ELLICOTT CITY TIMES,

JOHN R. BROWN, Jr., Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS—$2 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

☞ ADVERTISING RATES—One square, constituting 6 lines, $1 for one insertion, $1.50 for two insertions, and 25 cts. for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements less than 6 lines charged as squares. Advertisements payable upon first insertion.

ELLICOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. VIII. ELLICOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1877. NO. 40.

JOB PRINTING,

Handbills, Circulars, Bill-Heads, Legal Forms, Cards, Tickets,

AND ALL KINDS OF

Plain & Fancy Job Work

Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and at the Lowest Rates.

Professional.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,

ELLICOTT CITY, Md.

Nov 27'69-1y.

HENRY E. WOOTTON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

OFFICE—Nearly opposite the Court House,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD.

Nov. 27, '69-1y.

J. Harwood Watkins,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

ELLICOTT CITY.

☞ OFFICE—At the Court House.

Sept 12, '74-tf.

J. D. McGUIRE,

Attorney at Law,

Ellicott City, Md.

☞ Office Two Doors West of Leishear's Store.

Oct 7, '76-tf.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,

Will Practice in Howard, Anne Arundel and the adjoining counties.

☞ Special attention given to Collections, and Remittances made promptly.

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Can be found at the Court House, Ellicott City, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH.

OFFICE—29 St. Paul St., near Lexington, Baltimore.

July 27 '72 tf.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW,

No. 32 St. Paul St., Baltimore,

Practices in the Courts of Baltimore City and Howard and adjoining Counties.

☞ Can be found at the Court House in Ellicott City, on the FIRST AND THIRD TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH.

Dec. 12 '74-tf.

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No. 31 St. Paul Street,

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Practices in all the Courts of the State; in the U. S. Courts, in Admiralty and Bankruptcy.

☞ Particular attention given to collection of Mercantile Claims in the lower counties of Maryland. [Jan. 29, '79-1y.

ALEXANDER H. HOBBS,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City and the Circuit Court for Howard County, and will be at the Court House in Ellicott City the FIRST and THIRD TUESDAY of every month—(Orphans' Court days).

mar.6'75-1y.

DR. JAMES E. SHREEVE,

DENTIST,

(*Graduate of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery*).

Having bought out the good will of Dr. E Crabbe, I tender my professional services to his patrons and the public generally at the office formerly occupied by him,

MAIN STREET,

THREE DOORS BELOW LEISHEAR'S STORE.

April 21, '77-1y.

DR. SAMUEL A. KEENE,

ELLICOTT CITY, MD,

Having permanently located himself at Ellicott City, is prepared to practice his Profession in this City and County

☞ He may be found at his place of business at all hours, except when professionally engaged. Night calls promptly attended to.

Oct. 3 '69-tf.

Dr. W. C. WATKINS,

Near CLARKSVILLE, Howard County.

Respectfully tenders his Professional Services to the citizens of Howard County.

☞ He will be found at his office when not professionally engaged.

May 1, '69-1y.

JOHN NICKLAS,

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER

339 W. Balto. St., cor. of Paca,

BALTIMORE, Md.

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER.

Offers for sale, at Reduced Prices, Gold and Silver American and Swiss Watches, a well selected Stock of fine Gold Jewelry, Sterling Silver Ware, Triple Plated Ware, Clocks, Table Cutlery, &c., &c.

☞ Particular attention paid to the Repairing of Watches and the Manufacture of Hair Jewelry.

April 16,70-1y.

A CARD

FROM

J. MONROE MERCER,

OF "FONT HILL,"

Ilchester Post Office,

Howard Co., Md.

To the Farmers of Howard County:

Having long felt the need of some FOOD FOR CROPS more lasting and valuable than any of the popular fertilizers of the day, I have watched with interest and sought diligently to discover a manure which would combine in *large* proportions, regardless of cost, those elements which would restore permanent fertility to the soil.

Having been a farmer for many years myself, with large opportunities for observation of the effect of many different fertilizers, I have never been altogether satisfied with any until I tried

The Popplein Silicated Super-Phosphate of Lime.

On an indifferent piece of land I have raised with this manure two corn crops and an oat crop, all very large, in three successive years; the last of these crops (corn) planted *June 7th* of this year, being now from 10 to 14 feet high, with large stalks and ears, rapidly maturing, which I will take great pleasure in showing to my neighbors.

