

WHOLE NO. 872

ROBBING THE MAILS.

William H. Homer came to Waterbury two years ago as agent for a New York life insurance company and also took the agency of the National Life association of Hartford. He joined Wadhams post, G. A. R., claiming to have served in the 135th New York regiment and the 6th New York heavy artillery, and last year served as adjutant of the post. He was intelligent and of agreeable manners and

quickly won many friends. He has wife and children, and his income from the insurance business being limited, his friends a few months ago secured an appointment as clerk in the post office. During the past few weeks money in small sums has been missed from the mails, and the point of its disappearance was located at Waterbury. The Washington authorities placed Inspector Barrio and Clark in charge of the case and they followed the usual course by mailing decoy letters on Thursdays containing marked money. Romer was given the task of making up the outgoing

ing mail of that evening. The pouches were subsequently opened on the train and all the decoy letters were missing. The police were notified and Romer was arrested. He had destroyed the envelopes, but the marked money was in his possession.

The arrest was a great shock to the community. Later at one time he was deputy sheriff of Westchester County, N. Y., and is said to have lost a fortune in Wall street speculations.

Cured by Faith.

Everybody at Northport, Long Island is talking about a "faith cure" effected in the case of Miss Carrie Webb, who has been visiting her brother, Rev. Thomas Webb, pastor of the Northport church. She is a member of the Hanover Place Baptist church, Brooklyn. Miss Webb states that during the past seven years she has constantly been under the care of doctors without receiving any relief. Recently, through worry and loss of employment, her bodily weakness was complicated by a mental

of care and anxiety to her friends, and there were fears that she would lose her mind entirely. Then her attention was called to the matter of divine healing, and after a prayerful study of the Bible she concluded to take literally the words in James v. 14: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the Elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall arise and anoint him up." At the request of Miss Webber a prayer service was held at the parson-

age, Rev. and Mrs. George H. Cleveland,
of the Presbyterian church, joining the
family in prayer, and Rev. Mr. Webb
appointing his sister, Miss Webb says
the result is she has entirely recovered
in body and mind. Friends who were
familiar with her previous condition say
the change is wonderful. This is the
third "cure" of the kiud Mr. Webb has
performed.

of Nervousness, Debility, Headaches, and
Sluggish Circulation, Dyspepsia and
Liver Complaints completely disappear
Quaker Bitters are recommended by
physicians, and are the best and purest
medicine in the world. We have testified
onionals from all sections. Be sure and
ask for Quaker Bitters.

THE SHEPAUG AND THE DERBY.
More Views on Mr. Starbuck's Plans and
Announcements of Plans.

The Hartford Post says: "The sug-
gestion is advanced that, after all, the

It may seem to the un instructed as, with that hat out, a link is missing in the scheme of a great Montreal and Rutland railroad system; but, after all, is it? A glance at the railroad map will show that it is so no consequence. The Housatonic goes far into Massachusetts, and has no tide-water competitor, if we except for part of the way the Naugatuck, and that is effectually shut off by adverse railroad influences. The Shepaug has no but to play in the railroad game unless it gets an extension that would not be

"The Derby road is also to be another local feeder to the combination with wide-water connections from the east and west. The Montreal scheme hardly shares in it at all. It is the opinion of the shrewd observer that all the speculation

about the Shepaug has been in the air. The fact that it was made so much of was due perhaps to the desire of the Starbuck combination to divert attention to other fields, so that those in which they sought to work most effectively would not be raided by the whole of the opposing force. The great idea of the big railroad companies seemed to be to get all of the little Connecticut roads into their possession so as to prevent local and through competition. It is a question whose pocket book is the largest, and the time has probably come to call a halt."

Bunco Men Outwitted.
The Waterbury Republican gives an interesting account of the manner in which a merchant of that city left some New York bunco men in the lurch. The game was worked on the usual plan. Steerer No. 1 in getting the merchant's name, which was used by No. 2, presently, who introduced himself as the son of a Waterbury Banker. He extended an invitation to lunch, which was accepted. During the meal No. 3 appeared upon the scene, and made himself very com-

pantheonists. The merchant thoroughly enjoyed the meal and then excused himself 'to catch a train,' leaving his new friends to settle the bill and look elsewhere for victims.

THE SENTINEL.

SOUTH NORWALK, AUGUST 19, 1887.

New Advertisements.

Advertisers to insure a change must furnish copy no later than Wednesday noon.

Prescriptions, estate laws, Richard H. Biddle, Esq., Lawyer, 100 N. Y. Barlow Bros. & Frost's musicals, Music Hall, Aug. 24th.

List of Letters

Remainings of the Post-office at South Norwalk, Conn., Aug. 19, 1887. Persons calling for any of these letters will please say they are advertised.

