

THE FRANKLIN COURIER.

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TERMS: \$2.00 per Annum.

VOL. IV.

LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1875.

NO. 44.

Song.
There is love for me in store
In the notes that round me ring;
I would give them all, and more,
Once again to hear him sing.
Gently whispered in mine ear,
Loving words the heart beguile,
Cheap I hold them: this were dear,
Once again to see him smile.
Smile for smile nor sigh for sigh
Gave he, though I loved him well;
I would bid the world go by,
Once to hear him say farewell.

A COAL MINE HORROR.

A Thrilling Story of a Mine Boy's Adventures in an Abandoned Mine--The Light of Reason Put Out--A Flight from Cruelty to an Encounter with Rats.

Through the brutality of a miner in the employ of the Pennsylvania Coal Company at Dunmore, Pa., a mine boy in the same mine was recently put to so terrible an experience in one of the company's abandoned mines that he has become, it is feared, hopelessly insane, and has been sent to the lunatic asylum in Danville, Pa.

The miner's name is James Barrett. The boy is the son of a poor widow, and although but fourteen years of age contributed largely to her support. His name is James Gallagher. The man Barrett, it seems, was in the habit of abusing the lad in a most shameful manner, having no apparent cause save a mere personal antipathy. The boy stood in mortal fear of Barrett. Lately the latter had been tyrannizing over young Gallagher with more than usual cruelty, and finally swore that if he did not quit his sight at once he would kill him, at the same time running toward the boy with his pick raised as if to strike him. Gallagher ran screaming away from his persecutor, and made directly into the abandoned chamber, never stopping to look where he was, in his fright only thinking of getting out of the reach of Barrett. After running for some time the boy stopped, and for the first saw that he was in the worked-out mine. Even then terror of his cruel taskmaster was uppermost in his mind, and it was not until the little mine lamp on his cap began to grow dim and finally went entirely out that he awoke to the horror of his situation.

If there is a chamber of horrors anywhere in the world it is a coal mine that has been worked out and deserted. Its labyrinth of silent corridors responds to the least sound with the most demoniacal echoes, and noxious gases generate in the pools of slimy water that exudes from the walls and drips down upon the slippery floor. Pits filled with water that accumulates without interruption around in these noxious halls, and myriads of hungry rats, bold and even aggressive, hunt the desolate chambers hundreds of feet below the earth's surface, and over all the most oppressive darkness. There is no darkness like that in a mine. It is so dense and heavy that one feels its weight upon him as if he were beneath fathoms of water, and the eye does not become accustomed to its pallid sufficiency to penetrate it in the slightest degree. On every side the constant drip, drip of the unwholesome water is heard, and the noise of rats, which frequently displace some loose boulder of coal as they scamper over it, and send it tumbling to the floor, awaking a thousand horrid echoes and sending them reverberating through the deserted chambers.

It was into such a place as this that young Gallagher found himself, without a light, alone and entirely ignorant of the way out. His first thought was to shout aloud for help, but the sound of his voice traversing the devious corridors and yelling back to him his cry, prolonged and multiplied a hundred times, as if so many fiends were mocking his distress, so frightened the boy that he could not gather courage to repeat the cry, and he commenced groping his way along in silence in the direction he thought most likely would lead to the entrance of the mine. He had proceeded some distance along the slimy wall, when a certain difficulty of breathing and choking sensation warned him that he was trespassing where that greatest of all terrors to the miner, fire damp, prevailed, and he hastily retraced his steps with the intention of turning into the first corridor he came to. It was a long time before he reached one. It turned off to the right and he entered it and followed it for a quarter of an hour, feeling his way along one side of it and being careful not to turn into any of the corridors crossing it, so that he might not become confused if circumstances compelled him to again retrace his steps. Suddenly, in putting his foot forward he found no rest for it, and before he could recover his balance, he fell headlong into a pit. His head came in contact with one side of the excavation. He attempted to regain his feet, but he was overcome with a sense of numbness, and fell back into the slime and ooze that covered the jagged bottom of the pit. How long he lay there unconscious the boy did not know. He came to himself with a knowledge of a peculiar pain in his fingers and toes. At first he did not realize where he was, but the impenetrable darkness and cold, damp atmosphere soon recalled his situation. He drew up his hands and feet to make an effort to arise, when an army of rats scampered away from about him. They ran over his body and trailed their cold, slimy tails in his face. He sprang up with a shriek of terror that again started

the blood-curdling echoes through the chamber.

