



W. W. HARTLEY, Publisher.

BRainerd, MINNESOTA.

THE NEWS.

Crimes.—An attempt was made on the 4th to rob the Peoples Savings Bank of Pittsburg, by a confidence gang, but was unsuccessful.

The Indians in Kansas are still unconquered. A large band is reported on the war path going north.

Outrages by the striking coal miners in Pennsylvania are on the increase.

The position at Jeffersonville, Ind., was entered on the 6th by all the letters stolen. Several money orders were left upon the floor.

The striking miners at Pottsville made an attempt to wreck a railroad train on a heavy curve, on the 6th, and the telegraph office was burned to the ground.

A hotel keeper named Chadwick, of Wilmington, Del., has been arrested on the charge of quandering his wife.

Many of the Indians who have been on the war path in Kansas have returned to their agencies.

An armed mob of the striking coal miners visited the working miners of Kingston, Pa., notified them that the penalty for continuing work was death. Under the circumstances work ceased, as the officers of the law are powerless.

Wintermute, the murderer of Gen. McCook, a Yankee in 1873, has been the second time indicted for the crime.

Seventy Indian prisoners, many of them powerful chiefs, and among them the leaders in the German massacre, arrived at Fort Leavenworth on the 5th.

An unknown man laid his neck upon a railroad rail, at Titusville, Ky., and a passing freight train completely severed his head from his body.

John Best, a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives was lately detected in robbing a safe of \$1,600.

Large whisky trusts have been discovered which will result in the resignation of several revenue officers.

A special telegram from Milwaukee dated May 10, says: To add to the distress already laid off among the Germans of this city an account of the Schiller disaster, a fearful tragedy was enacted yesterday afternoon, resulting in the death of Chas. H. Rammen of the well-known wholesale establishment of Rammen Bros., Capt. Ernest P. Herzberg, brother-in-law of Rammen, stepped out of a saloon as the latter was passing along the street and shot him in the back. Herzberg, who has not been living with his wife for some time, claimed that Rammen had been the cause of the separation. Capt. Herzberg at one time lived at St. Paul, where, in connection with his wife, he opened a military establishment, which proved a failure, and he moved to Milwaukee.

There was a furious conflict between the U. S. forces and the civil authorities of the city of Bismarck, Dakota Territory, who interfered and took the recovered coats from the U. S. Marshall, M. Edgerly, and arrested him. This official again called on Custer, for both he and the commissioner received the cheerful information that the currents of their respective rivers might be interfered with. Custer responded, and to prevent bloodshed, a strong regiment could do it, came over from Fort Ligon with his whole military force, thus virtually declaring the resisting Bismarckians "bandits." This was on March 26th, and in a short time he and the resident U. S. officials discovered considerable grain, several mules, and arrested about 30 individuals, among them the city justice of Bismarck, city attorney, county sheriff, and a pair of aldermen. They have since been held to appear at the next term of the District Court at Fargo. Then, at the request of the Commissioner, Custer left a detail of ten men under Major Garland, at Bismarck to assist Marshall Edgerly in the discharge of his duties. There are 75 suspected parties, many of whom have been arrested, and Garland is after the balance. A majority of the citizens Bismarck sustain the U. S. authorities in their efforts to break up the gang and purify the city. Garland makes all the complaints, being assisted by Deputy Marshals B. C. Ash and M. J. Edgerly.

Judge McKean's award to Ann Eliza Yosting against Higham Young, has been set aside by Chief Justice Lowe.

It is said that Judge Neilson has information as to the whereabouts of the jury in the Beecher-Gilson case, and that no verdict can be given in consequence.

In a quarrel over a piece of land in Meeker county, Minn., two men were shot, last week, one being instantly killed.

Armed laborers have taken possession of several of the coal mines, and are determined to defend themselves at all hazards. Matters are growing more serious. The Captain endeavored to compel obedience by firing a revolver over their heads. During two hours six cannon shots were fired, when the powder dampened. Distress signals, rockets and blue lights were manifested. Some sought refuge on the main mast and some on the foremast.

At 3 o'clock the Captain and two officers were for a moment to render assistance and was swept away.

At midnight the fog lifted for a minute revealing the light house. The waves were sweeping the decks and carrying away.

At 2 o'clock the deck house, in which were the women and children, was swept away. The piercing cries of the ill-fated victims were heart-rending. Then followed a ghastly scene, and the smoke-stacks fell, crashing one of the boats and two others were carried away. The remainder soon followed. Happily succeeding wave took fresh victims. At this time about ten persons were clinging to the rigging of the mainmast and thirty to that of the foremast. The ship careened, her yards touching the water, and the tide was rising.

At 5 o'clock the fog lifted, and the survivors sought the mainmast and foremast.

At 7 o'clock the mainmast, and at 7:45 the foremast, both fell. Then two of the St. Agnes' boats came and rescued the few who had managed to keep afloat.

It was reported yesterday that there were 100 women on board.

The survivors were taken Sunday from Pezance to Plymouth, whence they will be sent forward to Hamburg, where there is the greatest hospital. It is considered extremely doubtful if any adventures can succeed in erasing the cordon of scouts now surrounding them.

Vice President Wilson is making a tour in the South. He was enthusiastically received at Memphis.

The United States Supreme Court left over for another term the "grange" case of J. D. Blake against the Winona and St. Peter railroad company also the suit of Chas. McNeill, receiver of the Southern Minnesota railroad against Coleman.

The Southern Baptists, in convention at Charleston, S. C., endorsed the work of the literary and theological education of the colored people.

In the Beecher trial on the 10th the rebuttal testimony was to break down Mr. Beecher's alibi. One witness testified to meeting him at Mrs. Moulton's door on the disputed day, and another saw him driving that way.

