CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEUNENBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

THE oldest known manuscript is par of the Iliad found in Upper Egypt.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY RIDDLE, of Washington, has made a remarkable record this year. His office has tried 8,430 cases, with 7,870 convictions.

HENRY IRVING is not only having new dresses made for the representation of "Macbeth," but new goods woven, of special and novel material.

WORD comes of the death of James King, an English military bandmaster, who, at the age of 6 years, accompanied his father—a trumpet major—at Waterloo.

ANNA CATHARINE GREEN, author of "Behind Closed Doors" and other stories, writes with a lead pencil, and carefully hoards all the old stumps which her tales have been written.

GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, is now eighty-eight years of age, but is hale and hearty, with the life and good spirits of a boy. His hair and beard are white as snow, but his eyes are clear and his wit keen.

KING JA JA, the deposed potentate of West Africa, who is now a prisoner on the Island of St. Vincent, is to be joined by his youngest wife, Queen Patience, who is only eighteen years old. She speaks English fairly well.

MRS. HULL, who was nurse to Queen Victoria's children from 1841 to 1858, died at her home in Windsor a couple of weeks ago. Her death is reported to have caused real sorrow to Queen Victoria who visited her during her illness.

THE late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose landed estates were so enormous as to be called the Schwarzenberg Empire, left a fortune of $50,000,000, from which a sum of $400 was bequeathed to the poor of Vienna. That was his sole charitable bequest.

PUNDITA RAMABAI, the high-caste Hindoo woman who has been soliciting funds in this country for the establishment of a school in India for widows, has returned to her native country with $50,000. She obtained more money in San Francisco than anywhere else.

PRINCE EUGENE, the youngest son of the King of Sweden, has withdrawn from the order of Freemasons, for the reason, it is stated, that the conservative spirit of the Swedish lodges is not in harmony with his own advanced views. King Oscar is described as being a staunch supporter of the order.

THE late Mrs. Burns-Macdonald, mentioned by the Queen in her "Journal" as sole heiress and descendant of the Macdonald's of Glencoe, was a fascinating little grandmother at the age of forty, excessively fond of dancing (particularly waltzing), and a beautiful embroiderer of her own evening dresses.

JOHN B. HERRISHOFF, the ship builder, of Bristol, R. I., is one of the most remarkable of blind men. To see him walking about his shipyard you would never for a moment suspect that his sight was not as good as yours, for he can point out the beauties of a ship with an accuracy and appreciation that are little short of marvelous.

MLLE. MARCELLE, the daughter of General Boulanger, who is about to wed Captain Driant, a former aid-de-camp of her father in Tunis, is a pretty girl of twenty-two, and one of the finest horsewomen in France. Her father has strongly opposed the match, but finds that Driantism is stronger in his family than Boulangism.

PRINCE BISMARCK keeps a guard of four soldiers in a small conservatory in the garden of his official residence at Berlin. "After Blind's attempt on my life," he said, "the Emperor insisted that I should have a bodyguard. But I sometimes forget these good fellows, and once at Versailles seeing one of them appear suddenly before me in a corner of my garden, I drew my revolver, thinking he meant mischief."

JOSEPH PULITZER, the proprietor of the New York *World*, is abroad suffering from a disease of the eyes which those who are best informed upon the subject believe will result in total blindness. Mr. Turner, the business manager of the *World*, is also abroad, where he is undergoing treatment for an accidental gunshot wound in the hand. At last accounts the hand had been amputated, and the worst results were feared.

MME. ALBANI recently had quite an interesting seance with Queen Victoria at Old Mar Lodge. Albani sang a ballad to the Queen, and then Victoria deigned to play two or three selections for the amusement of the prima donna. Victoria does not play wonderfully well, but Albani kindly remarked that she "might have done worse." This speech so touched Victoria's sense of humor that she asked Albani to lunch with her the next day.

FOR the third time in its history, a woman has been admitted to practice before the United States Supreme Court. The lady's name is Mrs. Ada M. Bittenbender of Lincoln, Neb., the superintendent of legislation of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She is in partnership with her husband in the practice of law in Lincoln. The two ladies who have been previously admitted are Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, and Mrs. Laura De Force Gordon of California.

MISS AMANDA DELMAS is one of the most successful sugar planters in Louisiana. She is a creole, and was brought up to a life of indolence until the wheel of fortune took a turn, and she was thrown upon her own resources. To the surprise of her friends she took the situation by the horns, and undertook the management of the plantation that belonged to her. Every morning Miss Delmas may be seen riding horseback with a big sunshade over her head, inspecting the gangs of workmen on her estate.

A STRANGE ESCAPE.