From the feeling of his hands and feet Gallagher knew that the rats had been gnawing at his flesh, but he did not stop to make any investigation until he escaped from the pit and was again on his way back to the place whence he had started. To get out of the pit he found no easy task. Twice he clambered up its jagged sides until he almost reached the top, and as many times fell back to the bottom. The third time trying was successful, and he drew himself out exhausted and fainting. He lay down on the floor of the corridor for several minutes before he had strength to proceed, and then gathered himself up and hurried away from the spot which was so full of terrors to him. When he reached the first cross corridor he sat down on a jutting piece of coal and for the first time found that the rats had gnawed two of his fingers to the bone, had eaten away the uppers of his shoes and the flesh of his two great toes. He had often heard old miners relate over their lunch in the dismal chamber the experience of men lost in mines and attacked by rats, and now the reality of the thing nearly overcame him with its horror, and he almost swooned at the thought of what he had passed through and what he might yet be doomed to experience. To add to the terrible situation of the poor lad, hunger began to make itself manifest, and the tortures of thirst were beginning to afflict him.

From the fact that he was growing so hungry and thirsty Gallagher judged that he had been a long time in the mine. Up to this time he had been confident that he would be able to find his way out of the old mine in the course of a few hours, but now hope seemed to be leaving him. He conjured up pictures of his mother waiting for him to come home at night, of her anxiety at his tardiness and then her uncontrollable grief at the news of his loss. Then his mind dwelt on the horrors of a death by starvation or suffocation in the mine, and the sickening thought that he was followed by a horde of ravenous rats that were ready to make food of him even before he was dead. These thoughts almost drove him crazy, and he aroused himself, determined to make another effort to escape from the mine. He followed one of the cross corridors and wandered about in the maze of chambers for hours. Once he thought he heard his name called and he shouted in reply, only to hear it repeated for many minutes by the demon echoes.

While wandering about in this way, a prey to the tortures of hunger and thirst, and to both mental and physical agony, he saw a light flash for an instant across the corridors in which he was groping. It was a long way off, but he knew it was a miner's lamp, and felt that parties were searching through the deserted chambers for him. Regardless of the hard, jagged floor, the strong walls, the ever-accompanying throng of rats that kept in his rear, or dangerous pits that might lie ahead of him, he ran rapidly toward where he had seen the light, shouting until he was hoarse.

"This way! Here I am! Here I am! This way, for God's sake!"
The echoes took up the cry and carried it through the noxious avenues, lifted it up to the roof of the cavernous vault, and repeated it until it died away in a wall of agony; but the bearer of the light did not hear it in the course he had taken, and the almost exhausted boy, foot sore and bruised by frequent falls on the hard, rough mine floor, hurried on in the subterranean labyrinth. Suddenly, in turning the angle of one of the corridors, a light again flashed upon his sight, and then another and another. A voice shouted a prolonged call:
"J-a-m-e-s G-a-l-l-a-g-h-e-r! H-e-l-l-o-o-o, Jimmy!"

The inevitable echoes had scarcely taken up the cry when the boy returned the call with all his soul in his voice.
"Here I am! Come this way!"
His answer was heard, and in a few moments sturdy miners had found the boy. But he did not know that they resented. He had fallen to the ground unconscious, his strength having gone out with his last wild cry. He was soon taken out into the pure air, where his frantic mother and the most of the village had assembled to await the result of the search. The people were wild when it was announced that the boy was found, and his brave rescuers were borne aloft by the crowd.

