Birmingham Eccentric.

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BIRMINGHAM. - - - MICHIGAN.

"MICHIGAN MY MICHIGAN."

HIGH-HANDED OUTRAGE!

Forcible Abduction of a Young Girl in Riga, Lenawee County.

One half mile west of Riga village, on the south side of the road, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker, who live there with their daughter, a girl of 16, and a little son. On Monday last, says the Adrian Times, Mrs. Parker went to Blissfield, and the daughter and her little brother were alone in the house, while the father was at work on the farm. During the mother's absence there came to the house a thick-set man, with black hair, whiskers and eye, who said he wanted her to sign a paper, which he presented. She demurred, saying she knew nothing about it, and, at last, the fellow grabbed her, and in the brief scuffle that ensued tore the front of her dress. Her little brother coming around the corner of the house frightened the fellow into deserting, and he went away. On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Parker went to Riga village, leaving her daughter and little son home as before. About dusk the girl went out in the yard, and the same heavy man who had called at the house on Monday, jumped up from a ditch and seized her. He picked her up in his arms, forced a bunch of grass into her mouth to stifle her cries, and started with her in a southerly direction to a cornfield. Here another man was met, the new comer wearing a black hat, red shirt and blue overalls, and was barefooted. The two went some distance with the girl to the road, where they had a top buggy and a pair of small-sized black horses. During the time they were carrying the girl the big man told her that in two hours they would "come up with the rest of the gang," that they were bound to have her anyway if they went after her 500 times. When they got to the buggy they bound her hands behind her with a strap, and she thinks they must have chloroformed her, for she lost consciousness for a time and only recovered it when the buggy stopped. When she came to herself she found that the smaller of her two captors was busy in the fence corner, apparently examining the contents of a sachel. She felt that the strap which bound her had become loosened, and as her companion in the buggy stooped forward she gave a yell, jumped from the vehicle and made a bold dash for liberty. The large man started in pursuit, but it was already dark, and fear lent speed to the girl's feet. He pulled a revolver and fired four or five shots, but his aim was untrue, and the girl got into a cornfield unharmed. Here she eluded her pursuer, and soon made her way to the house of Frederick Alderman, near by, and found she was two and a half miles east of Riga village. Before the news of the girl's escape had reached Blissfield, information of her capture got there, creating the greatest excitement. Some 400 or 500 men and boys armed with every conceivable weapon scoured the country for the bold abductors, and the excitement only abated when news was received that the girl had reached home safely, about 10 o'clock.

THE STATE FAIR

Some of the Entries.

At the fair grounds, Kalamazoo, on the 9th, everything was progressing nicely for the exhibition to commence the third week in September. The departments are generally very strong except that of needlework. Entries in the department of cattle were already closed and numbered 558. Those of horses numbered 330, sheep about the same, and swine half as many. Among the new varieties in stock are Victoria swine, Swiss cattle and red polled or Norfolk cattle. The season is favorable for a fine exhibit of Michigan fruits. The prospects were also good for dairy and general agricultural exhibits. One exhibitor enters 600 varieties of potatoes, the largest ever shown, the next largest being at Indianapolis and the next at the centennial, 340 varieties. The art department is very strong, including the famous Hazletine collection, the most notable single collection at the Detroit art loan. Another large collection came from Chicago and there are private loans of pictures from various sources.

Heavy Failure.

Loster, Blackman & Co., a heavy Big Rapids lumber firm, also operating at Baldwin, Lake county, and at other points on the Detroit, Lansing and Northern road, have filed a chattel mortgage of $33,034 in favor of the Big Rapids National bank and one of $59,988 in favor of the Grand Rapids National bank. Both mortgages are to secure commercial and accommodation paper, and cover all the lumber, lath and saw logs at the mills and in the vicinity of Baldwin, and also a stock of goods at Baldwin. A trust deed has also been given to E. F. Uhl, president of the Grand Rapids National bank, and D. Comstock, president of the Big Rapids National, to secure certain creditors. It is thought that the liabilities of the firm, including their indebtedness on pine lands, will exceed $100,000, and that their assets will, if well handled, exceed their liabilities. The firm is composed of Chapin B. Foster, Elias D. Galloway and Wilbur W. Smith.

IN THE STATE.

A Battle Creek capitalist will erect a large hotel at Gangac Lake, near that city.

Wm. C. Maybury has been nominated for congress in Wayne county, by the democrats.

One of Forepaugh's jugglers is a guest of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. He amuses the other guests with his dextrous tricks.

W. H. Heinbough of Mendon, St. Joseph county, claims to have refused an offer of $800 for his Lexington colt, "Little Turk."

The Tibbits property consisting of the opera house, rink, etc., valued at $54,000, brought $250 at the sale this week; they were sold by creditors.

Joseph McCracken of Royal Oak is boasting because he threshed 2,207 bushels of wheat in one day, 1,370 bushels of which was threshed in the afternoon.

L. L. Skinner of Grand Rapids has been appointed receiver of the Michigan Fire Insurance company. His bond of $40,000 has been filed with the circuit court.

Isaac B. Tracy, a highly respected young man of Vermontville, who was a member of the class of '83 Olivet college, has been engaged as principal of the academy at Port Byron, Ill.

Flint authorities have been figuring very closely on an electric light scheme, whereupon the city gaslight company offers to furnish gas for $1.50 per thousand feet. The time for receiving bids for electric lighting has been extended.

A Cheshire, Allegan county, farmer makes complaint that the yellows are quite prevalent in some orchards in that town, and that no attention is paid to the law in relation to the destruction of affected trees. Here is a chance for the Yellows commissioner to exercise his authority.

Henry Bice of Portland picked up a dynamite cartridge in the streets of that village the other night. Henry was curious to know what was inside of it, so lighted a match to find out. The cartridge went off, and so did two fingers and a thumb which before time belonged to Henry's left hand.