To insure the introduction of this most valuable manure into our county, I have consented to be made sole agent for its sale in the county, and offer it to my friends and the public at the unprecedented low price of $38.00 per ton.

Address communications and orders to

J. MONROE MERCER,

Ilchester P. O., Howard Co., Md.

Aug. 11, '77-tf.

Baltimore.

FALL

CLOTHING!

Fall Overcoats..... $8 to 30!
Black or Blue Cheviot Suits ..... $13 to 17!
To Order or " " " ..... $18 to 25!

Boys' and Youths' Dress and School Suits Three Years Up!

CUSTOM DEPARTMENT COMPLETE!

NOAH WALKER & CO.,

WASHINGTON BUILDING,

165 and 167 West Baltimore Street,

(Opposite Adams' Express Co).

Baltimore, Md.

Sept. 23-4ts.

Francis W. Plummer.

Good Wood, Smooth Work, Fine Finish!

PRICES TO SUIT ALL!

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF

FURNITURE!

WALNUT, OAK, ASH, POPLAR!

Bookcases	$25 to $100
Chamber Suits	30 " 300
Desks	10 " 100
Lounges	7 " 75
Library Tables	8 " 18
Leg Rests	2 " 10
Patent Rockers	15 " 50
Parlor Suits	60 " 160
Parlor Tables	3 " 30
Bedsteads	3 " 60

40 Hanover St., Baltimore.

March 29, '73-1y.

S. S. LINTHICUM,

LUMBER DEALER,

Cor. Pratt & Green Sts.,

BALTIMORE, MD.,

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL KINDS OF

BUILDING MATERIAL,

Lumber, Shingles, Palings, Laths, &c.

ALSO

DOOR FRAMES, SASH, BLINDS, &C.,

Furnished at Manufacturers' Prices.

☞ All orders promptly attended to, and delivered at Depot free of charge.

July 18, '74-tf.

Election Notice.

To Judges of Election and the Voters of Howard County.

In accordance with the requirements of the Code of Public General Laws, I hereby give notice to the Judges of Election and to the voters of Howard County, that an Election will be held on TUESDAY after the first Monday, being the

6th day of November, 1877,

at the usual places of voting in the several Election Districts of Howard County, for the purpose of electing the following State and County Officers:

One person for

Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland;

Two persons to represent Howard County in the

House of Delegates of Maryland;

One person for

Sheriff of Howard County;

Three persons for

County Commissioners of Howard County;

One person for

County Surveyor of Howard County.

The polls will be open at 9 o'clock in the morning, and closed at 6 o'clock in the evening, when the ballots will be publicly counted.

The return Judges are required and directed to make their returns on Thursday, the 8th, following the election, to the Clerk of the Circuit Court.

G. W. CARR,
Sheriff of Howard County.

—:o:—

NOTICE.

To Hotel Keepers and all others who Deal in Liquor.

For the information of all persons concerned the following Act of the Legislature, passed March 24th, 1865, is published:

CHAPTER 191,

AN ACT Prohibiting the Sale of Spirituous or Fermented Liquors in the several counties of the State on the day of Election.

SECTION 1. *Be it Enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,* That it shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment or other place where liquors are sold, or for any person or persons, directly to sell, barter, give or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the day of election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

SEC. 2. *And be it Enacted,* That any person violating the provisions of this act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offense is committed, and shall, upon conviction before any Judge of any circuit court of this State, be fined a sum not less than fifty dollars, nor more than one hundred dollars, for each and every offence; one half of the fine to be paid to the informer, and the other half to the county commissioners for the use of public roads.

G. W. CARR,
Sept. 29 6ts Sheriff of Howard County.

—In one of the small provincial towns of southern Russia a savings bank has recently been established, the second clerk of which, while lounging at his desk on a "flat day" in summer, was startled by the entrance of a heavy-looking peasant—slouching, grimy, unkempt—the very last man one would expect to see in a bank, except for the purpose of robbing it. The apparition came timidly up to the counter and the following dialogue ensued:

"Well my good fellow, what may you want here, pray?"

"If it please you, father, I want you to take charge of some money for me. Our folks say that I may be robbed of it, and that it will be safter with you."

"Money, eh? Why, how much money have you got then? Four roubles? Five? Ten?

"No, it must be more than that I fancy. My wife and I couldn't manage to count it all, though we've been at it all the morning."

So saying the gentleman in sheepskin produced a tottered, filthy leather bag, and poured out before the clerk's astonished eyes a perfect pyramid of bank bills of all values, from one rouble to fifty.

