THE MILAN EXCHANGE.

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SLUMBER SONG.

Thou little child, with tender, clinging arms,
Drop thy sweet head, my darling, down and rest
Upon my shoulder, rest with all thy charms;
Be soothed and comforted, be loved and blessed.

Against thy silken, honey-colored hair
I lean a loving cheek, a mute caress;
Close, close I gather thee and kiss thy fair
White eyelids, sleep so softly doth oppress.

Dear little head, that lies in calm content
Within the gracious hollow that God made
In every human shoulder, where he meant
Some tired head for comfort should be laid.

Most like a heavy folded rose thou art,
In summer air reposing, warm and still;
Dream thy sweet dreams upon my quiet heart;
I watch thy slumber, naught shall do thee ill.
—*Celia Thaxter.*

THE "RED WING."

A True Story of Early Days.

BY DAN DE QUILLE.

I.—THE WRECKED EMIGRANT FAMILY.

One scorching-hot day in October, 1860, I left Dayton, on the Carson River, for Carson City. It was as hot as in midsummer. The road was at that time a dreary one to travel. It was the regular "Old Emigrant Road." It passed through a sterile waste of alkali lands which spread away on almost a dead level in all directions. I was on foot, and wearily I toiled through the same sand and alkali dust through which long emigrant trains from the Atlantic States had toiled every year since 1849. At the time of which I speak hundreds of emigrants were still crossing the plains, and for some years later they still continued to pour in across the deserts.

As I was plodding along I had several times noticed far ahead something that looked like a small tent. At last I could see that it was a covered wagon, halted in the road.

Finally I could see several persons seated on the roadside, near the wagon—a small, two-horse affair. Then I saw that one of the horses was down, while his mate stood by with drooping head.

Said I: "Here is trouble—evidently a sick horse."

When I pulled up alongside of the shipwrecked family, not one of them said a word. They were the most woe-begone and forlorn party I had ever seen. They hardly raised their heads to look at me. All seemed utterly dejected and given over to some inconsolable grief.

A hasty survey of the scene before me showed a small two horse wagon—looking very shaky about the wheels—broken about the box and surmounted by a cover stretched over bows of very unequal height. The cover was of home-made linen; was patched in places with pieces of butternut-colored linsey and jeans, and had painted on one side, in great sprawling letters, the proud motto: "For Caleforny." A large water-cask was slung under the wagon and a feed trough—nearly gnawed in two—hung behind.

In front of the wagon stood an old bald-faced horse, still attached to the vehicle by the trace-chains and his end of the neck-yoke. Poor old fellow! such another angular, harness-galled, sunken-eyed, melancholy beast I had not seen in many a day.

Near by, his mate lay dead—"alkilied." He seemed to have dropped down in his tracks and died—died with no greater struggle than to throw his head and neck out across the path running by the side of the wagon track.

On a fragment of rock, near the dead horse, sat a man—a man about 45 years of age—looking as though hope had utterly forsaken his breast. His feet, incased in torn brogans, were half hidden in the dust of the road in which they were listlessly planted; his head was bowed until it almost reached his knees, and the wilted brim of his home-wrought straw hat almost concealed his sun-browned and unshaven face.

Near the head of the family sat a bundle, which I should not at once have recognized as a human being had I not observed a pair of shriveled, claw-like hands clasped across what seemed the knees. This bundle constantly rocked to and fro and gave out some kind of mutterings. As the face and upper part of the body were covered by a huge sun-bonnet, with a most voluminous cape, I arrived at the conclusion that the mumbling "party" before me was a woman and doubtless the grandmother of the flock.

Two boys, of about 8 and 10 years, each with his baggy tow-linen trowsers hitched up nearly to his chin, sat flat in the dust at the head of the dead horse, whose nose one of them was fondly stroking. The faces of both were smeared with dust and tears, and both were still quietly blubbering.

A girl of about 17 sat in the front of the wagon, trying to quiet a child that was moaning in a weak, sick way in her arms. The features of this girl were finely formed, but her face was sadly sun-burned. Her bonnet was off and a wealth of brown hair fell in waves over her shoulders and hung in tangles about her face. At a glance it was to be seen that many cares and troubles had fallen upon her and had left her but little time in which to think of or attend to her personal appearance.

A little girl, with flaxen locks hanging about her eyes, was on her knees by the side of the young woman, leaning over the end-board of the wagon and gazing with blue eyes full of wonder at all around, that is, when she was not engaged in gnawing, child-like, at the board upon the edge of which her two little brown paws rested.

All this I saw almost at a glance. For some moments I stood gazing on the really distressing scene, yet no one broke the sorrowful silence.

At length, advancing to the man seated on the fragment of rock, I touched him on the shoulder and said: "Stranger, you appear to be about at the end of your string here!"

"Yes, sir; clean done for—clean done for!" giving me but a single mournful glance, then turning to pick abstractedly at a thread in the blue-jeans patch on the knee of his butternut trowsers.

At first I felt like smiling as I glanced at the lugubrious faces all about me, but a moment's reflection showed me that, as the man said, they were "clean done for," sure enough.

Not a man or team was in sight in any direction, and all about lay the sterile alkali waste, covered, or rather made ragged, here and there, by a sparse growth of sagebrush.

"Have you any money with which to buy another horse?" I at last asked, though I felt that it was an idle question.

"Money!" cried the man, as though startled at the question, and he turned and looked me full in the face for the first time. "Not a cent, sir—not the first red cent! That thar team was all I fotched from old Missouri with me—it was my only hope." Again he resumed picking at the patch on his knee.

The living bundle near at hand now began to swing back and forth in a very violent manner, and at last it gave utterance to these words: "Oh! Mumford! Oh! Mumford!"

Turning to the man on the rock I said: "Is your name Mumford?"

"It is not," said he. "No; she's a thinkin'—thinkin' 'bout the old man—him she's lost."

"Well, come, rouse up, my friend?" cried I: "you can't stay here with this family. What will you do?"

"I know it's bad," said the man, never raising his head, "but what can *I* do?"

"Oh! Mumford! Oh! Mumford!" cried the old lady in such a loud and thrilling tone that I turned and looked at her in alarm. She was rocking herself at such a rate that she almost bounced off the ground at each pendulum-like vibration.

"Pore ole Betty?" said one of the little boys, as he patted the neck of the dead mare—as I now discovered the *horse* to be. "Pore ole Betty!"