It was a long time before young Gallagher was restored to consciousness, and then it was only at intervals that he was in his right mind. In these same intervals he related the story of his fearful sufferings, and learned that he had been nearly two days and one long night wandering among the horrors of the mine. His lucid spells lasted but a short time, when he would be seized with frantic ravings, in which he would plaintively beg Barrett not to hurt him, and then shriek:
"The rats are eating me up! Drive them away! Drive them away!"
The moments in which he was sane became less frequent, and finally days passed without one gleam of reason lighting up the darkness of his mind. The surgeons found it necessary to amputate one hand and three toes that had been gnawed by the rats, and to perform other painful operations to save the boy's life. One day last week, his physical condition being such as to permit it, they decided that he must be taken to an asylum for mental treatment, and expressed

grave doubts of his permanent recovery. The brute Barrett, when the result of his cruelty became known, was compelled to fly the place in the night to escape the fury of the exasperated populace, and personal effects left by him were burned, as an expression of the indignation of the people against him.

Singer as an Actor.

Celia Logan tells the following story: Many years ago, in what may be called the earliest days of the theatrical profession in the United States, Cornelius A. Logan was the manager of a company of touring actors.

They traveled from village to village in a large wagon which held the actors, their wives and children, "props," and scenery. They foraged along the country roads, and slept in the wagon, and on the grass when they could get no other shelter. They traveled only in summer, and made merry over the fortunes of war. This included at various times, Edwin Forrest, "Gus" Adams, Joe Jefferson, Barney Williams, Mrs. John Drew, Eliza Logan, Mrs. Burke, mother of Jefferson, a Scotchman who is now editor of one of the leading newspapers in California, and a poor utility man, the subject of this article, by name Isaac Merritt Singer, the inventor of the sewing machine.

He, in common with his wife, never got beyond what is technically known as "little bits." My father and Singer were one day sitting together, my mother and six children were the result of the union. As might have been expected, the noble family of the marquis turned up their titled noses at this marriage with a backwoods girl in America, and refused to recognize it or her. He several years ago became a member of the board of trade in Chicago. He there showed the same wayward, reckless traits that had been the cause of his checkered life. He made fortunes and lost them. Sometimes he was on the top wave of prosperity, and again he lived in a cave of gloom. During one of his periods of depression he took his own life, as is generally believed, leaving his wife and six children in poverty. He had an insurance of \$10,000 on his life, which has never been paid, the companies resisting payment on the ground that he took his own life. A subscription among his associates on the board of trade realized \$1,500 or \$2,000, which was used to defray his funeral expenses, and the rest given to the family.

A widow, with six young children and no means is a discouraging lot in Chicago or elsewhere. The oldest boy contributed what he could to the support of the family by blacking boots and selling papers. He was barefooted and ragged, and his education was received in the streets. The widow and her half dozen children were as poor and comfortless as the widow and fatherless could well be. After a time, finding it impossible to sustain life here, the widow, who is an excellent lady, took her family and went to reside with a relative in Geneseo, Ill., where she is now living in seclusion, and still pinched for means to make life comfortable.

The story thus far is one of early recklessness and waywardness, of self-exile from home, of an early marriage, of a premature death, and subsequent wretchedness to the family. The concluding chapter can now be written, and it is true intelligence has just reached Chicago that the Marchioness De Belloy, the mother of the family and of the Chicago De Belloy, has died. The Chicagoan was the eldest son of the family. All that is wanting now is for the proofs of a legal marriage according to the American law to be forwarded to France, which can be easily done. The French law recognizes foreign marriages, contracted in friendly countries, according to the law of those countries. Consequently the marriage with the Michigan girl will be held valid, and not only do the titles of the family, but one-third of the fortunes descend to the widow and her family, now residing in Geneseo. The widow herself becomes a marchioness, holding the same relative position to the family as did the deceased marchioness. The oldest boy becomes a marquis. The family is one of the most distinguished in France. It dates back to the Crusades. It has furnished two cardinals and two marshals to the nation.

A Michigan Romance.