A. L. Bolger, Chas. Buckley, Laura G. Burr, Mal. Brown, Mary M. Burns, Patrick Burnell, R. J. Burns, Ross B. Smith, Nicola Evesham, Celia Evesham, Alice M. Cobb, Annie Fitzgibbon, A. Goldberg, Frank J. Geller, Orel Geller, John Hardy, John Hogan, Katie Hull, Nellie M. Goodrich, Wm. H. Gray, Minnie Hemmison, Israhel Jakob, Elmer, Mrs. Lucy Miller, Annie Phillips, Francis Platt, Kate Bonham, Harry Sienicki, Zenas Tolack, Wm. A. Wood, Michaliko Wasilo, Lizzie Wallace.

J. S. DENNING, P. M.

The widow of Louis O. Drake of this town was granted a pension this week.

Miss Lizzie L. Tolles entertained a few of her friends at her home on Main street Wednesday evening.

The county commissioners of Connecticut will hold their annual convention in Hartford, September 14.

The directory men are compiling the fourth biennial issue of Boyd's Norwalk and Fairfield county directory.

A convention will be held by the Women's Christian Temperance Union on the Willamantic camp ground, Sunday, Aug. 21st.

Engine No. 6, of the Danbury and Norwalk railway is at Falls Village, undergoing repairs. Engine No. 14 has taken her place.

Col. Watson has appointed Sergt. W. B. Warner of Co. F as right-grenadier guide and H. S. Mosher of the same company as left marker.

At least 1,300 Germans, representing all the veins in the state, and including over 150 regular delegates, are expected to attend the annual turnfest in Meriden August 23.

It is reported that the proprietors of Roton Point have refused an offer of \$25,000 for that resort from New York capitalists who contemplated erecting a large summer hotel at that place.

To-morrow the second of the series of the prominent regattas by the Cedar Point yacht club will be sailed over the club course. The club now numbers forty-one members, with thirty yachts.

Rev. H. A. Delano is announced to speak at the prohibition camp meeting to be held at Sing Sing, N. Y., August 20th to 30th inclusive. Among the speakers to be present are also Hon. John P. St. John, Col. G. W. Bain and Miss Emma L. Allen.

L. Paine, a brakeman on the Danbury and Norwalk R. R., while coupling cars in this city on Sunday evening caught his hand between the bumper and the back spring and inflicted a painful wound. He had only been on this division a few days and has now returned to his home to recover from the accident.

Dr. C. A. Lindsay, secretary of the state board of health, has completed his summary for death statistics for July. In it Dr. Gregory reports for Norwalk as follows: "An increase of intermittents, periodic neuralgias, etc., gastro-intestinal catarrhs and a few cases of dysentery."

Painting, Paperhanging and Calcimining, Decker, 54 Main street.

Judge Knapp has not been able to take a vacation as yet this summer but he is doing what he can toward giving other people the benefit of a journey. On Monday he sent Edward Clark to Bridgeport jail for a few weeks and on Tuesday he imposed fines upon James Hodges, Henry Scofield and William Conway, as all had been indulging too freely in the intoxicating cup.

William H. Hoyt brought to this office some samples of oyster set on shells planted by him off Bridgeport, which are very fine, the set completely covering the shells. Mr. Hoyt says that the shells planted by him in the vicinity of Norwalk have not done so well, but he considers the catch generally a good one.

A circular has been issued to members of the 354 Regt. C. V., stating that by invitation of Co. E, the twenty-first annual reunion of the regiment will be held at Roton Point, on Tuesday, Sept. 13. In order that the committee may know how many rations to provide, every member who will be present is requested to notify the president of the association, Major David H. Miller, whose address is Georgetown, Conn. One-half fare will be charged by the Housatonic R. R. to Wilson Point.

Dorlon's Point never looked better than it did on Tuesday evening. Heine's brass band was present and during the evening it discoursed some very fine music. Several hundred people were at the Point and with the pavilion decorated with Chinese lanterns and the inspiring music the occasion was made of the most joyous character. We understand that the large attendance was nothing unusual as during the present season that popular resort has been liberally patronized. It is a very pleasant drive between this city and the Point and a great many are daily taking advantage of it.

Mrs. Ann Downs, one of the oldest residents of the town, died last Saturday at her home on West street, at the age of ninety-one years. She was the mother of Mrs. A. Dickerman and Rev. Algernon Downs of New Hampshire and her descendants can be traced back to the early settlers of Norwalk. She had been gradually failing for the past few years and the cause of her death is attributed to her remarkable old age. Her funeral was held Monday afternoon from her late residence and the services were conducted by Rev. H. N. Dunning. The remains were interred in the Five Mile River cemetery.

A union service in the interest of the Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor was held on Sunday evening in the Congregational church. The Methodist and Baptist churches were closed and both were well represented at the young peoples' meeting held previous to the preaching service in the chapel of the Congregational church. The subject of the meeting was "Confession," which brought forth responses from a large number of young people. The service was largely attended and Rev. Erastus Blakelee, state secretary of the Society of Christian Endeavor, placed before the audience the objects of the society in a lucid manner. There is a fair prospect of the young people of the different churches entering the society in a short time.

