# Listowel Standard.

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## FEARFUL ACCIDENT.

### Three Boilers Explode in a Mill at Carrollton, Michigan.

### TWO BRONTE MEN KILLED.

EAST SAGINAW, Oct. 3.—At twenty five minutes past 12 o'clock last night, three boilers exploded at the car factory and salt works of Degraw, Aymer & Co., at Carrolton, operated by Ladue & Phinney.

The smoke stack was carried some distance and fell across the roof of the car factory. The roof of the salt block was badly damaged, and the boiler house was shattered in pieces, while fragments of the boilers, weighing several hundreds each, were hurled with terrific force several hundred feet distant. The steam dome was thrown 125 feet and buried two feet into the ground.

Another section was hurled through the air and, whirling in its flight, crushed through the roof of the salt block fully thirty feet high and twenty feet from the boiler house, and fell through the whole building, breaking in two an inch iron feed pipe in the salt block, and then crushing in the floor fell to the ground.

Another steam dome was carried half way over the salt block and, crushing through the roof, fell into one of the salt tanks.

James and John Pickard, firemen, were instantly killed. Both were married men with families and came here a few months ago from Bronte, Ont.

At the time of the explosion the men were supposed to have been eating their suppers. Johd, who had charge of the boiler which exploded, it is thought, was sitting beside his boiler, and his brother, who assisted in firing the boilers in the main building, was sitting outside between the mill and the boiler house.

The remains of John Pickard were found about twenty-five feet from the scene of the explosion, with several pieces of lumber lying across his legs. When extricated an examination showed that his right arm was broken near the shoulder, and that there was a large cut on his left leg. His body was so badly scalded that the skin pealed right off and his neck was broken. The remains of James Pickard were discovered only a few feet from where he was supposed to have been sitting. An examination of the body showed that his left leg was broken just below the knee, the sole of the shoe on the right foot was torn off and the foot cut. There was a gash in the back of the head about four inches deep. He was scalded but little.

A youth named John Murphy, who was sitting inside the boiler house of the main building, received a cut on the head and another in the back, but neither were serious.

Another boy who was also sitting in the same place was lifted several feet by the shock and stunned to some extent, but nothing serious. The damage will reach $9,000.

NOTE—The remains of John and James Pickard, who were well known to many citizens, passed through Hamilton, en route for Bronte, yesterday.

## CROWN LANDS.

### Decision by Judge Macdougall in the Quebec Case.

The following is a full report of the decision given by Judge Macdougall, at Aylmer, in re the cancellation of crown lands in the Province of Quebec. In delivering judgment in the case of Holland vs. Ross Bros., on demurrer filed by the defendants, he dismissed the demurrer, reserving judgment on the law answer filed by the plaintiff until after proof. In doing so his Honor said that the contention of the defendants that the location ticket under which Mr. Holland held his land is not a title giving rights of ownership, but merely a right of occupation or lease, was wrong, for the location ticket used in the administration of public lands was really a deed of sale when accompanied with possession. It would be held so if the transaction was between private individuals, and if there was any difference between a private individual and a government, it would be against the latter, because the Government had adopted a system of promises of sale, and it was sanctioned by a large number of statutes passed from time to time. He cited the case of Dubrielle vs. Lafontaine, in which the Court of Appeals had held that Dubrielle's location ticket was a promise of sale, and being followed by possession, was as good as a deed of sale. He thought, therefore, that the deed of sale in the case should be maintained if the allegations of the plaintiff should be sustained by the evidence. As to the demurrer that the plaintiff, not being proprietor, had no right to claim the lots, his Honor said that the whole case turned on this very point, whether the plaintiff was proprietor of the lots or not. If he sustained his location ticket he was the proprietor, therefore he had the right to claim the timber. In nature it was the ground for a demurrer. As to the question how far the Province of Quebec represents the old Government of Canada in respect to the administration of the public lands, his Honor did not think this was just the time or way to raise the question. In his opinion the Province of Quebec took the position of the old Government of Canada with regard to the administration of the lands, but the matter would come up more regularly upon the pleas to the merit, and after proper investigation. The validity or invalidity of the cancellation would depend a good deal upon the proof to be made in the cause. His Honor concluded by saying that there was another part of the case, a very important part too—the absence of notice given either by the Crown Lands agents, or the Minister or the Deputy Minister, to the plaintiff before cancellation. The pleading did not show whether Holland was ever notified that the cancellation would take place, or was called upon to show why it should not be made. Of course it was a matter that required proof, therefore the best way to dispose of the case at the present stage was to dismiss the demurrer and to reserve the answer in law.

## SAM HAZEL'S CRIME.

### A Horrible Deed Committed in Southern Illinois, and the Murderer Allowed to Escape.

The Sheriff of Union Co., Ill., says: "A liberal reward will be given by citizens, and doubtless $200 by the Governor, for the arrest of Samuel Hazel, for the murder of Mollie Dalton, a child six years old, on the 13th day of August, 1881."

The Farmer and Fruit Grower, published at Anna, in the same county, says: The scene of this crime was in that rugged portion of Union county six miles east of Dongola, at the house of a woman named Nancy Keller. The parties to the transaction were a woman by the name of Dalton, mother of the murdered child, the womas Keller, William Hazel, a brother of the murderer, and Samuel Hazel, the brute described above, who is said to be a former inmate of the penitentiary. None of the parties mentioned bear the best of reputations. Wm. Hazel lived with the Keller woman, and on the night of the murder, August 31, was there with his brother and the Dalton woman and her child. After 8 o'clock the two men went to the premises of a neighbor, a widow, and stole four chickens. The woman came out and objected and was shot at by one of the men, the ball grazing her face. They took the chickens to the house where the women were, and had some of them prepared for supper. Sam Hazel had ordered Little Mollie Dalton not to go to sleep, and she replied, "Me won't." After supper the child began to nod and the brute would slap her face to keep her awake. His rough treatment at last made the little girl cry, when he seized a cowhide and commenced beating her. This he kept up for an hour and a half, and the effect on a tender child of six years may well be imagined. He then sent her out to gather kindling wood for the fire, and after a short time shouted: "Mollie, —— —— you, where are you?" The child out in the dark replied "Here me." Hazel then went into the yard and commenced kicking her. He brought her into the house and kicked her from one side of the room to the other like a ball. He stamped the little form until no sign of life was apparent, and one of the women said: "Mollie is gone." "Yes," replied the fiend, "to hell headforemost." After a while, as if realizing the enormity of his crime, he brought some water and tried to restore the little one to life. Finding that this failed, he took a burning brand and held it to her "foot," saying with an oath that he would "see whether she was dead or not." This brutal experiment also failed to restore consciousness, and at about five o'clock on Thursday morning, September 1, Mollie Dalton died. Samuel Hazel, the perpetrator of this, the most cruel and cowardly murder ever committed in Southern Illinois, was allowed to escape in broad daylight, a fact which does not speak well for the citizens of that portion of the country. Tardy information was furnished to the officers in this city, and all they could do was to strike the trail, but every effort will be made to capture this demon. Wm. Hazel, the brother, who stood by and saw the life beaten out of the child, is in jail in this city.

## THE BEARDLESS TRAIN ROBBERS

### How Their Captors Turned an Honest Penny.

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 8.—A new and sensational phase was made public to-day in the case of the train robbers. It will be remembered that a passenger train on the Iron Mountain railroad was robbed by three beardless robbers on the night of September 2. They were pursued and captured, one in Texas and one in the Indian Nation. They were brought to Washington and a special term of court held yesterday, when the robbers pleaded guilty to fourteen indictments each, receiving five years to each indictment, making the term of punishment seventy years each.

The pursuing party which captured Stephens and Delaney consisted of four men, named Huddleston, Belvins, Moore and Dollahid. When arrested the robbers had about $9,000. After counting the money Huddleston proposed to the captors to divide the money among themselves. Belvins objected, claiming that the money ought to be secured to the railroad company. The plan was finally agreed to. The money was equally divided among the four in the presence of Stephens and Delaney. In consideration of the latter keeping the matter secret, each of the four swore an oath that he would annually pay to the families of the train robbers $100, and leave no means untried to secure their release from the penitentiary after conviction. The reason for not releasing them at once was because the reward of $1,000 awaited their delivery at Hope. On the route Belvins continued to manifest dissatisfaction at the transaction. Reaching the village of Mineral Springs the party took quarters for the night.

During the night Huddleston asked Belvins where he had his money. The latter replied: "Under the pillow." Huddleston remarked: "We may be robbed. Mine is between the mattresses." He advised Belvins to place his there also. Belvins did so. When Huddleston asked him to go down town to get some cigars, he replied it was too late. Huddleston insisted. Belvins turned to leave the room. Huddleston's pistol was discharged. Leaping back Belvins inquired the cause of the shot. Huddleston replied that the pistol went off accidentally. Nothing further passed during the night.

In the morning the party continued the journey to Hope. Passing along the road Huddleston's pistol was again discharged, the ball whistling by Belvins's head. Quickly turning and drawing a revolver, Belvins remarked: "Accidentally discharged pistols are getting monotonous."

At the next village Belvins deposited his money with a friend, fearing he would be killed if he retained it. The party finally reached Hope and turned over the prisoner to the authorities, came to this city, and received the $1,000 reward offered by the State for the capture.

All the captors appeared at the trial at Washington yesterday, when Belvins divulged the whole matter to Supt. Buchanan, of the Iron Mountain road. Huddleston, Moore and Dollahid were examined separately. Each made affidavit that he knew nothing of the whereabouts of any money. Subsequently Moore approached Buchanan and stated that the money could be procured.

The train robbers, Stephens and Delaney, were interviewed, testified to the facts as given above, and declared they would not have divulged the affair if the parties themselves had not given it away.

Huddleston, Stephens and Delaney were confronted with evidence, pave way, made a clean breast of the whole affair, promised immediate restitution and were permitted to go for the money, having secreted it along the road. It is not known whether they will be prosecuted or not. It is supposed they will be.

## THE GUITEAU INDICTMENT.

### A Specimen of Legal Verbiaye.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—The following is the first count in the indictment against Guiteau:

District of Columbia, County of Washington, ss.:

The grand jurors of the United States of America in and for the county and district aforesaid, upon their oath present that Charles J. Guiteau, late of the county and district aforesaid, on the 2nd day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, with force and arms, at and in the county and district aforesaid, the said district constituting a judicial district of the United States, in and upon the body of one James A. Garfield, he, the said James A. Garfield, in the peace of God and of the United States of America, then and there being, feloniously, wilfully and of his malice aforethought did make an assault; and that the said Charles J. Guiteau, a certain pistol of the value of five dollars, then and there charged with gunpowder and one leaden bullet, which said pistol he, the said Charles J. Guiteau, in his right hand then and there had and held, then and there, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did discharge and shoot off to, against, and upon the said James A. Garfield, and that the said Charles J. Guiteau with the leaden bullet aforesaid, out of the pistol aforesaid, then and there by force of the gunpowder aforesaid, by the said Charles J. Guiteau discharged and shot off as aforesaid, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did strike, penetrate and wound him, the said James A. Garfield, in and upon the right side of the body of him, the said James A. Garfield, then and there, with the leaden bullet aforesaid, so as aforesaid discharged and shot out of the pistol aforesaid by the said Charles J. Guiteau, in and upon the right side of the body of him, the said James A. Garfield, one mortal wound of the depth of six inches, and of the breadth of one inch, of which said mortal wound he, the said James A. Garfield, from the said second day of July, in the year last aforesaid, until the nineteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, at and in the county and district aforesaid, did languish, and languishing did live; on which said nineteenth day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty one, and in the said county and district aforesaid, the said James A. Garfield of the mortal wound died.

The second count is precisely like the first, with the exception of the last clause, which reads: "Of which said mortal wound the said James A. Garfield then and there instantly died."

In the third count the last clause is varied, as follows: "Of which said mortal wound he, the said James A. Garfield, from the 2d day of July, in the year last aforesaid, until the 19th of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, at and in the county and district aforesaid did languish, and languishing did live; and on which said date and year and county and district aforesaid the said James A. Garfield of the said mortal wound died."

The fourth count is identical with the third, except that it omits the last twelve words of the final clause and substitutes the following: "To wit: At and in the county of Washington and district of Columbia the said James A. Garfield of the mortal wound aforesaid died."

The only variation in the fifth count is a change in the order of mention of the places where his death is said to have occurred.

The sixth count is like the third, except in reciting that the offense charged was committed "in the Baltimore and Potomac depot, in the city of Washington, which building stands, and at that time stood on ground belonging exclusively to the United States."

The seventh count repeats the recital of the sixth with regard to the place where the offense was committed, and in all other respects is like the fourth.

The eighth count also repeats the recital of the sixth with regard to the place where the assault occurred, and is in all other respects like the fifth.

The ninth count is varied by the introduction of the recital that the district in which the offense is charged as committed constitutes a judicial circuit of the United States, and the county, etc., where said Garfield died form part of a judicial circuit of the United States other than the judiciary circuit of the United States consisting of the District of Columbia. In all other respects this count is like the third.

The tenth count recites that the district in which the offense was committed constitutes a judicial district of the United States and the State of New Jersey, within the limits of which said Garfield died constitutes a judicial district of the United States other than the judicial district of the United States consisting of the District of Columbia. In other respects this count is like the one immediately preceding.

The last count is a repetition of the third, with an unimportant addition.

Each of the eleven counts of the indictment closes with the following formal charge: "And so the grand jurors aforesaid do say that the said Charles J. Guiteau, him, the said James A. Garfield, in the manner and by the means aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder against the form of statute made and provided and against the peace and Government of the United States of America.

## A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

"You were out late last night, dear," said Mrs. Breezy, taking her seat at the breakfast table and fumbling nervously with her fork.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Breezy. "It wasn't late. You see, darling, you were asleep when I came in and—"

"No, Mr. Breezy, I was not asleep, but as you say, it was not late for you. Nothing would convince you that the clock just struck three as you closed the hall door. Of course business detained you, my dear. It is wonderful how much business a man will find to transact after midnight, but of course we women know nothing about such things. We never can understand you men, can we, dear? We are always imagining all sorts of horrible things when you happen to stay a day or two without sending us even a line. Women are so nervous, are they not, dear? If we would only go to bed, and go to sleep, it would save a world of trouble, wouldn't it, dear? We might know that you great strong men could take care of yourselves. If you are obliged to sit up until two or three o'clock in the morning talking business with your customers, it is really ungrateful in us to complain, for of course you have the worst of it, don't you, darling? How it must have bothered you and how tired you must get, and think it is all for our sakes. When you come tottering home so tired that you can hardly get up stairs, and throw yourselves on the bed without even the strength to remove your boots, we should appreciate your devotion in thus laboring to support us. Now last night, dear, when you stumbled over the rocking chair, and found yourself obliged to cling to the head board to support your weary form you presented a really sad example of the overworked husband and father. When your shattered nerves caused you to upset my fresh bottle of cologne, and scatter the contents of my work basket over the floor, you really looked the typical martyr of married life. Of course you do not remember it, dear. You were too tired and worn out with that horrid customer to remember anything. What a dry, stupid time you must have talking business up to three o'clock in the morning, and you look so sleepy and tired and used up this morning. I would really imagine you had experienced a severe illness if I didn't know it was those terribly reckless business cases which pull you down so. I see you have quite lost your appetite, dear. You haven't even touched your steak. Now, dear, this will not do. You must not apply yourself so closely to business. It is killing you," and Mrs. Breezy's mouth curled into a decided sneer, as she dug a tablespoon into the fried potatoes.

"But, my dear," said Mr. Breezy, making a heroic effort to swallow a little of the steak, "it was a most important engage——"

"Of course it was," said Mrs. Breezy, as she poured out a cup of coffee with trembling hand. "Of course it was, love. Your engagements are always important. They will never keep over until morning, never. What if these engagements—these very important engagements—do occur five or six nights out of the week. It is a sign of your prosperity. Should I complain if you found yourself obliged to meet your customers at theaters and concert halls, and at poker parties in out-of-the-way hotels? No, dear, you are obliged to adapt yourself to your customers' mode of life. It is all in the way of business, and we short-sighted wives are very unreasonable to suppose for a moment that you frequent such places out of choice, when even instinct would teach us that you would much prefer being home in the bosoms of your families. You dear abused husbands! How patient you are, to be sure, with us fidgety, unreasonable creatures," and Mrs. Breezy pushed back her chair with a jerk and left the room.

## OUTRAGE AND MURDER.

### A Party of Roughs Attack a Sick Woman in Bed—Her Child Trampled to Death.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5.—Mrs. Lucy Lynch, the wife of a sailor on a man-of-war, now absent on a long voyage, has been living since her husband left her with her uncle. Abraham Ayres, an aged cripple, on the first floor of a rear tenement house at No. 510 West Twenty-eighth street. She had two children, one 3 years old and the other an infant of scarcely 14 days. Mrs. Lynch is about 21 years old and a woman of prepossessing appearance. The locality in which she resides is notorious for the bad character of the persons who reside there, and is considered by the police as little better than a nest of criminals, who prey upon the freight cars and shipping along the river front. Since her confinement, Mrs. Lynch has been weak and ill, and had been compelled to remain in her bed. Early yesterday morning she was lying in bed with her infant at her breast, and her uncle sitting in the room trying to perform some household task. At about 1 o'clock the door, which had been left unlocked, was suddenly thrown open, and four young fellows entered without a word of explanation.

They closed the door and two of them stood by it, while the two others went to the bed on which Mrs. Lynch was lying and seized hold of her. Their dastardly intentions were at once evident to Mrs. Lynch, and she tried to release herself from their rough grasps. The scoundrels, with loud curses, drew the bed clothing from her and dragged her and the child she clutched in her arms roughly from the bed and flung her on the floor, while their two companions stood at the door and prevented the old uncle from leaving the room and giving an alarm. Mrs. Lynch screamed at the top of her voice and fought the two ruffians as hard as her feeble powers permitted. In the struggle the child was pulled from her arms and the ruffians bent on accomplishing their hellish purpose, dragged the unfortunate woman around, beat and kicked her and did everything to lessen her resistance. They paid no attention to the child, which was lying on the floor, and stepped on its neck and body several times in the struggle. At last Mrs. Lynch's screams produced some effect, for neighbors could be heard coming to her assistance, and the ruffians fearing that they would be caught, released her and fled.

As they went down stairs Mrs. Weeks, th housekeeper of the premises, caught a glimpse of their faces and recognized them as Jim Walsh, Anthony Brown, a fellow known as "Lively," and another as Dermody, four ex-convicts, who had long been a terror to the decent people of the neighborhood. The infant had been trampled to death. When Mrs. Weeks entered Mrs. Lynch was lying on the floor, weak and exhausted, and her child was lying motionless by her side. When the infant was picked up it was dead, its life having been literally trampled out of its body. The police were at once apprised of what had occurred, and at once took every person who could throw any light upon the matter into custody. Capt. Washburn sent out his officers to look for the four scoundrels, and instructed Detective McTaggart to take Mrs. Lynch, who was still very weak, to the Jefferson Market Police Court.

She was taken there during the afternoon session and on her complaint warrants were issued for the arrest of the four men seen by Mrs. Weeks. Coroner Knox was also notified of the case.

## CANADIAN CATTLE.

### The Ignorance of an English Inspector Places Them at a Discount.

As shipping cattle to be received alive in the English market, is one of the privileges Canadian breeders are allowed in the mother country, anything affecting the trade will be read with interest. So far Canada has been fortunate enough to escape being placed on the schedule list of countries whose cattle have to be butchered immediately on their arrival in England, and she so has secured an advantage over American exporters. In order that this advantage might be maintained the greatest care has been necessary on the part of shippers to see that no diseased cattle were sent across, and hitherto with one or two trivial exceptions they have been landed in good condition. Much, however, depends on the English inspectors, and, as a rule, they have discharged their duty impartially, but a case has just come to light in which an injustice has been done to Canada shippers, although at the present low prices it caused them no financial loss. Some weeks ago a cargo of sheep and cattle was shipped in first class order by a Toronto firm. It consisted of twenty-seven head of cattle, and the balance of sheep, and apparently met with heavy weather generally prevailing at this season of the year, as only eight of the cattle were landed alive. They, with the sheep, were as usual inspected, and to the surprise of the agent condemned as suffering with the foot and mouth disease. They were accordingly slaughtered within 24 hours from the time of their arrival, and in future cattle coming from Canada will be rigorously inspected. The shippers explain that the trouble was caused by the exceedingly rough weather, which would cause the salt water to wash over the animals continuously. This would tend to render their feet sore, and possibly cause a running from the nostrils, which might be mistaken for symptoms of the disease. They are perfectly satisfied that the cattle were sound, and such being the case the matter should be inquired into before the trade of this country is again handicapped—Mail.

## THE NEWSPAPER.

No paper read at the late meeting of the Social Science association has attracted as much general attention in the press as that of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner upon the newspaper. This is due not only to the fact of Mr. Warner's distinction as a literary man but to his long experience as a successful editor. He is at the head of one of the chief daily journals in New England, and his words are those of practical knowledge. Mr. Warner puts more clearly than it has ever been put before a point which is of vital importance in considering the question of newspapers. It is that a newspaper is a wholly private enterprise for the pecuniary advantage of the proprietor. The relation of the public to the proprietor is precisely that of the buyer to any other merchant. He pays a certain sum for a certain commodity. But he has no more right to undertake to manage the proprietor's business for him than to manage that of any other merchant. To ask a newspaper for an advertisement or for a notice of a private interest is as impertinent as to ask the grocer to give his sugar and butter instead of selling them, to ask the baker to give his bread, or to ask the lawyer to plead a cause for nothing. The baker, the grocer, and the lawyer make their living by selling their wares, not by giving them away, and the newspaper is not a public charity, of which the benefits may be enjoyed without price, but it is a private business, carried on for profit, not for pleasure. Those who think that the publicity which it offers to an advertiser is not sufficient return for the cost of advertising will go elsewhere. But if they are satisfied to advertise, it is because they think the return is an equivalent. They pay for that and they receive it. But they have no further claim. They have no more right to demand a notice because they advertise than to demand of their hatter a pair of gloves because they have bought a hat that suits them.

The newspaper, indeed, from its nature, necessarily establishes a moral and intellectual relation with its buyer which the grocer and baker do not. It maintains opinions; it argues and appeals; it advocates or opposes public policies and measures; and as buyers are naturally those who agree with it, the laws of trade make it seek to agree with them. Thus the newspaper is very much what its public wishes it to be. If the opinions of the paper are such as to repel advertisers and buyers, the opinions will be suppressed, because the proprietor will hardly care to publish his opinions at a great and constant loss. This seems, indeed, to imply that public opinion guides the press, rather than the press public opinion. But the truth is that the influence is reciprocal. In every great community the general tendencies of political opinion, for instance, are already determined, and the newspaper which reflects any one of them ably and truly acquires by means of publicity and reiteration, added to ability, a natural leadership. This leadership it can exercise to the best results within certain limits.

Editorial ability, professionally viewed, is the faculty and tact which, in the first place, discerns what is really news, and condenses and presents it accurately and entertainingly. Obviously what is news in one place, and under certain circumstances, may not be news in another. What is desirable in a weekly paper may be out of place in a daily paper. The faculty of distinguishing in such cases, and of adaptiveness to the situation, is a test of editorial ability. In the second place, that ability is shown in the skill with which the circulation of the paper is maintained and increased without compromise in the expression of editorial conviction. It is, of course, essential to the weight and influence of such expressions that they be known to be perfectly honest. There is no leadership in echoes and imitations. When, therefore, the opinions of a great and prosperous paper are steadily maintained, it is a just inference that they are widely shared. Papers that "wobble" infallibly betray either want of ability to discern opinion, or want of skill to maintain their own view. This is the reason that clever journals value consistency so highly that rather than appear to be inconsistent they are sometimes willing tobe unjust. Mr. Warner's paper is certainly a very valuable contribution to a very interesting and continuous discussion.

## PEARLS BOOMING.

### This Season's Fishing—Where the Gems are Found—Their Market Value.

"No," an expert said to a reporter in answer to a question, "finding pearls in fresh water is nothing new, but somehow the business has received a boom, and I should say that there were probably two or three hundred persons spending a part of their time collecting them. They are found from Texas to Ohio. St. Clair County, Ill., and Rutherford County, Tenn., are good places for them, but the largest was found near Salem, N. J., a number of years ago. It was about an inch across and it sold in Paris for $2,600. Most of them are very small and sell in lots for small sums, but one large one pays for the time. Along the Ohio River all the boatmen and fishermen are in the business, especially boys. They wade along the flats and scoop up the unios with their hands, while others have regular arrangements for hauling them up by the quantity. The best are perfectly round and white, with rich orient. The next shape is the pear. Some are perfect all but one side, and this can be concealed in the setting.

"Small pearls for use in onyx need not be perfect, as they are half hidden in the setting, so the imperfect ones have a value as well. The best pearls, the round ones, are those found in the mantle of the animal. You see, the pearl, either in fresh or salt water, is merely the result of the animal's attempt to protect itself."

"Have attempts been made to force the growth of pearls?"

"Yes. The great naturalist Linnaus thought he had discovered a plan to cause pearls to grow, which was to imitate the parasites already mentioned. The pearl mussels were taken from the water and the shells bored, then placed back and left for four or five years. The Swedish Government paid him $1,500 for the idea, but it did not prove a success. The Chinese have done well with the pearl oyster. They sprinkle sand over the bed when the oysters or mussels are open and also put little images in the shells that soon become coated with a pearly luster. These can be seen at the Central Park museum. In Japan a similar plan is adopted with the unio hyris."

"Is it possible to make spurious pearls?"

"It would be hard to deceive a dealer, but they are made so skilfully that it is extremely difficult to tell them. For years a bogus pearl manufactory was carried on at Murano, a little town near Venice. The forms were made of glass, while the iridescence or orient was produced by quicksilver; but they were chiefly used as beads for the peasantry. Finally, the French took up the business, and noticing the richness of fishes' scales, they used them to produce the luster, and with great success. The dace and the roach were the fishes used. In Italy the smelt is taken from the Tiber, and its scales yield an extremely rich secretion or mcuus that can be used for the purpose: but to the eye accustomed to the real pearl these imitations are so much dross, and I can hardly better express the difference than to say that the spurious ones seem dead and devoid of the plush and sparkle that is the beauty of the real pearl. The latter needs no artistic adornment to set it off. Held in the hand and subjected to the closest scrutiny it appears the best."

## ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

Every once in a while a newspaper breaks into declamation over the perils of arctic navigation. Referring to the fact that it is now two years since the departure of the Jeannette and that nothing has been heard of her, the Springfield Republican remarks: "The search for the golden fleece fades into flat prose beside the daring and futile sentimentalism which sustains these repeated and perilous assaults on the great mystery of geography." In the first place it shows the weak head to assume yet that an evil fate has befallen the Jeannette. She was provisioned for three years and other supplies were cached at St. Michael's to provide for the emergency of the abandonment of the vessel and the return of her crew upon the ice to that point. It is hardly to be believed possible that the vessel and her entire company should disappear and leave no trace. Only once in modern times has a whole expedition been lost, and the fate of Sir John Franklin's companions was due to the fact that he had no steam power and that the art of traveling on the ice had not been reduced to the perfection which the genius of Sir Leopold McClintock afterwards developed. Indeed, under the improved condition of later day Arctic explorations, it may be questioned whether there is anything more perilous in undertaking a voyage in search of the pole than in embarking in the fall of the year on an overladen wheat-carrying schooner at Chicago for Buffalo. Nordenskjold made his great voyage from sea to sea without losing a life. Even on board the Polaris, a vessel ill-prepared for everything except mutiny and disorder, with two rival captains who were sailors and a commander who was not, the only man who did not come back safe and sound after all those romantic adventures was the chief. During the search for the Franklin expedition, which was carried on by a large fleet first and last and was kept up for many years, although several vessels were abandoned, very few lives were sacrificed—probably no more than would have been lost in the ordinary naval service covering an equal period of time. Neither the ice, nor the snow, nor the cold, nor the sea has been the explorer's worst enemy, but the scurvy, and the progress of canning meat and vegetables offers an excellent means of defense against this scourge. It is said that Nordenskjold bids defiance to the disease. As it is too soon by a year to give up the Jeannette, so long as anything remains unexplored, it is too soon to talk about the futility of arctic explorations, but we may note what we may find or to what use we may put the knowledge to be gained than Christopher Columbus knew of America when he sailed from Palos to find new passage to the East Indies.

## THE BLONDE BRONCHO.

"Did you ever see them buckskin bronchos of mine that I used to drive, named Yeller and Yallar?" asked Buck Bramel the other day of Gen. Worth, while he looked out across the green billowy divide toward the eternal whiteners of the snowy range.

"Why, no; never heard of 'em."

"Well," said Buck, as a tender light came in his blue eyes, and a three-cornered nugget of tin tag tobacco was stowed away in his cheek, "both of them same cayuse plugs could scoot over more mountain road between sun and sun than anything in the line of hoss I ever see.

"Yeller was pretty middlin' rapid, but Yaller was an imported terror. You ought to see him gather up his limbs in a wad and vamish. One day I was out on board of Yallar, tryin' to round up an American cow that had strayed away from the corral, and over west of the divide. I worked up a long legged buck antelope.

"I made a little shassay over toward the antelope to see him light out, but he first pranced along kind of careless like, as much as to say, 'I guess I won't give you no 2:13 gait this morning. Life is too brief. I can't run that way just to amaze every snoozer that comes this way on a blonde plug like that.'

"I touched up old Yaller with the quirt, and sailed over toward the antelope, thinkin' I'd stir him up a little.

"The antelope trotted along a few rods and then looked back over his shoulder and smiled a sardonic smile that made old Yaller as mad a wet hen.

"Then he got up and got. Jewhillikins, haw he pawed the gravel! Occasionally the antelope would look around and snort, and jump stiff legged, and laugh. Then old Yaller would consume some more space.

"The antelope turned himself loose, and for awhile all I could see was a little cloud of dust and the white speck that is always behind this amusin' little animal.

"After a while, however, I could see that the white patch got bigger. Yaller was gainin' I jabbed the Mexican spurs into him to encourage him. His tongue hung out so that he stepped on it every little while.

"He didn't laugh any more then. It was a terrible reality. He seemed to think we had imposed on him some how. Every little while he'd looked at Yaller kind of reproachful, as if we'd taken advantage of him.

"By'n by I reached over and took him by the ears and laid him across the saddle ahead of me and took him home. I kept him for years, but he never rallied.

"He seemed to lose all hope, and would walk around the corral like an old billygoat that had been betrayed some time. Life for him seemed to be nothing but a wide shoreless waste of bitter disappointment and regret.

"I tell you, General it takes the hope and joy and pride all out of antelope to be scooped by a $15 buckskin broncho."

"Yes," said the General, "I should think it would. If I was a broken legged antelope, with a foot done up in a gum overshoe, and couldn't outrun any buckskin hoss I ever saw, I'd go away to some lonely spot and stick my head into a prairie dog's hole and die of remorse."—Virginia City Enterprise.

—A merchant died suddenly just after finishing a letter. The clerk added, in postscript: "Since writing the above I have died. Tuesday evening, 7th inst."

—As a young Englishman stood upon the top of Pike's Peak he recited, with much dramatic force, Alice Cary's lines:

I'm nearer my home in Heaven to-day
Than ever I've been before.

—A very curious seal has been found on Washcommon, the scene of the first battle of Newbury, September 20, 1643, near the spot where the Falkland memorial is erected. The seal is circular, and made of brass, measuring one inch and eight-tenths in diameter. It bears the device of a skeleton, with the surgeon's knife in the dexter hand, and an hour glass on the sinister side. The legend with which it is inscribed is as follows: The Society · and · Loyalty · of · Chyrvrgeons · Hall · London. This seal is supposed to have been used by the surgeons belonging to the Chirurgeons' company of London, attached to the Royal army at Newbury, and it was probably lost in the encounter.

## AROUND THE WORLD

—"The two really great things your (the English) army has done in this century," remarked a distinguished German officer, "are the battle of Waterloo and the march to Candahar."

—The Toronto Monetary Times does not anticipate a prevalent sobriety in Canada until it becomes a wine producing country. It believes good wine and good beer are the best antidotes for intemperance.

—The number of insane persons in the United States is put down by experts at 100,000, and the same authorities say that from 10 to 20 per cent. are curable by present methods.

—Cardinal Edward Borromeo, who was raised to the Cardinalate March 13, 1868, is reported to be dying. Cardinal Vincent Moretti, who was created Cardinal June 23, 1877, is also seriously ill.

—A Dovercourt lad while eating jam the other day swallowed the sting of a wasp which was contained in the preserves. He rushed to a doctor's immediately, but just as he got to the door he fell down and expired.

—Provost Rendle, the head of the Roman Catholic clergy in York, died lately. He had been stationed there for thirty-four years. On the day of the funeral the minute bell of the minster was tolled by order of the Dean.

—Some Boston families will not allow their children to read the Old Testament. If they would also forbid them to read the New they would have the finest scheme on record for making the Bible interesting to the young.

—The fact that the air was full of very bad language last night caused a division of opinion among citizens. Some thought the lake gang had taken the town, and others thought that telephonic communication with Toronto had been completed.

—The statisticians are now willing to concede that there will be a wheat surplus of at least 100,000,000 bushels in the United States at the service of the needy elsewhere. It will be required, and it will bring to that country at least $150,000,000 of foreign gold.

—In St. Paul, Minn., a young man in the airy costume of the circus leaped from a bridge into the river, a distance of 90 feet. He won his wager, but was arrested by the police on a charge of wearing too few clothes. The modesty of St. Paul justifies its Biblical name.

—Count Waldburg, the Arctic explorer, who has just returned to Hammerfest from a journey to the lower Yenisei in a Bremen merchant steamer, is reported as declaring such navigation possible every year, despite the difficulties which have hitherto been held to surround it.

—It is perhaps time to record some further facts concerning Boston's proposed World's Fair. A meeting of all the sub-committees of the Committee of Twenty-eight was held last Thursday, and after a secret, and, it is said, animated conclave of two and a half hours, it was finally decided—to meet again in two weeks to consider the question whether the Fair shall or shall not be held.

—Near Kioto, in Japan, was burned last spring a temple which had stood nearly 700 years. It was erected by a priest named Meikel, who first introduced tea into Japan. The merchants of Kioto and Osaka have resolved to rebuild it in honor of him. In parts of Japan, where the culture of tea is now most prosperous, the plants were first brought there by Meikel.

—The brigands of Thessaly have at length been outwitted by a captive. His name is Janni Boyardji, but he is a British subject nevertheless. He made no objection to paying the ransom demanded, and offered to take two of the brigands with him in a small boat to a village where he could get the money. On the way he managed to upset the boat, and swam ashore, leaving the brigands to drown.

—A story comes from Louisville to the effect that a young man in that city two years ago accidentally swallowed a lead pencil six or seven inches in length. He experienced no especial discomfort from the accident until recently a swelling in his right groin was lanced by a physician, who drew from the incision the pencil which disappeared down the young man's throat two years ago. They tell tall stories in the West and Southwest.

—A cannon and many fragments of timbers which belonged to the British frigate Shannon, sunk in the York river shortly before Cornwallis surrendered, have been recently raised, and will doubtless attract attention during the coming celebration at Yorktown. They are at present at Norfolk, but it is supposed that some arrangement will be made for their exhibition during the ceremonies of next month.

—The projected reorganization of the Spanish army will largely increase its numerical strength when it is fully mobilized. The infantry will comprise more than 310,000 trained men, while the other arms of the service will be able to muster at least 100,000 more. The total strength of the Spanish army will therefore amount to over 400,000 men; whereas, as at present organized, its war establishment, including colonial troops, barely exceeds 300,000 men.

—Vaccination as practiced in China has two peculiar features. The subject is not operated on in the arm or leg, but in the nose, and the Government, while it does not compel people to submit to the operation, practically reaches the same end that it would by doing so by offering to parents for every child vaccinated a premium of 100 copper cash which amounts to about ten cents, and, for a poor chinaman in his own country, a sum not to be despised.

—The London World says that those who are fond of the heavy wines of the south of France, the vins du Rhone, such as St. Georges, Roussillon, Chateau Neuf du Pape, etc., will be sorry to hear that the vintage will be nil. The grapes have been entirely destroyed by insects. It is the same in some parts of the Bordeaux district. According to the same journal, the entire Clos Vougeot vintage is bought, and has been for many years, by the owner of the world renowned buffet at Dijon.

—Several days have elapsed since the Missouri outlaws have robbed a railway train, and a hope is gaining ground that they may have left the State. The last two hauls were so good that the playful "cusses" perhaps think they can afford to rest for a couple of weeks and recruit up a little after the arduous labors of the past few months. They will again be heard from, when and where least expected. Passengers going across that State would do well to send their money and valuables around by way of Omaha.

—Sir Harcourt Johnstone has got his peerage at last. He was to have had it long ago, by all accounts, and many reasons were given for the delay. It was said that the Queen was not altogether pleased with the way he voted upon the Empress of India bill, but this is hardly likely with our most constitutional sovereign. A more probable explanation is that Mr. Gladstone omitted to consult, his royal mistress before he brought Sir Harcourt's name forward, and she did not choose to be ignored. However it all ends right, and the new peer will take his seat with the title of Lord Derwent.

—Lord Clandeboye, whose sensational swim across the Bosporus from Therapia to Beicos has eclipsed Lord Byron's famous exploit, is at present on a yachting cruise on the Mediterranean and the Levant with his tutor. The latter, a graduate of St. John's college, Oxford, is himself a swimmer of no mean order, and it is not long since he carried off a prize by his powerful stroke in the "Varsity swimming races. Lord Clandeboye only lately returned to town from Paris, where, after spending a few days, he left with his companion for Constantinople, with the express intention of cruising in those seas for some months.

—Two Chinese corvettes were lately lying in Plymouth sound. Three seamen came ashore from one of them without leave. On returning