There is a corpulent little old sailor named Hiram A. Reed living at Spring Lake, Mich., who has just had his eyes opened. Forty-four years ago this little old man, then a sprightly sailor of twenty-six, had command of the schooner Ontario, belonging in Oswego, N. Y., and sailing between that port and Ontario, Can. On a trip in July or August of the year Captain Reed had two passengers, a young Frenchman and his wife, named Golah. There were no passenger boats in those days. At noon upon a certain quiet day, the captain heard a splash, and hurrying to the side of the vessel discovered that the lady had fallen overboard. Quickly seizing the end of a coil of rope, the other end of which was fast to a belaying pin, he jumped overboard, and as the vessel had scarcely started way, easily reached the lady. Her gratitude, and that of her husband knew no bounds, and upon the arrival of the vessel at Toronto they tried to induce the captain to accept a present of a gold watch. This he refused, and only upon earnest solicitation, accepted a gold half eagle from the lady. A few days ago he received a letter from the American consul at Paris, announcing that a certain wealthy Frenchman had just died, and that a provision in his will left 50,000 francs to "one Hiram Reed, who was master of the schooner Ontario in the summer of 1831, and who once saved the life of his wife." Of the crew of six on board the vessel that summer, Mr. Reed has positive knowledge of the death of four, and knows the whereabouts of but one of the two others--his brother, Asa Reed. He has sent to the custom house officers at Oswego and also to Washington for copies of his papers, and expects by this means to establish his identity and secure the legacy.

All Ready.

Of this year's Yale graduates, two are to enter journalism. One of them set down the other day and got this off with so little apparent effort that he seemed to be making no exertion whatever. "We were pleased to meet on the street yesterday, and take by the hand, our friend Boomer. Mr. Boomer had raised some of the finest turkeys this year that it has ever been our destiny to observe." This young man's success is assured, but what journal has secured his services does not yet appear.

FORTUNE FAVORS AT LAST.

A Chicago Bootblack to Become a Marquis of France--A Family Raised From Poverty to Affluence.

A Chicago paper says: The death, a year ago last May, of a well-known and prominent board of trade man, M. De Belloy, is well remembered by many people in Chicago, especially by those who were acquainted with the history of the unfortunate man. He was a Frenchman, and scion of one of the oldest and first families of France. His name and title in full were the Marquis Aymar de Belloy. He was a man of fine education, refinement, and good business ability. In his early life he was a wild, adventurous youth, who spent his fortune at home and came to America say twenty years ago. For a few years he obtained his livelihood by teaching, keeping his rank to himself, and going under the unassuming name of M. Marchal. About this time the marquis concluded that all his wild oats were sown, and he would abandon the fast life he had previously led. He became acquainted with a handsome country girl from Michigan, with whom he fell in love. She was only fifteen years old, and, from the standpoint of the adventurer and lighted Frenchman, was unrefined and uncultured. But he was captivated by her very innocence and want of knowledge of the world, and married her. They lived happily together up to the time of his death, and six children were the result of the union.

As might have been expected, the noble family of the marquis turned up their titled noses at this marriage with a backwoods girl in America, and refused to recognize it or her. He several years ago became a member of the board of trade in Chicago. He there showed the same wayward, reckless traits that had been the cause of his checkered life. He made fortunes and lost them. Sometimes he was on the top wave of prosperity, and again he lived in a cave of gloom. During one of his periods of depression he took his own life, as is generally believed, leaving his wife and six children in poverty. He had an insurance of \$10,000 on his life, which has never been paid, the companies resisting payment on the ground that he took his own life. A subscription among his associates on the board of trade realized \$1,500 or \$2,000, which was used to defray his funeral expenses, and the rest given to the family.

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Curing Headache with a Nail.

A strange and remarkable case was brought under the attention of Dr. Tate, of Augusta county, Virginia. He was called to see Mrs. Taylor, wife of Mr. Robert Taylor, living about three miles from Greenville, and found that she had driven a sixpenny nail into the back of her head, which, after much difficulty, he succeeded in extracting. The nail had been driven in several days previously, and by her own hand. It was discovered by a daughter of hers while combing her hair one day, and she insisted on keeping the fact secret, but her daughter sent for Dr. Tate, as above stated. She told her daughter that she had driven the nail in several days before, with the flat side of a hatchet; that she had been suffering with violent pains in her head, but since driving in the nail she had been entirely free from them. Some years ago she had been confined in the Western Lunatic Asylum, and has for some time been partially deranged. It is understood that she is a very remarkable case, and one of much interest to the medical fraternity.

The Story of Sunbeam.

