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A Page from Life's Book.

I saw two children intertwine
Their arms about each other's neck,
Like the young tendrils of a vine
About its nearest brother;
And eyes and arms,
As they they ran on,
They looked into each other's face
Anticipating an embrace.
I saw the two when they were men,
I watched them meet one day,
They touched each other's hands—and then
Each went on his own way.
They did not speak a word,
Of love—a bond or chain—
To make them turn the hithering eye,
Or grasp the hand again.
This is a page in our life's book
Which is all our turn over.
The web is rent,
The hour-glass spent,
And, oh! the paths we once forsook
How seldom we recover.

THE GULF OF FIRE.

"You are wrong, captain, wrong! Old women yonder," and as the crowd spoke, casting out her wrinkled forehead, in token of disdain, toward the lowland country that she had seen, she said, "I have learned something of the uncertain humors of the burning mountain, and, trust me, I'll not venture too far from the safe track."

"Well, well, mother," I answered, soothingly; "I'm not from Mounting Peak, but I know the mountain, and I know the humors of the burning mountain, and, trust me, I'll not venture too far from the safe track."

"Ah, Ingles! You are just like the rest of the young men," said old Assunta, with somewhat of a rude pique in her tone; "I've warned! I had not three bolts of muslin, two coral fishers, one followed Garibaldi to Naples and Gaeta. He, at any rate, is laid in dry earth—not like Beppo and Toti. Have a care lest your grave be not a hot one!" And with a nod of her head and a wave of her hand she was gone.

The old woman's words made an impression on me which I vainly tried to shake off. Let me explain how matters stood. In the first place it was only under the pressure of misfortune that I, George Clements, lately second officer of a first-rate clipper ship, had become a sub-inspector, or more correctly, an acting sub-inspector, in the sulphur works on Mounting Peak. My ill luck had brought me there. In an evil hour I had been talked into investing my savings—some two hundred pounds—in becoming part owner of a Maltese coasting vessel, on board of which I was mate, the skipper being a Maltese named Antonio, a worthy old fellow in his way, but obstinate as a mule and niggardly to a degree.

So long as we met with average weather our voyages were prosperous and we netted dollars. But three days' storm, a rarity in the Mediterranean, sent us staggering, dismasted, leaky, and with a frightened crew, under the cliffs of Sicily. I was the one Englishman on board, and it was only by the utmost exertions that I could force the olive-skinned southerners to leave, telling their beads and invoking the saints, and keep the pumps going. As it was, the schooner laid her bones on the beach near Catania, and though no lives were lost the wreck of property was complete. The skipper had relations in Malta who would take him in, but I, the English mate, who now owned nothing but the sailor's suit I came ashore in, might have starved, had not the vicar kindly recommended me for the petty post I now filled, and which insured me a bare subsistence, and no more.

These sulphur mines, whence comes by far the greater proportion of the raw sulphur of commerce, have always been government property, and I have heard that King Bomba, at a critical point of the Crimean war, had thought of prohibiting the export of the Sicilian sulphur, without which the powder mills of England could not furnish ammunition, and the present rulers of the island could not neglect such a source of revenue. The collection of the sulphur is deposited by the volcanic forces, ever restless beneath the soil, does not require much skill, but the occupation is a toilsome and unhealthy one, poorly remunerated, and not always exempt from peril.

Sulphur gatherers are not, as a rule, native Sicilians. The majority were, at the time of my sub-inspectorship, immigrants from the mainland, whose antecedents it was perhaps quite as well not to pry into. A fierce looking set of sailors, ragged ruffians they were, with unkempt hair and beards, and haggard faces innocent of the touch of soap and water, always gambling, now with a pack of greasy cards, now, in Neapolitan fashion, with dirty fingers uplifted, and quarreling as severely over trifling stakes as though a fortune had been in the city below. The family, however, bore an ill repute for poaching, pilfering, and I believe, sorcery, and I am afraid that Assunta herself encouraged this last report as a source of profit. Her regard for me was merely due to the fact that I had prevented some of our rough workmen, who insisted that she was a witch and had the evil eye, from flinging her, body and bones, into the wintry torrent that rushed roaring past our huts, and ever since that day she had been patronizingly polite to Captain, as she called me.

