Smythe—a very lady-like girl who was spending some time here with the Maureics, and was really quite a friend of my own."

I had not patience to read any more. I knew it to be all a lie. So I tossed the letter into the middle of the room, and said: "We have had enough of that." I was ineffably disgusted. One thing, however, was certain, that Julia Harper was now to be had by me for the asking.

I had other views for my humble self. Rachel, I found, on inquiry, was the daughter of a Mrs. Ernschaw, the widow's means of subsistence were slight, and her daughter had obtained a situation as, what people called, Miss Harper's maid.

My good fellow, I can hardly tell you what happened after this. I have a confused recollection of having looked inquiringly into Rachel's face; read whole chapters of love in it; then threw my arms round her waist, pressed her fondly to my bosom, and, while I untied her bonnet strings and removed the obtrusive covering from her head, said to her: "We sailors have all been sworn never to kiss the maid whom we can kiss the mistress—unless we like the maid better than the mistress, and Heaven knows how much I do!"

After the lapse of two or three weeks, and very delightful weeks they were, too, Rachel Ernschaw came Rachel Bloxham, and I the happiest husband in the world. I have got the very best of little wives, and never, I assure you, for one moment, though we have little enough to live upon, and I cannot bear these long separations, have I deplored the loss of Miss Harper.

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The Ineligible Electors.

WASHINGTON, November 14.—A surprising, if not serious, and most important, turn has been given to the aspect of the Presidential muddle by the discovery to-day that two of the Republican electors, one chosen in Oregon and another in the State of Vermont, were until yesterday in the one and until to-day in the other case, office-holders under the United States, and therefore, as is now insisted upon by the Democrats, disqualified to serve in the capacity of electors of President and Vice-President.

Whatever force, little or great, there may be in this argument of the Democrats, the discovery has alarmed the whole Republican camp; for, should the claim of the Democrats be made good and prevail, Governor Tilden will have at least 186 electoral votes, irrespective of the result of the election in South Carolina, Louisiana and Florida.

The two persons referred to are John W. Watts, late Postmaster at Lafayette, Oregon, and H. N. Solence, late Postmaster at Bridgeport, Vt. The word "late" in this connection does not, however, and unfortunately probably for Governor Hayes, indicate sufficient antiquity to save the game to the Republicans. The resignation of the Oregon postmaster is dated only upon yesterday, November 13, was forwarded by telegraph and took all night to come across the Continent from San Francisco, so that it got into the hands of the Postmaster General only this morning. The resignation of the Vermont postmaster was written, sent and received to-day. Both resignations were at once accepted by Postmaster-General Tynor.

The trouble likely to arise out of this matter is as follows: In the first place, both men were holding an office of trust and profit under the United States upon and subsequent to the day of election. In the second place the Constitution, in Article 2, forbids that any person "holding an office of trust or profit under the United States shall be appointed an elector." The Democrats argue that the election by the people was the appointment contemplated by the Constitution, and a good many Republicans are honest enough to fear that the Democrats are right and that the Republican party in Oregon and Vermont have made a most egregious and execrable couple of blunders and thrown away the election by the grossest carelessness. "The Republicans who 'pooh, pooh' the matter say that the electors are not appointed in the sense of the Constitution until their certificates are made out, attested in every detail and given into their possession an interpretation of the Constitution and law which would invest the two gentlemen "which was postmaster" with the full capacity of electors, now that by resigning their office they shall not be disqualified when their certificates come to be made out. At best it is a most awkward and embarrassing complication for the Republicans.

Should, as the Democrats contend, the two men be disqualified to serve as electors, the consequence would be that in the States of Oregon and Vermont the candidate on each of the respective Democratic electoral tickets receiving the highest popular vote would be chosen Presidential elector in combination with the diminished number of Republican electors, the result being a gain of two votes for Mr. Tilden. It might be thought that there is a tie vote for the parallel and rival set of Democratic electors, which would still further complicate this extraordinary matter, but it is the experience of everybody who has ever inspected the result of an official canvass that names, even in so compact a ticket as that of the Electoral College of any political party, are so frequently and numerously scratched as to make comparatively wide differences in the votes cast for the candidates on the one side.

