Historical Society X

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Conductors who Flirt.

Newspapers have recently been compelled to chronicle many elopements in which conductors of railway trains have figured. Most of these elopements have occurred in the west, the states of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin having their full shares. Within the past few days a conductor on one of the lines of railway whose terminus is in New York, it is said has left his wife and eloped with a young school girl in the habit of riding on his train. The opportunities of car conductors for scraping acquaintances with impressionable women and romantic girls are very great, so great indeed, that on many lines decent people have felt that the manner of some conductors toward women and girls who are either bad or foolish enough to accept their attentions has been shameful. Good ladies whose daughters ride with them in the cars do not like to have examples of flirtations brought before their eyes; nor do they desire to have their daughters ride alone in trains where they may be insulted by a stare or a leer. People are likely to look with respect upon the uninformed man in authority, and there are gentlemen of intelligence who would be bored in conversation with a fellow-passenger, but who are vain and weak enough to feel proud of the sole attention of a uniformed conductor. Women who at home are compelled to be staid and discreet, but who feel that a journey to or from the city is the occasion for a lark—women, of course, who at heart are not untouched by the spirit of intrigue—do not appreciate that all the people in the car know when they are giving glances to a handsome conductor, or when they are receiving unusual attention from him. If grown men and women are vain and weak it is not surprising that a silly, romantic school-girl, who feels that riding alone on the cars is a kind of freedom which many other girls do not enjoy, should be so indiscreet as to accept the attentions of the insinuating man in uniform. There are girls whose hearts are so pure, and whose culture is so good that their manner is their own defense; but there are some who giggle and think that it is smart to flirt. To them often the conductor comes as a beau, and sometimes as a libertine. It is hard for them to escape the extreme penalty of their folly when they have once begun a flirtation, and if they are not led astray they are at least brought to the shame of insult or of a sudden appreciation of danger. Not a great while ago, through the investigation of the *Herald*, a prominent railway company issued an order threatening dismissal to any conductor who permitted brakemen to make demonstrations toward ladies at stations along their route. The order worked well, and it was adopted by most other railways. The roads may now look back at the manner of conductors themselves; for the habit of flirtation is not at all limited to a few men. Meanwhile the subject is one of the utmost importance to parents, who if they do not have faith in the moral strength of their daughters, must devise their own policy. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The Funny Things We Do.

Have you ever reflected upon the very many funny things we do, for which we can give no particular reason?

How is it that we do not give five cheers, four cheers, two cheers, one cheer? Why is it that we give three cheers and no more? Who can tell?

Why is it that the majority of people use the right hand instead of the left, and cannot help smiling at those who use the latter?

Why is it that a man cannot see a bundle of toothpicks without helping himself to one when he does not need it?

Why is it that a small boy cannot let a thin-waisted wasp fly in peace, without furiously going for it with his new straw hat; or why is it that the small girl will always insist upon hugging home a kitten that has not even learned to open its eyes?

Why is it that when one asks us the number of days in a certain month we always say over to ourselves:

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November."

Why is it that we turn to the right instead of the left, when the left is far more preferable, and if adopted would save many an accident on railroads and highways? The driver always sits on the right of his vehicle; in turning to the right he is further away from the wagon he passes and unless he is an expert cannot tell how close he comes to the wheels of the man who goes by him; whereas, if he turned to the left side he could look straight down, see to the fraction of an inch how close he was approaching an obstacle, and thus avoid it. The engineer runs upon the right-hand track and sits upon the right-hand side of the cab. The long, narrow, locomotive, with its sand-lower belfry and smoke stack is in front of him, cutting off his observation. He can view only his own track, while the opposite track, save at a distance, is almost wholly unseen by him. (On some railroads the reverse is the custom.)

Custom, owing to causes we know not of, has established these curious precedents, and from observation and education we unwittingly do thousands of things that are, to say the least, funny, and that we cannot possibly explain.

What Gives Value to a Violin.

A violin locked up for over a century and never used cannot improve. Age is as nothing to it. The tones it would have yielded on the first days of its imprisonment are the same as those it will yield after its release. The secret of a good violin does not lie in its age alone, but in its use, its constant and careful use. It is the work it does; it is the constant action of the bow and the mellowing effect of pure tones and loving sympathy; it is all this and not mere antiquity which gives its value to the instrument, and places it, as a work of art, side by side with famous pictures and engravings and immortal statuary. In other words, it is the labor of the musician which enhances the work of the craftsman; it is the talent or genius of the player which gives life and inspiration to the dead pieces of wood.

Old green, old Sevres blue and old rouge are among the new shades of autumn goods.

BUTTERMOUTH BILL

His Terrible Torture in a Dream.

So Discloses His Adventures in Hades, and the Various Tortures He Was Made to Endure.

Territorial Enterprise.

