# Listowel Standard.

VOL IV.—NO. 33. LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, AUGUST 26, 1881. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## THE SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY.

### News From the North-West Territories

The Saskatchewan Herald, of Battleford July 18, has the following items of news:

The Indian annuity money is on hand in time this year.

Both the eastern and western mails came in on time last trip.

Hay cutting is now the order of the day here. A good deal of upland hay will be put up this season.

The summer rise on the Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers took place early in the present month, and the water still continues high.

The flag at the telegraph office has been flying half mast for the past two days, indicating the demise of the line.

Every day the long delayed freight brigades from Winnipeg and Fort Ellice, that have been looked for for a month past, come dropping in. Freighters concur in reporting the roads as in a terribly wet condition.

Wallace W. McLeod, who had been post-office inspector for Prince Edward Island for a number of years, has arrived to assume the duties of a similar position for Manitoba and North West Territories.

Andrew Allen and Capt. Milborne, of Montreal, have formed a joint stock company with $500,000 capital to establish a stock ranche in the North-West. S. J. Dawson, M. P., and others have formed a similar company.

Donald McLeod arrived here on the 14th inst, with fifty thousand feet of lumber from the Edmonton Mill. He brought it down in a raft and flatboat, and made the run in ninety seven hours, including stoppages.

At Prince Albert, on Dominion day, there were a few scrub races but no general celebration. The roan horse Big Enough formerly owned by Mr. Campbell, of Edmonton, ran against McKay's black, and much to the disgust of those who backed their judgment on the roan, it came in behind.

Mr. Latimer has a gang of Indians at work bridging and otherwise improving some of the bad creeks on the river road. Part of the cost is defrayed out of the fund placed at the disposal of the Lieutenant Governor for local improvements, and a part out of Indian funds. Travellers just over the road say the improvements are of great advantage, and that Mr. Latimer was doing splendid work as far as he had gone.

The steamer Northcote arrived here on Saturday, with 170 tons of freight. Chief Commissioner Grahame and son; Mr. Eden, of Stobart, Eden & Co.; Mr. Ogilvie, of Montreal; Mr. McFarlane of Athabasca District; Mr. J. Macdougall and wife, of Cumberland; two Sisters of Charity, for Lac la Biche and Mr. Courne, D.L.S., who goes to survey the Hudson's Bay Company's lots at Edmonton, were passengers.

The Indians of this district have accepted the invitation of a Stony named Summer Devil to take part in a thirst dance similar to the one that took place last summer—the affair to come off during the present month. Those that were bidden are already beginning to come in, and as there will be a very large gathering of the tribes, the managers express the hope that the Commissioner will attend, that they may have a good talk.

On Saturday, the 2d of July, Robert Wyld & Co. were surprised upon opening their door in the morning bright and early, to find the carcass of a superannuated horse belonging to a neighbor, lying with its venerable head on the threshold, which spot it seems the poor brute had carefully chosen on which to die. It seems remarkable that those old quadrupeds should single out the front door of a printing office and the house of a live stock operator at which to lie down to die. Perhaps the augurs can divine the mystery. We trust the omen is favorable, as either business is comparatively a venture in this latitude. Prospects are flattering, however, in every other respect.

J. G. Oliver arrived here on the 9th, with the engine and machinery for prosecuting gold mining in the deep water bars in the Saskatchewan. The apparatus is on the steam dredge principle, and is so arranged that it can be used to lift the dirt from any depth between one and sixteen feet. It will be mounted on a barge, on which sluices will also be placed. The amount of dirt that it will raise is practically unlimited, but the rate of working will be governed by the richness of the material and the rate at which the washing can most profitably be done. The outfit is supplied with a California pump, driven by steam, which will be able to lift all the water required for washing. The projectors of the scheme are confident of being able to find rich bars that have never been reached by the old fashioned hand process; and if their expectations are in any way realized, it will give an impetus to mining on the river that will create a stir and give an impulse to immigration.

To say that the crops in the Territories are good is but to repeat an old story. Gentlemen just in from Prince Albert bring word that everything looks well there, and that there will, if no accident happens, be larger crops, both in area and return, than usual. Potatoes look well, but there are many fields in which some of the seed failed to germinate. This probably arose from the same cause as the partial failure here—from keeping the seed warm. The most gratifying information given by these gentlemen, as also by some from the west, is that the crops in this vicinity are farther advanced than in either of the other settlements. This has been the case every year since the formation of the settlement, which is long enough ago to establish that the Battle River valley is one of the most desirable points for farming in the Territories. During the four seasons of the writer's experience there have been no June or summer frosts, such as annually work such hardship to the farmers in the eastern provinces, and frequently in other districts. All the crops look well, yet we would especially mention Mr. Pambrun's wheat, which on the 4th inst. stood four feet high and fully headed out, and the oat fields of Messrs. Macfarlane, Richardson, and the police; and last but not least, our own garden and fields, to which modesty forbids our further reference.

A venerable Indian was asked the other day what he thought of the comet, that had for some nights previously been visible in the heavens. It was a sore subject with him and considerable pressure had to be brought to bear before he would give his views. It was, he said, sent some years ago, at the time when the whites were first negotiating for the purchase of the Indian right in these Territories, as a warning to the inhabitants that they must not sell their lands as everything the Indian held was only in trust and to sell any portion of them would be sure to bring disaster on the offending tribes. The wise men of the nation were opposed to the sale, but they were overruled by the young men, and now they are being punished. The annihilation of the buffalo was one of the evils threatened; sickness and war would likely follow. But there were hopeful signs in connection with the appearance of the present comet: It being now considered too late to undo the sale, and the Gods looking approvingly on the efforts the Indians were making to sustain themselves, the comet was at this time sent as a sign of encouragement, and to give notice that if they would work faithfully in their new line of life and acquire the skill and industry of the white man and become wholly self supporting, the original sin of selling out their country would be condoned; otherwise the deferred penalties would be imposed with greater rigor. That Indian's belief is as accommodating as the politics of some of the organs in the east. It is always safest to prophesy after the comet has happened.

## IN THE FAR WEST.

### Recollections of Life on the Frontier.

The old Forty-niner can yet be met with on the Pacific coast. As a general thing he is found clothed in rags, sitting in front of some saloon waiting for an invitation to go in and flood his lower level, yet many of them are living in affluence upon extensive farms or ranches, taken up or purchased when the country was thinly settled. The genuine old whisky loving Forty-niner is a character. Take him when you will, he is always easy going, good natured and filled to the brim with stories of adventures in the early days of Californy." With a tongue lubricated with a few doses of whisky he will sit for hours reeling off his yarns, many of which were never on terms of intimacy with the truth. In conversation with one of them on the Cosumnes river, a few years since, he said:

"I'VE SEED MEAN MEN,

stranger, but the meanest one I ever struck used ter run a tradin' post on Feather River doorin' the excitement that broke loose on that river y'ars ago. He played a trick on the camp thet fur downright devilishness was never ekaled sence that scriptur' galoot guv Christ away with a kiss."

