THE PAPERS OF MR. BUCHANAN.

III.

MR. BUCHANAN'S POLITICAL CREED.

The following extracts are taken from a letter written by Mr. Buchanan, in 1839, to a friend in Fayette county, Pennsylvania, shortly before the State failed to pay the interest on its public debt. The internal improvements, for the construction of which the great bulk of the debt was contracted, consisted of 793 miles of railways and canals, completed in January, 1834, and 140 miles of canals in progress and nearly completed at that time. In 1839, when Mr. Buchanan wrote this letter, the principal chain of works in progress was that between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, extending nearly the whole length of the State, a distance of 395 miles, and connecting the Atlantic with the Ohio River and the great Western waters. The debt contracted for canals and railways before January, 1843, was $30,533,529.15. The first failure to meet the interest on the State debt at the time it became due was on the 1st of August, 1842. The interest then falling due amounted to $471,000. It was paid in certificates, bearing interest at 6 per cent., and two succeeding dividends were paid in the same manner. These certificates and the interest accrued upon them remained unpaid in January, 1844. Thence arose what was called, and nearly became, the "repudiation" of the State of Pennsylvania, about which Sidney Smith wrote his famous letter, and which was subsequently avoided by the public spirit and integrity of the people of the State. The foregoing facts explain Mr. Buchanan's anxiety in 1839:

LANCASTER, 29th June, 1839.

* * * The acknowledged leader of the Democratic party, in his day, was the author of the Declaration of Independence. This party has passed through a fiery and fearful ordeal since the commencement of Gen. Jackson's Administration. In the violent political struggles which since that period have in rapid succession convulsed the country, many of our most distinguished leaders have either become neutral or deserted to the enemy; but the people have still remained true to their own cause. Their motto has been, as I trust it ever may be, "Principles, not men." The party is now founded upon a rock against which neither the winds nor the waves can prevail. It has been purified in the fire of persecution. We have lopped off all the branches of false doctrine which a selfish expediency had engrafted upon the venerable oak of Democracy; and, freed from parasites and creepers who adhered to it solely for the purpose of sustaining themselves, it now stands forth in its own naked strength and grandeur, "moored in the rifted rock, proof to the tempest's shock."

The two great political parties in this country owe their origin to the very nature and structure of the Federal Constitution. Under whatsoever names they may be called, they must continue to exist while that instrument shall endure. The abandonment of old names and the adoption of new ones have never yet changed, and never will change, the principles of our political opponents. They have resorted to the expedient from the characteristic belief in the "gullibility" of the people, and have always been disappointed. When you apply to them the touchstone of principle, you find them to be always the same under every disguise.

The fundamental principle of the Democratic party is a firm and abiding reliance upon the virtue and intelligence of the people. We hold it as a canon of our faith that the people are capable of self-government, and require no extraneous influence to make them tread the path which leads to the greatest good for the greatest number. Hence we have been ever jealous of the exercise of any power or any influence over them by the Federal Government, which the people of the several States, in their sovereign capacity, have not clearly granted under the Constitution of the United States. The Democratic party, therefore, have from the beginning advocated a strict construction of the Federal Constitution, and have always opposed every invasion of State rights.

On the contrary, our opponents, whatever name they may have assumed, have ever advocated an extension of the powers of the Federal Government by a loose construction of the Federal Constitution, and have thus endeavored to create what they have always admired, a strong government. Distrusting or denying the capacity of the people for self-government, for the purpose of influencing them they have from the beginning sought an alliance with the money power. If the present were the proper occasion, their whole history might be called in proof of this position. From the day the first Bank of the United States was chartered until the feelings of the Democracy of Pennsylvania were outraged by the treacherous desertion of some of its favored leaders, and the consequent revival of that institution which had been doomed to destruction by the Democracy of the Union.

How simple and beautiful are the principles of Democracy when carried out faithfully and fairly into practice! The Federal Constitution confers no power upon the Congress of all the States over the question of domestic slavery in any one of them, much less does it grant the power to the people of any one State to interfere with this delicate question within the limits of another; and therefore Democracy is willing to leave the question of abolition to be decided by those to whom it constitutionally belongs.

The Federal Constitution confers no power upon Congress to charter a Bank of the United States, and by thus allying the Federal Government with the money power to create a combination which might prove too strong for the people. Democracy is therefore opposed to this usurpation. It is true that on two occasions this "vagrant power" to create a bank, as Mr. Clay formerly characterized it, has been exercised by Congress under the pressure of a fancied necessity. The result has manifested that principles are immutable and eternal; and whenever they are made to yield to temporary expediency, they always vindicate themselves in the end by inflicting anodines more suffering than was sought to be averted by their abandonment.

