merica[illegible]ournal.

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with fiery glow,
[illegible]ater's iron rings,
[illegible], like smoke, curls upward slow,
[illegible]ds blow cold, and leaves drift sere,
[illegible]ocking-wren sings loud and clear,
Sweetheart!
[illegible]theart—sweet—sweet! O word most dear,
[illegible]ost pleasing to a maiden's ear!

—*Home Journal*

STORY OF A BUFFALO BOY.

HOW THE LIVES OF NINE HUMAN BEINGS WERE SAVED.

I.

One afternoon during the summer of 1865 the steamer St. John ran up to her dock at Pier 41. Among her passengers was a regiment of soldiers. As the boat swung into her place they were drawn up in line, and the roll was called. Seven men were missing. The colonel, in a voice choked with anger, ordered a thorough search of the boat. The flight was overhauled, and a line [illegible]s poured into the hold, but the [illegible]ere not found. At last one [illegible]eant opened the little door of the wheel-house. The runaways were perched a[illegible]ong the beams surrounding the huge wheel, but they refused to come out. The engineer was asked to turn the paddle at full speed, as the colonel [illegible]ced this might drown them out; b[illegible]there was no steam, and the wheel was immovable. As a last resort a file of men drew up before the little door, with orders to fire upon the truants if they did not rejoin their command. Thus threatened they left their perches and were secured by the guard.

The roll was again called, but one man was still missing. He had been in the wheel-house with those captured, and standing on the lower paddle of the wheel had been overlooked by the Irish sergeant. Had he remained there he might have been safe; but he saw a small raft under the dock, and thought, if he could only reach it, he would be more secure. With this object in view he sprang for a spile, thinking to clasp it with his arms and legs and pass on to the raft. He missed the spile and fell into the water. The tide carried him beneath the dock. Unable to swim a stroke, he set up a wild outcry that was heard by the whole regiment. He was fast drifting into another world when John Clancy, a Buffalo boy, threw him a rope, and he was drawn upon the dock, faint and dripping. But he escaped one misfortune to meet another; for he was hardly out of the jaws of death before, loaded with chains, he was marched off under guard with his comrades.

II.

On the last Sunday in August, 1868, John Clancy was working on the tugboat E. L. Barrett. About half-past eight in the evening she lay at Pier 39½, North River. In the full moonlight young Clancy saw a well-dressed woman approach the bulkhead. "I watched her," says he, "because I thought there was something strange about her." She hesitated as she walked, looked to the right then to the left, and finally stared behind her for a long time. Suddenly she made a rush and jumped into the water. The plunge alone was heard, for she never opened her head after the leap. Clancy ran around and got a heaving line. Laying it it down on the dock, he plunged into the tide, and caught the woman, whose clothes had buoyed her up. "I grabbed her," he says, "and as soon as she saw me she grabbed me." He then tried to force her against the dock, but she resisted, and made desperate efforts to get away. A strong flood tide was drifting them from the dock.

With a last effort he caught her around the waist and called for the police. His hoarse halloo seemed to quiet her, for she wrapped her arms around his neck and made no more resistance. An officer appeared near a pile of hay, and Clancy told him where to find the heaving line. The rope was thrown, he tied it around her waist, and the officer drew her out. Clancy says he thinks the officer's name was McNally. He asked the woman who she was and where she lived, but she refused to tell him. She was young, tender, and remarkably pretty. The officer conducted her to the police station, and that was the last he heard of her.

III.

On the 20th of July, 1868, at five P. M., the steamer Bristol of the Fall river line cast loose from Pier 30, North river. There had been quite a rush of passengers. The gangplank had been pulled in, the paddles were churning the water, and the boat began to move, when an old man ran down the pier with a valise in his hand. He was terribly anxious to get aboard. "Run below, and jump into the freight gangway," shouted two of the passengers, and away he went like a shot. He made a jump, evidently intending to land between the posts, but struck the side of the gangway and dropped overboard, valise and all. The boat swept out into the stream, her officers oblivious to his cries. "And how he hallooed," says Clancy. "You could hear him a block." The lad threw off his cap and made a dive for him. The old fellow could not swim, but he held on to his valise, and that kept him up. The current carried ton th[illegible] arm, and said: "[illegible] that way, pap, are you?" and the aged man drew out an old-fashioned leather wallet and gave him a dollar. The most singular part of the story is that the old man's name was Smith. John Smith threw him the rope, and Ed. Smith drove him to the Boston depot. He did not change his clothes until inside of a sleeper.

