DAKOTA & MONTANA

THE NEW GOLD REGION.

New and Additional Discoveries—The Whole Town of Lisbon Turned Into a Mining Camp.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

FARGO, Oct. 25.—The latest sensation in regard to the gold discoveries about Lisbon is the report to-day that gold has been found in the immediate vicinity of the town. A placer claim on 200 acres in the Lisbon town site has been filed to-day, being land on both sides of the Cheyenne river, one and a quarter miles in length. A mining association has been organized, comprising a large number of prominent citizens of Fargo and Lisbon. The discovery of gold was made by John Kinar, who has a brick yard on the premises. It is discovered that no patents have been issued on the land, and it is said that the whole town will at once be covered by placer claims. The assessment puts its capital stock at $500,000. P. V. Raymond is president.

Schuler Colfax passed through Fargo to-night en route east.

MATHEW ARNOLD.

He Thinks There is Some Latent Good in Oscar Wilde—He Doesn't Like American Newspapers.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—Mr. Mathew Arnold, in a conversation this afternoon, said among other things: "Poor Wilde, whom your newspapers treated so harshly when he was here last, did not take away anything like the sum of money that was mentioned at the time—nothing like it. I was sorry to find he was so badly used, for there is latent good in him, I believe. My lectures will be in the nature of an experiment." Mr. Arnold cannot accustom himself to the newspapers. "I cannot," he says, "yet get used to reading these short paragraphs of your daily press with any comfort. I am so accustomed to go through the heavy leaders of our own *Times* that to find the newspaper articles themselves scarcely larger than the double leaded heads you put over them, disturbs my sense of proportion. I suppose that the practice comes, as some one has suggested to me, from your American habit of reading in the cars and omnibusses. The American newspaper page has a fragmentary look to me.

The Star Route Gang.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—The action brought by John A. Wash against Thomas J. Brady was called in the supreme court to-day. The matter came up on motion to vacate the order granted for the examination of Brady before the trial. The suit is based upon a claim of about $420,000. The order was vacated. In connection with this suit an order has also been obtained to examine Senator Wm. P. Kellogg as a witness, so that his deposition could be used upon the trial. Senator Kellogg, in an affidavit, says the order was not obtained in good faith, but was intended to prejudice him on his trial on indictments. Judge Barrett vacated this order.

Wind Bound.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 25.—The wind has been blowing from the northword for a week, lacking one day, and navigation at this and other Lake Michigan ports is at a stand still. All the docks between East Water street bridge and Wolf & Davison's yard, all the slips and all the branches are filled with wind bound crafts, and reports from Racine, Sheboygan, Manitowoc and smaller ports show the same condition of affairs, nothing having moved during the week. Among the fleet are steam craft, grain laden vessels and a large number of vessels bound for Escanaba. It is estimated that over 100 wind bound vessels are in port here to-day. The loss to owners by the delay is said to be very heavy.

Fire Engineers.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 24.—The eleventh annual convention of the National Association of Fire Engineers met to-day, Chief Joseph Bunn, of Cincinnati, presiding, H. A. Hill, of Cincinnati, secretary. Representatives were present from nearly every state in the union. Mayor Behan, in behalf of the municipality and citizens, made an address of welcome, extending the freedom and hospitality of the city, Charles F. Buck spoke on behalf of the fire department. Chief B. B. McCool, of Pottsville, Pa., responded in behalf of the visitors.

National Incendiaries.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The annual meeting of the National board of steam navigation has begun, E. W. Gould of St. Louis in the chair. The object of the meeting is to have congress revise the present steamboat laws, the first points looked to being limiting the liabilities of steamboat owners and to have the required test of kerosene oil reduced to 120 degrees.

The Patriarchal Circle.

The decision which was finally reached was to the effect that the circle should constitute a separate society, as distinct from Odd Fellowship as Masonry is. The members are still Odd Fellows, but candidates will gain admission hereafter by election and not by promotion. The demand of the sovereign grand lodge of Odd Fellows that the qualification of the royal purple adopted by the circle should be abolished is thus thought to be avoided and the members saved from excommunication.

O'Donnell's Defense.

CHICAGO, Oct. 25.—Sullivan, one of the counsel for the defense of O'Donnell, cabled from London yesterday that the prisoner had a good prospect of acquittal, but money was needed to secure witnesses from south Africa. The treasurer of the O'Donnell defense fund here at once forwarded $2,000.

Not National.

OTTAWA, Oct. 25.—It is understood that Lansdowne, acting upon the suggestions in Lorne's answer to the last address presented him, has decided not to receive addresses from English, Scotch or Irish societies.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of Kidney or Liver Complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already permanently cured, and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters will prove. Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Weak Back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by Lambie Bethune.

A Life Saving Present.

Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan., saved his life by a simple Trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle that completely cured him, when doctors, change of climate, and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, and all Throat and Lung Diseases it is guaranteed to cure. Trial bottles free at Lambie & Bethune's Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

DUFF BROWN'S RIDE.

A Locomotive Chased by an Avalanche of Flame.

Engineer Brown's Dash Down the Mountain Side from Prospect to Brocton in Front of a Blazing Oil Train.

[Dunkirk Letter in New York Sun.]

"I don't expect to live much longer, and after I am dead I want you to put in the papers the story of that ride I had from Prospect to Brockton in 1869."

The speaker was Duff Brown, an old locomotive engineer, who was lying at his home in Portland, this county, dying with consumption. This was several weeks ago. On the 7th of this month he died. He was nearly 60 years old. His story of the awful ride is this:

"In 1869 I was running a mixed train on the Buffalo, Corry & Erie railway. The track between Prospect or Mayville Summit and Brockton Junction is so crooked that, while the distance is actually only ten miles, the curves make it by rail fourteen. The grade for the whole distance is over seventy feet to the mile.

"About 9 o'clock on the night of Aug. 17, 1869, we reached the Summit with a train of two passenger cars, six oil cars and a box car. The latter contained two valuable trotting horses, and their keepers with them, on their way, I believe, to the Cleveland meeting. There were fifty or sixty passengers in the two cars. I got the signal from the conductor to start, and I pulled out. We had got under considerable headway, when, looking back, I saw that an oil car in the middle of the train was on fire. I reversed my engine and whistled for brakes. The conductor and brakeman jumped off. They uncoupled the passenger cars and set the brakes on them, bringing them to a stop. Supposing that the brakes on the burning oil cars would also be put on, I called to a brakeman on the box car to draw the coupling pin between that car and the head oil tank, backing so that he could do it, intending to run far enough away to save the box car and locomotive. As I ran on down the hill, after the pin had been drawn, what was my horror to see that the burning cars were following me at a speed that was rapidly increasing. The men had not succeeded in putting on the brakes. I saw that the only thing to be done was to run for it to Brocton, and the chances were that we would never reach there at the speed which we would be obliged to make around those sharp reverse curves, where we had never run over twenty miles an hour.

"When I saw the flaming cars—for the whole six were on fire by this time—plunging after me, and only a few feet away, I pulled the throttle open. The oil cars caught me, though, before I got away. They came with full force against the rear of the box car, smashing in one end and knocking the horses and their keepers flat on the floor. The heat was almost unbearable, and, do my best, I couldn't place more than thirty feet between the pursuing column of fire and ourselves. By the light from the furnace, as my fireman opened the door to pile in the coal I caught sight of the face of one of the horsemen in the box car, he having climbed up to the grated opening in the end. It was as pale as death, and he begged me for God's sake to give her more steam. I was giving her then all the steam she could carry, and the grade itself was enough to carry us down at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We went so fast that the engine couldn't pump. Every time we struck one of those curves the old girl would almost run on one set of wheels, and why in the world we didn't topple over is something I never could understand. She seemed to know that it was a race of life and death, and worked as if she were alive.

"The night was dark, and the road ran through woods, deep rock cuts, and along high embankments. There we were, thundering along at lightning speed, and, only a few paces behind us, that fiery demon in full pursuit. There were 50,000 gallons of oil in those tanks at least, and it was all in flame, making a flying avalanche of 500 feet long. The flames leaped into the air nearly a hundred feet. The roar was like that of some great cataract. Now and then a tank would explode with a noise like a cannon, when a column of flame and pitchy smoke would mount high above the body of the flames, and showers of burning oil would be scattered about in the woods. The whole country was lighted up for miles around.

"Well, it wasn't long, going at the rate we made, before the lights of Brocton came in sight down in the valley. The relief I felt when these came in view was short lived, for I remembered that train No. 9, on the Lake Shore, would be due at the Junction just about the time we would reach it. No. 8 was the Cincinnati express. Our only hope, all along during the race, had been that the switchman at the Junction would think far enough to open the switch there, connecting the cross-cut track with the Lake Shore track, and let us run in on the latter, where the grade would be against us, if anything, and where we could soon get out of the way of the oil cars. The switch, of course, would be closed now for the express, and our last hope was gone, unless the express was late, or somebody had sense enough to flag it. While we were thinking of this we saw the express tearing along toward the Junction. Could we reach the Junction, get the switch, and the switch be set back for the express before the latter got there? If not, there would be an inevitable crash, in which not only we but probably scores of others would be crushed to death. All this conjecturing did not occupy two seconds, but in that two seconds I lived years.

"'Good God!' I said to my fireman, 'what are we to do now?'

"The fireman promptly replied—and he was a brave little fellow—that I should whistle for the switch and take the chances. I did so. That whistle was one prolonged yell of agony. It was a shriek that seemed to tell us that our brave old engine knew our danger and had her fears. Neither the fireman nor myself spoke another word.