As a train on the Consolidated road was entering the city of New Haven Conn., one morning, a young woman attempted to cross the track. The locomotive was still a few rods distant, but she ran, showing the nervous haste frequently evinced by the fair sex in such a situation. She did not heed what was beneath her feet so much as the object of her dread. Unfortunately, she was where a side track was connected with the main by a switch, and she caught her foot in a frog. She struggled desperately, but her foot was held as if it were in a vice. She cried out, then almost swooned. The engineer applied the air-brakes, although it was evident that the train could not be more than considerably slackened before it reached her. She was apparently doomed.

At this moment, a man, with a jacknife which he had opened as he ran, dashed to her side, with two slashes cut the shoes from her heels to her toes, pulled her boot from it, and grasping her in his strong arms, drew her from the track. The next second the locomotive passed over the spot where she had stood.

It was as gallant a deed as ever a man did for a woman's sake.

The train was stopped a moment. The passengers learned the particulars of the rescue. The men raised the windows of the cars, swung their hats and cheered as they saw the hero support his half-fainting companion in his arms.

The train moved forward, and the man and the woman were by themselves. They looked into each other's eyes; the man with solicitude, the maiden with gratitude and admiration.

"I can never thank you enough for your brave and generous act," she said.

"Do not mention it. It was nothing."

His modesty was that of the brave.

"How my heart beats! I was so frightened! Were you not afraid?" she exclaimed.

"I had not time to think whether I was or not; and besides, we railroad men are used to close calls."

She had now sufficiently recovered from her agitation to notice how her new friend was dressed. She saw that he must be a railroad conductor, he being attired in one of the blue uniforms commonly worn by conductors, and having upon his head the wide square blue cap which these men are required to wear. Moreover, worked in gold braid on the front of the cap was the word "Conductor."

Like the majority of conductors, Joseph Williams (for such was his name) had a broad frame and was square shouldered. It is said that the motion of the train tends to give conductors their sturdy shape and solid appearance. That he was brave, alert, and efficient, had been proved by his recent deed; and, on account of it and his manly bearing, she immediately reposed great confidence in him.

She told him that she was the only daughter of Robert Blakeman, who kept a bakery in New Haven, and that she lived with her parents in a little home in the western part of the "Elm City."

Mr. Williams received permission to accompany her home, he telling her that on account of the shock and fright which she had sustained, she ought to allow him to go with her, especially as he was not on duty that day, and would not inconvenience himself by doing the favor. She saw an eager look in his eyes, and she blushingly gave her consent. It was very evident that each welcomed an excuse for their continuing together. As they walked along, the conductor's admiration for his companion rapidly increased; and it was not to be wondered at, for she was one of those winning maidens that no man who is susceptible to female charms can help liking. About twenty years old, she was slender and graceful, with a beautiful, thoughtful face, which indicated innocent enjoyment of life. But her greatest charm was the singular artlessness of demeanor and confiding, yet shy manner, utterly unconscious of her captivating ways. She was ready—alas! perhaps too ready—to believe in everything that was fair to look upon and appeared to be good. Already she felt so gratified to Mr. Williams, and so much admired him for the risk he had taken for her sake, that she believed him to be the possessor of every quality that enters into the strength and beauty of true manhood.

As soon as they reached the main thoroughfare of the town, they seated themselves in a horse car, rode through pleasant and shaded streets; by the beautiful Green, an oasis and resting place in the very heart of the city's traffic; by the buildings of Yale college, over which, in hours of quietness, the spirit of learning seems to brood; then by fine residences and far beyond the business center, to a quiet neighborhood where modest but comfortable homes can be found. They were soon at the door of the pretty cottage where our heroine lived. Mr. Williams went in and remained a few moments. He was introduced to Miss Blakeman's mother, a middle-aged lady with a mild and tranquil face, evidence of a kindly disposition, who shed tears as she pressed the conductor's hand and thanked him most fervently for preserving the life of her only child.

As he turned from the door, Miss Blakeman, with a deep blush overspreading her cheeks, and in timid accents thanked him a second time for saving her life, and expressed the hope that he would call again. He said that he would be happy to do so, and, tipping his hat politely, wandered down street.

Now that he was no longer under the spell of her winning ways he was affected by a singular depression of spirits. He walked slowly, and closed and unclosed his hands nervously. Meanwhile these thoughts ran through his mind:

"I must not go there again. It would be imprudent and might result in breaking up that innocent girl's happiness and covering me with dishonor. I ought merely to have thanked her and not led her to believe that I would come again. But she is very charming; and what would be the harm of cultivating her acquaintance? How I wish—but it is too late. I am only suffering the just penalty of my youthful folly, and I must bear it like a man."

