

A REMARKABLY TOUGH STORY.

A party of four persons returned yesterday from a trip to the Yellowstone National Park. Joe V. Longdon, C. E. Kantner, J. E. Montgomery and Walter Watson are the names of the persons, and they profess they have had, with one exception, a most delightful time. They were examining the crater of a geyser about two and a half miles from the Fire Hole River. Notwithstanding it is forbidden to carry specimens away from the Park, or despoil in any way the formations, these gentlemen were desirous of securing some mementoes of their trip, and, seeing in the crater some beautiful formations, Watson volunteered to attempt a descent and secure a piece of the beautiful colored work on the interior for each member of the party. He carefully descended a distance of probably twelve feet, taking care that each time his hold was secure. He reached the formations, secured what he desired, and attempted to ascend. Reaching overhead he grasped a projection, and, putting his entire weight upon it, it gave way, and he was precipitated into the seemingly yawning abyss. His companions, who were watching his movements, shrieked as they saw him fall. They immediately procured a light and lowered it into the crater for as great a distance as they could with the means at their command. Nothing could be seen; but by dropping pebbles and bits of wood they discovered that at a depth of about fifty feet the crater was filled with water. In their consternation at the disappearance of their comrade they had not heard his body strike the water. They gave him up as lost, and with sad hearts left the scene. Going to the river they made camp, but, as may well be imagined, were not in a mood to either converse or enjoy themselves as they had on previous occasions when their number was complete. They were each debating in their minds whether or not they had better return to where their comrade had met his death, or proceed at once to a settlement and notify his friends of his decease. Night came and they camped where they were, intending to start for Bozeman at daybreak. Next morning they made preparations to start, but were delayed by Mr. Longdon becoming suddenly sick. They then concluded to remain where they were until Mr. L. should be in a condition to travel. About noon another party from the geyser basin came in sight, and seeing the camp of the gentlemen at once approached.

Imagine the joy and surprise of Longdon, Kantner and Montgomery when they saw among the newcomers their friend Watson, alive and well. They could not believe it was he, until he had repeatedly taken the hand of each one and assured them that it was none other than he, and, to convince them, gave each the promised specimen from the crater of the geyser. How he escaped is best told in his own words:

"When the projection upon which I had placed my weight gave way, I felt that I was indeed lost. I was not wholly conscious when I commenced falling. When I struck the water, feet first, I experienced a feeling of relief. I seemed to sink thousands of feet, but of course sank but a short distance. I grasped around wildly, but nothing but the water could be felt. I was rising to the surface, and knew it, and a feeling suddenly came over me that I was to be saved. How, I knew not, but still I was certain that I was not to be left in the crater. On coming to the surface I reached out, and a friendly rock gave me support. I heard the shouts of my friends, but could see nothing and was unable to call out in reply. After what seemed to me ages, the shouts ceased, and I realized that my friends had given me up for lost. It was just after noon when we reached the crater; I suppose it was nearly five o'clock when I heard what sounded like distant thunder. The noise grew more and more distinct, and the water around me began to be troubled. I then realized that I was in the crater of an active geyser, and that in a short time the entire space would be filled with water. I attempted to raise myself, but could find no support for my hands which would bear my weight. The walls of the crater were rough, and while in the water I could easily keep my head out by clinging to them. Suddenly I discovered that the water was rising. This gave me the hope that I might be able to keep afloat until the surface was reached. The water continued to rise more rapidly, and I at last found myself at the point from which I had fallen. Although well nigh exhausted, I exerted my remaining strength in climbing to the surface. This reached, I managed to crawl some distance away from the mouth of the crater, when I lost consciousness. When I recovered I was being cared for by strangers, the men who conducted me to my comrades."

Upon being questioned further, Watson said that as near as he could judge the crater at the point he struck the water was about twenty-five feet in diameter. The water was warm, but not uncomfortably so until a few moments before he left, when it began to be decidedly hot and to boil more furiously. He was found by the party who rescued him about 7 o'clock in the evening.—*Inter-Mountain, Montana.*

A MASSIVE SAFE DEPOSIT VAULT.

The safe deposit vault for the Nassau Bank, corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, is said to be the largest steel vault ever constructed. It is made of welded chrome steel, iron, and Franklinit, and is, to all appearances, thoroughly fire and burglar proof. Entrance to the vault is effected through the bank proper. A staircase of marble and iron leads down into a well lighted and ventilated basement, about 12 feet high. The floor is paved with tile mosaics and marble. The vault, which is 35 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 9 feet high, is built clear of the walls of the building, and rests upon a thick foundation of concrete and granite. The sides, bottom, and top of the structure are very thick, and comprise inner and outer walls of welded iron, chrome steel, and Franklinit, between which is a solid layer of fireproof cement, 9 inches thick. There