"Thanks be to God! The engineer on the express train, seeing us tearing down that mountain with an eighth of a mile of solid fire in close pursuit of us, knew in a moment that only one thing could save us. He whistled for brakes, and got his train to a stand not ten feet away from the switch. The switchman now answered our signal, and we shot in on the Shore track and whizzed on up by the depot and through the place like a rocket. The burning cars followed us in, of course, but their race was run. They had no propelling power now, and after chasing us for a mile they gave up the pursuit, and in three hours there was nothing left of them but smoking ruins.

"My fireman and I were so weak when we brought our locomotive to a stop that we could not get out of the cab. The two horsemen were unconscious in the box car. The horses were ruined. And how long do you think we were in making that sixteen miles? We ran two miles up the Lake Shore track. Just twelve minutes from the Summit to the place where we stopped! A plumb eighty miles an hour, not counting the time lost getting under headway and stopping beyond Brocton."

If the room opens upon a street, there is an excuse for the dainty sash curtains that let in the light, while they keep people outside from looking in. Indeed, these sash curtains—of scrym, or muslin—are pretty at any time, and tone down the bright sunshine of our American climate in a grateful way. But they should not be white. White curtains at a window will destroy the color effect of almost any room. If the sash curtains are of white stuff let them speedily be made an ecru color, by dipping them into strong coffee; but it is better that they should be wrought of brown or unbleached fabric in the first instance. Some of the Madras combinations of delicate grays and green and pink are very effective. We are also making in this country now a material similar to Madras cloth, but not nearly as expensive, though nearly as effective.

AMATEUR ACTORS.

Their Tribulations in New Jersey—"Caste" with Too Much Slow Music.

[New York Tribune.]

A party of youths and maidens set out from New York with the highest of hopes bounding in each immature bosom about ten days ago. They were amateur actors and actresses, and each one cherished visions of one day being a Booth or an Anderson, a Jefferson or a Mrs. Gilbert. They departed under the joint leadership of a lady who has gained some local fame as a professional elocutionist, and a young gentleman whose chief claim to histrionic distinction consists in the fact that he once played with a "real" company for a week, in fact until the day for the "ghost to walk" arrived, and the manager "skipped," leaving the company fifty miles from anywhere.

The brilliant idea had been conceived of playing in a circuit of small towns in New Jersey, "Caste" and a farce being the programme. They told their friends they would be away a week, but at the end of three days they once more trod Broadway. Haggard, worn and depressed they sought the seclusion of their respective homes and remained as tenaciously silent as the proverbial oyster in regard to the happenings and events of their "tour." A Tribune reporter, however, met the leading male member of the troupe, and from him heard the following sad recital:

"Well, you see we played the first night at a little town not a hundred miles from Jersey City. We had not a bad house, and the curtain was only fifty minutes late in rising. Some of the audience rose too, and wanted their money back, but we explained that the gentleman who was to play Sam had been detained in New York, and hadn't turned up. Fact was his 'boss' turned crusty and wouldn't let him off, though he produced a telegram saying that his grand-aunt was dying and wanted to bless him before she left the earth. Well, we got our prompter to read his part, and all went off first-class. You see, the prompter being on the stage with the book, he could give us our cues quite easily. I played Hawtree, you know, but I forgot my spirit-gum and had to stick my mustache on with some bill-sticker's paste I found in the dressing-room. It smelt awful, and right in the middle of the last act the mustache dropped off. The audience laughed, but I couldn't see anything funny in it. Well, I felt quite done up, so I stopped with some of the company all next day in the town, and only went on to the next stand in time to get to the theatre and dress.

There was a beast of a little circus there, and they pitched right near the Masonic hall where we had our show. The people seemed to take to the circus, so there wasn't much of a house. I found Miss Brown" (he didn't call her Brown but the reporter has a tender heart) "had engaged a local orchestra. Just before I went on (you know Hawtree and D'Alroy open the scene), Miss B. came to me and said, 'I think the tableau in the second act drags a bit, so I told the leader of the orchestra to give us a few chords.' 'How about the band cues?' said I. 'Oh those are right,' said she. 'I told him to begin when Hawtree takes out his watch.' Well, the orchestra struck up the overture, and it then turned out it was a brass band of about forty performers, in fact, there were as many persons almost in the orchestra as there were in the audience. We got through the first act right enough. I had got some spirit-gum, but my uniform coat split up the back as I was putting it on for the second act, and I forgot all about the confounded chords the old lady had spoken to me about. Everything went on swimmingly. Esther began her agonizing and I hauled out my watch and told D'Alroy it was time to go.