During the few succeeding weeks Williams attended to his duties as usual. The greater part of the day he was on trains running between New York and New Haven. Four nights of each week he spent in New Haven, when he boarded at a hotel near the railroad station. He went about the city but little, and did not see Miss Blakeman. One evening, however, at the end of the month, while strolling along the edge of the Green, he met her, and although something warned him to leave her as soon as possible, he found the temptation too great to be resisted. After the customary greeting, she gently reproached him for not having kept his promise, and he at once made a stumbling apology for having failed. He imagined that she looked not so well as when he had first seen her, and that a shade of sadness pervaded her usually joyous spirits. Strangely enough it flashed through his mind that his failure to seek her society had disquieted her; but his modesty forbade his entertaining this thought. Nevertheless, there was a thrill in her voice, a tender light in her eyes, and a confiding touch in the arm which she had placed in his as they walked along, that convinced him that she was far from being indifferent; and his resolution to forego the pleasure of her society was put to flight.

They had ice cream at a restaurant and then went to Miss Blakeman's home, which they reached about 8:30 o'clock. Mr. Williams was so well entertained that it was 10 o'clock before he could bring himself to take leave of the fair girl.

Thereafter he called as often as once, and sometimes twice a week. Occasionally he took Miss Blakeman on a drive through the pleasant environs of the city, or up the picturesque and lofty East Rock, on the summit of which now stands a noble landmark, a massive soldiers' monument. At that time the hill-top was not crowned with any work of art, and was without historic associations; but the splendid view of field and forest, of sea and of city, and the great rock itself were there then to delight as now. Miss Blakeman never tired of gazing on this scene, and the genuine enthusiasm which she expressed whenever she was at this spot, or wherever else the beauties of nature were spread before her delighted eyes, amply repaid him for his little kindness in taking her on their little excursions.

Meanwhile, with a curious feeling of commingled dread and satisfaction the conductor noted that she believed in him. He saw, in fact, that she had become deeply attached, and this was his excuse for continuing in her society. He argued that he could not absent himself without wounding her feelings. As too often is the case under such circumstances, he shrank from making a frank avowal which would cause both of them pain, and allowed himself to drift along. He put off what his sense of duty prompted, and trusted that though some fortunate, but not probable combination of circumstances, all would yet turn out well. The longer he delayed, the more serious the matter became, until it seemed too late for an explanation. He realized at last that the girl loved and trusted him with her whole heart, and he knew that he loved her better than life itself. He pushed the bitter cup with reckless selfishness from his lips, and criminally lived on. He was moody and wretched, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could attend properly to the responsible duties of a conductor. Frequently he wished that he had never been born; and the strong man would sometimes awake in the middle of the night, and weep as if his heart would break. When in the presence of his Edith, the very fibers of whose being seemed to be entwined with his, he was often sad and strangely absent-minded, only by a great effort could he rally from such moods and appear himself.

At first Edith was not alarmed at the eccentric conduct of her lover. She attributed it to the worry of business or temporary indisposition. When, however, the depression became habitual, she besought him to tell her what troubled him. He made light of her anxiety and pleaded ill-health. Nevertheless she was not satisfied. A strange forboding seemed to warn her of unseen trouble that no thought could banish; and yet Edith's love was to the fullest extent confiding: not a tremor of suspicion, not a shadow of doubt disturbed her. She had believed that his honor was as immovable as the north star. The wonderful wealth of a pure woman's affection, tenderness and confidence had been lavished upon this man until it could almost be said that in him she lived, moved and had her being. And now this innocent life, this lovely and lovable personality, feeling for the first time the thrill of a great and pure passion, was suddenly overspread by a threatening cloud that robbed it of the sunshine which had warmed and nourished it. Why should one so good, so charming, and so capable of experiencing love's highest joys, be visited by trouble at the very moment when her happiness was greatest, and when it was adorned by such a rainbow of promise?

While our gentle heroine was in this condition of love and foreboding, she received a letter directed in a, to her, strange writing and evidently that of an illiterate person. Fortunately she opened the letter when alone in her room, and she found the contents as follows:

Windsor Locks Ct.
July 10 1885

Edieth blachenuns

I wnt to tell yu thet Joe Williams as yu is keepin companie withe now is my husband and yu orter not hav nothin more to do withe him for my sake and yuern allsoe, a friend i kin relie on has tolt me abut his doins and i doenot blame yu for i here yu sopus him to be a singall man if yuer the rite sort yull giv him his walkin ticcut and if aint up to thet i'll com doune to new havens meself and se abut this ere bizness

MRS. JOE WILLIAMS

Edith, first startled and then stunned, nearly fainted. The reason for the strange conduct of her lover was apparent, and the poor girl felt overwhelmed with grief and indignation. Then came the sustaining thought in the hope that the letter had been writen by some malicious enemy. Nevertheless, she was haunted by a feeling that she was about to be terribly disappointed. During the remainder of the day she suffered untold agony, and, as evening approached, at which time she expected her lover, her distraction of mind was so great that, on the plea of headache, she remained in her room.

At last well known foot-steps, heard by her, through an open window, caused her to hasten to the door; and scarcely had the bell ceased to ring before she greeted her lover.