Whoever cannot open a Buffalo before the 25th inst.

The prospect is that but a half crop of wheat will be harvested in Pennsylvania.

In the Beecher trial, on the 11th, Mr. Tilton took the stand and made a day's work of denying all and singular the stories of the witnesses for the defense, not excepting the "little red lounge" story of Beesie Turner.

The Connecticut legislature convened on the 6th, and elected a full set of democratic officers in both branches.

The Democratic party has been nominated by the Democrats candidate for Governor of Kentucky.

A new daily paper has appeared in Columbus, O. It is clean-cut Democratic in politics.

Latest reports from municipal elections in Indiana show unexpected gains for the Republican party.

The "Beecher investigation," at Montgomery, Ala., is said to have developed some of the most extraordinary instances of political chicanery on record.

Personal.—Robert Bonner has given \$100,000 to Dr. Hall's new church.

John Sheridan, father of Lieut. Gen. Phil. Sheridan, died, at his home in Somerset, Ohio, on Friday, the 7th.

Ex-State treasurer Rankin, of Iowa, on trial for embezzlement, has been acquitted by the jury.

From Abroad.—Another man has been arrested for dogging Bismarck with a loaded pistol in his pocket.

A new revolution has broken out in Hayti, and forty foreigners killed as commencement and two British gunboats have been ordered to a position to protect English subjects.

The Spanish government has paid the entire amount of the Spanish indemnity.

Fourteen special police have been detailed to guard the presence of Prince Bismarck, the government having received alarming notices of plots against his life.

Six thousand German families are now preparing to emigrate on account of the new conscription law.

A large number of Russia arrived in the German capital on the 10th inst. He was received at the railway station by Emperor William and all his Princes.

It is officially announced that the visit of the Czar of Russia to the Emperor of Germany is to insure the maintenance of peace in Europe. A piece of cheering information.

Benign rains in England and France promise a good season to the crops, and prices for grain have weakened.

The Schiller Disaster.—The steamer Schiller, which sailed from New York on the 28th of April, for Hamburg, by the way of Plymouth and Cherbourg, was wrecked of Scilly Islet, and three hundred and fifteen lives were lost.

The wrecking of this boat caused great excitement in London and New York.

The steamer Pomerania sailed from Plymouth during the night for Hamburg, without taking the survivors of the Schiller.

The statements made by the officers of the Schiller and nothing to that already telegraphed. All accounts agree that the panic which followed the striking of the ship was heart-rending and terrible beyond description.

A Herald special dispatch of the 10th says the details of the Schiller disaster have been coming to the London office from the Herald's correspondents at Penzance, through the courtesy of the American Consular agent at the Scilly Islands, Wm. Buxton, and the ordinary London sources. Unfortunately no more persons are reported to be saved.

Bodies are constantly being picked up. Among those recovered are those of George Leonard, Carl Schuler, Mrs. Hiedemann and child, Mrs. Becker, Mrs. Hildgarth and Mrs. Herman West, and four men, five women and two children. Altogether twenty-four bodies have been found. The total number of lives lost is three hundred and eleven.

The Herald correspondent succeeded in interviewing Mr. Poleman, the second officer of the Schiller, and Henry Stern and Mr. Frahm, the two survivors.

They say the voyage was moderately smooth until May 4th. The last three days it was impossible to take observations. The ship was out of her course half a mile at the time of the catastrophe. Captain Thomas was on deck night and day for four entire days.

At 7 o'clock on the evening of the 7th there was a dense fog. The sails were taken in, the engines put on high speed and the fog bells used. The light was unseen though only a half mile distant.

At ten o'clock we struck the reef and four bunks the steamer settled down. There was a violent sea and the tide was rising. The darkness was intense. Most of the male passengers were awake and there was the usual rush for the boats but nearly all the boats were stove in. One boat, with a few sailors, left the ship, they covarily refusing to aid. Two boats were saved. The Captain endeavored to compel obedience by firing a revolver over their heads. During two hours six cannon shots were fired, when the powder dampened. Distress signals, rockets and blue lights were manifested. Some sought refuge on the main mast and some on the foremast.

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The passengers landed soon.

An order was given that the first boat should save the women and children. This boat capsized.

Pollman says that seven boats were launched and only two lived. The others were stove and swamped immediately.

The crew for help lasted until 3 o'clock.

The last voices heard by the survivors was the Schiller little child in the cabin. It is not probable the boats could have lived even if they had been successfully aided.

The whole number saved is forty-four. Thirty bodies have been recovered.

A London dispatch says Mr. Darrien Smith, of the Scilly Islands, writes to the Times that many additional lives were lost because the guns and rockets fired from the Schiller were thought to be merely the ordinary signals of an arrival, which frequently has been the cause of false alarms.

Among the bodies recovered and already identified, are those of Rowne Lucroche and Aedre Peterson.

A special dispatch says: not a word has been heard from any of the Milwaukee party who accompanied the Schiller, and the friends of the unfortunate here have given up all hope. It is thought they all went down together.

An Associated Press dispatch from London, dated May 10, says: the sea is too heavy today for boats to approach the wreck of the steamship Schiller. None of the cargo of any importance has yet been recovered. Fishermen report that the Schiller is firmly settled on the rock and will not fall off in deep water. Although it is not yet possible to approach the wreck now there will be many days in summer when salvage may be effected.

There was a life belt in every one of the Schiller's berths. When the disaster occurred Capt. Thomas issued orders that one should be fastened to every woman, but the women were covered by heavy seas.

The Schiller was sailed for Europe on the ill-fated Schiller, but was detained by the public dinner given him in New York.

Fifty-six mail bags, including twenty seven from New Zealand, were saved from the Schiller.