are two massive iron doors at each end of the vault, and the outer ones are the largest single doors ever made for this purpose. The doors are built of the same material used in the construction of the vault. The inner doors are about 6 inches thick and the outer are of the same thickness, but larger and hung on central hinges. Their locks are doubled dial time locks of the very best make. It will require two persons to get into the vault, for one will have the combination of the inner doors and the other the combination of the outer doors. Outside of the heavy steel doors are electric burglar alarm doors, which cannot be tampered with without sounding a loud alarm. There are now nearly 1,400 safes in the vault, but that number is to be increased to 4,000. These safes are 24 inches deep, of various sizes, and are made of half-inch chrome steel. The door of each is provided with a double key lock, and some of them have combination locks. No customer can unlock his own without the help of the attendant, who has a key with which he sets each lock. Neither the customer nor the attendant can get in singly. The vault is lighted by the electric light.

TURKEY INVADES IRELAND!

LONDON, September 19.—A startling rumor, says *Vanity Fair*, comes from Constantinople. It is said that the grand old Turk, seized with a sudden enthusiasm for order, and horrified by the tales of massacre and outrage which have reached him from Ireland, has countermanded the forces destined for Egypt, and has directed them to proceed at once to Dublin Bay. The ships on their arrival will take up positions within easy range of the formidable Martello towers which guard the Irish coast, and their instructions are, on the first appearance of hostile symptoms, to lay Dublin in ashes. Prompt measures, the Turk feels, are absolutely necessary to curb the rebellious spirit of the Irish and to restore the authority of Lord Spencer, who now finds himself unable to trust even the Prætorian guards assigned for his protection. It is satisfactory to learn that in all this there is no unfriendly intent toward this country. So far from it, England is to be invited to send a contingent to assist in restoring order in Ireland, the only condition being that such contingent must place itself under the orders of the Pacha in command. When Ireland has been thoroughly cowed, and Mr. Parnell executed, the future destinies of the country will be arranged by a conference of the indifferent Powers, to be held in London.

FANATICAL TEETOTALLERS.

That even so stern an institution as total abstinence has its humorous side is demonstrated by the recent family experiences of a young Palatinate German, who emigrated in order to join his uncle, aunt and cousins, prosperous settlers near Lancaster, Pennsylvania. During his first meal at his kinsman's table, he observed that wine and beer were conspicuous by their absence, while teeming water-bottles were, so to speak, plainly visible to the naked eye. An attempt on his part to comment upon this unconvivial circumstance was cut short by the remark, "We are all temperance folk here; no spirituous liquors enter this house!" After dinner the "old man" went up stairs to take a snooze, the girls started off to Sunday school, and the boys lounged away to smoke in the stable. As soon as "aunt" found herself alone in the kitchen, she summoned her youthful nephew thither, extracted a bottle of cherry-bounce from a dark nook in one of the cupboards, and held it out to him, saying, "Here, sonny, take a drink, my old man is such a strict teetotaler that I don't dare to let him know I keep a drop of the right sort to use medicinally." A few minutes later the head of the family called his nephew up to his bedroom, where he promptly produced a gallon-jar of whiskey from a port-manteau under the bed, and pouring out a handsome dram, observed, "Teetotaling don't prevent me from keeping some decent stuff in case of illness; but mind you don't let on to the old woman!" Strolling into the stables shortly after this second surprise, his cousins beckoned the ingenuous immigrant into a barn, where, after fumbling about in the straw for a few seconds, they handed him a black bottle, with the encouraging words, "Take a pull at that, cousin; right Bourbon it is; but not a word to the old folks, for two more infatuated teetotalers don't live!"—*London Times.*

WHAT IS AGENCY?—Here is the tangle that was presented to the Supreme Court of Michigan to straighten out:—A debtor of a firm made a chattel mortgage of his stock of goods to them, and put it on record. He then informed a member of the firm of what he had done, and, by agreement, the firm's name was put over the store, as though they were the proprietors. But the debtor really continued the business, and contracted new debts, upon one of which the firm was sued. The court affirmed a judgment against the firm, saying:—"The debt was a partnership debt. The mortgage had authority to take goods in payment, and to create an agency for the purpose of selling off the goods so taken. Secret instructions to the agent under such circumstances cannot avail. It would be a reproach to the law if it could suffer a principal to escape responsibility for these acts of the agent which, according to the usual course of the business in which he was engaged, the public had a right to understand were authorized."

