

Local Lines.

[From Saturday's Daily.]

The Phoenix HERALD is in the hands of a master. The paper has greatly improved of late.—Democrat.

The well at the Ice mill has eaved in and there is weeping and wailing among housekeepers and saloon men.

The latest style of shoes in the Tucson market are to be kicking the scales at eighteen and twenty dollars per pair.

A couple of lively rows awake the people in the vicinity of the Flag Sacon this afternoon. Fines and scoldings in order next.

C. E. Donaldson, a railroad contractor, will arrive here from Prescott to-morrow with five large teams to load freight for C. P. Head & Co.

"Blind Jim," the man charged with the murder of F. N. Stone at Flagstaff, was captured at Larned, Pawnee county, Kansas, and has been returned to Prescott.

If you need a gem or rifle watch, a field glass, or anything else, send to the square dealing house of U. C. Harris, 221 Kearny, between Bush and Sutter streets, S. F.

The elements of "progress" in a political party are evoked by what the party does and has done, not by what it has not done. What has the Democratic party done, pray?

Sheriff Orme returned last evening from his hunt after the Gillette stage robbers. His reports have not been very encouraging, and not a word concerning the robbers.

The new editor of the Phoenix HERALD, Mr. Morford, has improved the paper wonderfully. The issue of August 28th is on the table. It is a good, readable paper, full of live local news, broader quality.—Citizen.

Morton, the murderer of Roberts in the Santa Ritas, and who escaped from the prison in Tucson a few days ago, has been recaptured and returned to his former quarters. There is much feeling against him in the Santa Ritas, and the miners have raised \$500 to assist in his prosecution.

[From Monday's Daily.]
Judge Porter spent Saturday at Gillet.

Mrs. P. Minor returned from the East on last evening.

Fine alfalfa hay is selling in our market now at \$15 per ton.

Turkey Creek is looming up as a mining town.

All lovers of music should go and hear Prof. John Kelly to night.

Sixty voters have renewed their registration at Big Bag up to date.

Messrs. Somers & Co. have contracted for boring an artesian well for Goldman & Co.

Big Bug and Agua Fria have been flooding the miners on their banks during the late storms.

Lieut. Scott and family passed through Phoenix yesterday on their way to Fort McDowell.

The Prescott subscribers to the Thirty-fifth Parallel railroad have been called on to "put up."

Our friend Butz, of the defunct Democrat, is to have a position on the Los Angeles Herald.

A Valente letter from our lively correspondent up that way is crowded out for today.

Democratic candidates are hard at work to-day, and the primaries to-morrow promise to be very lively.

Mr. Spear, of Tempe, made us a pleasant call this morning and reports business good about that way.

Whiskey and politics made lively times in the vicinity of the Tiger Saloon yesterday evening. Only five fights.

The quartz mill of the Hidden Treasure mining company, on Turkey creek, has arrived and will soon be put up.

Band Master Kelly left today for Prescott to join the 13th Infantry band, soon to leave for Sacket's Harbor, N. Y.

Washington street, at the crossing of Center street, was flooded by water this morning, either by accident or design on the part of some one.

Our friends in various localities are cordially invited to drop us a line of news from their sections; mining, political or otherwise always acceptable.

[From Tuesday's Daily.]
J. D. Monihan and family left today on a visit to New York.

S. Rightist has bought out the Tiger restaurant.

Mr. Millard has a steady increase in the number of boarders.

The Governor's proclamation of election has arrived at the Sheriff's office.

Tucson is suffering from thieves and now horse thieves have made their appearance. The citizen says that Judge Osborn lost a fine stallion a few nights since.

Mr. C. Salari will soon begin extensive additions to the Phoenix hotel, building an addition on the eastern side, and raising it by putting up a second story and veranda along the entire front.

The Democratic primaries are taking hold of the city, the struggle being between the candidates for Sheriff. How the battle goes is not known at this hour. Two hundred and twenty-five votes were polled at noon.

A letter as to "How the Arrests Were Made" in the late stage robbery and murder at Globe, appears in the Friday HERALD, which contains a column and a quarter and remains one of the darlings' conundrums of a young man. He "shook, snuck, snuck," snuck, and out jumped "snuck" at all.

Dr. Foster Porter has been nominated by the Republican Territorial Convention for Delegate to Congress, by a vote of 13 to 15, John J. Goss, the lately retired Territorial Secretary, being his opponent. The nomination is a strong one, Judge Porter having for years served with honor on the bench of the Second Judicial District.—Globe Chronicle.