"As I did so a fiendish din struck my ear; it was the orchestra. They struck up 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' which the leader evidently thought the happiest of thoughts, for he smiled complacently as he waved his baton wildly. I yelled to him to stop, but he must have thought I meant go on, and the din grew louder and louder. It was impossible to to keep our faces straight, and I shouted to the prompter to ring the curtain down. But he didn't. Esther was in tears of mortification; Polly and the Marquise screamed with laughter, D'Alroy swore loudly and I sat down and laughed till the tears came. In about five minutes Eccles made his appearance and did his comic drunken entrance, and as he staggered across the stage the curtain at length haltingly descended. It appeared that the prompter had been threatened with a lamming by his big brother, who played Eccles, if he let the curtain down before the latter had gone through his amplified drunken act, and Eccles was in his dressing-room and knew nothing of the musical difficulty. Well, we were all broken up, Esther, the manageress, got mad and made a speech to the audience, telling them she was shamefully treated, and all the money had to be returned. We all quarreled among ourselves and came straight back home. How about the receipts? Well, we nearly cleared our railway fares the first night."

An Ingenious American Engineer in China.

[Mechanical Engineer.]

An American engineer of long experience in one of the oldest marine engine shops in this country went to China some few years since and took charge of a line of steamers there. One of these vessels had a Hirsch wheel, which is variable in pitch, and as it did not prove satisfactory, the American engineer demanded of the makers of the engines, Randolph & Elder, Glasgow, another kind, forwarding a drawing of the one wanted, which was simply a true screw eleven feet diameter. Randolph & Elder replied in due course, declining to furnish another, saying that if the Hirsch wheel was taken off the vibration would be very great, and further that the drawing sent was evidently made by a person unacquainted with screw propulsion!

In going up the river subsequently the ship lost her wheel and had to have another. Being unable to get one otherwise, the American engineer had a screw made in China by native moulders, sweeping it up in the usual way. There being no large foundries then, the iron was melted by natives in small crucibles and poured into a large ladle, which was kept hot (until it was full) by fire externally. The casting was a complete success, and the ship made two miles an hour better time than with the Hirsch wheel.

A Novelist's Strange Disease.

[Chicago News.]

The external symptoms of the deep-lying disease of Turgeneff, the Russian novelist, were those of cancer. His complexion was as of yellow wax; in no position was the sufferer at rest; his nights were full of terrors; shooting pains, like those of toothache, extended over sets of nerves, at times paralyzed the limbs and rendered breathing difficult, but the patient could not point out the seat of the disease. All he could say was that his whole body was as it were a swollen foot in a tight boot and that he was obliged to keep walking. The post mortem finally discovered that his disease was a cancer in the spinal marrow, and that an affection of the heart which he exhibited was only a reflex malady.

To Preserve Wood.

[Inter Ocean.]

"Common wood soaked in petroleum," says a writer in The Country Gentleman, "will make it as durable as cedar." Wood used in verandas and trellis work, where exposed to the elements, can thus by little expense and labor be made lasting.

THE RED RIVER DAM.

How a Lieutenant Colonel Saved Admiral Porter's Fleet.

A Brilliant Idea from a Subordinate Is Developed into an Eight Days' Wonder of Engineering Success.

[M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.]

Banks' Red river expedition was backed by Porter with his Mississippi fleet of gunboats. The vessels had made their way up on a rising river, and were all above the Alexandria falls, when, early in May, Banks received orders to evacuate the country. The expedition had resulted in the capture of a few river vessels, two or three small forts and posts, and the occupation of a long stretch of country, but no great advantages had been secured. The expedition, as a whole, was ordered by Halleck, interfered with by Grant and Sherman, broken up by unlooked for accidents and circumstances, and taken altogether was a blunder for which some one higher in authority than Banks should have been investigated. Porter, in his official report, says he requested Gen. Banks to have the dam built. Banks, in his official report, claims to have first broached the subject to Porter. It was an expedition in which no one had faith, no one seemed to have supreme command, and about the only advantage gained was the capture of large quantities of cotton. Had not Banks received orders to evacuate the country he could not have tarried longer. Provisions and ammunition were running low, the Confederates were gathering to fall upon him, and that he succeeded in getting his army out of the trap when he did was looked upon as a piece of good luck.

THE IMPASSABLE FALLS.

When Porter was informed that the army would soon take up the march in retreat his entire fleet was above the falls. Some of the vessels had been taken above after great trouble and now all were in a trap. The river had fallen until there was not sufficient depth to float the lightest craft.

The current of the river was about eight miles an hour and the greatest depth of water on the rapids only six feet. The bed of the river seemed full of rocks and the waters tumbled over them until it seemed as if a skiff could not find a safe channel. Porter must either get his fleet below these rapids or abandon it and march his men with the army.

It appears that the idea of a dam was first broached by an engineer named Bailey, ranking as a lieutenant colonel. The river was nearly 800 feet wide, the water falling every day and thus adding to the velocity of the current, and Bailey's plan was hooted and ridiculed by engineers and officers alike. Porter gushed over it when his fleet was safe, but before the work was begun he scouted the idea and announced that he would blow up every boat in his fleet if the water did not rise in time.