Mine was not, as sub-inspector, a very desirable position. The inspector, save on pay day, did not often show himself, and when he did visit the scene of his nominal duties, would have been powerless to enforce any sort of discipline amongst our black sheep, but for me. By the combined effects of constant good-humored butler, and the occasional argument of a knock-down blow, I had contrived to establish some ascendancy over the wild spirits around me, and

was rather popular than otherwise, although at first my orders had been met with scowling glances and fingering of knives. The work to be done was none of the pleasant. The crude sulphur, seldom quite cold, and often glowing hot, had to be raked with hoes and iron hooks from the brink of some of the numerous small craters, or the crest of the volcano, in the midst of poisonous fumes and eddying clouds of smoke, showers of red-hot ashes, and even of stones.

It was necessary to convey the sulphur, when a sufficient quantity had been gathered, to the plains, along tracks only fit for the goat, or the hill fox, by the aid of rude hand barrows, or sledges constructed of boughs, through dense forests and over broken and jagged rocks. Our huts were mere booths, hastily built of logs and branches, and ill fitted to keep out the rough weather, the snow, hail and wind, which laid the bleak heights of Etna when the lower country seems still to bask in its golden sunshine. The pay of the workmen was small, enough to provide them with the black bread, garlic, and chestnuts, with perhaps a Sunday repast of stock-fish or eels, on which the poor of the far south contrive to exist. Frugal as was the taken, however, coarse wine and coarser spirits were somehow afforded by them, and, as I have said, of gambling for "grani," or perhaps for a panikin of fiery "aguardiente," there was no stint.

I had been made somewhat uncomfortable by the half enigmatical words of Assunta's warning. The part of the mountain on which we were encamped was clothed with thick forests of chestnut and live oak, with here and there a barren tract of scorified, spined in places by what might have been mistaken for a solid stone causeway, the remains of some ancient lava stream long cold.

Here were many small apertures, whence arose jets of steam and puffs of smoke, and around which hissed and sizzled a crust of sulphur, heaving, crackling and glowing, of every color from pale yellow to ruby red. From these solifugas, as they were locally called, we gleaned the chief portion of the mineral for the sake of which we passed our time in such elevated regions.

Now it was only for some four or five days that the old charcoal burner's wisdom had taken to chattering her half-mystic predictions of coming evil, and during that space I had myself obtained signs of a greater activity than usual in the volcano. The smoke was blacker and more frequent. Hissing columns of steam rose often into the air, and were not seldom followed by a volley of red-hot stones. The earth was in many places so warm as to cause pain to the hand that touched it, and in two instances the brushwood near our camp caught fire, from the falling of heated ashes amid the parched grass, and the fire was with difficulty extinguished.

Without reposing unlimited faith in Assunta's croakings, I was still of opinion that we should do better to remove our temporary dwellings before the mountain plateau grew literally too hot to hold us, and accordingly I only awaited the inspector's arrival with the good offices by the governor of the province.

There were several ladies of the party, which consisted, as I afterwards learned, of more than one family, and I think it was the sight of their plumed hats and fluttering dresses, and the sound of their merry laugh, that made me hang back for a few moments, and with my rough garb and weather-beaten aspect, while my chief, nothing loath, did the honors of the sulphur mine, about which he knew so little, desecrating glibly to his fair listeners on the marvels of the place, and smirking as they grew enthusiastic concerning the lovely tints of the glowing sulphur.

The weather was of the finest, the spring air of the purest blue, and the balmy air seemed to caress the cheek it fanned. I overheard one of the ladies say to another that the climate seemed perfect. I wonder how she would have enjoyed the whistling wind and rattling hail of the winter storms.

Then came the dinner—a sort of picnic on a splendid scale, for the cooks from the Hotel Reale at Catania had been lent to their improvised kitchen, and the hampers had been unpacked, and rare viands and good wine were handed round in lavish profusion. Even our tatterdemalion sulphur workers were not forgotten, and the poor fellows got choicer food and daintier liquor from the superfluity of the banquet, than had ever gladdened their palates.

