

# The Jamestown Alert.

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JAMESTOWN, D. T.

## All Sorts of Paragraphs.

A green age—Foliage.  
The warm season—Pepper.  
The best thing out—Out of debt.  
A false scent—A counterfeit penny.  
A spring-bed maker—The gardener.  
No bank should be without a chest-proctor.

When a man loses his balance, where does it go?  
The motto of lovers is, "E pluribus yim yim!"

The man who made a point—The proof-reader.  
The rabbit is timid, but no cook can make it quail.

A grocer both sells his goods and gives them a weigh.  
Show may be purchased; but happiness is a home-made article.

Anglo-worms, for fishing, should be dug the day before and left in the grass.  
These are the times that try men's soles. Sole let us be careful of our shoes.

Two things go off in a hurry—An arrow dismissed from a bow, and a bow dismissed by a belle.

William Cullen Bryant was a precocious youth, and at ten years of age translated Latin poems.

A long man trying to whisper to a short girl resembles the letter S walking with a period.

Don't put off until to-morrow that which you can do to-day, unless you are going into the poetry line.

A collector of coins is anxious to get a dime from the moon after she has changed her last quarter.

"Love is an eternal transport!" exclaimed an enthusiastic poet. "So is a canal boat," said a practical old forwarding merchant.

A correspondent wants to know whether, considering the great utility of the ocean, poets are not wrong in calling it a "waste of water."

Every one should lay up something for a rainy day. If we can't do anything else, a majority of us can at least lay up a little rheumatism.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

Speaking of dancing, a clergyman hits the nail on the head with the remark that "people usually do more evil with their tongues than with their toes."

One kind word spoken to a tramp may cheer his whole future life. Remember this when you see him walking off with fifty feet of your garden hose.

An unsophisticated New England commercial traveller, on reading the sign, "General Merchandise," on a store, walked in and asked if he could see the General.

A Chicago clergyman startled his flock a few Sunday evenings ago by telling them "hell is not half as full of mean men and women as men and women are full of hell."

There is a fortune in store for the genius who can invent a way of carrying home a mackerel so it will resemble a parcel containing twenty-six yards of silk for his dear wife.

"John," said a cockney solicitor to his son, "see you'll never do for an attorney, you have no henery." "Excuse me, father," said John, "what I want is some of your chicken-ary."

"Oh, yes," she said, "I'm very fond of little boys," and as she tripped on a string stretched across the pavement, she added; "I feel as though I could eat a couple of 'em this minute, raw."

"My dear," asked Mrs. J. of her husband, on coming home from church the other day, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in ladies bonnets?" "The ladies' faces," was the bland reply.

Elizabeth Allen, in a poem, asks: "Oh willow, why forever weep?" Elizabeth is a little mistaken as to the facts. It isn't the willow that weeps, it is the boy who dances under the limber end of it.

A man needs to keep a winter undershirt, fan, "hot Scotch," linen coat, ulster, mint julep, seal-skin cap, mosquito net and umbrella at both ends of the line to accommodate the whimsies of the thermometer.

A coxcomb, talking of the transmigration of souls, said: "In the time of Moses, I have no doubt I was the golden calf." "Very likely," replied a lady, "and time has robbed you of nothing but the gilding."

Two ancient looking grasshoppers resting gracefully against a fence and anxiously waiting the growth of the little spears of grain, is the latest pictorial illustration of that pathetic song, "In the wheat bye and bye."

"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes; but I don't think he can read it." "Why so, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room, he axed me twice where my hat was; and it was on my head all the time."

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years. The little fellow, after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A steamer plying in California keeps a trained sheep on board, which goes out on the gang-plank when a flock is to be loaded, to show that the approach is safe, and to act as a pilot for the herd, which readily follows it on to the boat.

A little girl was reproved for playing out doors with the boys, and informed that, being seven years old, she was "too big for that now." But, with all imaginable innocence, she replied, "Why, the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

The dried kernel of the coconut, called in the South Sea Islands "copra," is being turned to new account. Hitherto it has only been used for making oil, but it has been discovered that after having served that purpose it is valuable cattle food.

A tom cat is a more independent animal than man. When a man comes home at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning he slips in as quietly as possible, but a tom cat don't seem to care. The later the hour, and the nearer the house it approaches, the louder it yells.