The amazed clerk hastily summoned his two colleagues, and the three, after a long spell of counting, satisfied themselves that the total amount was not less than 20,000 roubles $(15,000).

The peasant, who had stood watching the operation with a look of childish curiosity, pocketed his receipt and walked off as coolly as if nothing had happened; but the next morning he reappeared and again addressed himself to the same clerk.

"God be with you, father. Do you take care of gold, too, as well as bank bills?"

"What! gold? Why, you'd better start a bank yourself. How much gold have you got, in heaven's name?"

"Two boxes full."

At this point the banker himself, who had been listening to the conversation with the deepest amazement, came forward and announced his intention of accompany his strange customer home, and taking charge of the gold himself. The unwashed capitalist joyfully accepted the offer, and the pair drove out to a hamlet about two miles from the town. Here the peasant led his companion to a small, mean-looking hut, and opening a shed on one side of it, displayed two battered wooden boxes, through the breaches in which gold pieces were escaping in all directions, which had held the bank bills of the day before.

The banker asked in amazement, "How long have you had this money?"

"My father and grandfather saved it up," answered the peasant, and buried it here; and I dug it up just the other day, because I'm going to shift my quarters."

"But with all this money, why don't you and your wife live in better style?" asked the banker, looking around the miserable hovel.

"Why should we, father? We do very well as we are."

—William Douglas, chief mate of the bark Douglas, says that he saw a serpent in lat. 2 degrees north and long. 90 degrees 53 minutes east. It was of a dark gray or dingy yellow color, about fifty feet long, and a foot thick. It remained visible to him and the watch for twenty minutes. During several days serpents from six to ten feet in length had played around the vessel.

The French Flower Girl.

I was lingering listlessly over a cup of coffee on the Boulevard des Italiens in June. At that moment I had neither profound nor useful resources of thought. I sat simply conscious of the cool air, the blue sky, the white houses, the lights and the lions, which combine to render that universally pleasant period known as "after dinner" so peculiarly agreeable in Paris.

In this mood my eyes fell upon a pair of orbs fixed intently upon me. Whether the process was effected by the eyes or by some pretty little fingers I cannot say, but at the same moment a rose was insinuated into my button-hole, a gentle voice addressed me, and I beheld, in connection with the eyes, the fingers and the voice of a girl. She carried on her arms a basket of flowers, and was, literally, nothing more nor less than one of the *bouquetieres* who fly along the Boulevards like butterflies, but with the difference that they turn their favorite flowers to a more practical account.

Following the example of some other distracted *decores*, who I found were sharing my honors, I placed a piece of money—I believe in my case it was silver—in the girl's hand, and receiving about five hundred times its value in the shape of a smile and a "*Merci, bien monsieur!*" was left alone—("desolate," a Frenchman would have said)—in the crowded and carousing Boulevard. To meet a perambulating and persuasive *bouquetiere*, who places a flower in your coat and waits for a pecuniary acknowledgment is scarcely a rare adventure in Paris; but I was interested—unaccountably so, in this young girl; her whole manner and bearing were so different and distinct from all others of her calling. Without any of that appearance which in England we are so accustomed to call "theatrical," she was such a being as we can scarcely believe in, out of a ballet. Not, however, that her attire departed—except perhaps, in a certain coquettish simplicity—from the conventional mode; its only decorations seemed to be a profusion of ribbons. Living a life that seemed one long summer's day—one floral fete—with a means of existence that seemed so frail and immaterial, she conveyed an impression of unreality. She might be likened to a nymph, a naiad, but for the certain something that brought you back to the theatre, intoxicating the senses at once with the strange indescribable fascinations of hot chandeliers, close and perfumed air, footlights and music. Evening after evening I saw the same girl—generally at the same place—and it may be readily imagined became one of the most constant of her *clientele*. I learned, too, as many facts relating to her as could be learned where most was mystery. Her peculiar and persuasive mode of disposing of her flowers—a mode which has since become more than vulgarized by bad imitators—was originally her own graceful instinct, or whim, if you will. It was something new and natural, and amused many, while it displeased none. The sternest of stock-brokers, even, could not choose but be decorated. Accordingly, this new Nydia of Thessaly went out with her basket one day, awoke next morning and found herself famous.