"Will daddy leave her here wif all of 'er dead cows?" queried the younger boy, trying to open and look into one of the dead mare's eyes.

I felt a sort of lump rising in my throat, and began to want to see something like action somewhere.

"Come, my friend," said I, as a thought struck me, "rouse up"—slapping the man on the back—"there are dozens of teams going back to California from Virginia every day. They will haul you and all of your traps. Come, my man, you'll be all right yet!"

"But I hain't no money. Tain't no use. I've seed teams an' I've axed lots of 'em to help me along. They won't haul me!"

"But that was while your team was still able to travel. Now they can't refuse—besides, these California teamsters are very different men from those you saw on the Plains."

"I tell yer tain't no use," cried the man, pettishly.

"Oh! Mumford! Oh! Mumford!" cried the old lady, and she began to bounce about so violently that I feared she would roll off the bank into the road.

"Tut! tut! mammy!" said my man.

Beginning to lose patience with all this idle mummery, I turned suddenly toward the swaying bundle and said: "For God's sake, what is all of this nonsense about Mumford?"

It was like giving the bundle an electrical shock. Half springing from her seat, she gave her huge bonnet a push that tumbled it from her head into the dust. "What is this about Mumford?" she cried. "Is *that* what you ask?" Her gray hair bristled all over her head; a wild light shone in her sunken gray eyes, and she stretched a bony hand out toward me almost in a menacing manner. "Mumford," she continued, calming somewhat, "Mumford *is not.* Mumford, sir, *was my husband for forty years.* He sleeps now on the banks of Green River. We left him there. He sleeps there under the trees, where I should sleep!" Her hand dropped, and in a sobbing voice she said: "Yes, under the trees—thank God for that! Under the green trees! He was born among the tall green trees of Kentucky—lived among trees all his life—died among trees! When, far out in the desert, they told him he was dying, sir, he asked to be raised up that he might look out of the wagon. 'No,' said he, 'I can't die here. There is not a tree in sight! Go on.'

"He lived, sir, till we reached Green River, and was laid on his bed under the trees. Then he took my hand, sir, and said: 'Sally, good-by; I'll die now.'"

"Thomas! Thomas!" called a shrill but weak voice from the wagon. "Thomas, is that mother a-talkin'?"

Thomas—the "doubting Thomas"—who had all this time been sitting so dejectedly on the rock, arose and walked sluggishly to the wagon.

The animated bundle looked after him and said: "I'm his mother-in-law! He's a stick—a perfect stick!" said she decidedly. "Yes," repeated she, "a perfect stick! O, that by keepin' Mumford before him—by callin' Mumford up in his mind—I could get him to show some of Mumford's spirit!

In a moment Thomas came back and said: "Nancy—that's my wife, sir—wants to see you. She's sick in the wagon."

Nodding to the young girl who was holding the sick child at the front of the vehicle and placing my hand on the flaxen locks of the little one by her side, I looked into the back part of the "family mansion" just as a tall, thin, hollow-eyed woman was rising from some quilts.

Resting in a sitting position by holding to the side of the wagon, the woman gazed wistfully at me.

"You are sick, my good woman!" said I.

"O, yes, sir—very, sir! I've mountain fever."

Now that I fully comprehended the distressed condition of this poor, sick, friendless, moneyless, shipwrecked family, I was so overcome that, as I stood facing the wistful eyes of the sick woman, I knew not what to say.

Nodding toward the young girl holding the infant, the woman said: "Mary says that you told daddy—my husband—out thar, that some of the teams might help us. O, sir, if they would! Daddy is clean discouraged, pore man!"

I assured the woman that I had said nothing but what I believed to be true.

"Are there many teams on the road now, sir?" asked Mary.

"A great many. I wonder that none have passed along. But you are not on the road they travel. It is nearly half a mile to where this road joins that running from Virginia City to Carson City."

"If I could see them, sir; if they could see mother—see us all—they would help us to get away from here!"

"Indeed they would! Most of them are noble fellows, and there is not a man among them all that would pass you by!"

"O, thank you, sir! Thank you! O, mother! do you hear?" and the kind-hearted girl began kissing the sick baby to hide her tears.

Looking up she said: "Mother has been sick so long and, and now pore little Kitty is sick; and we haven't hardly any thing to eat. What can we do?"

"You are all safe now. Our Washoe people have assisted hundreds of emigrants that were in distress. They will most certainly take care of you till you can find means to get to California."

"God bless them!" said Mary.

"Will you please call Thomas, my husband, sir, to get me some water?" said the sick woman, who had fallen back on her couch and was trying to moisten her parched lips with her equally dry and fevered tongue.

I at once went to her husband and, slapping him on the shoulders to arouse him out of his state of dreamy dejection, told him what his wife required.

As I was about to return to the wagon to have some more talk with Mary, I felt a clutch at my coat. Turning about, I found the old woman gazing keenly in my face. This old woman, I now began to see, had an eye and ear open for all that was going on about her, notwithstanding that at first sight she seemed such a heedless, imbecile bundle.

"That man," said she, "is a good enough husband to my darter; but, la! he ain't one of our kind—he aint Kentucky steck! He ain't like pore Mumford was—hain't got the *stir!* When things went like this, Mumford he'd get mad. La! you ought to see how he'd tar round! Swar! he'd swar terrible, Mumford would; though he's at rest now, pore man! Now, see here—*you* just see what you kin do for us! He," nodding toward the wagon, "he's a stick, you know."

I faithfully promised the Mumford relict that I would see them all out of their troubles.

II.—THE "RED WING."

After getting a drink of water out of the barrel under the wagon, I left to seek assistance; bidding all be of good cheer, as relief would reach them in a few hours, at farthest.

I had followed the road leading to Virginia almost to Silver City, when the music of bells greeted my ears—bells such as are worn by the big ten and twelve-mule teams.

Soon several big teams came into full sight, over a piece of rising ground.

As soon as I had made known to the teamsters—eight or ten in all—the condition of the emigrant family, there was a regular strife among them about going to their relief. All wanted to go, whereas but a single team was required.

A fine strapping young fellow, about 25 years of age, was driving the leading team of the train; all the others were much older and had about them the subjugated look of married men. So I said:

"As there is a good-looking girl over there, and as most of you appear to be married men, suppose we say that this young buck goes?"

