

The True Northemer.

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OUR SUMMER FRIENDS.

BY JOHN BROCKMAN.

As the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows,
Singing gentle songs of love
To each blossom in the grove,
Pausing only in its flight
Where the sweets of life are bright
All unwilling to depart
Till he reached the very heart,
And when all the fragrant store
Is exhausted, sings no more—
As the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows
Are summer friends.

As the shadows to the boat
On a changeful lake at night,
When the lake is in repose,
Like another boat it glides,
And all fortune elevates
Over the surface initiates,
But a ripple on the breast,
Shadow trembles with unrest,
And when tempests gather round
Can no longer there be found—
As the shadow to the boat
On the changeful lake at night
Are summer friends.

CHASED BY THE SIOUX.

(Capt. John F. Finerty, an old Chicago Journalist, now accompanying Gen. Crook's expedition against the Sioux savages, sends to the Chicago Times the following thrilling story of Indian adventure.)

The day after Crook's party returned from their hunt, the General, expecting the wagon train every moment, determined to send out a reconnoitering party along the base of the mountain, northwest, to discover where the Indians were and to take a general observation of the country. Lieut. Frederick Sibley, of E. company, Second Cavalry, with 25 picked men drawn from the regiment, was detailed to accompany the scouts, Frank Grouard and Baptiste Pourier, on the reconnaissance. John Becker, a mule-packer who had some experience as a guide, was also of the party. The scouts had ventured forward some twenty miles two nights before, but saw Indians and returned. An officer came around to my tent on the morning of July 6 and informed me of the plan. He said the party were going in the direction of the Little Big Horn river, southwest, and if no Indians were discovered they would proceed still further. As I was sent out here to see the country and not to dry-rot around camp, I made up my mind to go with Sibley, who is a fine young officer and a son of the late Col. Sibley, of Chicago. I obtained Crook's permission, which he appeared rather reluctant to give, and was ready to start with the party mustered at noon. Each of us carried 100 rounds of ammunition and enough provender to last a week. The scouts led us to camp on Big Goose creek, but thirteen miles from Camp Cloud Peak, where we remained until night. When evening had sufficiently advanced, our little party, 30 men all told, moved forward for the most part on the old Fort C. E. Smith road, Grouard keeping a sharp lookout from every vantage point ahead. The full moon rose upon us by 8 o'clock, and we continued our ride along the foot of the mountain until 2 o'clock that morning. Then we halted at a point seven miles from the Little Big Horn, in Montana, and fully forty miles from our permanent camp, half-corralled our horses, and slept until daylight, our pickets keeping watch from the bluffs above our encampment. At 4:30 o'clock on the morning of Friday, July 7, we were again in the saddle, pressing on toward where the scouts supposed the Indian village to be. Reaching the foot of a rocky mound, Grouard told us to halt while he took observations. By this time we had moved about four miles from our late bivouac. We observed Grouard's movements with some interest, as we knew we were in the enemy's country, and might encounter Indians at any moment. Scarcely had the scout taken a first look from the crest of the ridge, when a peculiar motion of his hand summoned Baptiste to his side. Both left their ponies below the bluff, and observed the country from between the rocks on the summit. A minute afterward they had mounted their horses, and came galloping back to us. "Quick, for your lives," cried Grouard. We mounted immediately and followed him. He led us among hills of red sandstone, the footstool of the mountains, and we were obliged to make our horses leap down on rocky ledges as much as six or seven feet to follow his course. Within fifteen minutes we reached a hill sufficiently large to conceal our horses, while those of us who were furnished with glasses, namely, Grouard, Pourier, Lieut. Sibley, and myself, went into the rocks, and waited to see what was coming. "What did you see, Frank?" asked Sibley of the scout. "Only Sitting Bull's war party," Frank replied. "Knew they were up here without coming at all." We did not have long to wait for the confirmation of his words. Almost at the same instant groups of mounted savages appeared on every hill north and east of us. Every moment increased the numbers, until they seemed to cover the country far and wide. "They have not seen us yet," said the scout. "Unless some of them hit upon the trail we are comparatively safe."

Gradually the right flank of the Indian approached the ground over which we had come that morning and the previous night. We watched their movements with breathless interest. Suddenly an Indian attired in a red blanket halted, looked for a moment at the earth, and began to ride around in a circle. "Now look out," said Grouard, "that fellow has found our trail and they will be after us in five minutes."

"What are we going to do?" asked the young officer. "Well, we have but one chance of escape," said Grouard, "let us lead our horses into the mountains and try to cross them. Meanwhile prepare for the worst."