I, perhaps from a sentiment of false pride, had held myself aloof, and had declined a good natured invitation on the part of the traveling "excellencies" to be a partaker of the banquet. But I scarcely know why, I hovered around the blithe party, and, myself unseen, gazed upon them from amidst the evergreen oaks and matted brushwood. There were present two or three young ladies who were pretty and attractive, but the face that riveted my attention was that of a little child—a girl six or seven years of age, with loose curls of pale gold, and a complexion of delicate pink and white—merely a plump little smiling baby face, but so very, very like a little sister of my own, long since laid to rest beneath the daisied turf, that I felt it half painful to look at her.

"Hut, capitano!—how—I've run!—well, I've found you," said a husky voice in the Sicilian patois, as a hand plucked at my sleeve.

I turned, and saw beside me a ragged imp of a girl of some twelve or thirteen years of age, with bare feet and uncombed black hair, like the mane of a horse, whom I knew to be a granddaughter of the reputed witch Assunta, and who seemed to own no Christian name, since she was always spoken of as the "Gazza."

"The grandmother sent me. How I've run!"—and the quick panting of her young lungs confirmed this. "Make the best of your way to Catania before it catches you."

"Before what catches me?" asked I, astonished.

"The gulf—the gulf of fire!" returned the girl, impatiently. "She wishes you might be good, signor, so she sent me, but don't tell those hounds with the heads of swine, and she shook her fist, with a stealthy hate, at a carousing group of our sulphur seekers, and then before I could demand an explanation was gone."

What did this portend? I turned my eyes toward the barren tract that lay, cinder strewn, beyond the greenery of the forest, and saw something like a fiery serpent come slowly creeping along the ground, in an irregular course, the black and gray ash slowly reddening as it advanced.

I saw and silent, on it crept, and presently I saw the dry moss and dead leaves on the outskirts of the wood suddenly take fire, as though the flaming breath of the giant serpent had kindled them. And then I felt that mischief was indeed at hand, and I gave my voice to the utmost to give the alarm.

A mightier voice than mine drowned my feeble accents. There was a roar as if a thousand cannon had been fired at once, and then there soared up to the sky a cloud of red-hot ashes, falling in a fiery rain on lawn and wood, while moss, grass, and brush, and even entire trees began to blaze and crackle. Now was this all, for the treacherous crust of the volcanic mountain heaved and cracked, opening out into flaming fissures which, in the form of a circle radiating traced, seemed threatening to surround us.

An indescribable period of panic ensued. The gay picnic party broke up, and its members, mixed pell-mell with the terrified sulphur workers, hurried headlong down the steep and rocky slopes, but most on foot, abandoning the late scene of festivity, and absorbed in the one impulse of self-preservation. It was no purpose that I endeavored to preserve something like discipline among our own men. Fear was too strong for my efforts to be availing, and inspector and visitors, guides, servants and miners seemed to contend in the frantic race for safety.

"The gulf!—the gulf of fire!"—such were the words that repeatedly reached me as the crowd hurried down the steep and winding road, and I knew the phrase to indicate one of those occasional outbreaks of the volcanic forces below by which a fresh crater is established.

My first intention had been to preserve the money and stores which belonged to government, but already the huts were burning, and the disorder so general that none heeded my summons. I should have followed the retreating mob, when, turning my head, I beheld a spectacle which caused my very heart to cease beating, so great was the horror of it. Some fifty yards off, on the other side of a fiery chasm, that seemed the earth like the gaping mouth of some monstrous beast of prey, stood alone the pretty English child, with golden hair hanging in wavy ringlets, who had previously attracted my notice. She had strayed, doubtless, from her friends in the confusion, and now stood to all appearance amused, but not alarmed, as she gazed at the bright hues of the incandescent sulphur, now cherry red, now saffron, then palest pink or darkening amethyst, that bubbled at her feet. It was fearful to see the innocent young thing, so unconscious of her danger, smiling as it were in the very jaws of death.

Had the risk been a greater one, I could not have resisted the impulse which prompted me, and almost before I had time to realize what I was doing, I had bounded across the glowing fissure and snatched up the child in my arms.

Then for the first time she began to cry aloud.

"Oh mamma, mamma, help me!"