Some heartless fiend is again at his diabolical business of poisoning dogs. If he would confine himself to killing a few of the worthless curs and bad dogs, no fault would be found, but nearly every dog of any value has felt a victim to strychnine. If the mischief is stopped it will suffer for his contemptible act.

The reports of Indian massacres in the southern part of the Territory and just over the line are numerous and varying. The fact is, most of it is mere rumor, though no doubt a number of Apaches are on the war path. Most of the depredations, it is not all of them, however, up to the present time, have been committed over the line, in Sonora.

[From Wednesday's Daily.]
The crew has not as yet been found in the Gillette stage robbery, and it "looks" as though they were to see frost free.

Mr. William Furtz was last night elected band leader to fill the position made vacant by the leaving of Prof. G. H. Kelly.

Mr. Gregory showed us a scorpion which he had caught this morning. It was fully three and three-fifths inches in length.

The Gowan and Excursion mines are being rapidly developed in Tomba and prove valuable property. The Excursion company is putting up a ten-stamp mill on the Verde.

General George Crook, the "boss" Indian civilization in the United States, has arrived at Whipple, accompanied by Lt. John G. Bourke, Aid-de-Camp, and Adjutant-General James Martin.

The Duke Smelter, at Lynx Creek, is in full blast, turning out bullion from Doseo ore. It is said to be now put up in first-class style, so that hereafter there will be no difficulty in keeping it in activity all the time.

The very rich mine at Eagle Gulch, Plumas county, California, of which we spoke last week, is said to be a veritable fact. The mine had been offered to a speculator for \$75,000 and refused, when a few days afterward that amount was being taken from it every week.

Three hundred and fifty votes were cast at the Democratic primary election yesterday, resulting in the election of the Orme ticket. The following delegates to the County Convention were elected: John Burger, W. R. Carey, J. K. Looney, N. M. Bradford, G. E. Collins, W. Osborn, Cass Goldman, Ira Stroud, A. L. Houshau and Isaac Ham.

A large amount of smelting machinery has been arriving during the week for the Long Island Copper Company. The buildings are about ready for the "plant," and the indications are that the furnace will soon be turning out a glowing stream of wealth and add a prominent branch to the laurels which Globe is already crowned.—Globe Chronicle.

Pretty lively times in Globe in a short space of time: Ten men murdered, two lynched, or a sticked, one death from natural causes, and a first-class flood. These are all good signs of prosperity and the only thing we need for complete happiness is a fire, which in the present condition of Globe would destroy half the town.—Chronicle.

At a regular meeting of Phoenix Brass Band, held Sept. 5, 1882, the following resolution was unanimously adopted and ordered placed upon the records of the organization:

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Prof. G. H. Kelly for his untiring labors in behalf of the band, and his able assistance as leader in the past.

W. B. LOUNT, Pres't.
G. H. RORANCO, Sec'y.

Phoenix, A. T., Sept. 6, 1882.
Mr. Herritt wishes us to say to the public that there will be no water on the streets for a day or two as some one drew out the gate and filled the cut full of water. Anyone caught meddling with the water works on his premises will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

[From Thursday's Daily.]
A chapter of Royal Arch Masons is talked of in Tombstone.

The Republican County Convention will be held September 23d.

Nothing new from the Indians today. Hesling's death not yet confirmed.

In Tombstone the gaming houses are so heavily taxed that eight of them shut up during last month.

N. Ambler's big team brought in today an entire carload of coal oil for the firm of Roenigk & Rutter.

The Tombstone Independent gives our pile of exchanges no longer. It is among the "things" that were but are not.' Val'e.

C. Ruiz, editor of the late Democrat, and his brother left today for Visalia, being suddenly called by telegram to the bedside of his mother, who is thought to be dying.

We are in receipt of the Haricorne, a neat, handsomely printed 4-column monthly paper from Charleston, S. C. M. E. Britton, Editor and Proprietor, age 15. Circulation, 6,000.

If you send the money in advance for anything you order, you need not pay any freight or express charges. The Harris says that for your \$21 Kearny, between Bush and Sutter streets.

Rich placer mines are reported as lately discovered in Los Angeles county. About \$21,000 are said to have been washed out in three days. The mines are located at the head of San Gabriel canyon.

Footpads infest Prescott. A day or two ago two soldiers were robbed as they were on their way from the city to Fort Whipple. One lost \$75, the other \$30. What a blessing railroads are.