Meantime there was much discussion and more mystification as to who this Queen of Flowers could be; where she lived, and so forth. Nothing was known of her except her name—Hermance. More than one adventurous student—you may guess I am stating the number within bounds—traced her steps for hour after hour till night set in, in vain. Her flowers disposed of, she was generally joined by an old man, respectably clad, whose arm she took with a certain confidence that sufficiently marked him as a parent or protector, and the two always contrived sooner or later, in some mysterious manner, to disappear. After all stratagems have failed it generally occurs to people to ask a direct question. But this in the present case was impossible. Hermance was never seen in very public places—often in crowds—and to exchange twenty consecutive words with her was considered a most fortunate feat. Notwithstanding, too, her strange, wild way of gaining her livelihood, there was a certain dignity in her manner which sufficed to cool the too curious.

As for the directors of the theatres, they exhibited a most appropriate amount of madness on her account, and I believe that at several of the theatres Hermance might have commanded her own terms. But only one of these miserable men succeeded in making a tangible proposal, and he was treated with most glorious contempt. There was, indeed, something doubly dramatic in the *bouquetiere's* disdain of the drama. She who lived a romance could never descend to act one. She would rather be Rosalind than Rachel. She refused the part of Ceriao, and chose to be an Alma on her own account. It may be supposed that where there was so much mystery imagination would not be idle. To have believed all the conflicting stories about Hermance would be to come to the conclusion that she was the stolen child of noble parents, brought up by an *ouvrier*—but that somehow her father was a tailor of dissolute habits, who lived a contented life of continual drunkenness on the profits of his daughter's industry; that her mother was a deceased duchess—but, on the other hand, was alive and carried on the flourishing business of a *blanchisseuse*. As for the private life of the young lady herself, it was reflected in such a magic mirror of such contradictory impossibilities, in the delicate discussions held upon the subject, that one had no choice but to disbelieve everything. One day a new impulse was given to this gossip by the appearance of the *bouquetiere* in a startling hat of some expensive straw and of a make bordering on the ostentations. It could not be doubted that the profits of her light labors were sufficient to enable her to multiply such finery to almost any extent had she chosen; but in Paris the adoption of a bonnet or a a hat in contradistinction to the little cap of the grisette is considered an assumption of a superior grade, and unless warranted by the "position" of the wearer is resented as an impertinence. In Paric, indeed, there are only two classes of women—those with bonnets and those without, and these stand in the same relation to one another as the two great classes into which the world may be divided—the powers that be and the powers that want to be. Under these circumstances it may be supposed that the surmises were many and marvellous. The little *bouquetiere* was becoming proud—becoming a lady; how? why? and above all—where? Curiosity was never more rampant and scandal never more inventive.

For my part, I saw nothing in any of these appearances worthy in themselves of a second thought; nothing could have destroyed the strong and strange interest which I had taken in the girl, and it would have required something more potent than a straw hat—however coquettish in crown and audacious in brim—to have shaken my belief in her truth and goodness. Her presence for the accustomed few minutes in the afternoon or evening became to me, I will not say a necessity, but certainly a habit; and a habit is sufficiently despotic when

"A fair face and a tender voice have made me,"

I will not say "mad and blind," as the remainder of the line would insinuate, but most deliciously in my senses and most luxuriously wide awake!