The Federal Constitution recognizes gold and silver as the only standard of value; and therefore Democracy desires, without inquiring the State banks, to adopt effective connections—unfortunate for both—which has heretofore existed between them and the Federal Government and gradually to return to the ancient practice of collecting, keeping, and disbursing the public revenue in the constitutional currency, through the agency of responsible officers, instead of irresponsible banks.

It was the glory of public men among the ancient Romans to be liberal of their own money and parsimonious of that of the people. Economy is a cardinal principle in Democratic policy. Generosity in individuals, when they can afford to be generous, is a noble trait of character. To be extravagant with the money of others is rank injustice to them. The representatives of the people, therefore, whatever disposition they may choose to make of their own money, ought to guard with extreme care the money of the people with which they are intrusted. It is a disregard of this Democratic principle which has swelled to such an enormous amount the State debt now entailed upon ourselves and those who shall come after us. Who has not deplored the extravagant and profligate waste of the public money to subserve corporate, local, and individual interests, in which the people generally had no concern, during the period of the late State administrations? It is high time that these abuses should be corrected. Our debt is annually increasing, while we are compelled annually to borrow money to pay the interest upon it. Our public improvements, upon which we relied to pay this interest, have as yet yielded but little more than was necessary to keep them in repair and operation. The interest and the honor of the State equally require that the main lines should be completed. This can only be accomplished by the most rigid economy. In our present embarrassed condition, how absurd is the idea of small and how unjust to the people of the State, to be squandering their money upon objects of a mere local character, or bestowing it in aid of wealthy chartered companies! Thanks to our present Executive, he seems determined to arrest this prodigate expenditure; and he may rest assured that his administration can now be sustained in Pennsylvania which shall not observe the most rigid economy. The time has passed for being generous; we must now seek only to be just, and to pay our debts with the public creditors, without taking the property of others. The excellent principles so clearly stated and so boldly maintained in the late financial report of one of your own Representatives, are those on which the Democracy ought to act at least until the public improvements shall become productive.

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Yours very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

KNOCKED OUT BY A FISH.

The Adventures of a Skowhegan Athlete at the Seashore—The Electric Fish.

DEER ISLAND, Me., Aug. 27.—"You look like a likely hefter," said an old fisherman in oilskins, who was unloading a doryful of mackerel, to a lusty young man in knickerbockers and a white flannel shirt.

"Yes," replied the young man. "I'm called pretty strong in the Skowhegan Athletic Club."

"Did you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow, throwing a huge netful of tinkers on the dock and looking his companion over with a critical eye.

"I never saw the fish I couldn't lift."

The fisherman thrust his hand into his pocket, from which, after a violent struggle and much invective, he hauled out a very flat, light leather pocketbook that was closed with a strap and a piece of rope yarn. He took out a clean ten-dollar bill and said: "I'm going on 81 year old next muster day, but I'll bet ten dollars even you can't lift fish that I can."

"Where's your fish?" asked Skowhegan.

"Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the mackerel, and pointed to a large, solid, skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory. "Let's see, it's about five foot up to the dock. I'll bet you the ten dollars you can't toss the fish up there."

"I don't want to take your money," replied the young man, magnanimously, as a number of spectators drew around, "but if you've got half a dozen of the fish, string 'em all together and give me something worth doing. I've lifted five hundred pounds before breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I've heard on you," said the old man, somewhat warmly. "You're the man that ate a piece of rubber hose for breakfast and didn't find out it wasn't sausage till somebody told you. See that thumb nail?" he asked, holding up a curious-looking stub with a horny growth upon it. "Well, I served 'prentice once to a box maker, and used to put in all the screws with that nail, and pull 'em out when they broke off with my teeth. You know me, and I'll stick to it that you can't heave the fish up to the dock, and there's the money."

The Skowhegan athlete thus called upon, deposited $10 with the owner of the mackerel running shop, who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat, while the old fisherman climbed upon the dock to watch the feat.

"Stand back there!" shouted the fish tosser, rolling up his sleeve. "This fish might hit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you."

"Heave away," said the man in oilskins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general.

The young man now stepped into the dory and poked away the tinkers (small mackerel) that were sliding about. Standing on the edge of the boat, he stooped down, grasped the skate-like fish, and lifted raising it about a foot. Then, uttering a yell, he staggered a moment and fell with a resounding splash into the water, nearly capsizing the boat in accomplishing the feat, which was received with shouts of laughter from the dock, the old fisherman fairly dancing a hornpipe on the rail.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted, as the unfortunate athlete scrambled into the dory again, swearing like a pirate. "Trying to upset the boat, are you?"

"Who struck me? Some one gave me a knock on the neck just as I was lifting."

"Nonsense," said some one in the crowd. "You wasn't touched."

