WARNINGS OF DEATH.

Some Strange Presentiments of Soldiers Before a Battle.

Birthdays and Battles—A Game of Poker and What Came of It.

[Washington Republican.]

In reading the personal experiences of participants in battles and campaigns, one often comes across stories of apparently well authenticated instances where men seemingly had a forewarning of their approaching doom, and who, after making the arrangements naturally attendant on such a foreknowledge, such as disposition of property, messages to relatives, and so on, met their doom accordingly. Among soldiers and sailors, as a class, a belief that such presentiments do occur, and that the catastrophy foreshadowed is resultant is largely entertained, though I don't know why it should be so, unless it is that their trade deals in "battle and murder and in sudden death." In conversation on this subject many a time I have been asked if during my soldier life I had known instances where these so called premonitions were fulfilled. I replied that I had, and then again I know of so called presentiments just as vivid in the mind of the subject which had not been fulfilled. As far as my experience goes, it is six to one and a half a dozen to the other. In fact, I have no belief in the efficacy of premonitions and presentiments, and honestly believe that they result in circumstances—a disordered stomach, nervous derangement, or that tinge of superstition as to good days, bad days etc., which seems to be inherent in the great body of men, even the educated.

Now, I have seen many strange things during the war which I could not rationally account for, but for that matter all nature is a mystery, and while I believe in an overruling Providence, I know that He has mercifully withheld from mankind the knowledge of the day and hour of death. And yet once upon a time my heart went down into my boots, so to speak, under the firm belief that I was to be killed before the setting of the sun—a presentiment that didn't materialize, however, as will doubtless be seen from the fact that I am writing this letter.

BIRTHDAYS AND BATTLES.

On the 22d of July, 1863, when the army of Gen. Lee was retreating from Gettysburg behind the mountain wall of the Blue Ridge, the federal cavalry took possession of the gaps and were very "sassy" in their repeated assaults upon the long line of transportation. As our cavalry had been literally run off its legs, Gen. Lee was forced to make use of his infantry to repel these assaults, and so it happened that the writer's regiment (17th Virginia) was detached and ordered in to Manassas gap, opposite Ft. Royal, to hold it while the wagon trains were passing. Now it was a beautiful morning, and as we trudged along in high spirits from the ozone of the mountain air, some ill boding raven of a comrade suddenly suggested, "Why, this is Murray's birthday," and so it was, though I had forgotten it for the time being. Instantly the quip and jest were silenced, and the fellows looked at me with pitying sympathy, for we expected to have a fight before the day was ended. You see, it was an old woman's tale with us that the man who went into battle on his birthday would inevitably lose his life. I don't mind confessing that the cold chills chased each other rapidly down my spinal column, though I affected to treat the matter lightly. What was hardest to bear was the infernally evident tender sympathy that was demonstrated by my comrades. They were earnest in the belief that if we had a battle I was a gone coon. As soon as our arms were stacked at the point we were to defend, while all the rest of the men were scattered about after lucious blackberries, which were growing in profusion in the fields, I sneaked off into the bushes and drawing my Testament I devoutly read the sermon on the Mount, but I could not shake off the gloomy depression of spirits, and was only hopeful that there wouldn't be a fight that day after all. This hope was fallacious, for it had scarcely passed through my mind before a rattling fire from our pickets announced the presence of the enemy. As I ran toward the stack of arms there was but one thought—to do my duty, come what might—and afterward I felt more comfortable. It is not to the purpose to speak of the fight, which lasted till sundown. Suffice it to say that men were knocked down to the right and left of me, and I came out of the affair smilingly, and without a scratch. Not one of our boys believed in old women's tales after that. To show how deeply this superstition had permeated the minds of the men of the company, my captain told me that if he had had the slightest excuse for putting me on duty in the rear, he would have sent me there when the fight began, and that while the battle was going on he looked every minute to see me fall.

AN INCIDENT OF SEVEN PINES.

Perhaps my own feelings and those of my comrades were influenced at this time by an incident that happened at the battle of Seven Pines, before Richmond, in 1862. R. T. L. and myself were the only men in the company (Warrenton Rifles) from Fairfax county. We had been schoolmates, slept under the same blanket and eat our lobscouse out of the same frying pan. As our brigade was lying in reserve behind D. H. Hill's line I noticed that "Bose" was pensive and preoccupied in mind, a thing very unusual with him. Now, he was as brave a man as ever drew breath, and I knew that his listlessness and gloom did not proceed from any fear of the combat into which we expected to be shortly called, but I forbore to question him, because in his own time he always made me his confident. When, finally, we were ordered into the fight, as we were double-quicking through the knee-deep loblolly of mud to get into position, he suddenly seized my hand and said: "Tom, I am going under to-day. I've felt it all day. If you can, take the things out of my pocket when I'm dead and send them home." I thought nothing of this, as it was about the time we had gotten under fire, and as I was a sergeant (file-closer) I had enough to do when the line of battle was hastily formed to occupy my thoughts. We advanced under heavy fire, and I lost sight of "Boss." Our line, irregularly formed on account of huge wood piles, shelter tents, barns and outhouses, was broken and forced to fall back a short distance to the captured breastworks. These we held until the enemy in front of us had been flanked and routed by the Seventh regiment of our brigade. Searching over the gory field I found my comrade literally riddled with bullets, but still alive and conscious. He had fallen almost at the first volley from the enemy. As soon as he saw me he said: "I told you so. Do what I asked you. Get the surgeon to give me some opium and let me die easily." I did what he asked, and the next morning, wrapped in captured blankets, we buried him on the field of honor, the bursting shells over his grave from the enemy's guns (the second day's battle was then raging) forming a fitting salute for his obsequies.

Now, "Boss" was a man of immense vitality and supreme nerve. I do not recollect ever before this date to have seen him give way to mental depression or nervous fancies. Were his sudden depression and his death mere coincidences?

WHERE HE WAS TO BE SHOT.

