

Wanted.

Notices under this head, one cent per word, each insertion, prepaid.

A STORY OF PINKERTON.

HOW THE VANITY OF A WIFE SAVED HER OWN LIFE AND HER HUSBAND'S.

[From the Worcester Spy.]

I believe Allan Pinkerton to have been the greatest detective who ever lived. Aside from this distinction, he was one of the most interesting of men, and no writer ever had a better chance to judge than I. For some years I was daily in his company, indeed in his confidential employ, and in such capacity that there were repeated occasions for good fellowship, and as many for confidences and reminiscences. Among the countless incidents of his life which thus came to me, one that impressed me more deeply than the most thrilling of his exploits was one in which the pardonable vanity of one good little woman saved her own and her husband's life. Pinkerton never told anybody anything "by request." It always came on impulse. We had been in New York and Philadelphia together, visiting Gen. Marcy and McClellan, Tom Scott and others, and were returning west over the Pennsylvania Railroad. He never dined at railway stations, but was always provided with a well-stocked hamper. We had eaten, and he had just settled back comfortably in his seat with a few hearty clappings of his hands together (an old habit, bespeaking content with him), when he saw a bottle, carelessly flung from a forward coach, barely graze a track-mender's head. A look of indignant anxiety flashed into his face, soon giving place to a smile, and finally followed by roars of laughter from the rugged old man whom it took paralysis many long years to kill.

"I never see a bit of luck like that without minding me of the biggest piece of luck I ever saw," began the veteran criminal catcher, "and it happened a raw Scotchman and his wife that I knew. This Scotch-fool had been a Chartist; a price was set on his head; he had a sweetheart, Joan Carfrae, a bookbinder's apprentice, and a lass that had caught his heart a-singing Chartist songs, who married him with his head all but in the noose, and some friends shipped them by stealth to Quebec, he as a ship's cooper and she as a cook, on the bark Kent, April 9, 1840. On May 8, the Kent was wrecked on Sable Island, but the crew and passengers were saved by the aid of friendly Indians, who took everything that came ashore. The cooper and wife finally got from the scene of the wreck to Fisherman's Village, in a small boat, and from there by fishing smack to Aspy Bay, where the Unicorn, of Quebec, changed mails with the Britannia, one of the first steamers across the Atlantic. They were helped from here to Montreal, where the cooper got work heading beef barrels, and the couple soon got to house-keeping famously in one room. But members of the Coopers' Union confidently told him this job would shut down at a certain date, and so he impulsively decided on going to the thriving little city of Chicago. After buying their tickets they had no money left. The steamer was to leave that very afternoon. The cooper's little bit of a wife came and confessed that she had criminally ordered a bonnet at the milliners; that it could not be got for the charges, and pitifully pleaded that they wait for the next boat a week later, that the money might be earned and the precious bonnet secured. The Scotch cooper roared like a mad bull, but finally consented. They got the bonnet, but that husband made that wife's life little short of hell, till"—and here Pinkerton roared the

School Teachers Education.

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startled passengers out of their dozing—"news came in a few days that the boat they would have taken, had it not been for that lucky bonnet, blew up and every soul on board was lost!

"I tell you, that little song-singing wife has had her way about bonnets ever since!" chuckled Pinkerton. "For that little Edinburgh girl was my Joan!—and that fool cooper who ran away from the Queen's officers was me!"

SELLING IVORY FROM THE CONGO.

SIX TONS SENT TO ENGLAND BY STANLEY, THE AFRICAN EXPLORER.

[From the London Times]

