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NO. 2.

**A Persian Love Song.**  
Ah! sad are they who know not love,  
But, far from passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, beyond  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.  
And sadder they whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air, and never touch  
The clear warm mouth of those they love—  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.  
But clear as amber, fine as musk,  
Is life to those who, pilgrim-wise,  
Move hand to hand from dawn to dusk,  
Each musing nearer Paradise.  
Oh, not for them shall angels pray;  
They stand in everlasting light;  
They walk in Allah's smile by day,  
And nestle in his heart by night.

## THE MAJOR'S ESCAPE.

Fighting in the South American Republics is of such frequent occurrence that even battles of considerable magnitude are often fought that are hardly heard of in the United States or Europe.

There is, however, much of the "romance of war" connected with the continuous struggle of these troubled countries that is not uninteresting to the reader; for, though the people are in general ruthless, semi-barbarous, and fearfully cruel in their warfare, there are many records of actions that may be termed chivalrous.

The circumstance that is the subject of one of these stories is well known to the officers of the English army who were stationed on the southeast coast of America in 1861. It has never, however, been published to the outside world, and, as it is an excellent example of how things were done in the Argentine Confederation concerning matters of war, it may not be uninteresting.

The Buenos Ayres army was advancing on Rosario under the command of Mitre, and the Argentines, or Confederates, had gathered at Pavon, close to the Arroyo del Medio, to give him battle.

The chief of the Confederate host was General Urquiza, who was well known as a skilled commander and diplomatist, he having for many years held the post of President of the Argentine Confederation, then filled by President Durqui.

In both the armies there were many Englishmen and Americans. Among the latter was a gentleman of the name of W—, who was a major in the Argentine, or Confederate army. He was a fine soldier, and reputed, even in that country of horse-men, to be the most expert equestrian in the army.

The officers of the English squadron were well acquainted with W—, and among them he had one especial friend, who was commanding officer of the H. M. S. O—. The major used to pay frequent visits on board, as the valley where the army was stationed was only twenty miles from Rosario, where the man-of-war lay.

All at once the visits of the major ceased, and, as the English officer had become considerably attached to him, he rode out to the headquarters of Urquiza to make inquiries concerning his friend. He was told by a colonel of cavalry, in no very polite way, that W— was a traitor, and that he was in the prison at Rosario, where he would remain until he was shot. On his demanding in what way W— had proved a traitor, he was told that "he had been giving advice to the enemy as to the numerical strength, and other matters concerning the Confederate army." The colonel could give no details, and, on being asked if W— had been tried by a court-martial, he answered that they did not grant the privilege of being tried by any such tribunal, but that Durqui would sign the warrant for his execution at his convenience, which he believed would be on the morrow. The Englishman immediately turned his horse's head for Rosario, and never drew bridle until he arrived in front of the prison, where he demanded admittance.

At that time it was very easy for a naval officer to obtain entry anywhere in Rosario, and, as Mr. W— was in command of the custom-house, where he had been handed to protect the interests of his country, and prevent pillage in the event of the defeat of Urquiza, he was personally known by the native troops, and soon obtained entrance to the cell where his friend was confined. He found the major stretched out on a long table, the only furniture that the place contained, calmly smoking paper-cigars, and occasionally refreshing himself from a stone bottle.

He seemed a little astonished to see the English officer, and asked him how he got in, and many other questions, finishing up, in his usual rollicking way, by asking him if he would have a cigarette and try the contents of the bottle. He declared that they were going to shoot him the next morning, and asked the Englishman if he would come over from the custom-house to see the execution, in about as free-and-easy a way as if he were extending an invitation to a cricket-match or bull-fight.

He was asked what tribunal had sentenced him, and whether he was guilty of the offense charged, to which he answered that he was perfectly innocent of collusion with the enemy; and, further, that no court had tried him, as they did not consider it necessary to order a court-martial when an officer so high in rank as the one who was complainant in the present instance made the charge. He had been accused by General Ortega, the division commander, of furnishing the enemy with information, and it was on his statement that the president had signed the warrant for his execution.

