A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

The Frightful Experience of a German Aeronaut.

A Thrilling Struggle with Death in the Air—The Balloon Caught by a Whirlwind and Tossed Hither and Thither—A Peasant's Sorry End.

The German aeronaut Wolff recently had a most terrible experience during a trip in a balloon from the grounds of the Cologne Exhibition of the Art of War, says the New York Sun. In company with Peter Schmitz and a manufacturer named Depenheuer he started in the balloon Stollwerk at one o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. The balloon flew one mile almost straight upward into the thick of a storm. Wolff, fearful of the strong winds and hail around him, decided to make a landing as soon as possible.

"There was nothing but woods and woods under us," he said, subsequently. "The balloon descended with violent rapidity. I finally discovered a little clearing on a steep mountain side and prepared to anchor. The balloon descended more slowly, and the people who had observed us hurried together underneath to help us land. I drew the ventilator a little further open and motioned to Schmitz to get out. Depenheuer alighted, and all was well, when suddenly a whirlwind struck us. A terrible jerk sends me on my back in the car. I jump up to find all things swimming down, down below me, and two men clinging helplessly to the edge of the car. I catch the nearest one, a peasant who tried to assist in the landing. Too late! His strength is gone; he lets go, and I hear with horrible distinctness the muffled thud of his body on the ground.

"My heart sickens, but I rally to save my friend Schmitz, who still sticks to the car's side. Already the clouds are sinking beneath us. We are at least two miles above the earth. I try to raise Schmitz into the car but he has sunk so far down from the edge that I can hardly grasp his wrists, and he is too weak to make an effort for himself. Both of us groan our despair, for all seems over. Slowly and painfully I raise him a little, set my teeth in the back of his coat and endeavor to bind him fast with the storm-line. A few moments drag by in hope and despair, and I finally succeed in fastening the rope under his arms and in tying him so to the car. There is no safety in the device, however, for were Schmitz to lose consciousness for an instant his body would relax and he would slip away. I call to him: 'Spread out your arms! Spread out your arms!' I hear his body move in response to my admonition, but his voice is lost to me.

"All this has occupied twenty-five minutes, and we have in the meantime been slipping upward. Every thing now depends on our making a quick landing. I draw open the valve and we begin falling. We plunge into a great storm. The balloon spins around in circles, and sways about like a drunken man. Rain, hail, thunder and lightning sweep over us. The balloon reels so that I must lie on my face to remain in the car.

"'Peter! Peter!' I call to my friend. 'Hold fast! Only hold fast!'

"No response, for he can not hear me. The agitation of the balloon has loosened the rope and he has sagged back again, down the side of the car, so I can see only his finger tips on the edge. I creep to the side of the car, seize his right wrist with my left hand, and with my right hand and teeth I tug at the valve.

"'I can not hold out longer,' comes in a weak voice from Schmitz. 'I am slipping away.'

"'One minute, only a minute more, I cry back, 'and we will be there.'

"The nearer we come to the ground, however, the more violent becomes the oscillation of the balloon. Finally we slip over a house, a barn and drop like a shot to the ground.

"'Let go,' I shouted to Schmitz, 'and jump away from the anchor.'

"He obeys and the balloon, 195 pounds lighter, soars upward. I pull at the valve with all my strength till the anchor catches a small tree. But the tree gives way, and with the rebound the car springs up to the balloon, and for a moment I hang on almost by my teeth. The anchor catches again in a tree. Again a jerk, a crack, a rebound, and I am tossed about like a ball. Once more the anchor catches. I find myself just above the top of a dense old cedar. Head first I dive into the branches and fall from bough to bough till I reach the ground. The anchor rattles near me. Another tree breaks, and the balloon sails off to the northwest.

"I had landed near Clive. In an hour I had the whole neighborhood out looking for Schmitz. He was not to be found. 'Dead,' I thought, as I limped painfully along between two peasants in the direction of the Overath railway station. Presently a group of men and women hurried toward us from a side street. Three of them were half carrying a man. I hastened to them as rapidly as I could, and had Schmitz in my arms.

"To-day my head is dense and weighty. Every bone in my body aches and pulsates. I can not sleep, and I have no peace, since I can get no news of the poor peasant who fell a sacrifice to his willingness to help me."

Sagacious Sparrows.

The little English sparrows in New York have learned a new dodge since electric lights replaced gas in the city parks. When the current is turned off at dawn the bottoms of the globes are filled with thousands of insects which have been attracted by the light and killed. The sparrows come around after the globe has cooled off, slide down the carbons and devour the insects.

A Negro's Monster Head.

Abner Dorsett, a negro living at Hickory Mountain township, North Carolina, has the largest head of any person in the United States so far as heard from. It is thirty-two inches in diameter, and gives Abner a decided "top heavy" appearance.

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Corner Lot, Menzies and Niagara Streers	1,100
Esquimalt Road, desirable acre	3,500
Cheap Lot, Cloverdale Estate	850
Lot, Niagara and cross Street	900
Lot Niagara Street	800
2 Lots, South Turner Street	800
Building Lot, Kingston Street ... each	1,150
13 Building Lots, en bloc, James Bay	10,400
2 Lots, Johnson Street, commanding position	2,100
6-Room House, bath, pantry, etc., etc., Victoria West	3,000
6 Acres, with water frontage to the Gorge. Beautiful site for a handsome residence	12,000
2 Lots, 60x240, double frontage, near the Mills and Factories	2,500
Corner Lot and a half, Quadra and Fisgard. Valuable cottage site	4,200
Acre Lot, Oak Bay Avenue and Richmond Road. Cheap. Will cut into 7 lots	2,000

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THE FARJEON CHILDREN.

How They Amuse Joseph Jefferson, Their Beloved Grandfather.

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is Joseph Jefferson's son-in-law: he lives in London, has a lovely home, a charming family, and he entertains delightfully. From all I hear, writes Eugene Field in the Chicago News, I judge that his three little children must be prodigies. The youngest is named after his grandpa and he seems to have inherited his grandpa's fondness and facility for art. Curiously enough he is the picture of Jefferson—having the same bright blue eyes, delicate features and characteristic smile. The oldest boy—I think his name is Frank—is always saying and doing bright things. A year ago Mrs. Madge Kendall spent the day with Mrs. Farjeon, and the two ladies enjoyed a good old-fashioned gossip all the afternoon; the way they discussed and criticised all their acquaintances was simply a caution. Next day Master Frank remarked at dinner: "Papa, I have written out with the type-writer all that mamma and Mrs. Kendall said yesterday." And so the wretched child had all the scandal and gossip was reported with shocking fidelity, and may be Mr. Farjeon didn't have a lovely time reading it aloud to his astounded spouse. This experience taught Mrs. Farjeon a serious lesson.

Not long ago the Farjeon children went with their mother to service in one of the neighboring churches where the rector was an extreme ritualist. Wearied by all the ceremony, little Joe Farjeon finally whispered hoarsely to his mother, when the sermon was about half through: "Come on, mamma, le's go; don't le's wait for the last act!"

The children write plays for their grandpa. Very thrilling plays they are, too. Grandpa Jefferson enjoys them hugely, but one day, while reading one one of these productions, he stopped and asked: "Frank, what do all these blanks mean? There doesn't seem to be any sense at all."

"That's where you are to swear, grandpa," explained the child. "We left it blank on purpose, because we knew you could do it better than we could."

FULL OF BUSINESS.

A Woman Who Knows How to Make Money Without Working for It.

There was a party of us on the train going to the Rocky mountains, says a correspondent of the St. Joseph (Mo.) News, and the news agent badgered us so that one of us got a lurid narrative of Jesse James' life just to get rid of the fellow. He read pieces of it to us and we got so enthusiastic that we stopped off a day at St. Joseph to look at the house Jesse was killed in.

When we had climbed the bluff at Convent Hill and a d. ky pointed out the shanty, our ardor began to diminish. We knocked at the door and a woman opened it, looked at us awhile, and then said:

"Want to see the house Jesse James was shot in?"

We said we did.

"Well, this is it. Just come right in. There ain't no shooting around here now." We came into a miserably-furnished room, and passing through she showed us a perfectly bare room.

"Thar' it is. Jist as it was the day they shot 'im. Right thar's whar he stood. Right outside this winder's whar the Ford boys stood."

The floor was all whittled and pieces cut out of it. One of us suggested that we get some relics to take back East with us.

"We would like to have a small piece of the floor as a memento," said one.

"Wal," she said, "we don't make no habit o' selling sich, but, seein' as you's all the way from back East, why, I'll let you have a piece each at half a dollar apiece."

She cut small slices of the flooring and gave us each one, and, when we had paid her and passed around to the yard, we heard the woman saying to somebody in the house:

"John, guess ye'd better hev the carpenter come up and put a new floor in thet room. This is the fourth we've hed in, and it's nigh all cut away."

HEIRS TO MILLIONS.

The Good Luck of an Honest, Hard-Working Hoosier Family.

It is not often that one who has worked all his life on a farm comes into possession of $4,000,000 in a day, and yet such an event is soon to happen to a family living at Sunman, in this State, writes a Lawrenceburg (Ind.) correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette. In 1776 Mary Bentley, of New York City, leased a tract of land there to the Government for ninety-nine years. The land was on the outskirts of the city, but as years rolled by and the city began its marvelous growth the tract was surrounded by colossal palaces of trade and mansions.

The Government, seeing a chance to profit, subleased the ground to many different persons, and it has been built on and improved, and lying in the heart of the city its immense value can easily be understood. In 1875 the lease expired, and no one appearing to claim the property a legal fight of immense proportions was begun between the sublessees and the Government, prominent among the former being the heirs of the older Cornelius Vanderbilt. The Government was successful and gained possession of the property, and at the same time the heirs of the original lessee began to assert their rights, and after another legal battle they were sustained and the property held for them. After years of hunting for the unkaown heirs they have all been found, and the property ordered sold and the money distributed. The Boldrey family, of Sunman, of whom there are five, are among these heirs, Mary Bentley being their great-grandmother, and they have been notified by their attorney in New York City that the distribution will soon be made, and that their share will be $4,000,000 apiece. As they are all good, honest, hard-working citizens, their good luck will be appreciated by all who know them.

Where Viola Is Popular.

The favorite baptismal name for young women in New Orleans is Viola.