BEGINNING WORK.

Banks agreed to prolong his stay until a dam could be erected, and when the task had been decided on at least 15,000 men went to work. There were wood choppers and loggers and lumbermen and bridge-builders in that army, and had the question been put to them in the first place it would have been carried by a unanimous vote.

There was plenty of timber and stone at hand, though chimneys and walls were torn down for bricks, and some square timber hauled several miles. The work was portioned off to gangs, and no task was ever prosecuted with greater harmony. After the choppers had thrown down a tree another detail trimmed off the limbs, a third scored and faced, and the timber was then picked up and carried to the bank. In some cases fifty men, each seizing the end of a hand-spike thrust under the log, carried it along with military step and perfect ease.

The dam was a rude affair—intended simply to back up the waters until the fleet could pass over the rapids. A part of the dam was composed of cribs of timbers filled with stone, and the stone were hauled from one to three miles. In eight days the 15,000 men had accomplished what a civil engineer would not guarantee to do in four years. The dam stretched out from both banks until the rapidity of the current and depth of water would permit of no more work. Barges filled with stone were then sunk to narrow the passage still more, and in eight hours the rapids had almost disappeared in the back water.

THE ACCIDENT.

Had Porter been ready to go over at this time nothing would have been easier, but he was engaged in sending his heavy guns ashore. It was seen that the pressure on the dam was becoming so great that it must give way, and the three or four nearest boats were put through the channel at a moment's notice and without much peril. The last boat came down as a part of the dam near the centre was forced out by the pressure of the water. In twenty minutes the six feet of back water on the rapids had disappeared, and the army realized that it must renew its labors.

The work of chopping, digging, carrying and lifting was the easiest part of the work. Nearly a thousand men, all of them stripped of coats and vests, were obliged to work in water from two to four feet deep, and scores of them with ropes around their waists to prevent the current from tumbling them down stream. Scarcely one had escaped chills and fever and rheumatism, and of those on shore every back ached and every hand showed blisters. And yet within an hour after the break in the dam the army was at work again. There was no longer any doubt that the fleet could be saved.

THE NEW DAM.

Col. Bailey saw that he must leave a wider opening in the centre, and while doing this he must lose a foot or two of backwater. As an offset to this loss he prepared wing-dams above the main structure, thus narrowing the channel and increasing its depth. The army was at work a little over three days and nights at the second dam, and the depth of water on the falls was almost as great as before.

SAVING THE BOATS.

The lighter draught boats had little trouble in running the rapids and dashing through the shute, but the heavier ones were saved only with the greatest difficulty. Their guns were dismounted and hauled around the rapids, all of the ammunition removed, and not a pound of dead weight was left aboard to add to their peril. In the case of the Mound City, Carondelet, and others of that class, dray and guy-ropes were attached and a thousand men took hold and hauled and braced and pulled them through narrow channels and over shoal spots. The dam was begun on May 1, and by the 13th the entire fleet was safely over.

DISAPPOINTED CONFEDERATES.

When the Confederates discovered Porter's fleet in the trap they felt certain that he must leave it there. The spring rise had passed, the river was constantly falling, and they confidently counted on the destruction of the fleet. Porter would of course destroy each and every vessel, but their destruction would be a victory to boast of. No man outside of Col. Bailey, Federal or Confederate, had thought of the dam, and the wonder is that with Porter and Banks each on his dignity, and Grant hurrying both up, the colonel got ahead of red tape and laid the first stick of timber. Porter left behind him ten or eleven guns, several anchors, a lot of iron plating, chains, gun carriages, etc., which he had not time to haul around the rapids. Everything was broken up and rendered useless, as far as possible.

But for Bailey's dam Porter could not have saved his fleet. But for that fleet the Confederates could have consolidated and combined against Banks in a manner to peril his army. War has seldom been so deeply indebted to one single individual, and yet most historians dismiss Col. Bailey with a line, and the country at large long ago forgot that he ever existed.

The Desert Made to Bloom.

[Northwest Letter in New York Sun.]

I speak particularly of Ainsworth, because, as has been said, there is not a spot between Fargo and Portland which in appearance is less inviting to the farmer. The outlook is simply disheartening. The town is a railroad settlement, owing its existence to the fact that a big bridge is building over the Snake river at that point.

A year or two ago it occurred to a German blacksmith named Schunemann, who had found it hard to support his wife and children at the east, that this Sahara, tufted with sage brush, might not be so bad as it looked. He took up a quarter section of sage and sand, and bought some adjoining land of the same sort from the railroad company, paying the lowest price on the schedule, $2.60 an acre. Then he began to try to raise crops without artificial irrigation.