IV.

On the afternoon of July 27, 1870, Clancy was in swimming off Pier 39½. A boy about eleven years old sat upon a stringpiece watching the bathers. He was leaning his weight upon his hand, when the hand slipped and he shot overboard. He had no sooner struck the water than he began to paddle like a dog, and screeched like a parrot. Clancy swam to him, caught him by the arm, and steered him to the raft near the opposite dock. The boy climbed out, and ran home as though Satan was after him. His name was unknown, but he lived somewhere in Desbrosses street.

V.

In the month of December, 1872, Clancy was employed on the steamboat Rattler. One day she was lying in dock at the foot of Franklin street, Pier 35. Some men were getting coal out of a canal beat near by. A little girl with an old pail sat upon the boat picking up the coals that dropped from the hoisting bucket. One of the men in a harsh voice told her to clear out, but she paid no attention, and seemed determined to fill her pail. With an oath the man started for her. The frightened little thing ran toward the bow, but stubbed her toe against a cleet, and pitched overboard. It was about dinner time. The water was so cold she could not scream. Clancy seized a boat hook, and ran down the dock. As she drifted within reach he held it out. She clenched it with both hands, and he drew her on the dock. He says she went home very much like the boy who fell from the stringpiece. Her name was Dillon, and she was about thirteen years old, but he does not remember where she lived.

VI. AND VII.

On the second Sunday in August, 1874, Clancy was standing in the baggage room of the Pennsylvania railroad, at the foot of Desbrosses street, when Sam Losey, the baggage master, came in saying: "Johnny, there is somebody overboard out there, and you'd better go and see." The lad dashed out on Pier 39½. Two children were drowning under the dock. A little girl had fallen through a big hole in the planking, and a brave little boy went through the same hole in an effort to rescue her. He had undertaken more than he could perform, for the girl caught him around the arms, and prevented him from swimming. The tide worked them out toward the stringpiece, and the screams of the girl were plainly heard. The boy besought her to let go his arms, but she clung to him the closer, and, to use Clancy's words, "they were drowning each other." A crowd of able-bodied men stood upon the pier listening to the death struggle of the little hero and his charge, but it was destitute of manhood and made no intelligent effort to save them.

Clancy plunged beneath the pier, and caught them just in time. They were clinging to each other as though welded together. The Buffalo lad pushed them from under the dock, and a baggage man dropped him a rope. He tied the little girl, and she was drawn up more dead than alive. Clancy and the little hero who had gone to her rescue swam over to a raft at the bulkhead of Pier 40, and got out without difficulty. The name of the brave little boy is unknown. He was about twelve years old, and was evidently of Irish parentage. He disappeared as soon as he struck Pier 40. The girl's name was Dugan. She lived at No. 14 Desbrosses street. Her father threatened to sue Van Aken, the dockbuilder, but Clancy says that, through his influence, the matter was settled for $50. "Van Aken," he adds, "promised me $10 for settling it, but never paid me. I wore out a pair of shoes running after him. He is alive yet and worth plenty of money."

VIII.

On the night of the 5th of last October the 7:55 ferry boat from Jersey City was working into her slip at Desbrosses street. She was "the train boat." Her bow gates were pushed open. A passenger, with a box in each hand, struggled for a front position, stumbled, and pitched overhoard, head first, between the bridge and the boat. One of the boxes went in with him and the other was left on the bow. In ten seconds the boat struck the bridge, and the unfortunate man was hidden from sight. Cornelius Ryan, a passenger, roared out, "There's a man overboard," and there was great commotion.

"Where is he?" asked a medium-sized young man, with a well-sprouted mustache.

