

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT

THE DAILY JOURNAL is published daily, except Mondays, at \$5.00 per year...

THE JOURNAL

E. E. HARPER, Proprietor. C. T. HANCOCK, Local Reporter.

The product of gold in the United States the last 16 years has aggregated the enormous amount of \$572,900,000.

A man over in Australia had a new and brilliant idea not long ago, chronicles the Argonaut, in regard to the interpretation of the clause in his marriage vows...

Sir Douglas Fox has forwarded to London an exhaustive report on the plans for constructing the proposed tunnel between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick.

"The growth of New York, as well as the beautifying process that is going on, is shown," suggests the New York News...

An Alaska explorer says of his voyage down the Yukon river: "It was the grandest journey I ever made, and I doubt whether there is a river in the world that can equal it for magnificent scenery."

Paris has been peculiarly fertile recently in swindling schemes. One of the cleverest was played by two sharpers upon a large linen manufacturer in Southern Russia.

The woman's rights question is making itself heard in Vienna. There was a large meeting there the other day, in which women of all classes of society were represented...

The varied tastes of humanity add greatly to the spice of life, remarks the Chicago Herald. While we think that apparently every one who crosses the Atlantic is pushing to take passage on the fastest steamers...

A Song. Love is like there: the bubble on the stream. Now seen, now gone; The wild, red flush that sets the east aglow...

LOST IN THE BUSH.

BY AMANDA B. HARRIS.

One summer morning a man started from a public house in Australia to walk to a certain ostrich farm.

The mention of birds decided the man, for he was a naturalist, but he did not tell the landlord. When he came to the place where the path branched off, he turned into the bush...

At first he idly sauntered along, for had he not the day before him? He remembered that he had three or four biscuits in his bag, and thought it was no matter if he did not reach the farm till after dinner time.

And in that moment he was lost. Now the "Australian bush" is a dangerous place to be lost in, but he was not aware of it; in fact, he did not know he was lost.

He was not in the least disturbed, although a little surprised at not being able to step back into the path. He knew he had not been ten feet away; yet, somehow, he could not seem to see just where it was.

He stood still and considered the situation. He looked up and saw the same kind of branches of the same low trees. He cast his eyes this way and that, and saw the same kinds of bushes; and under foot it looked the same.

He shaded his eyes and gazed intently; this time to the left, "because," said he, "I turned to the right, and that was all I did. Now I will stand still till I know just how it is, for if I move I may yet be lost."

Not yet was he really alarmed, for it seemed, as he kept repeating to himself, "too absurd." He pondered the matter; he moved this way and that, always with care, and gazed at each bush and tree. And the day wore away. He began to feel a

strange faintness. It was not hunger, but a sickening dizziness, yet he was desperately in need of food; he had eaten two of his biscuits, and now he took out the last one, but instinctively put it back, for a foreboding of evil was beginning to press heavily upon him.

Twilight came on, then dense, damp darkness. Voices of insects and creatures of the night; voices strange to him broke the stillness. Now and then a branch snapped and leaves rustled. It was dark, mysterious and awfully lonesome, and he was to cold to sleep.

That night he dropped into a heavy sleep, haunted by terrible dreams, and woke more weary than before. He began to long intensely for the friends he loved. He grew heart-sick at the thought that he must perish there.

Yes; it was a telegraph wire, and if he could but pierce the jungle and follow the line he should eventually come out where were habitations of men. But in a moment he remembered how impossible that was, and felt with the bitterness of despair that he must die there alone, even when messages from friend and friend, from one home to another, might even then be passing over his head.

Then, quick as lightning, another thought flashed upon him—if he could manage to cut the telegraph line, it was certain that the repeaters would be sent out from headquarters to follow the line till they discovered the cause of the interruption, and they would find him! He started up, and with almost superhuman strength climbed up and cut the wire, and there he lay down on the spot, weak and exhausted, but full of courage, till in the afternoon of the next day the men arrived and came upon a lost traveler in time to save him.

The "Great American Traveler." Daniel Pratt was an American adventurer, born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1809. He was apprenticed to a carpenter and followed the trade for some years, but disappeared suddenly and was not seen at home again for ten years.

"A Spanish American Dandy." "The most delicious thing I ever ate was roast monkey," said a drummer at the Anderson yesterday, who occasionally takes a trip through the tropics.

"It Felt Good to Stop." "Once upon a time," said Marshall P. Wilder to a group in his hotel, "a little boy sat at a table pounding his thumb nail with a hammer," and the famous story teller screwed his face into comical grimaces expressive of recurring pain while his hands went through the motions suggested by the story.