The extent of the impression created in official and political circles may be seen in the fact that the problematical status of the two electors was the subject of a portion of the discussion in the Cabinet at the session thereof recently, with what result has not transpired.

The rather curious feature of the complication has captured the fancy of those who are yet warmly canvassing the probabilities of the question of the next President, and

for the nonce has set aside all conjecturing as to the result in Louisiana, the twenty-second joint rule and other matters which have formed the staple of speculative discussion during the past eventful week. That the Republicans are uneasy and anxious, if not alarmed, is quite evident. They are searching authorities to find precedents for maintaining the position that the two ex-postmasters are disqualified, and if the point of disability is raised, as it certainly will be, they will be fortified with opinions in support of their position. The negative argument is already advanced by them that a scrutiny of the names in the Democratic college of electors would reveal office-holders under the United States, such as commissioners to take depositions in the several States—national notaries in fact—and other similar petty officials, equally disqualified with the two ex-postmasters to serve as Presidential electors.—*Cor. Chronicle and Sentinel.*

The Cause of the 'Splosion.

"I would invite you to my house, brother Jackson," said Deacon Johnson, as he emerged from church last Sunday evening, "but I dunno as we'll get any supper this night, de cook stove an' so druffally out ob repair."

"What's de matter wid de stove?" "Why, you see cold wedder an' comin' on and wood's gettin' skase an' high, an' I've structed de folks to be berry economical in de usin' ob it. We's bin buyin' in small lots, an' last night, bein' out ob fuel, I sent one ob my boys ober to a neighbor's to borrow a few sticks. De man ob his family had gone to bed owin to de lateness ob de hour, an' dat boy, who would spise to do a dishonest transaction, wrote out his note for de value ob de wood, an' droopin' it in a prominent place in de wood-l-shed, shouldered an armful an' brought it home."

"Jess so." "We'l, a fire was kindled, de tea kittle put on, de ole woman she is gettin' de supper. All ob a sudden puff went de stove, z-z-z-z, ke swish, kushush went something, and as I tumbled ober I saw de ole woman makin' for de roof wid de tea kittle and de stove plates followin' her, while de boys an' de gals was as brack wid smut as de ace of spades. De stove's goose was cooked for a fact."

"What was de cause ob de 'splosion?"

"I'm strongly 'clined to believe dat dar was powder in dat wood, an' dat de powder was done put in dar by dat white man to ketch some thieve'n darkeys wat nobber buys no wood, an' brossed of I don't think dat man speets me, kase he couldn't find dat note, and won't make any 'pologies."

"Dat am an outrage." "For a fact, an' de children's supper was spiled, too."—*Keokuk Constitution.*

A Materialized Hole.

Take a sheet of stiff writing paper and fold it into a tube an inch in diameter. Apply it to the right eye, and look steadfastly through it, focussing the eye on any convenient object; keep the left eye open. Now place the left hand, held palm upward, edgewise against the side of the paper tube, and about an inch or two above its lower end. The astonishing effect will be produced of a hole, apparently of the size of the cross section of the tube, made, through the left hand. This is the hole in which we propose to materialize another and smaller hole. As we need a genuine aperture, and it would be inconvenient to make one in the left hand, let a sheet of white paper be substituted therefor and similarly held. Just at the part of the paper where the hole equaling in diameter the orifice of the tube appears, making an opening one-fourth in diameter. Now stare intently into the tube; and the second hole, defined by its difference of illumination will be seen floating in the first hole, and yet both will be transparent. The illusion, for of course it is one of those odd pranks our binocular vision plays upon us, is certainly one of the most curious ever devised. Besides, here is the actual hole clearly visible, and yet there is no solid body to be seen to define its edges. It is not a mere spot of light, because, if a page of print be regarded, the lines within the boundaries of the little hole will not come to at all with those surrounding it and extending to the edges of the large apparent aperture. Each eye obviously transmits an entirely different impression to the brain, and that organ, unable to disentangle them, lands us in the palpable absurdity of a materialized hole.—*Scientific American.*

One of the lieutenants who was on duty in South Carolina during the election was arrested immediately on his return to Atlanta, and suspended from duty until charges against him of being a Democrat can be investigated.

