

Carleton Place

VOL. XXII

CARLETON PLACE, ONTARIO, JULY 10, 1872.

NO. 40.

EDDY'S SEARCH

A BRAVE BOY'S BATTLE.

ON TO SAN FRANCISCO.

The situation of Eddy and his friends, to whom we must now return, was, as may well be understood, full of peril and perplexity.

As the reader will remember, the little party consisting of Eddy, Gorse, and Tina, under the guidance of Diego, the Indian cook of the little schooner, had landed at a point on the northern coast of Lower California, and were employing themselves in gathering fruits for sustenance during the remainder of the voyage to San Francisco. The sleep lay in a little sheltered inlet more than a mile away, and between the sleep and the fruit gathering, completely cutting off the retreat of the latter, was riding a small party of mounted Indians, whose savage aspect might well strike terror to the hearts of those whom their coming menaced.

"Now my boy," said Gorse, drawing his revolver, "we've got to show ourselves men."

In the same instant the attacking Indians fired and the refugees fled. Diego killed a savage. Another received the shot of Gorse, and bounded five feet into the air, falling dead. Eddy wounded a third in his shoulder, putting him hors de combat.

The savages were instantly plunged into dismay at the sight of the three men, and making an easy capture of the little party, one of whom they had seen to be a little girl, and the second a man. Their repulse and disaster seemed to be utterly irrelevant to them.

To add to their discomfort, Mr. Harris and one of the Indians fired the shot of Gorse, and bounded five feet into the air, falling dead. Eddy wounded a third in his shoulder, putting him hors de combat.

The remaining wounded savage, unable to rise stretched out his brawny figure, pretending to be dead.

As Mr. Harris and his companion emerged from their concealment, they saw the three men, and were surprised to find that the little party, one of whom they had seen to be a little girl, and the second a man. Their repulse and disaster seemed to be utterly irrelevant to them.

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LEAD INTO DANGER.

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"Well, it is here," said Gorse. "It looks new."

"It's got a good name," said Harris. "I'm from 'down east' myself. Wonder if there's any one here I know."

They entered the bar-room. A few men, in slouch or Panama hats, and tinners' garb, were smoking or lounging about the room. They looked at the strangers curiously, especially at Tina, but did not address them. Gorse accented a dandy clerk behind the bar, and the strangers were ushered into a small parlour at the rear of the bar-room, and invited to be seated.

Here they were presently joined by the landlady, a rotund, red-faced woman, with a step like a trooper, and the brisk, decisive air of a commander in chief.

"She was evidently from New England, and was the proprietor of the hotel, the dandy clerk being her son."

She led the way from the room upstairs, to the third floor. Here, two rooms, separated only by a partition wall, and not adjoining each other, were allotted to the new comers. They were not carpeted, and very simply furnished, but the room fronted the street, and the other room upon an alleyway.

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"I'll stay here and look out at the people," said Tina. "Why just saw a Chinaman's assistant. The shot was yet echoing through the house, when the fellow, with the spring of a tiger, leaped upon the boy, bore him to the floor, and disarmed him."

"Francis!" the fellow called.

"The Mexican woman appeared, with her arms full of roses, and the ruffian—"

"He'll soon come to."

The woman obeyed, binding Gorse hand and foot. The man secured Eddy with similar care. The two prisoners presently lay utterly helpless, like statues.

"Now we'll see what our employer has to say," said the ruffian, with a hoarse laugh. "The gentlemen who wanted to see Mr. Burns are here. And here they are likely to stay—he'll be!"

As he finished speaking, the door swung open, and the well-known short squat figure of the transformed old Spanish tutor.

"There are two of the name who deposit with us," he said, after an exclamation.

"I believe my father is a farmer," said Eddy.

"They are both farmers," said the clerk. "One has a rancho down in San Jose valley. The other is in Contra Costa county."

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THE TARIFF QUESTION IN THE STATES.

The readiest, cleverest, wittiest bit of Congressional banter of the present session was made by Mr. Cox, of New York, on the tariff. Said Mr. Cox:

"Some curious arguments were made yesterday. They go far to disturb some of my principles, if not control my vote. A gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Griffith) appealed to my friend from Indiana (Mr. Kern) not to oppose the coal tax, because he was born above a dam (laughter), its banks spotted with water like a Massachusetts man."

"I feel the force of that ad hominem. I was born near the salt wells of the beautiful Muskingum, in Ohio. Before that stream had slack water, before it was considered hardly worth a dam (laughter), its banks spotted with water like a Massachusetts man."

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ries of sugar upon an absent cloth and covering an invisible table? I was about to produce some more statistics. They are so powerful here. I will ask leave to print one thousand copies of this speech at the expense of the Industrial League of Philadelphia, to which I have no objection."