Church Singers' Salaries. Two women in New York receive over \$4000 a year for their church singing. One is Mme. Clementine De Vere, of Dr. Paxton's church; the other is Miss Jennie Dutton. Both have all the concert engagements they can attend to, and probably make as much more during the year by this means as they are paid by the congregations of their respective churches.

To Preserve Peaches. "How do you preserve peaches, Aunt Maria?" "Well, when th' boys appears, we lets the dogs loose; an' th' pickets on th' trees is all made o' wool, an' kept sharp."—[Harper's Bazar.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS

The average weight of an adult is 150 lbs. 6 oz. About one-seventeenth of a grain of palladium will, by electrical deposition, coat the works of an ordinary watch.

A Newcastle, England, inventor has applied for a patent to construct cycle wheels without spokes, using instead two disks of very thin steel riveted together at the rims and axle holes.

The first known weather record was kept by Walter Merle for the years 1837 to 1844. A few photographic copies of the original satin manuscript, now in the Bodleian Library, have just been made.

A vast "banyan" tree, covering between six and seven acres, has been discovered on the tiny Lord Howe Island, 300 miles from Port Macquarie, in Australia. It is surpassed in size only by the greatest of those in India.

The new equatorial telescope recently mounted in Paris has its tube bent at a right angle, and the image of the sky formed by the object glass is reflected to the eye of the observer. It is the largest of its kind in the world, its optical powers being very fine and the images of the planets remarkably distinct.

The flora of Europe embraces about 10,000 species. India has about 15,000. The British possessions in North America, though with an area nearly as large as Europe, have only about 5000. One of the richest floras is that of Cape of Good Hope and Natal, which figures up about 10,000 species.

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A Wonder of Nature.

For fifteen years Joe Duffy, of the Superior Court Clerk's office, has not known that he was hurt, yet he has been carrying a part of a pane of glass around in his frame since March, 1876.

The piece of glass was triangular in shape with an acute angle, the longest leg of which was an inch long and the base half an inch. It had traveled three inches from the place of entry and had become imbedded between the bones of the forearm. The turning of the arm and the rolling of the bone had turned the sharp angle of the glass toward the surface, and the efforts to cut its way out had caused the electric sensations which had so moved Mr. Duffy.

Two weeks ago the arm became irritated and the foreign substance made trouble. A poultice fetched the ugly thing to the surface, and Dr. James A. Reynolds, of No. 469 Oakley avenue, went after it with knife and tweezers. He was successful and now the doctors and surgeons will write volumes on the facts concerning the retention of sharp foreign substances in the human body for years which will tend to upset all preconceived theories heretofore advanced on that subject.

Miss Alcott's Author and Women. Miss Josephine Lazzari publishes in Century a thoughtful sketch of the career of Louisa M. Alcott, the children's author from which we quote these paragraphs:

Strangely enough, in her works, which are the counterpart of her life, her defect becomes a merit, and accounts for their phenomenal success. What was it in Miss Alcott's books that surprised and delighted the children of a score of years ago, and that still holds its charm for the childhood of to-day? Was it a new world that she discovered—a fair-land of imagination and romance, peopled by heroes and enchanted beings? Far from it. It was the literal, homely, child's world of to-day; the common air and skies, the common life of every New England boy and girl, such as she knew it; the daily joys and cares, the games and romps and jolly companions—all the actuality and detail of familiar and accustomed things which children love. For children are born realists, who delight in the marvelous simply because for them the marvelous is no less real than the commonplace, and is accepted just as unconditionally.

Thousands of everyday things would be mysteries to us, only that we happen to be in the secret of them. Now and then something happens, either to us or to our neighbors, to make us aware of this fact.

A lady went to a photographer in Birmingham, Conn., according to the New Haven Palladium, and sat for her picture. The next day she appeared again for the proof, which was given her in the photographer's business envelope, in the corner of which was printed "Return after five days to Birmingham, Ct."

"Presently," he continued, "a man asked him what he was doing that for." "Cause," whimpered the boy, "it feel so good when I stop!"—[New York Sun.

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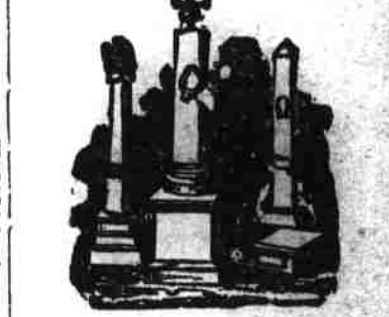


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