The City Council of our town has ordered to be printed the proceedings in cases of arrest for drunkenness, in violation of the peace, and like petty offences coming up in the Justices' Court.

G. N. Pespiera, of Sonora, has raised and is outfitting a company of Indian fighters at his own expense to drive off the marauding Apaches. Here is an example of public spirit for some of our wealthy Arizona men to emulate. We guarantee that there will be no foolishness about Pespiera's fighting.

The road agents who robbed the Black Canyon stage have been heard from in the Verde valley, making their way towards some of the railroad towns. There were three of them, well mounted and armed.

A banquet to Gen'l. Willcox and Crook took place in Prescott on Tuesday evening and is reported as a splendid affair. Speeches were made by Hon. C. C. Bean, Governor, Territorial General and General Willcox.

"Peace both her victories," etc., General A. T. Sharpe, of Ottawa, Kansas, so says the Republican, that city, has found more substantial benefit from severe muscular rheumatism, by using St. Jacobs Oil, than from any other substance he ever tried.

Governor Geary has disposed of one-half interest in the Phoenix HERALD to Mr. N. A. Morford, an able journalist and in the purchase of an interest in the HERALD he has shown a clear head in business matters. The HERALD, we like it a fine property, and is deserving to grow into a big paper, as his field of operations is one of the best on the Pacific slope.—Alta.

THE DENVER EXPOSITION.
PRESIDENT, A. T. AUG. 20, 1882.
Hon. H. M. Van Arman, Secretary of Arizona.

DEAR SIR:—In accordance with your request, while in Denver, I visited the Mining Exposition, to see if anything could be done to further the interest and attractiveness of the Arizona exhibit. I was present for two days, and was in luck pleased with the showing Arizona made as a whole. The space allotted to Arizona is very conspicuous. It is at the right hand, near the main entrance, and the first name that greets the eye of every visitor is that of "Arizona." The whole exhibit from the Territory is admirably arranged in cases with glass coverings, the light is good and the labeling of the specimens is neatly and legibly done. I found the following commissionaires engaged in the performance of their duties, viz: Prof. J. A. Cochran, commissioner at large; J. B. Sorin, assistant commissioner, P. A. Brown, Pioneer district; Wm. Robinson, Greenview; J. B. Conroy, Warren; B. Williams, Warren; Wm. Baird, Globe; A. Elliott, Silver King mine exhibit.

The above gentlemen I found, without exception, to be attentive to their duties, very courteous to their visitors and gentlemanly in their bearing. They are a credit to our people as our representatives.

There are on exhibition 27 cases of specimens in all from the Territory, representing 246 mines, as follows: Prospecting districts and counties:

District	County	No.
Amphibole	Cochise	50
Arizona	Chino	45
Chino	Chino	46
Dryden	Cochise	28
Evans	Cochise	29
Evans	Cochise	30
Evans	Cochise	31
Evans	Cochise	32
Evans	Cochise	33
Evans	Cochise	34
Evans	Cochise	35
Evans	Cochise	36
Evans	Cochise	37
Evans	Cochise	38
Evans	Cochise	39
Evans	Cochise	40
Evans	Cochise	41
Evans	Cochise	42
Evans	Cochise	43
Evans	Cochise	44
Evans	Cochise	45
Evans	Cochise	46
Evans	Cochise	47
Evans	Cochise	48
Evans	Cochise	49
Evans	Cochise	50

News was received in Tombstone yesterday of the killing of Wm. Johnson by Apaches, a few miles south of the custom house, near the Arizona frontier, in Sonora. Mr. Johnson had a cattle ranch near the head of the Sonora river and had resided there for the past year and a half. He was about twenty-eight years old and was universally respected by his acquaintances. He was formerly deputy sheriff of Cochise county and resided at Charleston.—Citizen.

Arizona Politicians.
Every person in Sacramento almost, especially all the old residents, remember Patrick Holland, or Pat Holland, as he was familiarly called. For years he was connected with the management of the theater, race tracks, etc. of this city. Not long since it was reported, and published in the press of this city, that Holland had been killed in New Mexico. The latest, however, from Arizona, says he is not dead, but thinks he has a dead sure thing on securing the election for Coroner of Cochise County, Arizona, to which he has been nominated on the Democratic ticket.—Eva.