With shouts of laughter and many sly jokes this was agreed to at once.

My man had a splendid ten-mule team, each mule wearing bearskin housings and having above the hames a steel bow filled with bells. His vehicle was an immense "prairie schooner," as these great freight wagons are here called, and every thing about team and wagon was in the most perfect order.

On one side of the wagon, was painted in red a large wing, like the wing of some sea-bird. In explanation of this hieroglyph he said: "You see, I call her the 'Red Wing.'"

I told him that the folks out on the desert would certainly look upon him as an angel, notwithstanding he had but one wing.

When we reached the forlorn family and our huge craft rolled up alongside their little vehicle, we looked like a seventy-four-gun ship bearing down upon a canoe.

The family had evidently never dreamed of such a wagon or such an array of animals for a team. Thomas rose from his seat on the rock, rubbed his eyes, and gazed upon the whole rig in utter astonishment; the old lady pushed back her immense sun-bonnet and giggled aloud, while the boys stood and stared in open-mouthed amazement.

Sticking his blacksnake whip under the housings of his saddle mule, my teamster, whose name was John Henderson, as he told me while coming along, jumped to the ground, and, teamster-like, went first of all to look at the old bald-faced horse.

As he walked around him surveying his many unusual "points," his face wore a curious expression—half sneer, half pity.

Going to where the dead mare lay he gave her a careless kick, which instantly brought a beseeching "Don't, Mister!" from the younger of the boys.

Smiling good-humoredly, Henderson turned away and now for the first time deigned to notice the human beings present.

"Well," said he, looking in the direction of Thomas, "I s'spose you folks don't care how soon you get out o' here? Ugh! with all these dead cattle about, the whole place smells like a second-hand funeral!"

Said Thomas: "I must tell you plainly, Mister, that we have no money. We are—"

"Oh! Mumford! Oh! Mumford!" cried the old lady; and squatting upon the ground, she began rocking herself to and fro.

"Is the old lady sick?" kindly asked John Henderson, my bold teamster boy.

"No," whispered I; "it's only a way she has. A little peculiar, that's all," and I winked expressively.

"O, sir," said Mary, "if you will take us I will do any thing! I will work for you; I mean I will work for your father—your mother, sir—for we have no money!"

"I have neither father nor mother in this country, Miss; but who is talking about money or work? Just you tell me where you want to go."

"O, sir," said Mary, "we want to go to California!"

"But to what part of California? California is a broad State."

Mary hesitated, look confused, and finally answered: "I don't know, sir; we only started to go to California."

Thomas was asked and he said: "Don't know, Mister, of any particular part—we only jist started to go to Caleforny."

"Oh! Mumford! Oh! Mumford!" groaned the old lady.

Henderson started at this second outbreak, gazed curiously at the old woman for a moment, then gave me a look which said more plainly than any words, "Rum old gal, ain't she?"

"Well," said Henderson, addressing the family collectively, "as you don't seem to be bound for any particular port, by the beard of Balaam! I'll just bundle you all up and take you down to Sacramento Valley to my ranch; it's as good luck as any."

Nobody offered any objection. The short and emphatic speech made by Henderson seemed to have settled the whole matter.

The kind-hearted teamster was now all bustle. All the valuable contents of the little emigrant wagon were soon stowed away in the capacious "prairie schooner," as were the extra harness and other outside traps. The water cask was unslung from under the small craft, and, giving it a kick that sent it rolling, Henderson said: "We shan't need that!"

At this the old lady, of whom nobody was thinking, cried: "Yes we shall. Take it along; it'll come mighty handy to keep soap in!"

"Never you mind, granny," said Henderson, smiling at the idea; "we shall find soap-barrels enough over the mountains."

Henderson spread his own mattress and bed for the sick woman and child in the small wagon, it having been cleared of all in the shape of boxes and baggage, making both quite comfortable.

All hands of us then hauled the small craft into position, and it was securely lashed behind the big wagon as a "back-action"—that is, it was taken in tow by the large "prairie schooner"—the gallant "Red Wing."

Thomas and the boys were mounted into the large wagon, while all of the women were placed in the small one.

As I assisted the tottering old lady into the vehicle, she paused when half way in, and nodding her head toward Henderson, said to me in a triumphant whisper: "He's just like Mumford!"

"Good-by" was soon said all round; a crack like the report of a rifle rang out from Henderson's blacksnake whip; a shower of music was shaken out of the scores of bells worn by the team, and the two vehicles moved slowly away in the direction of the main road to Carson City.

At the distance of a few hundred yards, the old bald-faced horse, as he went limping after the smaller craft, seemed suddenly to remember that he was leaving behind the mare—his old companion. Two or three times he turned his head and began to whinny, but his stout rope halter brought him up with a jerk that nearly threw him off his trembling legs, so he gave it up and they all moved on.

"Poor old devil!" said I, as I stood there alone in the desert; "he feels much as did the 'relict' when she left Mumford behind, under the trees on the banks of Green River."

III—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

One night in the fall of 1867, either in September or October, I was at Chamberlain's Station, in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the Donner Lake wagon road, waiting for Roberts & Company's line of coaches to take me the next day to the then new mines at Meadow Lake.

After supper the bar-room was almost filled with teamsters, and more were constantly arriving, although it was by this time quite dark.

They were all talking "horse" and "mule." Not a teamster, horse, or mule was there on the road that they were not, one and all, familiarly acquainted with.

I paid but a dreamy sort of attention to their conversation till one of them, with a good deal of emphasis, said: "I tell you what, Johnny, ef you hadn't a hitched on to me and helped me up that air last hill, I'd a bin at the foot of it till yit."

"That is all right, Bill; you know I never pass by and leave a man in trouble. By the beard of Balaam! I have my opinion of a fellow that will do a trick like that."

Instantly I was all attention. Although it had been seven years since I had heard that strange mild oath—though I heard it then for the first time, and had never once thought of it since—I at once remembered where, and under what circumstances, I had before heard it.

I soon had the man who had used the peculiar oath, if oath it could be called, safely cornered at some distance from the main throng of guests, when I asked him if he remembered having assisted a poor, wrecked emigrant family out of a desert over in Washoe, naming the time and place.

"Well, I rather guess I do remember it! Not much chance of my ever forgetting it, *now!* But how do you happen to know about that? You ain't——. Well, by the beard of Balaam! yes, you are! You are the very fellow that came out on the road and got me to go down after the family! Why, how do you do?"