"I'll take my oath I felt something hit me. If this is a sham game I want to know it." Bracing himself firmly in the boat he again grasped the fish in both hands and raised it three feet, and then fish, athlete, and all went over backward among the tinkers. Man, fish, oars, and tailers were mixed up for a moment. At last the Skowhegan lifter made a break for the dock, and once upon it, sank down on a pile of boards. He was as white as a sheet, and covered with scales from head to foot.

"Send for the apothecary," he gasped, as the men crowded round.

"Why, what's the matter with you?"

"I've had a stroke," whispered the victim. "The minute I stooped to lift I felt it a-runnin' all over me. It's in our family, but I've got it bad," and here he rubbed his arms and legs.

"It knocked me clean off my feet," he added, "and my limbs tell like stalks. Send—you, here's a quarter of a dollar, buy a bottle from the drug—you, and one of them, seizing him by the arm, jerked him to his feet.

"You're all right, my lad; only next time don't go fooling around old Amos. He's a hard nut. Here's yer money, sonny," said the old man, holding out the bill, "you've earned it.

"What do I mean?" he continued. "Why, just this. You haven't had a shock of paralysis, you haven't got a bad fever, nor none of these torpedoes. They'll knock a horse if you take 'em right."

The athlete took off vacantly ahead, took back his money, and left amid the renewed laughter of the crowd.

"He'll have a yarn to tell the Skowhegan folks," said the perpetrator of the joke. "I'd do hate to hear a man 'blow,' and thought I'd take him down. Injured? No, sir-ee. He'll feel stiff for an hour or so, but it won't harm him. I've been struck by 'em a hundred times, and it's no fun I can tell you. It's just like being struck by a piece of lightning. I don't generally touch 'em, but a man gave me a dollar to fetch one in, so I kept it in the boat. They'll shock you right through the net. When I was hauling in the tinker seine this morning, I knew I had a shockfish from the jerking in the net. The shocks come right up the wet cording, so that sometimes you can't hang on anyhow. I've seen a man who struck one with an iron harpoon, thinking it a skate, knocked down so quick he never knew what hit him.

"Do you remember old Cephas Popp, that used to do the chores round Bristol about ten years ago? He lived on rum. He'd do anything for it. Well, they put up a big job on him once. He'd had the jimjams, and he'd sworn off any quantity of times, but always got back again. His wife was desperate, and offering money to the boys comes along with a shock fish. The old man had never seen one before, so 'Lish walks up and says, 'Ceph, where can I get this fish cleaned?' 'What's it worth?' says Ceph.

'Well, a couple of shillings, I reckon' says 'Lish. 'Give me the money, I'll draw it myself,' says the old man.

'Go ahead,' says 'Lish; and, going into his cabin, old man Popp fetched out a big case-knife and began, two or three of the boys gathering round. 'You ain't so steady as I've seen you, Ceph,' says 'Lish, coming out and nearly bursting himself laughing, for as soon as the old man touched the fish his arm shot out, so that the knife flew about three feet. He didn't say anything, but picked the knife up, and jabbed it in again. You'd have thought he was trying to stab a sleight-of-hand chap; his hands jerked this way and that, and the knife rolled down off his face like rain. At last he dropped her, and sat right down on the grass, and says, 'Lish, hand me that bromide in there on the top shelf, first bottle; I've got 'em agin. Well, he never heard the last of that, and I never saw him drink agin.'

"What's the use of the shocks?" they I reckon they kill fish with 'em or drive 'em off.

"The latter assumption is probably correct. The electric apparatus of the torpedo is its defence, and certainly is a good one. The electric organs may be compared to some form of the voltaic pile, and consist of two series of layers of hexagonal cells, the intervening spaces between the plates being filled with a trembling, jelly-like substance, so that each cell can be compared to a Leyden jar. Each torpedo carries about 480 of these cells, the whole being capable of a power to about fifteen Leyden jars, making 3,500 square inches charged to the highest degree. The upper side of the fish is positive and the lower negative, the shocks seemingly being entirely at the will of the strange electrician.