Her demeanor was so strange that he was immediately filled with an indefinable dread. She appeared to be calm, but was deathly pale, and her hand was cold as ice and trembled when he touched it.

As soon as he entered she handed him the letter and simply said, in cold faraway tones:

"Do you know what this means?"

He unfolded the letter with hands that shook in spite of all his efforts at self-control. He rapidly caught the drift of its contents, and staggered as if stricken with a blow. His eyes were cast down, great drops of perspiration stood on his brow, and the agony and helplessness of the man were absolutely pitiable.

"It is true!" she almost shrieked.

"Great God, yes!" he answered in thick accents, as he smote his brow with the palm of his right hand. "But have mercy; let me explain!"

"Never; you're a monster!"

"Edith, I entreat you!"

"It is too late, Joe; how could you be so cruel? My heart is breaking!"

She flew by him with a moan, and, flying up the stairway, sought to hide her agony. With outstretch arms, Williams ran into the hall after her. He believed that he would find her fainting, and he expected to catch her falling form.

When she reached the head of the stairs she turned and cried:

"Go, go; I cannot bear it longer!"

He hurried from the house and wandered like one insane through the streets. He passed a sleepless night, and rose in the morning, haggard and desperate. He did not care what became of him, and almost hoped for death to end his misery. Mechanically, at 11 a. m., he took charge of a train bound for New York. He was now comparatively calm, although it seemed as if there were no future for him except one of misery; but from long habit, he attended to his duties well. At the edge of the evening he stated from New York in charge of another train. During the day he had resolved to end his life. His plan was to ascend to the top of one of the cars, shortly before the train arrived at a covered bridge, about 30 miles out from the metropolis, and allow himself to strike the roof of the structure as the train passed under it. He would be killed at once and his body would fall to the ground. The verdict would be that death was caused by an accident, and he would escape the odium which attaches to suicides.

In accordance with this resolve he climbed to the top of the car, next to the rear one, when the train was within about four miles of the bridge, and so waited his doom.

It was cloudy, but not intensely dark, a storm was brewing and over the indistinct landscape, through which the train rushed like an unchained monster that seemed to delight in newly found freedom, there rested a portentious gloom. Puffs of damp air came from the sea and smote the desperate man's cheek; and he saw the faint gleam of a lantern rocking from the gaff of some vessel that was plowing the dark waters. Once he thought he heard the slow, solemn wash of the surf; but he probably imagined it, the cars rattling so loudly as to drown all common noises in the vicinity. Turning his eyes inland, he saw the dim outlines of wooded hills in the distance, and the light of lamps around which he imagined happy families were gathered. And yet nothing seemed real to him, and he could scarcely believe that he was not in a world where all objects were unsubstantial and intangible. Everything appeared to be fleeting and evasive, and he began to think that he himself was but a shadow and his previous life nothing more than a dream, the latter part of which was an appalling nightmare.

There are conditions of extreme peril when the mind of a sensitive temperament is subject to a phenomenon in which time seems to be annihilated. It often occurs, we are told, to a person drowning, who, being resuscited, have said that their lives were brought before them as if condensed in a panorama, as it were, and in the few moments of strangulation all the good and ill of their past have been flashed before them. We all know from experience that to one overcome by fatigue, in a sleep of one minute a dream has had existence that called for an hour to relate.

This is what happened to Joe while standing upon the roof of the car; he saw swiftly approaching the dim, huge form of the covered bridge that was to be his death. His life came before his mind as in a flash of lightning; and not only were the events crowded into one horizon of his view, but those events seemed to assume relations to each other that were not only novel, but instructive to him. Gleaming over all was not the light of sin, but that of weakness and folly, and, as of consequence, a power yet left him of retrieving himself tugged at his will, and urged the abandonment of his purposed suicide. He saw how in his early youth he had permitted himself to become entangled in an affair with a vulgar, ignorant, and as he now believed, a vicious girl; how, in a moment of generous impulse, he had made the wretched creature his wife; and so, without lifting her from degradation, had been dragged down to abject misery. Life with her was intolerable to both. They had separated, although he yet supported her in wanton extravagance that kept him in poverty.

This was not sin; it was folly. The sin came in when he caught a glimpse of heaven on earth that might have been, and was not. It was a grievous wrong to win the affections of a poor girl he could never honestly claim as his own. What right had he to leave his work unfinished? What right to throw away all chance of retrieving, in some way, his wretched past? Why not bravely live on, and trust to the good Father of all for the opportune redemption? Two parts within himself seemed to contend for mastery—one appealing to his pride, the other to his better nature. Pride won, and folding his arms resolutely he awaited the horrible blow.