The body of a young Englishman named Henry Abbott was found floating in the east side canal at Grand Rapids. He was a machinist by trade, but was compelled by sickness to give up work. His money was soon exhausted, and becoming despondent he ended his existence by drowning himself.

Parson's Business College, Kalamazoo: All who attend the State Fair at Kalamazoo, should visit Parson's Business College, also examine his beautiful specimens of penmanship on exhibition at the fair. Prof. Parsons has been established at Kalamazoo for 15 years and by close attention to business has made his school one of the finest in the state. His patrons are from nearly every state in the Union.

Considerable indignation exists among German citizens in East Saginaw over the discovery of the dastardly conduct of Prof. Hans Saro, musical director of the Germania society. The allegations are that Saro, who has been instructing a number of young people, daughters of prominent members of the society, has been taking undue liberties with one of them. Saro has confessed, and has been ordered to leave the city. He was formerly a graduate of the Leipsic conservatory of music and went to East Saginaw from Stillwater, Minn. He was a fine musician and conducted the late saengerfest.

The Detroit Evening Journal is in trouble, there being two factions of stockholders. The feud dates back to the publication by that paper, of the Cleveland scandal, when the editor-in-chief, Mr. Breeze, forcibly ejected Mr. Hubbard, the managing editor, from his sanctum, and took possession of the editorial work. Hubbard claims that Breeze consented to the publication—in fact wrote part of the matter himself. Now Mr. Hubbard seeks to gain possession of the business, and has enjoined Breeze from meddling. Replevies and other cross suits are numerous, and the only safe prediction which can now be made is that the lawyers will get as much out of the contest as any one.

Nicholas Anchorena, who died two months ago at Buenos Ayres, was probably the richest farmer in the world. His executors report his rural estates as follows: Land, 1,710 square miles; cows, 152,009; sheep, 410,000. He also owned much house property in Buenos Ayres and his assets have been valced at $12,000,000.

DEATH'S ANGEL

Visits the Home of Secretary Charles J. Folger.

Sudden Termination of a Noble Life.

GENEVA, N. Y., Sept. 4.—Secretary Folger died at 4.45. The only persons present were Mrs. Hart, his deceased wife's sister, Dr. Knapp and his law associates, his family physician, Dr. A. B. Smith, and his colored servant James. Dr. Smith and Capt. J. S. Lewis had left him but a few minutes previously. Dr. Henry Foster, who has been here two or three times as consulting physician, arrived on the 4.45 train, and was conveyed to the Folger mansion by Dr. Smith. Mrs. Ernest, the secretary's sister, arrived by the same train. After the three last named entered, the dying man gasped twice or thrice, and all was over. Secretary Folger's two daughters are in the Adirondacks, the elder in very feeble health. His son, Capt. Chas. W. Folger, is at Alexandria, Va. All have been written to come to Geneva. The telegraph has not been earlier resorted to as so sudden a termination of the father's malady was not apprehended. Capt. Folger will arrive to-morrow.

The secretary returned for the last time to Geneva Wednesday evening, the 20th ult. He called his family physician the next morning, who gave the following diagnosis of the case: "Great feebleness of the heart's action; congestion of the middle lobe of the right lung, and capillary congestion of the bronchial tubes; torpor of the liver, albuminous discharge of the urine, showing disease of the kidneys." The doctor was informed that the secretary had had hemorrhage of the lungs three times of late before his return. The first was while out yachting with friends at New York, on which occasion he discharged about a pint of blood. Secretary Folger rode out daily until and including the 29th ult., since which time he kept his room, but did not wholly abandon official work. He continued to answer important letters and telegrams up to yesterday and seemed reluctant to give up. Yet he was by no means unconscious of his critical condition. He entrusted to his personal friend, Capt. Lewis, final messages to his family, and other directions of a confidential nature.

Within a few moments after the secretary expired telegrams announcing the sad event were dispatched to President Arthur at Newport, Assistant Treasurer Coon, Frank Sperry, his private secretary, the Hon. Thos. C. Acton, assistant treasurer at New York, and Judge Andrews, Syracuse. General gloom pervades the people of Geneva over this sudden removal of their beloved townsman, men of all parties and all conditions in life joining in expressions of sorrow. The first emblems of mourning displayed were above the entrance to the quarters of the 34th separate company, "Folger corps," N. G. S. N. Y., at the Geneva National bank, and upon the large Cleveland and Hendricks banner suspended across Seneca street. The secretary will be buried in Geneva by the side of his wife, who died seven years ago.

Appropriate action will be taken by the heads of the treasury bureaus and other government officials in respect to the memory of the deceased secretary.

FAILURE AND SUICIDE.

A Bank Cashier and President End their Earthly Existence to Escape a Worse Fate.

A TOWN WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., is shaken to its center. Bank Examiner Shelly has discovered a deficit of over $1,000,000 in the surplus cash and securities. The town is wild; men rush frantically to the doors of the National bank only to be told that the business of the institution has been suspended for the present. Ira Voorhees' estate is partially ruined. Cashier Hill was left as custodian of this estate and of the bonds and securities he made away with. In all over $29,000 was taken here. In the G. B. Adrian estate over $30,000 is gone. Mahlon Runyan, who committed suicide, had $66,000 in government bonds. Hill negotiated for the sale of those and consummated the same three days before his death. Runyon knew nothing of Hill's doing and trusted him implicitly. The crash in Wall street in May last took the bulk of Hill's stealings. Runyon, although quite popular, was ignorant of financial matters and was a willing tool in the hands of the designing cashier.

Hill committed suicide by allowing four gas jets in his room to remain open during the night.

September the 5th the strain became so great upon President Runyan that he committed suicide in one of the private rooms of the bank by cutting his throat. He was 60 years old and had been president five years. He had implicit faith in Cashier Hill and allowed him to do as he pleased.

WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

A telegram from New Brunswick on the 5th said:

The scene at the bank beggars description. Blood had flowed from the room in which Runyan suicided out upon the marble floor, staining it a distance of four feet.

"My God!" exclaimed Director Stoddard, "the whole city will be under. The city debt is now nearly $2,000,000, and the bank held its paper. The savings banks have gone under and we have their capital."

"Was Mr. Runyan about to be arrested?"

"So I have heard."

"What for?" Please don't ask me. I am nearly dead myself."

Martin A. Howell, who withdrew as director eight years ago, said: "I saw it coming. Charley Hill was too liberal. The Republican party went to him as a banker for funds. He doubtless took the bank surplus to aid friends. Knowing the condition of affairs, I quietly withdrew."

"Why did you not let the public know of your suspicions?"

"I was advised not to do so."

"By whom?"

"By a director."

The effect on the town is crushing. The wildest excitement prevails. The streets are thronged with country depositors. Fears of a raid on the bank are increasing. A hundred special policemen were sworn in by the Mayor to surround the bank property. The coroner's jury in the case of Manlon Runyan's death returned a verdict of wilful suicide.

Acting Cashier Campbell was seen. "What do you know?" the reporter asked. "I am amazed and horrified over the affair. My heart's blood might have been spilt for Charley, but when I see what is about to occur, the fall of the whole institution, my heart bleeds; but," he added, "I am innocent. Hill was never my confident, although I undertook some of his greatest missions. As a messenger from Hellgarton & Co. to New York I have taken money for investment to them; don't know the result; have had fears of the present result for six months, but kept my mouth closed. I feared expulsion by the directors."

Joseph Fisher, Sr., custodian of the Voorhees estate, refused to divulge why he had not signed the release proffered by Hill, when a sale of bonds might have been effected. "No, sir," he said, "I am not such a rascal as to take a landed estate from the Voorhees boys, and you will find me always on the side of the weak."

IN DREADFUL SUSPENSE.

Ordinary business was practically suspended in New Brunswick Sept. 9th. The dreadful suicide of President Runyan of the national bank of New Jersey following so closely on that of Cashier Hill, the prostration of several of the directors, practical bankruptcy of the city and the causes that led thereto were things people had to talk about. They had little or no time for anything else. The doors of the bank were closed except to a few. Policemen were stationed on the steps and efforts were made to keep the sidewalk clear of a crowd, but they were not very successful. Inside the directors who were still fitted for duty were still talking over the situation while the bank examiner and clerks were trying to ascertain exactly how much had been lost by the doings of the men to whom the management of affairs had been confided.

During the day in answer to a note sent to Examiner Shelley asking what information he had to give concerning the bank's condition that official sent out the answer that from examination already made he was satisfied depositors would be paid in full. The capital stock of the bank at the last report was $250,000 and the amount of deposits on hand about $800,000. Stockholders will probably be assessed quite heavily to do this, and the affairs of the bank will be wound up.

It cannot be learned that President Runyan had any share in the plunder of the institution for political purposes except to the extent of letting Hill do as he pleased with the assets. That, as reported, the bank was a great financial aid to the city, there is no question but its failure does not leave the city in the bankrupt condition that Mayor Strong pictured. She has $1,530,000 bonded debt on an assessed valuation of less than $5,000,000, but then it is said that the assessed valuation does not represent more than a quarter or a third of the actual value of the city's property. The floating debt is $2,030,000.

NEWS NOTES.

A HORRIBLE CASE OF CANNIBALISM.

A case of misery at sea which exceeds in ghastly horror the cannibalism of the Greely expedition was brought to light recently by the arrival at Falmouth, England of the German bark Montezuma from Rangoon, having on board the survivors of the wreck of the yacht Mignonette. The yacht was of only thirty-three tons burthen, but she sailed from Southampton for Australia on May 19. On June 11, when near the equator in the Indian Ocean, she encountered a storm which sent her to the bottom. Four of her company, the commander, Capt. Dudley, two seamen and a boy named Parker escaped in a dingy. All the provisions they were able to throw into the boat before the vessel sank consisted of a few tins of turnips, and they were absolutely without water. They subsisted for five days on canned turnips and on the fifth day caught a small turtle. They had been terribly tortured by thirst and on the eighth day their sufferings were so maddening that they began drinking urine, which practice they continued until they were rescued. By the twelfth day every shred of the turtle including its skin had been consumed and there was absolutely nothing left to eat in the little boat. The boy Parker was the weakest of the four sufferers and it was evident that he was slowly dying. The others hungrily watched his symptoms of dissolution. On the twentieth day after the entire party had been without a particle of food for eight days the captain hastened young Parker's death by opening a vein in his arm. The three survivors freely drank of the boy's blood as it gushed from his arm, and they cut his flesh from his bones and ate it uncooked, but with some degree of moderation, the captain keeping possession of the carcass and serving out to himself and the two sailors only such daily rations as were necessary to preserve their lives. They prolonged their wretched existence in this way until July 5, when they were seen and rescued by the Montezuma. During the twenty-four days that had elapsed since the sinking of the yacht the dingy had drifted 980 miles. The three men have been placed under arrest by order of the Board of Trade, and the death of the boy will be investigated.

AN EXTENSIVE FIRE.

Forty acres of ground have been left in a black and charred condition along the lake front in Cleveland as the result of a fire on September 7th and 8th. The loss will not exceed $1,000,000.

MAINE GOES REPUBLICAN.

The state of Maine voted September 8th for Governor, four members of congress, 31 state senators, 151 representatives and full boards of county officers. The Republicans succeeded in electing Governor Robie by from 12,000 to 15,000 plurality, the first figure being conceded by democrats. They also elected the four congressmen, and probably carried all the other offices.