Among the contributions to a sixteen-page paper published by the scholars at a girls' school in Pittsfield, Mass., is the following fanciful little sketch, entitled "The Life of a Child Fairy," remarkable as purporting to be the work of a little miss of twelve years:

Her name was Sunbeam. She had lovely, waving, golden hair, and beautiful deep blue eyes, and such a cunning little mouth; and she was three inches tall. Perhaps you think that fairies have no lessons to learn, but in this country they had to learn the language of the birds and animals so that they could talk with them. Sunbeam lived in the hollow trunk of an old tree. It was papered with the lightest green leaves that could be found. The rooms were separated by birch bark. Every morning when Sunbeam arose from her bed of apple blossoms she had to learn a lesson in the bird language; but it was not hard, for her mother went with her and told her what they said. When her lesson was done she sprang away to meet her playmates--and oh! what fun they had! They made a swing out of a vine, and almost flew through the air. They sometimes jumped on a robin's back and had a ride. They played hide and seek in the birds' nests, and in the spring picked open the buds, and when they were tired sat on the dandelions or on a horse-chestnut leaf, or in a full-blown appleblossom. But if any one came into the woods they scampered away as fast as they could, for little fairies are very shy. After a while they would go home to their dinner of fairy honey-cake and appleblossom syrup. The afternoon was much like the forenoon, but the evening was the pleasantest time of all. Every pleasant night just before dark Sunbeam's mother dressed her in her appleblossom dress with two little lily-of-the-valley bells, fastened like tassels to her green sash of grass blades. Her slippers were made from blue violets and her hair was tied with the threads of blue forget-me-nots woven together. Her mother and her father were dressed in light green.

A little after dark they started for their fairy haunt with the fire-flies for lanterns. The haunt was in the thickest part of the forest; it was covered with moss, and a brook flowed through the center of the inclosure. One hundred gentlemen fairies with their wives and children were waiting. Each had a fire-fly lantern. Very soon, from the bushwood, out sprang two white mice, harnessed to a carriage made of dandelions with the stems so woven together that the flowers formed the outside. The inside was lined with white violets. In this chariot sat the queen of the Forget-me-not fairies (for there are different families of fairies). The queen was dressed in a robe made of a deep red tulip, and she had a sash of lilies of the valley. Her black hair was fastened with what looked like a pearl, but really was a tiny drop of water crystallized. Beside her rode her maids of honor with dresses of blue violets. The queen took her place upon the throne, and around her stood her maids of honor. The queen then began to sing, and the fairies danced to the music. This lasted till midnight and then the fairies went home. You can easily imagine Sunbeam's life through the summer and autumn; but if you think that she hid in her house all winter, you are mistaken. In the autumn the fathers of the fairies had gathered the bright colored leaves, and the mothers had made them into warm winter dresses and cloaks. Sunbeam had a muff of swan's down. The great sport in winter was the queen's ball, to which all the fairies came. I wish I had time to tell you all about it, for it was Sunbeam's last appearance as a child fairy, as the next spring she was tall enough to be a full-grown fairy.

The Sailors' Friend.

Samuel Pimmsoll, who is so well-known as the champion of seamen's rights, is a native of Bristol, and is in his fifty-first year. He was educated by a tutor, and obtained gold medals at the universities of Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Glessen. He is a poet, merchant, and author of several pamphlets, and a book named "Our Seamen." He was an unsuccessful candidate for the British House of Commons, at Derby, in 1865, but was elected in 1868 by a large majority, on the liberal ticket. Mr. Pimmsoll has experienced the ups and downs of fortune, and has learned the condition of the working classes of England by sharing their lot. "I have had to make," he says in his book, "\$1.86-seventy-two cents of which I paid for my lodging--last me a whole week, and did it. It is astonishing how little you can live on when you divest yourself of all fancied needs." Several years ago Mr. Pimmsoll espoused the sailors' cause, and has been the leader of the movement for preventing the sailing of unseaworthy or overloaded vessels.

Big Guns.

There has been turned out of a foundry in South Boston what is probably the heaviest breech-loading rifle gun ever constructed. It required casting 156,000 pounds of metal and weighs 82,280 pounds. It was cast Feb. 6, 1874, and special machinery for it had to be procured from England. The gun is of 12-inch bore, and it is estimated that the first charge will consist of an elongated conical pointed shot weighing 600 pounds, with from sixty to seventy pounds of powder.