Hastily I did my best to soothe her, and the sound of the familiar English words and voice, and my assurance that I had come to take her to her mother, quieted her; but as I turned to retrace my steps, a dense cloud of suffocating smoke arose, cutting off all view of the plateau, and when I dispersed I found the chasm had widened to an extent such as precluded all hope of striding or leaping across it, while another roar, and a shower of hot ashes mixed with blocks of pumice-stone warned me that to linger was as perilous as to fly. Only one mode of escape seemed practicable, and accordingly I skirted the chasm, making for a spot some three hundred yards away where a rock appeared to form a natural bridge over the red-hot fissure. Wrapping my shaggy sailor's jacket around the child, to screen her as far as possible from the hot ashes that fell at intervals, I pushed resolutely on.

I shall never, to my dying day, forget what I underwent in the passage of the three hundred yards. Gasping and half suffocated by the pestilential vapors, blinded by the smoke, and with eyes seared by the glare, and feet scorched by the almost intolerable heat of the earth, I staggered on with my burden in my arms. Twice the thin crust that heaved beneath me seemed to be breaking under my weight, and I gave myself up for lost; but at length, dizzy and breathless, I reached the rock, and saw beyond it a broad space cleared by woodcutters, probably, for only the stumps of trees long since felled protruded from the soil. As I did so, with a crash the rock fell in, and the flames leaped up like splashing water; but I managed to plant one foot upon a corner of the great stone, and, with a desperate bound, cleared the chasm, with the child in my arms, and fell exhausted on the turf beyond.

It was late at night when, spent and worn, I descended the mountain road, and passed the Cantania, still carrying the child, who had sometime since fallen asleep with her fair little head upon my shoulder. All that she could tell me was that her name was Emma Harding, and that her family were lodged in a large hotel fronting the sea, and which from the description I conjectured to be the

Allergo Reale. So it proved to be, and I had the satisfaction of restoring the lost lamb to her sorrowing relatives, who had mourned her as dead, so utterly certain had her fate appeared when she was known to have been left on the burning mountain.

While the child's mother, weeping, caught her darling to her heart, Mr. Harding approached the spot where I stood, footsore and weary, with hair and garments singed, and shoes that had crumbled away piecemeal from the scorching feet they had sheltered, and wrung my hand.

"I am not a man of many words," he said, "but you have laid me under a very deep debt of gratitude, Mr. Clements, and I did not hear the rest, save as a confused hum like that of a hive of bees, for now the floor seemed to slide away under my feet, and the walls to revolve, and then all grew dark. They laid me on a bed—for I had fainted—and sprinkled water on my forehead, and gave me cordial wine, and gradually my strength came back to me, but for weeks I was too lame to be able to walk without the support of a crutch."

I am well enough now, and they call me Captain Clements, for an I not commander of a fire ship in the Australia trade, to which Mr. Harding, her owner, gave the name of the Emma, in honor of the dear little thing that had beneath my rough pea-coat, when the fiery rain of Etna fell thick and thick around us!

I have children of my own now, blithely sporting in the garden of a pretty cottage near the Mersey, and pausing in their play now and again, as all ships pass, to ask when "papa" is coming back from sea.

The Trenton (N. J.) Gazette says: There seems to be no reason to doubt that the New Jersey potato crop will this year be a certain and total failure. The Colorado bugs have already appeared in myriads all over the State, and are everywhere prosecuting their destructive onslaught upon the young potato plants. They never before appeared so early as this, nor in such alarming numbers. This strange and unusual Rocky mountain pest puts in an appearance at the very beginning of the potato season, and in such vast hordes as to make it seem hopeless to attempt to contend with them. It is probably a hopeless undertaking. They are everywhere attacking the potato plants, and even the roots and young tubers, in swarming hosts, and with voracious energy that is disheartening. We hear of their ravages in every part of the State, and there seems no reason to doubt that they will continue the campaign by successive broods, all the summer.

Centennial Notes of Interest.

Saturday is evidently destined to be a favorite day with Centennial sight-seers. On each Saturday the visitors to the Exhibition were largely in excess of other days during the week.

Commissioner Meeker, of Colorado, will try the Western system of irrigation upon a piece of ground assigned for the purpose, by surface application of water from a running stream.

A monstrous man has been placed in a passage in the Art annex, which ought to be removed forthwith. It is a group of wax figures of "Cleopatra and Her Family" in a large and cumbersome glass case.