"Won't you take a drink, Uncle Billy, and then tell me the story?" I asked.

"Don't mind ef I do shoot in a little licker Jack, 'yar keeps as prime an article as ever left in States."

After swallowing a most liberal drink we resumed our seats in the shade in front, and he began his story:

THE STORY OF THE OLD "FORTY-NINER."

"This 'yar feller's name was Spooner, Hank Spooner, an' he hed the only tradin' store in the camp. Hank allus kep' a prime article o' whisky an' had a pow'ful run o' custom. I reckon thar' war' more'n two thousand of us went up thar' wi' the first rush, an' every lad in the outfit tuk from three to a dozen drinks a day. Whisky war worth two bits a day then, an' with the bacon, flour, etc., that he sold on the side, ye kin figger on the pile o' dust he raked in every day.

"It war in the dead o' winter when the mangy cuss warped it to us on the trick I spoke of. Thar' hed bin a big fall o' snow that winter, an' we war' locked inter camp tight enough, I tell ye. Hank's stock o' goods begin to git mighty low, but as the whisky appeared to hang out, we concluded we'd cut down our rations an' manage to worry along till the snow melted in the spring so's he could git another stock o' pervisions over from 'tother side of the range. We felt parfectly easy over the state o' affairs, but could see jist as plain as the nose on yer face that Hank war' in a pow'ful worry. It wan't no trick at all to guess the trouble. He war a penurious cuss, war' Hank, an' the thoughts o' the money he'd be a makin' if he could git in a big stock o' pervisions war' jist a grinden' the life outen him.

"One morning I trudged up from my cabin arter my usual before breakfast dose an' found a gang o' about fifty o' the boys standin' 'round wearin' faces as long as a sluice-box.

"W'at's the game?' sez I, knowin' sumthin' war' gone wrong.

"Licker's played, one of 'em answered. 'Not a drop more left in the ranche, an' h—l's to pay all round!'

"While we war' talkin' Hank showed up lookin just as sorry and as woe begone as the rest of us.

"'Hev' I got the yarn k'rect, Hank, thet ye've struck the bed rock on the last bar'l?' I axed, a hopin' thar' might hev' bin some mistake.

"'The boys hev tipped ye the squar deal,' he answered, and hove a sigh that 'peared to come from the lower levels of his heart. 'I tuk the last drop afore I turned in last night. Thar' sets the empty bar'l agin the ranche, an' not another one in the cellar.'

"THAR' WE WAR', STRANGER,

More'n 2,000 of us, an' not enough licker in the camp to swim a fly, an' eighteen miles o' mountain with drifts o' snow some of 'em fifteen feet deep, between us an' the next camp. The news soon spread an' a meetin' war' called to debate the difficulty. Thar's no use of going into the details of the meeting, but afore noon next day thar' was a good trail broke through all thet snow over to the next camp, an' half our population war' over thar' fillin' up with rejuvenatin' fluid. Hank put his teams on an' run in a big stock of grub, an' it war' a year after the camp busted afore we found out that he run out o' licker with six bar'ls in the cellar that 'd never been tapped. He knowed durned well that w'd go through anything to get our whisky, an' that by clamin' to be out o' the truck he could get the hull population started through the snow on foot, an' that they'd break a road through drifts if they war' as high as the moon. That's w'at I call the very essence o' meanness, stranger, an' its a mighty good thing for Mr. Hank Spooner that we didn't find him out afore he left the country."

WYOMING KIT.

## A WATER SPOUT.

CENTRAL CITY, Col, Aug. 9.—Yesterday a heavy cloud appeared, accompanied by incessant thunder and lightning; an hour and a half later the citizens were startled by an unearthly roar, and instantly a volume of water five feet deep rushed down Nevada and Eureka streets. Heavy quartz teams were overturned and carried down the stream like feathers. Rocks weighing 500 pounds were rolled along like pebbles. Animals and everything along the track of the flood were swept away. The people in the streets made a rush for shelter. During the flood large masses of debris were carried through the streets at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The whole length of the gulches from Nevadaville on the one side and the head of Eureka street on the other presents a desolate scene. The roadways were entirely destroyed in many places by ruts four or six feet deep, extending hundreds of yards. Debris of every kind is strewn three miles. At several points between Central and Black Hawk streets the debris is piled 25 feet high. Eureka street for a quarter of a mile is a mass of rocks and rubbish. On Main street four feet of sand is deposited.

The flood was caused by the bursting of a rain cloud west of the city, and the stream became dammed, turning the water into the streets. As far as known only one person lost his life, Joseph Gerry, whose body was in the Black Hawk. The flood lasted only 12 minutes. Damage $50,000. A number of small houses were washed away and many residences and stores flooded, and mud and sand deposited on the floors of cellars to the depth of several feet. At Idaho Springs several houses were carried away and a little girl drowned. Nearly all the railroad and country bridges between Fork's Creek and Idaho were swept away, and nearly all the houses in the business part of the town flooded and damaged. The damage at Idaho is $20,000. It will take a hundred men 48 hours to repair the railroad track between Idaho and Floyd Hill. The flood was the most destructive on record in this section.

## A TRYING SITUATION.

"Say, mister, are we on this side of the bridge or the other?" asked a placid old lady of a gentleman on a Court street car yesterday morning.

"We are on this side," responded the gentleman gravely.

"Laws me! Then we ain't anywhere near Greenwood Cemetery yet!"

"Yes, madame, we are within a few squares of it."

"Sakes a massy! I thought Greenwood was on the other side of the bridge!"

"No, madame; on this side."

"Well that pesky conductor, told me it was the other side when we started."

"It was, madame, on the other side then, but we have crossed the bridge."

"Then we are on the other side!"

"No, madame, we are on this side of the bridge. We've passed it."

"And is Greenwood on the other side?" she asked, starting up in alarm.

"No, it is on this side."

"Don't try to fool me with your nonsense!" exclaimed the old lady indignantly. "Don't try to make me think that Greenwood is on this side of the bridge when I know better, and don't try to make me believe I'm on this side of the bridge when I know I'm on the other! Don't ye do it! You want to be careful how you amuse yourself with me, or I'll fit ye out with a new set of ribs!" and the old lady shook her umbrella in warnings as to the source of the additional physiological development. "The idea," she continued, turning to the other passengers, "of trying to muddle an old woman that might be his mother. I'll bridge ye, both des, in a minute. Conductor, just as soon as I get on this side of the bridge you let me out, or this will be your tombstone trip to Greenwood!"