A sergeant, now of the police force, who was formerly of battery G, 2d United States artillery, informs me that while fighting his gun at Frazier's Farm, and when the action was so hot that a man had no time to indulge in sentimental fancies, he was suddenly seized with the idea as he was sighting his gun that he would be shot in the top of the head. He felt the exact spot burning and throbbing, and as the horses of the battery were falling and the men being killed around him (it was an awful hot place, for Jackson's men were on two sides of the battery,) the spot burned and throbbed more and more, until he felt that at the next sighting of his gun that spot would be reached by a bullet and he would be sent to his last long home. Yet the sergeant's state of mind and his hallucination, (for it was nothing but an hallucination,) can be accounted for by the fact that the men of the battery had been on the alert for seven days with every nerve on a tension, and with very little sleep and with very scant rations. The human body is rather tough, as far as hardship is concerned, when it is dominated by a determined soul, but it can't stand everything, and I believe there is a sort of delirium tremens consequent from exhaustive bodily fatigue, lack of rations and prolonged mental strain. And that was what was the matter with the sergeant. It is a fact that while nearly every man at his gun was wounded, in spite of his presentiment, he emerged from this bloody battle without injury.

A GAME OF POKER.

The sergeant told me another story of the value—money value—of presentiments as having been demonstrated in his battery, which was rather ludicrous, and yet it corroborated the theory of those who cling to the "spiritual and supernatural" side of the premonition theory. In the aforesaid battery G were two men, one yclept "Boston," which sufficiently indicated his hailing from the city of brown bread and baked beans; the other was an Englishman of the name of Lake. During the first part of the fight at Malvern Hill, Boston and Lake and several others engaged in a cheerful smoke and a game of draw poker (they had all been paid off recently) between the wheels of the cannon. Boston lost heavily, and finally he grew despondent and said he believed that he would be killed in the fight which was then assuredly imminent. Finally Lake, an Englishman, offered him a new stake in case he would make a mutual agreement that whichever one of the two was killed in the coming fight the surveyor should "go through" his dead comrade's clothes. Agreed to, but the men were suddenly called into position. After a warm fight it was found that poor "Boston's" presentiment had been verified. He was killed as dead as a stone. Lake proceeded to go through Boston's pockets, and after careful search he arose, and, with his countenance expressive of infinite disgust, he exclaimed: "Would you believe it, boys? The dog hasn't got a bloody, bleedin' cent in his pockets." Hard nuts! those regulars.

If I were to give such instances during the war that I have heard of, and in many cases from persons who believed them fully authenticated, I should stretch out this article to an extent beyond my limit. I have given here, in my own experience, two cases of "presentiments," and as far as belief in such matters is concerned I have only to say, "you pays your money and you takes your choice."

But, although I have written the above in a sceptical tone, as far as my personal experience is concerned, I declare that I am sometimes dumbfounded on reading the experiences of other soldiers, whose truth, honesty and accuracy I have no reason to doubt.

MURRAY.

Wonderful Gold Discoveries in Australia

[Correspondence London Times.]

Seven years ago Mr. Harry Davis, of Droitwich, and Chas. Maclaurin Nichols, son of the assistant secretary of the British museum, emigrated to Australia, the former educated as an engineer, the latter as blacksmith, farrier, carpenter and farmer. In the early part of last year Mr. Davis prospected thirteen weeks for precious metals in the northern part of the continent. He succeeded, and unbosomed a metalliferous tract of land. He immediately returned to England, came to London, and studied for two months mining operations in Jermyn street, and gold in the quartz at the Natural History museum in Cromwell road. His project was to take out a gold crusher, but he found the cost beyond his means; moreover, there was an expense to be calculated of £26 a ton for conveyance by bullock team 300 miles into the interior. He returned to Australia, taking on Mr. Charles Nichols with him. Regaining his Dorado, he was not a little surprised to find the whole aspect of the country changed. There were forty miners at work, and two or three mills erected. The two young men soon selected their claim on a galena mountain, put up their houses, built a forge and settled down to tempt Mother Earth to yield up a modicum of treasure in return for enthusiastic research. Things did not look altogether well. The heat was excessive, water scarce—for no one had been there to husband in reservoirs, easily constructed, the blessed gift in that country of the sub-tropical rainy season—ants were voracious, parrots noisy, and the sweat of their brow was not rewarded by the appearance of hard cash in the lump. They were sanguine of success, however, but their resources were running out; and Mr. Davis determined to exercise his craft as an engineer at a neighboring mill for wages, Mr. Nichols working the claim all alone—or, rather, with dog and horses for sole domestic companions—varying his toil by blacksmithing, mending and making mining implements, shoeing horses, and practising husbandry on a small scale—often in a temperature of 140° Fahr. in the shade. He had been on the claim just six weeks, when one day cleaning out an old gully to make a ventilator for his mine, he struck a vein of rich, coarse gold. Specimens picked up hap-hazard from this mine and the galena lode, have been sent to London for assay. On arrival, the ores were found to be heavy, but except in the case of two very small fragments, and then only very sparsely, no indication of gold was visible. An assay of each of the two ores, galena and quartz, has just been conducted by Messrs. Wellby, of Garrick street, Convent Garden, and has produced, for the galena, the remarkable result (sample twenty-three pounds) of—lead 48.80 per cent.; silver, 25 ounces 3 pennyweights; gold, 5 pennyweights per ton of ore of 20 hundred weight; and for the quartz (sample 50 ounces) gold, 8 ounces 17 pennyweights, 8 grains per hundred weight; and silver, 3 ounces 10 pennyweights, or for gold, 177 ounces odd to the ton of quartz. Messrs. Johnson, Matthey & Co., mixing lead, silver and gold together, assay (sample 12 pounds)—gold, 19 ounces, $600; silver, 28 ounces, $500 per ton. Mr. Frederick Claudet (sample 11 pounds)—gold 17 ounces; silver, 27 ounces 12 pennyweights per ton.