"Under the boat," shouted Ryan.

kept s[illegible] until I could hardly bre[illegible] him by the shoulders and tried to push him away, but couldn't. All this time I was treading water to keep him afloat. Then I stopped treading, and let myself down into the water, and slid his arms over my head. As I came up I caught him by the coat collar and shoved him up to the bridge, where he got hold of the life-rope. The bridgeman lowered a ladder, he caught the next to the lower round with one hand, and they dragged him out on the ladder like a drowned rat. When he got out his first cry was, 'Where's my hat?' I swam around and found his hat, and they pulled me up on one of the chain ropes. I gave him his hat, and a policeman took him to 274 West street and put him to bed. He went off without thanking me, but afterward I received this gold badge, with his compliments."

Mr. Clancy took the badge from the lappel of his waistcoat and exhibited it. It was of fine gold, worth about $18, and bore the following inscription: "J. Clancy, for saving the life of Louis Stern, Oct. 5th, 1877." Mr. Stern lives at 275 East Seventy-fifth street.

IX.

On Sunday, Oct. 14th, Clancy was again employed in Tom Scott's baggage room, when a small boy ran in out of breath, and said: "Johnny, there's somebody overboard. Go quick!" Again was there a crowd of big, able-bodied men on the dock at the foot of Watts street. Another boy had tumbled in from a string-piece. He was screaming, kicking, and paddling for dear life, while men were reaching for him with old hoops, and poking sticks in his face. Clancy was overboard in a flash. He held the boy in his arms until a rope was found, when he bound him, and the adventurous shaver was drawn ashore. His name was Ryan. He was about thirteen years old, and lived at 448 Washington street.

FINALLY.

A morning newspaper not long ago gave the name of a police officer, one of the steamboat squad, who had saved many lives, and justly awarded him great praise. But he simply did his duty in return for a salary of so much per year, payed him by the taxpayers of New York.

John Clancy is but twenty-three years old. He is no city official, and is not in duty bound to risk his life for the preservation of others. Yet he has saved nine lives within ten years, six of them before the law made him a voter and his own master. For these ten lives he has received a dollar from a Bostonian and a small gold badge from a New Yorker—not enough to pay for the clothes he has ruined. The police officer received a heavy gold medal as a testimonial from the Humane Society. What testimonial ought the Buffalo boy to get? He is sober and industrious, bright eyed and energetic, and is now an employee of the Pennsylvania railroad at the foot of Desbrosses street.—*New York Sun.*

Ballooning at the Pole.

Captain Howgate has received a letter from M. de Fonvielle, editor of *Le Temps*, Paris, announcing that the central section of the Geographical Society, in session at the French capital, has adopted resolutions of encouragement and approval of the Polar expedition of which Captain Howgate is the promoter. M. de Fonvielle is the author of a French work entitled the "Drift of the Polaris," and is also an expert at ballooning, having made several voyages out of Paris and back during the siege. He believes with Captain Howgate that this means of traveling can be made of great service in Polar explorations. M. de Fonvielle expects during the summer to participate in experiments in steering balloons by the Gifford system. He writes relative to this matter: "If the result equals our expectations, the summer of 1879 will doubtless witness some aerial expedition starting toward your Polar colony. The course you have pursued in recommending the use of small balloons in the programme of the meteorologist of the Florence (the vessel in which the American expedition is to be made) is already fruitful. The chief of the meteorological service of the Imperial Observatory, has already recommended their use on the strength of experiments."

Louis Hall, a noted gambler, shot and killed Dave Hall, a cousin, on Beaver creek, in Floyd county, Ky., recently. They had been drinking and gambling all day, and Louis had lost all his ready cash, and while he had gone home for more, Dave pretended to get so drunk he couldn't play. Louis drew his pistol and shot Dave dead, and then cooly turned him over, closed his eyes, and struck for the State line. Several citizens started in pursuit, and, finding it impossible to arrest the fugitive, shot him dead.

and eve[illegible] teen pocke[illegible] every pocket w[illegible] never had any use for, I [illegible] weighed down and doubled over like an old man. As the things wore out or were lost (there wasn't a unit in the entire mass that anybody would steal), I replaced them with new things, generally heavier, bulkier and more utterly worthless. By and by the pockets, not being made for eternity, began to wear out. When some of the pockets gave way, their precious cargoes fell to the ground, and I saw them again not none no more forever. When others of the pockets wore out, the things went down into my boots, and I went limping and clanking around like a manacled felon all day.