Chinamen Playing Tennis.

Ti Si Wing and Ah Fung entered the room, and, after a hurried consultation, carried on in whispers, Ah Fung walked over to the proprietor, and in a modest manner remarked: "Me likee knockee doun ting pin." From Ah Fung's remarks the proprietor very naturally inferred that the Mongolians desired playing a game. The alley was prepared and the game began by Ti Si winding his pig-tail carefully around his cranium, and after selecting a ball, and walking up and down the alley a few times, sending it toward the pins. Four pins went down on the first ball, and Ti Si manifested his delight by a long and excited controversy with Ah Fung. Ti Si's second and third balls knocked down five more pins, and the result was chalked down in hieroglyphics on the blackboard.

Then came the gallant Fung's turn, and after walking down to the pins and examining them, he returned to the head of the alley and rolled. The ball went off the side and missed the pins, to the indescribable delight of Ti Si, who chalked something on the blackboard and refreshed himself by a "dink a watee." Fung appeared rather abashed when his second ball followed the first, and the pins all remained standing. This led to more chalk marks by Ti Si. Ah Fung, however, took up the third ball, and, after weighing it carefully in his hand, rolled it down the alley, and, to his own surprise and delight, made a ten strike. This was such an unlooked-for event that both Ti Si and Ah Fung walked down and looked at the pins, as if they doubted their eyesight. Ti Si then remarked: "He knockee doun plenty," and they returned to the blackboard and made a couple of dozen chalk marks. When Ti Si rolled his first ball he ran some distance down the alley, and it struck Ah Fung that this was not right. A lengthy argument followed, and it was only ended by a "Melieue" man being called, who decided that Ti Si should not gallop half way down the alley before he rolled the ball. The game went on in this way for an hour and twenty minutes, when the score stood: Ah Fung, 97; Ti Si, 105. In keeping the score Ti Si had a style all his own, and when the game was concluded the blackboard was literally covered with dots, dashes and half circles. After the game Ti Si and Ah Fung paid the score and left, greatly elated with the manner in which they had passed the evening.

On the Sea Beach.

Pretty young ladies in elaborate bathing costume, kicking around on the beach, about ten feet from the water, in bare feet:
"Oh! o-h! I'm so 'fraid of the watah!"
Chorus of other girls in like toggery, twenty feet away:
"Ah! he-he-he-he--she's a coward--te-he-he-he!"
Pretty girl, No. 1, moving a foot nearer the wet:
"Aw, pshaw! come on now, I'll dare ye all."
The rest, advancing to where No. 1 stands:
"O-oh! who's afraid--who's afraid!"
And there the dear, brave little angels stand, until a wave breaks a little higher than usual on the beach, and a tiny bit of foam touches the end of their aristocratic toes, when they all screech out, run into the bathing house, make their toilets, and, appearing at dinner, tell the yawning young gentlemen that they've been having a swim--"Just too awful jolly and nice for anything."
And the yawning young gentlemen believe them?

Destroying the Crickets.

A resident of Paradise valley, Nevada, gives the following interesting account of the manner in which the farmers in the upper end of the valley recently conquered a pest of crickets: When the advance guard of the crickets made their appearance all the hogs within convenient distance were driven to the front. Some four hundred hogs were thus marshaled in battle array, and right bravely did they meet the enemy. For an hour the pigs fought nobly, each of them devouring crickets at the rate of twenty or more a minute. Then they withdrew to water, and after allowing a short time, renewed combat voluntarily. In a few days not a vestige of the invading army was to be seen, and the condition of the hogs improved materially. It is thought that the hogs destroyed, on an average, a thousand crickets a day each, and if within easy distance of water, a few hundred of them are capable of killing any number of crickets as fast as they advance.

To Prevent Annoyance by Flies.

Wash the skin with suds of carbolic soap, as this comes recommended by good authority, and without caution or expression of fear of any evil consequence from its repeated use. It may be well for those having horses, mules or oxen in use to use this simple preventive. Even when provided with the usual fly drivers we find parts of the animal exposed; for instance, the nose, neck, breast, belly, back of the forelegs, flanks, legs--where this wash may be used to great advantage. Many animals are worried with flies so that they become thin in flesh. Cows, calves, sheep, swine, dogs, etc., all seem to agree in their aversion to being bitten by the flies, and will escape it if possible.