Then we left the rocks and went down among the soldiers. Lieut. Sibley said to them: "Men, the Indians have discovered us. We will have to do some fighting. If we can make an honorable escape, all together, we shall do it. If retreat is impossible, let no man surrender. Die in your tracks for the Indians show no mercy."

"All right, sir," said the men; and the whole party followed the scouts and the officer up the steep mountain side, which at that point was steep to a discouraging extent. The Indians must have seen us—they were scarcely more than a mile distant—for hundreds of them had halted and appeared to be in consultation. We continued our retreat until we struck an old Sioux trail on the first ridge. "This path leads to the snowy ridge," said Grouard. "If we can reach there without being overtaken or cut off, our chances are pretty fair." Most of the road was rather good, and we proceeded in a northwestern direction at a brisk trot. Having gone five miles, and seeing no Indians on our track, Grouard concluded that they had abandoned the pursuit or else did not care about attacking us in the hills. The horses were badly used up, and many of the men were suffering from hunger. So we halted to make some coffee and to allow our animals to recuperate. This occupied about an hour, when we again mounted and set forward. We crossed the main branch of Tongue river, flowing through the mountains, and were in full view of the snowy range. The same splendid scenery that I had observed when out with Crook's party was visible on every side. The trail led through natural parks, open spaces bordered by rocks and pine trees on the mountain sides. Here the country was comparatively open. Suddenly John Becker, the packer, and a soldier rode up, exclaiming, "The Indians! the Indians!" Grouard looked over his shoulder and saw some of the red devils riding on our right flank. We had reached a plain on the mountain range, timber on our left, timber on our front, and rocks and timber on our right, at about 200 yards' distance. "Keep to the left along the woods," said the scout. Scarcely were the words uttered when from the rocks there came a ringing volley. The Indians had fired upon us, and had struck my horse and two others. Fortunately the sound-dreels fired too low, miscalculating the distance, and not a man was wounded. Our animals, after the manner of American horses, stampeded and nearly dashed our brains against the trees on our left. The savages gave us three more volleys, wounding more of our horses before we got the beasts tied to the timber. We gave them a volley back to keep them in check, and then formed a circular skirmish line in the woods. We could see the Indian leader, dressed in what appeared to be white buckskin, directing the movements of his men. Grouard recognized him. He is a Cheyenne, called White Antelope, famed for his enterprise and skill. The Cheyennes and Sioux are firm allies, and always fight together. White Antelope led one charge against us, but one fire sent himself and his warriors back in quick time. Then the Indians laid low in the rocks and kept up an incessant fire on our position, filling the trees around us with lead. Not a man of us ever expected to leave that spot alive. They evidently aimed at our horses, thinking that by killing them all means of escape would be cut off from us.

Meanwhile their numbers continued to increase. The open slopes swarmed with Indians, and we could hear their savage, encouraging yells to each other. Cheyennes and Sioux were mixed together and appeared to be in great glee. They had evidently recognized Grouard, whom they mortally hate, for they called out to him in Sioux, "Standing Bear (the name they gave him), do you think that there are no men but yours in this country?" We reserved our fire until an Indian showed himself. They were prodigal of their ammunition, and fired wildly. But they were fast surrounding us. We had fought them and kept them at bay for two hours, from half-past 11 until half-past 1 o'clock, but they were twenty to one, and we knew that unless a special Providence interposed we could never carry our lives away with us. We were looking death full in the face, and so close that we could feel his cold breath upon our foreheads, and his icy lips upon our hearts. "No surrender," was the word passed from man to man. Each one of us would have blown out his own brains rather than fall alive into Indian hands. A disabling wound would have been the same as death. I had often wondered how a man felt when he saw inevitable, sudden doom before him. I know it now, for I had no idea of escape, and could not have suffered more if an Indian knife or bullet had pierced my heart. So it was with all of us. It is one thing to face death in the midst of excitement. It is quite another thing to meet him in almost cold blood, with the prospect of your dishonored carcass being first mutilated and then left to feed the fox and the vulture. After a man once sees the skull and cross-bones as our party saw it on the afternoon of July 7, no subsequent glimpse of grim mortality can possibly impress him in the same manner.