"One morn he missed her in the accustomed spot"—not only, indeed, from "accustomed" and probable spots, but from unaccustomed, improbable and even impossible spots—all of which were duly searched—was she missed. In short she was not to be found at all. All was amazement on the boulevards. Hardened old *flaneurs* turned pale under their rouge and some of the younger ones went about with drooping mustaches, which for want of *cire* had fallen into the "yellow leaf." A few days sufficed, however, for the cure of these sentimentalities. A clever little monkey at the Hippodrome and a gentleman who stood on his head while he ate his dinner became the immediate objects of interest and Hermance seemed to be forgotten. I was one of the few who retained any hope of finding her, and my wanderings for that purpose, without any guide, clue, information or indication, seem to me now something absurd. In the course of my walks I met an old man who was pointed out to me as her father—met him frequently alone. The expression of his face was quite sufficient to assure me that he was on the same mission, and with about as much chance of success as myself. Once I tried to speak to him, but he turned aside and avoided me with a manner that there could be no mistaking. This surprised me, for I had no reason to suppose that he had ever seen my face before. A paragraph in one of the newspapers at last threw some light on the matter. The *bouquetiere* had never been so friendless or unprotected as people had supposed. In all her wanderings she was accompanied, or rather followed, by her father; whenever she stopped then he stopped also, and never was he distant more than a dozen yards. I wonder that he was not recognized by hundreds, but I conclude he made some change in his appearance from time to time. One morning these strange persons were proceeding on their ramble as usual, when, passing through a rather secluded street the *bouquetiere* made a sudden bound from the pavement, sprang into a post-chaise, the door of which stood open, and was immediately whirled away as fast as four horses could tear, leaving the old man alone with his despair and his basket of flowers. Three months have passed away since the disappearance of the *bouquetiere;* but only a few days since I found myself one evening very dull at one of those "brilliant receptions" for which Paris is so famous. I was making for the door, with a view to an early departure, when my hostess detained me for the purpose of presenting me to a lady who was monopolizing all the admiration of the evening—she was the newly married bride of a young German baron of great wealth, and noted for a kind of wild genius and utter scorn of conventionalities. The next instant I found myself introduced to the owner of a pair of eyes that could never be mistaken. I dropped into a vacant chair by her side, and entered into conversation. The *baronne* observed that she had met me before, but could not remember where, and in the same breath asked me if I was a lover of flowers. I muttered something about loving beauty in any shape, and admired a bouquet which she held in her hand. The *baronne* selected a flower and asked me if it was not a peculiarly fine specimen. I assented; and the flower not being redemanded I did not return it. The conversation changed to other subjects, and shortly after she took her leave with her husband. They left Paris the next day for the baron's family estate, and I have never seen them since. I learned subsequently that some strange stories had been circulated respecting the previous life of the *baronne*. Whatever they were, it is very certain that this or some other reason has made the profession of *bouquetiere* most inconveniently popular in Paris. Young ladies of all ages who can with any degree of courtesy be included in that category, and of all degrees of beauty short of the hunchback, may be seen in all directions introducing their flowers with fatal pertinacity upon inoffensive loungers and making war upon button-holes that never did them any harm. The youngest of young girls, I find, are being trained to the calling, who are all destined, I suppose, to marry distinguished foreigners from some distant and facetious country. I should have mentioned before that a friend called on me the morning after my meeting with the *baronne*, saw the flower she had given me standing in a glass of water on the table. An idea struck me. "Do you know anything of the language of flowers?" I asked.

"Something," was the reply.

"What, then, is the meaning of this?"

"Secrecy."

—The site of the petrified forest of California is about 1,000 feet above the sea level, and lies in the same trend with the Geysers, Mount St. Helena, and the thermal springs of Calistoga. A recent visitor says that, geologically, it is one vast lava bed, in which the trees lie as they were thrown, probably thousands of years ago, by some convulsion of nature. The trees are in fragments, many of which have been converted into charcoal, others into beautiful specimens of jet. Where the heart of the tree had decayed, the cavity is filled with opal, a form of lustrous uncrystallized silica, containing water. Chalcedony, another form of the silicia, but clear and limpid, is found in other cavities. No top has been petrified, and only here and there a root.

—A man in the Alexandra Palace London, take his stand within a few inches of the roof, and jumps headforemost to a net placed within a few feet of the floor. Just before he reaches the net he turns and alights on his feet. There is nothing difficult about the feat, but if the man failed to make the necessary half revolution of his body he would probably be killed.

—Four hundred and thirty-five miles west of Omaha is situated the great Prairie-Dog City, one of the largest settlements on the line of the Union Pacific railroad. Several hundred acres, each side of the track, have been taken up by the sagacious little praire-dogs, and there they have made their homes, and that without buying one lot from the company, or as much as saying "by your leave." The dwelling consist of little mounds, from a foot to eighteen inches in height, raised by the dirt excavated by their burrows. On the approach of a train, the little inhabitants can be seen scampering from their homes. Arrived there, they squat upon their hams or stand upon their hind feet at the entrance—a hole in the top—barking at the train as it passes. Should any one venture too near down they go, and they city is as silent as the "city of the dead." It is said that the opening in the top leads to a subterraneous chamber connecting with the next dwelling, and so on through the settlement; but this is a mistake. The prairie dog is of a sandy-brown color, and about the size of a large grey squirrel. In their nest, living with them, are found the owl and rattlesnake, though whether welcome or not uncertain. He lives upon grasses and roots, and is generally fat, and is by some, Mexicans especially, considered good eating, as his flesh is sweet and tender, though rather greasy. Wolves prey on the little fellows, and may be seen sneaking near the town hoping, by chance, to pick up some straggler. But the dogs are not easily caught. Some one is always on the lookout for danger, and gives the alarm on the first intimation of trouble. Then away they all scamper to their holes.