Having released my hand from John Henderson's fearful grasp, and straightened out my fingers, I said: "I did not remember your face, Mr. Henderson, but I recollected that peculiar style of oath of yours. You used it once down in the desert. I have never heard it since till you used it a moment ago. The instant I heard it I saw before me a picture of the family on the desert—saw you and the big wagon—the old bald-faced horse—saw every thing!"

"O, you mean, 'by the beard of Balaam!' Well that is my only oath—my only *swear.* It's the family oath; my father before me used to swear it, and no other. In this I follow his example."

"What became of the poor emigrant family?" I asked. "Where did they finally bring up? Did you get them over the mountains all right?"

"Did I get them over the mountains all right! Well I *rather* think I did! and I've got 'em right till now!"

"Till now? Then you know where they are and how they are getting along?"

"Yes; I may say I do. Did you notice that oldest girl?—looked a bit tanned and dusty and used up out there, but when she got rested and fixed up, and her mother and the child got well, she was a little the brightest, liveliest and best-lookin' girl I ever saw anywhere. I tell *you*, I got dead in love with that girl before we'd got half way over the mountains—just with her talk and patient ways. Then when I afterwards saw her fixed up!—bet yer life I wasn't going to lose her!"

"Well," he continued, "as I was about to tell you: I took the whole lot right down to my ranch, and having a big barn of a house on it that used to be a sort of a tavern, I set 'em up and told 'em to go to livin'.

"They did as I told 'em, and I went to courtin' Molly in dead earnest—almost neglecting business to do it.

"To make a long story short, in six months we were married—bless the day! The trip to the church with her was the best I ever made—save one, perhaps! But, it seems like an old story now. Why, bless you! we've two bouncin' boys and a little girl by this time!"

"And Thomas?" I asked. "How does Thomas make it?"

"Thomas? O, you mean Anderson—my father-in-law. Well, he'll never set the world a-fire! He's a good sort of an old man, though. He's got a little ranch of his own, off part of mine. He's contented as a lamb—he is. He jist potters and potters about, and is happy.

"But grandmother Mumford—the old lady, you know—well, it was just astonishin' the way she come out when she struck California—her and that old horse—after they'd got settled on the ranch! Why, that old critter—the old woman, I mean—she jist got as spry as a quail. I often used to tell her—when I see her chasin' the young turkeys—'Grandmother Mumford, you'll be a-kickin' up your heels next, like old Barney, out in the pastur!'"

"Does she ever come the—'Oh! Mumford! Oh! Mumford!' dodge nowadays?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared John Henderson. "How do you know about that? Oh, I recollect now; she did some of it out there in the desert. Yes; she brings Mumford up occasionally, when father Anderson don't fly about fast enough to suit her—when she's put out with him, you know. Then she sits down and humps herself, like, or comes over to my house and stays a month at a time. O! I forgot to tell you—she is rich now! Some of her big relations back in Kentucky—the Mumfords and Sylvesters, and among 'em—died and left her, or it fell to her some way, a clean $75,000 in coin! We've named two of the children after her—I mean the girl after her and the boy after Mumford, the one out on Green River. His name, it seems, was Isaac—not a name I would have selected, but—well, as far as that goes, she has fixed it all right for Molly. I mean that the old lady has—in her will, you know. But this is too much like talkin' business at a funeral, and I'm rich enough already—almost."

A stout, handsome young man about 17 years of age now approached, and was introduced by Henderson as "Robert Anderson, my brother-in-law. He's one of the boys you saw over in Washoe."

After some talk about the trouble on the desert Mr. Henderson told me that "Bob" was driving one of his teams.

"I have three 'wings' now—a 'red wing,' a 'white wing' and a 'blue wing.'"

"Have you the same old 'Red Wing?'" I asked.

"Yes," said Henderson; "but, like the man's jack knife, so many new feathers have been put in here and there at various times that it is hard to say how much of the original is left. I feel a great liking for the old craft, and I shall always consider that one particular trip to Washoe with the old Red Wing a lucky cruise—it brought me Molly."

Cheap Transportation.

The managers of the Grand Trunk (Canada) Railroad not long ago got the impression that some of their conductors were "turning an honest penny" for themselves to the detriment of the road, and they thought they would try an experiment in order to ascertain, as well as they could, if their suspicions were correct. One day they put some of their clerks on some of their trains to collect tickets and take fares, just to see how the receipts would average with those of previous days. Two clerks were sent on the train from Montreal to St. John, with orders to only collect the fares, while the conductor was to run the train in the other respects as usual. Everything worked smoothly on the down trip, but when they reached St. John the train had to wait some little time before returning. It was a cold day, and the clerks went into the refreshment room and took something wet to keep themselves dry and warm. When it was time to return the conductor was in too great a hurry to inform them, and the train returned to Montreal without them. The conductor had no authority to take the tickets, and not a fare was collected. The managers of the road came to the conclusion that that trip did not average well.

"Nature's Scavenger."

Muspratt gave to iron the name of "Nature's scavenger," and Professsor Medlock justifies the appellation by means of recent observations and analyses. By placing water in contact with a large surface of iron, he discovered that in about two days every trace of organic matter had disappeared or was rendered insoluble, in which state it could be removed by filtration. It was also discovered that water, which had been conveyed through iron mains, instead of being contaminated, was actually rendered more pure; that which contained, on entering the pipes, iron to the extent of nearly one-half grain per gallon was found to contain on issuing scarcely a trace of this metal. Water, containing 2.10 organic matter and .96 of iron, after standing in contact with iron for some time, was found by subsequent analysis to be virtually pure, the organic matters having either been decomposed or precipitated. These results would seem to suggest a simple and effective method for obtaining pure water, and, if we mistake not, their publication will soon be followed by an advertisement setting forth the claims of some new filter and water-purifier.

"TEAR-OF-THE-CLOUD" and the "Moss-pool" are two lakelets in the Adirondack region. During the topographical survey of 1873, the details of which have been recently made public by the report of Mr. Verplanck Colvin, it was discovered that these lakelets are the mountain sources of the Hudson. In the language of the report they are designated as "the highest pond source of the Hudson River."