More about Railroads in the North-West.—Office of Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., 25 Wall Street, New York, May 1, 1876.

To the Stock and Bondholders: We invite you to sign and return the enclosed authority to vote for you at the annual meeting of the stockholders of this company, to be held at Milwaukee on the 12th of June next. We are in favor of accepting the plan which we endorse, and which is embodied in the report of the directors of this company, and which is now being presented to the stockholders of the company, and is under management that will have no interest in the stock market.

ALEXANDER MITCHELL, JOHN E. WILLIAMS, The undersigned, Directors, stock and bondholders of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, concur in and approve of the foregoing application of Alexander Mitchell, President of the company, and John E. Williams, Secretary of the company, to the stockholders of the company, and is under management that will have no interest in the stock market.

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Reporter. What are all the independent voters going to do about this thing?

Mr. Halstead. The phrase "independent voters" is not mine; it was especially used at the Schurz dinner by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr. The "independent voters," however, think there may be a chance to do something. They are a good time for the party. I think that the next Confederate officers who are in the next House will to a great extent control that body, in which there will be a plentiful lack of competent leaders; that there will be an introduction of rebel war claims, a movement looking to pensioning rebel soldiers, and possibly toward compensation for slaves, the whole to be backed by a tremendous majority; that Senator Eaton's State fact will be thrown to the breeze in the "several sovereign States, each acting for itself in its own capacity," and some of them think in order to check all this it would be a good time for the Cincinnati Convention (to speak) to meet again and do what it did not do three years ago. Whatever may be said in disparagement of the Cincinnati Convention, it might have named the President. The better element that composed it may do next year that which was left undone three years ago.

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Mr. Halstead further stated that if Grant was not the nominee of the Republicans he thought Bristow or Chief Justice Waite would be elected. He regards Mr. Everts as a possibility. Relative to the Democratic candidate he said:

It would be venturesome to predict; but if I were to guess, as I might if I were a Yankee, I should say Bayard of Delaware, who has already found favor with the New England Democrats. I hear much of Bayard lately. If Charles Francis Adams, or Mr. Bayard, were the opposing candidate, it could not be said that the American people were displaying a vulgar prejudice against the old families.

Notorious Scamp-Liters in Limbo.

A party of 70 notorious scamp-liters recently captured have been transferred from Fort Sill to Fort Leavenworth, where they are held awaiting the further action of the government. Among them is Medicine Water, who led the party that assisted in the German massacre. Also Lone Wolf, the celebrated Kiowa chief, who has been a leader in the wars for several years, and who was once captured by Gen. Sherman. Willie Horse, the murderer of the Kessler and Low family; Harrah, murderer of Osborne at Wichita agency; Warm as Heart, heap o' Birds, and many others. The party is comprised of the principal chiefs who have caused all the trouble for the past five years, and their capture is considered as a finale of the Indian outrages. Kicking Butts, who delivered them to the troops, was possessed by a squaw and died at Fort Sill, May 3d.

HIS CHANCES.

Reporter. Do you think it possible for him to be nominated by any Republican National Convention?

Mr. Halstead. I think that if he should command his delegations to come from the South, as he expects to do, so as to make a strong show in the Convention.

Minnesota and Iowa Railroads.—The rupture in the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, already mentioned in this paper, is causing considerable excitement in railroad circles. The origin of the recent date, although recent events have brought them to a climax. The New York Tribune, reviewing the situation, says: "According to the statements of the adherents of Russell Sage, the principle cause of trouble grows out of dimensions caused by the discovery that some of the persons attached to the Company had been discovered in speculation in lumber in connection with their relations to the Company. While nothing actually wrong had been discovered, the secrecy surrounding the transactions was suspicious, and Russell Sage had complained of the matter. The friends of Russell Sage in the operations on the part of the directors have reached such a point as to preclude, it is believed, the possibility of a continuance of the present Board as a whole. It is the expressed intention of the Mitchell party to depose Russell Sage and also N. A. Cowdrey, who is known as a warm personal friend of the former."

Mr. Mitchell is now in New York personally superintending his side of the fight, and asserts his perfect confidence that the stockholders will compel the resignation of Mr. Sage, a proceeding that Mr. Sage himself acknowledges as probable. Of his connection with the office of Vice President, Mr. Sage says he has intended to retire from the Vice Presidency, and has so stated six months ago. In twelve years he had not been absent from his duties as Vice President seven days. He was now the largest proprietor and creditor of the road, holding more than \$1,000,000 of its stock and bonds. The charge that he dealt in stocks and bonds was true, and he did not intend to give up this business.

So far the Mitchell party have decided the best of the fight, and but little doubt is felt in the best informed circles that his interest will win. The fight will culminate in the election of the 12th proximo. The present slate consists of Alexander Mitchell and S. Merrill of Milwaukee; Russell Sage, Julius Wadsworth, N. A. Cowdrey, James G. Garner, Levi P. Morton, H. S. Taylor, Walter S. Gurnee, James Buell and E. L. Frank of New York; Selah Chamberlain of Cleveland, Ohio; and F. A. Mueller of Rotterdam, Holland.

WESTERN AND OMAHA RAILROAD.—The new impetus given to the prospects of the proposed Lake Pepin & Omaha railroad, from the probable connection with its fortunes of Mr. O. H. P. Cornell, of New York, shows no signs of abating. While the people along the line between Wabasha and Austin, over which Mr. Cornell has the right, are personally examining its feasibility and prospects, are moving to meet his designs, he has received such assurances from eastern parties who propose to become interested in the construction of the road, as enables him to say that if he turns interested to their part he is ready to do his part. At the same time Mr. Cornell is visiting the principal cities of the Old Valley, to ascertain the sentiment of the people in reference to the extension of the road from Wabasha eastward, thence on to Lake Superior at Bayfield.