Shortly after the discovery of the vein of gold another prospector, Mr. William Hankie, appeared at the Florence-Augusta claim, begging one of the young men to join him in working another mine in the district, the quartz lying on the surface and extending for quite two miles. The same prospector had, in his search for gold, only just missed the famous Morgan reef, which contains the richest and purest gold ever found, assaying 99 9-10ths per cent., only one-tenth short of being virgin gold. Mr. Nichols, who divides with Mr. Hankie, writes of the new *trouvaille* that the stone looks well, though, as in most mines, the gold is patchy, and that they hope to get a big crushing out by Christmas, when the rains begin. The only desideratum is a crushing machine of their own, and half ton stamps for the silver, the heaviest lodes of that metal in the district being hard steel-grained. Two men, aided by lithofracture, can get out from four to ten tons of ore a day. Gold fetches from £2 18s to £3 5s an ounce. Cost of crushing £1 a ton, conveyance 7s a ton. The country is hilly and hemmed in on all sides, forming a huge well. Pinnacles are numerous, and they nearly all support bowlders weighing from a few pounds to one hundred tons. You might fancy yourself among the so-called Druidical monuments of Stonehenge, except that there is no plain. The hills afford a good gradient for the ores, and there is abundant storage for water. Gems and numerous metals, besides gold and silver, are plentiful in the vicinity, and the pinnacles are alive with kangaroos and kangaroo rats, wallabys, opossums, padymelons and birds. The food is coarse; salt beef, damper, and tea (no milk) for breakfast, at 6:30, after hunting in horses from five o'clock, rising hour. Dinner at twelve—beef, damper, and tea again; then work till sunset. Supper at six or seven (the old menu.) On red letter days a cake, (very home made), potatoes, and a few other vegetables. For amusement, clothes mending and washing, reading, writing, shooting, visiting, say a twenty mile ride, though this is not essential to sound sleep. Some of the men do not mind a ride of twenty miles out and twenty back just for the gratification of respectfully taking off their "cabbage hats" to any lady who may be known to be passing that way.

Faked Clothing.

[Special Telegram to the Globe.]

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 25.—Seaeral hundred dollars worth of clothing was found by the police last night, secreted in a large box in the rear of the Academy of Music. The property had been faked from the Boston clothing store during the fire.

FITTING ODD FEET.

The Trials of Salesmen in Fashionable Boot and Shoe Stores.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

A reporter stood in a popular shoe store the other day deliberating about making a purchase, and at the same time watching the various customers as they came and went. The chief demand seemed to be for gum shoes, and the customers were quickly furnished with what they wanted. "That makes the forty-second pair of rubbers that I have sold to-day," said a clerk as he bowed his lady customer out at the door. "A wet, rainy day in the fall of the year is sure to make an inroad in that line of our stock. They are easy to sell, too. All we have to know is the size of the shoe the party wears and then we can produce the right fit. No one is very particular about the fit of an overshoe, but our lady customers sometimes haggle over the price. But they do that on whatever they buy. Overshoes vary in style from the big, burdensome arctic to the light gossamer which may be wrapped up and put in the pocket."

As the accommodating clerk was concluding his remarks a lady, evidently verging on the age of thirty-five years and single, flounced in. After attracting considerable attention among other customers, she seated herself and whispered that she wanted a pair of gaiters, No. 3½. The clerk, somewhat in doubt, cast his experienced eye towards the bottom of her dress, and started for the shoes. Having had some experience in the business, and being economical of his strength, he picked out a pair or fives, hoping to make but one trip, but he was to be disapointed. The style of the shoe did not suit, and the lady would not so much as try it on. This time he brought two pairs, both fives. Selecting the largest of the two pairs, when the clerk was diplomatically looking another way, she struggled with the shoe until her foot was finally forced into it, with a rainbow curve. "There's one of the troubles," she remarked, with a school-girl giggle, "I have such an awfully high instep."

On bended knee the clerk began the task of buttoning. The third button-hole he tried was a stout one, and did not break, and as the work proceeded the woman's face got red and white by turns from the pain she was suffering. "A beautiful fit," he remarked, "and if you will pardon me, I will say, that it makes the shapeliest foot we have had in the house to-day.

"I think I will take that pair," said the customer.

"Do you wish to try on the other?"

"It will not be necessary," answered the buyer, and, paying the requisite sum, she left the store. As she did so the clerk gave a protracted wink: "She's one of 'em."

"One of what?"

"The kind that puts on one clean stocking when going to buy shoes, and doesn't want to give the other foot away. Here comes trouble," he finished, as a young miss came tripping in. Such proved to be the case, for the new arrival tried on pair after pair until at least a dozen varieties were lying around on the floor, and then she did not buy, but said she would call again. "Yes she will, in a horn," soliloquized the affable and gentlemanly clerk. In strong contrast to this occurrence was the appearance of a well-known business man, who, without letting go of the door-knob, said: 'Send me a pair of No. 8 Waukenphasts, D width, down to the house, and the bill with 'em; I haven't time to stop," and bang went the door. "Now, there's a Christian gentleman. If I had the money we'd go out and have a beer on it. You'd be surprised at the change that ladies have undergone in the matter of footwear. You recollect those prunella paper-soled shoes they used to wear the year round?"

"M-m-m."

"All gone now. They are following sensible English fashions, and use the 'common sense shoe,' broad toe, low, flat heel and wide, thick sole. The foot is improved in appearance, and, Lord, the comfort. As yet the upper class of women only are using them, working girls sticking to the old pinch-toe kind with the same persistency that they do to the straight, plastered bangs that went out of fashion long ago. I could go and stand on the sidewalk with you for half an hour, and without seeing the feet point out without missing one all who wear tight shoes. I tell it by their faces, which show lines and drawn muscles that no amount of paint, powder or grimaces can conceal. Tight shoes make women feverish, ill-tempered and spoil their digestion, which in turn reaches for the complexion and ruins it, and the ruin is further completed by liberal applications of face powder, containing in its ingredients bismuth, lead and other poisonous substances that bring on paralysis and early death. Are you getting there?"