Then I reformed. I had a suit made that contained absolutely no pockets. And that was worse than the other. I still accumulated the same amount of manly trash, and had not wherein to warehouse the same. I carried letters in my hat like an old man. I was compelled to lay borrowed pocket-knives out on the desk in plain view, and their long-forgotten owners would come in, recognize the whittling things, and reclaim them. I laid my creditors' letters down for other people to pick up and read and chuckle over. I had to carry all my money in my hands, and how does a man look, I'd like to know, going about the streets with a nickel in each hand? It isn't dignified, and it isn't safe. To be sure, this happened on payday, but even once a month is too often for such a reckless display. So what are we to do?—*The Hawkeye Man.*

Carnival Fun in South America.

A Buenos Ayres correspondent gives his experience during a carnival there as follows: One house in particular attracted my attention, and while gazing at the richly furnished room through the wide open window I suddenly received a shower of eau de cologne in my face, completely blinding me for the instant. My discomfiture was intensified by the merry laughter of a beautiful young lady, who happened to be my assailant, and who courtously invited me within—for, be it remembered, no etiquette is observed during the carnival festivities. Accepting her invitation, I was ushered into a richly furnished apartment and invited by her to engage in a mock battle, the weapons to be used being the "pomito," an instrument charged with scented waters. Procuring one I accepted her challenge, and while defending myself against her attacks was seized from behind, and before I could offer any resistance was suddenly precipitated into a huge tub of water, from which I emerged in a sorry plight, much to the amusement of the young lady and her two brothers, the latter being the cause of my misfortune. Laughing with them at the joke they had played upon me I hurriedly returned to my hotel to procure a change of raiment, determined to be a little more careful in accepting further invitations to enter strange domiciles, no matter how bewitching or enchanting the fair goddess might be who reigned therein. As I hurried down the street in the direction of my hotel my wet garments attracted attention, and I became the target for showers of eggs, the odors of which were not those from Araby the Blest. I was indeed a sorry-looking spectacle when I reached my rooms.

From a Bank to a Prison.

Jacob Huntzinger of Pottsville, Pa., began life as a poor but energetic and penurious boy. He made money, married a thrifty wife, went into timber, land, and colliery speculations, grew rich, and was mean to miserliness. At length he determined to go into banking. He changed the Life and Health Insurance Company into the Miners' Life Insurance and Trust Company, was elected president, and bought up the most of the stock. Deposits poured in, and the profits were enormous, the dividends ranging from fifteen to forty per cent. These dividends were not, however, earned. The reputed millionaire made unlucky investments, and saved himself from ruin by misusing the funds of the bank. He tried to conceal the truth by keeping up the big dividends, but when concealment was no longer possible the bank suspended. The developments showed systematic fraud on the part of Huntzinger, the president, and his son, the cashier. They were indicted, convicted, sentenced to two years in jail, and at the age of threescore-and-ten Jacob Huntzinger is in a prison cell, and his son is in another.

Many a poor woman thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one finds that she can do nothing with him.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm Notes.

Manure may be carted to the orchard and spread over the whole surface. The time of manuring is not of so much importance as to get it on at any rate. It is a mistake to put a little manure close around the trunks of trees.

Calves and yearlings may be made to increase in size and weight considerably, and make a large quantity of fine manure, by keeping them in a roomy shed, bedding them deeply with cut straw or leaves, and feeding them well. With plenty of bedding the shed need not be cleaned out until spring.

No question is more frequently asked than: "When shall I prune?" If the cutting is such as may be done with a knife, it makes but little difference when it is done, but if on old and neglected trees, where large wounds are to be made, it is better to do it when the severe cold weather is over, but before vegetation starts. In the climate of New York, late in February and early in March.

J. J. Mechi, of Tiptree Hall, England, the renowned experimenter in practical farming, says: "From long observations I am more and more convinced that a loose, friable bed for wheat is a mistake and that compression or solidity in the soil is a necessity to prevent the failure of the root in taking hold of the ground after sowing."

Cows in milk may be made greatly more profitable by feeding wheat middlings freely; it will pay to feed as high as four quarts of corn meal, and three of wheat middlings, to some cows producing butter; the butter is increased in quantity and improved in quality and color. The kind of cow, however, is important, as some will fatten upon this feed, while others will only increase in milk and cream.