The train was on an up grade, but behind time, and the engineer had called for all the speed of which the locomotive was capable. The long, heavy cars, flying along at 40 miles an hour, vibrated so violently that nothing but long practice enabled the conductor to preserve his balance and remain standing. Every second brought his death nearer and nearer. He had braced himself for the final blow, when suddenly the shrill whistle of "down brakes" rang out, and the reversal of the engine brought such an unexpected shock that the conductor was hurled from the roof of the car to the road beneath. Fortunately, he fell in a marshy piece of ground that lined each side of the track near the river. The soft, yielding earth saved him from being knocked insensible; and, as he instinctively struggled up, he was conscious of a flash, a shock, a crash, and then a dead silence, followed immediately by loud cries, escaping steam, and agonizing shrieks that seemed to pierce through and ride above the awful tumult.

Joe knew only too well that a collision had occurred at the mouth of the very bridge he had selected to die upon. Dragging himself from the mire, he hurried to the wrecked train. The telescoped cars were jammed and smashed into each other, and the awful fact that they had taken fire was but too evident; and the wounded wretches, held to an awful death within, were screaming in agony for relief. All these had been extricated by the men and passengers left unhurt, save one, a woman whose screams pierced the hearts of all. Joe, seizing an ax, put his way into the burning car, and found the poor sufferer cruelly hurt, held by a seat. How in the smoke and heat he worked cannot be told in words. He would have perished in his attempt but for the water poured over him from buckets and even hats which the passengers carried from the river. At last he won; and gathering the sufferer in his arms he worked his way from the cars.

Arms were stretched tenderly to take the last living of the wounded, and she was carried to a bank and laid softly upon the green, cool sod. Joe dragged himself after. Why he did so he could scarcely say, for he was so exhausted he could scarcely stand. He threw himself upon the ground near the form he had rescued. The woman was insensible; but loving hands, feeling, as men feel in such awful calamities, the Savior moving within them, bathed her face and gave her stimulants until consciousness returned, and she feebly moaned out her pain and thankfulness. A few words were uttered that made Joe rise and look upon the face of the woman he had rescued. She was his wife.

"Polly," he said, bending over her, "don't you know me? I am Joe, your husband."

His face blackenad by smoke, with his hair burned and eyebrows singed, so disfigured the poor fellow that it was by his voice alone she recognized him. The poor little white face was distorted by pain; but, crowding it down, she feebly said, "Joe—I'm so glad."

He attempted to put his arm about her, but a cry of agony at the move caused him to desist. As it was, he stooped and kissed her trembling lips, and made a pitiable effort to cheer her with loving words. She was dying. He felt all the old love came back, ill-assorted as they had been.

For a while she gasped as for breath, and then by an effort she gathered words to whisper, "dear Joe" and died.

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It was nearly a year after this terrible event that our hero sought the home of one he now felt was his only love. The story of his heroic conduct and the dreadful railroad accident, and his strange effort to rescue the woman who proved to be his wife, had gone into the journals; so that he was free to enter the humble dwelling, an honest and honorable abode. While waiting in the parlor, he heard a step upon the stair. His heart throbbed so that it seemed to choke him; and when she did appear he could not utter a word. Nor was it necessary. He seized the girl in his arms and said, "Be mine."

"I have been yours, Joe," responded the girl, "since the moment you saved my life.—Belford's Magazine.

Night Air Superstition.

A sensible doctor, who despises drug-eating, and realizes that health is only possible by conformity to nature's simple but exacting laws, is quoted in an English paper as maintaining that the superstition that open night air is to be avoided has destroyed more victims than war and pestilence. This widely prevalent prejudice is worse than ignorance, just as poison is more fatal than hunger.

"That pulmonary consumption is not caused by cold outdoor air, but by foul indoor air, is a truth established by incontestable proofs. Statistics prove that north and south, east and west, in uplands and lowlands, the prevalence of respiratory disorders bear an exact proportion to the prevalence of indoor occupations. Experience moreover, has demonstrated that for the radical cure of lung diseases outdoor life in a cold climate is more favorable than any mode of life in a tropical climate.

"Horses and cows confined in stuffy stables are as liable to deadly pulmonary affections as their owners, while exposure to intense Winter cold affects the respiratory apparatus less than other part of the organism."

By way of illustration, reference is made to the mane-baboon, which endures the night frosts of the Abyssinian highlands, at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the coasts plains of the Indian Ocean, yet succumbs promptly to the influences of the foul, though much warmer, air of an ill-ventilated menagerie, and the following is added from an experience which has been repeatedly verified in cases personally known to us:

"I prefer the night-air cure. We cannot work under a load of furs. We cannot write with frostnumbed hands. But with an adequate number of blankets, a bed exposed to the fresh air can be made perfectly comfortable. Use a nightcap or a shawl till habit has taught a way of keeping the blankets tucked up to the ears, leaving only the head uncovered—the plan of keeping the head cool and the feet warm being, by the way, the most effective specific for chronic insomnia. To the lungs pure, cold air is more grateful that impure warm air. By the simple plan of opening a bedroom window, catarrh can be nipped in the bud by a removal of the cause—that is, by a direct elimination of the contagious germs."—Tribune.