"What did people say?" remarked Schunemann, cutting as good a watermelon as is often sold in Washington market. "They said I was a d—d fool."

Out of the sand, stripped of its sage brush, Mr. Schunemann has raised wheat, forty bushels to the acre, or three times the average acre yield of the whole country, and two-thirds of the yield of the crack land in the Gallatin valley. He has raised oats, barley, millet, and rye, all of excellent quality, and in remunerative quantities. He exhibits pumpkins, squashes, beets, carrots, and potatoes, these vegetables being larger and fuller than their kinds as we are accustomed to see them and eat them at the east. His corn flourishes, especially some of the dented varieties. His tomatoes are creditable. He has planted fruit trees, apple, pear, and peach, and they are doing well, but are still too young to bear. The same may be said of the small fruits, the raspberries and blackberries. His melons are first-rate in flavor; a young neighbor of his, a practical farmer from Wisconsin, who followed the pioneer into the Ainsworth desert, told me he had sold $400 worth of watermelons this season. Mr. Schunemann believes he can add grapes to the long list of products which he cultivates with profit; in fact, he believes that anything will grow in the sage brush desert. He dug a well and struck water at twenty-eight feet, but does not irrigate his fields. "Where does the moisture come from?" he was asked. "I don't know," said he, "unless it rains up on the roots from under ground."

All this has been done in almost rainless seasons, on parallel Forty-six, the latitude of Moosehead lake and Montreal, without artificial irrigation, and in soil which thousands of the neediest emigrants had passed over with scorn. Schunemann's is a single case, and it is not mentioned as typical; but the pluck of the man, the absence of anything on his part like a desire to "boom the country," and the contrast between the prospects and results of his experiment struck me as remarkable.

A True Story of London.

[Exchange.]

The best stock story about London is that one day in that modern Babylon a merchant disappeared from his home, leaving his wife and children. The papers and the dead walls blurted forth his description and the offer of a generous reward for his body, dead or alive. At the expiration of the period allotted by law his considerable estate was turned into money, and other merchants requited the widow for the right to continue the prosperous mercantile operations. No one that knew him ever saw him again. The widow remained in the home he left her, and while her hair whitened with time her children grew to manhood and womanhood, married, and had children of their own.

By and by, when the memory of the mysterious disappearance of the merchant was fresh only in the mind of the woman who had merged her life into his, while to her children it had become as a mere something told to them in childhood, lawyers notified them that the merchant had died, leaving his property to another woman and other children, and that if they desired to contest his will the chance was theirs. Then it turned out that when the merchant disappeared he merely removed around the corner, where he set up another household and reared another family behind windows through which he could see his true wife and his legitimate children moving about in his old home. He had begun life anew, built up another fortune, and finished a natural term of life, without being recognized by any who had known him under his true name. This story is true, and is a matter of court record. It is told to show how in big cities the details of village or country life are swallowed up in the greater concerns of the vast body, how one's own little circle is the most a city person is familiar with, and how where there are so many people it is as possible for a man to lose himself and be overlooked as if he were at sea in a small boat.

The "Moonshine" Delusion.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

It is inexcusable perhaps to dispel so pleasant and general a delusion, but there is nothing of moonshine in the make-up of the moonshiner. Not until "jocund morn stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top," does he begin to despoil the government of 90 cents a gallon, excise tax on what that great economist, Mr. Kelley, calls his "corn brandy and apple whisky."

They are a singular and interesting people, who defy the United States of America to collect a tax on spirits. They are out of chronological order. For twenty-one years the excise laws have been of force, and yet the patriotic red men, who, with revolutionary ardor emptied the tea in Boston harbor, were not more hostile to the stamp tax, or the tax on tea than the moonshiner to the revenue on his mountain dew.

An Envious Man's Revenge.

[Life.]

Abraham and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner.

It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a salt spoon.

But an idea struck him.

"My frents," he cried, "I will show you some dricks."

Taking up a spoon, he said, "You zee dees spoon?—Vell, it ees gone!" he cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You vill find it in Joshua's bood."

It was found.

Popular with the Ladies.

[Inter Ocean.]

Jay-Eye-See is said to be very popular with the Boston young ladies, and is receiving many presents from them. Among others, he has a blanket of blue flannel bound with white silk braid and handsomely embossed with wild flowers and horseshoes in gold and crimson. But the young man has too much good sense to have his head turned by these attentions.

In Bad Taste.

[Boston Transcript.]

It is now again becoming fashionable to arrange the hair high on top of the head, which looks well on a tall, stately woman of symmetrical cranial development; but among the first we see adopting it are short women, with perhaps a dumpy bulk and width of head in the middle region from ear to ear.

A Mesmeric Theosophist.

[Inter Ocean.]

Col. H. S. Olcott, the Hierophant of the Theosophists, has set up in India as a mesmeric healer, and has great success, especially with paralytics, epileptics, and hysteriacs.