"Ma, has your tongue got legs?" "Got what, child?" "Got legs, ma?" "Certainly not; but why do you ask that question?" "No nothing; only I heard pa say that your tongue was running from morning till night." Then pa had to take another "running."

Mother to sixteen-year-old daughter—"So you enjoyed your walk, Kate. Did you go all the distance alone?" Daughter—"O, yes, mamma, quite alone." Objectionable Younger Brother—"Then how is it, Kit, that you took out an umbrella and brought home a walking-stick?"

A soldier was sentenced, for deserting, to have his ear cut off. After undergoing the ordeal, he was escorted out of the court-yard to the tune of "Rogue's March." He then turned, and, in mock dignity, thus addressed the musicians: "Gentlemen, I thank you; but I have no ear for music."

The fashion reporter who wrote with reference to a belle, "Her dainty feet were encased

in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots," tied his wardrobe up in a handkerchief and left for parts unknown when it appeared the next morning: "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for ferry-boats."

He said the pastry was ever so much better made by her hands. This delighted her. But when she wanted the coal-scute at the other end of the room, and he suggested that she should get it, as the fire would feel so much better if the coal was brought by her dear hands, she was disgusted. Women are so changeable.

A young lady of the age of seven, who is idly served by a pet of her household, but is a little exacting, and given to bemoan herself as being rather neglected and "sat upon" in her family circle than otherwise, said the other day: "Nobody ever cared for me, for even when I was born my mother and all my sisters were away at the seaside."

While a young vendor of greens was endeavoring to dispose of his stock in trade, his poor old crowtail balked and refused to budge an inch. The driver finally commenced belaboring the animal with a big stick, when an old lady thrust her head out of a window and exclaimed: "Young man, have you no mercy?" "No, mum," replied the peddler, "nothin' but greens."

Stutterers are compelled to take life easily whether they will or no. Two men thus afflicted were at work at a forge. The iron was red hot and placed on the anvil, when the first one said: "John, s-s-strike it hard." The other answered: "Jim, wh-wh-where shall I hit it?" "No m-m-matter now, it's got co-co-cold," was the reply, and the bar was put into the forge again.

Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful: "My wife's silver tea set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred unexpected expenses, which, trying to meet, made me the bankrupt that I am." His is the experience of many others less wise, who do not know what is the goblin in the house working destruction.

"Leander," said Mrs. Spilkins, the other morning, as the former was preparing to leave the house, "When commending my good qualities, why are you like a wool-grower?" "Something about sheep in it, ain't there?" queried Spilkins. "Just like you!" she replied. "The answer is: Because you are a she-praiser." "Knew it all the time," chuckled Leander, as he slammed the door and whistled for a passing street-car.—Exchange.

## Paris Fashions.

From Harper's Bazar.

Among fashions for the demi-season—a term used in Paris to designate the novelties which make their appearance in the spring and autumn—extremely long corsages are in preparation. Moreover, as the fashion of the demi-season generally is a trial for the definitive fashion, we may conclude that in the winter corsages will be worn which will resemble wrappings rather than corsages in dimensions. These fashions of the demi-season are the seeds which contain the future harvest, but the seeds do not take root and grow, as regards long corsages, however, I believe that their adoption is almost certain. They are made in the shape of jackets, and with patters, that is to say the basque on each hip is slightly bouffant and puffed. For dinner and evening, toilettes these corsages, always very long, are sometimes open in front to the belt, and completed by plastrons covered with several rows of white lace. Sometimes, too, the corsage opens from top to bottom over a vest composed, like the plastron, of rows of gathered lace. This style is becoming only to extremely slender women, and all who are inclined to *embouffant* should carefully avoid it. Wrappings are also in preparation for the demi-season, chiefly mantellets and Dolmans (the latter differing in style from the old Dolman). There are also some paletots, but in small numbers. The preference generally will be for long, ample wrappings, which will give the wearer the air of being warmly clothed. Plaid goods have hitherto been employed specially for accessories, such as vest, plastron, revers, etc. Bands of woolen goods in plaid designs will also be used as trimmings for wrappings of light cloth designed for the demi-season, these bands being embroidered in silk. These wrappings will also be trimmed with deep galloons of cloth, likewise trimmed with embroidery.