Out in Candelaria lives a middle-aged gentleman of the sporting fraternity, known to fame and more particularly to his fellow-countrymen by the descriptive and very appropriate sobriquet of Buttermouth Bill. The name is smooth and the man is smooth. He is smooth in every way—mentally and physically, internally and externally. He is always smooth-shaven as though just from under the hands of the barber; not a single sprout of beard is left on any part of his face, and he is even particular about having the back part of his fat neck regularly shaved. His hair is always smoothly combed, his cravat smoothly tied, and his coat, vest and pantaloons are smoothed of every wrinkle that does not smoothly fold into the natural creases of his plump person. His glossy shirt front always stands out full and round as the breast of a swan, and the two sides of his standing collar lean out gracefully in gentle support of his two smooth, round cheeks.

BUTTERMOUTH'S SINGLENESS.

Buttermouth Bill belongs, as we have said, to the sporting fraternity. He is Grand Chamberlain or something of the kind, at the Court of old King Faro. So smooth and equitable in temper and in all else is Willie of the butyraceous mouth that sin in him seems no sin. He may be guilty of all the sins in the calendar, yet in him they seem to be no sin. He does not make sins of them—does not feel them to be sins—hence he may do what are generally held to be the most sinful and outrageous things without in the slight degree ruffling his normal smoothness or disturbing his habitual equanimity. It seems to be no sin for Buttermouth to play faro or poker or old sledge, casino, euchre, or any other game with cards, dice, bones or balls; he may get "full as a tick," and it seems all right in him—no one thinks any the less of him, if any thought at all be given to the matter, and he certainly thinks none the less of himself, simply because he never thinks of it at all. All that he does and is seems quite right and fitting to Buttermouth. He is so filled with sin, so thoroughly inoculated with it that he cannot sin. He is as good and smooth and gentle as ever in his life in the very midst of what in others would be the most deadly of sins. He passes through and comes out of them all unscathed. He is like those kings and potentates of old of whom we read that in order to guard against being poisoned, they gradually so saturated themselves with poisons of all kinds that a dose of even the most deadly poison given them by a secret enemy produced no effect.

The idea of such a man as Buttermouth suffering from a dream or anything else, except severe physical torture, seems preposterous, yet he claims to have had a dream that was most agonizing.

BUTTERMOUTH'S WARNING DREAM.

Buttermouth told his dream to his friend, James Davids. "James," said William of the butyric facial opening, "James, I have had a dream—a horrible dream—and it shall be a warning to me, as indeed I think it was meant to be. I feel that it was sent for that purpose. James, the lesson it teaches is that the earthly things loved in this life, followed and doted upon here, shall be our punishment hereafter. James, we read that in Switzerland they cure drunkards of their love of strong drink by giving them brandy in every article of food of which they partake, and in every drop of fluid with which they attempt to assuage their thirst. So will it be with all things to which we have too much given our hearts and souls in this world when we come to pass into the next. What was our food here shall be our poison there. I feel it, James, and I know it.

James, a few nights since I dreamt that I died, and, as a matter of course, went directly to the bad place. Even before the big iron gates were opened I heard sounds of fiddling and dancing and shouts of laughter. James, I need hardly tell you that these sounds grated harshly upon my ears; that they saddened me. I felt that I wanted rest and quiet. These sounds told me that I was not about to enter a place of repose—that the gates before me were not those of heaven.

"The gates were not red-hot, James, neither did they creak upon their hinges as they were swung open. There were no seven-headed dogs about. We entered what seemed an immense square, all brilliantly illuminated with electrical lights. At first I was so dazzled that I could hardly see, but this soon passed away. On all sides were great buildings more beautiful than I had ever before seen, read of, or imagined. All were brilliantly lighted up and thronged with people—men and women of all ages, but no children.

"James, it was wonderful! I had hardly taken three steps inside the gates upon the beautifully paved walk—all laid in mosaic of the most artistic pattern—before I heard some one shout: 'Whoop, hurrah! Here comes old Buttermouth Bill!'

BUTTERMOUTH MEETS OLD FRIENDS.

"Turning about I saw dancing toward me old Sugarfoot Jack, dead these ten years. 'Whoop, hurrah!' and on came Whistling Dick, Bigneck Smith, Horse-head Brown, Toothpick Tommy, Cranky Brooks, Stinkfoot Charly, Sleepy Jake, Stuttering Smith, Liver and Bacon, the Pie-bitter, Shotgun Taylor, and scores of other old friends. 'Whoop, hurrah,' cried they all; 'Welcome, a thousand times welcome, Buttermouth Bill!'

"James, this hearty reception from old chums and men who had all been friends in life ought to have made me happy, but somehow it didn't. 'Whoop, hurrah!' cried they again. 'Buttermouth must be dry; he has had a long trip. Let's all go and take a drink! Camphene Bill's is only a step from here, and his is the boss saloon for chain lightning; he makes it on the spot and you always know what it is.'