In the Hands of the Mob.

[Theo. March in Lippincott's Magazine.]

If there be anywhere a typical American, he will be found on the western plains, where men develop into something which certainly has not its likeness in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. In his most peaceful aspect he is unique. As "a rough," he is unapproachable. Nothing in history has ever equaled a western desperado. Bold, cruel, capricious, hardened, sentimental, skilled in the use of arms, and accomplished in horsemanship, there is about him a terrible power which lacks the elements of fascination. Mark Twain, in his "Roughing It," has drawn admirable portraits of men notorious in the early days of western settlements. It was my fortune, as a child, to have a certain knowledge of this class, and to encounter them, once at least, in their "armed wrath."

My father was a sea-captain, who took his family with him on his long voyages. The trade with California, it is well known, was a golden one for many years, and whoever could take a share in it readily braved the months of sailing and the dangers of Cape Horn. To those who hurry across the continent in a week's time, this length of voyage doubtless appears an endless torture of suspended action. To us, it was simply a calm elysium. The slow days and nights dropped silently behind us into the beautiful, fathomless sea, while we set our faces steadily forward in happy unconcern and bright anticipation.

I was but a child, with one constant companion in my little sister, and an occasional gala day of play with Johnny Carter, the cabin-boy. Johnny Carter belongs to this story.

He was a pretty, fair little fellow of about 12 years. Just before the ship sailed, a very nice looking woman had come on board and asked to see my father. She brought with her this boy, and she represented him as anything rather than

A creature all too bright and good
For human nature's daily food.

In short, Johnny was so utterly a bad boy, she begged my father to take him to sea, in the hope of breaking off his ruinous associations and changing the current of his fancies from an eager search after the worst evils of his home city. My father hesitated, of course, but the mother was importunate, and the boy did not look formidable. In the end, he consented, and Johnny was duly installed as cabin-boy and general do-nothing.

I do not remember ever seeing him at work. He proved to be, as far as we saw, a mild, pleasant, easy-going little chap, very unlike his mother's portrayal of him, and was soon a universal favorite. He was so young and so small it seemed folly to expect anything thoroughly useful of him. He wandered about the ship gathering up whatever knowledge came in his way, waiting on the officers, helping the cook, taking care of the goats—a friend had sent us two as playmates and with an eye to milk for my mother's coffee—and sometimes for a whole day playing with us at anything we fancied. He could dress a doll and set out toy dishes; he could make tiny kites and frail bows and arrows; he could arrange a scrap-book or set up fishing-tackle, and seemed equally happy and content in cabin or forecastle. Yet when we reached San Francisco he almost instantly and miraculously disappeared, and left no trace.

My father was much annoyed. The mother's tears and entreaties, her anxiety, her confidence in the good effects of the voyage, and her trust in my father, were constantly present to him. His best energies were expended in the search for the lost boy, but in vain. Had Johnny taken to Jonah's whale as a craft, he could not have been more profoundly swallowed up. At last my father accepted the situation as best he might, and, after writing home full accounts of all that had been done, seemed to dismiss the matter from his mind, as one in which he had performed his duty, spite of failure.

San Francisco at that time was a city in the rough. It is impossible to convey to any thoroughly eastern and untraveled mind any conception of it. Such curious combinations of shingle and muslin, paper and slats! Such a motley, picturesque, frightful, ridiculous crowd, forever coming and going! Every nation had its representatives, every style of costume, every possible bearing and gesture. Gentlemen of polish and outcasts of society, the broadcloth of Paris and the Indian blanket, the jovial Irishman, pipe in mouth, and the stately Spaniard, the indolent South American, the bewildered Chinaman, the wide-awake Yankee, continually jostled and hustled each other on the planks of the quay skirting the lonely bay, and on the narrow stretch of Long Wharf, extending an almost incredible distance into its waters. Ladies there were few, and children even fewer. My sister and I were soon great pets; and the domestic life of the ship, under my mother's home-like sway, had a charm for the homeless young fellows and lonely married men engaged in the tremendous struggle for existence or mighty wealth—the chances meant always one or the other.

Occasionally my father took me with him for a morning among his business friends, and very delightful I found these visits. It was after one of them we found Johnny Carter. We were walking along the quay to take the boat for our return to the ship. The quay was lined on the landward side with gambling dens—great bare rooms, entirely open to the street. At the far end, a rough stage lifted into prominence; sometimes a row of Ethiopian minstrels, sometimes three or four painted women singers, sometimes a seedy pianist and a half-starved violinist. Between this stage and the street, row after row of tables were set out, crowded with men dressed in red shirts, broad slouched hats, broad belts, and a perfect armory of weapons. Cries and blows and struggles were as common as the twang of the guitar or the voice of the singer, and my father always hurried me along, trembling as I was, striving to distract my attention from the sights and sounds I still recall with horror.