A naturalist recently made some interesting experiments, one of which was the application of the telephone to a torpedo to see if the shock gave an audible sound. Such proved to be the case—a short, low croak accompanying moderate excitement, the discharge lasting about one-thirtieth of a second. When the fish was greatly excited the croak became a groan, sounding, it was said, like the tonality of *mi*, and occupying four or five seconds. When the attention of scientific men was first called to the torpedo, Dr. Walsh, F. R. S., amused himself and scientific London with one of these flakes, after a series of experiments at the Isle of Rè. The performances took the form of piscatorial séances, and it became the rage to take a fish shock. Wondrous medicinal virtue was ascribed to it, and the demand for torpedoes brought a rich harvest to the fisherman. Their use in medicine, however, was not new, as Dioscorides, the physician of Antony and Cleopatra is said to have used it. Dr. Walsh's method was to place a living torpedo upon a wet towel from a plate he suspended two pieces of brass wire by means of silken cord, which served to insulate them. Round the torpedo were eight persons standing on insulating substances. One end of the brass wire was supported by the wet towel, the other end being placed in a basin full of water. The first person had a finger of one hand in this basin, and a finger of the other hand in a second basin, also full of water. The second person placed a finger of one hand in this second basin, and a finger of the other hand in a third basin. The third person did the same, and so on until a complete chain was established between the eight persons and nine basins. Into the ninth basin the end of the second brass wire was plunged, while Dr. Walsh applied the other end to the back of the torpedo thus establishing a complete conducting circuit. At the moment when the experimenter touched the torpedo the eight actors in the experiment felt a sudden shock, similar in all respect to that communicated by the shock of a Leyden jar, only less intense. The torpedo was then placed on an insulated supporter, and communicated to twenty persons similarly placed from forty to fifty shocks in a minute and a half. Each effort made by the animal was accompanied by a depression of the eyes, which were slightly projecting in their natural state, and seemed to be drawn within their orbits, while the other parts of the body remained immovable. If only one of the two organs were touched in place of a strong and sudden shock, only a slight sensation was experienced—a numbness rather than a shock. The same result followed with every experiment tried. The animal was tried with a non-conducting rod, and no shock followed; glass or a rod covered with wax produced no effect; touched with a metallic wire, a violent shock followed.

Dr. Atwood of Boston, in making experiments with a powerful fish, was several times completely floored, and when at a distance of twelve feet he struck a fish with a harpoon the shock was so powerful that he could not release his hold.

Quite a number of electric fishes are known, of which the South American gymnotus is undoubtedly the most powerful. It is said that they are caught by driving wild mustangs into the water, the fish exhausting their powers upon them, often fatally. The torpedoes are then captured by the natives. In all, nine different species are known, three of the curious electricians belonging to the ray family. One is a sword fish, another a catfish, called in the Nile country "the thunder fish," and the third is the *Tetraodon electricus*, from Comoro. The latter gives a faint shock, but strong enough to probably form a protection from various animals.

HOME-MADE WATER FILTERS.

How to Procure Cheap and Simple Means of Purifying Water.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Having last week pointed out in THE SUN the impure character of our water supply, I will now describe a remedy which is within the reach of every householder.

Pure water hardly exists in nature; it is insipid, and not adapted for drinking purposes. In speaking, therefore, of pure drinking water I shall use the term in a relative sense, indicating fitness. All I claim for water fit for drinking purposes is that it is free from everything of ascertained or suspected power to induce ill health, or which is unpleasant to the senses and the imagination.

All the eight water companies of London employ some system of filtration. The usual plan is to build a series of tunnels with bricks without mortar; these are covered with a layer of fine gravel two feet thick, then a stratum of fine gravel and coarse sand, and lastly a layer of two feet of fine sand. The water is first pumped into a reservoir, and after a time, for the subsidence of the coarser impurities, the water flows through the filter beds, which are slightly lower.

During the last summer I have been making experiments with simple filtering materials, and also talked the matter over with Prof. Cassamager, chemist to Messrs. Havemeyers' sugar refinery. Prof. Cassamager having to filter such a difficult material as sugar, I considered him an expert in all processes of filtration, and I asked him to arrange what he considered the cheapest and most simple form for filtering water. At his laboratory he showed me a method which he had arranged, which is, perhaps, the most simple that can be devised to give fair results.

This simple filter is made as follows: Procure an ordinary wood pail and bore a number of holes the size of a five-cent piece all over the bottom. Next prepare a flue muslin bag, a little larger than the bottom of the pail, and about one inch in height. The bag is now filled with clean, well-washed sand and placed in the pail. Water is next poured in, and the edges of the bag should be pressed against the sides of the pail. We put such a filter to very severe tests by mixing a dry sienna color in a gallon of water and, passing through the color was so fine as to be an impalpable powder, rendering the water a deep chocolate color. On pouring this mixture into the filter pail and collecting the water, it was found free of all coloring matter. This was a very satisfactory test for such a simple appliance, and I cannot too strongly recommend it in cases where a more complicated arrangement cannot be substituted. The finest and cleanest sand is desirable. Sand purchased at glass manufactories should be obtained.