Several consultations have been held with leading business men, all of whom were freely of opinion that the road should not stand in the way of the construction of this important outlet for the great lumber interests of that section.

KEOKUK, IOWA CITY AND ST. PAUL.—The annual meeting of the Keokuk, Iowa City & St. Paul railroad company, was held at Washington, Iowa, on the 6th inst. The principal feature of this meeting was the fact that the St. Louis & Keokuk railroad has recently passed into the hands of Mr. Stone, of Cleveland, O., who proposes to complete the former line if satisfactory arrangements can be perfected. The O. C. of the Keokuk, Iowa City and St. Paul, and the Keokuk and Iowa City has been done for several years, and the bonds for iron have been in the London market for a year past, but as yet the company have received no returns. The completion of this link would give St. Paul another through line to St. Louis running through a rich productive country, and the decision of the meeting at Washington, Iowa, will be watched with considerable interest as indicating to some extent the feeling of capitalists in the extension of Western railroad enterprises.

An interview with Hiram Halstead concluded the Campaign of 1876.

Mr. Halstead, editor of the Cincinnati Commercial, attended the Schurz banquet in New York last week and was afterwards interviewed by a Special Reporter. The first point of interest was as follows:

Reporter. The trouble first grew out of Mrs. Mayo's extreme partiality for one Huse, a student of the Doctor's, and at out which he made a row. She took sides with Huse, and left the Doctor. He thereupon defaced Huse's signs and had him arrested. Both parties to the suit hired private detectives, and each has prosecuted the other for adultery in the criminal court. The divorce suits were conducted by the best lawyers of the city, and the trial lasted nineteen days. The cases were given to the jury at about 11 o'clock on the 5th. They agreed about 11 o'clock in the evening, but returned their verdict to the court next morning. Four questions were propounded to the jury; with their answers, were as follows: Was Dr. Mayo guilty of extreme cruelty in his treatment of Mrs. Mayo, as charged in the libel against him of date January 17, 1874? Yes. Was Dr. Mayo guilty of adultery as charged in the libel of Mrs. Mayo against him of the date of May 8, 1874? Yes. Was Mrs. Mayo guilty of adultery, as charged in the libel of Dr. Mayo against her of date September 23, 1874? Yes. Was Dr. Mayo guilty of extreme cruelty in her treatment of Dr. Mayo as charged in the libel of Dr. Mayo against her of date September 23, 1874? Answer, No. The criminal cases are still pending.

The eighth annual meeting of the Northwestern Press Association was held at Chicago Wednesday. Reports of committees showed the association in good condition. Resolutions were passed expressing hearty appreciation of the fairness and promptness of managers of the Western Union Telegraph Company and their observance of contract.

The Brooklyn trial is being published as a law book.

and so that with the aid of the Northern officeholders there should be a serious effort to nominate him, the Convention would break up. Republican impetuosity and insubordination under the Grant Administration will by that time be unmanageable. There will not be a delegate from Ohio in favor of him for a third term under any circumstances. There is not a school district in the State where you could find three Republicans for it. They think when he has had as much as Washington, Jefferson, or Jackson, and that at double their salaries for the last four years, may fairly be stated that he has been reasonably compensated for his illustrious military services.

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POETRY.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.
The following poem by Prof. W. H. Venable, of Cincinnati, has received the most flattering commendation, the poet Longfellow himself speaking of it in terms of unqualified admiration.

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on
And not a sound was heard around—
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone
Unmoved and pale was he;
Bowed beneath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away—
Another day of strain and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail incessant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is lost;
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,
Each evening, into dust.

"I squandered on a barren field
My strength, my life, my all;
The seeds I sowed in vain were sown;
They perish where they fall.

"He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back again—
The room by strange and sudden change
Assumed a glorious scene.

It seemed a Senate hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
And applause rose loud and long.

The wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look;
And for his name he said, "The same
Is to my recollection."

The stately Senate hall dissolved,
A church it rose in place;
Wherein stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought
"Whipped that boy today!"

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alveared roof
An author piled his pen.

"My ideal! ah! the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher saw in place;
A mother's face illumined the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This mother well I know;
Was but a wild and careless child,
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips are lit, in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo,
The school-house rose and old,
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.

"A dream! the sleeper, waking, said,
They passed along the floor;
And, whistling slow and low,
He locked the school-house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and love and praise;
And singing soft and low and low,
He murmured, "After many days."

POETRY.

ballast. Elevation 315. Sivel and Croce all insensible at the bottom of the car. Descending very rapidly.

I had scarcely written these lines when a sort of trembling fit seized me, and I sank down fainting for the second time. I was conscious of a violent wind, indicating a very rapid descent. A few moments later I felt myself shaken by the arms, and recognized Croce, who had revived. "Throw out ballast," said he, "we are going down."

"But I could hardly open my eyes, and I did not notice whether Sivel was aroused. I remember that Croce unfastened the aspirator and threw it out, as well as some ballast, extra wraps, and the like. All this is an extremely confused recollection, which was quickly extinguished, for I relapsed into insensibility more thoroughly than before, and I felt as if I was going off into an eternal slumber. What happened then? I suppose that the balloon began to lighten, impermeable as it was, and very warm, shot up once more into the upper regions. At about 3:15 o'clock I awoke, my eyes, feeling giddy and weak, but my consciousness returned. The balloon was rushing downward with fearful velocity.

The car swung violently from side to side, and described great oscillations. I raised myself on my knees and pulled my companions by the arm. "Sivel, Croce!" I cried, rouse yourselves! They were both crouched down in the car, with their heads concealed in their cloaks. I summoned up all my strength and endeavored to lift them up. Sivel's face was black, his eyes dull, mouth wide open and full of blood. Croce-Spinelli had his eyes closed, and his mouth blood-stained.