Dimes Will Soon be Plentiful.

Philadelphia Record.

Dimes, which had began to be a scarce article of change, will soon flow from the mint in a silver stream to relieve the channels of trade. Assistant United States Treasurer S. Davis Page explained the recent scarcity by saying that congress had only recently passed the appropriation bill which provides for the melting and recoinage of damage and uncurrent silver pieces. The delay in passage of the bill has lightened the supply.

Dead Husbands.

An exchange contains this strange item: It is said that some of the chief railroads in the country employ special persons to inform the bereaved family when an employe has been killed. This does not seem incredible, considering that every year a small army of men meet their death on the track. At the union depot I met a veteran railroader the other day, who said he was from Reading, Pa., and had frequently discharged this painful office. In giving his experience, among other things he related the following: "It was only a few days ago that I went to a home and found the wife chatting and laughing with a neighbor's wife while she was at work among her rose bushes and flowers. She hadn't been married very long. I first asked her whether her husband was at home. She stared at me, became white as a piece of chalk, then shrieked and fell among the plants. I helped to carry her into the house. 'He's dead; my husband is dead. I know he has been killed!' 'Who told you?' I asked, when she revived. 'No one. I only thought so. Is it true?' It was easy, then, to finish my errand. I once called on a woman to tell her her husband had been killed by striking an over head bridge. This was three years ago near Philadelphia. The woman curled up her lip and replied: 'If he's been killed, heaven has revenged me. He abused me long enough. He'll abuse no more women now.' That was the easiest job in my line I ever had. Five minutes later the woman was in hysterics."

The Insane Herb.

Boston Transcript.

This plant, which has enjoyed considerable notoriety from the fact that popular superstition has accredited it with the power of producing insanity, as is implied in the name originally given to it by the Mexicans, "Herba loca"—"insane herb." Many writers of romance have woven wonderfully pathetic stories around the alleged fact that some jealous maiden has prepared a decoction of this herba loca, and beguiled her victim into drinking it, after which he becomes insane or dies, a raving maniac. Mr. James Kennedy, Ph. G., in a paper before the Texas Pharmaceutical society, has picked the bubble. After minutely describing the plant, and various analysis made of it, he gives a report of numerous experiments made with it, all of which proved conclusively that the much-vaunted poison of herba loca is a myth, and that the plant is perfectly harmless. It is interesting, however, to note what an amount of apparent strong corroborative evidence can be found for any popular superstition, Mr. Kennedy having found that every farmer in Texas who knew the plant was prepared to testify that it would poison cattle who ate it. Mr. Kennedy clearly proved that cattle eat it freely, and that the only ill effects, if any, resulting are those which follow overfeeding on green fodder.

AVeil's Flight.

From the Caledonia Advertiser.

Mrs. M. M. Hall, of Clinton, Ia., who has recently been here visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Wilder, met with a remarkable experience at Rochester last week. She was the guest of a friend, Mrs. Page, of this city, whose husband conducts a harness buisness here. Among other places the ladies visited was Powers' art gallery and the tower. While at the latter place Mrs. Hall's veil became detached from her hat and a slight breeze quickly wafted it over the railing and out of reach. Down it went toward the Main Street walk, 100 feet below. The ladies stood and watched its slow and wavering descent until it had nearly reached the pavement. Suddenly it struck another current of air and was borne upward again. The ladies watched its graceful movements curiously and became more and more intrested as the ariy fabric slowly traveled back in almost the same route it had taken in its descent, and their surprise knew no bounds when the veil actually returned to the tower and settled down fairly and squarely on the owner's head. Mrs. Hall declares this to be the fact, and those who met the lady here certainly have no reason to doubt her word.

A Stallion Fight.

Indianapolis Sentinel.

Two stallions had a terrible encounter at the county fair. They broke away from their keepers and dashed away at each other like mad. Both snorted terribly, and the fire seemed to flash from their eyes. With open jaws they bit each other's necks, pawing and tearing up the ground for a space of twenty feet. At last, by some means, they got loose, and each backing a few feet, they whirled and commenced kicking each other. The sharp corks on the hind shoes drew blood from the flanks of each and left enormous welts and cuts. Then one of them, with an instinct that seemed human, suddenly whirled to the right and grabbed his opponent by the neck, trying at the same time to get his fore feet upon his shoulders. They struggled and struggled, the sweat and blood pouring from their wounds. The farmers about were panic-stricken. A couple of cowboys got stout ropes and tried to lasso them. This was no easy effort, and attended with considerable danger. Before it was accomplished the animals made a final vicious dash at each other, and while linked in each other's ferocious embrace the cowboys got in their work and succeeded in securing them.

Opinion of a New York Detective.

From the New York Sun.