Well, the eternal shadows were fast closing around us; and the bullets were hitting nearer every moment, and the Indian yell was growing stronger and fiercer, when a hand was laid on my shoulder, and a soldier named Rufus, my neighbor on the skirmish line, said, "The rest are retiring. Lieut. Sibley tells us to do the same." I quietly withdrew from the friendly pine tree which had kept at least a dozen bullets from making havoc of my body. "Go

to your saddle-bags and take all your ammunition," said Sibley, as I passed him. "We are going to abandon the horses. The Indians are all around us, and we must take to the rocks on foot. It is our only chance."

I did as directed, but felt a pang at leaving my noble beast, which was bleeding from a wound in the side. We dared not shoot our horses, for that would discover our movement to the enemy. Grouard advised this proceeding. With a celerity which was only possible to men struggling for life, and to escape a dreadful fate, our party obeyed their orders, and, in Indian file, retired through the wood and fallen trees in our rear, toward the east, firing a volley and some scattering shots before we moved out, to make the Indians believe we were still in position. Our horses were evidently visible to the savages—a circumstance that facilitated our escape. We ran for a mile through the forest, waded Tongue river (the headwaters) up to our waists, and gained the rocks of the mountain ridge, where no Indian pony could follow us, when we heard five or six scattering volleys in succession. It was the final fire of the Indians before they made their charge at our "late corral" to get our scalps. "We are safe for the present," said Grouard, with a grim smile, "but let us lose no time in putting more rocks between us and the White Antelope." We followed his advice with a feeling of thankfulness which only men in such trials ever know. How astonished the Indians must have been when they ran in upon the maimed horses and did not get a single scalp.

Even under such circumstances as we were placed in, we had a little laugh at their expense. But we had escaped one danger only to encounter another. Fully forty-five miles of mountain, rock, and forest lay between us and Crook's camp. We could not carry a single particle of food, and had to throw away everything superfluous in the way of clothing. With at least 500 Indians behind us and uncounted precipices before us, we found our rifles and 100 rounds of ammunition each a sufficient load to carry. The brave Grouard, the ablest of scouts, conducted our retreat, and we marched, climbed, and tumbled over places that at other times would have been impossible to us, until midnight. Then we halted under an immense pile of rocks on the top of a mountain, and there witnessed one of the most terrible wind-storms that can be imagined.

Long before dawn we were again stumbling through the rocks and forests, and at daylight reached the tremendous canon cut in the mountain by what is called the eastern fork of Tongue river. Most of our men were too exhausted to make the descent of the canon, so Grouard led us through an open valley down by the river, on the left bank, for two miles as hard as we could go, for if discovered there by the savages we could only halt and die together. Fortune favored us, and we made the right bank of the stream unobserved, being then about twenty-five miles from Crook's headquarters. In our front were the plains of the eastern slope, full of hostile Indians, while our only avenue of escape was to climb over the tremendous precipice which formed the right side of the canon. But the dauntless Grouard was equal to the crisis. He scaled this gigantic wall diagonally, and led us along a mere squirrel path not more than a foot wide, with an abyss 500 feet below, and a sheer wall of rock 200 feet high above us. After an hour's herculean toil we gained the crest, and saw the point of the mountain, about twenty miles distant, where lay our camp. This, as may be imagined, was a blissful vision, but we were half dead with fatigue, and some of us were almost famine-stricken. Yet the indefatigable Grouard would not stop until we reached the eastern foot-hills, where we made a dive into the valley to obtain water, our only refreshment on that hard, rugged road. Scarcely had we slaked our thirst when Grouard led us up the hills again, and we had barely reached the timber when, around the rocks, at the point we had doubled shortly before, appeared another strong party of Sioux. This made us desperate. Every man examined his rifle and looked to his ammunition. We all felt that life would be too dearly purchased by further flight, and following the example of the brave young Sibley and the two gallant scouts, we took up our position among the rocks on the knoll we had reached, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. "Finerty," said Sibley to me, "we are in hard luck, but, damn them, we'll show the red scoundrels how white men can die. Boys (turning to the soldiers), we have a good position; let every shot dispose of an Indian."