Wilbur E. Sclieck's time has expired in the national guard and he has received his honorable discharge.

S. Wagner has offered another prize of a box of fine tobacco and a pipe to the member of the Norwalks making the next home run.

The foundation for the new house of Charles W. Smith on Chapel street is being built, and the work on the building will be pushed along rapidly.

Mrs. Charles Diver died yesterday afternoon at her home on the Wilson Point road. She was in the 34th year of her age. Her funeral will be held to-morrow.

Miss Bertha C. Brown of this city has passed an examination for a teachers certificate and it will be issued to her by the state board of education on September 1st.

Miss Mattie Crossman of this city is to attend the state normal school in New Britain when that institution opens in September. Miss Lizzie I. Tolles will be a member of the same class.

On Sunday the members of the Arion Singing Society will go to Glen Island with their families on the morning train and spend the day. The party will include about seventy-five persons.

To-morrow a delegation of bicycle riders will come to this city from Huntington, Long Island, on the steamer Leveins and will ride on their machines to New Jersey. They will be absent several days.

Miss Sophie Crissy, aunt of Mrs. W. P. Smallhorn, died in this city on Monday in the 88th year of her age. Deceased was an old resident of the town and her funeral was largely attended on Wednesday.

A young man from Westport while riding through this city on a bicycle last Saturday afternoon took a "header" and was badly cut on the forehead. He went to Baxter's drug store where the wound was dressed by William Burrows.

The catboat race in Bridgeport harbor on Saturday, over a ten-mile course, for a cup offered by the Evening Post, was won by the Annie of Green's Farms, the present holder of the cup. Another contest will probably be held next month.

Sept. 8th, is the date appointed by the Fat Men's Association of Connecticut to hold its 21st annual clam bake. The members have decided this year to hold their bake at Dorlon's Point, where in past years they have been so largely attended.

Margaret Brophy of this town, who was sent to Bridgeport jail on Monday for drunkenness, is called "the old chestnut" by the News of that city. Maggie will probably call on the News man before she returns and compel him to retract.

The report showing how the Knights of Pythias have increased in membership during the past year contains the fact that Olive Branch Lodge of this city has received twenty-four new members and that the order throughout the state is in a prosperous condition.

The young people of the Methodist church will hold another one of their pleasant soirees on Monday evening. The entertainments given by this society in the past have been largely attended and a first-class time may be expected at the one to be held next week.

The funeral of Frederick G. Lineburgh, who was drowned in his well last Friday evening in the borough, was held on Monday afternoon from his late residence. It is thought that he lost his balance and fell in the well head first while in the act of drawing a pail of water. He was 34 years old and married.

Rev. C. E. Harris is expected home from his European voyage to-day. On Sunday morning Rev. Mr. McGonegal will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist church and in the evening the pastor, Mr. Harris, will preach. He will return from his foreign trip greatly improved in health and will doubtless be greeted by a large congregation on Sunday evening.

The work on the new brick block that is being erected for Reed Haviland on Washington street, is being pushed along rapidly. The building will be three stories high and will contain three stories on the first floor, the dimensions of each being 16x75 feet. The present arrangement is to have a hall on the top floor, but it is possible that that part of the plan will be changed.

Our neighbors over the border have within a very few years organized and equipped a large military force, and the militia includes all dwellers in the Dominion capable of bearing arms. The particulars will be presented by J. Macdonald Oakey in the September number of The American Magazine. To most readers this account of the strength and efficiency of the military system of Canada will be a surprise.

Miss Kate Gleason of this city and Ephraim Thomas of Five Mile River were married at the residence of Henry Bodwell on Marshall street, Wednesday evening. Rev. Wm. White, formerly of the Rowayton M. E. church performed the ceremony, after which the happy couple started on a wedding tour as far east as Portland, Me. Upon returning home they will keep house in the new residence that has just been erected by Mr. Thomas in Rowayton.

Benjamin Rice of this town went to Bridgeport on Wednesday and in the evening he was arrested for being implicated in a case of theft.

Arrived in that city looking for work and it is claimed that after getting him filled with beer, Rice and a companion relieved him of about \$40, besides going to his boarding house and taking everything of value from his trunk. The News says that they had the gall to "hook" the trunk at a Water street pawn shop for sixty-five cents after they rifled it of money and clothes.

Companies D and F are now fully prepared to start for a week of camp life bright and early on Monday morning. Co. D's ranks will be nearly full and their work at camp will doubtless be a credit to the Fourth regiment. Brigadier-General Graham has given the various commandants the following routine of duty for Camp Lonsbury during the period of encampment: Reville, 6 a. m.; surgeons call, 6:30 a. m.; breakfast, 6:45 a. m.; police call, 7 a. m.; company drill, 7:30 to 8:15 a. m.; guard mount, 9 a. m.; battalion drill, 10 to 11:30 a. m.; orderly hour, 12 m.; dinner, 12:30 p. m.; battalion drill, 2:15 to 3:30 p. m.; police call, 4 p. m.; battalion dress parade, 4:30 p. m.; brigade, 5:30 supper, 9:30 p. m.; patrol, 10 p. m.; taps, 10:30.