One of the most skillful detectives of this city speaks about the Whitechapel murders in London thus: "I'll wager a cooper that they are the work of an Italian assassin. The way in which the business was done has a Sicilian look about it, and there are plenty of Neapolitans in Whitechaple, some of whom are desperadoes of that breed. You hear of wholesale crimes of the same kind, which they call vendettas, in the Italian criminal reports for hundreds of years. You can't tell what will move one of these Sicilian assassins to a vendetta and it often seems to be a mere lust of blood. If I were on the trail in London, I'd try to find a scent among the Italians of the slums there. They have worked every theory but this one, which I'll give away for nothing."

Deceptive Truthfulness.

Ellsworth American.

S., who lived in what is now Sullivan, was years ago a prominent citizen of the town. He was engaged in the mercantile business, and, like all other traders of the day, he derived a great part of his profits from the sale of rum. He owned a small, fast sailing schooner, and with one man for cook and hand, he smuggled large quantities of liquor from the provinces of Great Britain. On one occasion he had taken on board more than fifty puncheons of West India rum and a quantity of dried fish. Early one morning as they lay at anchor off Petit Menan, they discovered the revenue cutter close upon them. "We are gone for it now," exclaimed S. to his man; "but go below and hurry up as good a breakfast as you can, and I will try and throw the captain of the cutter off his scent." The officer, who was well acquainted with S., came on board. "Well, what have you got?" said he. "Rum," says S., "and a few fish."

"I don't believe it," said the captain as he saw the twinkle in S.'s eye "I swear I have; come below and try some." Nothing loath, the captain went below, and was treated to a good breakfast, with a plenty of good liquor. After an hour's pleasant conversation on general subjects, he arose to go.

"Come," says S., "go into the hold and see my rum. I've got fifty casks."

"Not I, said the captain. "You've cracked jokes enough on me. Catch me again!" So off he went, and S. saved his rum, landing it in the safe keeping. Thus the old saw:

"Spirit above and spirit below;
But the spirit above is the spirit of love;
And the spirit below is the spirit of woe;
The spirit above is the spirit divine;
But the spirit below is the spirit of wine,"

was literally fulfilled. But the collector of customs by some means learned that the liquor was landed and at once went to seize it.

After a fruitless search through the store and cellars, the officers demanded the keys of the house. "Well"' said S. when the keys were returned, "did you find the liquor?"

"No," answered the officers. "I told you there was no rum in the house," replied S., "I should sooner think of looking under that old meeting house for liquor than in my dwelling house!"

A Prohibition Story.

From the New York Press.

Robert E. Frazer, the Michigan speaker, who is stumping vigorously for the republican ticket, is one of the wittiest of Irish orators in the county. He bubbles over with stories. Here is one he is credited with having told the other night while advocating high license. He said that a good many years ago there was a prosperous farmer away down South. One day a man rode up on horseback to his door and asked him if he had any whisky. The farmer brought a jug and poured out a good drink.

"What's that?" asked the rider, as he took the glass in his hand and pointed toward an immense field covered with mint.

"It's mint," said the farmer.

"Give us a little of it," said the guest.

The farmer brought it and the man put it into the whisky and mashed the ends with the butt of his riding whip. He drank the mixture and sighed regretfully when the last drop was gone.

"Ever try that?" asked the farmer.

"No."

"Get some more mint and I'll make you one."

The drink was made and the farmer swallowed it. He rolled up his eyes as it went down and sighed when there was no more in the glass.

The man rode away. Three years later he visited the spot again. He remembered it, but he noticed that a great change had taken place. The house was ramshackle and leaky, the fences were broken down and the whole place had gone to ruin. A woman came to the door when he hallooed.

"Where's your husband?" asked the man, recalling that drink and wanting another.

"Dead," she replied laconically.

"Well, well," he didn't look as if he was going to die. What took him off?"

The woman looked at him and said slowly:

"There was a man came along here about three years ago, and he learnt my ole man how to mix grass with his whisky. Arter that he didn't do nothin' else. He jest mixed it all day and night, and when the grass gave out he died."

Her Kind.

"Speaking of women," said the colonel, after a long pause, "I was traveling in Missouri once in my buggy when I met a tall, slab-sided girl of 20 in the road. I had taken a drink or two and felt jolly, and so I hailed her with:

"'Howdy, Sal? Fine day?'

"'Howdy, stranger?' she promptly replied.

"'Say,' I went on, 'I'm looking for a wife.'

"'What sort?'

"'About your kind.'

"'Want me?'

"'If you'll have me?'

"'Reckon I will. Let's drive back and see dad and mam.'

"I was joking, you know, and so I told her that I was in a great hurry and would return. Three natives who came along just then stopped to find out what was the matter, and they set in with the girl to take me back. The only way I could get out of it was to bolt for the woods, leaving the horse and buggy behind, and five years later the girl was still driving them. That little joke of mine cost me just $350, to say nothing of being run through a patch of woods five miles wide."

His Leg Was Not Broken.