Items of Interest.

A Spencer (Ind.) farmer set out an acre of mullein by mistake for tobacco. In Wisconsin when an American wants to be elected he has to run as a Norwegianian.
Going up in a balloon is not particularly hazardous. The danger is in coming down.
Ice comes gratefully as a slice of winter on which to spread the melting butter of summer.

When a man has the hydrophobia in Syria they keep him in a dark room a while, and then drown him.
The two young men recently burned to death in Boston were sleeping with seventy-four others in a room eighty feet by twenty-five.

A young man should learn to do something useful instead of attempting to live by his wits. In time wits grow dull, and then business is suspended.
A new play called "Ambition," the work of an Illinois man, is shortly to be brought out in Chicago. It winds up with a beautiful mortgage scene.

Naturalists have decided that no hen can lay over six hundred eggs. Therefore, when you have checked off to that figure you can sell her for a spring chicken.

A Rhode Island association has driven another nail into the coffin of sectional bitterness, by electing as an honorary member a former member of a Confederate battery from Virginia.

Mrs. Snob is expecting a visit from Lord Vanria: Mrs. Snob--"Has no one called, Mary?" Mary (freshly caught)--"O, yes, mam; there was a party as said he was a lord, but I wasn't to be 'look in; I told him if he didn't hook up, I'd send for a policeman, and slammed the door in his face."

Among its answers to correspondents the Philadelphia Times venturously says: J. G. Hammer--You say you were not intoxicated and were not dragged into the house by your wife after firing a loaded pistol in the street and wounding a citizen in the leg. We venture to say that you ought to have been.

At a recent examination of one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut river so called?" when a bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am. Because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.

Of the humors of infancy there is no end. A French newspaper gives us now a story of an infant, aged four, whose mamma thought it right to refuse the child something upon which his heart was desperately set. Finding that there was no hope for him, the youngster burst into a passion of tears, and exclaimed: "Well, then, what did they born me for?"

At Dallas, Texas, recently, on cutting a fine large watermelon, comfortably in the center was a small, yellow-spotted lizard, about four inches in length. Apparently lifeless when taken out, it was soon resuscitated on being placed in the sun, but lived only a few minutes. It was of a beautiful brown color, with white stripes and yellow spots. Most singular of all, it was destitute of the organs of vision.

A Memorable Balloon Voyage.

The following particulars concerning the trip of Prof. La Mountain and John A. Haddoc, who went up in a balloon in the year 1859, is related by the brother of the latter person, Rev. G. C. Haddoc, and will be read with interest in view of the fact that a great many people accept the theory that Donaldson's balloon has landed in Canada. They left Waterbury, N. Y., about 10 p. m., intending to land at Ogdenburg and return on the nine p. m. train of the same day. It was ten days before they were heard from. All sorts of rumors were afloat, one that a bottle had been found at Rome, N. Y., containing the following:
"Three days up in a balloon. La Mountain crazy--can hardly manage him. Cannot reach safely valve."
(Signed)
J. A. HADDOC."

Mr. Haddoc says nothing of the kind ever happened. They traveled much faster than they were aware of, having no means of telling how fast they were going. They thought they were up three and a half miles and found it very cold. Landing in Canada, they were four days without anything to eat.

On the fourth day in Canada they suddenly came across a party of lumbermen. A half-breed had just shot a duck in the water and La Mountain rushed in, caught the duck and commenced eating it, feathers and all. This scared the poor half-breed nearly to death. They were very ragged and dirty, and asked the clerk for "a warm room." He took one look at them, and replied: "The house is full, not a room to spare." They then told him who they were, and he jumped over the counter, caught them in his arms, and said the whole house was at their service. They were feasted free of expense all the way home. Mr. Haddoc is now engaged in the printing business in Philadelphia; he has no faith in the success of balloons. The other Mr. Haddoc, being a progressive man, thinks that within fifty years we will navigate the air as well as we do the water now.