The Englishman asked W— who this Ortega was, and if he had any private animosity against him. The answer to these questions brought out the real state of affairs. The general had been his enemy for a long time, as he was the rejected suitor of a young lady of the name of Manuella Santa Cruz, in whose eyes he (W—) had found favor, and who was to have been his bride when the war was over. This was as much as the Englishman wanted to hear, and, telling the prisoner that he would not leave a stone unturned to set him free, he shook him heartily by the hand, and started for the president's palace.

That worthy being at home, he was speedily shown into his presence; for, as we have before said, it was easy for a foreign officer at that time to gain admittance anywhere. The authorities wanted to keep on the right side, as they did not know how soon they might have to seek sanctuary on board of a British or some other foreign man-of-war.

Mr. M—, on saluting the president, who was known to him, informed his excellency that he did not come there as an officer of her majesty's service, but as a private gentleman, and the friend of Major W—. To ask for a copy of the charges against him, and feigned ignorance of the fact that he was to have no trial, by saying that in "the pending court-martial he was going to act as counsel for the major." Durqui seemed very much surprised, and said that he really did not know of the circumstance. When he equivocated in this and other ways, the Englishman pressed him so hard that, to prevent having to admit that W— had been sentenced without a trial, he said that there had been some mistake, in consequence of the busy and unsettled state of affairs, and that no copy of charges had been received officially. The officer then asked the president if, as he admitted the major was wrongly detained, he would not give him an order for his discharge from durand velle; and this he finally reluctantly did.

When Mr. M— arrived again at the prison-door, after the usual ceremonies had been gone through, he requested to see the commandant, and showed him the order, over Durqui's signature, for the release of the prisoner, who took the matter in the calmest manner possible, nevertheless warmly embracing his deliverer.

He was immediately taken on board of the British war-steamers, where he was assigned the quarters of his friend, who, as we have said, was on shore-duty at the custom-house.

Manuella, who had given way to the most intense grief on hearing of the fate that awaited her lover, was overjoyed at the news of his release, and hastened on board the British ship to mingle her joy with his. As in nearly all love-stories, old General Santa Cruz was entirely opposed to his daughter marrying W—, but his influence was used to turn her affections toward the scoundrel who had so nearly wrought her lover's death.

That evening, however, they were both united in marriage on the quarter-deck of the O— by the British captain, and every attention was paid to the refugee and his beautiful bride, who was obliged to remain on board, as she did not dare return to the paternal mansion.

On the next morning before dawn W— was on shore, and with lance and sword, was in the saddle, and well on the way toward the camp where General Ortega was stationed. Strange to say, he met him on his way to Rosario, with no attendant but one orderly. He recognized W— long before they came together, for the pampas are entirely devoid of trees, and perfectly flat, so that any object is visible a long way off. Ortega halted, and made a movement as if he would retract his steps to camp, which the major perceiving, spurred his horse to its utmost speed, crying, "Coward! are you going to flee when you have a soldier to help against my single hand?"

The lance-charged against the major with lance-in-rest, but the weapon was parried with magnificent adroitness, and the soldier was hurled senseless to the ground.

W— then attacked the general, who was also a fine horseman and lancer, and excellent skill was exhibited on both sides. Indeed, for some minutes it was hard to say who would be the conqueror. At length the major rode for Ortega, parrying a well-aimed thrust, and at the same time performing the feat, well known in that part of the country, of getting one foot under that of his antagonist, and hoisting him by main strength out of his saddle.

The fact of a general carrying a lance may seem strange, but in the Argentine Confederation and the Banda Oriental, every cavalryman, whether officer or private, carries the lance, which is the weapon of his company.

W—, when his adversary fell, instantly dismounted, and told him to get on his feet and defend himself with his sword, and, throwing down his lance, he drew and attacked Ortega, saying, "One of us has to die, but, liar as you are, I will give you every chance for your life." The heavy cavalry swords flew round the officers' heads, and the sparks showered from their blades until W—, by an overcut, laid open Ortega's sword-arm, and, by a dextrous feint, drew his adversary's guard to leg, while, at the same time, he brought his sword down with full swing on the head of his malignant enemy, cleaving him to the chin.