Edward Fox is to address the temperance meeting in the reform room to-night.

The Cigarmaker's union are making arrangements to hold a picnic on the third of September.

An electric light has been placed in the tailoring establishment of William H. Swords this week.

The annual oyster boat race, under the auspices of the Larchmont Yacht Club, will be sailed to-morrow.

An adjourned hearing on the change of the Monroe street crossing will be held in the Common Council chamber on Wednesday, Aug. 24th, at 2 p. m.

The two Baptist Sunday schools went to Brookside on their annual picnic Wednesday. The day was delightful and the occasion one of much pleasure.

The new officers of the Salvation Army have arrived in town. The corps in this city is not as prosperous at present as in surrounding towns and they will have considerable uphill work.

Two men representing the new steamboat Shrewsbury were in town on Wednesday. Nothing new in relation to the new boat running between this city and New York could be learned.

Rev. Edward Anderson delivered an address at the annual reunion of the Connecticut cavalry association held at Willamantic on Wednesday. Over 150 veterans and their families were present.

The date of the Fairfield county fair has been postponed until one week later this year, so as not to conflict with the other fairs of the state. It will therefore open on the 20th of September.

The Bridgeport News announced this morning that burglar Feyth has confessed to the detectives the details of the recent \$10,000 Fairchild jewelry robbery and implicates two burglars who were concerned in that famous job.

Mrs. D. P. Morrell died at her home in East Norwalk on Wednesday morning of dropsy, after an illness of nearly seven years. The funeral was held this morning and her remains were taken to Stamford for interment.

The Housatonic Railroad company have issued a special schedule of the regular and special trains stopping at Pine Grove station Aug. 15th to 29th inclusive. The camp meeting this year at that place promises to be more interesting than ever.

At the meeting of Palestine Castle, No. 2, Knights of the Mystic Chain, Monday evening, there was a large attendance and it was decided that the time of institution of the Castle and installation of officers be Monday, August 29. The place of meeting has not yet been decided on.

Blue fish are reported to have been caught in large numbers along the Sound. At Milford, Wednesday, A. W. Brown caught a fine lot weighing about one pound and a half each. From 100 to 200 a day are fished out of the deep by some of the fishermen about Milford and they say they are biting fast.

Yesterday was the day appointed by the Norwalk Catholic union to give a grand excursion to Glen Island. It was stormy in the morning but ten car loads of excursionists went to Wilson's Point for the purpose of taking the steamer. No boat arrived at the Point, however, and most of the party went to Roton Point to spend the day.

The Fire Police will give an excursion to Shippin Point Tuesday evening, Sept. 1st, where a clam roast will be served by Doerr. The steamer Island Belle will leave the steamboat dock in this city at 7:30, and the fare, including roast, will be only 75 cents. The number which can be accommodated is limited, and those desiring to go will have to secure tickets of the committee.

The immense dredge of hard clams off the mouth of Glen Cove harbor, estimated to have yielded 500,000 bushels of clams, and is not yet exhausted. When there is wind enough for dredging dozens of sailing vessels can be seen there dredging for the clams. These clams are rated the best that go into market.

A sketch of the proposed lay out of the extra tracks through this city has been shown the property owners interested. It takes away all of W. H. Swords' building, cuts off a big slice of the Old Bank building and takes a big gore out of R. H. Rowan's and the Old Well Cigar company property. The impression is that the cut is more than necessary, and probably the survey will be quite materially changed before it is adopted by the railroad company.

The celebrated Schnorer club of New York city came to Roton Point yesterday and as usual brought a large party with them. The party included about eight hundred men clad in linen dusters and white crush hats. They were accompanied by the Forty-seventh regiment band and the Schnorer fire and drum corps. This is one of the most successful excursions that annually leaves New York, and they are so well pleased with Roton Point that they have come to that place several years.

Taylor avenue was the scene of a lively little affair on Sunday last. Arthur Anderson was going through the yard of Oscar H. Keeler when a dog began barking at him. Anderson turned on the dog and began to kick him, but Keeler advised him not to do so. Anderson attacked Keeler and during a squabble that ensued threats were made by Anderson that he would kill Keeler. He was arrested on the charge of intent to kill, and last evening before Judge Knapp he was placed under bonds of \$200 to keep the peace and his case will be tried at the next term of the superior court.