The circulation of information by our commissioners, verbal and printed. As a matter of course, the showing of the Silver King mine, in charge of Mr. Elliot, is most admired. The Silver King company have done themselves and the Territory credit by this generous display of their precious specimens. They occupy a conspicuous place and serve to attract visitors to the rear larder of Arizona's showing. Then follows the Copper Queen, with a marvelous specimen of richly colored ore, weighing 1100 pounds and averaging 27 percent. Close by is a magnificent bar of copper run from the same mine.

As said before the specimens are so richly and neatly labeled, giving name of mine, district, county, etc., with the assive value wherever it could be obtained. The commissioners seem to be doing their duty well, and seem to act with great impartiality in the representation of the various portions of the Territory. On the whole Arizona has reason to be proud of her display, and it will prove a wise investment of time and money that she has made in presenting to the public a fair and accurate representation of her resources. The death of 'em Johnson is still in the minds of our readers, and only two days ago we chronicled the brutal killing of a American near Canaan. Since then the red heads have kept up their lack, and several say passes that if any of their unshamed hate are not made to bite the dust.

Information received in this city yesterday is of a more sanguinary character than any for some time. We are in possession of the facts of a slaughter, about thirty-five miles south of Calabazas, on Thursday last, when an entire family of three generations, consisting of nine members in all, were ushered to the presence of their Creator in a few minutes. The name of the family was Casilla, and comprised the old grandfather and grandmother, nearly eighty years old, their son and his wife, and five children. The father, a man of the people, a man who, without the advantages of wealth, had made his way up to his present prominent position through the potency of his own unaided efforts. To such a man the respect and regard of the American people are naturally inclined. This is manifestly the case with Judge Porter in the community in which he has long resided. The great respect and esteem in which he is held in his home in Maricopa county produced a powerful effect upon the convention which nominated him. This popularity is by no means confined to his own party, but Democrats as well as Republicans unite in declaring their intention to support him. The Judge is a man of acknowledged ability, of pleasing address, and in his keeping the interests of the Territory will not suffer, and we will guarantee that at the end of a term in Congress he will not be compelled to plead the "daddy act" to his constituents and confess himself powerless to serve their interests. In full sympathy with the party in power, with large legislative experience, ability, sagacity and integrity, it becomes the interest of every citizen, of every property owner, of everyone interested in the material growth of the Territory, to see Judge Porter elected. He possesses all the elements calculated to make a servicable delegate, and he should be supported by all, regardless of politics.

"We believe the people of Arizona will not be blind to their own interests, but will elect Judge Porter by a handsome majority."

The Indian troubles on the Sonora line seem to have resolved themselves into the following: A band supposed to be Job's, numbering about 200, have been operating in Sonora for some months, and about the last of the week met the Mexican troops at San Antonio Pass and whipped them. They then came up near the line and divided into three or four bands, each taking different directions. One band struck the upper Santa Cruz near La Noria, and crossed the Pajarito valley to the Santa Cruz road, striking about two or three miles above Chato Martinez on the line. Here they are said to have killed three people, but this is in doubt. They then crossed the Magdalena road about three miles above the custom house at Frontera, and when last seen were making for the Planos de Piata. By the above it will be seen that they did not cross the line to this side at all, and that all other reports are greatly exaggerated. The Mexican troops and settlers are after them, and American troops should be sent there once to head them off in case they cross voluntarily or are driven to this side.—Citizen.

Further, authentic information received yesterday states that six Mexicans were killed on Saturday, between the Canon and Huachuca mountains. There were eight of them riding over the prairie looking for some stock, when the Apaches, who were ambushed, opened fire on them. Six were almost instantly killed, and the two others narrowly escaped with their lives, one of them bringing along a bullet in his arm. It behooves people who intend going below to act with caution. There is hardly a doubt but that the whole northern part of Sonora is overrun with hostiles, and that their number is daily augmented with San Carlos regarded as a hot bed.

On Saturday last, a band of about thirty devil-tacked the Janavitcher ranch, near the head waters of the Sonora river. There were in the house at the time A. F. Woodward, J. E. Foley, Bill Murray, A. G. Curry, Bob Bush and the two Hobart boys. They were all in bed asleep when the crash of the bullets came against the door and windows. They rushed to their arms without delay and the night being bright, moonlight the crouching savages could be seen surrounding the house about ten yards distant. The fire was immediately re-

ported from the northern frontier of our sister commonwealth are of the most harrowing and alarming character. The entire population is demoralized, many of the bravest and best have been killed, fields laid waste and homes desolated. There is hardly a doubt but that the savages have a skinning line thrown out from San Carlos to New Mexico, and well into the State of Chihuahua, and along the frontier west to the Santa Cruz River. San Carlos, of course, is the nursery from which the army is reinforced and the hostiles are mostly of daring on the soil of Sonora, the discarded cartridge shells found in abundance in their trails, are as distinct as marked T's. This is suggestive and fully proves that the agents of the United States are furnishing the material with which the lives of civilized people are taken. The death of 'em Johnson is still in the minds of our readers, and only two days ago we chronicled the brutal killing of a American near Canaan. Since then the red heads have kept up their lack, and several say passes that if any of their unshamed hate are not made to bite the dust.