W— got safely back on board of the British ship, and he and his bride went to Buenos Ayres the next day, on board the French war-steamers Entrepreneurs, where he now resides and prospers.

The English officer, we are sorry to have to relate, through the malignant conduct of the assistant paymaster of his ship, had charges preferred against him by his cap-

tain, "for having, as an officer of her majesty's service, on or about the 1st day of —, 1861, interfered with the affairs of the Argentine Confederation, that being contrary to the queen's regulations and admiralty instructions."

In consequence of this charge, Mr. M— was tried on board of her majesty's ship Curacao, at Montevideo, and the sentence of the court was, that he was "to be dismissed from her majesty's service."

It need not be supposed that he was alone during his trouble. W— and his beautiful wife were on board of the English frigate during the whole time of the court-martial, and when the sentence was pronounced, they seemed more overcome than the Englishman. W— tried to insist on his making his home with him in South America, but he would not hear of it, and went to England by the next packet, to appeal his case before the Lords of the Admiralty, who, taking a lenient view, reinstated him in the Royal Navy.

**A Dog Collar Story.**  
A correspondent writes to an English paper: "The Paris Police lately received intelligence that a young man of Polish origin was journeying through the suburbs of the capital, and endeavoring to pass off a quantity of forged Russian notes, and last week this interesting waylaver was apprehended in a cafe at Seaux. He was a man of about thirty years of age, who had been fitting rapidly through the towns and villages on his route, accompanied only by a large mastiff, that never left him. When arrested he put on an air of injured innocence, protesting that he was an honest dealer in imitation jewelry, producing a box of samples, and growing more and more defiant as the strict search made upon his person proceeded, without bringing to light anything of a nature to inculpate him. At length his captors, fairly nonplussed, were on the point of dismissing him, when the eye of one of them fell upon the mastiff that had remained at the door. He noticed that the animal's neck was encircled with a collar of very unyielding thickness, and, on taking it off and inspecting it, he discovered that it was hollow inside and stuffed with counterfeit notes to the amount of \$1,500. In the face of such proofs the man ceased to deny the facts imputed to him, and began to moralize pathetically upon the flagrant unfairness of Providence, and the cruel absence of anything like even-handed distributive justice in the apportionment of the prizes and blanks of his profession, whose chiefs and magnates invariably came off scot-free and millionaires, whereas the poor toiling underlings never reaped anything for their pains but the prison and the hulks. These gloomy metaphysics he proceeded to fortify with an anecdote, which, whether authentic or not is certainly very remarkable. It appears that during the Crimean campaign one of the principal regimental canteens in the Russian army was suddenly closed in the faces of officers and men without notice or warning. Prince Gortschakoff, furious, rode up to the purveyor and demanded an explanation, whereupon the latter replied that, instead of yielding him, as was commonly supposed, \$100 of clear daily profits, his business was landing him in downright ruin, inasmuch as the greater part of his receipts consisted of false bank notes. The General, at his wit's end, telegraphed to the Emperor, and, on receiving a reply, told the purveyor that if he would open his canteen the spurious notes in question should be cashed by the bank as if they had been genuine. Armed with this assurance, the purveyor briskly resumed his business, and labored in his vocation with such zeal and diligence that at the end of the war he had the satisfaction of being able to present for payment to the Imperial Bank \$200,000 worth of counterfeit paper, scarcely any of which had really been received by him in the course of his dealings with the army."

**Oats in California.**  
A paper published in Humboldt county, Cal., relates that three years ago the brothers Foss, residing in that county, received a small package through the mail containing a spoonful of oats, which they planted on their farm near the Table Bluff. Last year the produce of that spoonful was again planted, and the process was repeated this year, there being seed enough to sow an acre and a half of ground. This has just been harvested and threshed, the acre and a half producing 200 bushels of oats that weigh 40 pounds to the bushel, or at the rate of nearly 134 bushels to the acre. Commenting upon this statement, the San Francisco Call says: Such instances are by no means rare in this State. One of our most popular varieties of wheat had a beginning from not more than a dozen grains. It is now grown in most of the grain-producing counties.