PORTLAND, September 9, 2:30 a. m.—Two hundred and sixty-seven towns give Robie 61,318; Redman, 45,064; scattering, 2,414; plurality, 16,254. The same towns in 1882 gave Robie 56,195; Plaisted, 47,510; scattering, 1,467; plurality, 8,677. The towns to hear from gave Robie 16,286, and Plaisted 16,411. Robie will have over 16,000 plurality in a total vote of about 140,000. The vote of 1880 gave a total plurality of 169. So the gain this year will be 16,000 on the gubernatorial vote of 1880. The Presidential vote that year gained 9,000 on the gubernatorial vote and probably will gain in November considerably on this. All four Congressmen are elected and the legislature will be overwhelmingly Republican.

SECRETARY FOLGER'S FUNERAL.

Six colored men who had at different times been in the employ of the late Charles J. Folger, bore on their shoulders the casket containing his remains to their resting place Sept. 9th. It was a gratuitous request that the committee of arrangements made when it asked that no business be done that day. The old friends and neighbors of Secretary Folger had more than they could do to keep tears from their eyes, and not a store was open. The pretty little village looking down on Seneca lake was one mass of black cloth. From roof to cellar of almost every house it was hung in solemn folds. The village was filled with visitors. The President and suite arrived at noon and alighted from the cars one mile south of the station, whence the president was conveyed to the mansion of ex-Senator Hammond, whose guest he was while in Geneva. Gov. Cleveland and his party arrived by the same car and were driven to the residence of William J. King, Jr. Secretaries Teller and Frelinghuysen, Postmaster General Gresham, Judges Rapallo, Miller and Andrews, and Clerk Perrin arrived earlier in the day. Secretary Chandler was with the president's party. Trains from every direction after noon brought crowds. The weather was oppressively warm, and caused much discomfort. The body of Judge Folger was unostentatiously laid out at his home, and only those with whom he had been officially associated and a few of his more intimate friends among the townsmen were afforded an opportunity to view it. The body was placed in the casket at 11 o'clock. The casket bore this inscription: "Charles J. Folger, born April 16, 1818; died September 4, 1884." The only flowers in the room was a crown of white roses sent by Samuel M. Blatchford of New York. At 2 p. m. the church was crowded. At the request of the family the decorations were simple. About the platform and galleries and aisles were hung folds of black cloth. An impressive entrance was made by the presidential party and Gov. Cleveland and staff. Rev. Mr. Mercy, acting pastor of the church, read the scripture, and prayer was made by Dr. Upton, of Albany, who delivered the address. At the close of the funeral oration the procession started. In the line was the village president and trustees, civic and military organizations of Geneva, the fire department, President Arthur, Gov. Cleveland and state and federal officials and hearse, followed by citizens. The burial was in the family plot in Glenwood cemetery, beside Mrs. Folger. The casket was borne from the church to the hearse and from the hearse to the grave by the colored men. At the grave Dr. Upton read the burial service.

FROM A FOREIGN SHORE.

AN IMMENSE DEMONSTRATION.

An immense demonstration in favor of the Franchise bill occurred the other day at Glasgow. Seventy thousand persons took part in the procession, which stretched to the enormous length of ten miles from the starting point. The procession was headed by 400 carters and 40 survivors of the reform agitation of 1832. Numerous banners and emblems were carried bearing stinging legends attacking the House of Lords.

CHINA GOING INTO THE PRIVATEERING BUSINESS.

It is reported that Chinese agents in Glasgow, Liverpool and London are trying to arrange privateer commissions with the object of preying on French commerce. Vanity Fair publishes a memorandum which Gen. Gordon prepared for the Chinese government in 1880 on the power of China to make a privateer war. Gen. Gordon lays stress on the legal necessity that a privateer must start under letters of marque from a Chinese port.

STRAY STRAWS.

The government of New South Wales has prohibited the importation of dynamite and nitroglycerine for six months.

It is stated that the English Government has sent the gunboats Sampson and Elk to protect the English fishing fleet in the North Sea.

The King and Queen of Sweden recently gave an entertainment in honor of Gen. Thomas visiting his brother, the United States Minister at Stockholm.

The Commissioners appointed by the Canadian Government to visit British Columbia and report on Chinese immigration have returned. It is understood they recommend that Chinese immigration be regulated, if not restricted in some measure.

The defense in the Blaine libel suit will commence taking depositions on the 22d of this month.

The emigration commissioners had a conference with Collector Robertson at New York in regard to the landing of assisted immigrants from foreign ports. Nothing of what transpired is made public. It was understood, however, that the commissioners would proceed to Washington to request action of the United States authorities to put an end to this evil.

There is great excitement at Benton, Montana, over the confirmation of an important gold discovery in Little Rocky Mountain, 100 miles northeast of that place. When the discovery was first reported, citizens of Benton sent a committee to investigate. They have telegraphed that the mines are good, and about 100 claims are taken up. Those worked pay $6 to $11 per day to a man working with an ordinary gold pan. There is one instance of $300 taken from a pit twenty feet square. Jerry Collins, editor of the Benton River Press, telegraphs that half the citizens of the town are either preparing to join the stampede or already gone.

Stanley, the African explorer, will join Gen. Wolseley in his expedition to the relief of Gen. Gordon.

A Danish polar expedition will soon start out.

China has called for 25,000 men to defend Pekin.

New South Wales has prohibited the importation of dynamite for six months.