The above described filter at its best is but a good strainer, and will arrest the suspended particles. But in a modern filter more perfect work is required, and we have felt its want, and consumed an hour in making the fourth mile. Then we were transferred to one coach and three open baggage wagons. That stage road was run by telegraph that day, it never before. Even when it was used by mail coaches there were only a few twelve-mile stages which two vehicles could pass each other. Consequently, a telegram had warned Eureka Springs that as we were on the road, vehicles from there must keep out. In its best days it was only an Arkansas mountain road. But the railroad builders had ruined most of it, and now the floods had destroyed what the railroad men had left. The party in the coach had the worst of it, for the top-heavy thing seemed perversely bent on overturning at every turn. We, in the baggage wagons, thought it fun to see the coach, however, which at times was visible, for at those places the male passengers got out and suspended themselves at an angle of forty-five degrees from the top, keeping their feet in the springs, and thus they held the coach. But when crossing the Sarcoxie Lead-mine Creek, which was twenty-six times—the driver could not see the bottom, and again and again the coach, which had been now at a horizontal and now at a diagonal, threatened to take a vertical and tip us noisy-turvy into the stream. Repeatedly all the travelers in the coach would have to get out and walk on the dismantled railroad, while the horses struggled with the clattering carriages over the railroad ties, and here and there, while the passengers walked the track, the drivers made a detour, this ruined Arkansas road being nowhere visible.

An oasis at last was found at Buttermilk Station. The largest and least wobegone of the log cabins in the mountains is here. It has a veranda, and milk pans in the shade greeted the tired wayfarers. A barefooted, pleasant-faced housewife stepped forward offering milk. Or perhaps we might like buttermilk? Well, we all snapped at fresh buttermilk. We had learned what buttermilk is in the West. It is the beverage of polite society. She ran to the well and drew forth a pitcher, and our party took a better drink together than we had ever partaken of in our lives, and more fine stones or shingle—say for two or three inches. This serves as a weight to keep the upper partition in place.

Your filter is now complete, but not ready for use. However careful you may have been in washing the sand, there will be some fine stuff remain, and this has to be gradually washed through. For this purpose pass as much water as possible through the filter during the first day without using it. The next day it will be ready for use, and, if my directions have been complied with, the water should be as pure as command, not only freed from all suspended substances, but from color due to matter held in solution having been removed. I found that the yellowish color of Croton water, which is very difficult to remove, was entirely absent in water passed through four of the filters, and your correspondent. They spent their evenings under the veranda of a hotel, telling stories and listening to the millions of katydids that were the orchestra on the surrounding hillsides. And here is the substance of the recital of the sixteen California miners, made when the four friends had been joined by several of the many miners who are prospecting in the Boston, Ozark, and White River Mountains:

"I owned a mountain of sulphur fifty miles out of San Francisco, and was supplying California at something under the cost of freight. I got rich, and had a lead as sure lorting. I knew that every one of my teamsters had killed his man, and that their leader was a noted desperado. But they had given out that they were going to work that route, and as I could afford to pay their price I employed a president to say nothing. At length, after a night in which they had filled themselves with rum, their leader came into my office, armed with two pistols in his belt, and said that the men had determined to demand an increase of about twenty-five per cent. He then said, clapping his hands to his pistols, that no other teamsters should run that line. I knew I could not pay the increase and undersell the importers; but without betraying myself I said in an unconcerned way: 'All well; go back to your hauling, and load up for San Francisco.'

"After the train had got well off I hastened to the Sheriff of the county. 'Hurry down,' he said, 'and see Jim Johnson, ten miles from here. He knows your teamsters, and they fear him. He has killed his man, but in self-defence. He has a hundred horses, just thrown out of employment, and they'll eat their heads off and ruin him. Get him and his men to your place before your teamsters get back, and the instant they see him they'll cower.'

"I found it as the Sheriff had told me; but Johnson required me to have his wind out, as he had debts to pay. I promised him the $16,000 that he demanded, and two days later his teams and men were at my place. My teamsters were there also. There was blood on the moon. After a night's debauch the leader entered my office wanting to know the meaning of Johnson's presence. I replied that I had bought Johnson out, and should thereafter do my own hauling. The leader returned to his men, and was soon confronted by Johnson and his teamsters. The desperado quailed as Johnson bade him get out of that ranch, saying, 'I'll kill you the first man if you are here at sunset!'

"There was a consultation, and then one after another of the desperado teamsters came in to be paid off. They were dumfounded when they saw that I had the money ready for them. I had also two good pistols under my counter, and Johnson and his men right at hand likewise ready for them. They took their money, and walked away. They vanished that afternoon, but not long after that they attacked Johnson's teamsters from ambush. Johnson killed their leader, and the rest fled.

"Well, some months later discoveries nearer San Francisco made my sulphur mountain worthless, and after several fruitless efforts at compromise I abandoned the place, and to-day the sulphur mountain and the machinery stand there, utterly abandoned. Moral: Keep out of mining."

SOME TRAVELLERS IN ARKANSAS,

And the Story that Was Told Them by an Old California Miner.