Medical Hints.

CHAPPED OR ROUGH HANDS.—When making fires or sifting ashes have gloves on. Keep an old pair expressly for this purpose. When washing the hands use very little soap, and rinse it off well; dry thoroughly.

FOR CHILBLAINS.—Procure a chamois skin (wash leather), and make two pair of socks, or legless stockings. The leather must be free from holes. Have these socks to fit snugly to the feet and come up to the ankle. Wear next to the feet, night and day, inside the stocking. Having two pairs will admit of their being changed and washed. Immediate relief will be experienced.

TO CURE CORNS.—Bathe the corn with strong borax-water, then shave it closely, but be careful not to make it bleed. Place over the corn a white felt corn-plaster and wear it constantly until the corn has disappeared. Every night and morning wet the small cavity over the corn (and in the plaster) with a little borax-water, or if preferable the pulp of a lemon. The corn-plasters can be procured at any druggists.

A VAPOR BATH AT HOME.—A vapor bath may be easily prepared by taking a pail about half full of hot, but not quite boiling water, which may be placed under a cane-bottomed chair, if one is at hand, or if not, a narrow piece of wood may be placed across the pail, and the patient should sit on it for about half an hour with a blanket over his shoulders, reaching the floor to keep in the steam. Should any faintness be felt it is a sign that the water is too hot, and the blanket may be laid open for a short time to allow the steam to escape. These simple remedies are within the reach of every one, and if promptly resorted to, on the first appearance of a cold, would save many a dollar in doctor's bills.

Household Hints.

TO WASH RED TABLE LINEN.—Use tepid water, with a little powdered borax, which serves to set the color; wash the linen separately and quickly, using very little soap; rinse in tepid water, containing a little boiled starch, hang up to dry in the shade and iron when almost dry.

LAMP WICKS.—Lamp wick soaked for a quarter of an hour in vinegar, then dried before being put into a lamp, will not smoke. Try so simple a cure.

THE INK-STAND.—A few cloves added to ink will prevent it becoming mouldy and imparts a pleasant perfume. Be sure to cover up the ink-stand when not in use.

TO BRIGHTEN A COPPER KETTLE.—Use a coarse cloth, have a pail of very hot water, soap the cloth a little, sprinkle on plenty of pulverized borax, and rub the boiler well; rinse off with hot water, and dry with a soft cloth. This is much better and safer than using acid.

TO FEED YOUNG BIRDS.—When canary birds are first hatched, and until they are able to leave the nest, they should have every day hard-boiled egg, chopped fine and mixed with a little cracker crumbs; about twice a week a piece of baker's bread dipped in sweet milk, and twice a week a little stale sponge cake.

A Big Family of Brothers.

The Sacramento (Cal.) *Union* says that a lady teacher in one of the schools of that city makes a practice of testing the ability of her scholars by giving them original examples in arithmetic, in addition to those found in the text-book. The other day she submitted, on the spur of the moment, the proposition: "Charles has $150; he purchases various articles at such and such prices (naming them), and then divides the remainder of the money among his brothers, giving each of them $2—how many brothers did he have? The class ciphered energetically for a moment, and then first one and another commenced to smile, and finally there was a general outburst of merriment, which was explained when the answer to the problem was given: "He had forty-five brothers and two-ninths of a brother."

The Great Geyser of Iceland.

Iceland is an elevated plateau about two thousand feet high with a narrow marginal habitable region sloping gently to the sea. The elevated plateau is the seat of every species of volcanic action, viz., lava-eruptions, solfataras, mud-volcanoes, hot springs, and geysers. These last exist in great numbers; more than one hundred are found in a circle of two miles diameter. One of these, the Great Geyser, has long attracted attention.

The Great Geyser is a basin or pool fifty-six feet in diameter, on the top of a mound thirty feet high. From the bottom of the basin descends a funnel-shaped pipe eighteen feet in diameter at the top, and seventy-eight feet deep. Both the basin and the tube are lined with silica, evidently deposited from the water. The natural inference is, that the mound is built up by deposit from the water, in somewhat the same manner as a volcanic cone is built up by its own ejections. In the intervals between the eruptions the basin is filled to the brim with perfectly transparent water, having a temperature of about 170 to 180 degrees.