IS MORE SILVER WANTED?—The question of the further coinage of silver is more pressing than ever, in view of continued substitution of silver for gold in the Treasury and the banks. The example of France is used at every opportunity by the advocates of silver, to prove that a nation may have a large amount of silver in circulation without losing its gold thereby. So far they are right. But why not go a little further in the same direction, and notice how France stopped the free coinage of silver so as

to prevent the increase to such an extent, as to drive out the gold. This is the example that this country needs to follow. Men often argue as if there was a plot to demonetize silver; whereas, all that is desired is to merely stop where we are at present, and not walk with open eyes into a hole which every other nation has been careful to avoid.—*Boston Economist.*

THE SACRED FLAG.—The danger that Arabi Pasha would precipitate a holy war was not great. The sacred flag of Mohammedanism or the Sandjak-f-Sherif, as it is called, which would in that event be necessary, and which is said to have been brought down from heaven by Gabriel, is carefully kept in the seraglio at Constantinople. It is faded and so much injured by age that it would fall to pieces if an attempt were made to unroll it. It is twisted twice around its staff, has a green satin cover, and is packed away in a gilded box. It was once covered with inscriptions, but the only word still legible is 'Alem—world—which appears on one of the outer folds. When brought out it is carried in its satin cover, and every Moslem is bound to follow it, under pain of being declared an infidel and being put to death. It has not thus been displayed for many years. The sultan, during the late war with Russia, made some talk of producing the sacred banner, but wisely concluded not to do so. It is in his possession still, and even if Arabi should get hold of it he would have no right under Moslem law to make use of the ensign.

RAINING ON ONE SIDE OF THE STREET ONLY.—One of those queer kind of showers which once in a while happen along struck Baltimore, or at least some portions of it, yesterday afternoon, and the rather singular spectacle of people walking on one side of the street with umbrellas raised to guard them from the rain, while on the other side it was dry as a bone, was witnessed in some parts of the city. Those portions of the city which caught the storm had it right lively for a few minutes, the rain falling at times in torrents. The storm was accompanied by a violent wind. There was also some lightning, and one of the bolts struck the chimney of No. 157 Preston Street, and greatly alarmed the inmates of the house. At Newington Park, a short distance away, a very few drops of rain fell.

A LONELY WAIT FOR A TRAIN.

A crowd waiting for a train at an up-country railroad station had a heap of fun the other day. An old man came there with a small tin can which he set down on the platform. There was quite a crowd present, and among the gang a farmer with a big yellow dog, and a boy with his satanic majesty in his heart. The boy set out to have what he considered fun. While the farmer and the owner of the can were talking, he inveigled the unsuspecting canine over by the can. Then he produced a cord and tied the can to the dog's tail. These proceedings were watched by many of the bystanders with keen interest. When the job was done, the boy drew away to give the dog a chance to run. But the dog didn't. It just stood and looked miserable. The crowd whooped to start him. The commotion attracted the notice of the farmer and the owner of the can. The farmer was awful mad. He wanted to wallop whoever tied the thing to his dog, and was about to release him. But the old man interposed. "Run for your lives," he cried. "There's dynamite in that can, and the minute the dog starts things will be scattered about here like an earthquake had called." A great change came over the crowd. Their looks of mirthful interest faded. They turned and fled. The dog saw them going and started after them. The farmer was nearly frantic. He wanted to save the dog, but, after hesitation, turned and fled, too. After him went the dog on a gallop, dragging the can. It didn't explode at first, but they knew it was liable to at any minute, and they ran like deer. The train came to the station, and the old man, who had not fled, boarded it and left. Finally the can became detached from the dog's tail. Then the terror of the mob subsided. They returned to the station. Somebody discovered that the cover of the can contained two eggs. Half the crowd had intended to take the train, but by fleeing had lost it. They were the maddest men alive. They couldn't get at the old man, for he had gone on the train. But they took hold of the boy, and while two held him the others took turns with the shingle. His yells were heard two miles away, and the hide on certain parts of him is all tired out. He won't try to amuse a crowd again.

EXTENSIVE TREE PLANTING.—The Duke of Athole is one of the most extensive tree-planters in the world. There are already vast woods and plantations in Athole and Dunkeld, and as, of course, they exist for use as well as ornament, large numbers of trees have to be planted annually to maintain the woods. Indeed, every year the Duke plants from 600,000 to a million trees. During this season a plantation covering 2,000 acres has been completed. It may be remembered that the Duke of Argyll's plantations were thinned of 80,000 trees by the gale which destroyed the Tay Bridge. When the Planter Duke began operations on a large scale, in 1774, the Dunkeld hills were almost bare. During his life the Duke, who may be described as a true benefactor to his country, planted 27,000,000 trees, covering 15,000 acres.

U.S. CENSUS.—The Census Bureau has issued a bulletin classifying the population of the United States in 1880 by nativity. The native-born were:—Whites, 36,843,291; colored, 6,632,549; foreign-born, 6,679,943; total population, 50,155,783. Of the foreign born, 2,722,169 were natives of Great Britain and Ireland, 1,966,742 of the German Empire, 717,084 of British America, 194,337 of Norway, 181,729 of Sweden, 106,971 of France, 104,541 of China, and the remainder represent all the countries of the earth.