EUREKA SPRINGS, Ark., Sept. 12.—We were from the North, the South, the East, and the West, and we stepped out on the platform in Seligman, in the extreme southwest corner of Missouri, only to be told that heavy rains had swollen the scores of streams in the White River Mountains until they had washed out eight miles of the branch railroad to this city. Only one mountain coach was available, and the railroad company's agent would not for any consideration take into it anybody's wife or daughter. We became a clamorous party, and at length the agent, warning us of perils ahead, relented so far as to start the coachman off with seven adventurous men. We bade them good-by apprehensively, and then looked around the town in which we were to be prisoners for a night. It is a railroad town of hastily-built cabins of pine boards whitewashed, and its inhabitants said that before the fire that swept it in February last it was a place of some architectural pretensions.

Seligman set out with a flourish of trumpets when the rush to this city three years ago made sufficient business for a regular line of stages from this city to that town, the nearest point on the Frisco road. Then, when the Eureka Springs Railroad Company laid their first rail from the Frisco road, and began to push through the White River Mountains, it was predicted that Seligman would ere long be an important railroad centre, and control the trade of southwestern Missouri and northwestern Arkansas. Small traders flocked in from all the wild region round about, and the place had a look of thrift while the railroad laborers and masons and bridge builders made it their headquarters. But upon the railroad's completion these men vanished, and then fire swept the town away in an afternoon.

"The poor horse is dead," a stable boy said mournfully as he entered the Wachita House at midnight. That was our party's first foreshadowing of the vexatious delay to which we were to be subjected on the morrow. The railroad company's agent had telegraphed to this city for vehicles, and had promised to have us on the road at 6 o'clock in the morning. We were up and ready betimes, but at 7 we found the agent hurrying with an anxious look up and down the one street of the town. "I have one dead horse, and am looking for a live one," he said. A coach that was started from this city for Seligman on the previous afternoon had been repeatedly overturned, and one horse had been so badly hurt that he was barely able to reach Seligman.

"Have you heard from the party that set out for the Springs yesterday afternoon?" some of the most nervous of our party inquired.

"Yes, they arrived there at 1 o'clock this morning. The coach was upset twice, and they were badly soused in Big Sugar Creek. Some women were frightened, but no bones were broken. In some places the water was six inches deep in the coach. But," the railroad agent continued, in reassuring response to the "Oh, ohs" of the gentler members of our party, "these mountain streams fall as suddenly as they rise, and by 3 o'clock this afternoon there'll be no danger of baptism by immersion. We're repairing the road four miles down the track, and the coaches we've telegraphed for will meet us there. The train will start at 1 o'clock. No, can't tell you when we can land you at the Springs, but you'll be there by midnight."

Seligman has a billiard room, and after the males of our party had found it as unobjectionable as such a place can be they became Sextons and Slossons for the day, and invited their wives and daughters in to see the show, and for a while four of the ladies were playing at whist at two tables near those at which their husbands and fathers were killing time at the game of Daly and Vignaux! Why not? They had no knitting work, and there was nothing to read. The backwoods bystanders were polite, and they didn't even stare at the heroines of this astonishing spectacle in that frontier barroom.

The drawing-room car stood empty on a side track when our party started at 1 P. M. in a plebeian caboose—the railroad company would not risk a new car upon the rough, washed-out track in those wild, wild mountains. The train's time on the first three miles, through deep cuts and along the precipitous mountain sides, encouraged the travellers; it was about twenty minutes. Then, descending to the level of the valley, we realized how fast it was, and consumed an hour in making the fourth mile. Then we were transferred to one open and three open baggage wagons. That stage road was run by telegraph that day, it never before. Even when it was used by mail coaches there were only a few twelve-mile stages which two vehicles could pass each other. Consequently, a telegram had warned Eureka Springs that as we were on the road, vehicles from there must keep out. In its best days it was only an Arkansas mountain road. But the railroad builders had ruined most of it, and now the floods had destroyed what the railroad men had left. The party in the coach had the worst of it, for the top-heavy thing seemed perversely bent on overturning at every turn. We, in the baggage wagons, thought it fun to see the coach, however, which at times was visible, for at those places the male passengers got out and suspended themselves at an angle of forty-five degrees from the top, keeping their feet in the springs, and thus they held the coach. But when crossing the Sarcoxie Lead-mine Creek, which was twenty-six times—the driver could not see the bottom, and again and again the coach, which had been now at a horizontal and now at a diagonal, threatened to take a vertical and tip us noisy-turvy into the stream. Repeatedly all the travelers in the coach would have to get out and walk on the dismantled railroad, while the horses struggled with the clattering carriages over the railroad ties, and here and there, while the passengers walked the track, the drivers made a detour, this ruined Arkansas road being nowhere visible.