To relate what occurred then is quite beyond my power. I noticed a tremendous wind from below upward. We were still at an altitude of 6,000 metres. There were still in the car two bags of ballast, which I cast out. Soon we neared the earth, and I sought for my knife in order to cut the attachment of the anchor, but I could not find it.

I was distracted, and kept calling out: "Sivel! Sivel!" Fortunately I laid my hand on a knife, and was enabled to free the grapnel in time. The shock of the fall was extremely violent. The balloon appeared to flatten itself out completely, and I thought it would so remain. But there was a strong wind, which carried it along. The grapnel did not hold firmly, and the car was dragged across the fields. The dead bodies of my unfortunate friends were jerked about, and I feared at each moment that they would fall out of the car. Meanwhile I succeeded in grasping the cord of the valve, and the balloon was quickly emptied, and was finally exhausted against a tree. This was about 4 o'clock.

THE SURVIVOR'S RECORD.
M. Tissandier's notes, as long as he was able to write, were as follows:

I take the place of Croce-Spinelli while he makes his spectral observations. My pulse beats 110 to the minute. We are at a height of 3,000 metres. Our thermometer placed in the inside of the balloon indicates twenty-five above zero and ten degrees lower in the air. I felt the pulse of Croce-Spinelli. It beat 120 to the minute. We are at a height of 6,000 metres. We are well. Now the height is 6,500 metres. A little oppression. Hands slightly frozen.

We are better. Hands frozen. Croce pants. We inhale the oxygen in the bag. Sivel and Croce shut their eyes. They are pale. They are better, even gay. Croce says to me, laughing: "You blow like porpoise." I am at 7,000 metres. Sivel seems drowsy. 7,400. Sivel and Croce are pale. Sleepy. 7,500. Sivel still throws out ballast. Sivel throws out ballast.

A Complicated Japanese Story.
The following curious story, says the Japan Gazette, though savoring of the improbable, is vouched for by a native journal: Near Kawagaya, in Kumagaya Ken, lived an old couple, man and wife, who had worked hard for many years farming, and had put by 200 yen for a rainy day. One day during the course of last year the old man remarked to his better half that they were over sixty years of age and must die soon, and asked what they should do with their earnings. Neither of them liked the idea of leaving the money they had earned by the sweat of their brows for other people to spend it as they pleased. It was when one of them should die the survivor should place the money in the coffin with the body, to pay the expenses of the journey of both to the other world, the one on demand, the other in advance. The husband was the first to succumb to the tyrant death, and was placed in his coffin, not with the 200 yen, though, for the minute woman, with the feeling of her sex, changed her mind and retained the money, thinking it would be far more sensible to spend it in procuring masses, requiems, and offerings of flowers and perfumes for the departed. She, therefore, entrusted the money to a kochu of the neighborhood. With this kochu, tormented by the filthy lucre, did not have the masses sung, sacrifices offered, etc., but kept the money in the hope of the old lady following her husband. This, however, she flatly refused to do, and continued robust and healthy, month after month, until a short time ago, when the kochu, weary of King of Kings' death, thought to assist the aged female in her journey to a better (or worse) world, and sent her, with touching inquiries as to her health, a few tempting cakes, well dressed with poison. The old woman, after conveying her thanks to the kochu, offered the cakes to her "lamented" husband, that is, she placed them on the shelf, for he also was "on the shelf," and had been for some time. Just then, a ghost-like form appeared before her, with face red as beet-root, body of immense size, a large, grotesque ornament in the shape of a pair of horns, protruding from his head, and a huge sword gripped about his joints. More-over, this strange object was clothed in a priest's coat; and when he had remained sufficiently long for the old lady to recover from the alarm which the first sight of him created, he thus addressed her: "I am Yama Dajo (Judge of criminals in the place of darkness). You did not place the 200 yen in the coffin of your dead husband, according to promise; therefore he is distressed, and is suffering intensely on account of the extreme difficulty of his journey. He could not bear to hear his groans and muttered imprecations, so I have come to receive the money for him. Give it to me quickly." The astonished woman, after confessing that she had kept the money for sacrifices and offerings, adding that she would go immediately and bring the money; it was all in charge of the kochu. The yama, however, stopped her, saying, "I am the king of hell, and have come here, secretly,

and would not like the people of this world to see me. I must hide myself whilst I am waiting." The woman, taking in the situation at a glance, put him in a large bag which had been kept at one time for clothing, telling him that if he should feel hungry he would find some cakes on the shelf. She went to the kochu and told what had taken place. The kochu being suspicious that it was some trick of the old woman's, said he would bring with her and see who this strange personage was, and would then give her the money. On reaching home the woman pointed to the large bag, which the kochu opened, and started back with horror on seeing the yama dajo nearly dead, vomiting blood, his body being quite blue. The old woman ran to the shelf and found that all the cakes were gone.

Kochu confessed his guilt and received condign punishment, and now comes the most probable part of the story. The victim of the poison was not the yama dajo, but a wicked fellow in the neighborhood who knew the story of the 200 yen and had designs upon it. From this story, two good morals may be deduced: Do not save your money too long, and do not covet that belonging to your neighbors.

The Woman That Always Gets a Good Bargain.
She rides to town on the ragged edge of an old quilt, and holds her basket of eggs clasped to her bosom, and with her pipe in her mouth, she looks down at her pocket, which she has tucked under her arm. First, she walks all over town, and carries her basket to find the highest market. After she has found it, she goes back to the first store and tells the merchant how much she can sell for, and wants him to give her a little more, because she always trades there. Sometimes she does her price a quarter of a cent, and sends her on her way rejoicing. Offener he is a very contented man. Has about all the eggs he can sell; prices are variable; and "then comes the tug of war."