"My guide, the man who had met me at the gate and let me in—a perfect gentleman, too—now bowed to me and said: 'As you are now at home and among friends, I will take my leave. I hope you will find yourself quite at home here among us. Boys, take good care of Buttermouth; how him around—show him round!'

"Just then, Baldfaced Bill, hanged up in Shasta twelve years ago, came up, shook hands heartily, and we all went across to Camphene Bill's and had a regular round of what seemed pretty good sound stuff. As we came out upon a sort of verandah and stood looking up and down the place, I heard a familiar voice cry: 'Hi! hi! Buttermouth!'

Looking toward a sort of pavilion a short distance before me, I saw at a upper window, waving her handkerchief, Lop-eared Sal, who was Tommy, the Masher, about five years ago. 'Hi! Buttermouth, old boy!' cried she, 'glad to see you here and looking so well. Just as natural as life—and not a hair astray!'

"Then Jenny, the Gin Pig, came to the same window, and giving a little giggle—just as in life, James—said: 'Hello, Butter! why my oleaginous friend, how well you look! Not a minute older than the day I passed in my chips!' Why, James, it seemed like I knew almost everybody there.

BUTTERMOUTH FIGHTS THE STYGIAN TIGER.

"Well, just then along comes Wall-eyed Murphy. Slapping me on the shoulder, and sang out: 'Hello, Buttermouth, when did you come in?' just as if it was some new mining camp. I said I had just arrived.

"'Tried your luck yet?' says he.

"'Tried my luck?' said I, not understanding what he meant; 'how tried my luck?'

"'Why,' said he, 'at faro, poker, keno or anything of that kind?'

"'No, Murphy,' said I. 'I didn't know that there was anything of the kind here.'

"'More than you ever saw above,' said Murphy.

"'But I have no money,' said I, slapping my pockets.

"'Never mind that—come along and you'll see how things are managed here,' said Murphy. 'Let's go over to Bonana Mike's; he runs a square game; in fact, there is no hogging at all down here.'

"Going about half a block down the side of the square or park, we entered a place that was palatial, simply palatial, James. All manner of games were in full blast. Little black, grinning imps—the only people I saw below, James, that didn't look respectable—were running here and there, waiting upon the great crowd of sports. There was the greatest clicking of checks and chinking of coin I ever heard. The place seemed 200 or 300 feet long and 100 feet wide, and the clicking and chinking rose to a roar, like that of small waves rolling in and tumbling about the pebbles of the ocean beach, James.

"Mr. Murphy took a seat and signed for me to take another. Up came a black, grinning imp, who bowed very politely and said: 'Your pleasure, gentleman?'

"Not understanding the customs of the place, I looked to Mr. Murphy, who promptly said: 'Bring us a few thousands cash, my child.'

"The little imp bowed, smiled and without a word hastened away.

"I followed him with my eyes till I saw him disappear within the door of an immense vault or safe that was built in one of the walls of the room.

"Presently he returned, bending beneath the weight of a load of sacks of gold, half of which he gave to me and the other half to Mr. Murphy. Some were filled with twenty-dollar gold pieces, some with tens and others with fives and other coins. You could bet without limit, and had against you only the even chances of the game. If you got broke you had only to order more gold and go at it again.

"After playing about four hours I began to find the business monotonous. I had won and lost stacks and stacks of gold. I never stoped to count it—and had before me all I could cram into my pockets. I proposed to Mr. Murphy that we walk about a little, but found he could not tear himself loose from the game.

A HURDY-HOUSE IN HADES.

"Just then along came El Dorado Johnnie and Texas Jack. 'Hello, Buttermouth!' cried both at once, 'when did you land?'

"'Just got in,' said I.

"'Want to take a spin?' said Jack.

"'The very thing I was wishing to do,' said I.

"'Well, all right,' said Jack, 'and here comes Wild Bill and Cariboo Bob, just the lads to take a run with.'

"Some coin, little one,' said El Dora to Johnnie to one of the imps, who hastened away and soon returned with several fat sacks, which he distributed among the company.

"We looked in at a big hurdy-house that was in full blast. There it all was, James, just as above—bar, musicians up on a platform, and the boys just a throwing themselves and coming down with the double-shuffle when they balanced to their partners. There, in the thick of it, I saw Buckskin Bill, Handsome Charlie, Kangaroo Sam, Lobster Dick, Boston Charley, French Alex, Rondo Jim, Grasshopper, Little Barney, Hoodlum Jack, Dutch Pete, Toejam Ike, Tapeworm Charley, Calico Jack, Peckmarked Jake and even old Pap Smith, all in a regular whirl. 'Hello, Buttermouth! hello, old hoss! when did you get it?' cried all these charming old friends; 'come up and take a drink! Needn't be afraid of anything you get here; it is all good stuff.'