The London and Liverpool ivory sales have just been concluded. An interesting feature of the London sales was the offer of six tons of what was termed "Stanley's ivory." It was the first lot of ivory sent by Mr. H. M. Stanley from the Congo. It was forwarded to the Belgian Government, from which it came to London. The quality and weight were very good. One parcel of four hundred weight, knocked down to Messrs. Joseph Rodgers & Sons (limited), the Sheffield cutlery manufacturers, averaged about three teeth to the hundredweight. A new source of supply would be exceedingly acceptable, for ivory is now so freely used for so many purposes that there is some peril of the elephant being exterminated. Messrs. Rodgers' consumption is twenty-five tons per annum, and includes Gaboon, Angola and Niger, East Indian, Cape and Egyptian. The large tusks weigh from fifty to one hundred pounds each; middle from twenty-five pounds to 50 pounds each; and small from 3 pound to 10 pounds. The firm's average weights are 35 pounds. Twenty-five tons contain 1,600 tusks of 35 pounds each, and as each elephant provides only one pair it follows that at least eight hundred elephants per annum must suffer from Messrs. Rodgers & Sons alone in their cutlery and other productions. Very little Egyptian ivory has recently come to hand. The Cairo merchants buried their treasures during the Soudan war to keep them out of the Mahdi's hands, and even now they are reluctant to send to market. What is sent is the result of hoarding, not hunting. Egyptian ivory, which is mainly sold in London, is largely used by cutlery manufacturers and in other Sheffield industries, as well as by pianoforte makers for keys. The paucity of Egyptian ivory is largely compensated for by the increased weight of West Coast Africa, which is growing in favor for baffling the higher classes of table cutlery. The ivory dealers of Africa are very good hands at obtaining full value for their goods, some of the Sheffield firms find that they are not novices in fraudulent trading. They can "load" ivory quite as cleverly as Lancashire can load cottons. By pouring lead into the cavity of the tusk the weight is greatly increased, and there is no possibility of discovering the deception until the ivory has passed through various hands to the cutlery or other manufacturer. Then the workman finds the saw grind against the lead, sometimes snapping the steel teeth. One Sheffield firm recently found lead embedded in several elephants' tusks from 8 to 12 pounds in weight in each. As ivory is worth 12 shillings per pound, there is a perceptible profit in selling lead at that price. At London the prices of soft Indian and Eastern African tusks, soft Egyptian, Cape and West Coast African were dearer, but in the opinion practical brokers, ivory has not much altered for fifteen years, for, while some qualities are now of greater value, others have got cheaper.

WHEN a soldier once fell into the Thames, one person asked another what regiment he belonged to, and was answered, "The Lifeguards.—"Nay, my good sir," said he, "there I think you must be mistaken, for he is certainly in the Coldstream."

Business Opportunities.

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AN INDUSTRIOUS HOUSEWIFE.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

Mrs. E. F., of Lapeer county, Mich., one day this fall prepared breakfast for nine persons, and, after washing dishes, doing her housework and milking four cows she hitched up a two-horse team, drove about half a mile, loaded thirty-five or forty bushels of sugar beets, which she fed, one-half to the cattle and the rest to the hogs. Then she drove to the house prepared and put dinner cooking, and while the meat and vegetables were boiling on the stove, drove one mile to the cornfield and helped to load a load of corn; then drove back to the house, finished her dinner, and, after washing the dishes and cleaning up things, baked four large loaves of good bread, five pies, stewed a kettle of apple sauce, peeled a pile of sweet apples for pickles, scrubbed three rooms, then went with her husband and helped him load another load of corn. After she came back from the cornfield, she prepared supper, and after everything was properly put away and the family was gathered in the parlor, she went to the organ and played and sang as sweetly as any city belle—"Dreaming of Home and Mother." After all, she did not call it a very hard day's work.

THE BUSTLE IN A NEW ROLE.

THE WAY IN WHICH IT SAVED A YOUNG LADY'S LIFE.

[From the Haywards Col. Journal.]

We don't believe history has chronicled a more singular escape from death than occurred in Redwood Canyon last week. The male sex, who are an unteeling lot, taken altogether, have severely criticised bustles, which are a most important part of the female wardrobe, but after reading this thrilling episode should "forever hold their peace." A handsome young lady of sweet seventeen arrived from Arizona a couple of weeks ago and spent a very pleasant visit with friends in the above canyon. One evening when the head of the family was away the milking naturally fell on the female portion of the household. The Arizona fair one at once offered to do her share, but the aunt protested. The protest was of no avail, however, and shortly afterwards she started for the corral, pail in hand, a typical Maud Muller. The young lady was just in the act of milking when a ferocious bull spied her and at once started on the warpath. It was a critical position, and, as the bull came charging at her with lowered horns, with blood in his eye, the young lady quietly dropped on the ground, face downward, and lay as still as death. This manoeuvre was something new for the bull, and he was a moment nonplussed, but he soon recovered from his surprise and made for the prostrate maiden, and had it not been for that bustle the young lady never would have lived to tell this exciting experience. The bull gored that tenderly framed air castle, called a bustle until it gave way and he retired with the trophy. The aunt saw the charge and was about to run in to assist when the brave girl called out to keep back or else both would be killed. As it turned, the bull, after discovering the bustle, concluded that he had made a slight mistake and retired from the battle. Had the young lady started to run, the bull would very likely have soon overtaken and killed her. Hereafter all young ladies should have an extra bustle in reserve when they go into the country and play the milkmaid act.