She hates to leave without selling the eggs. So she asks him the price of carpet chain, and how he sells his maulin by the bolt, and wonders how much he would take to chain forty yards; and suddenly asks if he can't give her sixteen and two-thirds. He says, "what!" For he don't know whether it's maulin or carpet chain, she is talking about. "I mean for the eggs," says she. "I always sell the biggest, and eat the little ones at home, and I think they are worth sixteen and two-thirds cents. The merchant scratches his bump of caution, and says he will give her that, but she must not tell any one, as he can't afford to pay that price for eggs. (Of course she never tells.) Then she proceeds to "trade it out." First she always wants a pound of soda, then a row of pins and two needles; that is, how much would he "charge" for two needles. He don't know; never sold less than a paper; only ten cents. She knows all that, but ten cents will buy a yard of calico, or two spoons of thread, and besides, she never buys but two needles at a time. If the price has many, they lose many; so she gets a yard of calico, or three remnants to make a dress—remnants always come cheaper.

Next she buys a pair of garters. There is plenty of good rubber in the box, but she hunts till she finds some that has been kept over and has lost its stretch; this she gets for five cents. She wants to know if she has any odd cups and saucers. The merchant says he doesn't know; would hate to count the whole lot to find out. She says she wishes he would, as she wants two or three. He guesses it is his dinner time, and calls James Henry to wait on her. James Henry bows and asks what more she will have. She says she has traded the eggs all up, and says there are fifty-six cents coming to her. "Well," says the customer awhile, "you don't pay money for eggs, do you?" James Henry says "No." "Then I suppose I'll have to trade it out, but things are so high I don't know what to get for it." "Yes," says he, "come this way." So he goes over, sniffs the fragrant weed, and says: "We are poor and have to work hard, and have to do without a great many things, and I'll take half a plug." Then she prices the gingham and duckings and beavers; she feels of the silverware, and tastes the sugar and says, "We are poor and we work hard and try to get along, and we must have something to keep us up, so I guess I'll take a little more of that tobacco." Then she prices a looking glass, tries her face in it, and says it (the glass) is a little crooked. She calls for ribbon, and can't buy a yard of ribbon should cost as much as a yard of cloth. She looks at a good deal narrower. Next she views the dishes. She wants some dishes, she does, but she don't know whether to take two small ones or one large one, so she don't take any. She wants a pasteboard box large enough to make pasteboard for a sun-bonnet. That is given her, and she goes to the grocery store. She takes her cover her handbox. Then she has a pipe out of her mouth, and holds it in her right hand, and looks straight at James Henry and says, "We are very poor, and we work very hard, and we can't buy everything we see, so if it's all the same to you, I'll take the rest of the eggs out in tobacco."

empty—no Mrs. Compton, nor her clothes.
Dr. Newbrough pronounced some shoe-maker's thread, and the man who was waxing the ends for him said they would be of no use, for she was possessed of a devil. Dr. Newbrough used them, however. He also procured nails without heads, and as fine that pinners could not get hold of them, and with them closely nailed her gown all around the bottom to the floor. Out of the cabinet walked a strange and fine lady, of different stature, complexion and manners from the plain, the homely washerwoman who a few moments before was nailed to the floor in an alga gown. Dr. Newbrough rubbed to the cabinet. It was empty; his nails were nowhere visible, and his waxed ends had also evaporated. The new lady's dress was a brown, summery texture, that looked as though it might have been made on a material loom. Dr. Newbrough said to the ghost: "Kind lady, have a pair of remarkably sharp scissors in my pocket; will you oblige me by allowing me to clip a souvenir from your robe?" The beautiful being smiled on him graciously, but answered: "Nothing to wear. You cut a piece from the hole in it, and she will be entirely destitute." "But," persisted the doctor, "I will see that she has money to buy another gown."

"Ah, my dear sir," sadly answered the beautiful spirit, "perhaps you would, but I do not know it, for Mr. Glent was here when you cut the piece from her gown, and they both, and many others, paid that they would do something to relieve the poverty of our medium, but they have not, and I can not let you cut a piece out and make a hole in her only gown."

After the beautiful lady stopped away, and after a six-foot tall ghost had come from the door, Dr. Newbrough again inspected the cabinet. There sat the homely and motherly Mrs. Compton, with the waxed ends all rigidly fast, and her alpaca dress nailed to the floor again, the fine little nails being with almost perfect exactness driven into the holes they had previously occupied.

Mrs. Compton has lately been assisted by the overseer of the poor of the county, for these changes to which her body has been subjected during two years have ruined her health, and in addition to being unable to work, the reputation of being possessed by spirits has deprived her of her former employers. The people of the town say nothing against her, except that she is a sorcerer. The little children had mended their clothes with yarn and with twine, or with whatever they could get. A mortgage on their house, added to other obligations, harassed them with debts amounting to nearly three hundred dollars, and the prospect of a merely poor house for a more permanent abode.

Dr. Newbrough announced that he raised \$120 for the poor family before he left Havana, and from the spiritist meeting yesterday morning in Republican Hall, \$52. One of his hearers asked whether the persons in Havana who contributed the \$120 were infidels, spiritualists, or Catholics. He answered that they were two infidels, one spiritist and himself. Three or four ladies passed among the audience and collected \$62. A pillar of the society suggested that this collection and all others should be entrusted, not to the solicitor, but to the treasurer of the society, in a regular way. This suggestion was adopted by the audience, who seemed to be familiar with Dr. Newbrough, and on being put to a vote was almost unanimously voted down. Money has been now raised to nearly the amount of Mrs. Compton's debts.