Much complaint is made because of the loose cobbles on our streets. In some sections the stones have been washed out by the severe rains; in others they are there from the negligence of those engaged in carting earth for the streets. The difficulty of keeping a good surface on the hill streets may be an excuse for their condition, but there is no excuse for sprinkling cobbles out of carts on other thoroughfares. The carts used for the city seem to be woefully deficient of tail boards. Instead of being the height of the sides of the carts they come up about four inches, just high enough to allow the cobbles to be jostled out of the carts. Once in a while a horse, cart, and three or four men go over the streets where the cobbles are scattered, and they are picked up. This seems very much like a useless inconvenience and expense, when so trifling a matter as a full sized cart tail-board could prevent both.

Rev. Mr. Hubbell of Danbury will preach at the Congregational church next Sunday.

The delegates from this town to the convention of the Connecticut firemen's association have returned home from Meriden and all report a pleasant time. Chief Proctor of the borough was elected one of the delegates to the National Firemen's Association.

Services at the Baptist Church will be held as usual on Sunday. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Delano, in consideration of the many recent railroad accidents, will take as a subject for his morning discourse, "Vicarious Sacrifice." The subject is one which will no doubt attract a large congregation.

The market business of A. R. Tyler is increasing very rapidly and his manner of doing business is giving general satisfaction. He butchers his own veal and his stock on hand is always of fresh quality. People trading at his market on Main street will be so well pleased that they will go there again.

Notice to Teachers.

By order of the Acting School Visitors the teachers of the public Schools of the several districts of the town of Norwalk are requested to meet at the Franklin street School House, South Norwalk, Thursday, September 1, 1887, and at the Over River School house, Norwalk, Friday, Sept. 2, 1887, for examination and renewal of certificates.

Information Desired.

Editor of SENTINEL:—I would like to find out if that great newspaper is still in existence. I have a letter from you which I know by postal card; if I send I will send a chromo to put on its grave. I remain, yours fraternally.

J. U. BADOYE,

708 E. Main Street, Richmond, Va. —Not quite dead. Very sick, however. Mortification has set in, and, judging from the odor it emits, dissolution will take place speedily.

A Falsehood Refuted.

In the Mechanics' Journal of Aug. 11th there appeared an article in relation to a journeyman being discharged because he would not act as a spy upon his fellow workmen. The article has reference to my own case but is devoid of all the true facts of the case. I left the work that I was doing because it was not agreeable to me and with the promise of other work in a short time, which I have since been put upon. How anyone could have reported the story as printed in the Journal is beyond my power to imagine. I wish to refute the whole matter as a complete falsehood.

F. W. WEED.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Barlow Bros. and Frost's Minstrels.

The opening of Music Hall will occur on Wednesday evening, Aug. 24th, when the boards will be held by Barlow Bros. and Frost's Minstrels. Little need be said of the company except that this season they appear before the public stronger, larger and better than ever, with a mammoth company of 30 first class artists; and if they satisfied you last season they can doubly do so this, for they bring such artists as the only Barlow Brothers, Harry Horton, Carr and Toniger, Wood and Healy, John C. Hart, the Brunswick Quartette, Delmore & Wilson, and a score of other performers that everybody knows are good. Besides all this array of talent they have two brass bands, and the only juvenile brass band in existence, the leader of which is only 5 years old. Seats at the usual places three days in advance.

"The Highest Bidder."

This successful comedy is again on the boards of the pretty Lyceum Theatre, Mr. Sothorn, Mr. Lemoyne, and the other members of Mr. Frohman's original company have returned after their brief vacation and the comedy will remain on the Lyceum stage until the production of the "Great Pink Pearl."

PERSONAL MENTION

Mrs. A. Solmans is at Lake George. Mrs. Fred Raymond is spending a few days in the Catskills.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Ford are spending a week in the Catskills.

Miss Lena Lowndes has returned from her sojourn in Litchfield.

Fred Boerum of New York has been in town during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Mosmon of New York city are stopping for a few days in town. Miss Evie Weinberg of New York city, is spending a few weeks with friends in this city.

Chief Engineer McGowan attended the Firemen's Convention at Meriden Tuesday.

Capt. and Mrs. Russell Frost have returned from their tour of Western New York.

Miss Kate Fox and Miss Jennie Reynolds are spending a few days at Patchogue, L. I.

Robert McDonald started Sunday night for Bath, Me., where he has been spending the week.

Miss Emma Bradley of Newburg, N. Y., was the guest of the Misses Bulman of this city this week.

Editor John Wade of the Hour has returned from his vacation full of new life and vigor.

Mrs. Edmund Lee and granddaughter, Miss Minnie Bates are spending a few weeks at Troy and Saratoga.

Miss Nettie Olmstead, who has been visiting with the family of Captain Decker in this city returned to her home in Bridgeport on Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. Goodwin, of Norwich, N. Y., are visiting Rev. and Mrs. H. A. Delano. Mr. Goodwin is expected to preach at Trinity Church Sunday.

Wm. H. Hoyt sailed for Europe Wednesday by the steamer Celtic. He goes to look after his oyster business, and expects to be gone about a month.