Syracuse Journal.

Henry Lague, is recovering from the injuries received, from being thrown out of a buggy. An amusing incident is told in relation to the occurrence. A number of Lague's friends carried him tenderly upstairs in the Yehle hotel and put him to bed, fearing his leg was broken, and that as a result of the injuries he would be confined to his room for several weeks. Entering the barroom they stood around discussing the accident in sympathetic tones, when the subject of their conversation walked in and called for a glass of lager. A more surprised lot of men have seldom been seen than they were.

The Child and the Monkey.

Philadelphia Times.

A jury in the old court house vindicated Organ Grinder Louis Longeri's monkey, of which the grand jury had said by reason of its being at large, "the good people of this city and commonwealth could not pass and labor in the public streets without great damage and hazard o being bit, maimed and torn by said monkey and losing their lives, to the great damage, terror and common nuisance and to the evil example of all others, contrary to the form of the act of general assembly in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania."

Longeri, the aged proprietor of the monkey, sat behind his counsel, Thomas W. Keely. He was accompanied by about twenty Carpenter street barrel organists, all of whom own monkeys.

Mrs. Margaret Dillon, took the stand.

"Do you know Longeri?" asked Assistant District Attorney Boyle.

"That's him," said the witness, pointing at the defendant.

"Well, what did he do?"

"Well, on the 7th of last May he and his monkey came on my pavement and he bit my little girl on the leg."

"Who, Longeri?"

"No, the monkey."

"Well, what was the child doing?"

"She wasn't doing nothing, and he was gathering pennies."

"Who, Longeri?"

"No, the monkey."

"Well, what did you do then?"

"Why, I went into the house and put some liquor on it."

"On the monkey?"

"No, the leg."

"Oh! Then what did you do?"

"Why, I had him arrested."

"Who, the monkey?"

"No, Longeri."

"There was a lot of children about teasing the monkey, and he was tied by a string, wasn't he?" asked Mr. Keely.

"Yes, and it was a long string, too."

"I think, your honor, that there is no case here, as one offense does not criminate the monkey. Beside that, he only acted in self-defence."

Judge Fell thought there was not enough evidence against the monkey, and Mr. Boyle submitted the bill to the jury, saying: "I don't think the commonwealth has made out a case against this monkey, gentlemen."

The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty.

Lots of Fresh Air.

"That's the last time I'll call there," remarked a fashionably dressed lady to her escort, as they left the house of a friend the other day.

"How is that?"

"Because the house is so stuffy one would actually think that the whole place was hermetically sealed, so that no fresh air was wanted or permitted to enter."

Such a state of affairs too often exists in many of our city homes, and disease is naturally the result of the unwisdom of such a course. In the majority of homes the best room is usually kept dark, the doors shut and the blinds pulled down. After the departure of the visitors the room is dusted, the furniture straightened out and the room shut up until the advent of another guest. When visitors are not frequent, the room may be aired and dusted occasionally, but seldom is this done often enough to insure the room being healthful and comfortable. If guests should happen to announce their coming in advance, they might be certain that the room is well aired for their reception; but when coming without any notification, they are ushered into a close, stuffy room; for no matter how large the room, just so long as it is closed up it is sure to be stuffy. The woman of the house will not notice the closeness, owing to her being indoors so much. There is nothing better to test the purity of a room as going into it directly from the fresh air. A room to be healthful and comfortable should be aired each day.

An Embarrassed Clergyman.

An amusing incident happened at the recent Sam Jones tabernacle meeting at Catersville. One of the most devout ministers of North Georgia, who resides in a town not a thousand miles from Catersville, left home to spend a day or two at these meetings. The sudden cool weather that came about during the meeting caused overcoats to become a requisite. The clergyman alluded to did not have his overcoat along, but the family whom he was stopping with kindly tendered one which answered every purpose. After securing a seat up near the pulpit the minister proceeded to take off his overcoat, and while doing so a deck of cards fell from a side pocket as he was folding the coat to hang it on the back of his chair. To see the minister, who for many years had been engaged in making such a crusade against cards, reaching after a ten-spot here and a jack of spades there and hiding them away as fast as he could get them back into his pocket certainly created a ripple among those seated near him.—Savannah News.

The Mayflower.

When and by whom was the Pilgrim Mayflower built, is the question which has been agitating the minds of a number of Bostonians for some time past, and it is still unanswered. The Mayflower seems to have been quite a popular name during the sixteenth century, as several vessels registered under it And so it is difficult to trace the early history of this one particular Mayflower. There are really only two things known about the Mayflower, beyond the fact that she brought over the first Pilgrim company, viz., 1, that she was a vessel of 180 tons; 2, that she brought over some of Sienthorp's company to Charlestown in 1630. She was not the Mayflower which in 1648 brought over some negroes to Barbadoes, for that ship was of almost double tonnage, viz., 350 tons