"We all took a drink, James, and the whisky was as good as you'd get anywhere. You'd never have believed it was a brew of h—, the bad place they tell about at camp meeting above. Chuck-a-Luck Bill, whose throat was cut at Leadville last summer by Curly Frank, was barkeeper. The scar on his neck showed very plain. Deaf Charley, who was found dead in his cabin at Butte City two years ago, was washing glasses and helping about generally.

WAYS NIGHT IN THE REALMS OF PLUTO.

"Leaving the hurdy-house, after treating and being treated a few times, we struck out to see the sights of the place—keno games, dives, negro minstrels, faro game after faro game—all run by old, dead faro dealers—roulette, twenty-one poker games dice-shaking, everything you could think of in full blast.

"A peculiarity of the place that struck me was that it seemed to be always night there—all gas and electric lights, or something of that kind. I asked Texas Jack about it, and he said it was so—always night, always gaslight; never anything like the old light of the sun; 'but,' said he, 'aint that all right?—ain't that good enough? What did you or I, or any of us care for daylight when we were up where there was plenty of it? We despised it, we hated it, we let it rip—go to waste, go where it pleased—and we do not miss it here—here we have the only kind of light any of us ever cared for above!

"'That is so, Jack,' said I, but James, I thought of the beautiful light of the sun and the sun itself, which I used to see sometimes, as it was rising or setting, when I was above. I do not remember that I have ever seen it when it was overhead since I was a little boy, for it was up along there during my sleeping time. James, I could not well repress a slight sigh at thinking I should never again see the sun either rise or set. It was but a little sigh, James, for I really have not much use for sun or daylight, yet the thing was not comfortable—the thought of being barred out from it was not very agreeable, even when in the full injoyment of the society of such congenial spirits as Sugar-foot Jake, Hoodoo Brown, Dig-up Eddy, Top-stack Wilson, Flewsky Charley, One eyed Abe and Old Lame Jess.

FIDDLERS' GREEN VARIETIES.

"Presently, as we walked along, we came to a fine, large building, all brilliant with lights, from which came the sound of beautiful music. This they told me James, was the Fiddlers' Green Varieties, one of the leading theatres of Trophet.

"We were about to enter when along came a man who cried out:

"'Hello, Buttermouth! You here too?'

"Turning my gaze on the man who thus familiarly addressed me, I beheld Johnny-behind-the Rocks."

"Why Johnny, said I, 'how did you come here?'

"'Well Buttermouth," said he, "last week a pistol ball and a man named Pierson sent me here, direct from Vienna, Montana, and all on account of a little trouble about Banjo Nel.'

"Well, we entered the place and I took a box—took a box, James, to be alone, for my heart was heavy. There were all our circle, and on looking about I was astonished at finding so many I knew. There was Cut-mouthed Nell, Short-and-Dirty, Baby Kate, Lop-eared Sal, Pot-bellied Jenny, The Big Dipper, Swamp Angel, Omahaline, White-snot Susie, The Tearful, Kate the Squinter, Lobscouse Lize, Low bridge Betsy, Carson Banger, Cock-eyed Moll, Hobson's Pet, Shrimpsey and a host of others.

"I had hardly taken my seat in the box till they sent to me as a companion an houri, James—a black-eyed nymph of the Mohammedan paradise—a beautiful sylph, James. The creature came and sat on my knee. I sent out for some champagne and it was a good article—I forget the brand James. I sipped my wine, but I did not enjoy it.

BUTTERMOUTH'S TORTURE.

"I was sad, James—sad. Even when the play was in full swing, and the ballet were kicking the highest, I sighed. I turned to the passing imp, and with a full heart said:

"I can't stand this torture. Let me out of here—I want to go to Heaven!"

"What was his reply, James? Said he, with a horrible grin: 'It's too late, vile sinner. You chose your road above, and now must go on here all the same forever.' It was heartless, James. A man like me, too, who never hurt a fly! It went right to my soul, James, and resting my head on the neck of my fair companion, I wept aloud—so load, James, that I awoke and clutched about to see if any one was near. James, drops of perspiration big as marbles stood on my brow, all through the terrors of that dream—bigger marbles, James!

"What I supposed, James"—

"Hold on, Buttermouth," cried James Davids, "it is too thin! I have listened with patience to all you have said about the things that tortured you, and candidly, I must say it is too thin."

"James, James! think of the unrighteous and depraving nature of all the surroundings, and the agony I suffered will not—"

"Too thin, Buttermouth—very gauzy," said James.

"Ah, James," said Buttermouth, brushing an imaginary tear from his eye. I weep for you, for I see that the punishments I have described have no terrors for you. James, I fear you will go to the bad place; let us drink to a change of heart in you!"

DAN DE QUILLE.

A Greedy Reporter.