An oasis at last was found at Buttermilk Station. The largest and least wobegone of the log cabins in the mountains is here. It has a veranda, and milk pans in the shade greeted the tired wayfarers. A barefooted, pleasant-faced housewife stepped forward offering milk. Or perhaps we might like buttermilk? Well, we all snapped at fresh buttermilk. We had learned what buttermilk is in the West. It is the beverage of polite society. She ran to the well and drew forth a pitcher, and our party took a better drink together than we had ever partaken of in our lives, and more fine stones or shingle—say for two or three inches. This serves as a weight to keep the upper partition in place.

Your filter is now complete, but not ready for use. However careful you may have been in washing the sand, there will be some fine stuff remain, and this has to be gradually washed through. For this purpose pass as much water as possible through the filter during the first day without using it. The next day it will be ready for use, and, if my directions have been complied with, the water should be as pure as command, not only freed from all suspended substances, but from color due to matter held in solution having been removed. I found that the yellowish color of Croton water, which is very difficult to remove, was entirely absent in water passed through four of the filters, and your correspondent. They spent their evenings under the veranda of a hotel, telling stories and listening to the millions of katydids that were the orchestra on the surrounding hillsides. And here is the substance of the recital of the sixteen California miners, made when the four friends had been joined by several of the many miners who are prospecting in the Boston, Ozark, and White River Mountains:

"I owned a mountain of sulphur fifty miles out of San Francisco, and was supplying California at something under the cost of freight. I got rich, and had a lead as sure lorting. I knew that every one of my teamsters had killed his man, and that their leader was a noted desperado. But they had given out that they were going to work that route, and as I could afford to pay their price I employed a president to say nothing. At length, after a night in which they had filled themselves with rum, their leader came into my office, armed with two pistols in his belt, and said that the men had determined to demand an increase of about twenty-five per cent. He then said, clapping his hands to his pistols, that no other teamsters should run that line. I knew I could not pay the increase and undersell the importers; but without betraying myself I said in an unconcerned way: 'All well; go back to your hauling, and load up for San Francisco.'

"After the train had got well off I hastened to the Sheriff of the county. 'Hurry down,' he said, 'and see Jim Johnson, ten miles from here. He knows your teamsters, and they fear him. He has killed his man, but in self-defence. He has a hundred horses, just thrown out of employment, and they'll eat their heads off and ruin him. Get him and his men to your place before your teamsters get back, and the instant they see him they'll cower.'

"I found it as the Sheriff had told me; but Johnson required me to have his wind out, as he had debts to pay. I promised him the $16,000 that he demanded, and two days later his teams and men were at my place. My teamsters were there also. There was blood on the moon. After a night's debauch the leader entered my office wanting to know the meaning of Johnson's presence. I replied that I had bought Johnson out, and should thereafter do my own hauling. The leader returned to his men, and was soon confronted by Johnson and his teamsters. The desperado quailed as Johnson bade him get out of that ranch, saying, 'I'll kill you the first man if you are here at sunset!'

"There was a consultation, and then one after another of the desperado teamsters came in to be paid off. They were dumfounded when they saw that I had the money ready for them. I had also two good pistols under my counter, and Johnson and his men right at hand likewise ready for them. They took their money, and walked away. They vanished that afternoon, but not long after that they attacked Johnson's teamsters from ambush. Johnson killed their leader, and the rest fled.

"Well, some months later discoveries nearer San Francisco made my sulphur mountain worthless, and after several fruitless efforts at compromise I abandoned the place, and to-day the sulphur mountain and the machinery stand there, utterly abandoned. Moral: Keep out of mining."

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.

The President Expected to Open the Exhibition—More Special Prizes.

"It is astonishing," said Mr. John G. Heckscher, First Vice-President of the National Horse Show Association of America, "how this horse show business is growing. When I first began to talk about the proposed exhibition some of the club men smiled rather incredulously. Now we have three hundred members, and more are coming all the time. It required little effort to raise a hundred thousand dollars to put the project in shape. The responses we receive from all sections of the country insure a great and interesting exhibition. President Arthur will probably open the show. We have promises from all the prominent owners to enter their celebrated horses, some having already done so. Our regular prizes amount to $11,000, and there is now a list of $3,000 special prizes, with a fair prospect of as much more. There will be jumping over stone walls, timber, and water every day and evening. Two of the best women riders in all England, with Meany and other jockeys, are engaged to show how steeplechases are lost and won. If you will call in at the office, Mr. Hyde, Assistant Secretary, and Mr. Lincoln, Superintendent, will furnish all the news at hand."

The entries are coming in rapidly. The first was Miss Maud de Laney Robinson's pony Dandy, bred by Mr. August Belmont.

Many trophies captured by famous horses will be placed on exhibition, among them the Derby Cup won by Iroquois.