First. Immediately preceding the eruption sounds like cannonading are heard beneath, and bubbles rise and break on the surface of the water. Second. A bulging of the surface is then seen, and the water overflows the basin. Third. Immediately thereafter the whole of the water in the tube and basin is shot upward one hundred feet high, forming a fountain of dazzling splendor. Fourth. The eruption of water is immediately followed by the escape of steam with a roaring noise. These last two phenomena are repeated several times, so that the fountain continues to play for several minutes, until the water is sufficiently cooled, and then all is again quiet until another eruption. The eruptions occur tolerably regularly every ninety minutes, and last six or seven minutes. Throwing large stones into the tube has the effect of bringing on the eruption more quickly.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

How He Protected the Rabbit.

The Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* says: The boa-constrictor sent to this city from the Isthmus of Panama by consul Thorington, last August, and presented to the Academy of Sciences, knows how to live without food. He has eaten nothing since it was brought here. Rats and rabbits have been put into its cage, but it has taken no notice of them. Its eyes are always closed. When it was being taken to the new building, a German picked it up by the head, stretched it its full length of eight feet, pried its mouth open, picked its teeth with a pin, and opened one of its eyes, and it put out its tongue as if in grateful recognition of his services. The man said this snake's bite was not poisonous. A rabbit was put into the box, and it mounted the snake, scraped scales from its epidermis, and had a free time with his snakeship. Other [illegible] when put in the pox, have cowered in a corner, trembling with fear so pro[illegible] that they have been removed very [illegible]. And here lies a joke—a serious one for the rabbit concerned. The little animal was put in the box, and was so badly frightened that a gentleman present was moved to denounce the act as cruelty. So he took possession of the rabbit, carried it to his place of business, and gave it the liberty of his shop. He went out for a few minutes; when he returned all that was left of the rabbit was a little fur and some blood—rats had devoured the innocent thing! The big rodents had little regard for his aversion to cruelty to animals.

American Women.

American women take vastly better care of themselves than formerly. They have more acquaintance with hygienic laws, and hold them in far higher esteem. The days when they exposed themselves to dampness and wintry cold, in thin slippers and silk stockings; when they abstained from flannels next to the skin; when they pinched their waists to semi-suffocation; when they sacrificed comfort and health to what they conceived to be their appearance—these foolish and unhappy days have gone forever, have barely been known to the rising generation. Our women now have no mawkish and morbid notions as to themselves; they no longer think that to be unhealthy is to be attractive; that invalidism and interestingness are synonymous; that pale faces and compressed lungs are tokens of beauty. They dress seasonably; they wear thick boots and warm clothes in bad and cold weather; they allow themselves to breathe freely, and they find their looks improved, not injured by the wholesome change. There are exceptions—many of them doubtless—but the rule is as we have described, and the exceptions are constantly diminishing. It may be safely said that all sensible women are becoming, if they have not yet become, converts to nature, and that they heed her behests, recognizing the great principle that what is not natural cannot be beautiful.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

"Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music-book dated 1690. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II, to which monarch it is supposed to allude.—*World of Wonders.*

An Eagle's Wonderful Vitality.

A miner who left the St. Miguel blast furnace, near Orizaba, Mexico, before daybreak, one Sunday morning, and descended the mountains by a short cut, surprised a pair of harpy eagles on their eyrie, and, with a common cudgel, knocked down one of them, which, either to scare the intruder, or because it was scared out of its own wits, flew directly at his head. The bird flopped among the boulders, but before it could take wing again the miner put an end to its struggling with a few well aimed whacks, and, shouldering his game, resumed his road toward the valley settlement. Half way down hill he reached a steep cliff, and shifted his burden to his left shoulder to use his right arm to better advantage, but at the most critical moment of the dangerous descent he suddenly felt the claws of the eagle at his neck, and in order to save himself had to drop his stick, which fell down the cliffs and into the bed of a mountain torrent. Holding on to the bird with one hand, he managed to reach the foot of the precipice, where he seized the struggling captive by the legs, and swinging it up, dashed its head against a rock till its convulsions had ceased entirely. His arrival in the village, with the tale of his adventure, created quite a sensation, but when the bird was deposited on the ground to be examined at leisure, it revived for the third time, struck its claws through the hand of its captor, and struggled to its feet, and would have escaped after all, if the enraged miner had not flung himself upon it, seized a rock and hammered its head to a jelly.