A story of a reporter who, in order to have an account of an execution in the afternoon paper which employed him, asked the sheriff to hang the condemned man an hour earlier than the time set, has been going the rounds lately, in one form and another. The *Detroit Times* vouches for the truth of the incident, and gives what is declared to be the true version. The reporter was Mr. Kenward Philp, then engaged on the Brooklyn *Eagle*. He was sent to "do" the hanging of a man at Plainfield, New Jersey, and found that the execution was not to take place until midday, which would not get him back to Brooklyn in time to do it justice. He went to the sheriff and told him that the failure to hang the man at 10, as announced, would knock him out of six dollars at least, and asked him to put the ceremony at 11, so he could get the 11:30 train back. To Mr. Philp's surprise, the sheriff was very indignant, but finally promised that if Philp could persuade the condemned man to be hanged an hour sooner he would only be too glad to get the disagreeable job off his hands. Mr. Philp went to the murderer's cell and told him plainly what he came for. They had a drink together. The unfortunate found Philp a very agreeable companion, and said that, so far as he was concerned, it didn't matter much whether he was hanged an hour sooner or later. Philp then wrote a note to the sheriff embodying the request, the condemned man signed it and he was hanged at eleven. It was subsequently ascertained, however, that the condemned man could not read writing, and the painful doubt was expressed whether he knew what he was signing. But Philp caught his train.

Military styles are in vogue, such as braiding in crossway rows on jackets, and there are military collars of white linen worn high around the neck and astended by a ring and ball that is passed through the buttonholes on each side of the front.

Platform and Nominations of New York Democrats.

SYRACUSE, Sept. 22.—The Tammany delegates filed into the hall and were received with cheers and a few hisses. The convention was called to order and the chairman of the committee on contested seats reported that the committee recognized the county Democracy as the regular delegation from New York City, but with a view to the success of the party at the polls and for the purpose of securing entire harmony, they recommended that the New York representation be divided as follows: The county Democracy, 38 members, Tammany 21; Irving Hall, 10. The report was unanimously adopted amidst vociferous applause. The Committee on permanent organization reported for Permanent Chairman, Lester B. Faulkner. After an address from President Faulkner, General Prior presented the platform which arraigns the Republican majority in Congress for failing to reduce taxation, and favors such a tariff as shall best serve the interests of all classes. It condemns the river and harbor bill, declares that in nominating the Secretary of the Treasury for Governor we see the alarming power of government control at elections. It holds the Republican Administration responsible for unredressed wrongs upon our foreign born citizens, charges that the Republican party in the State refused to renominate its Governor because he dared to use his veto power against the demands of a dangerous moneyed element in the State. It favors local self-government in cities, favors the passage of general laws providing for security against frauds at elections, declares that monopolies and corporations should be held subject to the laws of States, and corporate property should pay a fair proportion of the public burden; supports a constitutional amendment in favor of free canals; reaffirms the policy of the Democracy; that labor bar should be held free, condemns convict labor, declares that labor shall have the same right as capital to combine for its own protection; declares that the government of State and nation should be restored to the condition it was in during the primitive days of the republic.

John Kelly in a speech moved that the platform be referred back to the committee for the insertion of a plank condemning the enormous grants of public lands to private corporations, adopted.

The list of delegates as agreed upon from New York city, was added to the roll.

First ballot: Slocum 98, Cleveland 66, Flower 97, Nelson 26, Corning 35, Belmont 12, Campbell 37, Hutchins 13. Total 384; necessary to a choice, 193. On the next vote Tammany divided as follows: Slocum, Flower, and Corning, 6 each; Cleveland 5, Hutchins 1. John Kelly voted for Corning.

Last ballot: Cleveland 211, Slocum 156, Flower 15. Total vote 382. The chair announced amid the greatest enthusiasm that the nominee of the convention for Governor, was Grover Cleveland. The band played and the delegates cheered. The nomination was made unanimous. The convention adjourned to Shakespeare hall.

The ticket was completed as follows: Lieutenant Governor, David B. Hill, Mayor of Elmira; Congressman at large, Gen. Henry W. Slocum; Judge of the Court of Appeals, Wm. C. Ruger.

Fatal Shooting.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Sept. 22.—In Hot Springs, this morning, Charles Mathews, editor of the *Hornet*, was shot four times and killed in an affray with Col. W. Fordyce, vice-president of the St. Louis and Texas Narrow Gauge Railway, and Col. Rugg, one of the proprietors of the Arlington Hotel. The shooting grew out of a bitter newspaper controversy. It is not known whether Fordyce or Rugg fired the fatal shot. The quarrel began between Mathews and Fordyce, the former drawing a revolver and shooting at the latter. Fordyce was not hit. He then struck Mathews several times with a stick. One of Mathews' bullets hit Rugg in the thigh, passing into the scrotum. Rugg then drew a revolver and began firing at Mathews, who fell dead with a bullet in his heart, his left temple and left wrist.