**A Strange Trinket.**  
The trifle called the scratch-back originated during Queen Elizabeth's reign. It was a curious little instrument, used as its name implies, for scratching the back. It was composed of a handle about a foot long, with a hand or a claw at one end, and at the other a ring or knot and chain for suspending it to the waist or hanging it in the dressing-room, and sometimes the ring was worn on the finger. Scratch-backs, during their day, were as necessary to a lady as her fan and patch box. They were usually made of ivory, tortoise shell, or horn, and occasionally of gold and silver. Not long since we read in a foreign letter of one which is almost sacredly guarded, and is said to have actually been used by Elizabeth herself. The handle is of gold, elegantly chased, and the ring at the top is set with diamonds and pearls.

**The Relations of Clergymen to Women.**  
Recent events, says Scribner's Monthly, have given rise to a fresh discussion of the relations of clergymen to women, some of which have been wise and some widely otherwise. It is supposed by many that the pastor is a man peculiarly subjected to temptations to unchaste "conversation" with the female members of his flock. It is undoubtedly and delightfully true that a popular preacher is the object of genuine affection and admiration to the women who sit under his ministry. A true woman respects brains and a commanding masculine nature; but if there is any one thing which she naturally chooses to hide from her pastor it is her own temptations—if she has any—to illicit gratifications. She naturally desires to appear well to him upon his own ground of Christian purity. To expose herself to his contempt or condemnation would be forbidden by all her pretensions, professions, and natural instincts. A bad woman might undertake to atone for, or to cover up, her outside peccadilloes by the most friendly and considerate treatment of her pastor, but she would not naturally take him for her victim. It is precisely with this man that she wishes to appear at her best. Any man with the slightest knowledge of human nature can see that her selfish as well as her Christian interests are against any exhibitions of immodesty and unchaste desires in the presence of her spiritual teacher.

There are only two classes of women with whom a minister is liable to have what, in the language of the world, would be called "dangerous intimacies." The first consists of discontented wives—discontented through any cause connected with their husbands or themselves. A woman finds herself married to a brute. She suffers long in silence; her heart is broken or weary, and she wants counsel, and is dying for sympathy. She tells her story to the one who is—to her—guide, teacher, inspirer, and friend. He gives her the best counsel of which he is capable, comforts her if he can, sympathizes with her, treats her with kindness and consideration. That a woman should, in many instances, look upon such a man as little less than a god, and come to regard him as almost her only solace amid the daily accumulating trials of her life, is as natural as it is for water to run down a hill. That she should respect him more than she can respect a brutal husband—that half an hour of his society should be worth more to her heart and her self-respect than the miserable years of her bondage to a cruel master—is also entirely natural. He cannot help it, nor can he find temptation in it, unless he chooses to do so. Women, under these circumstances, do not go to their pastors either to tempt or to be tempted.

There is another class of women who are thrown, or who throw themselves, into what may be called an intimate association with the clergy. It is a class that has nothing else to do so pleasant as to be petting some nice man, to whose presence and society circumstances give them admission. They are a very harmless set—gushing maiden ladies, aged and discreet widows with nice houses, sentimental married women who, with no brains to lend, are fond of borrowing them for the ornamentation of all possible social occasions. A popular minister receives a great deal of worship from this class, at which, when it is not too irksome, we have no doubt he quietly laughs. The good old female parishioner who declared that her pastor's cup of tea would be "none too good if it were all molasses," was a fair type of these sentimental creatures, to whom every minister possessing the grace of courtesy is fair game. To suppose that a pastor, sufficiently putty-headed to be pleased with this sort of worship, or sufficiently naively to be bored by it, is in a field of temptation to unchastity, is simply absurd. One is too feminine for such temptation, and the other altogether too masculine.