Among the latest arrivals at the Dorlon House are Mrs. T. Judson Kilpatrick, Mrs. Joseph Mackey, Misses Edith and Ruth Mackey and brother Lottie of New York.

Miss Mamie Merrill of Brooklyn, who for the last two months has been visiting her cousin Miss Sara Reed of the borough, returned to her home on Monday accompanied by Miss Margaret Smith and Miss Sara Reed who will spend a few weeks with her.

At Night always have

HORRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Ebenezer Van Hoosear and Family of New Canaan Instantly Killed at the Five Mile River Crossing.

One of the most horrible grade crossing accidents that has ever happened in this state occurred at Five Mile River on Tuesday afternoon. The victims of the catastrophe were Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Van Hoosear, their grandson Floyd Dixon, and Mrs. Van Hoosear's sister, Mrs. Rufus Rider of Silver Mine. They left their home in New Canaan early in the morning for the purpose of spending the day at Roton Point. Arriving at that place the female portion of the party enjoyed themselves with some friends in the grove while Mr. Van Hoosear went clamming. A day of pleasure was spent by the party and they started for home shortly after four p. m. The direction they took went through Five Mile River and it was necessary for them to pass over one of the most dangerous crossings on the Consolidated road. The depot shuts off from view the trains that come from the east and the deep cut and sharp curve make it almost impossible to see east bound trains. The party reached the hill leading to the crossing and stopped the horse to listen for a coming train. They started again, and at that time the whistle of the Newport express from the east was heard, and Mrs. Chas. Prince, who lives near the track tried to warn the party that a train was coming. However, they kept on up the hill, and when the horse reached the east bound track it seemed to stop for a second. At that moment Mr. Van Hoosear evidently realized his danger and struck the horse with the whip. The horse leaped across the track and the express dashed into the vehicle throwing the occupants in all directions; a mass of bleeding and mangled flesh. The train was stopped as soon as possible and what remained of the unfortunate family was taken to the depot. Medical Examiner Burke was at once sent for and arrived shortly afterward. The head of Mr. Van Hoosear was cut nearly off, his legs were broken and his body horribly mutilated. The wife's body was crushed very badly, and Mrs. Rider's injuries were horrible to behold. Her body was literally a mass of mangled flesh. The boy's death was caused by a crushing of the head.

There were a number of eye witnesses to the accident, and an impression was made on their minds that can never be obliterated. One of the men who works in Boyleston's factory says that just before the train struck the wagon, the little boy threw his arms around the neck of one of the women. Large crowds congregated at the scene of the accident during the evening and the sad news spread rapidly over the state.

Dr. Burke telegraphed for Medical Examiner Downes of Bridgeport, being deputy for Coroner Holt, who arrived at about nine a. m. Wednesday morning. They proceeded to take the testimony of the engineer and fireman who were running the train which caused the accident, which was given as follows:

Samuel G. Peat, engineer of the express train that killed the party, stated that he had never before run into a person since he had been on the road. The Newport express that he was running arrived in this city at 4.54, and when they reached the Five Mile River crossing the train he thought, was going at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. He saw the horse's head when a short distance from the crossing, and the animal was standing still. A second later, and the horse was across the track and the wagon was on the west bound track. He at once reversed the engine and put on the air brakes and the train was stopped after going about 60 rods. He said that he rang and blew at all the posts according to law. The bodies were put in the baggage car and conveyed to the Five Mile River depot. A delay of twenty-seven minutes was caused by the accident.

John Harmon, the fireman, saw the team come up on the east bound track and stand still for an instant. He could see four persons in the wagon, and after waiting a second the driver struck the horse with the whip, and the animal gave a jump across the track. The engineer saw the team coming up the hill, but he did not.

After viewing the remains at H. S. Gregory's office, Drs. Burke and Downs went to Five Mile River to gather facts in the case at that place. Station Agent Thomas was an eye witness to the accident and testified to the facts as above stated. Mrs. Prince said that she shouted to the party to stop, but her warning was unheeded. She says the horrible sight will never fade from her memory.

Mr. Van Hoosear was the brother of Henry Van Hoosear, formerly of this city, and also of Sylvester Van Hoosear, who died in the borough a few years ago. He was a wealthy farmer in New Canaan and one of the most respected citizens of that town. For several years he held the office of president of the Farmer's club of that place, and he and his wife were both prominent members of the Methodist church. Mrs. Van Hoosear was the New Canaan visitor to the county home at Stratford, and was an estimable woman. Mrs. Rider was formerly from Silver Mine but has recently resided with the Van Hoosear family.

Undertaker Gregory took the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Van Hoosear to the New Canaan Methodist church this morning where the funeral services of the four victims of the accident was held at 10 o'clock. A large number of their friends and relatives from this town attended.

ROWAYTON.

The Schnorer club of New York city was at Roton Point yesterday. A large number of them passed through this village to the depot where they took the train for New York.

The people here have not yet recovered from the effects of the terrible accident that occurred Tuesday afternoon. A complete account of the accident appears elsewhere in this issue.