A Squirrel Fights and Kills a Batlike Snake.
[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]
"and round about me, fold on fold,
An eye of jet, skin of gold,
A garnet for a tongue."

The recent ignominious defeat of a ferocious young lioness by a humble and ugly donkey in our Zoological Garden has a curious parallel in the result of a deadly combat between a snake and a little squirrel, fought in a pen between a large diamond rattlesnake and a little squirrel, fought in a pen between a large diamond rattlesnake and a little squirrel, fought in a pen between a large diamond rattlesnake and a little squirrel.

The snake was one of the largest of its species, six and a half feet in length, and having been without food for months, was inclined to act on the offensive; the squirrel, an inexperienced in serpent warfare, but wonderfully quick-witted, and the whole we are inclined to consider the poor little squirrel as having distinguished himself even more than the brave donkey whose prowess has been aptly memorialized in marble by the sculptor. The donkey barely saved his life by a desperate struggle, without inflicting much hurt upon his terrible antagonist; the squirrel was left alone to contend with the most dreaded and deadly enemy of human or animal life, and actually slew his antagonist. When the squirrel had been placed in the cage, the slimy-shining monster immediately sprang his rattle and coiled to strike, while the squirrel, having taken a good look all around the cage, and found escape to be impossible, prepared himself for the worst, watching his glittering enemy with fierce resolution. The spectacle became highly interesting to the spectators, for the deadly ophidian was contending with a far higher form of life, a finer organism, a more intelligent being than the helpless creature which snakes usually fight with. Food, snake and squirrel alike poised themselves for the spring, the tail of the former vibrating so rapidly as to become almost invisible, and emitting a sound like the buzz of brazen clock work; the tail of the latter trembled slightly, very slightly with the tension of the squirrel's muscles. Suddenly a sickly pale light shot across the cage, and struck the squirrel below the neck, once, twice, with the rapidity of an electric flash. The spectators ceased to laugh and whisper; the night was too horrible. But the brave little squirrel did not shrink or drop. He sprang forward to meet his terrible foe, and using the writing between his teeth and teeth. There was a crackling sound like the crushing of chicken bones, a hideous shrill hiss, an agonized wriggle through the long, speckled body, and the next instant the squirrel was wrapped in the coils of the serpent, while the fragments of the bony rattles fell on the floor of the cage, crushed into tiny shreds. But the squirrel still showed no fear, although the many-colored folds tightened about him, and the awful triangular head approached with wide-open jaws and needle-sharp fangs, and eyes in which the yellow iris-circles seemed transformed to flames. There was another sickly flash of white, as the livid serpent-belly turned upward with the effect of the last venomous stroke. The fangs never

reached the squirrel. He sought the speckled snake between his horns, and looked back the deadly head with its horrible eyes; and the horrible eyes started out under the pressure. There was another crackling sound, another series of ghastly convulsions, and the horrible fangs moved toward the last time. The squirrel took the rattles between his strong jaws, until the clammy scales dropped from about him, and then sang the whole squirming mass from him, and writhed once or twice, half coiled and lay still. It was dead.

The squirrel immediately after became very sick, and dropped into a state of prostration, that being the last preparation that it was dead. But it revived a little yesterday, and may possibly recover. Certainly every care should be taken of it; for a braver fight has never been made by so helpless an animal against so deadly an animal.

New "Aunt Martha" Prayed Him On.
[From the Detroit Free Press.]
You've met her if you've lived long in Detroit. A withered-up old woman, bow-backed, gray-haired, having a case in one of her eyes, that gives the impression that her death would be the occasion of a general remark. The old woman found a new saloon on Franklin street the other day—a place just opened by wicked Bob Smith, who had had a blood-bath here more than once been sent to a frame of prison bars. "Aunt Martha," went in hoping to make a small sale. Bob was wiping his glasses, and half a dozen men sat around the stove holding glasses of smoking cigars.

"Get out!" growled Bob, as the old woman entered. She did not hear him, and leaning over the counter she asked: "Would you have a paper of pins, a cake of soap, a comb, or something?" "Get out, you old beggar!" shouted Bob, raising his arm as if he would strike her.

"I'm no beggar, and don't you dare to strike me!" replied "Aunt Martha," never moving an inch. "Would you have a paper of pins, a cake of soap, a comb, or something?" "Get out, you old beggar!" shouted Bob, raising his arm as if he would strike her.

"Why, what's to keep me from inquiring your old neck if I want to?" cried the old woman.

"The Lord, sir!" she answered. "Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Bob. "There, take that!"

And he deluged her with rainings. The filthy liquid struck her in the face and ran down over her faded blackshawl and off-washed calico dress, but she did not move. Looking at him across the counter, she whispered:

"You need praying for, and I'm going to do it now and here."

"Nogyou don't!" he shouted as she moved toward a chair; "get out of here if I'll smash your head with this bottle!"

She never minded him, and he raised the bottle for a throw, when a sailor-hood left—leaped up and cried out:

"Bob Smith, if you throw that bottle at her I'll stave your bulwarks in a precious minute!"

"You will, eh?" whooped Bob, as he danced out.

"Yes, he will!" cried the rest, rising up. They were too many for Bob, and he had to stand there while Aunt Martha knelt on a chair and prayed for him.

She got up and prayed for him, and then she went to the door and called out to Dick her, but "Foxy Hill," who came out of State prison only a month ago, grabbed him by the throat, forced him into a chair, and hissed:

"Bob Smith, if you harm a hair of that old woman's head, I'll make a funeral here."

"Aunt Martha," knelt again, folded her hands, and said:

"These young men were children not long ago, and they had praying mothers and God-fearing fathers. They are walking in wicked paths, and their hearts know no good. I pray that their eyes may be opened to their wickedness, and that their feet may be turned into other and better paths."