**A Rascally Trick.**  
A rascally real estate speculator in Cicero, Ill., owned a farm worth \$500, and sold it most simultaneously to five persons, and got the money before either of the purchasers found out the deceit. As the farmer Schultz went around early in the morning to look at his acquisition, he met his neighbor, Mr. Mullen, another of the buyers. Each knew that the other had been looking at the farm, but of course thought himself the owner. "Mighty nice piece of ground," said Schultz. "Bang up!" replied Mullen, heartily. Schultz opened his eyes wide, because naturally he had expected depreciation. "Guess you don't want to buy now," he remarked. "No, 'cause I've bought," asserted Mullen, taking a receipt for the money out of his pocket. Schultz had just such a paper, and so, they were not long in learning, had the three other purchasers. They looked for Rockwell, but he had gone. Next they tried to decide which had bought the land first, and so was the real owner, but finally they agreed that a more equitable plan would be to divide by lot whose the land should be. A drawing of slips from a hat settled it.

A large party of men equipped themselves and started out after a bear that had been seen in the woods in Fulton county, N. Y., and, after a long and tedious hunt, found that the cause of the excitement was a black sheep.

A lady, who says she is the homeliest woman in Kentucky, advertises for a husband. He must be middle aged, good natured, but not beautiful, "as I want to love him all myself."

## Utilising a Jack Rabbit.

The Extraordinary Story told by a Montana Miner—Useful Fishline.

While my friend Clyde and myself were out in the hills of the Golden Gate Park, a jack rabbit came along, and stooped to look at us.

"If I had thought to bring my revolver along we would have jack on toast for breakfast to-morrow," I remarked.

"Not with my consent," he replied.

"What reason can you give for not consenting?"

"A rabbit saved my life once, and I have ever witnessed the scene, I shall be obliged by your narration."

"I did once, Captain M—, but nothing would ever induce me to witness it again. I am very glad that government has put a stop to it by force. You are aware that the custom arose from the natives attempting to avert any present or anticipated calamity, by devoting a child to propitiate the deity. On a certain day they all assembled in boats, with their victims, attended by their priests and music, and decorated with flowers. The gaiety of the procession would have induced you to imagine that it was some joyous festival, instead of a scene of superstition and blood. It would almost have appeared as if the alligators and sharks were aware of the exact time and place, from the numbers that were collected at the spot where the immolation took place. My blood curdles now when I think of it. The cries of the natives, the shouting and encouraging of the priests, the deafening noise of the tom-toms, mixed with the piercing, harsh music of the country, the hurrying and tossing of the poor little infants into the water, and the splashing and contention of the ravenous creatures as they tore them limb from limb, within a few feet of their unnatural parents—the whole sea tinged with blood, and strewn with flowers! The very remembrance is sickening to me."

"One circumstance occurred, more horrid than all the rest. A woman had devoted her child—but she had the feelings of a mother, which were not to be controlled by the blindest superstition. From time to time she had postponed the fulfillment of the vow, until the child had grown into a woman—for she was thirteen years old, which in this country is the marriageable age. Misfortune came on, and the husband was told by the priests that the deity was offended, and that their daughter must be sacrificed, or he would not be appeased. She was a beautiful creature for a native, and was to have been married about a week that she was now to be sacrificed. I see her now—she was dark in complexion, as they all are, but her features were beautifully small and regular, and her form was perfect symmetry. They took off the gold ornaments, with which she was decorated, and, in their avarice, removed her garments, as she implored and entreated on her knees in vain. The boat that she was in was closer to the shore than the others, and in shallow water. They forced her over the gunwale—she alighted on her feet, the water being up to her middle, and, by a miracle, escaped before a shark or alligator could reach her, and gained the beach. I thought that she was saved, and felt more happy than if I had received a lac of rupees. But no—she landed from the boat, and pushed her into the water with long poles, while she screamed for pity. A large alligator swam up to her, and she fell senseless with fright, just before he received her in his jaws. So I don't think the poor creature suffered much after that, although the agony of anticipation must have been worse than the reality. That one instance affected me more than the scores of infants that were sacrificed to Moloch."