At that moment not a man among us felt any inclination to get away. Desperation and revenge had usurped the place of the animal instinct to preserve our lives. In such moments mind is superior to matter, and soul to the nerves. But we were spared the ordeal. The Sioux failed to observe us, as, very fortunately, they did not advance high enough to find our trail, but kept eastward on the lower branch of Tongue river. Thoroughly worn out, we all fell asleep, excepting the tireless scouts, and awoke at dark somewhat refreshed. Not a man of us, Sioux or no Sioux, could endure the mountain journey longer, so we took our thirty jaded, hunted lives in our hands and struck along the valley, actually wading Big Goose creek up to our arm-pits, at 3 o'clock Sunday morning, the water being cold as the mountain snow could make it. Two men, Sergeant Cornwell and Private Collins, were too exhausted to cross, so they hid in the brush until we sent two companies

of cavalry after them, when we reached camp. After crossing Big Goose we were nearly a dozen miles from our camp on Little Goose creek, and you may judge how badly we were used up, when it took four hours to make six miles. The rocks had skinned our feet and starvation had weakened our frames. Only a few were vigorous enough to push on. At 5 o'clock we saw a few more Indians, but we took no pains to conceal ourselves further. They evidently mistook us for a camp outguard, and being only a handful, kept away. At 7 o'clock we met some cavalry out hunting, and we sent into camp for horses, as most of the men could walk no further. Capt. De Wees and Rowelle, of the Second Cavalry, came out to us with led horses, and we reached camp at 10 o'clock Monday morning amid congratulations from every side. The men who remained at Goose creek were brought in some hours later. Thus, after passing through incredible danger and great privation, every man out of thirty, unwounded as by a miracle, found himself safe in Camp Cloud Peak, surrounded by comrades. For conducting this retreat with such consummate success, Frank Grouard deserves the highest place among the scouts of the American continent.

The oldest of our Indian fighters, including Col. Royall, concur in saying that escape from danger so imminent and appalling in a manner so successful is unparalleled in the history of Indian warfare.

The Bulgarian Massacre.

(Constantinople Cor. London Daily News.)
As to the accuracy of all the plain facts there can be no doubt. In Constantinople nobody hesitates to believe that many thousands of innocent men, women, and children have been slaughtered, that at least sixty villages have been utterly destroyed, that the most terrible scenes have been committed, and that a district among the most fertile in the empire has been ruined for many years to come. I have never pretended that the statistics of death and plunder could be given with anything like accuracy. In an indiscriminate destruction of lives and property only the broad facts are possible. In many cases, perhaps in most, there is a great tendency toward exaggeration. But I have taken the lower number rather than the higher, and have dismissed many stories which are probably well founded, but exaggerated. In the statements I have made there is, I believe, no exaggeration. The allegations made in my last letter of the villages destroyed were definite. If any one is denied, the issue becomes one of fact, and I will prove it or admit that I have been misinformed. Till then it is idle to talk about exaggeration. I have spoken to Turks who put the number of killed at 20,000. I have met with officials connected with the various embassies which have had special information, and have heard virtually the same account from all. Nowhere, to my knowledge, has the estimate of the killed—the great majority of whom are on all hands believed to be innocent—been put lower than 12,000. I have spoken with merchants who have had private letters telling the same tale. The Bulgarian Exarch has made substantially the same statements to the Porte in an official paper. From all sources comes a compact body of testimony showing that crimes have been committed on a scale which Europe has not known for many years. Turkey has been telling Europe for years that she has arrived at a state of civilization where she ought to be recognized as within the pale of international laws, that the capitulations ought to be abolished, and that she ought no longer to be treated as a semi-barbarous power. The facts I have mentioned are sufficient comment on her request.

An Ugly Plaything.

A 4-year-old son of one Riley, living on the old Millford and Oswego turnpike, in Blooming Grove township, this county, came into the house on Saturday last, carrying a rattlesnake. He had one hand clasped tightly about its neck, and the other about its rattles. The mother of the child was terrified, and screamed to the boy to throw the snake on the floor, which he did. It coiled up in a second, and filled the room with the din of its rattles. Mrs. Riley seized the broom, and soon dispatched the serpent. Her little boy cried over the death of his venomous plaything, and said there was more where he got that, and he would go after another one.

Mrs. Riley summoned her husband from an adjoining field. He asked the child to show him where he got the snake. He led the way into the scrub oaks about a quarter of a mile from the road, to a small ledge of rock, in which there were many fissures. There, basking in the sun, the farmer saw dozens of rattle snakes. He took his child in his arms and hurried away from the spot. Procuring the assistance of a hired man, the two, armed with staves, returned to the den. They attacked the serpents, thrashing right and left. For five minutes the contest waged, the noise made by the rattles of the snakes being almost deafening. Riley and his man killed twenty-one of the reptiles, and many escaped into the fissures in the rock. Riley's little boy had wandered alone to this dangerous place, and had captured the snake and taken it home. It was two feet and a half long, and had seven rattles.—*Milford (Pa.) Cor. New York Sun.*

This pontoon bridge to be erected over the Missouri river at Omaha will cost \$20,000 and be 2,750 feet long. It will be used by wagons and street-cars.