As will be seen in another column, Ephraim Thomas and Miss Kate Gleason were married in South Norwalk on Wednesday evening. Very few knew that the event was to take place or the boys would have given them a good send off. As it is they will have to wait until their return home.

The railroad company will now probably not require any more petitioning to convince them of our dangerous crossing, since the horrible casualty of this week.

Real Estate FOR SALE! Fine Opportunities for Purchasers. RESIDENCES.

Residence, known as the "Geo. Beatty Place," corner of Orchard Street and West Avenue, Norwalk. This is a very desirable place and can be had on easy terms.

House on Beatty Street, Norwalk. Eight Rooms. Hot and Cold Water. Bath Room. Water Closet. Heater. Lot 75x175. Price, \$4,000.

House corner of West Main and Summer Streets, Norwalk. Lot 96x120. Eighteen Rooms. Bath Room. Good Stable and Carriage House on the premises. Seven minutes to Horse Railroad and Danbury & Norwalk R. R. Stations. This is a very fine place. Price, \$10,000.

House at Graniteville, \$2,500. Lot 100x150. Good Barn and Sheds. Building are in good repair. Garden and Fruit, including Grapes, Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, and Cherries. Can be exchanged for unimproved land nearer the center, or part of price may remain on mortgage to responsible parties.

BUILDING LOTS.

5 Lots on Elmwood Avenue, between Golden Hill and High Street. \$1,500 and up.

3 Lots corner Taylor Avenue and High Street, \$500, \$600 and \$800, whole plot \$1,800.

Lot cor. High and Summer St. and Taylor Ave., \$700. Lot on Summer Street, Norwalk, 50x96, \$800.

7 Lots on West Norwalk road, \$75, \$80, \$150, \$175, \$130, \$200.

Lot on West St., So. Norwalk, 100x200, between Rev. H. N. Dunning and Chas. Jennings, \$3,500.

Good Meadow Land on Shore Road for sale. Lot 150x150 on Roton Hill Road. \$1,500. Part can remain on mortgage.

Property on Fort Point Road known as the "Sand Bank," including meadow land on the east of it, for sale cheap. 500 feet at \$30 a foot (125 feet deep) on Elmwood Ave., south of High St. Fine site for building. Grand view of Long Island Sound and surrounding country.

If you do not see what you want or can afford here, call at our office and we can show you still more desirable places. If we have not what you wish we will try and find just what you want.

WILCOX & PARDEE'S Insurance and Real Estate Agency, SOUTH NORWALK, CONN. THE BUCK RANGES AT E. K. LOCKWOOD & CO.



Plumbers and Gas Fitters, Slate and Tin Roofers. E. K. LOCKWOOD & CO., Norwalk.

SEWERS. - H. S. BROWN -

WE MANUFACTURE Dealer in Cement Pipe, AND PURCHASE GLAZED PIPE

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Connections Made WITH THE NEW SEWERS

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87 Main St. South Norwalk

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A shoemaker in Bingen has invented a water-velocipede, with which he has made successful trial trips.

A successful attempt to make a photograph of a sunrise from the summit of Pike's Peak has been made by C. F. Snyder, a member of the Signal Corps.

Tidal observations on the eastern coast of America have acquired a new importance since the Coast Survey has confirmed by recent observations the older suggestion that there are tidal fluxes in the Gulf Stream.

An inclination of one inch in fifteen miles is sufficient to give motion to water. An inclination of three inches per mile in a straight smooth channel will give a velocity of three miles per hour, while three feet per mile would produce a torrent.

An apparatus of iron and glass in which a pressure of 1,000 atmospheres can be developed for the purpose of studying the influence of great pressure on animal life has been exhibited to biologists in France. With it deep-sea animals can be observed under their natural compression.

The fact is noted that, in climates having a difference of seventy degrees in temperature between the hot and cold seasons, a railroad track of the length of 400 miles is some 338 yards longer in summer than in winter; that is, though of course the length of road remains the same, expansion forces the metal closer together, making an aggregate closing up of space between the rails of nearly a yard in each mile.

Some attention has been directed of late to the phenomenon, as observed, that the usual heat produced by friction is conspicuously in its absence when the articles are magnetized. An example of this kind, as described, is where a workman fastened a couple of powerful magnets to his lathe to hold more securely a piece of metal which he was to drill and turn, the presence of the magnets kept the metal so cold that no water was needed to keep the drill moist.

Professor Harvey W. Wiley has been located in the employ of the Agricultural Department at Washington, endeavoring to master the whole subject of sugar from sorghum. He concludes that the formation of sucrose by the plant is only an accidental or adventitious process, and only occurs from waste material. He concludes from this fact that sugar from sorghum will never be an industry that anyone can long engage in, as the results will be more or less accidental. Sometimes plants may yield a good percentage of sugar, at other times none at all.

Facts About New York.

There are fifteen cemeteries near New York city.