And the dame straightened back and glared defiance, while her well meaning informant concluded that it wasn't too warm for him to walk to his destination.—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Virginia papers are letting themselves out on campaign rhymes, of which these are a sample:

She—Don't put your arm around my neck;
You'll rumple all my ruffles.
He—Then let me kiss you without force,
And thus avoid all scuffles.
She—There is no sweetness in a kiss
Unless by force 'tis taken.
He—I know it. There! O this is bliss!
This style of osculation.
She—My ruffles you have rumpled, love,
And put me in a flutter.
He—O never mind; I'll fix it, dove,
For I'm a Readjuster.

—A tombstone in Colorado bears this suggestive epitaph:

When a man sits down at poker,
He should play an honest game,
And not get the "little joker"
Up his sleeve, because that same
Often makes the other fellow
Pull his gun and turn her loose,
Snuffing out the cheater's candle
Too darned quick for any use.

—The Baltimore Every Saturday says this is its last indulgence: "Are you fond of cheese? No, but my sweetheart, Elise, who sings like a breeze, and whom I often squeeze, is so fond of cheese that her breath makes me sneeze, till I fall on my knees a prey to disease. Do you seize? How are these?"

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

### How Do They Do It?

No city has more neatly dressed, pretty girls, who may be seen going to their daily work between 7 and 8 in the morning, than New York. And it must be a source of wonder to their more financially fixed sisters of Fifth avenue, if ever they do wonder over it, how so many of these working girls manage to dress themselves so elaborately at so early an hour in the morning. Hair in good order, collared and cuffed and even gloved as they are, how do these girls who must rise at 6 and hurry through their breakfast often preparatory to a long trip to their place of business, manage to do it? Women's dressing as a rule is no trivial affair. Women's clothes as a rule cannot be pitchforked on like a man's—[New York Graphic.

### The Talk of London.

Lord Lonsdale gave his wife a fan which is the talk of London. It is large enough to screen not only the face but the whole figure down to the waist, and composed of more than fifty ostrich feather tips, all of matchless quality and color, superbly mounted on sticks of tortoise shell. On the outside stick is the monogram of Lady Lonsdale, surmounted by her coronet, both gems of workmanship, in diamonds and pearls.

### Skull Measurements.

Prof. Fowler, the well known English anatomist, has published some further results of his researches with reference to the human skull. He states that the largest normal skull he has ever measured was as much as 2,075 cubic centimeters; the smallest, 960 cubic centimeters, this belong to one of those peculiar people in the center of Ceylon who are now nearly extinct. The largest average capacity of any human head he had measured is that of a race of long, flat headed people on the west coast of Africa. The Laplanders and Esquimaux, though a very small people, have very large skulls, the latter giving an average measurement of 1,546; the English skull of the lower grades, shows 1,542; the Japanese, 1,486; Chinese, 1,434; modern Italian, 1,475; ancient Egyptian, 1,464; Hindoos, 1,306.

### Lost the Suit.

George Harris, of San Francisco, entered a theater in that city on a simple admission ticket and took possession of a reserve seat for which he had no coupon. He refused to leave on the ground that he had a right to occupy any seat in the house not actually filled. The ushers put him out and had Mr. Harris arrested. At the trial Judge Rix said that he knew of no law which fixes the price to be charged for seats in a theater, and, there being no such law, a manager has a perfect right to set aside a number of seats for which he will charge one price, and another set for which he will charge another, and that there is nothing in the law to prevent a manager from charging $40 for a seat if he desires, or to graduate the prices of seats according to his ideas of his interest. The defendant was fined $5.

### An Unique Mode of Revenge.

David Fitzgerald, a car inspector on the Pittsburg & Erie Railroad, who lives at West New Castle Pa., has adopted a singular and probably unique mode of revenging himself upon his wife. In a recent war of words with his better half, David was badly worsted. There was nothing strange about this, and the result was only that which a man of his experience ought to have expected, but it aroused in this unreasonable individual a demon of wrath which would not down at his bidding. Choking with anger he rushed to his apartment, muttering as he went: "I'll get even with you; I'll starve myself to death." At first little attention was paid to his threat, but as days passed over the head of the obdurate man and left him only more determined, the family began to take alarm. It is now nearly three weeks since the faster stopped eating; he is growing thin and weak, and swears he will carry out his threat to the letter.

### Geography.

A. J. Rickoff, of Cleveland, said of geography at the Atlanta meeting: "What would be the result of an inquiry among the more intelligent tradesmen and members of the profession as to the knowledge of geography which they had attained or accumulated, we will say, at from 35 to 50 years! I do not speak of that alone which they learned in childhood, but of the sum total of all the knowledge they may claim at the time of the inquiry. I think it would be found that they know very little as compared with the 14 or 15 year old miss who has just passed her examination for the high school in any one of our towns and cities, except as to those points which they have in later years looked up for the purpose of business or pleasure. Not having any relation to the course of reading or business pursuits of matured years, the names and locations of rivers, mountains, lakes, cities, capes, nations, etc., drop from the memory of most men as the features of people who pass in rapid moving procession. The study having served its purpose in the recitation room and on examination day is promptly dismissed from the mind. Test the value of a study thus pursued by any standard you please, and it is valueless, except as to its general outlines, which can be learned in one third of the time now allotted to it. As studied it contributes little to our stores of useful information and still less to the discipline of mind, inasmuch as it begets a habit of careless indifference to what we have learned."

### A Pen Picture of Sitting Bull.

Sitting Bull is described as follows by a reporter of the St. Paul Pioneer Press: He is below the medium hight, stolid and stoical-looking, and the thinness of his lips and a few wrinkles in his face give him the appearance of being older than fifty years, which Scout Alliston says is his correct age. He was dressed in the traditional blue blanketing, sewed in the form of half civilized trousers, with great gapings where the pockets should be, and when he walked often displayed a brawny leg. Over this he simply wore what was once a finely made and nicely laundried white shirt, but which became greasy and dirty from long wear. The shoulders of the shirt and sleeves had three long sleeves of red war paint, with which the warrior's neck, entire face and scalp at the parting of the hair was covered. His hair is jet black and reaches below his shoulders, hanging in three braids, one at each side, and one pendent from the back and braided from the crown of his broad head. The two braids hanging over the shoulders were thickly wound with flannel, and the only ornaments worn were two brass rings, one on the little and one on the second finger of the left hand, and a lady's cheap bracelet of black gutta percha on the left wrist. This lack of ornament, in comparison with his better looking and more gaudily adorned chief advisors, is for the purpose of impressing the sentimental white man with his poverty. His moccasins were of the most common pattern, dotted with a few beads here and there. While on the boat a greater part of the time he kept his eyes covered with a pair of huge smoked glass goggles. While being looked at he evinced no agitation and seemed not to be impressed with the fact that he was being lionized.

### Consumption of Paper.

It is estimated that nearly 2,000,000,000 pounds of paper is produced annually; one half of which is used for printing, a sixth for writing, and the remainder is coarse paper for packing and other purposes. The United States alone produces 200,000 tons of paper yearly, averaging seventeen pounds per head for its population. The Englishman comes next, with about twelve pounds per head; the educated German takes eight pounds, the Frenchman seven pounds, while the Italian, Spaniard, and Russian take respectively three pounds, one and a half pounds and one pound annually, the consumption of paper being roughly in proportion to the education and intellectual and political activity of the people.