The total premiums will be much larger than ever before offered at any horse show in any country. The show is to be held in Madison Square Garden from Oct. 22 to Oct. 26 inclusive. Following is the list of special prizes, in addition to premiums heretofore announced:

Charles Reed offers $200 in cash for the best thoroughbred two year old colt or filly.

Shepherd F. Knapp offers $100, in money or cup, for the best road mare.

James R. Keene offers a handsome cup for the best jumping pony, not exceeding 14 hands 1 inch, to be rid den by gentleman rider.

H. B. Hollister offers $100 in plate for the best thoroughbred lady's hunter.

The Gentleman's Riding Club offers $100 for the best saddle horse.

H. I. Nicholas offers $100 for the best gentleman's roadster.

Cornelius Fellows gives $100, in money or plate, for the best colt.

Isaac Bell, Jr., $100 for best pair of park horses, owners to drive.

Louis Brush, $50 for the smallest Shetland pony, four years old or more.

John A. Lawrey, $100, in money or plate, for the best pair of carriage horses and best appointed carriage, to be owned by private gentleman.

Beverly Robinson, $100, in money or plate, for the best pony, not exceeding 14 hands and 1 inch.

W. P. Douglas, $50 in money for the best four-in-hand and best appointed gentleman's drag; also $100 to the best weight-carrying hunter, to be ridden in the best manner.

J. T. Hyde, a lady's gold hunting watch to the lady (not professional) who rides her own horse three times over the course without jumping in the most perfect manner.

The association will give $250 in plate or a set of books of that value, for the best trained engine horses of the Fire Department.

C. Backus, a lady's side saddle, value $130, to the best lady's horse or mare, not under fifteen hands high, to be ridden and exhibited by the owner over hurdles.

John J. Phelps, $100 in money or plate, for the best police horse.

W. K. Vanderbilt, $100 for the best stepper, and $100 for the best pair of steppers.

J. D. Cheever, $100 for the best thoroughbred steeplechaser.

F. A. Schermerhorn, $100 for the best two-year-old trotter, colt or filly.

E. D. Morgan, $100 for the best hunter.

W. F. Wharton, $100 for the best appointed tandem team.

A. J. Cassatt, $100 for the best thoroughbred brood mare.

W. L. Scott, $100 for the best three-year-old thoroughbred filly.

The association will give a piece of plate for the best appointed Dennis Dammont.

The entries close on Oct. 1.

LOVERS WHO COULD NOT WED.

A Married Man goes Crazy because his Sweetheart had Drowned Herself.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14.—Two years ago a young painter named Schilling and his wife came here from Vienna. He heard of an evening school where he could study the English language free of cost, and he attended it regularly. There he met a girl from Vienna, named Paula Hills, and invited her to call upon his wife. She became a favorite guest, and soon made her home with the young couple. Mrs. Schilling adds:

"She was not long in our house before I noticed a change in Johann. He who had been always so affectionate to me during the five years of our married life, all at once began to be cross with me and neglect me, while he seemed to be most happy in the company of Paula. I charged Paula with trying to get my husband away from me, and she became indignant, called me cruel for trying to impeach the honor of a poor helpless girl, and I, fool that I was, believed her and pitied Johann for loving a woman, not his wife, who did not want him. Paula never remained any length of time at service, and always returned to our shelter when she had lost a situation.

"I felt all the time that Johann thought more of her than of me, and that made me nearly frantic. He always told me how he pitied Paula, who came from a good family, but had fled from home to escape a marriage with an old man whom she did not love. I again spoke to Paula, and told her that she had destroyed my happiness. She admitted that Johann thought more of her than of me, but that was not her fault, nor would she ever permit Johann to have any improper love for her, and as for me she cared not for my husband. She would leave the house and never come back.

"Johann treated me as coldly as ever until about the middle of last month, when he all at once asked me to forgive him for the past, and swore he would be a good husband again. The same day Paula came to tell us that she was going to leave Chicago to go to Dakota with the family who employed her. She told us to be happy with each other, and swore she never had wished us to part Johann and me. This was about noon on Aug. 20. My husband was profuse in his love talk to me. He would not suffer me to work any more making trousers, and insisted on my taking the work I had got. Only Saturday back to the shop unbidden. He promised to take me to Paula's with him to the factory. He then asked me to return home, where we had left Paula packing her trunk, while he went down town. He bade me an affectionate farewell, and showered me with kisses.

"He had not done that for years before. I would not leave him out of my sight, because he acted so strangely. He succeeded in getting me on board a west-bound car. I got off the car again before I had gone two blocks, and ran after my husband as fast as I could. I did not overtake him, however, until I came to the Madison street bridge. Two men had just fished out a man who a few minutes before had jumped over the railing into the river. This man was my poor husband. I took him home as fast as I could, but under fifteen hands high, to be ridden and exhibited by the owner over hurdles.

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