THE aquarium at Naples has, it is said, suffered severely by the attacks of rats, which not only destroyed or seriously injured the wood-work, but even cut the doors, and devoured a number of animals in the tanks. In an attack on the octopus, one intruder got the worst of it, as he was caught by his intended prey, and nothing left of him the next morning but the bones and part of the skin.

ABOUT AVALANCHES.

How they Start—Rolling and Sliding Avalanches—None of them Agreeable Visitants.

Avalanches—in this country generally spoken of as snow-slides—are of two kinds, the rolling and the sliding; though the rolling avalanches often plunge and slide for a considerable distance through the lower part of their course. The purely sliding avalanches, or snow-slides, are such as occur in dry or merely moist snow, while the

ROLLING AVALANCHES

Take place when the snow is wet or sufficiently moist to form into balls by rolling. The avalanches that occurred in this city day before yesterday were of the genuine rolling description—the kind most dreaded and most destructive in the valleys of the Alps. A very small beginning when the snow is in the proper condition may end in a destructive avalanche. A ball of snow no larger than a man's head, started high up on the side of Mount Davidson day before yesterday, might have swept away several houses at the foot of the mountain. The fearful force of the avalanche was shown here day before yesterday, when the first one broke into a house and killed two men, and the second demolished two houses and buried five persons, who were rescued with much difficulty. A further illustration of the terrible force and destructive powers of the avalanche is to be found in the fact that twenty-eight Chinamen were killed night before last by one that fell near Genoa. As we have said, a small ball of snow started high up on the slope of Mount Davidson would result in a genuine avalanche. In rolling a distance of fifty yards in the moist snow the small ball of snow would become four or five feet in diameter, when it would burst and each piece of it would an instant after form a ball of large size; these in turn would explode as soon as they had acquired a certain weight and velocity, and a moment after there would be hundreds and thousands of these balls in motion, all bounding down the steep side of the mountain. While hundreds of these are exploding or just forming, other hundreds are of full size and are picking up rocks, dirt and all manner of rubbish, which becomes involved in the grand downward rush. Toward the lower part of their course the balls become so numerous that they bound and clash together so often that they are broken before they acquire any great size, and the whole avalanche is then a plunging, sliding mass of snow. The second avalanche which occurred here day before yesterday, and which knocked two houses to pieces and buried five persons, started but a few hundred yards above where the houses stood. It started at a bunch of rocks which projected fifteen or twenty feet above the general surface of the slope of the mountain. On these rocks the snow had fallen and accumulated to the depth of about three feet, hanging in places as snow is seen to do on the eaves of a house. From one of these rocks fell a bunch of snow which began to roll down the hill and the result was a destructive avalanche. Doubtless the first avalanche—the one which came down in the morning, and which killed two men—started in much the same way. If there are any who doubt the correctness of what we have said about this description of avalanche, let the doubters ascend Mount Davidson when the snow shall next be found in proper condition and start down a few small balls and we will bet a new hat we get a first-class item out of the experiment.

SLIDING AVALANCHES.

Besides the rolling avalanches there are two other kinds seen in the mountains of the Pacific Coast, both of which slide from the start just as snow is seen to slide from the roof of a house. The first of these occurs when a foot or more of fresh snow has fallen upon the frozen surface of a former snow—snow that is covered with a smooth, glassy crust. Although bad enough, this species of avalanche is not so fiercely destructive as are such as occur in wet snow, but once such an avalanche starts on the side of a mountain it never stops until it has reached a valley.

AVALANCHES IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.

The second kind of sliding avalanche occurs among the higher peaks of the Sierras—far up where there are vast areas of naked rock. They are formed of snow which slides from the face of great slopes of bare rock. Such avalanches are sure to occur when the first snow of the season proves to be of the depth of a foot or more. The rocks are then warm and the snow accumulating upon them melts on the under side, till finally so much water is formed that the whole mass slides off, just as snow is thawed and slides from the roof of a house. These being somewhat wet, often carry with them great quantities of rocks, and if they have a long run to make often sweep trees and all before them before reaching the valleys. We have had the dismal pleasure of hearing a number of these fall while lying under a covering of about two feet of snow among the peaks of the mountains high above the Yosemite Valley. There would first fill the air a sort of hissing roar, as though snow were sliding off a thousand-acre roof, then about from two to four seconds of deep silence, followed by the tremendous roar and clatter of the snow and rocks falling from the brow of the Semi-dome and other great mountain peaks into the valley below. In the winter of 1859 we heard at least a dozen of these avalanches fall into Yosemite Valley in one night. It was the first snow of the season, and was a very good night for avalanches.

How we came to have this avalanche experience may be explained in a single sentence: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." About the headwaters of the Tuolumne River, far up toward Mono Pass, are to be seen semi-circular walls of rocks and trees ground to fragments, which are ten feet in height, and which have been pushed far out into the deep valleys. In conclusion, we would remark that avalanches are good things—to little on the upper end of.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

Effect of Exercise.

It is found by observation that the effect of "training," or the persistent use of gymnastic exercises, is to enlarge the heart and lungs both in size and capacity. Archibald McClaren, Superintendent of the Oxford gymnasium, and author of "Physical Education," says: "One of the army officers sent to me to be instructed in gymnastics gained five inches in girth around the chest in less than three months." That this growth is not explained by the mere enlargement of the pectoral muscles is proved by the increased volume of air which the lungs are enabled to expire, as is demonstrated by the spirometer, and post-mortems abundantly show an increased capacity as well as size in the heart and large blood vessels. The lungs increase both in length and breadth, forcing the ribs outward and the diaphragm downward. It is for this reason that athletes and gymnasts are enabled to make prolonged and violent exertions without getting out of wind. The capacity of the heart and central arteries being enlarged, they can accommodate more blood. Their contractile power being increased by this new demand upon them, they are enabled to send on the current through the lungs with increased velocity, and thus by their greater capacity are able to oxygenize the blood as fast as it is supplied to them, and so no congestion takes place, and no inconvenience is felt. The normal capacity of the lungs of an adult male is about two hundred (200) cubic inches. It is computed that an enlargement of three inches around the chest gives an increase of fifty cubic inches of lung capacity.

DELICATE CAKE.—The whites of 9 eggs, 2 cups of sugar, powdered; ½ cup of butter, 3 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder.

A ROMANTIC ELOPEMENT.

With a Beautiful Quakeress In It, And How All Turned Out for the Best.