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turned, and a lively battle kept up until daylight, when the savages were routed off. So far as could be ascertained no casualties took place, though the sabbos walls of the house are pretty well marked with bullet and the surrounding trees die.

The city was thrown into a fever of excitement yesterday morning in consequence of a report that several men were killed between Ben Williams and Bisbee, among others Ben Williams, the well known and popular superintendent of the Copper Queen. It was said that the report arrived via Charleston, and that a courier brought the news from the scene of the outrage to that point. As many as expected under such circumstances, especially as it was known that Mr. Williams had left place for his home on Sunday evening. Later in the day, however, Col. Moore, H. B. Maxson, Tom Daniels and Arthur Laing arrived, and reported seeing Mr. Williams in Bisbee before they took their departure; also that there were no Indians visible between here and the copper camp. Mr. Maxson went astray when going over to Bisbee, and had to make a night of it on the foot hills. He says he saw a number of his toward the summit of the Mule mountains, and he came to the conclusion that they were made by some of the deplorable funds as they were making their way to Sonora.—Epiph.

How it will cheer the noble patriot, as he sweats under the pyramids or pants in the desert, carrying the musket that is to open the route to India, or spurs his steed through a Bedouin-made wound into the sand, that his gracious sovereign, the Empress of India was pleased to suspend for a moment her interest in the chessmen assembled at Coze, and direct the on-bound transport ship, with detachments of the household cavalry, en route for Koyot, should quit its ordinary route in order to pass under her eyes as she stood with her guests on the terrace at Osborne. She signaled Godspeed to the ship. There's inspiration for a whole shipload of food for powder. And her hopeful son, Albert Edward, who is Colonel of half a dozen regiments and never set a squadron in the field added to the brightness of the occasion by going out to the ship in the royal yacht and bidding the household cavalry go where glory and the Bohemian waited them. What a sweet privilege it is, to be sure, to be disembodied by an Arab or buried by a red storm for the honor of this dear old woman and her very big eldest son.—Chicago Times.

Woolin, of the Enterprise, goes for Masters, of the Democrat, in real old Democratic style. Hear him: "Masterson, the amateur who starts editorial for the Prescott Democrat and enjoys the distinction of being the most stupid and suspensious ass that ever burrowed in the soil, calls us hard names because we saw it to denounce that legislative appropriation as a fraud of the first magnitude. Then he goes on to say: 'No one can take the law and the census returns and make a fairer appropriation than the one recently made by the Senate, and among all the papers of the Territory the Enterprise is the only one to find fault with it.' Both statements contained in the paragraph quoted are false. In the first place, by the census returns Apache county has 408 more people than Maricopa, and yet the latter is given a larger representation in the Legislature, and the same is true in several other counties. In the second place, every respectable newspaper, outside of Yavapai, has characterized the appropriation as a fraud, and a calling on the people to test its legality in the courts. The trouble with Masterson, is, he doesn't know as much as half of the men who are staring into vacancy from the back windows of lunatic asylums. His friends should induce him to sit still a day or two, and let these present strangers find out his folly."

Letter From Vulture.

ED. HERALD: Were you ever in Prescott? If so, you know that it is the model town of the great West for obedient husbands. I happened to be up there not long ago, and some of us were having a little fun with it. The town were five married men together in one group, and it was late. Finally one of them looked at the clock and said: "What will our wives say when we get home?" "Let them say what they want to; mine will tell me to go to mischief," said number two.

"I'll tell you what 'we'll do," said a fat, jolly-looking fellow. "Let us meet here again in the morning and tell our experiences. Let he one that has refused to do what his wife has told him to do when he got home say for the night's frolic in all its bearings."

"That's a good idea, by Jove," said all in glee, each one in full conviction in his own mind that he was all right. "We all agree to that." I was made the witness to the agreement, as a disinterested party, you know. So the party broke up, and each one went to his respective home and I to my lonely one.