Oklahoma Payne.

DALLAS, Texas, Sept. 22.—Captain Payne of Oklahoma notoriety, who was arrested August 29th for trespassing on Indian Territory lands, and has been in custody at Fort Reno, passed through here today en route for Fort Smith, Arkansas, where he will be tried in the federal court. Payne was accompanied by his wife and child and eleven followers, in charge of Lieutenant Taylor and a squad of soldiers of the Ninth Cavalry. When they reached Henrietta, Texas, yesterday, Payne swore out a writ of habeas corpus for himself and followers in the District Court, but Taylor refused to recognize it, whereupon a warrant was issued for the arrest of Taylor himself. This was also resisted, the civil officer not being permitted to enter the car.

A Chapter of Railroad Accidents

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.—A terrible accident happened this morning in Fourth avenue tunnel at the 56th street station. The New Haven train, standing on the south bound side track, was run into by the Harlem local train. The two rear cars were demolished. As near as can be ascertained now, four persons were killed and nineteen badly injured. Their names are not yet learned. It is claimed that the accident is the result of gross mismanagement.

A locomotive on the main line of the Hudson river road met with an accident in 125th street, blockading the track in consequence.

The New Haven train, switched on the south bound side, has reported that several of the injured have since died. Among the killed is Miss Eugenia Aubert, of Mount Vernon, teacher in the Normal school. The police and firemen set to work and rescued five men and two women; one of the latter soon after expired. Eugenia Aubert, the teacher already mentioned, was found in the trench alongside the track. She did not die until after her rescue.

DUBLIN, Sept. 22.—Owing to the release of a number of prisoners consequent upon the immediate expiration of the coercion act, the authorities have sent away certain persons suspected of informing, fearing that they would be murdered if they remained.

A Desperate Fight Among Cow-Boys.

DENVER, Sept. 22.—The particulars of a twelve-sided duel between cow-boys has just reached here. George Howard, owner of a herd of 3,000 cattle, and John Keeley, owner of a herd of 4,000, were driving in company from Arizona eastward. North of the Trinidad on the plains the two herds were separated, Howard to follow the Santa Fe trail to Kansas City, and Keeley to drive north to Denver. On the route accidental exchanges had been made, and Howard insisted on having his stock cut, but was unwilling to deliver Keeley's. It was finally agreed to settle the matter by a battle between six picked men from each party. Accordingly twelve men ranged themselves on horseback, and the two sides faced each other at fifty feet apart. At a signal from the employees the fight commenced. At the first fire four men were instantly killed. George Lester, of Keeley's party, was shot through the breast; one of Howard's men fell with a ball through his head, and two others of the same party were shot through the heart. This dismayed the Howard party, who, with the exception of their employer, fled the camp. Keeley then rode up to Howard and proposed they fight it out. Howard declined, saying he understood the matter to be settled according to the terms of the battle before agreed on. This settled the matter. An equitable exchange of the mixed cattle was then made, the dead were buried by the other men of both herds, and the drovers and those in charge separated for different routes.

Folger Will Not Resign.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.—Secretary Folger said this morning he did not know when he should resign the office of Secretary of the Treasury, but he thought it would be after the New York election. The friends of Assistant Secretary John C. New state positively that he will be Folger's successor. When he assumed the Assistant Secretaryship he was informed of the probability of Folger becoming Governor of New York, and was assured of promotion to his place in the Treasury.

Miscellaneous.

TAYLORSVILLE, Ill., Sept. 22.—Miss Bond, the victim of the ravishers, is expected to die at any hour.

GALWAY, Sept. 22.—Patrick Walsh was hanged to-day for the murder of Martin Lynden. Walsh protested his innocence and maintained that a witness swore falsely.

OMAHA, Sept. 22.—David Wrankin and John Keyser, laborers, this afternoon found a bottle in an old house, and, supposing it to contain whiskey, drank the contents, which proved to be bedbug poison. Wrankin died in one hour, and Keyser is in a dangerous condition.

Accidental Shooting.

LARAMIE, Wyo., Sept. 23.—Jamie Hayford, the eight year old son of Dr. Hayford, editor of the *Sentinel* of this city, this p. m. accidentally shot himself with a revolver; it is thought fatally.

A British Demonstration.

CAIRO, Sept. 23.—The British cavalry marched through the city to-day for the purpose of making a demonstration to intimidate the natives and to prevent disorders in the Arab quarters.

A Call for $25,000,000.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.—The Secretary of the Treasury, this afternoon, issued a call for the redemption of bonds of the five per cent. funded loan of '81 continued at 3 per cent. from August 12th, '81. The call is for $25,000,000, and the principal and interest will be paid at the Treasury on the 23rd of December next and interest will cease at that day.