"I am."

"Now for leather. What is called or sold as French kid is made in the United States; that is, ninety-nine one-hundredths of it. The genuine article is scarce and high. One New York firm has a monopoly on it. No leather will keep out snow water. A preparation of glue, rubber, plaster of paris and turnpike cement will do it, but after it dries you will have to blast your way down to the leather to put on a polish. The Cardiff giant wore this kind. Bull leather and ox hide is lasting, but it's too thick Horse hide, a great deal of which is used now, is thinner, has greater elasticity, a finer grain and is far more enduring. In France hundreds of these animals are slaughtered annually for the shoe trade. Nowadays hides are tanned in too much of a hurry, the process being helped on by chemicals and other things that rot the material. You know that old story of the soldier during the war who bought a pair of boots and had only gone about a square in the rain when the soles melted off, and he came back with the flapping uppers to the storekeeper, who said, throwing up his hands, "Why, you haven't been walking in them, have you? Them's cavalry boots." They were made of this kind of leather. The longer the hide is left to soak in the tan vats the better and tougher the product. If you want something that will wear for time and ages get English sole leather—if you can. But when you find it let me know, and I'll get a pair for myself. Here's a neat thing that's going to save lots of colds. You see it's a rubber and waterproof legging in combination, to go over the shoe and stocking. Buttoning as it does, it is easily and quickly put on and off. It is an effectual offset to the dangers of the cold wet skirts hitting against the ankles. Rubbers have been wonderfully improved. They used to be cumbersome and heavy. Look at these, weighing about four ounces to the pair. You can roll them up and stick them in your vest pockets. Hold on! I didn't mean for you to do it! You can have them in the legitimate way if you want for a dollar. The rubber is just as fine as silk. Rubber—do you follow?"

"Why don't you hire a hall?"

"Like the dude Democrats did, and get roasted? No, sir. What do you think of this slipper? It's the Dorsey, and is a perfect little beauty. A man couldn't resist a girl wearing a pair of them. They are a design of Dorsey, one of the leading society men of London, who stands pre-eminent for correct judgment in all matters where good taste governs. They cost $3.50 for this style. Here is another kind of the Dorsey that comes higher. Shoes are now made in such a variety of lengths and widths as to make it hardly necessary for a woman to get them made to order. I forgot to add that the extremely high, narrow heels are no longer the proper caper. A man who will permit his wife to wear—don't go; what is it you want to know about the shoe business? Just ask all your questions and I'll try to help you out."

"I will come in some day when you have more time."

ROMANCE OF AN ELOPEMENT.

A Rochester Heiress Who Ran Away With a Drummer.

[Milwaukee Wisconsin.]

The news columns of the *Wisconsin* a few days ago contained an announcement of a highly sensational elopement from Rochester, N. Y., the interesting parties being James H. Doty, a well known traveling man, and Miss Metta Sherman, a reigning belle of Rochester and heiress to a large fortune. The fact has just developed that Mr. Doty and his bride spent a portion of their honeymoon in Milwaukee. One week ago to-day Miss Sherman, who resided at the corner of Perkins street and Fulton avenue, Rochester, with her guardian, Hiram Doty, the father of her lover, obtained the former's consent to visit her old home at Gates, N. Y., to attend a church social. Her ruse proved successful. Instead of going to Gates she boarded a fast train for Chicago, and upon arriving in the city of sin was met at the depot bp Doty, the whole affair having been systematically planned by the couple. A license had been procured, and they were married the same day. The couple arrived in Milwaukee last Saturday afternoon and stopped at the Plankinton house, registering as "J. H. Doty and wife, New York." They remained at the hotel untill 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, when they departed for St. Paul, and are probably now in that city. Ever since the death of her father, Hiram Sherman, of Gates, N. Y., Metta has lived with her husband's father, her guardian and a distant relative. She is a pretty brunette, nineteen years of age, an heiress to a fortune of $75,000 when she arrives at the age of twenty-one. Besides what she will possess in her own name in two years. Mrs. Dotty, it is said, will inherit about $150,000 from a wealthy uncle. She has figured extensively in the best society in Rochester, and was generally esteemed a society belle. James H. Doty, the hero of the romance, resided for many years in Rochester. He is about thirty-one years of age, is rather tall and wears a large blonde mustache, and is rather a fine looking fellow. For several years past he has been traveling for a Springfield, Mass., whip house, with headquarters at St. Paul. Mr. Doty frequently visits Milwaukee and has a large circle of acquaintances in this city. He married a few years ago against his father's will, and was divorced two years ago. His divorced wife now lives in Chicago. About a year ago he began a correspondence with his father's ward and frequently went to Rochester on short visits. The old gentleman did not look with displeasure upon the friendship existing between the couple, never dreamed of a matrimonial result, which would, it is said, have met with his disfavor. The first intelligence received by Mr. Doty, senior, of the elopement was a telegraph message from his son William from Milwaukee, asking that his wife's trunks be forwarded here by express. This was followed by a letter announcing the marriage at Chicago. Up to that time the young lady's friends supposed she was visiting her friends at Gates. While in this city Mrs. Doty was recognized by several acquaintances who formerly resided at Rochester. The elopement and subsequent marriage created a great sensation in Rochester society circles. The surprise occasioned by the episode was intensified by the fact that the couple when seen together were invariably quarreling and saucing each other. This was probably a part of the deception devised to hoodwink the old gentleman. He forwarded her trunks, as requested, but is reported as very much worked up over the affair, fearing people will accuse him of conniving to bring about such a result. Mrs. Doty's mother lives on Troup street, Rochester, and is said to be demented. During her brief sojourn in this city Mrs. Doty appeared very happy, and expressed herself as confident that her guardian and father-in-law will take a sensible view of the matter and forgive her.

HOW A JUDGE GOT HIS TITLE.

Where the Spirit of the Republican Institutions was Sustained With Six-Shooters.