The great luxury for toilettes of the summer and autumn is represented by dresses of lustrous white silk, trimmed with a profusion of white lace and an innumerable host of bows of very narrow ribbon in several colors. Sometimes there is combined with the white silk, white muslin or white silk gauze, but, above all, plain white India *mousseline de laine*. This latter material will create a furor in the winter, being employed in all light shades, and chiefly in white for dinner and evening dresses, and will be adopted principally by young girls and very young married ladies.

It is known that in the city one can not go out without a wrap. This rigorous law, however, is modified as regards country, sea-side, or travelling costumes. It is partly with a view to facilitating these modifications that extremely long corsages, made chiefly in the shape of a jacket, enjoys such great favor. These corsages are, in fact, considered as representing wrappings. When it is warm, a fichu or scarf of lace or crepe de Chine is thrown over the shoulders; and when cool, one wraps up in a shawl. The prettiest dresses for the demi-season are made of plain India cashmere in a medium shade, neither too light, as the summer is past, nor too dark, as the winter has not yet come. To indicate the approach of the season of display, the cashmere is trimmed with a beautiful and expensive material of striped silk in two colors. I have seen in preparation a toilette of mouse gray India cashmere.

The back of the corsage, the cuffs, the three-storied vest (simulating three vests worn one above another), and the bottom of the skirt were made of the striped silk, the stripes being alternately old gold color and lapis blue. This woolen dress was extremely elegant. The dress was short, but it must not be supposed that short dresses have detracted and replaced dresses with trains. They merely share the kingdom, like rulers who reign simultaneously, one in the west the other in the east, in a domain too large to remain undivided. Although short dresses are worn in process dresses and skirts with trains are not at all abandoned, but merely reserved for dinner and evening toilettes. In the morning before dressing, short costumes only are worn. Among these are seen many corsages with stomachers, and shirred. It cannot be said that this is pretty—nay, it must be confessed that it is ugly—but then it offers a little variety, and the eye loves change. The type

of one of these costumes is as follows: Round skirt of plain rose batiste, trimmed with a pleated flounce; over-skirt longer than the under-skirt, but looped up in such fashion as to show the under side, which is entirely covered with deep embroidery worked with rose-colored and white cotton. Corsage with stomacher, cut square in front and in the back extremely long, and confined at the waist by a belt covered with similar embroidery. The stomacher, as well as the cuffs and the under edge of the corsage, is entirely covered with similar embroidery. The corsage is pleated in the middle of the front and in the middle of the back. Instead of batiste in the fall will be employed India cashmere or India *mousseline de laine*.

Moreover, it is not difficult, but simply impossible, to specify the present fashions. All epochs are confounded, and all eras are seen side by side. The historic costume of the reign of the last four or five kings of France fraternizes with the fashion of the First Republic, of the Directorie, of the Consulate, and of the two Empires. The course of history is the course of fashions, but to understand the latter no attention should be paid to the chronological order of dates. The toilettes for children only are seen in a very definite style which is at the same time sensible, convenient, and pretty. The English dress at present is worn by all children, by little girls to the age of eleven years, and little boys up to the age of six years. The English dress is all in one piece, loose-fitting, and the trimming frequently simulates a wrap of the same material worn over the dress. Thus attired, the little body unconfining moves at ease and develops to the benefit of health. Both in the summer and winter children in Paris wear the English dress. In summer their coiffure is generally composed of a shirred hat of white linen, which may be taken apart and washed as easily as a handkerchief.

Lingerie seems to be entering on the sensible road of a division of power, already inaugurated by the fashion which at the same time recognizes the short costume and long dress. Just as there are toilettes for the morning and for the evening, there will also be lingerie plain and simple for short costumes, and rich and ornamental for afternoon toilettes. We have returned to richly embroidered collars, and it is even announced that they will be worn straight around the neck without being turned down, just as they were worn twenty or thirty years ago. The sleeves, tight at the wrist, are always completed by flat cuffs worn over the sleeves. Embroidered handkerchiefs, so long abandoned, have again become the fashion, and some are made which are admirable in design and execution. For morning wear fashion dictates that the collar, cravat, cuffs, and handkerchief should be trimmed with the same embroidery, all white, or sometimes mixed with colored cotton.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