"All grew still again, and I knew the man had gone for assistance. Then came the sound of voices; I pulled in the line, and it brought me food. It took all the men who worked in the shaft nine hours to reach me."

"A very large pine tree that stood near the shaft had been the cause of my misfortune. It had been dead a number of years, and the storm had blown it over. The terrible blow it struck the ground had caused the cave."

"Jack had wound the line around a bush, and tied himself so short that he was imprisoned outside as securely as I had been inside. He was taken to town, put in a large cage, and supplied with all the rabbit delicacies the market afforded. He, however, did not thrive, and the boys, believing that he 'pined in thought,' voted to set him free. He was taken back to his old girdling grounds and liberated."

"He not only saved my life, but became the benefactor of all the rabbits in the neighborhood—the miners refraining from shooting any, fearing it might be him."

**A Black List\* of Toppers.**  
The little city of Rockford, Ill., has prepared a "black list," on which are entered the names of all the habitual toppers in town. This list is placed in each saloon, and worn to the man who sells a glass of liquor to one of the spotted fraternity. At last accounts forty-four citizens of Rockford had received the unenviable distinction, and the lady crusaders were anxiously looking for more. Other towns will soon be emulating Rockford's example, and a dangerous rivalry is likely to spring up. It is a noble ambition to secure honest signatures to a temperance pledge, but when women get emulous for the longest black list possible it is time for men to be upon their guard, else many will find themselves compelled to plead the weak excuse of Adam, "The woman tempted me and I did—drink."

## Slaughter of the Innocent.

The Story of Child Destruction in the Ganges in the Olden Time.

Capt. Maryatt, in his novel "The King's Own," tells the following horrible story of the destruction of the lives of children in the Ganges:

"That point of land which we are just shutting in, Captain M—, is the end of Saugor Island, famous for Bengal tigers, and more famous once for the sacrifice of children. You have heard of it?"

"I have heard of it; but if you have ever witnessed the scene, I shall be obliged by your narration."

"I did once, Captain M—, but nothing would ever induce me to witness it again. I am very glad that government has put a stop to it by force. You are aware that the custom arose from the natives attempting to avert any present or anticipated calamity, by devoting a child to propitiate the deity. On a certain day they all assembled in boats, with their victims, attended by their priests and music, and decorated with flowers. The gaiety of the procession would have induced you to imagine that it was some joyous festival, instead of a scene of superstition and blood. It would almost have appeared as if the alligators and sharks were aware of the exact time and place, from the numbers that were collected at the spot where the immolation took place. My blood curdles now when I think of it. The cries of the natives, the shouting and encouraging of the priests, the deafening noise of the tom-toms, mixed with the piercing, harsh music of the country, the hurrying and tossing of the poor little infants into the water, and the splashing and contention of the ravenous creatures as they tore them limb from limb, within a few feet of their unnatural parents—the whole sea tinged with blood, and strewn with flowers! The very remembrance is sickening to me."

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## Mysterious Bell Ringing.

A Fanzler for the Baltimore Academy of Science.

The ringing of the bells in a house on North Stricker street, above Cooke, says the Baltimore Sun, which has caused a little sensation in the northwestern section of the city during the past week, still continues to agitate the residents of not only that portion of the city, but on account of the publicity given to the affair the curious in such matters from all sections of the city visit the locality for the purpose of solving the mystery. There has been no positive solution as yet of the exact cause of the ringing, although the matter has been investigated by several scientific men. A colored servant girl in the house it is considered exercises some unknown influence over the bells. It is said she never approaches the wires but they vibrate. The gentleman who resides in the house being convinced that the girl did exercise some influence over the bells, watched her movements for some time and noticed that the bells were much more affected whenever the girl was near them, and at night, after the girl retired in the third story of the house, there was not so much ringing; also that about twelve o'clock they generally cease their clatter until the girl comes down stairs in the morning. She was spoken to about the matter and acknowledged that she had been discharged from a former position on account of the bells ringing and her supposed connection with it. She added that at another place, beside the one from which she was discharged, the bells did the same thing, but as the family were Spiritualists they did not mind it. The girl is very much worried over the matter, but says she is powerless to prevent it, as she is an involuntary bell ringer and she knows it, and will probably lose her present place on this account.