"Judge" Caton, Indian trader at Fort Bennett (Cheyenne agency), is one of the best and most entertaining authorities on the affairs, character, history, and traditions of the Sioux Indians to be met with in the northwest, and there is no better company for the leisure hour. But where and how Caton came to get that title has been a mystery to me, knowing, as I did, that he could have hardly obtained it from the savage Dacotahs, among whom he has resided for a number of years.

I asked him the other day, meeting him on the train: "Where did you get your title from, Judge?"

"Well," he said, with a smile and a twinkle of the eye, "I'll tell you. I have been a 'Judge' for some eighteen years, and although the period of my holding office was of short duration, I expect to hold my title for life.

"It was that time when I was a youth of twenty that my father sent me out west in company with an old friend of the family, a gentleman nearer my father's age than mine; visited Colorado, where things were then in a pretty wild state.

"The day we arrived at Fairplay an election was held for the office of register of deeds. Capt. Coates and Col. Jenny were the opposing candidates, and the election had been carried on with a good deal of feeling on both sides.

"The returns gave Coates a majority of 200 votes out of a total poll of over 2,000, in a county whose entire population fell far short of the vote in everybody's opinion.

"Col. Jenny contested the election. The office was worth $10,000 a year, and worth fighting for. Each candidate had his attorneys, whose fees on either side exceeded $1,000.

"Every preparation had been made for hearing the contest except the selection of a referee.

"A barrel of whisky and a barrel of water were placed at the principal street corner with a tin cup for everybody's free use. All carried firearms save my friend and myself, and to me the scene was, to say the least, a novel one.

"The choice of a referee was a point over which a dispute seemed imminent, when Capt. Coates, espying me in the crowd, exclaimed:

"'Yonder's a tenderfoot with an honest face. What do you say to having him for the judge of this here business?'

"'He'll do for me,' responded Col. Jenny, and 'Judge Caton' I became at and from that hour.

"Witnesses were called on both sides, and the taking of testimony began for the contestant.

"A great, strapping 'six-footer and six-shooter' swore that in 'Buckskin Joe' precinct, where over 200 votes were polled, there were not that many souls living, men, women and children.

"Testimony of this sort soon showed me that the election had been notoriously unfair on both sides, and that there was no way to ascertain who had been honestly elected.

"It had been agreed that my decision should be final, with the sole right reserved to the defeated party of forcible resistance when the other should take the office.

"My position was a ticklish one. Fortunately, however, I was perfectly free to act as I liked. My court had no precedents to follow. Deciding, after a day of wrangling by counsel and clients over the evidence presented, that I would try a bold stroke for justice, I called the court to silence and announced: 'Gentlemen, it appears to this court that no fair and legal election has been held in this county, and I shall rule as follows—that there be a new election, the ballots to be deposited in my keeping, in the presence of both candidates and their counsel.'

"This decision took them all by surprise, but proved to be acceptable at once. It was arranged to have the voting done at each precinct separately, and on a separate day in a few instances where it was necessary, so as to comply with the conditions prescribed.

"A large crowd went with judge, candidates and counsel from poll to poll, and the result finally reached was a majority of twelve votes for Capt. Coates out of a total of 326 votes, instead of the former poll of 2,000."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Smokers in the White House.

Washington Special to Baltimore American.

"So the White House is to have another smoker," said an old attache of that establishment, as he carefully nursed a fragrant Havana and watched the rings of smoke ascend toward the frescoed ceiling. "I see that Mr. Cleveland is a smoker. Well, there has been pretty constant smoking here since Grant came in. There was an interregnum, so to speak, under Hayes, who did not smoke nor did any of his boys; but with that exception the Presidents since Lincoln have all been smokers. Mr. Lincoln did not smoke nor chew. Johnson did, so did Grant, so did Garfield, so does Arthur, and so will Cleveland. There were great times among the smokers when Grant came in. It seemed as though everybody here smoked then. I remember up in the President's room at the Capitol, when he used to go up there to sign bills on the closing days of the session, the smoke was so thick that you could it with a knife, as the saying is. No, Hayes did not smoke, but not because of any objection on the part of his own wife, for I think she rather enjoyed the odor of a good cigar. I remember that she turned the cottage at the Soldiers' Home upside down one day looking for a cigar for me after I had taken dinner with the family there. She had seen me smoking at my desk and set out to find some cigars there, insisting that I should not be deprived of my after-dinner smoke, but failed, for somebody had captured all of them.

CATSKILL BEARS.

The Various Ways in Which They are Captured by Hunters in Winter.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Those who visit the many mountain resorts among the Catskills in the summer, have no idea that it is a wild beast hunting ground in the winter. Such is the fact, however, and perhaps no spot in the state is so noted for bears and smaller animals as is the neighborhood of Shandaken, Ulster county. With the exception of the few small settlements, the territory is one wilderness of mountain and timber land. Forty years ago nearly the entire population were trappers and huntsmen. At the present time there are many backwoodsmen who gain a livelihood by fishing for trout and other fish in the summer and hunting and trapping in the winter. In severe winters the snow is deep on the mountains and in the ravines and notches. In the latter places it remains far into the spring. At the present time the snow in many places is from three to five feet deep. There are many wild and picturesque spots in the town of Shandaken, among which may be mentioned the notch in Deep Hollow, the Hunter Notch, Devil's Glen, Westkill Clove and Big Indian Hollow. The mountains that run up along Deep Hollow are from 2,500 to 3,500 feet high and are the winter homes of bears. These mountains are very steep and abound in rocky ledges, under nearly all of which can be found deep holes or caves. Rugged as they are they are beautiful objects to look at in the winter sunlight, their snow capped peaks fairly dazzling the beholder. In past years larger bears have been killed than of late although instead of becoming extinct among the Cats kills, bears are more numerous now than ever before. A well known trapper gives as his reason for this that a number of years ago, when the mountains were well timbered, the bears could scarcely find anything to eat and had to live on roots, bark and whatever game they could lay their paws on. Since the wood has been cleared off, shrubs and bushes have grown thickly, intermingled with briars and trailing vines, which furnish berries and other food for wild animals. As bruin is very much like a hog he will eat pretty much anything in the animal or vegitable line.