The panoramic view from the southwestern tower of the Main building is described as one of the most beautiful and extensive in the United States, taking in the valley of the Delaware down to Chester. The elevator car will accommodate forty persons.

A gentleman who lunched at a restaurant near the United States building was so struck by his bill that he has published it as follows: Bread, twenty-four cents; two cups of coffee, fifty cents; one-half dozen oysters, thirty cents; total, one dollar and thirty-four cents.

The silk banner presented by the ladies of the State of New York to the Women's department is twelve feet by seventeen feet. Fourteen young women have been embroidering it for the last two months. It is the largest piece of silk embroidery ever done in this country.

Gentlemen in the Pay department, who are here qualified to give an estimate, say that the total cost of running the Exhibition is about \$8,500,000. This includes the pay of 500 men engaged in completing the large amount of unfinished work of all sorts, of between 1,000 and 1,100 guards, 175 firemen and a small army of sweepers.

The colored people who desired to erect a monument in honor of Bishop Allen, the founder of their church, have abandoned the enterprise, as there have been restrictions placed upon its erection, to which they will not submit. They have concluded to place the statue, when completed, in the Bethel churchyard attached to the church on Lombard street.

The field trials in the Agricultural department will take place as follows: Mowing machines, tedders and hay rakes, June 15 to 30; reaping machines, July 6 to 15. The exhibition of live stock on the following dates: Horses, September 1 to 14; dogs, September 1 to 8; neat cattle, September 21 to October 4; swine, October 10 to 18; sheep, October 10 to 18; poultry, October 27 to November 6.

The dedication of the Catholic temperance fountain, which will be one of the imposing features of the fourth of July celebration, will be ever memorable as the most brilliant temperance demonstration ever made in Philadelphia. All the well known advocates of the cause will be present, and the clergy and the leading societies of the Catholic church will take active parts in the ceremonies.

Wanting to Have an Understanding. A night or two since a chap about thirty-five years old, looking as if he had crawled out of a cave to commence life anew, entered one of the Detroit hotels, and, waiting at the counter until the clerk was at liberty, he asked: "Is this a hotel?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

Accidental Gold Strikes.

Two-thirds of the rich "strikes" in California, says an old miner, were purely accidental. A man in Columbia, out of luck for years, strolled out one day in a state of utter despair. Seeing himself under the shade of a tree, he began poking, in an aimless way, at a black boulder before him. Its weight attracted his attention. It proved to be a lump of gold worth ten thousand dollars.

Another man was traveling one hot summer's day on the trail leading from Mariposa to Tuolumne county. He sat down on a white rock to eat his dinner, and after having eaten, and while smoking the pipe and wondering how many more years must elapse before he could make a pile which should guarantee him an honorable reception by his Eastern relatives, his experienced eye was attracted by the dull yellow color of gold in the rock about him. He was sitting on his fortune, one of the richest quartz leads in the country.

The history of Indian Bar on the Tuolumne is another illustration. Indian Bar was supposed to be worked out. All save half a dozen miners left. Pat Gibbons and his gang remained. These four men were ordered to work for "grub and whisky money." They gathered up the gleanings. One day Sam Jones commenced picking at a thin streak of gravel left by the Point Combe in a bank thirty feet above the river. A painful yielded three cents. He dug in a little further. It panned out ten cents. That was better. The gravel streak increased in thickness, and the bed rock pitched away from the river and into the mountain. Pat Gibbons and his crew immediately took up their claims for several hundred feet. They had now three or four dollars per day diggings. This was wealth—drunken wealth. They worked as little and drank as much as possible. Two days' labor by the gang would furnish the means for a week's dissipation. Meantime, John Sanborn, a prudent man from Massachusetts, biding patiently his time, approached one member after another of this reckless gang and bought their claims for sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$800. When he had secured nearly the whole frontage, he went to work systematically, and the result was sometimes a yield of forty ounces per day. In two years' time he took out near \$200,000. Pat Gibbons' crew could not bear prosperity. Two soon drank themselves to death. Patrick killed his wife. Jones survived it all, and is probably to-day shaking his rocker in some forgotten gulch, making seventy-five cents or a dollar a day.