Leprosy is reported to have appeared among the Chinese in British Columbia. Grave fears are felt that it may be brought into this country by the celestials who are being continually smuggled into this country.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Wheat—No 1, white	$ 85	@	95
Wheat—new red	80	@	83
Flour	4 50	@	4 75
Corn	50	@	54
Oats	34	@	36
Barley	55	@	75
Rye	55	@	60
Clover Seed, ℔ bu	5 75	@	6 00
Timothy seed ℔ bu	3 75	@	4 25
Dried Apples, ℔ lb	6	@	6½
Peaches	13	@	15
Cherries	19	@	20
Apples per bbl	2 00	@	2 50
Butter, ℔ lb	16	@	17
Eggs	14	@	
Potatoes	40	@	45
Onions, per bbl	2 25	@	2 50
Honey	14	@	16
Beans picked	2 35	@	2 40
Beans, unpicked	1 50	@	1 75
Hay	9 00	@	12 00
Straw	6 00	@	7 00
Pork dressed, ℔ 100	6 00	@	8 25
Pork, mess	17 25	@	17 50
Pork, family	17 25	@	17 50
Hams	13	@	13½
Shoulders	8	@	9
Lard	8	@	9
Beef extra mess	12 00	@	12 50
Wood, Beech and Maple	5 75	@	6 00
Wood, Maple	6 75	@	6 50
Wood Hickory	6 25	@	6 50

A deaf and dumb couple near Rochester have a baby that squeals at the top of a very vigorous pair of lungs, but as neither of them can hear it, it makes little difference.

A Plea for Simplicity.

Inter Ocean.

King in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Thus sang the poet laureate of England, while the poet of Concord took up the strain and exclaimed: "From day to day the capital facts of human life are hidden from our eyes. Suddenly the mist rolls up and reveals them, and we think how much good time is gone that might have been saved had any hint of these things been shown." While his thoughts were echoed and re-echoed through the pines of "Walden," as Thoreau eagerly questioned, "Why do we live with such hurry and waste? We are determined to be starved before we are hungry. Men say that a stitch in time saves nine, and so they take a thousand stitches to-day to save nine to-morrow." And if men take a thousand women take a million.

Yes, a million, useless steps and stitches, which we will begin to study how to obviate, when "the mist shall indeed roll away, and we realize how much good time is gone that might have been saved to nobler uses."

For instance, the boy with youthful enthusiasm, touched and rounded by the glories of God's wonderful creation, comes rushing into the home, calling "Mother, mother, the lake is glorious now; can't you come for a row with me?"

"No, indeed," is the reply, voiced in tones of almost indignant surprise. "No, indeed. I must make some apple pies for dinner and a loaf of angels'-food cake for tea."

"Oh, never mind the pies, the apples are better raw; and we can have the cake some rainy day when we can't have the boat on this glorious morning."

That mother really thinks it is duty to make the pie and cake, and so allows her boy to miss all the beautiful, helpful lessons of the morning, and to drift away toward a game of cards or a game of jump with "the boys." Years later, when the wiser, sadder mother reviews life's opportunities, she will discover that there are things of more vital import to youth than apple pie or angels-food—many kinds of pie and cake being well-made angels-food, since they tend to make angels rather than healthy children.

The first thought in connection with the duties we owe to our children is the value of the first five or six years of child-life. The permanency of impressions then made and the incalculable results upon character of early impressions. In reviewing our childhood do we not realize that the noblest aspirations, the highest conceptions of duty come to us, voiced by the woods the flowers, the musical silence of the forest, the silent music of the waters; the glory of sunsets, or the thrilling, throbbing messages of starlight nights; and let us harvest as golden opportunities days in which we can give our children these glimpses into "the hearts of things."

We are "owned by our furniture," our trinkets, our homes, our clothes, instead of our owning them.

Just here we imagine a chorus of voices exclaiming, "Oh! it is very well to theorize, but the boy will return from his morning row or walk half starved, and then he will appreciate the practical, motherly housewife." To those who willfully misunderstand our meaning it would be useless to explain. So long as there are nine hundred and ninety women who sacrifice their lives, loves and friendships to complicated housekeeping, ornamental stitching, and the tyranny of dust, there is no danger in one little, earnest plea for simplicity in cooking, in dressing and living.

A few days since, returning from the pier from which we had waved adieu to departing guests, we turned quite eagerly to the really pleasant labor of "setting one's house in order." Scarcely had we entered the house when the irrepressible boy met us with a most gymnastic kiss and hug, exclaiming, "Now we can have you all to ourselves for a day. Won't you go to the 'Look-out,' and let us make a camp-fire and boil corn and roast potatoes." Now we were just in the mood to really enjoy putting the guest-chamber in perfect order, and so we were obliged to think a few moments. Only ten days more of vacation, and then the long pull of the school year. The guest-chamber can be in order during all those months. For the sake of the children we will flood the room with sunshine and leave it up for a more convenient season.

The temptation to yield to housewifely proclivities was overcome, the boys and girls from a neighboring camp invited, the tables bountifully adorned with ferns and golden rod, the camp-kettle swung, corn and eggs boiled, potatoes and apples roasted.

And when at night the good-night kiss and prayer was supplemented with an earnest thank you to the All Father for our beautiful world and this happy day, the mother instinct whispered that the hours had not been misspent.

How They Play the Piano in New Orleans.

Times Democrat.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert, and heard a slick-looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over in spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool, I knew by the way that he handled himself that he understood the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line as if he were half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train and getting out of the way of a 'special.' The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and—Jerusalem jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan.

"But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of cornstalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumblebee. I tried to yell out but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, clipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grade fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the head-light of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead stand-still, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."

Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

Harper's Magazine for September.

Every one who has read Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's Life of Daniel Webster will remember John Taylor, Mr. Webster's tenant and factotum at Franklin, New Hampshire, and Robert Wise, the old Revolutionary soldier who came home from the war with Captain Ebenezer Webster, Mr. Webster's father, and built for himself a little cottage on one corner of the Webster farm, where he lived and died. Skirting the Webster property, and passing by the spot where Robert Wise took up his humble abode, there had long been a ferryway, leading to a ferry across the Merrimac River. The ferry was established during the last century, and after Robert Wise had lived there for some time it came to be called Wise's Ferry. The ferryway was originally fenced on both sides, and it ran between the Webster farm and a farm belonging, at the time of which we are about to speak, to Deacon Ferry. The fence on Webster's side of the ferryway had been allowed to fall into decay, but the fence on the Farley side had been well kept up. In the year 1848, after a bridge had been built across the river, the town voted to discontinue the ferryway and the ferry, and the land reverted, of course, to the original owner. Deacon Farley, assuming that the land belonged to himself, removed all the traces of the fence on his own side, and including the whole of the land in his own territory up to the line where the Webster fence formerly stood.