The New York *Mercury* tells this pretty little story:

About two miles northwest of Newark, N. J., is located the little village of Wassessing, and here an elderly couple took up their residence last May, giving their names as Steinbrenner. Some two months ago a young lady of some twenty years was seen in and about the neat little cottage, but she never appeared on the street, nor did she visit any of the two or three stores that form the business part of the town. Several times a coach was seen standing in front of the cottage, and a tall, fine-looking man was noticed getting in and out of the same, visiting the Steinbrenners. Who the old people, the girl, and the strange man were seemed a mystery, notwithstanding all the efforts made by the inquisitive neighbors and the gossipers of the town. Last Monday another strange man appeared about the town, and during the week it was discovered that he was watching the cottage and the mysterious Steinbrenners. This man always left in the evening by Conductor Moore's train, which goes only as far as Newark. On New Year's morning one of the neighbors heard loud talking in the cottage, as if parties were quarreling, and noticed the coach standing in front of the door. Presently they saw the young lady come out, accompanied by the gentleman who had been making daily visits to the cottage and the man who had been loitering about the town for the past week. They drove off rapidly towards Newark, and this was the last seen of them by the Wassessingites. They crossed, it seems, over into Hudson County and to the residence of Squire Hall, where the young girl and the regular visitor

WERE HASTILY MARRIED.

And now for the explanation of these mysterious movements. The gentleman, it subsequently transpired, was Gen. Alfred Storms of Philadelphia, and the young lady a Miss Otto Louise Kellogg of the same place, the daughter of a very wealthy old Quaker family. It seems that the parents of the young girl, objecting to her marriage with Storms, because he was not a believer in their faith, the two finally agreed to elope, but Miss Kellogg was to keep her marriage a secret.

Storms found the old couple, Steinbrenners, and they agreed to board the girl. The girl informed her parents by note on her departure from home, that, as they would not let her marry Storms, she intended to enter a convent, and that they need never expect to lay eyes on her again, as friends had agreed to get her in an institution under an assumed name. Mr. Kellogg, as soon as he found that his daughter had disappeared, put two private detectives of Philadelphia on her track, and all the convents in the Eastern and Middle States were visited; but no clew to the missing girl obtained. At last one of the officers, Detective Leary, with the aid of Detective Hurley, got on the track of Storms, in New York, and followed him on several occasions. They traced him to Wassessing two or three days, and watching the Steinbrenner cottage they became satisfied that they had discovered Miss Kellogg's mysterious convent. So, on the above day, when Storms had been in the cottage about half an hour, Leary put in an appearance, and immediately made known his business, producing a warrant for the

ARREST OF THE YOUNG LADY,

issued by Justice Hall. Gen. Storms immediately claimed her as his wife, but Leary would not heed it and told the poor girl she must go along with him. Storms seeing that there was no alternative tendered his coach and asked to be allowed to accompany them. This request was acceded to after some words had passed between Leary and himself. The latter then whispered to Miss Kellogg and in a jiffy she was ready for the journey. They were not long in reaching Justice Hall's, when Storms asked the Justice if he could speak in private with him. This the Squire agreed to, and after Leary had returned his search-warrant, Squire Hall said he would hold a private interview with the young lady.

They retired to the Squire's private office and soon Gen. Storms was asked to step in the room for a moment. Leary suspected nothing, but while he was pacing up and down the room congratulating himself, no doubt, over his success, and a big reward for services, Miss Kellogg was being made Mrs. Storms. Soon the party returned to the main office and Squire Hall stated that the lady would have to be given over to the custody of Gen. Storms as he had proven to his full satisfaction that she was his lawful wife—he held the evidence—and besides she was of age (twenty), her parents having by law lost their legal right over her for the past two years or more. When Leary ascertained the facts he was compelled to take his departure without the lady, while Gen. and Mrs. Storms and the Squire drove over to Newark.

A York State Buffalo Hunt.

A New York paper describes a recent buffalo hunt on the ground where those animals roamed three or four hundred years ago:

A genuine excitement and perilous wild buffalo hunt is the latest excitement in Rochester County. Ben Holladay, the great contractor of the Pacific coast, has a farm of some hundreds of acres, about three miles east of White Plains village. In the center of this great farm is the Holladay mansion. It is a great stone structure with a leaning toward the architecture of the old Norman castles. So large is it that there being only one wing furnished there is ample room for the family and many guests. This wing, with its elegant furniture and fittings, is the marvel of the neighbors. To the rear of the house are roomy stone stables filled with valuable stock, and thoroughbred English horses that take the fences and travel across the country to the astonishment of the farmers.

The acres of ground about the house in lawns and terraces are enclosed by a massive stone wall in which there are heavy iron gates. At the main gate is a keeper's lodge, also of stone, in which the gate-keeper and his family live. The gates at this entrance have cast on their surface the name of the place which they guard—Ophir Farm. Within the wall and at some distance from the house is a small, stone church, complete in all its appointments. This is the Holladay church, and when the family are at home they have a minister who preaches nowhere else.

A few years ago the great Ben thought a park full of game was all that was needed to make the Ophir Farm complete. A large plot was enclosed with a high fence and stocked with deer. The notion of a few buffalo followed, and his mailbagness sent some from the West. Seven arrived. They were perfect specimens of the animals over whose carcasses "Bison William" stalked to fame. Last spring they escaped from the park and speedily became a nuisance to the country for miles around. No fence could stop them, and they ate every thing. One by one they were killed off, several having strayed into Connecticut. The men on the Holladay farm paid no attention to them, and one man told the neighboring farmers they might shoot them if they could. Two of the largest browsed in the neighborhood, and were much of the time away from the Holladay farm. Their depredations were severely felt in the apple orchards last fall. They were seen occasionally, but only at a distance.

On Saturday last they were near Mr. W. H. Dusenbury's house, in the town of Purchase. There was enough snow on the ground to make it easy to track them, and young Wolsey Dusenbury, with his friend Stephen Deblois, determined to try to kill them. They had no rifles, but putting bullets in their shot-guns, they started out. The buffalo kept well together, and were easily followed by the hunters, who occasionally caught a glimpse of them half a mile ahead. The chase led the hunters nearly to Kensico, ten miles, and there they suddenly came upon the buffalo in a wood. They were off before a shot could be fired, and taking the back track, were followed by the excited hunters. About three-quarters of a mile from Purchase the hunters again came up with the game, and aided by their previous experience, got a shot. It took effect in the shoulder of the bull, a monster, who weighed about 1,000 pounds. Two more shots were fired before the beast was felled. The smaller animal made a desperate charge upon the hunters, who had given its mate a death wound. The latter sought safety in flight, and with a number of boys who had joined them, took the trees, from whose branches a shot reached the beast below. She retreated, and was pursued about a mile and then killed, after again treeing her pursuers. The skin of the large buffalo is nine feet long and eight feet wide.