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.

Stanley and His Expedition Heard From—Five Interesting Letters from the Intrepid Explorer.

The London Daily Telegraph, of July 26, announces the receipt of five letters from Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer. The first letter bears date of July 29, 1875, and was written at Mayhya island, Lake Victoria-Nyanza, and describes the voyage from King Mtesa's territory, at the northern end of Lake Victoria-Nyanza. In the course of this voyage Stanley and party narrowly escaped massacre by the savage and treacherous natives of Bumbirch, a large island on the western side of the lake. The natives were beaten off after a severe fight, and the party arrived safely in camp, after encountering heavy storms. The second letter was written from Dumbo, in Uganda, dated Aug. 15, 1875. Here the explorer established a camp on the main land within access of the lake. From Mayhya Stanley made an expedition across the lake to Ukereme island at its southern extremity, from whence he recrossed the lake again toward the region of Uganda, while the expedition was being transported in canoes. During the return voyage Stanley inflicted severe punishment upon the treacherous savages of Bumbirch for the attack made upon his expedition, mentioned in first letter. The third letter is from Kawaga, on the frontiers of Unyoro, dated Jan. 18, 1876. The letter describes the march of the gallant explorer from Mtesa's capital across the country to the eastern shore of the Albert Nyanza. The march was made at the head of a large army, composed of Stanley's force and spearmen of Uganda. The three letters contain particulars of the highest geographical and ethnological value. Stanley twice traversed the country of Kabbarega and visited Nyanza. This land exploration explains why Gessi, of Gordon's force, who sailed on the Albert Nyanza in April last, heard nothing of the expedition. In the heretofore unknown regions lying between Lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanza is a remarkable mountain, Gamba-gara, which Stanley thoroughly explored, and discovered among its high uplands a paleo-facial tribe forming a different race of people to the black-skinned denizens of the plains. Stanley christens the large inlet of Albert Nyanza, on which he encamped with his army, Beatrice Gulf, in honor of the Princess of England.

The fourth letter, dated March 26, is from Kanfuro, and relates the story and final departure from Uganda and the exploration of Kageera river, which flows into the lake on its west side. It further describes the exploration of Capt. Speke's lake, Windermere, and the hot springs of Karagwe. Stanley forwards a sketch map showing the hitherto un-mapped portion of Victoria Nyanza, in Unyama, April 24, fifteen days' march from Uji, and gives further details of explorations of the Inter-Lacustrine region, and Stanley's southward march toward Uji. From Uji Stanley proposed to revisit Albert Nyanza, by way of Lake Tanganyika, and make a thorough exploration of the former basin. He is amply supplied with men and means sufficient to enable him to solve the problem still left open by his undaunted courage, and splendid gifts as a traveler. His white friend, Frank Poock is well, and his own health unimpaired.

The Devastation of Property.

The year 1857 witnessed failures in this country to the amount of \$291,750,000, which is larger than the failures of any one year in the present depression. But counting the failures of 1857 and of the three following years we have a total of \$630,000,000, while, if we add the failures of 1873-4-5-6, the sum total is \$885,000,000, or \$225,000,000 more than in the period of 1857. Again, the crisis of 1857 was spread over the whole country, North and South alike. In 1873, the South had not recovered from the destructive agencies of the war, and it probably has not suffered from the crisis itself as severely, in proportion, as in 1857. But the whole country has suffered a vastly lower deep of financial misfortune, from its long continuation. If we reckon the past five years, the insolvencies of the country amount to more than one thousand millions, or the equivalent of one-fourth of the assessed valuation of all the personal property in the country in 1870, and one-tenth of all the real estate. If we reckon the total loss by bankruptcy to be \$600,000,000, and the depreciation of other property to be 20 per cent., one-fourth of the valuation of the property of the country in 1870 has been wiped out. Some of this destruction of property—as in the case of all forms of credit—is absolute. The notes gone to protest, and settled at 25 cents on the dollar, the railroad bonds subscribed for at par, and now in all degrees of depreciation, the second and third mortgages, which have all been absolutely destroyed, so far as they have become worthless. The loss on mills, houses, lands, is merely a destruction by their depreciation, a destruction of value, not of things.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

An eminent physician says that sweet oil is not only an antidote to the bite of a rattlesnake, but "will cure poison of any kind, both on man and beast." The patient must take a spoonful of it internally and bathe the wound, for a cure. To cure a horse it takes eight times as much as for a man. A pint of whisky is also good for "snakebite."