Mr. Webster came up to Franklin soon after this had been done, and was greatly incensed by what he saw. He ordered John Taylor into his sitting room, and said to him, sternly, "John Taylor, how came you to stand still and let Deacon Farley steal my land?" Mr. Webster was in one of his blackest moods. Poor Taylor was terribly frightened, for in all his life he had never seen his great friend in such a towering passion. Mr. Webster ordered him in tones of thunder, to go and bring Deacon Farley.

The deacon came, and he was saluted with a burst of wrath that made him tremble. He modestly replied that he believed the land was his; but Mr. Webster could not be pacified.

Thereupon the deacon and John Taylor jumped into a wagon and drove in great alarm to see a young lawyer, of the name of Pike (now senator in congress from New Hampshire), who lived two miles and a half up the river. They told Pike that he must go down and see Mr. Webster and endeavor to explain matters.

Pike went, but as soon as he was in Mr. Webster's presence, the latter roared out, "Young man, did you advise Deacon Farley to steal my land?"

"No, sir," said Pike, "I did not. But if the statements that were laid before me are true, the land belongs to the deacon."

"Well, sir," replied Webster, "if I can find a lawyer in this county, I shall bring an action."

"There is no need of that, Mr. Webster," said Pike. "I will get the proper documents and submit them to you, if you will hear me, and I think you will be convinced that the land is not yours."

"You are a bold man if you propose to leave this case to me," said Mr. Webster, "but do as you please. I give you fair warning that I consider this land mine, and I will fight for every inch of my father's property."

Pike went away and procured a copy of the record which showed the laying out of the ferryway, and that all the land was taken from the property of Farley's grantor and none of it from the Webster property, a copy of the vote of the town discontinuing the ferry, and an affidavit of a former tenant of Webster's showing that the fence on the Webster side had been removed and the whole ferry-way taken into the Webster field. The strip of land which the discontinuance of the ferryway took off from what Mr. Webster had always regarded as his own property extended the whole length of one of his best fields.

When Pike submitted the documents to Mr. Webster, the latter read them very carefully, and then said: "Mr. Pike in half an hour the jury will be ready to render their verdict. Go and get Deacon Farley, that he may hear it."

In half an hour Pike returned with the deacon, who expected nothing but a repetition of what he had met before.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Webster, "hearken to the verdict. The jury find that the land is Deacon Farley's, and is not the land of Daniel Webster. So says the foreman, so say all the jury. And now, Deacon Farley, I have an apology to make to you for having treated you very roughly. But I never dreamed that this land was not a part of my father's farm, and you know what my affection for this property is. I was very angry, but I hope you will excuse me."

Eccentric Captain.

"Our captain was a straight up and down disciplinarian, and was always rushing us into a fight," said a veteran to a Chicago Inter-Ocean gossiper. "One day, while in camp in West Virginia, he ordered the company formed in light fighting order, and, coming out of his tent, placed himself at the head, and without explanation we marched away at a sweeping quickstep. Scarcely a word was spoken during that march of three or four miles up a mountain road, but, as the captain directed the march along a bridle path, the boys nodded to each other as much as to say: 'This means trouble for somebody.' We moved along this path until we came to a ridge. We skirted the edge of this until came the order to front face and deploy. We went up the hill stumbling over stones and briars, the captain exerting himself to keep the line without a kink or curve. Suddenly he gave the order to halt and to fix bayonets. The boys began to think the old codger had lost his senses when he thundered out in measured tones: 'I call the attention of the men who have obeyed me so unquestioningly that there lies not more than five paces in front of them the finest patch of luscious blackberries I ever saw in my life. I discovered them yesterday, and after tasting them I resolved to make a secret raid. And here we are. The men will stick their rifles, bayonet down, in the ground, and proceed to pick and eat blackberries.'"

Philosophy and Agriculture.

Peck's Sun.

"Auf a dramp cooms along unt vants to hire me out on my varm," said old Sweitzercase: "I examin his clodings, more pardicular his bantoloons. Auf dey was batched in vront, unt I some vork haf, I gif him a chob, but auf dey vas batched behint on der sot down blace of his preeches, I told him I don't no vork got at bresent, but he can a leedle vood sawn vor his orekfast. Oh, I told you, de man who hart volks don't vear oud his preeches pehint. You chust put dot in your bipe unt shmoke it."

While a Burlington girl was singing, "Flee as a bird" to her young man a sudden noise disturbed her, and she turned around just in time to see her father chucking the young man through the window. He apologized for his slowness to take the hint the next time he met her, and explained that he thought she was only fooling.

A STORY OF WEBSTER.

The Great Expounder and How He Helped a Teamster.

Senator Silsbee, of Salem, contributed the following anecdote to those told illustrating the rural instinct of Mr. Webster. Once when the great expounder was riding alone in his chaise from Boston to Marshfield he overtook in Scituate a wagoner with one horse, deeply "stuck in the mud," with a load of staves. The road was so narrow at this spot that it precluded the passing of another vehicle. How far Mr. Webster was influenced by the question of detention did not appear, but he immediately in a kind manner offered his assistance to the man in difficulty, which was gladly accepted. Having stripped off his coat, at it he went to help his new client out of the slough.