STROKE.—A few hints on the symptoms and relief of this malady will have at least the merit of being reasonable. Not a summer passes that we have not to record more or fewer cases of the fatal effects of heat, and the suddenness with which persons are liable to fall victims to it makes it desirable that every one should be able to perceive at a glance the indications of an attack, and also to know how to afford relief to the sufferer. A recent writer on the subject, after stating that the former are at once uniform in their details, lays down as a fact established beyond doubt, that if the skin be cool and moist, it is a favorable sign.

It does not follow of course that in every case in which the skin is hot and dry the individual has had a "stroke," but the converse is given as an ascertained indisputable fact. The directions given are very simple.—Go to the patient, and feel his skin. If it is hot and dry, the case is certainly a stroke, and no time should be lost. The patient must be carried to a cool place, and the head and neck stripped to the waist, and bucketed after buckets of cold water be dashed over him until consciousness begins to return or the intense heat of the surface be abated.

A Cincinnati paper says:—"Last summer one of our Cincinnati belles, on coming home from Europe, brought with her an Esquimaux dog. She turned him loose in her house, and during the first two weeks he tore up \$5,000 worth of lace curtains, gnawed holes in her carpets, scratched the gliding from the mirror frames, besides ruining most of the upholstery in the parlor. Since then he has been five times to a horse doctor for treatment, and once to a regular physician, who esteemed the call a mortal insult. He has frightened all the children in the neighborhood, and has not been seen at any place anywhere in the block since his arrival. He is better than a trombone player at keeping people awake, and is never so happy as when baying the moon on summer nights. His regular diet is strawberries and jelly-cake, and yet he is not happy. He pines for his native climate, his far off home in Labrador, and will not be comforted."

During the brief existence of the Maine liquor law a live showman (not Artemus Ward) made his appearance in—, with a small, dirty, tattered canvas tent, a half starved wild animal looking like a dog. The admission fee of ten cents was cheerfully paid by a number of "old sports," who manifested a peculiarly strong desire to see this very common and villainous looking specimen of the animal kingdom. But the oldest part of the show, to the bystanders was, a place of refuge, where the old man had pressed in to "take another look at that wolf" no less than seven times during the afternoon. The secret was at last revealed. After an unsuccessful attempt to start for home, approached the tent door with an uneasy step, and handing him his native skin, he (the old man) bellowed, "I'll take you one more look at that wolf!"

A letter from Vienna describes the effects of the recent floods in Bohemia as most disastrous and fatal. At Blum there were 70 persons killed and 10 houses destroyed, at Sarnob 50 dead and 5 houses destroyed, at Holesitz 44 dead and 15 houses destroyed, and at Horowitz 40 persons killed. Several villages are still uninhabitable, and it was found that famine would add to the number of victims. In many places the inhabitants sought shelter on the roofs of the houses, a place of refuge, where the old man had pressed in to "take another look at that wolf" no less than seven times during the afternoon. The secret was at last revealed. After an unsuccessful attempt to start for home, approached the tent door with an uneasy step, and handing him his native skin, he (the old man) bellowed, "I'll take you one more look at that wolf!"

The Leamington town crier was heard a few days since making the following announcement in the streets of that fashionable inland watering-place:—"Oh, yes! ch, yes! this is to give notice to all mistresses of laundresses, that an open-air meeting held in Leamington by ladies of the wash tub, it was resolved that on and after the last day of June no washerwoman would work for less than 1s. 6d. per week, and would not be allowed to wash for less than 1s. 6d. per week. And the ladies of the wash tub, God save the Queen."

Several companies have been formed to bring fresh meat from Texas to northern cities. The entire hold of their vessels is lined with a non-conducting felt; and by chemical means, a cold below the freezing point will be kept up, so that the meat will remain fresh. The first vessel, which sailed some time since, has already brought back some 400 tons of carcasses in perfect order, landing them in 12 days after they were killed.

A drawback to life in France of late has been a mysterious plague of flies. Some one has started the agreeable theory that the superabundance of these disgusting insects is due to the number of dead bodies which lay unburied in 1870-1, whence the *mouches de la mort*, as they are called, have been generated, and on this account they have been dubbed the Bismarck flies.

This is the horrid story in which the following anecdote is made by a Scotch newspaper:—"It is whispered that the Duke of Edinburgh is about to follow the example of his sister Louise, and select a partner from his mother's subjects. The young and lovely daughter of one of the wealthiest and prominent English Dukes is spoken of as the intended."

"Were you ever at Cork, Mr. Foote?" said an Irishman to the comedian. "No, I never was at Cork," replied the wit, "but I have seen a good many drawings of it."

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