—A few days since, says a Michigan paper, a specimen of humanity, chuck full of fashionable drink, took a seat in the express train at Jackson and quietly awaited the advent of the conductor, who appeared on time and relieved the traveler's hat of his ticket without any remarks. On his return the traveler button-holed him and inquired:

"Conductor, how far to Pleon?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

At the next station the traveler stopped him and again inquired:

"Conductor, how far to Manch'ter?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

At Manchester the traveler stopped him the third time and said:

"Conductor, how far to Tecumseh?"

"Twenty miles."

"That's wot I tho't."

As the train left Tecumseh the traveler exhausted the patience of the conductor, and the following dialogue explains the result:"

"Conductor, how far to Adri'n?"

The conductor threw himself upon his dignity and remarked:

"See here, my friend, do you take me for a fool?"

The traveler stuck to the text and remarked:

"That's wot I tho't."

The conductor joined the passengers in a hearty laugh, and concluded to allow his questioner to "tho't" as he pleased.

—Perhaps the most magnificent act of heroism ever performed in this vicinity was witnessed during the performance of a circus at Reno on Saturday last. The lion tamer was giving an exhibition of his control over the ferocious brutes under his charge, when suddenly he was observed to turn pale and tremble. The largest lion of the six in the cage had displayed unusual sullenness and anger, and now refused to obey its master. With glaring eyes it crouched in the corner, and evidently meditated a spring. The trainer recovered his self-possession in a moment, and, keeping his eye firmly fixed upon that of the huge beast, dealt it a terrific blow with his rawhide over the face. With a fierce snarl the infuriated lion bounded forward. Catching one of its open jaws in either hand, the powerful man held the brute off for a desperate moment by main strength. An electric thrill of horror ran through the crowd which surrounded the cage in an instant. The beasts in the other dens shrieked and roared in chorus. It is in a moment like this that the real heroic element asserts itself. Without turning his head in the least, the brave man firmly whispered, "Pass me a small boy!" One was instantly seized and crowded through the bars. With one superhuman effort the trainer thrust the boy into the hot, closing jaws, and then bounded lightly aside. A snarl, a few savage crunches, and the beast turned again for his prey. But the hero was gone. The door snapped behind him, and gasping, "saved!" he fainted in the arms of the cheering concourse.—*San Francisco Post.*

—Mr. Playfair, the British Consul in Algeria, speaks of the eucalyptus tree as being extensively planted in that country. The Government encourages its planting, and shares the expense with the communes. The company owning the great iron mines of Mokta el Hadid between 1868 and 1870 planted more than 100,000 of these trees. Formerly it was impossible for their workmen to remain there during the summer. Those who attempted it died, and the company was obliged to take the laborers to and from the mines by train every morning and evening thirty miles each way. Now the workmen are able to live all the year through near their labor. The eucalyptus trees destroy miasma by utilizing the moisture of the soil, and thus draining marshes. They contain a large quantity of essential oil, very similar to turpentine, which they emit freely, especially when stirred by the wind, and this acts, it is supposed, as a febrifuge.

—A marriage has been arranged for the Princess Thyra, fifth child of the King of Denmark, and Prince Ernest Augustus, son of the ex-King, George, of Hanover. She is just twenty-four years old. Her elder sister married the Prince of Wales. Prince Ernest has no prospect of ever governing a kingdom, but his father is enormously rich, while his betrothed will receive comparatively little as a dowry. Another approaching marriage is that of Adele de Rothschild to Frankfort, her cousin, the Baron Edmond de Rothschild of Paris. Her mother, the Baroness Willy de Rothschild, composed several airs, which have become noted through Adelina Patti, who sang them in concerts.