The house is a fine-looking, three-story, brick building, and has never been occupied before the present tenant moved in. The girl is of very dark color and hails from Virginia. Electricity has been tried upon the wires, thinking that the ringing may have been caused by that agency, but the electricity had no effect. The wire was detached from one of the three bells in the house, and while it was detached the bell did not ring, but the wire vibrated all the same. At times during the night the bells have become so annoying that they had to be muffled in order that the occupants of the house could sleep. The bells began to ring in this way on Monday morning last, and continued to do so at intervals all through the week. One member of the family had his hand cut in trying to prevent the wire from vibrating. Spiritualists attribute the ringing to spirit power, and are quite anxious to get into the house for the purpose of investigating the matter, but have been refused, and so many curious people have gone to visit the premises that a policeman had to be detailed to keep off the crowd. Mysterious as the ringing may be, there is no doubt, however, that it is caused by some perfectly natural agency. Several members of the Academy of Science have visited the house, but their scientific researches have failed to solve the mystery, and all the newspaper reporters give it up. It will be interesting to know, however, whether the spirits will continue to ring when the colored girl leaves her situation.

**Dan Was Saved.**  
A boy about ten years of age, leading a lively little dog, called at the Central Station, in Detroit, and asked if that was the place where they shot dogs. Being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Well, please shoot my poor little Dan. He's an awful good dog, and he plays with the baby all day; but father's dead and mother's sick, and I can't raise money to get a license." Then turning to the dog, the boy lifted him up tenderly and stroked him, saying, "Poor Dan! how Billy will cry when I tell him you are dead!" Great big tears rolled down the boy's face, and in a little time those around him made up a purse sufficient to save his dog, and a person went with him after a license. The boy's eyes fairly sparkled at his unexpected luck, and, speaking to the dog, he cried out, "You're saved, Dan, you're saved! Let's go right home to Billy!"

**Killed by Dogs.**  
A little girl named Wilkins, in the service of a gentleman residing near Uxbridge, England, was fearfully worried by four mastiffs. It appears that she had been left alone in the house with the animals, and, while she was in the act of attending to some food which she was cooking for them, they suddenly turned upon her. Her cries attracted the attention of the passers by, and on some neighbors entering the house they found the dogs literally tearing her to pieces. After a good deal of trouble they succeeded in beating the animals off; but the girl had by this time become so frightfully mangled, especially about the face, that lockjaw set in, and she died.

**A Plaintive Requisite.**  
A man about forty years old was taken to the station as "drunk," and he held out pretty well until his name was down, and they were ready to lock him up, when his courage gave way and he asked, "Sergeant, will you do me one favor—just one?" "I guess so," replied the Sergeant, "what is it?" "In the town of Saginaw lives my father and mother," sobbed the man, "and won't you telegraph 'em that their only orphan boy is in trouble down here?"

## Transferring of Blood.

The experiment of transferring the blood of a lamb into the veins of a consumptive patient was successfully performed upon the person of Hermann Dubois, at Fall River, Mass., by Drs. Julius Hoffman and Weyland, of New York city. Every vein which is connected with the jugular vein of the animal was severed and securely tied by the physicians, so as to allow the blood free access to the arm of the patient. Dr. Hoffman used a small glass tube about two inches and a half long, slightly curved, for the operation, thus bringing the neck of the lamb in very close proximity to the patient's arm. The operation occupied one minute and thirty-three seconds, about six ounces of blood being transferred in that time. Mr. Dubois has been afflicted with consumption more than two years, and his friends thought it best to try the experiment as a last resort for relief. At last accounts the patient was doing well.

**The Sun's Blessing.**  
Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The worst sporic is laudanum, and the very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, and they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, and get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunlight will be a potent influence in their transformation. Will they not try it a year or two and oblige thousands of admirers?