### The Conductor.

What an alert type of men the conductors on the steam railroads are! Probably the engineers are also, but there's no good chance to get a look at them while they have their hands on the levers and their eyes are peering along the line of track as far as keen vision can reach. But the conductor is all alive under his quiet and impassive exterior. There is little in his whole car he does not see, even while his whole attention appears to be concentrated by the ticket he holds in one hand to be cut by the punch in the other. And there is nothing that he does not hear and understand down to the most needless question. Amid the clangor of the swift moving train, the slightest unusual noise or jar about the running gear tells its story instently to his acutely educated ear and quickened senses. And if anything is wrong, or suspected to be wrong, how promptly yet how quietly, with what freedom from fuss, or anything approaching to flurry or panic, he moves towards the right place. He is the very embodiment of self posed qui vive. What soldiers these men would make.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### A True Fish Story.

All the big and biggest fish appear to have surrendered this season to willing captors. A country hotel's guest went forth to fish and rambled o'er a wide country. He splashed himself with brook mud, tore his clothing and hair in underbush, and at the close looked like a volunteer at the close of Bull Run. At night he strode up to the hotel and exhibited thirteen trout to the veranda's occupants, and related how easy the trout came to grief, how he climbed fourteen trees to unhitch the line, and how inferior the result was with what he usually accomplished. At that moment a boy came up well out of breath and exclaimed: "Mister, ma says I can't sell yer them fish; they's promised to another man; here's yer money."

### Hermit of the Sierra.

A party recently went from Bodie to the Yosemite Valley over the Sierra. After climbing a very high mountain and leading the horses through soft snow three feet deep, the descent was commenced on the western side down Green Creek, which was so rough that it was impossible to ride. The snow was found to be from three to forty feet deep and very soft. They had a rough time of it, getting lost and with difficulty retracing their steps. They came to a soda spring which is a great curiosity. It discharges about four inches of as fine soda as any one could wish to drink and as cold as ice. It is situated about forty miles from Bodie, eight miles from Tioga mining district and twenty miles from Yosemite valley. The owner of the spring, Lambert, is quite a curiosity himself. He is fine looking, well educated and a good talker, yet for some unknown reason he has cut loose from civilization and lives alone in the mountains with only the wild animals for his companions—and some of these, such as wolves, bears, etc., are not very agreeable. He has lived at Soda Springs for fifteen years, and sees only now and then a human being. He carries his provisions from the valley, twenty-five or thirty miles, on his back, except such wild game as he kills in his own neighborhood.—Bodie, Cal., Free Press.

### Catching 185 Rats [illegible] is Hands.

The most extraordinary rat killing match probably ever witnessed in this city occurred in the rear of the Eighth District Police Station on Friday night. There is a slaughter house adjoining it on the east. The rats had burrowed beneath the sidewalk from the slaughter house into the cellar of the station and thence found their way into the building, defying the able bodied tom cats and boldly invading the lodging room and nibbling the toes of the slumberers. The butcher, whose establishment was the banqueting hall for the rodents, decided to dig up his pavement, fill up the rat holes and repave. When the lairs were uncovered and the subterranean passages, in numbers sufficiently labyrinthian to satisfy a dozen Sylvanus Cobbs, were opened up, a stream of rats poured for h. The butcher, with the quickness of a terrier, snatched rat after rat as they ran bewildered from the holes and dashed them against the brick wall. He continued this lightning work until he had killed 185 inside of an hour. He did not receive a wound while destroying the pests. Some of the policemen who witnessed the slaughter offered to match the slayer to kill rats at an exhibition.—Philadelphia Times.

### Cate a la Elephant.

What when completed will be the most novel shaped restaurant in the world is now in course of erection on the beach at South Atlantic city, a few hundred yards from high water mark. The structure is to take the form of an elephant, and will be 44 feet in height, 85 feet long, and 22 feet wide. The animals legs, which are to be 22 feet in height, will be supported by heavy piling, twenty five feet under ground, and the two back legs will be fitted with spiral stairways, by which the would be diners may obtain entrance to the interior. The trunk will touch the ground as though the animal were feeding, and the tusks will serve as chimneys through which the smoke and odors of the kitchen, located in the head, may escape. On the back will be a howdah twenty-two feet high, which will serve as a balcony, and a row of seats will surround the trunk. The interior will be so arranged, through a system of sliding doors, as to be available either for a theater or dining room, or as apartments for private parties. Its estimated cost is placed at $27,000. About twenty carpenters are now engaged in the work, which is to be completed by September, when the Camden and Atlantic extension to the place will be in running order.—Philadelphia Record.

### A Young Artist's Suicide.

Edward Lemon, a young artist, attempted suicide in Minneapolis a few days ago, but was resuscitated. He went into the office of the Republican, at Neillsville, Wis., on Friday, and told Editor Hoffman, a friend, that he had concluded to finish the job. Showing a bottle of laudanum, he said that he was going to do it right there and wanted Hoffman to sit with him, watch the effect, and write it up in good shape. "It won't take long," said he, "as I have two ounces of laudanum in me already." Hoffman treated the matter as a joke, made an excuse to go out, and sent for a doctor, upon whose arrival Lemon angrily left. Meeting Hoffman soon afterward, he followed him to his office saying:

"You gave me away before, but I have concluded to come back and die with you.

He was followed by several friends, who did not believe his story. One of them asked: "What shall we say in writing up this affair?"

"Oh," replied Lemon, "say that I died in the hope of blessed immortality, and put in something about the golden stairs. You know how to do it."

At this moment the poison he had swallowed began to take effect, and he fell back in his chair, livid and helpless. Everything physicians could devise was done to save him, but he died in a few hours.

### Ciphered it Out.

An old darkey, who works around town by the day and is very proud of his reputation for extraordinary ability in ciphering, called on Gilhooly yesterday with a view to get a settlement, in cash, for work done in Gilhooly's garden.

"Well, Uncle Ben," said the major, "how much do I owe?"

"Ise worked fur ye 'leben days at dollar a day, bos, an' if yer hand me a piece of paper an' a pencil I'll cipher it out fur yer." Uncle Ben got the paper, and, pretending to figure on it, he said: "'Leben days at a dollar a day. Lemme see, ought's aought, cipher's a cipher, figure's a figure, twa ter carry an' one to throw away, 'Leben dollars, by gosh! Boss, yer owes me prezactly 'leben dollars."—Texas Siftings.