The Spartanburg and Asheville Railroad is making rapid progress, and its completion may be looked for at an early day. When finished it will be an important link between Charleston and the great West.

Under the Sea.

For the most part, the diver does his work, if not in utter darkness, at best with only as much light as renders "darkness visible." His occupation is not a pleasant one. At the sea bottom he encounters an awful solitude and silence. He is liable, at any moment, to find himself in close proximity with the ghostly remains of the dead, and there is no small risk to himself.

There seems to be no special disease induced by the occupation of diving when the regular dress is worn, but it is generally believed that it has a tendency to shorten life. Some very high authorities hold a different opinion.

Mr. Siebe, a distinguished physiologist, mentions instances of hale and hearty divers, well advanced in years, who had been sickly and weak in the lungs in their youth, and believes that they derived positive advantage from diving.

His theory is that their breathing of compressed air, by producing a slower action of the lungs, caused the absorption of a greater quantity of oxygen into the tissues.

Four or five hours a day is regarded as a good amount of a diver's work. This, of course, includes a considerable portion of time spent out of the water. In a general way, about twenty minutes is the time that a man, in the waters of the temperate zone, can remain under the surface, even with the aid of a diving dress.

He may exceed this when out at a great depth, and when the water is at a high temperature, but this may not be often repeated. The diver who went to China, and who is there still, has been able, in the waters there, to remain down below, at a depth of twenty-four fathoms, for forty minutes. This, which is not doubted, is a most exceptional case, and could not be achieved in the Atlantic ocean.

There does not appear to be much danger in the work of divers. But a man's hold upon life would seem to be precarious, while he is creeping about the interior of a ship overhanging cargo, and dragging out boxes and packages, his breath all the while depending on a long trail of tubing, an unlucky twist, an accidental squeeze, or the sudden rupture of which would be instant death.

One chief source of danger is in the transition from varying degrees of pressure. In the experiments for testing the powers of divers at thirty fathoms, one man remained below for an hour and a quarter. He ought to have been brought up very gradually—say in twenty to thirty minutes—but he was hauled up in seven minutes, and, on coming into the air began to expand, and died nine hours after, from congestion of the lungs.

In his case, on reaching the deck of the vessel, the tissues, muscles, veins, etc., are said to have been "charged with an atmospheric pressure of about sixty-five pounds to a square inch, whereas his lungs were a comparative vacuum."

There must often be a strain upon a diver's sensibilities every whit as great as that upon his physical frame. A man has need of a cool head and strong nerves, who is to work safely, for three-quarters of an hour, a hundred and forty-four feet under water, and it may be, perhaps, down in that fearful solitude, with bodies of the dead floating around his helmet.

The diver has sometimes sad duties to perform, as happened in the case of the steamship *Dalhousie* which was sunk near Dundee, on the eastern coast of Scotland, some years ago. The divers had, in that case, to go into the cabins and remove the bodies of the drowned. Some were in the attitude of prayer, others appeared as if they were engaged in the impatient struggle with death, while the most affecting sights of all were those in which children were found clinging appealingly to their parents.

Divers, without any lengthy preliminary training, easily earn an average income of five dollars a day, which is about double the amount of wages paid to skilled mechanics in England.

The famous Yosemite valley has a rival. It is on King's River, in Fresno county, California, is forty-five miles long, east and west, and averages half a mile in width at the bottom. It is 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, an 11 feet walls, are very precipitous. It has a grove of the colossal redwood trees, one of which eclipses anything yet found in California. The circumference of this tree, as high as a man can reach, is a few inches less than one hundred and fifty feet, and its height is estimated at one hundred and sixty feet.

FATAL MEDICAL MISTAKE.—The death, on Monday, of Micajah Bailey, a prominent provision broker of twenty-five years' standing in Cincinnati, was caused by the mistake of a druggist, who put up cyonide of potassa instead of prussiate of potash. He was arrested, acknowledges his error, and professes his willingness to suffer the consequences.