Political Notes.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—A. B. Clark, editor of the Newark *Advertiser*, was nominated for Congress by the Republican Congressional Committee of the Sixteenth District, vice M. Churchill resigned.

A Freeport, Ills., special says: The Democrats of the Sixth Congressional District nominated J. S. Stecknor, of Rockford, for the long term, and M. J. Johnson, of Geno, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. R. M. A. Hawk.

Fatal Results of a Freshet.

FAIRFIELD, N. J., Sept. 23.—It has been raining constantly for eighteen hours, and streams are much swollen. The streets are full of water, and the damage to property is heavy. At 1:30 the Grove street bridge over Greenbrook in this city suddenly gave way while crowded with people watching the flood. Six people were swept to but a number it is thought perished. Both dams at Scotch Plains are washed out and the water is four feet deep in the streets of the village.

Alarm Caused by the Disappearance of a Wall Street Broker.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—Alonzo Follet, a Wall street broker, alleged to be short in accounts, has not up to a late hour, visited his office to-day. His absence filled the street with rumors of such a nature as to create a decided feeling of alarm among his customers, many of whom called and asked anxiously for him. To all inquirers the response was given that his arrival is expected. The clerk, with Lesitation, said he "thought Mr. Follet was in town." The amount of shortage is now placed at not less than $1,000,000.

Egyptian News.

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 23.—General Wood on the march to Damietta reached Chiroin last evening and was to remain until 3 o'clock this morning. Railways are blocked by deserters from Abdellah's camp. General Wood telegraphed Abdellah's troops continue to desert. Of 7,000 originally, only 800 blacks remain. They plundered the barracks, the Governor's house and many private residences and exchanges.

DAMIETTA, Sept. 23.—Gen. Wood, with two regiments, arrived at Damietta to-day. Abdellah surrendered at the railway station. The troops are expected to surrender their arms this afternoon. The surrounding country is quiet. Crops are in.

DAMIETTA, Sept. 23.—The negro garrison instead of surrendering fled, taking besides plunder a quantity of ammunition.

Arrest of a Conductor and Telegraph Operator.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23.—William C. Rowson, telegraph operator on the Harlem road at Ninety-eighth street, and Conductor Root and Brakeman Robbins of the wrecked New Haven train, have been arrested. Rowson is only 18 years of age, yet he holds a responsible position, managing all trains of the company that run through the tunnel between Eighty-sixth and Ninety-eighth streets, his station being at the telegraph office at Ninety-eighth street. The New Haven Company claims that Rowson should have detained the Harlem train until he received the signal from Eighty-sixth that the Port Chester train had passed that station.

The Wrecked Steamer Asia.

CHICAGO, Sept. 23.—A Toronto special says: Henry Ganvaisa, another survivor of the wrecked steamer Asia, reached here this morning. He says "I had my suspicions of the vessel and was very cautious. She was so laden that her foreport was thirty feet out of the water, while the stern sometimes plunged into the lake and she refused to obey her helm and rolled in the trough of the sea. Every strong puff of wind that came wheeled the iron part round until she actually moved on a pivot. More than a hundred people were on board—half French and half English—all screaming at once as the waves broke over the vessel. The officers could do nothing, commands being unheeded in the confusion. When it became evident the vessel would go down, Ganvaisa with a life preserver on, jumped into the lake followed by a woman and child who clung to him, and shortly afterward the vessel disappeared. After being two hours in water he and the lady were taken out by a smuggling vessel and carried to Collingwood. The lady's name was unknown. She appeared wealthy, and gave Ganvaisa $50 and money to the smugglers.

Miscellaneous.

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 23. Two men implicated in the June massacre were hanged.

CAIRO, Sept. 23.—Gen. McPherson and staff arrived last night. The Indian troops leave Zagazig to-night and march hither.

DUBLIN, Sept. 23.—The failure is reported of a commercial firm of long standing; name not given; the liabilities estimated from £150,000 to £200,000.

LONDON, Sept. 23.—Six thousand miners in North Staffordshire have given notice of a demand for an advance of ten per cent. in their wages.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Sept. 23.—Mrs. Jane Hickey and Christopher Carlan were drowned in Lock Delaware and Raritan Canal. Both leave large families.

ALEXANDRIA, Sept. 23.—It is officially announced from Jeddah that the Grand Sherif of Mecca has been deposed and imprisoned at Taiffe, where Midhat Pasha is a prisoner. Abdellah Abrikan has been named Grand Sherif. He is brother to the Sherif murdered some time ago as is supposed by orders from the Sultan, because he was favorable to the British.

A Clergyman on the Bicycle.