On this day of which I write, he suddenly paused before one of the dens, and then deliberately walked into its very midst still holding my hand. At a table near the centre of the room, he laid his hand on the shoulder of Johnny Carter, who was intently watching the deft fingers of a quartette of gamblers. Piles of gold-dust, eight-cornered pieces, and lumps of quartz lay heaped upon the table, and vouched for their recent arrival from the outskirts of civilization.

With a wild cry the little wretch writhed himself from my father's grasp and threw himself into the midst of the group, howling for protection.

In one instant all was confusion. The men sprang up from their games on all sides, leaving their gold as readily and as recklessly as though no more depended on the turn of a card than in a mere game for the love of it. They crowded close around us—great, bearded, swarthy, terrible fellows, who seemed never to have been born of woman. Johnny, pouring out shrill screams very well made up of terror and entreaty, told a pitiful tale. He had been beaten, and kicked, and starved, and thrown overboard and towed; he had been worked night and day; he was afraid of his life. Only save him! Only keep him away from the dreadful ship!

The crowd roared a fearful oath that they would stand by him, and then turned the oaths to fearful threats against my father. He stood like a rock, and I, silent, scarcely terrified, but terribly excited, clung to his side. The dreadful faces surged nearer, the cruel knives began to gleam in sharp curves and flourishes, the unmistakable "click" of fire-arms sounded on all sides. A woman's voice screamed from the stage,—

"Oh, the leetle chile! Take care the leetle chile!"

Some of the gruff voices near us took up the cry. My father did not raise me to his breast, as he easily might have done, and thus have screened himself, but he threw his arm around me, and slowly and coolly began making his way to the door. He was a man of splendid presence, and that always "tells," more or less. Tall, finely formed, with the step, the carriage of the head, the glance of the eye, of those born to command, he passed their midst undaunted. There was no air of reckless bravado about him. He was simply ready for anything, "fearing not what men could do unto him," and they felt it. Crowding us, yet making way for us, threatening him with eye and voice and death-dealing hand, yet only threatening, we passed through them to the street. They went with us, and the very air of heaven seemed to give them new wrath. Brawny arms were stretched to snatch me from him; but I had heard the woman's voice and the men's words, and I knew well I was his protection. I clung the closer, and I know I gave back from my baby eyes the proud scorn of my father's spirit. One of them swore a hoarse oath that I was "a plucky little devil," and then they cheered me and cursed my father. Still he went on, and gave no sign. It was but a few steps to the Long Wharf and our waiting boat. There was a swell and a sway of the crowd. I saw through a gap the blue waters of the bay, and close at hand the well known dark blue flag, white crossed and red centred, which was our ship's ensign. The next instant familiar faces rose about us; the young merchants from the offices we had recently left pushed their way to us, and cheery voices cried out:

"Here, captain, we'll stand by you! The 'committee' is out."

The mob gave a wild roar, and surged in frenzy. My father spoke for the first time:

"Ramsey, take my girl. These devils may not hold off long. I will never run from them!"

The next instant I was in the boat, and saw my father spring into full view of the crowd, and in bold relief against the cloudless sky, upon a pile of merchandise. "My lads!" he cried, in a voice trained to surmount the storms of the deep, "my lads! I am an unarmed man. You are a hundred to one. Shoot, if you will, but give me a chance to speak."

It was so brave a defiance they were impressed by it, easily swayed as they were in the reckless disregard of time, or life, or pain, which their self-outlawed existence had engendered. They were suddenly hushed and quieted.

"Go it, old buck!" called out a shrill, youthful voice. There was a growl of assent from coarser tones. My father took advantage of the permission. He made a speech worthy of the occasion. A man with truth to back him might well speak as one inspired; fancy such a death! He told the story of Johnny Carter from his mother's side. He spoke of his interest in him on her account, of the search for him, of the future from which he sought to hold him back—"a future you know, my lads, better than I can tell it." He referred them to his own record as a ship master, and called on his boat's crew to witness its truth. In short, the tide of wrath was stemmed. Hoarse murmurs of assent greeted his closing questions as to the wisdom and justice of his conduct toward the boy. Rough acknowledgments of hasty action on their part rolled forth, and finally cries of "Bring out the youngster and send him aboard!" "Tie him up, captain, and cut the lies out of him!" "His mother's well rid of him anyhow!" gave proof that Johnny, like many of his betters, was experiencing the fatal change of the people's fickle favor. But Johnny had wisdom beyond his years. He had waited for no favorable or unfavorable ending. He was gone, and heaven alone knows where. From that day until this, we have never heard of Johnny Carter, "marked man" as he is in the retrospect of my years.

My father stood upon his improvised stage, the triumphant star of this brief play. The men were crowding around him in good-fellowship as hilarious as their wrath had been deadly. One of the young merchants added a brief and jolly speech. More