Escaped in a Hogshead.

A few days ago, says the St. Louis *Times*, arrived in this city a man who left Cuba on the 24th of December last, and who served four years in the patriot army. He was captain in the second regiment second brigade of cavalry, under the command of Maximo Gomez, the present commander-in-chief of the patriot forces, who now number 28,400 men, of whom 3,000 are Americans, principally ex-confederate soldiers. This captain was one of the Stonewall Jackson men during the period of our civil war and shortly after its termination he enlisted in the ranks of the Cuban patriots. Under orders from his superior officer his company, numbering eighty men, was detailed to destroy a plantation belonging to a Spaniard, near the city of Cardenas; but, being betrayed, the entire command was surrounded by a force of 600 Spanish cavalry and all of them, with the exception of Captain W. and another, were killed. After a series of thrilling adventures and narrow escapes, Captain W. made his way in disguise into Cardenas, and through the assistance of an American at that place, was brought to the office of the American consul, who had him placed in an empty hogshead, rolled along the wharf and put on board of an Italian ship bound for Antwerp. The captain of the ship hove to, and put him ashore at Key West, and from that point he made his way to this city, where he is now awaiting the receipt of letters and funds from relatives in Wisconsin and Baltimore.

Living in Spite of Hygiene.

It is certainly a mystery that the inhabitants of the Ottoman empire did not all perish years ago from pulmonary diseases. Their feet are first swathed in a coarse rag, which is then wound round the lower part of the leg, and bound tightly with twine; on the rag is tied a piece of sole leather hammered into a rudely shaped sandal, with sides rising one inch up the sides of the foot; holes are cut in the upper edges of the sandal and strings tied in them, and then fastened over the top of the foot. It is evident that their feet are wet the moment that they step into mud or water over an inch in depth. This they are doing constantly in bad weather; consequently, their feet are soaking wet for a week at a stretch, and yet they live and multiply. They violate every known law of hygiene in the ventilation and often the cleanliness of their dwelling, and yet their children are generally sturdy looking, and the adults show fair average physique. They sleep in rows on a mat laid upon the floor of their underground huts. Sometimes the floor is covered with them, and yet they do not appear to suffer for want of oxygen.—*London Times.*

Career of an Adventuress.

In an article on adventuresses, published in the Boston *Bulletin*, we find the following: One of these, who wielded a wonderfully facile pen, was an orphan, the last of her race. She was graceful, beautiful, and a genius. At fifteen she plunged into literature, began writing serials for the *Ledger* before she was eighteen, and a year later was earning a salary of $5,000 a year. But she was cursed with a spirit of unrest and unstability—constantly changing her locality, constantly falling in love and out, and constantly doing things that made people hold up their hands and exclaim. She wandered or rather whirled all over the United States and Canadas; spent six years in various parts of Europe; went up the Nile; to the Holy Land, to Constantinople; took up her residence for a time in the West Indies, finally coming back to the United States. After a year of railroad and hotel life over the length and breadth of the Union, she suddenly purchased a little secluded farm in a distant New England town, and buried herself upon it. Here she has lived for four years, having hardly in that time stepped over her property, or communicated with those who were once her friends—a case of a thorough surfeit of life and weariness with the world at forty.

Young man, before setting out to "court a girl," supply yourself plentifully with court-plaster. This will make her stick to you.

[illegible] $99,480,976.

N[illegible]ion gallons of Croton water are consumed daily in New York.

The birthplace of the grasshopper is in the Snake river valley, Rocky mountains.

Ben Yen, a Chinese cigar merchant in San Francisco, recently returned home with a fortune of $100,000.

The statistical bureau of Berlin estimates that the total team motive power of the world equals the force of 25,000,000 horses.

Russia has 12,000 miles of railways in operation, but until the late war she did not think the telegraph worth going to much expense for.

The gas works in Portland, Me., are crowded daily with children and babies, taken there to inhale the gas as a remedy for whooping cough.

Said a lady to the famous actor, Garrick, "I wish you were taller." "Madam," replied the wit, "how happy I should be to stand higher in your estimation."