In the coldest weather bears usually house themselves in small caves or openings, under the ledges of rocks, where it is dry, but when the winter is open they come out and are easily tracked over the light snow. They usually select the southerly face of a mountain for they holes or dens, probably because it is warmer and more pleasant. It is considered that they eat nothing while housed up, but lie rolled up in a heap. They will remain in that condition the greater part of the winter unless aroused by dogs who scent them out. Dogs are their natural enemies. Bears pay but little attention to the loud yelping of the dogs, but put on a bold front. Few experienced dogs are foolish enough to go beyond the mouth of a cave, for a full-grown bear can ward off half a dozen good dogs with the greatest ease. When a dog receives a fair blow from one of its paws it quickly "goes to grass," with the blood spurting from its wounds. At sight of men, however, bears become uneasy, and try to escape. As a general rule they will never fight a man unless forced into it. When they have cubs and are followed closely they will keep them ahead and follow close in the rear to protect them. If pushed closely they will make a great show of fight, growl and tear the bark from the trees with much fuss and noise, and do their utmost to frighten off the enemy, and if there is no help for it they will fight fircely when brought to bay. Bears, when known to be with young, are left alone, unless the hunters are well armed for a fight. Experienced dogs greatly assist the hunter, and do much toward checking the speed of the bear. Now and then they nab bruin by a hind leg, which worries him greatly. After a dog has tackled a bear once, however, he knows enough to keep out the reach of his paws, and, being nimbler than bruin, he has little trouble in doing this.

Hunters are often given a long and weary chase over the mountains and through the valleys ten, fifteen and even twenty miles, generally in the roughest places, for the bear, when he finds that he is tracked, will pick out the most tangled and impassible places he can reach, going down in deep ravines, where the brush and briars are so thick that they will tear the clothing of the hunters if they attempt to follow him, while bruin will shuffle along, because of his thick hide, almost as fast as though on better ground. The articles necessary to complete the outfit of a bear hunter are few and simple. A good dog and a breech loading, double barrel shot gun, heavy boots, coarse and thick trousers and short coat and and a belt with apartments for cartridges and pistol prepare the hunter for his sport. When the snow is deep the chase will be slow and tedious, but if there is only a light fall the huntsmen will get so interested that they will keep up a dog trot for some distance. Care must be taken upon nearing bruin that he does not scent the hunter, or else he will give him a tough time of it, as the bear will make for the most tangled spots and nine times out of ten escape. If the hunter can get within easy shooting distance on good ground the bear, supposing only dogs after him, becomes an easy victim. Sometimes it is easier and more profitable to trap bears than to hunt them with powder and ball. Various kinds of traps are used. The log trap, which captures the bear alive, and the heavy steel trap, with hook or log attachment, are considered the best.

When a bear finds himself trapped in a steel trap he usually makes for a ledge of rocks, and then tries to break the trap by slapping it down with all his might, and as they generally have great strength, it takes a good trap to stand it. When a bear finds that he can not get rid of the trap he tries to get away, but of course is easily followed, as the trap with the attachments forces him to travel very slowly. Some hunters claim that when a bear gets his foot in the trap, and finds he can not get rid of it, he will actually chew off the leg, leaving part of it in the trap, and go off and nurse the wounded stump so well that in a short time it will heal up so that he can travel pretty nearly as well as before. When a Shandaken hunter wants to capture a bear alive he uses the log trap and baits it with a sheep's head, well roasted, which will tempt a bear into almost any place.

Waking One's Self at Will.

[American Architect.]

An old problem of the psychologists has been revived by a letter to *La Nature*, written by a French business man who mentions that for years he has been in the habit of waking himself at any hour in the morning that he wished, simply by impressing upon his mind before going to sleep the fact that he must awake at that hour, and saying further that he seldom varies five minutes from the moment which he had assigned himself. We have a very distinct recollection of many instances in which we have ourselves tried the experiment with success, and at one time when it was necessary for a considerable period for us to wake on certain days of the week at a very early hour, to take the first train to the place where our services were then needed, we had an opportunity of studying the circumstances under which this peculiar species of self-control is most easily exercised.

During this period we found no difficulty in waking regularly within about five minutes of the time necessary to enable us to reach the train comfortably; although for a portion of the time this involved getting up long before daylight; but we discovered also that in order to wake with precision at the right moment, and to rest quietly until it arrived, it was necessary to look at our watch just before going to sleep. If we neglected this precaution we were apt to sleep uneasily, waking first an hour or more before the proper time, and allowing ourselves in consequence only short naps afterward until the minute arrived for getting up. Whatever part of our mind it might have been that took charge of waking us seemed to begin its count of the hours from the time at which we composed ourselves to sleep, and if we did not inform ourselves of this our conscious reckoning was correspondingly uncertain and the effort to wake vague, but if we took a clear note of the time in the evening we could sleep peacefully through the whole of the alotted interval, sure of being aroused at or near its expiration. Another condition of waking we found to be the occurrence of some external event, through which, as it were, the internal effort could take effect upon our senses. A very trifling circumstance—the flutter of a leaf outside the window, the chirp of a bird or any other of the unnumbered sounds of early morning—was sufficient, if it happened at the right time, to awake us by a sort of magnifying process which at that moment gave the power of startling us by a noise which would at other times be unnoticed; but without such sensible impression we think we should not have waked. In fact, on one or two occasions we remember to have been impressed with a dim consciousness of waiting for something to happen before waking and a moment later a trifling sound would open our senses with a little shock. To the necessity of waiting for this impression, small as it might be, we were disposed to attribute the variation of a minute or two, either way from the exact moment assigned for waking, which might otherwise be kept with exact punctuality.

The Prince of Wales and His Friends.

[San Francisco Argonaut.]