In the first place, he took the reins of the old horse, which he belabored with light blows, while the countryman hove at the wheel. This proving ineffectual, Mr. Webster placed his own shoulder to one of the wheels, with the wagoner at the other plying the lash upon old Dobbin, but it was "no go." Some rails were then procured from a neighboring fence and the power of the lever tried. There sat the statesman astride the elevated end of one, tugging with all his might, now joking, and now expatiating on the virtues of the lever, and the man of staves on the other, and each shouting at the old frame of a horse, but all to no purpose. Our hero was not to be foiled in this way, nor give up his case without another expedient and trial. "We'll try another additional argument," said he. So his own horse was taken from the shafts of his chaise, and, with a part of his own harness and by means of a rope, was attached to the reluctant load ahead of the old pony. There was strength enough now in the team to lift the load from the mire, but there was not a perfect coincidence of effort in the two horses. He of the wagon was a raw-boned, worn-out animal, the other a high-spirited, powerful horse. The word to start being given, the leader, by a sudden spring, would jerk his hinder companion down upon his knees before he was ready to give a regular "draw." The lash was then applied to the tardy animal, which would set the one of mettle to plunging and kicking.

Thus they went on, alternately pulling and holding back, first one and then the other, the countryman "hawing and geeing" and Mr. Webster now and then lifting his lion voice, but all rendered useless by want of concert in action on the part of the horses. The scene had now become one of a highly-amusing character — the statesman's straw hat, which had been taken off by the wind and lodged in the bushes, his swarthy features sweating in the hot sun, his polished boots and fine linen considerably besmeared with mud. So amusing had the scene now become that my informant, who had been a concealed spectator behind an elder hedge which divided the road from the meadow where he was at work, involuntarily gave an audible laugh. This immediately caught the ear of Mr. Webster. "How is this?" said he; "we have an evidence in the case which must be brought on to help us carry our point."

The narrator was accordingly discovered and summoned to the stand, and by this additional aid the man in limbo was soon set on his legs again. His joy at deliverance was great and his thanks profuse. "By gorry," said he, "we must have a drop of something to take after such a tug," and produced a quart flask and a tin tumbler from his wagon. Mr. Webster kindly consented, at his earnest solicitation, to partake of a little of his beverage, diluted with water from the brook, counseling him, by way of a toast, to keep himself clear in future of the law and mud-holes. After rearranging matters, and a partial ablution in the brook, Mr. Webster took his departure. The astonishment of the countryman was great when informed that it was no less a man than the great Daniel Webster who had been lifting and prying at the wheels, and he solemnly declared that he would have his vote for the next president.—*Ben: Perley Poore in Boston Budget.*

Scientific Miscellany.

The Australian blue-gum tree (Eucalyptus globulus) does not thrive in Ireland, and severe weather has lately killed trees which were experimentally introduced thirteen years ago, and which had reached a height of sixty feet.

Mons. Daubree believes that all the phenomena of earthquakes may be satisfactorily explained on the assumption that they result from the action of superheated steam. He gives many objections to the theory of falling rocks in internal chasms.

Manganese is found by Mons. E. J. Maumene to exist in all wines, but in quantities too small to have any effect. In the cereals it is much more plentiful, and this chemist thinks that it may play a more important part in the life of animals than does iron.

A member of the London Anthropological society lately discovered a primitive stone axe in actual use by a Londoner, who was chopping up firewood with it. The axe, whose keenly sharpened blade was a large piece of the stone known as banded chert, was brought by a sailor from the Andaman Islands, in the bay of Bengal.

For many years Prof. H. W. Vogel has conducted researches on means of photographing colored objects in their natural shades. It is known generally that certain colors—such as blue, green and red—give very unnatural pictures, but Prof. Vogel has at last succeeded in obtaining photographs satisfactorily showing color objects—without, of course, reproducing the colors themselves.

A new and brilliant ring round the planet Saturn has been discovered by two French astronomers, Messrs. Paul Henry and Prosper Henry, who express surprise that it has not been observed before. It is suggested that the oversight confirms the suspicion that Saturn's rings are in a state of constant change, as it appears most probable that the reason why the new ring was not earlier seen is that it was formerly much less distinct than now.

Cases of remarkable intimacy between animals of different species are not rare, although they have only recently attracted particular attention. A writer in China mentions the shooting of a snake under conditions which make it appear that the creature was crossing a river on the back of a tortoise, and this circumstance gives some color of probability to an assertion often made among the Chinese that the greatest affection exists between these two animals.

Dr. Albrecht, of Neuchatel, has been experimenting to determine the effect of methodic inhalations of oxygen gas upon the development of tubercular consumption. Loss of weight was checked in the consumptives, difficulty of breathing was diminished, and an apparent decrease was caused in the number of the bacteria which always accompany the disease. It was his hope that the oxygen might totally destroy the bacteria, or supposed cause of the malady, and thus effect a cure.

The Effects of High Mountain Air.—"Mountain sickness" is not an inevitable consequence of traveling in elevated places. With two guides, Mr. W. W. Graham has climbed 1,700 feet higher than any other human beings, reaching a point in the Himalayas 23,-700 feet above sea level. Of the experience of his party, Mr. Graham says, in an account given to the Royal Geographical Society of London: "Neither in this nor in any other ascent did we feel any inconvenience in breathing other than the ordinary panting inseparable from any muscular exertion. Nausea, bleeding at the nose, temporary loss of sight and hearing, were conspicuous only by their absence, and the only organ perceptibly affected was the heart, whose beatings became very perceptible, quite audible, while the pace was decidedly increased."

GLEANINGS.

If not overloaded Esquimaux dogs will easily draw a sledge sixty miles a day.

An American company is laying artificial stone pavements in the City of Mexico.

Bucks County, Pennsylvannia, is credited with a young lady whose hair sweeps the floor.

It is one of Gladstone's peculiarities that he cares very little what he eats, when he eats it, or where.

Paris is the Cincinnati of Europe. Of 300 men tried for murder during the past year only five were convicted.