## SARATOGA GAMBLERS.

The Successor of Morrissey—Reed, Spencer and Chamberlain.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.] Charles Reed, who unostentatiously prints his name among the turfmen as C. Reed, is the successor of John Morrissey as the physical champion of the Saratoga sports. Not as vain as Morrissey and disliking notoriety, and taking no pains to attract public men to him, Reed is still an oddity. He owns with Mr. Spencer, an educated man, one-half the games; Mr. McCormick, another sport, owns one-eighth, and Mrs. Morrissey has one-third. Reed and Spencer manage the pools on the race track, and their commissions are in the neighborhood of \$1,000 every racing day. The gate admissions are double as much. They conduct the two performances in every respect as well as Morrissey did. Reed's tastes are domestic, rural, and for the horse. He knew Morrissey in California, both New York boys, when Morrissey fought Thompson on Mare Island. Caught by the war in New Orleans, Reed reached New York about 1863, badly broke, and knowing his sturdy, almost stolid fidelity and gameness, Morrissey sent him to Saratoga, where he has now been fifteen years. Although Reed lost \$26,000 the first fortnight he was at Saratoga, he did not lose the confidence of his associates, and finally became interested in their games both at Saratoga and New York. He owns a residence at Saratoga which cost him, with the ground, \$66,000. His stables, in the rear of it, are unique, and contain sixteen stalls, each as large as a small parlor, square and without any protuberance or object in them to rub or harm the horses; no racks or hooks, merely four smooth walls and straw. The food is passed into the horses' cells in zinc troughs, hooked behind into the post-hole. On four sides the stable is surrounded by a covered arcade upward of one hundred feet long, with sand floor to exercise the horses in winter, and a large grass paddock opens out of it. He breeds both dogs and race-horses, and President Hayes has two pups from his Kaska dogs, the parent pair having been bred in the Jardin d'Acclimatization, at Paris. They are nearly unknown in this country, and are of a dull, woolly, black color, their hair dropping like llama's wool or rope curls over the round, agile bodies. I will make a little sketch of Reed at home on another day.

The fair, undisguised open gaming of Reed and Spencer is preferable to the secret gaming carried on in the hotels by well-dressed and often educated gentry, sometimes respectably connected or descended. These men are at once pimps or plunderers, luring the stranger into their circle, and there, by an understanding, "skinning" him.

One of the hotel proprietors told me that a few summers ago he found a party of his respectable guests winning considerable sums of money from others, by the use of marked cards. The rascals were all men of ostensible professions or business pursuits, generally Wall street operators. Another time the same proprietor found, by the aid of a letter left in a deserted room, that a coming wealthy guest at his establishment was to be swindled—a man with a passion for card-playing, who had already been heavily plundered once, and was now being followed up for another tussle. By a series of investigations, and the aid of a higher class of gamblers, it was found that the scheme was to fix two of the hotel rooms so that a person in the hidden room could read the victim's hand and telegraph it to the opposite player.

John Chamberlain, a very expert gamester, once the richest in the country, said to me this year: "Gambling, as an open, profitable

business, has been ruined by confidence men. These are parties of fellows who go to a rich, sporting, unscrupulous man and infor him that, by an arrangement with the faro dealer, the game is to be 'thrown.' Perhaps it is the dealer himself who promises to 'throw' it. At the appointed time the victim makes his big bet, and, instead of winning, loses. He is then told that it was a mistake, and, seeking to recover his loss, trusts again, until he is three-fold more involved. This kind of deep game has been played as regularly as monte over the country, and taken from town to town. In the large cities it has spoiled the business by drawing in some of the best customers."

## An Irishman's Courageous Feat.

[Annals of the Army of Tennessee.]