Pith and Point.

A PROPER fraction—A better Aesop. WHERE does a "leading physician" generally lead to?

MOTHER Eve was the first bellinger. She used to ring the chimes for Adam.

WHAT letter would make every flower alike? W would make all flowers walk flowers.

BANKERS ought to prosper. They always take so much interest in the business, you know.

A PRIVATE in the army sent a letter to his sweetheart, closing with, "May Heaven cherish and keep you from yours truly, John Smith."

An exchange ponders on the Eastern troubles, and lucidly remarks: "Turkey is redeemed. At least, the Sultan took it from his uncle."

A WIFE in San Jose, Cal., became wildly jealous of her husband, and killed herself, which left the husband free to marry the woman who had caused the jealousy, and he did it within three months.

A MINISTER asked a boy what o'clock it was. "About 12, sir," was the reply. "Well," quoth the minister, "I thought it had been more." "It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at 1 again."

A BOSTON physician says that blowing cornets or trombones is the best exercise women can take for the purpose of expanding their lungs and making themselves straight. P'raps. But they must let corsets and whalebones be blown first.

THE Whitehall (Mich.) Times "prods" its delinquent subscribers in this merciless way: "We saw a man who got his bill through the skin of a man who owes us two years' subscriptions. How we laughed at that demoralized little insect as, with a look of disgust, he folded up his little bill, placed it in his pocket and went for another victim."

RESULTS OF A BAD REPUTATION.

Once I saw a fox, in terror, running hastily away. "Whence," said I, "good Master Reynard, this precipitate dally?" "Stop me not! I heard the master give command to kill an ox." "Well, and what is that to you, sir? What's a fox's lock to a fox?" "Ah!" said he, "my foes are many; and if one should say, 'See there! That's an ox!' the rest would kill me. For the error who would care? Malice rides an Arab courser, strikes his blow as sure as fate. Justice, traveling in his carriage, mostly comes an hour too late."

A HIBERNIAN collector of soap-grease at the South End, who has driven around the most shattered old frame that a horsehide could cover, appeared the other morning, bucket in hand, and on foot. When questioned as to the absence of his four-legged scarecrow, he replied: "Och! Mrs. Blank, minny a dollar I've spent on thin larks, an' they do be dyin' on me hands, bad cess to 'em." To this the housekeeper suggested that perhaps it would be better and cheaper to buy a good horse. "Thru' for ye, ma'am," said the Grecian. "By me soul as I see the morrow I'll buy a good horse as it costs me twenty dollars!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Public Suicide of a Widow in China.

The overland China mail gives an account of a strange suicide which was lately committed at Fuh-chow Foo. It seems that a young lady, an inhabitant of that city, who had the misfortune to be left a widow while yet in her teens, was urged by some injudicious relatives to enter again into the bonds of wedlock. The thought thus suggested of supplying the place of her late husband was so repugnant to her feelings that, in order to escape from the persecution of her advisers, she determined to "ascend to heaven on the back of a stork," or, in other words, publicly to commit suicide. Having arrived at this determination, a day was fixed for the ceremony. Early on the fatal morning the lady, dressed as the Queen of Heaven and surrounded by a large following of admiring relatives and friends, started from her late husband's house in a sedan chair for the scene of her self-inflicted death. By the way she visited her parents to bid them farewell, and stopped occasionally on the way to taste the viands which were placed at intervals by the side of the road, as at a funeral. On arriving at an open space at the back of the Hai-chaou Temple she mounted on a scaffolding which had been erected for the purpose, and, having bowed to the vast crowd which had assembled to witness the proceedings, she cried with loud voice, "Heaven and earth! and my friends! I am quite satisfied to die in this manner."

Having said this, she stepped on to a chair on the platform and thrust her head through the noose of a red cord, which hung suspended from a cross-beam above her. At the same moment a red cloth was placed over her head and face, and then, without the least hesitation, she jumped off the chair. Death was almost instantaneous, and she expired without the least apparent struggle. Unfortunately the effects of this young lady's self-devotion did not end with her life, for so deep an impression did her conduct make on some boys who had witnessed the spectacle that they amused themselves on the following day by making believe to follow her example. By a misadventure, while one of these was adjusting the rope round his neck, his playmates ran off, and on their return they found that he likewise had "ascended to heaven on the back of a stork."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

It may make certain fine people start to learn that 6,000,000 gallons of California wine is annually paid for and consumed in this country under foreign labels.