A Printer's Dream. A printer sat in his office chair, his books were patched and his coat threadbare, while his face looked weary and worn with care, while sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept; and, sleeping, he dreamed that he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow bell tolled, for the peaceful rest of his own little soul. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door, that creakingly swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed by a red-hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, and waiting for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke, and with growling voice the echo spoke: "Come in, my dear, it shall cost you nothing, and never fear; this is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription dues, for though in life they may escape, they will find when dead it is too late; I will show the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshment they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grindstone to grind down his nose, and red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm while I roll them over and cook to a turn."

With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all practical jargon; but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin, and never pay the printer.

A Plague of Mice. A plague of mice has appeared on several farms of Tevidale. The farmers' club of the district lately appointed a committee to investigate the matter. On some farms the mice have eaten thirty per cent. of the grass which should be ready for the ewes, and in consequence of the want of keep the ewes are in poor condition, and the lambs are perishing. The mice, which are in millions, do not in all respects resemble the house or the ordinary field mouse; they are from three to four inches long, with a short, stumpy tail, have bright piercing eyes, and large ears almost level with the fur; are brown colored on the back and ash colored on the belly; and the stomachs of the few that were captured contained vegetable matter only. The importance of weasels and birds of prey is suggested by the Scotsman as the best remedy for the plague—which has been coming on for the last five years—even though the game should to some extent suffer.

The Bonquet Season. The Burlington Hawkeye has the following paragraph: It is coming time for the newspapers of the republic to be effusive thanks of a kind to some lady for a beautiful bonquet which sheds its grateful aroma through his dreary sanctum, lighting it up with bright memories of the past that come and go like the changing lights and shadows of a phantasmagoria. Everybody knows it is all a lie, and in eighty-nine years' experience we never saw but one bonquet for an editorial room, and it was a couple of prize turnips lying in the wood box, but the bonquet paragraph is always good to fill up with and it is always popular, especially with callow editors.

Items of Interest.

The best tea for a weak person is barley. Rhenumatism is always a joint affair and yet there is only one party to it. He who blames others the most is usually the blameworthy himself. There are many minds which appear to have been cut bias and made up that way.

We often hate for one little reason, when there are a thousand why we should love. Not always when the poor are helped. True charity is meant: Lord talk expects its dollar back. But silence gives consent.

A Belgian army officer has invented an instrument, which, by recording the time between the flash and the sound, measures the distance of a discharged cannon. A lady was asked to join one of the divisions of the Daughters of Temperance. She replied: "This is unnecessary, as it is my intention to join one of the sons in a few weeks."

Sixteen hundred young women in Cleveland are pledged not to associate with men of tipping habits. Other cities have large numbers of women who have made the same vow. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to a fortune; Omitted all the voyage of their life, Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

It was a New Jersey wife who said: "My dear, if you can't really love me, coffee without abusing me, how is it that you can always drink bad whisky without abusing the barkeeper?"

A Kemper's Bluff (Texas) young man named Thomas acquired the habit of toasting a cooked and loaded pistol in the air, and catching it as it fell. The last time he caught it was just before he died.

All the men on the school committee of Waterbury, Mass., resigned because a woman was elected a member, and their action has been rebuked by the election of two women on the new committee.

A Cincinnati scientist, who allowed himself to be stung once a day for three weeks by bees, to ascertain the effect of the bites, says that after about the fourth time the pain and swelling were slight, the body seemed to become inoculated with the poison.

According to a French statistician, more than a thousand people have perished by fires in theaters from the beginning of the nineteenth century up to the present date, while the pecuniary loss by the same class of conflagration amounts to about sixty million dollars.

The State central committee of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association resolved that no political party will be entitled to the future support of women in State affairs unless it makes the establishment of woman suffrage one of its avowed objects, and also admit women to full membership in its organization.

Seven o'clock a. m.—Boy has a terrible toothache; can't go to school. Half past nine a. m.—A solitary figure may be seen skulking through the streets leading to the creek; parli and clubs bite. Half past six p. m.—Sonne, woodshed; dramatics perime, the old man, one trunk strap, one boy. Let's draw the curtain.

An extraordinary suicide is related by a French journal. A well-to-do farmer got up at two in the morning, went to the kitchen, filled one side of the oven with wood, lit it, and laid himself down lengthwise on the right side facing the wall. When discovered the upper part of his body was roasted; the lower limbs were uninjured, being outside of the oven.