"She's right!" called out a steamboatman, as the old woman paused.

"Shoot me if she ain't!" cried another.

"Go ahead, mother!" shouted a third.

"I'll be — if she does!" yelled the infuriated Bob, and he reached her and gave her a heavy kick before anyone could interfere on the usual basis.

She screamed with pain as she rose up, and then there came a terrible silence. Bob stood with his arm raised to strike. Aunt Martha leaned on the chair, tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks, and the half-dozen men were spell-bound with indignation. "Foxy Hill" broke the silence by saying:

"Step out, mother, and look out for splinters!"

He obeyed, and Bob Smith was choked and pounded until his senses left him, and everything that could be handled was thrown out of doors. They worked swiftly, fearing the police, and in five minutes the saloon was a wreck, and its proprietor, still unconscious, was lying behind the counter. The work finished, the men disappeared like shadows, and "Aunt Martha" hobbled away, whispering:

"I prayed too hard; but it was in me to pray!"

Dr. Otto Lefschütz, the famous German physician, lately applied *a priori* principles to medicine, and was rewarded with a discovery which, though not yet patented to its ultimate consequences, has already been shown to possess great value. The application of his investigation was in the case of cholera-hydrate. He has more lately, through a series of experiments, brought to light some four or five new anesthetics. A correspondent of the New York Graphic, who subjected himself to the influence of the drugs, under the supervision of the discoverer, describes the sensations in a late number of that journal. "A mixture of Kaurine and Robine seems to have produced results in some respects like those of hashish dressers, great exhilaration, blissful feelings, and bodily insensibility. Denonine, on the other hand, puts the patient into a deep and healthy sleep."

"It has, moreover," writes the correspondent, "this remarkable property, which will render its general use certain, if it shall be found in all cases to be perfectly harmless: One hour of the sleep induced by it is equivalent in reparative power to eight hours of ordinary sleep. The slumber is profound, and the muscular atony, whence are spread the nerves which govern the lungs, must be powerfully affected for the breathing is deep and rapid, and by enormous quantities of oxygen are taken into the system and a proportionate amount of carbon eliminated."

No Difficulty in Obtaining Lodged Goods.
Messrs. Strother & Conklin, Cresco, Ia. The Elward Harvester I bought of you several years ago. I cut 90 acres of heavy grain, and my boy 15 years old bound one-half of it; 73 acres of this was on new breaking, which was very heavy, and part of it badly lodged. But I had no difficulty in cutting and elevating it with my machine. Two horses drew the machine with ease. The binder's box is a great grain saver, when the grain is ripe. I saved all the scatterings. I could not take \$500.00 for my machine if I would not get another Elward. Yours truly, JOSEPH ZIGMAN.

The Elevator Never Clogs.
Afton, Iowa, Dec. 1, 1874. Messrs. Strother & Conklin, Cresco, Ia. The Elward Harvester I bought of you several years ago. I cut 90 acres of heavy grain, and my boy 15 years old bound one-half of it; 73 acres of this was on new breaking, which was very heavy, and part of it badly lodged. But I had no difficulty in cutting and elevating it with my machine. Two horses drew the machine with ease. The binder's box is a great grain saver, when the grain is ripe. I saved all the scatterings. I could not take \$500.00 for my machine if I would not get another Elward. Yours truly, JOSEPH ZIGMAN.

In reply to your question as to how I liked my Elward Harvester, I must say it is far ahead of my expectations, and is more than you recommended it to be. I cut 120 acres of wheat and barley oats were very badly lodged, but with the Elward I cut and saved them all better than I could with any other machine. I averaged through my harvest from seven to ten acres per day in very heavy grain. My two boys, 16 and 18 years of age, did all the binding with ease. I can work early and late with my machine, working equally well in the heaviest dews. The closed canvases on the Elward are far superior to the open canvases on the March. There is no possibility of grain or leaves falling through or winding the rolls, which of itself is a great saving in time and trouble.

I also cut a piece of clover and timothy seed, and it saved all the seed, while I would have lost at least one-third on the open canvases. The binder's box is all O. K. I pay expense of one man with grain saved in it, which certainly is no small item. Yours truly, JOHN CONWAY.

Symptoms of Liver Complaint, and of some of the Diseases Produced by it.
A yellow or yellowish color of the skin, or yellowish brown color of the face, neck, and body; dullness and drowsiness with frequent headache; distension, bitter or bad taste in the mouth, dryness of the throat, and internal heat; palpitation; in many cases, dry heaving cough, with sore throat; distress, heaviness, bloated or full feeling about the stomach, and about the bowels; cold, pain and soreness through the bowels, with heat; constipation alternating with frequent attacks of diarrhoea; piles, distention, nervousness, coldness of extremities; rush of blood to the head, with symptoms of apoplexy, numbness of limbs, especially at night; cold chills alternating with hot flashes; kidney and urinary difficulties; dullness, low spirits, uneasiness and gloomy forebodings. Only few of above symptoms likely to be present at one time. All who use Dr. Fier's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative pills for Liver Complaint and its complications, are soon in their senses of them. They are sold by all druggists in medicine.

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MANUFACTURED BY SAINT PAUL HARVESTER WORKS, Saint Paul, Minnesota.

JOHN Sheridan, father of Lieut. Gen. Sheridan, died at his residence in Seneca, Ohio, yesterday.

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CHMAP. We have a few good second hand Organs and Melodions in Grain and all kinds of Country Produce, No. 40 Bldg. St. Paul. Retailers—First Nat'l Bank, P. F. McCallister & Co., Camp & Smith, Greenleaf & Parrella, St. Paul.

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