### Seventeen Nez Perces Killed by Sitting Bull.

It has recently come to light that some seventeen Nez Perces were massacred by the Sioux under Sitting Bull, in the North, a month or six weeks ago. It will be remembered that after the surrender of the Nez Perces to Gen. Miles, in the Bear's Paw Mountains, in 1877, a fragment of the band escaped fled, across the boundary line and associated themselves with the Sitting Bull band. The massacred Nez Perces were the remnants of these fugitives, many of them having drifted away from the Sioux. The cause of the massacre, so far as we are able to ascertain, was some sudden quarrel that broke out in the lodges. The Nez Perces were killed to a man.—Montana Record.

### Striking and Economical.

Furniture en suite, the servants' livery and the tint of the panels of the carriage he drives—all these combinations of color are sanctioned by custom. The last new thing, however, seems carrying the matter to extremes. Many ladies now wear skirts corresponding in color, texture and material with the front awnings of the house. A thrifty housewife, when she gives the order for these awnings, tells the maker to send home three yards of the piece for herself, and the same material shades the front windows and forms the dress of the new mistress. Well, if our sisters have stolen the Turkish towels from the bath room to make their jackets, the girths from the stable for their belts, why not a skirt off the outside awning, a sash from the outside blind, a striped tablecloth for a shawl and a colored duster for a head dress? These fashions have two advantages—they are striking and economical.—New York Tribune.

### An Escape From the Harem.

The correspondent of the London Times writes from Naples, July 6: "That the course of true love sometimes runs smooth has been verified in Naples, or rather Resina, within the last three or four days. On the 22d of February, 1880, a young lady fled from the residence of the ex-Khedive, and took refuge in a house on the opposite side of the road. There was a young man, it is needless to say, ready to rescue her. All the preliminaries of courtship had been carried on by signs with which Neapolitans as well as Orientals are familiar, but they were the eyes which completed the conquest. What was to be done with the inamorata, however, after her escape? The laws of the country forbade compulsion, and of her own free will she would not return to the house of the Khedive. A marriage was therefore projected, but there were difficulties in the way. By the civil law of Italy certain formalities were required which could not be carried out in the exceptional circumstances which the lady was situated. After the lapse of sixteen months the grave difficulties were overcome, the sympathies of some in high places had been appealed to and awakened, and the King having given his consent, Signor Pasquale Vollari and the Signorina Nasik Missk, which being interpreted means infinite goodness, were married on the evening of the 30th of June by the Syndic of Resina. Every one must hope that Infinite Goodness will never be exhausted, and that the honeymoon will endure through life. What the precise position of Nasik Missk was in the household of the Khedive it is difficult to say, but she had not enjoyed the supreme honors of the harem. Ever since the arrival of Ismail Pasha, great curiosity has been felt by the Neapolitans—or they would have belied themselves—as to the ladies under his protection. When living on board the Egyptian steamer which brought them here, boats were constantly plying around, and on the removal of the establishment to Pausilippo some persons were so indiscreet in their approaches to the palace of the Khedive as to require the interference of the police. The only instance of an escapade is that of Infinite Goodness, which has ended well."

## ALONE WITH A GORILLA.

### A Thrilling Incident At the Burning Of a Museum.

A writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser, referring to the fire at Barnum's old museum, says: We heard from a straggler in the street that the fire was at Barnum's museum. This gave renewed force to feet and we fairly flew along the street. The fire, the ice, and the cries of the poor imprisoned animals made the night one of horror indeed. Just at this moment, with a great crash, right through a plate-glass window on the first floor, a splendid tiger sprang. He lit in the street and stood for a moment at bay, and many a voice in the crowd cried: "Shoot him! shoot him!" We had given our hose to a steamer, and the water being just let into it the fireman with the nozzle put the stream full against the animal. Its force and wash carried him off his feet, and a moment afterwards "one of the finest," with a revolver, put two balls into his body and finished him.

I then made my way into the burning building from the basement and gained the first floor; a flight of steps was before me, and at the top I could make out the door. I mounted the steps to render what aid I could. As I got about the middle the heat warped and cracked the door and it fell to one side, and there beyond, making right for these stairs, was the big gorilla. Oh, never shall I forget that dread moment. The big flames began to lick the walls and the whole space beyond that dreadful beast was a blaze of fire. The heat and smoke were awful, and I felt my limbs shake as palsied I looked spellbound, at the awful hairy mass at the top of the steps. I could hear the heavy thud of his huge feet as he moved or glided to the stairs. I could see his great, monstrous body writhe almost with the heat. The stairs were narrow, and, great heaven, when he reached me what would become of me? I stood transfixed, spellbound with an awful terror. One hand clasped the banister and one the wall, and I could not have moved one finger on either of those hands to have saved my life. I heard still the shouts of the now maddened animals within the building. I heard the axes of firemen breaking through the floors. I thought a thousand thoughts in a second, but I could not move a hair's breadth. I even counted the steps between the monster and myself. There were but six—only six little short steps between me and grim death, the beast came slowly on, glaring horribly at me—there were but four steps. Will he seize me in those fearful arms of his, thought I, from which the matted coarse hair hung, and toss me into the burning, seething mass of fire and flame beyond us? Another step he came. Oh, heaven! but one little, short step now. I made a superhuman effort to move, if but a muscle; but alas! I could not. The loathsome body of the brute touched me. My breath came in gasps and my heart stood still, awe stricken. One dreadful clawlike hand griped upon my shoulder as the other arm of the wild beast was raised to his neck. He tugged there a moment as if for breath and strength. Now I sickened and shuddered as he threw the great mass of hair and hide over his head and revealed a rough Celtic face within, and asked in hurried, frightened and strong Hibernian tones: "For the love of St. Patrick show me the way out of this!"

## FASHION'S CAPRICES

The Bernhardt mit is the latest novelty; and an ugly one. It is of undressed kid, of no particular fit, and laced up on the outside at the wrist.

Box pleating and gathered flounces are rapidly superseding kilt pleatings on imported costumes.

A "velvet season" is anticipated, that material being intended to supersede plush for trimming.

The New York Graphic says that watering place costumes are more elaborate and extravagant than ever before, and such grand expositions of finery have never been seen. Morning dresses are as rich and elaborate as evening costumes used to be, and as for evening toilets, they suggest nothing but bankruptcy and ruin.

"Immense" is the only word that will describe the hats of the day. Many of the Mother Shipton class have comical crowns measuring from seven to nine inches in height, and straight brims from seven to eight, and, in some of the more ultra, ten inches in width; and these not intended for sun hats, but for carriage wear and to be worn with dressy costumes.

—A St. Louis editor found a nickel on the street and wrote a half-column editorial on "Our Increase of Wealth."—[Boston Globe.

—The Rev. Jesse Way, of Wabash, Indiana, eloped with his daughter-in-law. That's Jesse Way the black sheep bring discredit upon the whole theological flock.

## STURGEON FISHING.

### Description of the Manner of Catching the Fish for the Market.

(From the St. John Telegram.)