Four Children at a Birth.

[From the Chicago Inter-Ocean, January 30.]

At No. 204 Wentworth Avenue, Chicago, on the 15th inst., Mrs. Peter Weber, of four daughters.

That's the way the event would have been announced to the world had it taken place in some of the older settlements of the earth across the sea, say in Great Britain, where the primal injunction is still held in reverence by the Queen and the meanest of her subjects. Had Mr. Peter Weber been a British subject instead of an American citizen, he would ere now have been the happy recipient of a congratulatory message from the most gracious Queen, not to speak of the sum of ten guineas or so of the current coin of the realm by way of recognition of his contribution. "They manage these things better over the water." The voice of Rachael crying for her children is not often heeded there, but the voice of the children crying for Rachael, when they happen to come three or more at a time, attracts the ear and the purse of monarchy (to the extent of ten guineas.)

Mr. Weber is a modest man, and probably would never have mentioned the little occurrence at 204 Wentworth Avenue had it not been for the demonstrativeness of an admiring friend. But having once admitted the fact, he was quite willing to endure a little cross-examination.

Mr. Weber is a machinist by trade, a German by birth. Just now he is a saloon-keeper, and one might judge, by his appearance and demeanor, that he keeps a very respectable kind of place. He is a cheerful, jovial-looking fellow, apparently about thirty years of age, of medium stature, light hair, and florid complexion. His wife, he says, is a French-Canadian. They have been married eleven years, and two of their children are already on the way toward maturity.

The event of the 15th, he says, was a surprise to him, but he kept a cheerful countenance and looked out for burglars. Not one of them got away. Up to last night they (the children) were all, except one, doing well, and promising to have the ordinary lease of human life. The accoucher, on the interesting occasion, was Dr. Edwin P. B. Wilder, whose office is at 365 Wentworth Avenue, and who resides at 183 Twenty-second Street. For particulars inquire of him.

The father of this happy group of four girls, all of an age, was seen in the vicinity of the City Hall, yesterday afternoon. Some of his friends were evidently determined to make a lion of him, but he seemed rather inclined to get away from their well-meant demonstrations, until a reporter of the *Inter-Ocean* asked him whether the story they were telling was true or not?

"True," said he; "well, you just jump on the cars and come up to my house, and I'll show you as pretty a sight as you will ever see in Chicago."

"Are they all alive and well, Mr. Weber?"

"They're just over two weeks old, and all doing pretty well. No," said he, after a pause, "one of them's not doing so well. I'm afraid she's not going to live."

"Is that the youngest one?"

"How do I know?" said Mr. Weber; "its the little one. She's never been as well as the other ones, and she looks rather thin and yellow like. I'm afraid I'll have to bury her."

"But the other three are healthy?"

"Well, if you don't believe me, you just come up and see my crib, with the young ones in it. There's two little heads up this way, and two little heads up that way. It's the prettiest nest you ever saw."

"Mr. Weber," said the reporter, "will you allow me to ask you"—

"Oh, mein Gott!" said the father of the four all at once, "what you want to ask me so many questions for? I tell you, come up and see them yourself, and then you'll know all about it. My wife is getting well, and she'll be glad to see you and show them to you."

"Mr. Weber, one question more: Have you any objection to my mentioning this fact in the newspapers? Of course, it's your own affair, and I would not make it public without your permission."

Said Mr. W.: "Why, you can do as you like about that. I don't care who knows it, and if you don't believe it you just come up to 204 Wentworth Avenue and see my little nest."

With that Mr. Weber tore himself away from his friends, and went toward the cars.

Four girl babies, all in one nest! It is to be hoped that the sickly one will "get along," and be a comfort to her little sisters after all.

A Peddler's Wonderful Ride.

A peddler named Jonas Marburger has for many years tramped over various sections of this and neighboring counties selling his wares; and by a consistent course he has won the confidence and esteem of a large number of acquaintances. On Tuesday afternoon about 5 o'clock the peddler opened his pack in the kitchen of a man named Eshelstaub, in Albany Township. The farmer's wife purchased what she desired, and the peddler, according to the custom of that neighborhood, was asked to remain for supper, which he did, and subsequently determined to stay all night.

At about 9 o'clock the peddler was shown to a large garret under the roof, where he was to sleep. The family retired, and nothing unusual occurred until some time near midnight, when the farmer was awakened by the barking of watch dogs and the tramping of horse's hoofs. He arose and looked out of the window toward the barn, when an extraordinary sight met his gaze. The dogs were in an adjoining field, and, strange to say, there appeared to be a ghost riding about on one of the farmer's young horses. The farmer called the hired man, and on going to the garret with a lantern they found the bed which had been occupied empty, and the peddler gone, but his clothes still hanging on a chair, where he had evidently placed them. The farmer and hired man went down stairs, and found that all the doors were locked as they were before they retired. Going out, they found the horse still on a full gallop under the direction of his mysterious rider. The hired man watched his chance, caught the animal, and upon closer examination found that the rider was the peddler who sat there like a statue, and was in a complete state of somnambulism. He had nothing on him excepting his shirt, undershirt, drawers and stockings, and notwithstanding the coldness of the night he was perspiring freely when lifted down. They could not waken him properly until he was led into the house, and when he came to his senses he seemed to know nothing of what had occurred. He seemed startled at being out of bed and down stairs in such apparel. Subsequent examination showed that the man, in his strange state, had worked his way out of a trap door to the roof and thence down to a roof of a back building, and thence to the ground.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

A MAN may grow to weigh a ton
Who feasts his mind with pungent fun;
But he who scorns its simple sway
Oft yields to crime an easy prey.

THE reason an urchin gave for being late at school Monday, was that a boy, in the next house, was going to have a dressing-down with a bed-cord, and he waited to hear him howl.

A SCIENTIFIC friend, who had been reading, with great patience, an exhaustive treatise on the "velocity of light," says he now knows how it is that his gas bill bill runs up so rapidly.