I dare say you may remember a story which got out last year about a practical joke that was played at Cowes during the yachting week, on a lady named Mrs. Cust, whose house at that time every year is a favorite resort of the Prince of Wales and his followers. It seems that Mrs. Cust was told that the French cabinet minister, Monsieur Waddington, was in Cowes, and the Prince requested that he be invited to dinner by her to meet his royal highness. The invitation was, of course, given, and the dinner took place. After dinner the gentlemen came into the drawing room, and there, in Mrs. Cust's presence, an altercation soon arose between Monsieur Waddington and Lord Charles Beresford The rudest, most insulting epithets were applied to the French people in general, and Monsieur Waddington in particular, the war of words ending in Monsieur Waddington being hustled out of the room, into the garden, and thrown over the wall into the road. Shortly after he presented himself again, covered with dust when, at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Cust, who was almost in a faint, a peace was patched up. Another row soon began ending as before. The prince throughout the proceeding was convulsed with laughter. Somehow the affair reached the ears of the French ambassador in London, and he wrote to Lord Granville about it. Then the truth had to come out. It wasn't Monsieur Waddington at all, but "Bull Run" Russell, who had dressed up to represent him; the whole thing being concocted by Lord Charles Beresford, for the amusement of the Prince of Wales.

Such was last year's fun, and here is what happened this year. After dinner, when as before all the guests were assembled in the drawing room, an old woman, dressed in a French costume with very short skirts, suddenly made her appearance and one of the company being requested to play some lively opera bouffe air on the pianoforte, she proceeded to dance the can-can. She danced with much spirit and vivacity, not altogether, perhaps, as a modest old woman should, and, as usual, the Prince of Wales was in shouts of laughter. At last she sat down amid a round of applause, and then a quadrille was formed, the old woman requesting the prince to be her partner. Although not exactly the proper thing, he couldn't refuse. After the quadrille she as suddenly disappeared, and people were wondering who she was, when the door was thrown open and in walked Sir Harry Keppel. It needed but a glance to see that he it was who had been masquerading as the ancient French damsel, and great was the merriment thereat. On the whole, when one reflects, it was not a very elevating sight.

Sir Harry Keppel is a man of seventy-five, and, notwithstanding his age, is one of the prince's most constant companions and followers. There are people who accuse him of being a great toady, and if one might judge by the exploit just mentioned, the charge is not very untrue. Fancy a man of his age, and an admiral of the fleet, consenting to such an exhibition of want of dignity on his part, merely for the sake of amusing the prince of Wales!

Mrs. Cust, the lady at whose house this sort of ridiculous tomfoolery occurs every year for the delectrtion, of "Tummy," is a woman of over sixty. She is a Scotch woman, and has always been very fast, notwithstanding the two facts that she was a Miss MacDonald, daughter of the Chief of Clanranald, and very plain in looks. She is an aunt of the present Earl of Brownlow.

CURE FOR PILES.

The first symptoms of Piles is an intenceithing at night after getting warm. This unpleasant sensation is immediately relieved by an application of Dr. Bosankoy's Pile Remedy. Piles in all forms, Itch, Salt Rheum and Ringworm can be permanently cured by the use of this great remedy. Price 50 cents. Manufactured by the Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Pivua, O. Sold by A. P. Wilkes, Seven Corners; F. H. Heinert, 374 Dayton avenue; Sohn Boyden, 323 East Seventh street; and P. C. Lutz, Wabashaw street, opposite post office.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—ss. In Probate Court, special term held December 4, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Michael Skelly, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Henry B. Farwell and Patrick Egan, administrators of said estate, setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to their hands; and the disposition thereof; the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased, and a description of all the real estate of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value of the respective portions thereof; and praying that license be to them granted to sell at private sale a part of the real estate set forth and described in said petition;

And it appearing by said petition, that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of said administrators to pay said debts, and that it is necessary in order to pay the same, to sell a part of said real estate;

It is therefore ordered, that all persons interested in said estate, appear before the judge of this court, on Monday, the 19th day of January, A. D. 1885, at ten o'clock a. m., at the probate office, in Saint Paul, in said county, then and there to show cause (if any there be) why license should not be granted to said administrators to sell said real estate according to the prayer of said petition.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order shall be published for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing; the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said county, at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, and upon all other persons interested, according to law.

By the Court.

[L. S.] WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk.

OLIVIER & FARWELL, Attorneys for Administrators. dec5-5w-fri

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—ss. In Probate Court, special term, December 17, 1884.

In the matter of the estate of Gertrude Berud, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Patrick Keigher, administrator of the estate of Gertrude Berud, deceased, representing among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing his account of administration, and for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the person entitled thereto by law.

It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard, by the Judge of this court, on Thursday, the 15th day of January, A. D. 1885, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office in said county.

And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper, printed and published at Saint Paul, in said county.

By the Court, WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.

[L. S.]

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. dec19-fri-4w

STATE OF MINNESOTA, DISTRICT COURT County of Ramsey, Second Judicial District.

In the matter of the assignment of Riddell & Clarke to George H. Smith, Assignee.

On reading and filing the petition of George H. Smith, Assignee, in the above entitled matter, representing that he has converted into cash all the property assigned to him; that he has filed his account of receipts and disbursements and is ready to distribute the proceeds of said assigned estate as the court shall direct and praying that his account be examined and allowed as stated;

It is ordered, that the creditors, assignors and all persons interested in said estate, show cause if any there be, at a special term of said court, to be holden at the Court House, in Saint Paul, Minnesota, on Saturday, the 3d day of January, A. D. 1885, at ten o'clock, in the forenoon, why the account of said assignee should not be allowed as stated by him.

That this order be served by publication thereof, on the 22d, 24th, 27th and 30th days of December, 1884, in the Saint Paul DAILY GLOBE, and by sending a copy thereof postpaid, through the mail to each of the creditors of said assignors who have filed their claims and releases thereof with the clerk of said court, on or before the 22d day of December, 1884.

Dated Saint Paul, Minnesota, December 19th, 1884.

ORLANDO SIMONS, District Judge.