The huge creatures present a very formidable appearance and if one were to judge by looks the sturgeon with a form as terrible and a body as large as a shark, would be a deadly foe to the smaller fish in the river. But in reality it is incapable and unwilling to injure others, and flies from the smallest fish. The sturgeon in its general form resembles the fresh water pike. The nose is long, the mouth is small and round without jaw bones or teeth and situate beneath. The body is long, pentagonal, and covered with five rows of large bony knobs, one row on the back and two on each side, and a number of fins to give it greater expedition. There are three varieties, the common sturgeon, the caviare sturgeon and the isinglass fish. The variety found in the waters of the St. John is the common sturgeon, the flesh of which is the most valuable. The roe of the caviare sturgeon, though but little known in these parts, is esteemed a great delicacy in Europe and in the large cities of America. It is taken from the fish immediately after caught, and after being properly prepared, is sold under the name of caviar. The roe of the common sturgeon is also made up in the same manner, but the caviare is not so valuable. All the varieties grow a great size, some having been taken from the St. John over thirteen feet long. Sturgeon being naturally timid, travel in shoals and are remarkably temperate in their habits of life, living near the bottom of rivers and subsisting on vegetable matter. So temperate are they that an old German proverb applied to a man of extremely abstemious habits, when they say he is as moderate as a sturgeon. Some authorities say that the sturgeon are attracted by sound, and shoals of them have been known to gather at the sound of a trumpet.

HOW THEY ARE CAUGHT.

The sturgeon being a harmless fish and in no way voracious, it is never caught by a bait but always by a net, and from the size of its mouth it could not swallow any hook capabl of holding so large a bulk and so strong a swimmer.

Sturgeon are caught mostly at night. In fine days the waters of the river St. John are clear and the fish see the net and swim round it. On dark days, when the atmosphere is thick, fish are sometimes taken, but by far the greater catch is at night. In fact the business of catching the sturgeon may be said to be done at night. It is an extremely pretty sight of a night when the moon is clouded to see a dozen or more boats with their small but bright lights bobbing up and down on the light swell of the river. The boats go to their fishing ground at dusk, taking with them a net about 100 fathoms long. Each boat contains two men. The boats are cheaply built, having flat bottoms that they may not capsize easily, when a heavy fish is drawn from the water into them. The men engaged in catching the fish furnish only their time, the packers and shippers supplying the nets, boats and all other appliances. When the nets are set all the men have to do is to watch them. And should they see the corks sink they know something has struck the net. A peculiarity of the sturgeon is that as soon as it finds itself fast in the net it immediately comes to the surface and the fishermen draw the nose out of the water. The fish is very still and it does not take but a minute to put a small lasso round under the fins, and by this means the huge creature is drawn into the boat with no more resistance than from the same weight of lumber. But it requires care to handle the animal when it is being taken from the water and it has been found prudent not to abuse it, as in that case it uses its tail very freely and with great effect. So powerful is the tail that when struck fairly a man is easily knocked down. In Germany and Russia the fish are usually towed ashore and landed on the beach, but the St. John is so wide where sturgeons are most abundant that this process has been found impracticable.

## BICYCLES AND HORSES.

That the bicycle is an object of terror to many a horse is an undeniable fact. This has made the new vehicles unpopular with certain horse owners. Consequently there is in certain quarters a clamor for the abolition of bicycles or for laws which will confine them to places not frequented by horses. Such laws would be the equivalent of abolition, for the only places where a man can use his bicycle without attracting the observation of a horse or horses are his back yards and his cellar. Even on the roof the use of a bicycle might be productive of fright in horses, unless the roof were surrounded by fences like those on the Filbert street railway bridges. The difficulty is not so much with the bicycle as it is with horse education. The time was when every horse was expected to be afraid of a locomotive. Nowadays, when a horse is offered for sale, one of the first inquiries is as to whether he stands or scares on meeting a locomotive. When so called "dummy" engines were introduced in the northern suburbs of this city there was a great hue and cry against them because horses would consider them so queer that they would shy and jump on beholding them. It was actually the case that horses long accustomed to the old style of engine, with train of cars, were frightened at the novel sight of what looked like a street car working its own passage without the aid of animals harnessed in front. The horses soon got used to the novelty, however, and now no sensible horse thinks it worth while to be scared at such a sight. So with the elevated railroads in New York. At first a few horses shied and tried to run away. By proper treatment a horse can be accustomed to almost anything. Lead him up to a bicycle or any other object of terror, let him have a good look at it and touch it with his nose, take his foolish blinders off and give him the free use of his eyes; show him that there is nothing dangerous in the bicycle. If it is to be decreed that the bicycle, being a danger to horses, must on that account be banished, we are tied up to having our present variety of vehicles and motors. Other wheeled things yet arise quite as objectionable to the horse as bicycles now now are. Fire engines and hurrying ambulances sometimes frighten horses, yet nobody proposes to abolish them on that account. The bicycle is bound to work its way into public favor. The sooner the horses become accustomed to it the happier they will be.—Philadelphia Times.

## ARRIVAL AT BUENOS AYRES.

The sailing vessel that brought me hither from New York made what may be called a remarkably fine passage, and what would have been a very quick one had it not been delayed at times by calms. The equator was crossed April 25, twenty-eight days out, a passage so remarkable that the captain exultingly offered to bet the finest dinner to be had in Buenos Ayres that we would get there in 45 days, a bet which was accepted and won by a passenger, who generously gave the captain two days grace. The vessel passed Cape Frie May 8. On coming within a hundred miles of the Rio de la Plata the water changed from a pure ultramarine blue to a rich brownish olive green, and it had a strong current, too. One evening I saw apparently a star flash out on the horizon, die out and flash again. "A pilot," the sailors said, and in a few moments I was waving a blazing torch like a conjurer. Finally it went out and dropped in the sea. Then we waited to see what would happen. The night was dark and the wind covered the ocean with white-caps. Then we had a sight not often seen at sea. The water was highly phosphorescent, and every wave broke into pale greeenish fire. The foaming wake of the vessel gave light enough to read by, and over this unearthly sea was coming a shadowy craft as uncanny looking as the Flying Dutchman is supposed to be. Soon some black figures aboard sent forth a volley of outlandish yells. Captain yelled back. Then another shout. "Bueno All right, Captaine; we come aboard the barco." The dark Montevidean pilot agreed, after much chatter in several languages, to show us to Buenos Ayres for $120. We reached the city May 24th, after tedious tacking against the current, which had been increased by a freshet and was full of strange vegetation being carried out to sea. We saw a great deal of shipping in the harbor, including many fine English and French steamers. I engaged rooms at the Hotel de Provence at fifty dollars a day, or what would be about two dollars in good American gold.—Corr. N. Y. Tribune.

## AROUND THE WORLD.

—An order has been issued by the Turkish Government that in future all newspapers are to be edited by government officials, from which it may be inferred that in that country government officials carry a few brains about with them, or else a very inferior brand of newspaper satisfies the wants of the average Turk.