—An English farmer has recently been compelled to pay the cost of a practical joke. He was sitting in the barroom of the Greyhound Inn one night and taking his usual tankard of ale, when his eye chanced to fall on the sleeping form of a man with a long beard. He went to the fire, and, lighting a piece of paper, deliberately applied it to the sleeping man's beard. There was a bright rushing flame for a second or two; the man sprang to his feet in agony; the joke was complete, and the farmer roared in ecstacy. The unfortunate sufferer, who happened to be the village tailor, knew that the farmer was a man of substantial means, and acted accordingly. He brought an action for $250 damages in the Malmesbury County Court in due course. According to the plaintiff's evidence his beard was eighteen inches long when he lay down, after having some ale. The next thing he remembered was his face being on fire, while a man helped to put out the flame. The defendant sat in his seat roaring with laughter, and did not offer any assistance, nor did he tender any apology for what he had done. His lips were burned severely, his face was blistered, his head, eyebrows and eyelashes were burned to the skin and one eye and one ear were scorched. The magistrate awarded him $250 and costs. -*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—A letter from Warren county, Ky., to the Franklin *Patriot* says: "This child, a girl, was 4 years of age on the 20th day of last March. She weighs 100 pounds, measures 18 inches across the chest, and is 4 feet 8½ inches high. There is a thick growth of hair covering her entire body, while her face is covered with whiskers, including a mustache. Up to about 18 months ago she was a healthy girl. At that time her body became very hot and was covered with a heavy perspiration, lasting for several days. The odor occasioned by the perspiration was very offensive, and within 15 minutes after being cleanly dressed her body and clothes would become saturated as if by some black-colored liquid. When the perspiration ceased the hair began growing, only leaving the soles of her feet and the palms of her hands bare. Her voice attained a remarkable depth, sounding as though it had come from the inside of a barrel. Her strength is astonishing. She can carry her 10-year old sister under her arm with apparent ease, and her mother states that the child actually does not know her own strength. The statements herein made are strictly true, and if necessary the testimony of the child's parents and many people living in the neighborhood can be procured for corroboration."

—Who would believe it possible, says the Paris correspondent of the *Standard*, to find a poor man refusing a fortune of 80,000f.? Yet a original being is now to be found in France. His name is Auguste Eugene Pothier, and he follows the calling of a stableman in a hotel at Orleans. Some months ago his mother died in Paris, and in her will left him the sum named, which was duly deposited by the notary at the Caisse des Depots et Consignations. M. Pothier was informed of the fact, and requested to come and fetch his money, but he paid no attention to the letter. Again he was written to but in vain—he went on smoking his pipe, and cleaning his horses with the utmost indifference. At length the notary, who wanted to get the affair off his hands, took out a summons against him. Still it was of no avail—Auguste Eugene Pothier preferred to be mulcted in fine and costs for not answering the legal mandate. And so the matter rests at present. It is said that the stableman, on being remonstrated with for his singular conduct, replied: "I have always heard that money is the root of all evil, so it may just as well remain where it is." M. Auguste Eugene Pothier deserves to have a prominent place in the exhibition next year.

—As I was resting in a camp on the outskirts of Deadwood, a jolly-faced man came along and asked for a job. He was told that every man was working for himself, and making mighty poor wages at that, when he replied:

"Gentlemen, I haven't had one good meal in three weeks, I haven't been able to get a day's work; I'm dead broke, and the curtain is going to ring down on this tragedy right here and right now!"

He stepped around the fire, pulled a revolver from a miner's belt, and then retreating back a pace or two, he said:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to hell! I've starved around the Black Hills for three months, and if there is any bigger hell than this I'm envious to see it! Excuse me for wasting ammunition, but here I go—crack!

He put the muzzle of the revolver to his forehead and never kicked after the report. No man rose up to restrain him. After a few minutes the owner of the revolver walked over and secured it, and, as he wiped a spot of blood off the barrel, he growled out:

"Blast his eyes! Why didn't he jump over some cliff, or go out and let the Indians tickle him to death!"—*Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.*

—The Israelites in England are collecting subscriptions in aid of their brethren in Bulgaria, who have been robbed and oppressed by the Russians. They call on Jews all over the world for assistance, and particularly on the Union of American Hebrew Congregations. The Jews 600,000 strong in Hungary have already responded to the appeal. In Russia the persecution of the Israelites is continued, with nearly all its ancient cruelty. They are not permitted to reside in many of the greatest cities. Kief and Novgorod, as well as Moscow, are forbidden to them, and even in the rural districts they are burdened with multiform exactions.

—A dog in Sierk, France, returned good for evil. His master, a peasant, attached a stone to his neck and threw him into the Moselle. The poor brute sank, but the cord broke, and he rose to the surface and made desperate efforts to get into the boat. His master pushed him repeatedly with an oar, and, at length stood up and endeavored to strike him a violent blow. In the attempt the man fell into the water. The dog swam to him and held him up by the clothing until aid arrived.