The bicycle is not a toy or a boy's plaything. A large proportion of its riders are grown men, and many of them heads of families engaged in business and professional life. There is nothing "common or unclean" about it. Its cost, delicacy, grace and beauty must prevent it ever becoming vulgar. It is a gentleman's fancy, and when once mastered can be used with as much grace and ease as the ordinary saddle horse. And ministerial dignity stands in no greater peril of compromise than it does by horseback riding. It has become such a common vehicle on the roads about Boston as to no longer excited any more remark than would greet the appearance of any other handsome turnout. Besides affording the most exciting and pleasurable exercise, it is being used by many of my ministerial friends in this locality in much of their pastoral work. From its back the pastor can enter the sick room of the most contagious patient, without the smell of stable upon his garments; and free from any of the anxieties which are apt to distract the mind when a restive horse stands for an hour in fly-time jerking at his reins and impatient at the delay of his driving master. If an errand is to be made with a brother at a distance, and a Sunday ride becomes a necessity, there is no violence to be done the sensibilities by taking a public conveyance, but quietly slipping into the saddle of a noiseless steed, and go spinning away in graceful style to the distant church, and when there no hitching horse is to be groomed for Monday, but putting your steed into a woodshed or house room, all care is dismissed from the mind, for he needs no further grain nor water, and will await silently the movements and pleasure of his owner.

I know a gentleman who, a professor in one of our best universities, was rapidly breaking down through overwork and nervous prostration; he has not been able to sleep more than two hours consecutively in the twenty four for the last three years. He has been using the bicycle about four months and is now able to sleep soundly all the night through, and eat as heartily as at any time in his life.

I have another friend who is the working editor of one of our largest church papers, who was almost broken down when he took the bicycle a few years ago, since then does most heroic work all the year round, keeps sound, ears heartily and has renewed his youth, as his active, firm step and vigorous articles testify. He wheeled himself up the hill again to perfect health. We have a large number of clergymen in this vicinity who are realizing the great benefit to this modern centaur invigorator, and the number is rapidly increasing.—*Rev. S. L. Gracey, in the Christian Union.*

Old green with brown or red, forms a fashionable contrast of colors.

Embroidery of chenille and Kensington silks is on the new felt hats.

India cashmere and camel's-hair will remain in favor, notwithstanding the revival of the repped woollen goods.

Gathered mull sun-bonnets, with bows of ribbon on the crown, are worn in the country by ladies and children alike.

BUTTE ABROAD.

What is Thought of It by Others.

In the *Madisonian* of Sept. 16th, appears the following handsome tribute to the wealth, worth, and general prosperity of the Montana metropolis:

"Since we visited Butte, the city has grown immensely, and it may justly claim to be, not only the mining metropolis of Montana, but, also, the leading business centre of our rapidly growing Territory. The sum of the business interests that are represented here is beyond computation by those of our people who have passed their existence in the smaller towns and mining camps, and is a source of pride to all old-timers, whether they have any personal interests in the growth or no. Great, roomy, warehouses, each of whose annual receipts of merchandise and freight foot up thousands of tons; large, substantially built stores, wherein the display of goods to supply the market is equal to any, and superior to many that are to be found in cities of half a century's growth, the snorting, puffing iron horse, coming and going at regular intervals, bringing in enormous burdens of freight, and carrying away a wondrous wealth of bullion; stages, freight wagons, express carts, ore trucks, and a thousand and one of the adjuncts to an ever-moving market, contribute to make Butte appear more like a city of twenty thousand inhabitants rather than as a mining camp of less than half that population. In the residence portions of the city, too, the character of the buildings that have been erected is indicative of the faith which exists in the future of the city. The handsome and costly houses have evidently been built "to stay," and are substantial and even elegant in architectural design. And it is apparent, even to the transient visitor, that the upbuilding of Butte, as now going on, is not abnormal, or in excess of the present and future requirements of the place. Butte is no mushroom city. Its resources are, beyond doubt, sufficient to support it beyond the life limit of any of its present residents. In fact, the development of its mines, enormous as it has been, may be said to have been hardly begun. When one looks at the vast works which have been erected—the mills, smelters, concentrators, and all sorts of mining machinery that are in operation, the gangs of men that come and go, when the "shifts" change, to and from the mines, and realizes how small the inroads upon the great mineral ledges have been, he is compelled to drive far into the future to find a date for even the beginning of the end.

Bombardments.

This history of bombarding towns affords an instance of something like actual deterioration in the usages of modern warfare. Regular or simple bombardment, that is, of a town indiscriminately and not merely of its fortresses, has now become the established practice. Yet, what did Vattel say in the middle of the last century? "At present we generally content ourselves with battering the ramparts and defenses of a place. To destroy a town with bombs and red-hot balls is an extremity to which we do not proceed without cogent reasons." What said Vauban still earlier? "The fire must be directed simply at the defenses and batteries of a place . . . and not against the houses." Then let us remember the English bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, when the Cathedral and some three hundred houses were destroyed; the German bombardment at