Next morning we all met at the appointed place, and the five husbands began to tell their experiences. Said number one: "When I opened the door my wife was awake, and she said: 'A pretty time of night to come home, isn't it?' You had better go out and sleep in the pig pen, for that is what you will come to, sooner or later." Rather than pay for what we had drank last night I did as she told me. That lets me out."

Next, number two cleared his throat and said: "When I got home I stumbled over a chair, and my wife called out: 'There you are again, you

walked, you. You'd better wake up the children and stagger about for a while, so they can see what a drunken hebe of a father they are blessed with.' So I worked up the children and staggered around awhile, until my wife bled me to stop. She used a chair in conveying the hint, you see. That lets me out."

Next came number three. He stood up and said: "I happened to tumble into a pan of dough, and my wife said: 'Drunk again; my stars! Hadn't you better sit down in that dough and finish it.' So I sat down in it, and that lets me out, I think. Next."

Number four said: "I was unbuttoning a time when I went into the house, and my wife called out: 'There you are again, hadn't you better give us a concert, Signor Bachus?' And I said, 'Certainly madame!' And I began to sing as loud as possible, until the house rattled. She got out of bed, told me to stop, or she would break the boomstick over my head, and I stopped, of course, in order to avoid a general engagement; and that lets me out."

Number five looked very much down in the mouth, and I thought he was in for it by his discolored appearance. "I called, 'Next,' and he said: 'I reckon I'll have to pay. My wife told me to do a thing none of you would have done if you had been in my place.'"

"What was it?" all asked in a chorus.

"She said: 'So, pa; I thought you would come home at last. Now, sir, hadn't you better go to the well and bring a couple of buckets of water, just to astonish your stomach a little?' I tell you, gentlemen, that was more than I had bargained for, and so it is my funeral."

And the boys had a jolly good time all night, and I do not know what passed next night. I left.

TOM CORWIN.

Progress With Electricity.

If no special new discoveries have been made in the use of electricity for many months past, it is to be credited to the industry with which electricians of all grades have been applying themselves to the improvement and perfection of what they had already accomplished. The electric lights have been greatly improved during the past year, and so has the machinery by which the electric current is generated. The sage which has been reeled is apparently making a halting place at which to try the necessary experiments in perfecting what has been secured already. This is the best of symptoms and argues to aid reliable progress for the practical application of electricity in the future. It at least satisfies us that the electricians are sure of the ground they have so far gained, and are resolved in due time to make advances that will throw present achievements into the shade. So far as the power is concerned, they have been fully improved within the time to which we have referred; the arc lamp in particular, and the incandescent light which has been so recently introduced, and which is naturally softer character seems but to invite.

The dynamo machines by which the electric current is generated are already brought within a close compass of conditions for performing the best service with the least waste; yet the question of cost is one of continual study, and to him who answers it most satisfactorily the larger immediate profits are sure to be his. It is one of the things to be asked about the kind of lamp when a contract is proposed to him by the agents of the various electric-lighting companies; his first inquiry is about the cost of power for generating the electric current. The inventor who can reduce this cost the most is sure to reap the ripening harvest. Once brought down the cost of operating one of these dynamo machines, which has to be counted in with the cost of steam or water power, or oil, and the demand for electric lighting will increase in a ratio that will astonish the one who successfully solves the problem. In great part it is to be a matter of mechanism merely, but mechanism is a thing to which science is electrically as an admitted fact. Yet the economic utilization of steam power for operating a dynamo machine is only in its infancy, whose development holds out the most tempting assurances of a profitable reward.

The storage of electricity for a variety of uses is another branch of the subject that is by no means of a secondary interest. We know that it is at present being experimented on with increasing promises of success, and believe that the day for the announcement of a successful method of fact, capable of practical service, is not so far off as many people might imagine. And the employment of electricity as a motive power is very far from being a problematical achievement. We confidently believe that the time is not far off when cars will be run by the electric force, and be controlled by it, too, with far greater positiveness and precision than they are now by the agency of compressed air or change mechanical devices. Electricity is a dangerous element to tamper with; nor is it to be expected that the body of the people anywhere will for a long time be taught how to guard against the peril of untimely contact with it when out in force. For this very reason we may look for the invention of sufficient but simple safeguards against its tendency to do mischief, whether by shock or fire, and more particularly for such a subdivision of the current, together with its automatic control, as will place it, in its accumulated state, in