—A Kentucky candidate ran six wagons loaded with watermelons into his village on election day and caught the colored voters to a man. His rival was distanced so far that he emphatically denies having been in the race at all. Strategy and watermelons will win everytime when the colored man is the object worked for.

—Mrs. W. H. Bird, wife of a physician in Lonoke county, Arkansas, has given birth to a baby without brains. It will take an honored position among the petit jurors of the land when it attains manhood, providing, of course, that it is that kind of a baby. It may even stray into Congressional halls in the bye-and-bye.

—In Yuba Dam, Cal., a movement looking toward the changing of the name of the town is being inaugurated by the church people, who claim that the youth of the town use it as a stump around which to flagellate Satan when they desire to indulge in profanity. They might tone it down a little by making it Yuba Darned.

—Sitting Bull was greatly astonished when handed a plate of ice cream, not being able to understand how it could be so cold in summer, and when a young lady sat down and showed him how to eat it he fainted dead away. Such an exhibition is trying to the nerves of young men who are accustomed to them, and proved too much for the untutored savage.

—A writer, expatiating upon the running abilities of the breed of wild Southern hogs, says that he once saw one keep up with a railway train for about a quarter of a mile, and then, gathering himself for an effort, dart past the locomotive, across the track, and into the woods with a squeal of triumph. He sums up in these words: "Probably, next to the carrier-pigeons, the Southern wild hog is the swiftest bird in the world."

—Among the curiosities of landlordism in Ireland is the custom of Lord Ormathwaite's estate. There the rule is established that no tenant shall marry except with the consent of the lord or his agent. Recently one John Galvin, according to Redpath, wanted to marry a girl with a fortune of £300, and the agent offered to sell his consent for £200. Perhaps this agent will next be claiming all the seigneural rights connected with matrimony. He is a good candidate for dynamite.

—Sitting Bull is astonished and grieved at the idea that he has surrendered. He intended merely a friendly call, and went to Fort Buford only to lay in some more whisky and provisions, and get a small amount of additional ammunition. One can almost imagine him saying to his keepers as Capt. Jack said to Bill Nye:

"This gun in my hand
Was sold me by you
'Gainst the law of the land,
And I grieve it is true,"

And he buried his face in the blanket and wept as he hid it from view.

—At Dallas, Texas, there is a religious sect known as Perfectionists, the members of which are endeavoring to make Heaven by a new route twelve hours in advance of all other roads. A woman belonging to the sect undertook to run herself to death a few days since. The scriptural passage which speaks of "running the race to the end,' caught her eye, and gave her the impression that if she ran till she died she would go direct to Heaven. For ten hours she made the best time on record, but failed to die, and then, instead of going East and winning undying fame and ever so many laurels in a go as you please pedestrian match, she went and drowned herself, and now reposes in a third class grave under a board on which her name and age are cut with a jack knife.

—A prophecy published in the Voice of Angels, a semi-monthly journal edited and managed by spirits, dated February 1, 1881, is as follows: "The year 1881 will come in with a demoralized country, a war in a foreign country. A President will be assassinated in that year. Poverty and want will stare Ireland in the face. Commerce will be stopped. All nations will mistrust one another. Much blood will be shed for nothing. Man will rise against man—brother against brother. But such things needs must come before we can come back in a new life" There is certainly no fear of a failure of the prophecy crop this season. The harvest promises to be abundant.

—A Long Island man discovered a sulphur spring on his farm and for a time visions of coming wealth danced the raquet through his brain. After planning what sort of a carriage he would ride in and where he would procure the marble for the front of his new residence he organized a stock company, inducing several capitalists to take hold with him. A quantity of the water was sent to New York for analysis and the company sat down to quaff fluid sulphur and await returns. They came in an autograph letter from the chemist in these words: "If you will move your—— old stable about twenty feet from your well, you will have less sulphur."

—Slight restraint, indeed, has been practiced by the radical newspapers of Rome in their violent comments on the recent funeral of Pius IX. One of them pronounced the body as the carrion of Pius IX, and another used long arguments to sustain the justice of the shouts "Throw him into the Tiber?" He is called elsewhere a fool, who personified the Catholic church, now reduced to a piece of monstrous folly. "When he returned from Gaeta," says the same writer, "he trod under foot, as he ascended to the Vatican, the corpses of 4,000 youths, who had defended the Roman Republic, with the same seraphic smile with which he had imparted the benediction to the Roman people in happier days." The anti-Papal feeling is indeed running very high in Rome. Public meetings have advocated driving Leo out of the Vatican.

—Every man his own landlord: The Eastern papers are telling the story that the largest hotel in the Hudson river region was built merely to teach the landlord of another hotel the value of civility to his guests. The story is that a rich man went to the Catskill Mountain house, where a waiter was impudent to him at table. He called for the landlord, who was more impudent, and said that if he didn't like the way they managed that hotel he had better build one to suit himself. "So I will," said the rich man; and he did. And the new hotel is taking all the good custom away from the old one, whose landlord now mournfully wishes that he had been more polite to his eccentric guest. Readers should take a hint from this, and put up their own hotels. These uncivil landlords must be brought down.

—An exchange says: "An Ohio man is ill from the effects of a catfish bite." The paper does not tell the whole story. It fails to say that when the catfish bit it became impaled upon the hook and was jerked from the water with such earnestness by the excited Ohio man that it flew from the hook and lodged in a tree fifty feet from the ground, and was dislodged only after an hour's vigorous clubbing and stoning. It neglects to state that the fish was just six and one-eighth inches long, and that when the Ohio man asserted in a crowd that it weighed eighteen and one half pounds he was called a double dyed liar by a meek and lowly man, and that one word brought on another until the O. M. was picked up by the back of the neck and set down on the pavement with such emphasis that his spine was jammed up in his plug hat, and was then kicked until his body was almost suitable for driving into the usual envelope with a tin sausage stuffer. Very true the man is ill from the effects of that catfish bite, but the paper first giving the story to the public should be condemned for withholding the facts of the case.

—The falling of the leaves is an automatic arrangement.—[Baltimore every Saturday.

## DOWN IN THE LURAY CAVE.

### Wonders That Have Been Discovered Under Ground.

LURAY, Va., July 26.—Well, why at Luray! Where is Luray, and what goes on there? There are thousands of people who have never heard of Luray except in connection with Stonewall Jackson's famous flank movement on Banks, nearly twenty years ago, and the presence of Lee's army in the valley a few months later. But Luray is now achieving celebrity by reason of the opening of its wonderful cave—a cave which is destined to become one of the most famous and widely known of all the underground phenomena of this world. Until recently Luray has been comparatively inaccessible. From the point to which the Shenandoah Valley railroad was built a rough and dusty stage ride afforded the only means of reaching it. The discomforts of such a ride found some compensation in the enjoyment of the magnificent scenery of the Valley of the Shenandoah. The railway is now completed and reaches White Sulphur Springs, some distance beyond Luray, opening up communication through the Shenandoah Valley with a section of rich farming country which has been isolated from the rest of the world.