Turtle-fighting is one of the rare amusements of the civilized denizens of Staten Island. It is said to be more enjoyable than cock-fighting.

The oldest apothecary shop in Berlin, which in 1888 might celebrate the 400th anniversary of its existence, has just been sold for the sum of $300,000.

A Washington correspondent says that a Senator has to pay out of his own pocket from eight hundred to a thousand dollars for postage stamps.

A ninety-year-old colored man of Tallahassee, while out hunting recently, killed three bears, an alligator, a rattlesnake, ten skunks, and cut three bee-trees.

The famous Rugby colony in Tennessee is about to turn its attention to vine-growing. It has proved a failure in every other direction except the moral one.

During the first six months of this year nearly $80,000,000 has been invested in buildings in New York, an increase of $3,000,000 over the corresponding period last year.

A Calcutta paper tells of a railway station in India who recently sent the following dispatch to headquarters: "Train just due. Tiger jumping about the platform. Please telegraph orders."

It has come out in a trial at London that the boquets presented by enthusiastic adorers to the queens of song are many of them sold at once. The great prima donna disposes by contract of all the bouquets she receives.

Lighting recently struck a tree on Governor Stanford's California ranch, and the Chinamen employed on the place could not be induced to pick up the debris, as they considered that it was the work of an evil spirit.

Bayard Taylor's father and mother, still living up in the nineties in years, inhabit the beautiful country house which Bayard built years ago at Kennett Square, Pa., and which since his death has fruitlessly been offered for sale.

Although Baltimore is termed the "Monumental City" there are really fewer monuments to be seen there than in almost any other place. The only monument of note is that erected by the state as a tribute to Washington.

An English firm of soap manufacturers spends about $160,000 a year advertising. It employs capable artists, essayist and poets, and sends a package of soap gratuitously to each of the infants whose birth is announced in the *London Times.*

No end of amusement has been afloat in Washington during the past winter over the mistakes of Gen. Sheridan. The general, of course, moves in the very highest circles of society, and during the season he has been introduced to hundreds of ladies and gentlemen. He is one of the most polite and agreeable of gentlemen, and has a perfect horror of offending anyone through an intentional oversight. After the general had been to a few receptions he found that he was totally unable to recall the names and even the faces of fully two-thirds of the persons who had been introduced to him. Driven to desperation, he adopted the novel plan of bowing to everybody. Now no one thinks of introducing a friend to Gen. Sheridan. The proper thing in society is to introduce yourself. The general won't know the difference, and he will greet you with all the affability of an old friend.

Shoving the Queer in 'Frisco.

There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearny, near California, whose confidence in mankind has received a severe setback. The other day an honest looking countryman walked into his store and said:

"You remember that second-hand overcoat I bought here for $8 yesterday?"

"Never dakes pack anythings ven vonce solt, my frent," said the hand-me-downer.

"Oh! that's all right. I just wanted to say that I found this $500 bill sewed in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it."

"Of gorse he vill—he has already, my tear frent," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You ish von honish man. Here, I gif you feefty tollar ash a revard. Dot vill be all right."

When the honest customer got around the corner he muttered softly: "I guess I'd better take this fifty and skip up to Portland before that Sheeny tumbles to that counterfeit. It's getting mighty hard to shove the 'queer' around these parts, and that's a fact.—*San Francisco Post.*

Another Warning to Young Ladies.

The following incident took place recently on a Massachusetts railroad not many miles from Boston. Several ladies entered the car at one of the many stopping places and all obtained seats except one. A middle-aged, well dressed gentleman, who looked as if he might be a bank president (not in an invidious sense), arose and politely offered the latter his seat. The lady (?) dropped into it without so much as an inclination of the head or a simple "thank you." The gentleman was evidently indignant. He gazed at the lady a moment, and then, stepping up to her, said: "I beg your pardon," pointing at the same time to the back of the seat as if he had left something in it. The lady arose and the gentleman coolly dropped into the seat, took out his paper and commenced to read. A titter ran around the car, and it was the unanimous opinion of the lookers-on that the lady had been treated no worse than she deserved. She remained standing for some time in evident embarrassment, but nobody offered her a seat, and at the next station she moved into another car.

It is a fact not generally known that Bangor, Me., makes about as many moccasins as all the other places in the United States combined. In 1868 this business in Bangor was controlled by four large firms, which are now merged into two. These employ about 300 persons, and turn out about 100,000 pairs of boots and shoes a year, four-fifths of the number being shoes. Many improvements have been made in the moccasin since its first introduction, and it is now decent in appearance as well as very comfortable.

Young women have defeated a West Point order by smuggling cigarettes into the grounds for incipient generals.

Hawkeye Musings.

Burlington Hawkeye.

The papers of a neighboring town are pitching into a good man and calling him a hypocrite and all manner of names because he violently and successfully opposed the location of a saloon next door to his home, and yet takes his nips quiet and regular at the gin mill seven or eight blocks away. Nonsense. Let up on him. A man may enjoy a good beefsteak for breakfast and a juicy roast for dinner, but that is no reason why he should want a slaughter house erected in the front yard.

The voice of the summer boarder is heard in the country, lifting itself up in complaint. This is about all the summer boarder can find time to do. He complains and groans and grumbles because

The steak is tough.
The coffee is thick.
There is a fly in the milk
The pie crust is tough.
The berries are sour.
The eggs are boiled to hard.
The napkin is soiled.

And says he never has to put up with such things at home and isn't going to stand it out here. He is right; because at home

Instead of stake he eats liver.
" " coffee " drinks chickory.
" " milk " " ?
" " pie " eats grocery cookies.
" " berries " " dried prunes.
" " hare eggs he eats stale limed ones.

Instead of a soiled napkin he uses the tablecloth.

You can usually tell what luxuries a man is accustomed to in his city home, by the amount of growling he does at a country boarding house.

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