A Lynchburg man performed, late in the siege, a feat never heretofore recorded, and of courage worthy of the honest Irish blood that flowed in his veins. Major Mike Connell, having resigned his commission in a regiment as having passed the age of service, undertook to convey a purchase of sugar from somewhere in Louisiana to its owner in Virginia. He had maneuvered it as far as Vicksburg, and there the siege settled on it. After waiting its issue from week to week, being satisfied that he could accomplish no good by remaining, and was only one more mouth to feed out of next to nothing, Major Connell decided to make his escape. He intimated his purpose to the numerous Virginians in the city and to other friends, and received from these a great budget of letters, which was all his life. Waiting for a stormy night, he laid himself flat in the bottom of a dug-out just large enough to hold him, and was pushed out to take the chances of the Mississippi's arroyo current. He drifted, by good luck, between the gun-boats around them, and next day was swept by a turn of the stream to the east bank near Rodney, and struggled through swamps and across bayous to terra firma. Borrowing somebody's mule (on what terms history is silent), he made his way painfully across the country to the nearest station on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, whence he took cars for Mobile. His letters were mailed, and six weeks' brain fever was the penalty paid for his hardihood. Not many letters have seemed to come so nearly out of the grave as did these missives to their astonished recipients.

Other people went and came between the garrison and the world outside. Others started who never reached their destination; some were captured and some deserted. General Johnson had ten dispatches from Pemberton during the siege, but the number received from him was smaller. How these messengers made their way in and out I have no means of knowing; perhaps through the woods and between the intricate system of hills and vales that surround the city, and perhaps in disguise as citizens of the country. One of the deserters was a youth named Douglas, a native of Illinois, who had lived several years in Texas, and was supposed to be "loyal"—our way. It was he who refreshed the correspondent with the news that Mrs. Pemberton (in Alabama) had been killed by a mortar shell. There were reports, from time to time, of the fitting of Larmer Fontaine—one of the numerous poets for whom the authorship of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" is claimed—between the garrison and the outside world. I do not know if they were true or not.

## Discovery of North America.

A New York paper says: A Wall street broker laid a wager the other day that Christopher Columbus discovered the continent of North America, and, of course, lost it. It is surprising how many intelligent persons entertain the same error. Knowing that he discovered a number of islands in the Western hemisphere, they think that he must of necessity have discovered this continent also. They forget that he died in ignorance of the grandeur of his achievement, believing Cuba, Terra Firma, and the other lands he had found to be remote parts of Asia. Amerigo Vespucci, after whom North and South America is named, did not discover this continent proper either. The land he discovered lay near the equator, and he, too, was deluded with the notion that it was a portion of Asia. John Cabot was the discoverer of North America (some time in May, 1497), which he likewise supposed to belong to the dominions of the Grand Cham. He sailed along the coast for 300 leagues, and went ashore, without finding any human being, though he believed the country inhabited. It is remarkable that the three great discoverers of the Western world should all have been Italians: Columbus having been born in Genoa, Vespucci in Florence, and Cabot, presumably, in Venice. The birth of Cabot is uncertain, as are his age and the place and time of his death. But the fact that the licence granted him by Henry VII. calls him Kabotto, Venetian, would seem to determine the question of his nativity. The discoverers had a sorry fortune. Columbus, as we are aware, was treated with the blackest ingratitude by the King of Spain. When officers of the vessel in which he was carried a prisoner to Spain offered to remove his chains, imposed upon him by royal order, he replied, "I will wear them as a reminder of the gratitude of Princes." He died, as every body knows, neglected, in extreme poverty, of a broken heart. Vespucci had many trials and died poor, and Cabot fell into such obscurity that no one can tell where or when or how he died. Surely the atzuries attendant on the birth of the Western world were not favorable, and in a superstitious age might have led to the belief that his history would never be marked by good fortune.

## A Significant Railroad Rumor.

[Madison Journal.]

It is confidently reported that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company is negotiating for the control of the St. Paul & Pacific railroad, running from St. Paul northwestwardly to Breckenridge on the Red river, with a connection to the Northern Pacific, and owning a magnificent land grant which extends indefinitely to Manitoba, and also upper Dakota, Montana and Idaho. That this treaty is in successful progress would appear from the fact that a party of Milwaukee capitalists, including

Hon. Alexander Mitchell, John Plankinton, Esq., Mayor John Black and ex-Gov. Harrison Lindington, accompanied by John C. Gault, assistant manager of the St. Paul road, and by distinguished capitalists of Chicago and New York, started yesterday on a tour to the Northwest, over the St. Paul lines, and from St. Paul over the St. Paul and Northern Pacific roads. They will extend their journey down the Red river of the North to the British possessions, and westward to the terminus of the Northern Pacific, and will thoroughly explore the resources and railroad capacities of the entire country in that direction.