WARREN H. MEAD, Attorney for Assignee. dec22,24,27,30

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

THE ST. PAUL RUBBER COMPANY.

Articles of incorporation signed and adopted this twenty-fifth day of November, A. D. eighteen hundred and eighty-four, by and between the undersigned persons hereinafter named.

First—The said persons agree to form and associate themselves, and do hereby form and associate themselves, into a corporation under the General Laws of the State of Minnesota.

The name of said corporation shall be "THE SAINT PAUL RUBBER COMPANY."

The general nature of its business shall be manufacturing and dealing in rubber goods and other goods.

The principal place of transacting the business of said corporation shall be the City of St. Paul, in the County of Ramsey and State of Minnesota.

Second—The time of commencement of said corporation shall be the first day of January, A.D. 1885, and the period of continuance of said corporation shall be thirty years from this date.

Third—The amount of capital stock of said corporation shall be thirty thousand dollars, which shall be all paid in within five days after subscribing for the same.

The said amount of capital stock and number of shares may be increased at any regular or special meeting of the stockholders, to the amount of twenty thousand dollars additional stock, making the aggregate capital stock fifty thousand dollars. Said additional stock may be issued and paid in from time to time as may be ordered by the directors or as prescribed by the by-laws.

Fourth—The highest amount of indebtedness or liability which the said corporation shall be at any time subject is fifty thousand dollars.

Fifth—The names and places of residence of the persons forming said corporation are as follows:

George H. Ranney, St. Paul, Minnesota; Herbert N. Hodgman, St. Paul, Minnesota; James Hurd Thompson, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Orville H. Curtis, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Sixth—The government of said corporation and the management of its affairs shall be vested in a board of four directors, all of whom shall be stockholders except as herein provided.

The names of the first board of directors shall be the aforementioned George H. Ranney, Herbert N. Hodgman, James Hurd Thompson and Orville H. Custis, who shall hold office until the first Tuesday of January, A. D. 1885, and until their successors are elected.

The directors hereafter chosen shall be elected by the stockholders and hold office for one year and until their successors are elected, but the directors may fill any vacancy for the unexpired term.

There shall also be a President, Secretary and Treasurer of said corporation, to be elected annually by the directors, and the said George H. Ranney shall be President, and the said Herbert N. Hodgman shall be Secretary and Treasurer until their successors are elected and qualified.

There may be such other officers as said corporation, by its directors, may provide, and all officers shall hold office until their successors are appointed and qualified. All officers shall be stockholders.

The directors shall have power to pass by-laws and provide for calling meetings of the stockholders or directors.

The first meeting of said corporation shall be on the first day of January, A. D. 1885, at ten o'clock a. m., at the office of the corporation in the City of Saint Paul, Minnesota.

There shall be an annual meeting of the stockholders on the first Tuesday of January of each year unless otherwise provided by the by-laws. In case, however, such annual meeting of stockholders should not take place at such stated time, the directors shall have power to call such a meeting of stockholders at such other time and upon such notice as they may direct.

Seventh—The number and amount of the shares in the capital stock of said corporation shall be six hundred shares of fifty dollars each.

In witness whereof we, the said corporators, have hereto set our hands and seals the day and year first herein above written.

GEORGE H. RANNEY, (Seal.)
HERBERT N. HODGMAN, (Seal.)
JAMES HURD THOMPSON, (Seal.)
ORVILLE H. CURTIS. (Seal.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of
HENRY J. HORN
FR. F. WILDE.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Ramsey. } ss

On this 25th day of November, A. D. 1884, before me personally appeared George H. Ranney, Herbert N. Hodgman, James Hurd Thompson and Orville H Curtis, to me known to be the persons described in and who executed the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged that they each executed the same as their free act and deed.

{ Notarial Seal. } FR. F. WILDE, Notary Public, Ramsey Co., Minn.

355-362

NOTICE.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS!

SEALED PROPOSALS

Will be received by the City Clerk of the city of St. Paul Minnesota, at his office in said city,

UNTIL 12 M. OF

January 6, 1885,

for the construction of the

SUBSTRUCTURE

of the proposed

Robert Street Bridge,

according to plans and specifications on file in the office of the City Engineer.

All proposals must be made upon forms prepared for the purpose, which will be furnished by the City Engineer.

A bond with at least two (2) sureties in a sum of at least twenty (20) per cent. of the gross amount of the proposal must accompany each proposal.

The Common Council of said city of St. Paul reserves the right to reject any or all proposals.

St. Paul, Dec. 6, 1884.

THOS. A. PRENDERGAST, City Clerk.

342-361

Change of Street Grade.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE, ST. PAUL, Dec. 22, 1884.

Notice in hereby given that the Common Council of the City of Saint Paul, will at their meeting to be held on Tuesday, the third day of February, A. D. 1885, at 7:30 o'clock, P. M., at the Council Chamber, in the city hall, consider and may order a change of grade on the following street, between the points named, viz:

Franklin Street,

Between Irvine Park Drive and Elm Street.

In accordance with and as indicated by the dotted red line on the profile thereof, and as reported upon as being necessary and proper by the Board of Public Works of said city, under date of December 15, 1884, which said report was adopted by said Common Council, at their meeting held December 16, 1884.

The profiles indicating the proposed change is on file and can be seen at this office.

By order of Common Council,

THOS. A. PRENDERGART, City Clerk.

dec23-4w-tu&sat

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—ss. In Probate Court, special term, December 22, 1884.

In the matter of the estat of Harrison C. Elleme, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Aldin Hassan, administrator of the estate of Harrison C. Ellems, deceased, representing among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing his account of administration, and for the assignment of the residue of said estate to heirs.

It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard by the judge of this court, on Wednesday, the 21st day of January, A. D. 1885, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate office, in said county.

And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at St. Paul, in said county.

By the Court, WM. B. McGRORTY, Judge of Probate.

[L. S.]

Attest: FRANK ROBERT, Jr., Clerk. dec23-4w-tu