We go from the hotel to the cave in, or rather on, a gigantic vehicle of extraordinary construction. It is called a "buckboard," but is radically different in its rig from the slender conveyance known elsewhere by that name. It holds about as many people as a street car. The seats are placed crosswise, and the bottom is one huge spring, the effect of which is amusingly perceptible on the passengers when going over ruts, gullies or big stones.

We descend through what looks like a cellar stairway. The door to the cave is opened, and for a moment we shudder as a chilly blast strikes us. It is like going into a cemetery vault. Outside the thermometer is about a hundred. Down in the hole it is uniformly fifty-eight. Down, down, down we go, and are presently in the bowels of the earth on a hard stony floor. The chilliness has gone and all idea of cemetery vault has vanished. We lift our candles, and lo! from the roof of the cave and all around its sides hang stalactites in strange profusion and in unexpected variety. The narrow entrance expands into a spacious hall. The road is thirty feet high. There are columns and draperies and all manner of fantastic shapes which a little effort of the imagination can form into anytthing that fancy may desire. Although there are three avenues leading from this hall they do not appear as we enter. All beyond seems darkness and impenetrable wall. This hall was all that rewarded the efforts of Mr. Campbell and his fellow discoverers when, in August, 1878, they made their first entrance among these mysteries. Then there was one obstacle to further progress, appropriately called Muddy lake.

We descend by a stairway to this lake, which is now bridged over. As we go we are shown Washington's column, a massive stalagmite, twenty feet through, and thirty high. It is fluted almost as regularly as if by the tool of the stonecutter. But as we talk of stalactites and stalagmites a word of explanation may be acceptable to those who are not familiar with caverns and their furnishings. A stalactite is formed by drippings from the roof of the cave. It hangs overhead and points downward. The proportions of a majority of the round stalactites are much the same as those of parsnips. Stalagmites rest on the floor and point upward. They are generally more dumpy in shape than the stalacites. Stalagmites are formed by the drippings from the tips of the overhanging stalacites. In process of time the stalacite reaches downs from above by slow accretions, ond the stalagmite in corresponding manner grows upward from below. The two unite, and columns and flutings are formed.

The formations frequently vary from the apparently original round or parsnip-shaped style and assume the most grotesque shapes and patterns. Some of these are known by such names as stone-cloth, draperies, blankets, and the like. One of the most curious formations is that which resembles a woolen blanket with a dark-brown striped edge. There are several places in the cave where the appearance as as if hundreds of full-sized blankets were hung up to dry. Then there is another grotesquely eccentric formation. We pass it shortly after leaving Muddy Lake. Our guides tell us that we are in the Fish Market, and sure enough the walls appear to be hung thickly with silver perch, black bass, bluefish and herring. Some of these have forked tails which would appear irregular in any other sort of fish market, but to which no exception can be taken here. Close by these fish are hundreds of eels of all sizes, their tails pointing downward. These eels look as if ready for frying. Water moistens all of these, as indeed over everything else in the cave. There is no actual flow of water, except in a few places, but all the formations are about as moist as a raw oyster. In some parts of the cavern drops of water trickle from the roof. This makes it advisable for visitors to leave their clothing elsewhere when they come in, and wear old hats and any woolen wrappers they may happen to have handy, A rubber coat is not necessary, and he who wears one will be uncomfortably warm.

We climb some stairways and are on a clay paved plateau 300 feet wide and 500 long. It is the Elfin Ramble. The ceiling is low, but the elfs, who were short of stature, must have had a jolly time running around here. Just beyond is Pluto's chasm, through which that unpleasant myth bore Proserpine to the regions below. The avenue by which they went down is closed, and bottom is touched at about a hundred feet. With a magnesium light the guide illuminated the yawning chasm, and a wealth of geologic beauty is brought to view which our candles are powerless to reveal. A wall of shining stalactites is before us. Far down the chasm is a ghostly looking stalagmite. It is white and tall, fluted in part and partly decked with a fringe of snow white drapery. They call it the Spectre, and it is well named. Not far off we find ourselves among the wilderness of corals and draperies, conspicuously among which is a group of statuary. It bears the name of Hager and Ishmael, and looks quite as much like those Scriptural outcasts as it does like anything else in the Heavens or under the earth. Then we see a lot of translucent alabaster scarfs, some of which are plain white, while others are like agate and striped with many shades of brown.

Now we enter the Giant's Hall, where the wonders are labeled with all kinds of mythological, historical and fancy names. Here is Titania's Veil, a pure white fabric of apparently lace like texture. The Snow Bank is a wide stream of stone, whose name indicates its purity. Unstained white appears to be the normal hue of all the formations in the cave. When colored and tinted in various shades it is because the water has trickled through oxide of iron or other color yielding substances. Here is a famous formation known as the Frozen Fountain. The magnesium light exposes its tint work on a magnificent series of draperies forming the Saracen's Tent. Here is a piece of majestic magnificence in the Fallen Column. This suggests all manner of geographical puzzles. How did it fall, and when? What convulsion of nature overturned it? Why did not the fall of such an immense mass bring down by its concussion every stalactite in the cave? We give it up. Geologists and scientists, and all the others that end in "ists," may look wise and use words as long as the stalactites themselves, but there are a great many things about this cave concerning which they are as yet powerless to give exact information. On thing the scientific people have given as their solemn opinion, namely, that it takes 125 years to form a cubic inch of stalactite or stalagmite from dripping limestone. From this it is evident that the Luray Cave, with all that constitutes its magnificence, has been about 100,000,000,000 years in process of formation. This is a matter of chronology which is beyond dispute, and nobody must cavil at it.

### A Street Gamin's Retort.

A young hoodlum sat on the steps of the court house this morning, right under the granite tablet on which are graven the names of the commissioners who reared that awful pile. He was vigorously chewing a quid of tobacco when the Superintendent came along. "See here, young fellow," said he, "you musn't squirt your 'baccy juice on them steps, it'll stain the granite so's it can never be rubbed out." The wretched hoodlum got upon his legs, and pointing to the pilaster with the names, said, "Say, boss, can you read that 'ere subscription?" "To be sure I can," quoth the boss. "'Pears to me, boss, there's some marks up there that'll stain the granite so's it can never be rubbed out, ain't it?" He then went on chewing his quid.—Chicago Ex.

—Sitting Bull is playing the pious racket. He must be 'Ole Bull.

—From Carlyle in the spirit land to our special medium: "Tell that dom'd wratched cratur Froude that if I had known he was siccan a meeserable hugger-mugger eegit, he wad never hae seen any reminessinces o' mine. There are several million speerits up here, maistly fules."—New York Commercial.