THIN PARTY (to street urchin)—"Boy, what makes that dog follow me?" The youngster casts a knowing look at him, and readily replies—"Guess he takes you for a bone."

ON retiring from business a wise old man said to his son and successor: "Now, my boy, remember that common sense is the best thing you can bring to bear on every affair of life except love-making."

A SCHOOL in Vermont is presided over by a cross-eyed teacher. A few days ago he called out: "That boy I am looking at will please step out on the floor." Immediately twenty-seven lads walked out in front of the astonished pedagogue.

SCHOOL INSPECTOR (to urchin)—"Now Johnny, how many can you count?" Johnny—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten." Inspector—"Good, Johnny; go on." Johnny (after a moment's thought)—"Jack, queen, king, ace."

A BOY once complained of his brother for taking half of the bed. "And why not?" said his mother; "he is entitled to half, is he not?" "Yes, ma," said the boy; "but how should you like to have him take all the soft for his half? He will have his half out of the middle, and I have to sleep on both sides of him."

AT an examination in one of the public schools of Wheeling, West Virginia, a few days ago, a youngster was asked to name the different forms of government. "Democracy and Hypocrisy," was the reply. "Under what form of government do we live?" asked the teacher. The boy hesitated a moment and then answered, "Hypocrisy."

A WEE bit of a girl in Cusco, Wis., while at the breakfast-table, a few mornings since, made loud and repeated calls for buttered toast. After disposing of a liberal quantity of that nourishing article, she was told that too much toast would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish for a moment, she thought she saw a way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed. "Well, give me anuzzer piece, and send for the doctor."

A YOUNG gentleman, six years of age, was partaking pretty freely of the good things of this life at the dinner-table, immediately after his return from Sunday-school. An elder brother, eight years old, after eyeing him for some time, said: "Charlie, if you were to eat much more, and it should kill you, you would weigh so much that the angels could not carry you to heaven." Little six-year-old hesitated a moment, and then, looking up, replied: "Well, if they couldn't do it alone, God would send Samson down to help them."

Lost on the Prairie.

About noon on Wednesday last, Andrew Smith, a teamster, started from Mark L. Blunt's ranch, on the St. Charles, to go to the Cedars, near the Bull Corral, for a load of posts. He took with him Joseph Green, about thirteen years old. On their arrival at the point designated they established a camp, made a fire, and left their bedding and extra clothing. They then started with their team for the place where the posts were lying, intending to load up and return to camp that night. They loaded the wagon and had traveled some distance toward their camp, when some portion of the wagon broke down, and Smith, leaving the boy in charge of the team, started for camp to get a rope with which to tie up the mules. He arrived at the camp, found the rope, tied the mules, and he and the boy tried to find their way to camp, following the trail in the snow previously made by Smith. They went a short distance toward camp, when the wind began to blow with such power that the trail was soon obliterated, and the two unfortunates discovered to their horror that they were lost on the prairie.

After wandering for some time in the darkness, it being intensely cold, and Smith having left his coat at camp, they found their way to the cedars. Here Smith gathered splinters and brush and tried to make a fire, but the wind blew them out, his benumbed hands being powerless to defend the flame. Again they resumed their wanderings, until the boy, overcome by that extreme drowsiness which always precedes death by freezing, declared he would go no further. Smith then took him on his back and carried him, he thinks, for about three hours, when he found him to be dead. The boy was laid under a cedar tree, and the place marked as well as possible. This was near daybreak on Thursday morning. Smith wandered about nearly all day on Thursday, and when night came succeeded in finding his way to the house of a Mexican living on the Huerfano, where he was kindly taken in. On Friday he started to find his team and the body of young Green. After searching all day both were found, the boy's face bearing evidences of an almost painless death, and the mules nearly ready to die from starvation and cold. When the mules were found they had almost eaten up the wood rack on the wagon.—*Greeley Tribune.*

An Old-Fashioned Sleighing Party.

Much curiosity was excited on the streets yesterday by the appearence of a party of pleasure seekers dressed in the costume of revolutionary times and seated in a sleigh which evidently belonged to a period quite as ancient. It is rare, indeed, that such relics of another age are to be seen, consequently some account of this turnout will not be uninteresting. The sleigh was built in 1778, at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, by a Mr. Caldwell, and his descendants have retained possession of it uninterruptedly until within about a year. It is now the property of Messrs. Moses Colman & Son, 121 Portland Street, and a party from their office occupied it yesterday. Notwithstanding it is almost one hundred years old, this sleigh seems as sound to-day as when it first pressed the snow of New Hampshire hills, and with good usage it seems destined to long outlast the famous "Deacon's One-Horse Shay," although, judging from appearances, the same builder might have had a hand in both. Quite as remarkable as the conveyance, however, were the costumes of those within it. The clothes were all of homespun, and some of the garments are almost historical. One overcoat was worn by Lieutenant French, of New Hampshire, in the war of 1812, and at that time it was looked upon as an old coat. Another like it is fully a cenutry old, and both are well preserved. A scarlet coat, the property of Luther Noys, Esq., of Newbury, has outlived four full generations and it still remains an attractive garment. Singularly enough, its style is almost identical with fashions now shown. A wrapper, checked like Joseph's coat, was smuggled from England sixty-three years ago and now belongs to Mr. Stone, at Newburyport. Indeed, it is from this old city that many of the articles of apparel come—the hats, the wraps and blankets, and there was more of antiquity in them than can usually be shown in a week's journey. Two huge strings of bells, with voices like a church chime, and with the dinginess of fifty years covering them, were another attraction in this novel collection, and their deep bass mingled strangely with the sharp jingle of the dainty contrivances which make music for the modern sleigh-rider.—*Boston Post.*

Buffalo in Dakota.

A large herd of buffalo are reported to be wintering in the vicinity of Devil's Lake, between Fort Totten and Jamestown, on the Dakota or James river. Estimates put the number of these monarchs of the plains at 1,500. They go about in one herd, and from the best calculation have wandered from the region of the headwaters of the Saskatchewan, nearly 1,000 miles distant. The story seems almost incredible, but it is vouched for by settlers on the Red River who were at Totten recently. It is also stated that Government drovers, who were on their way to Fort Totten with beef cattle, lost a large number of their stock by the latter stampedin with the buffalo.—*Yankton Press.*