## A French Story.

60A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun writing from Paris says:

Here is the last balloon story: Monsieur Godard, in his last journey to the clouds but one, was accompanied by a single fellow traveler, who had paid one thousand francs for the privilege of a place by the side of the celebrated aeronaut. The weather was splendid and the balloon reached a considerable height.

"What elfe it has it on you?" inquired M. Godard of his companion.

"None whatever," was the curt reply. "I must compliment you," said M. Godard. "You are the first amateur I have ever known to reach this altitude without experiencing some emotion."

"Go higher," said the amateur coolly. M. Godard threw out some ballast, and the balloon flew up some sixty yards higher.

"Now, how do you feel?" "Just as usual," said the companion in a rather petulant tone.

"By Jove!" exclaimed M. Godard, "you are a born aeronaut, sir!"

The balloon kept on rising, and when a few hundred yards higher M. Godard, for the third time, questioned his companion as to his emotions.

"Emotions! Not a trace of emotion," replied he, with the tone of a man who feels that he has been taken in.

"Well, so much the worse," said the aeronaut. "I see I shall not be able to alarm you; we have risen high enough, and we shall now descend."

"Descend?" "Yes certainly, it would be dangerous to go higher."

"I don't care about the danger, and I don't choose to descend. I am going higher, I am. I paid a thousand francs to experience some emotions I'll have before going down again."

M. Godard burst out laughing. He thought the man was joking.

"Are you going up higher or not?" said the companion, at the same time grasping M. Godard by the throat and shaking him violently. "I intend to have my emotions."

M. Godard saw at a glance that he had to do with a madman. The dilated eyes, the furious grasp, the very tone of his voice left no doubt about that.

But what was to be done? They were some 3,000 feet high among the clouds; a struggle was out of the question, as one violent motion of the madman would be enough to upset the car. All these thoughts passed M. Godard's mind in less than a second. His adversary was a powerful man, and without loosening his grasp, he called out, "Ah, my fine fellow, you have been playing the fool with me. You have made me pay one thousand francs and not given me a single emotion."

"Well but what would you have me do?" asked M. Godard, calmly and soothingly.

"I'm going to throw you over," said the maniac, with a wild laugh; "But first, an idea strikes me; I'll go up to the top of the balloon," and suiting the action to the word he jumped into the rigging of the car.

"But, my poor friend," said the aeronaut, "you'll kill yourself like that!"

The madman uttered a threat. "At least," said M. Godard, "let me put a rope around your waist to prevent an accident."

"Well, be it so," said the madman, who seemed to see the necessity of some precaution, and the rope having been attached, he recommenced climbing the rigging of the balloon with the agility of a squirrel, and in a few moments was seated on the apex, clapping his hands and shouting with joy. At once he takes out of his pocket a large clasp-knife, and brandishing it above his head, yells out: "Now, you rascal! you wanted to descend, did you? So you shall, with a vengeance!" And, before M. Godard can utter a word, four of the six ropes attaching the car to the balloon are cut, and the car itself swinging helplessly outside. The madman's knife was now touching the other two, when the aeronaut calls out to him: "Stop, one word!"

"No, no; down you go,"

"But let me tell you something, my friend; we are now three thousand feet high it is true, but that is not high enough for a thoroughly good fall."

"What do you mean?" asked the madman, confusedly.

"I mean this, that a fall of only three thousand feet might not kill me, and I prefer being killed to being only crippled. Oblige me, therefore, by waiting until we rise three or four thousand feet higher."

"Agreed!" said the madman, who seemed to enjoy the idea of so prodigious a fall.

The aeronaut keeps to his word; he throws out nearly the whole of his ballast, and the balloon shoots up rapidly. But while the madman is attentive, watching this operation, M. Godard observes that among the cordage as yet untouched is the pulley of the gas escape. He gently draws the cord, and the gas begins to escape immediately under the spot where the lunatic is perched. In a few moments the combined effects of the gas and the now intensely rarefied air are apparent, and the madman sinks into a state of lethargy. The aeronaut cautiously brings down his balloon, and the terrible crisis is ended.