There are 939 journals of a political character published in France, and the amount of "caution" which they have to deposit with the government represents a total of 5,593,311 francs, very nearly $1,098,889.

It occurred to a small boy of Fond-du-Lac, Wis., that a good way to get rid of his dog was to give the animal a kerosene bath, and then touch a match to him. The result produced was brilliant in the extreme, the entire neighborhood being lighted up by the flames of the barn under which the dog took shelter.

"If you would succeed in this life, my son," said Tom Corwin, "be solemn, solemn as an ass. All the monuments of this world are built to solemn asses." Artemus Ward's father was more practical. His creed was summed up in a few words: "My son, go forth and 'hog' the public." It is a popular creed.

CARRIED BY "A LARGE MAJORITY."

He pressed her to his manly breast.
She seconded the motion;
His lips on hers he fondly pressed,
There was a slight commotion.

I'll put the question now, said he,
That you and I be married;
He voted "aye," and "aye" said she;
—Decided—vote was carried.

—*Lockport Union.*

M. Dugue, a Parisian dramatist, had nearly $20,000 in gold in his desk, and beside the gold was a sack of bright new sous that his wife had long been saving up in accordance with the superstition that their presence brings luck. It did, for an enterprising burglar, taking the sous for 40-franc pieces, carried them off with the next bag and left $17,600 untouched.

In Compton, Canada, a person about to visit a friend several miles distant, prepared a family gift in the shape of a turkey and plum pudding. Knowing that he would arrive rather too late to have them cooked for dinner, he put a stove on his double team, started a roaring fire, and when he reached the house of his friend both turkey and pudding were ready for the table.

Everyday absurdities—To make yourself generally disagreeable and then wonder that nobody will visit you. To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy because it is not bedtime. To make your servants tell lies for you and afterward be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets and believe other people will keep them.

"LITTLE."

A pompous attorney while trying a cause,
Was quizzing a witness and "picking for flaws."
The witness, who owed him a personal grudge,
Provoking him until he appealed to the judge.
"I demand, sir," he cried, with a fiery red face,
"A *little* attention while trying this case."
"Your Honor," responded the meek little man.
"I'm paying as *little* as any one can."
The judge, with a frown,
Looked solemnly down
On the "squabble," and said, from the bench where he sat—
"We want nothing but silence, and *little* of that."

Among the mourners at the funeral of Engineer Hatch, of West Winsted, Conn., was his mother, whose life has been one long story of woes. Two of her brothers were murdered, a third was drowned, her sister's husband was killed in the war, her own husband fell dead in his chair, and, finally, her only son was a victim of a railroad disaster. A thanksgiving service was held on the same afternoon in Norfolk, Conn., for the safe deliverance of over seventy members of the congregation who were on the train that was wrecked at Tariffville.

Hood used to tell a story of a hypochondriac who was in the habit, two or three times a week, of believing himself dying. On a certain occasion he had one of his terrors while riding out in his gig, and happening to see his family physician he applied the whip to the horse to overtake the old doctor. The doctor applied the whip to his own horse, and they had a close time of it for about three miles. The hypochondriac finally came alongside the doctor and exclaimed, "Hang it, doctor, pull up! Pull up instantly! I am dying!" "I think you are," cried the doctor; "I never saw any one going so fast."

THE DINING-ROOM GIRL.

Oh, sweetly-bashful maiden is the dining-room girl,
With her gold-brown hair and that aggravating curl:
She is sweeter than a French meringue, and happy as a clam,
With her "beef-steak—pork-steak—mutton—hash—or ham—!"
If you say a word to her, she blushes like a flash,
And gets so dreadful nervous when she passes you your hash:
She throws a side glace at you, as if the darling meant
To say, "Please don't talk to me, sir. I'm such an innocent!"
Now, when her work is ended for the day, she goes to see
Her dearest friend and intimate, Miss Bridget Ann Machree;
And to the nightly ball they go, where mirth and pleasure wait,
And meet the "byes," who only leave them at the garden-gate.
Whose eyes so bright at six o'clock—whose step so light and free—
As this sweet, modest little girl who went to bed at three?
Who says she isn't all she seems? "Another cup of tea"—
And finding fault is not the thing for either you or me.

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM