

ANOTHER BATTLE

Col. Otter Engaged with the Indians.

WINNIPEG, 6th.—A despatch from Saskatchewan Landing via Swift Current per courier who arrived there last evening from Battleford, brings the news of a battle fought with the Indians at Poundmaker's reserve on Sunday, May 3rd. A flying column of 300 men under Col. Otter attacked the Indians, 600 strong at five o'clock in the morning. The fight lasted till noon. Poundmaker's reserve lies on the Battle River between it and Eye Hill Creek, near Mamitau Lake. This chief had been joined by other bands under Red Pheasant, Moose-min, Strike-him-on-the-back and others, and was no doubt acting in conjunction with Big Bear, Little Child and other chiefs operating further west. Our loss was seven men killed and twelve wounded. The enemy's loss was 50 killed and wounded. Colonel Otter covered, including the engagement 70 miles, fought the battle and returned to Battleford inside of thirty hours. The men behaved magnificently. The list of killed and wounded is as follows:—Killed—N. W. M. P. Corp. Laurie, Corp. Sleight and Bugler Burke, Ottawa Foot Guards, Todd's sharpshooters, Privates Osgood, Maynard and Rogers, C company Infantry School, Bugler Foulkes and Private Dobbs, total seven. Wounded—N. W. M. P., Sergt. McLeod, B Battery, Lieut. Peltier, Sergt. Gaffney, Corporal Morton and Gummer Reynolds, C company Infantry School, Sergt. Maj. Spackman, Ottawa Foot Guards, Todd's sharpshooters, Color Sergt. Winder, Private McQuilliken; B Co., Gilbert. A Battleford volunteer was also wounded, total twelve. The reserve where the battle was fought is about 34 miles in area, and is full of scrub with bluffs, ravines and small hills.

PORT COLBORNE, April 30.—The ice has all gone off this shore. The canal, harbour, and lake on this shore are clear. Official information to-day says:—The canal will be opened on the 7th of May.

The *Deseronto* commenced her trips to Clayton on Monday.

Interesting Facts About Fish.

Every species of fish has its regular hours for feeding, but bass and pickerel digest their food the soonest, and are, therefore, most always hungry. A pike or pickerel weighing ten pounds will pull a dead weight of twenty pounds off a level bank when hooked. These same fish have been known to jump at least four feet clear of the surface and to throw themselves from one pond into another. Fish can see at night just as well as a cat. Does a fish ever sleep? He does. If you will watch a gold fish for a day or two you will find him taking occasional naps. If man could invent some way to get up a race between fishes the result would astonish you. A pickerel is probably one of the swiftest of our fresh water fish. He moves for a short distance so fast that you simply see a flash. Almost every species of fish can see on all sides and behind him as well as in front. Their gills are the most delicate filter in the world. Every tooth in the mouth of a fish which preys upon other fish is set in such a way that every attempt to escape fastens the victim more firmly. A ro-horse or mullet, weighing five pounds, could not take a small apple into its mouth. A pike weighing three pounds could almost swallow a man's fist. When a bass is first hooked, he will run towards you. A pike or pickerel will run from you. A sheephead or dogfish will jump for the surface. A snail will dive for the bottom.

Washington's Personal Appearance.

Washington's boots were enormous. They were No. 13. His ordinary walking shoes were No. 11. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be painful to look at. At that time he weighed 230 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His huge tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp wagon. Washington could lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddle-bags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse-pistol. His lungs were his weak point, and his voice was never strong. He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period I found out much that might be interesting. He was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. But hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whiskey on awaking in the morning.

Of course all this was charged when he grew old. I saw him at Alexandria a year before he died. His hair was very grey, and his firm was slightly bent. His chest was very thin. He had false teeth, which did not fit, and pushed his under lip outward. I believe he drank much more in his old age. He had whiskey in the morning, and at dinner two bottles of Madeira wines. He was a great lover of fine wines and fine horses.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Thad. Stevens' Strong Individuality.

His whole life was shadowed by a deformity in the foot, which caused slight lameness and gave a morbid sensitiveness to his nature. While in York he desired to join the lodge of Free Masons, but this physical defect rendered him ineligible. He was much chagrined and became a most violent and pronounced opponent of the order, never losing an opportunity to denounce it in unsparring terms. This hatred took a strong political bias, and from that time he was a most bitter and unrelenting anti-Mason. His strong individuality impressed every one who ever met him, and his sayings and doings are still remembered in many characteristic incidents. Judge Durkee, who, like Stevens, was a Vermont and was an ardent and devoted admirer of that gentleman, told me he was once engaged in trying a case with him and received a letter which was positively unreadable. He gave the letter to a friend promising a liberal percentage of the prospective fee if she would translate it. She earned her reward after some hours' hard work on the epistle. His writing consisted of two or three letters in the beginning of a word, followed by an irregular scrawl.

He was once asked to read a letter of advice which he had written a client. He glanced over it, found himself quite unable to read it, and handed it back with "Humph, I don't write letters to read myself. I wrote it for you to read." A gentleman once wrote asking an opinion, but neglected to enclose the customary fee. With grim humor Stevens returned a blank sheet of paper by next post.—*Philadelphia Times*.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST BANK.

"The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street" and Her Method of Doing Business.

(Chambers' Journal.)

The Bank of England originated in the brain of William Paterson, a Scotchman—better known, perhaps, as the organizer and leader of the ill-fated Darien expedition. It commenced business in 1694, its charter—which was in the first instance granted for eleven years only—bearing date of July 27 of that year. This charter has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal having taken place in 1844. The original capital of the bank was but 1,200,000 pounds sterling, and it carried on its business in a single room in Mercers hall, with a staff of fifty-four clerks. From so small a beginning has grown the present gigantic establishment, which covers nearly three acres and employs in town and country nearly 900 officials.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the bank itself. Six printing presses are in constant operation, the same machine printing first the particulars of value, signature, etc., and then the numbers of the notes in consecutive order. The printing presses are so constructed as to register each note printed, so that the machine itself indicates automatically how many notes have passed through it. The average production of notes is 50,000 a day, and about the same number are presented in the same time for payment. The "library" of canceled notes—not to be confounded with the bank library proper—is situated in the bank vaults. The stock of paid notes for five years—the period during which, as before stated, the notes are preserved for reference—is about 77,745,000 in number. They fill 13,400 boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. As each day adds about 50,000 notes to the number, it is necessary to find some means of destroying those which have passed their allotted term of preservation.

This is done by fire, about 400,000 notes being burned at one time in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink with which the notes were printed, the cremated notes burned into a solid blue clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns into a fine gray ash. The fumes of the burning paper are extremely dense and pungent, and to prevent any nuisance arising from this cause the process of cremation is carried out at dead of night, when the city is comparatively deserted. Further, in order to mitigate the density of the fumes, they are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower bath arrangement for this purpose. The stock of gold in bullion vault varies from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 pounds sterling. The bars are laid side by side on small flat trucks or barrows carrying 100 bars each. In a glass case in this vault is seen a portion of the war indemnity paid by King Coffee, of Ashantee, consisting of gold ornaments, a little short of standard fineness.

The safeguards against robbery, by force or fraud are many and elaborate. At night the bank is guarded at all accessible points by an ample military force. In the event of attack from without, there are sliding galleries which can be thrust out from the roof, and which would enable a body of sharpshooters to rake the streets in all directions. Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within the walls a graveyard; but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riot of 1780, during which the bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defenses. Competent authorities

advised that an adjoining church, rejoicing in the appropriate name of St. Christopher-le-Stocks, was, in a military sense, a source of danger, and accordingly an act of parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. The old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the bank "garden," the handsome "court-rooms" or "bank parlour" abutting on one of its sides. There is a magnificent lime tree, one of the largest in London, in the center of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the bank, eight feet high, lies buried.

The Marks on Gloves.

(Chicago News.)

"Why are gloves stamped with various alphabetical letters?" inquired a gentleman the other day as he was being fitted to a pair of gloves. "I observe," he continued, "that there appears to be no regular system in this lettering. Sometimes I notice one letter; sometimes two or three on the inside of gloves. It may be C, or A, or M, or all three, or some other letter. It may appear on the thumb, the back of the glove, on the wrist, or up in the fingers. What is the significance of those cabalistic signs?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the intelligent glove fitter.

"Those letters," said a young lady, one of the few persons in America, outside of the agents, who understands the glove business, when the question was asked her, "are either the manufacturer's private mark, which is put on all his skins as soon as brought into the factory, or one of the marks which he uses in his establishment to show the grade of the different qualities of skin. Sometimes the buyer for some one manufacturer secures an over-supply of skins. When they are delivered at his factory they are all branded with his private mark. But, as he cannot use all, part are disposed of to other makers, who, in turn, put on their marks as well as those grading the skin. Consequently a pair of gloves frequently have two or three letters on."

Cross-Eyed People.

(Common Eye Advertiser.)

"You would think that a cross-eyed person would overcome his sensitiveness," said an oculist, "but he seldom does. He broods over it. It grows on him. He imagines that every one he meets thinks as much about it as he does, and life often loses all attraction for him. Did you ever notice a cross-eyed man walk? No! I can tell one as far as I can see him. It imparts to his gait a certain movement peculiar to the whole class of cross-eyed people."

Smoking and Kissing.

Mrs. De Blank—"There now, John, just read that, and maybe you will throw away that horrid cigar."

Mr. De Blank—"Read what?"

"Why, this in the paper. A member of the recent Women's Congress says 'it is a nice thing for a man to keep his mouth fit to be kissed.'"

"Humph! That may all be; but it is also a nice thing for a woman to keep her mouth in the right position to be kissed."

"The right position?"

"Yes, shut."—*Philadelphia Call*.

A Young Woman of Courage.

"You Miranda," called a lady to the fat colored nurse, "didn't you pinch Frankie?"

"Yes, I did."

"What made you do it?"

"Cause he pinched me; dat's what I needn' think 'cause I haster nuss dat I se gwinter be run ober by a white pusson. Pinch me I'd pinch him, don't kere ef he wuz ez big ez a house."—*Arkansas Traveller*.