There are eleven District Courts in the metropolis.

Two hundred and thirty-five railroad companies have offices here.

The Hebrew residents of this city worship in thirty-two synagogues.

The colored population of the city have six churches in which to worship.

There are twenty-four colleges and theological seminaries in New York.

The Commissioners of Charities and Correction have ten hospitals under their care.

There are forty-three life and eleven marine insurance companies on Manhattan Island.

Seventy-seven fire insurance companies offer opportunities to guard against loss of local conflagration.

The General Postoffice is open at all hours except on Sundays, when it is open only between 9 and 11 A. M.

There are thirty-five precinct station houses, with several sub-stations, for the reception of the city's wrong-doers.

Medical institutions, colleges and societies, to the number of twenty-five, abound in this city, and there are forty-six dispensaries.

The local mail is collected twelve times a day, and is distributed eight times.

On Sundays three collections and no deliveries are made.

It is dangerous to carry big sums of money around in New York, and there are forty-nine national and twenty-two savings banks in the city that will care for it.—*New York Sun.*

The "Consumption Plant."

The natural history of the bacillus is very instructive. It never grows spontaneously outside of an animal body, and requires a temperature between 55 and 105 degrees Fahrenheit in order to develop it at all. It must remain full ten days in a moist situation at the temperature above stated before it shows any tendency to increase or even fix itself in its proper soil. The heat of boiling water destroys the plant and its seeds (spores), but cold does not kill them.

From a consideration of these facts it may easily be seen how it is possible for isolated populations to escape the ravages of this disease for generations, and the region thus acquire a reputation as a proper resort for such invalids, and the further fact that after consumptives have invaded it for a few seasons the native inhabitants develop the affection from which their ancestors were free.

The climate has not changed, as records of temperature, moisture, etc., demonstrate.—*Globe-Democrat.*

The Smell of Paper Money.

In speaking of a recent delinquency at the Troy postoffice, a gentleman said: "It is never safe to inclose an old bill in an envelope to be sent by mail. Why?"

He said, "men who are experts can tell whether a letter contains money or not simply by the sense of smell. If you will notice an old greenback, it has a peculiar smell about it that can readily be perceived even if it is inclosed within a letter. It is better to use a registered letter or a postal note, or, if you inclose a bill, be sure it is a new one. That will not smell."

Muzzling the Ox.

A Portland (Maine) man who employed a number of small boys as berry-pickers was much afraid they would be devoured by mosquitoes, and induced them to wear netting over their faces, a contrivance which they adopted with gratitude in their hearts until they discovered that there were no mosquitoes to be seen, but that the netting also proscribed berry eating. Then the infants made a concerted kick for freedom, and got there.—*Boston Post.*

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Even at the eleventh hour—
Haste! Haste!
Gird up the remnant of thy power
Ere it too run to waste.
On with thine armor, swift, and braided
For conflict, let thy brave strokes sound
Till victory is found
Even at the eleventh hour!

Mind not the sinking sun,
Nor wait
To cry aloud 'ere fields are won.
Tis late—'tis late!
But make this hour the hour of Fate.
Since time, no sun has ever yet
On noble purpose set,
And God's work thrives, tho' late begun.

Behold th' appointed time
For good the day is at its prime,
And, though thou know'st not how,
God marks the furrows of thy plow.
Believe! All strife shall end in peace
When doubts and questionings cease.
Sow thou, and wait with faith sublime.
—*Thomas H. Muzzey.*

Out of the Frying Pan.

BY AGNES POWER.

When Bently and I were first married we lived at Bradham, a large manufacturing town in Yorkshire. I am thankful to say we do not live there now; only that we have had experience of that place can imagine how horrible it is. When Bently bought a practice, there every one seemed to think that it would be a good thing, that it was a fine opening, and that we should get on well; and in the end their conjectures proved true, though not at all in the way they imagined.

I was really very miserable at Bradham for two years, for I could not get on with the people, and of course a doctor's wife ought to be on good terms with everybody. The only person I cared for at all was Lizzie Dacres. She and her mother lived in a little house near to us; they were not at all well off, and Lizzie did china painting. She and I got very friendly, and we spent a good deal of time together.

Just at first the practice seemed a good one, and then it began steadily to fall off. Whether it was that people did not like Bently, or thought him too young, I cannot say, but a great many who had been his predecessors never sent for him at all, but employed some one else, and he grew very melancholy over it.

I had no fortune of my own, and he had only what he earned, as he had invested all his money in this affair, so that if it failed it would be a very black look-out for us.

It was very unpleasant, and I was always reproaching myself, for I fancied it was partly my fault. Every one used to tell us "the late man's wife" had made his practice for him.

I used to sit and think and think what Mrs. Moxon could have done, and how I could possibly make Bently's practice!

I heard of a doctor's wife once who gave a supper and colored all the jellies on the table with some pink stuff she found in the surgery, and the next day every one was so violently ill that her husband had to spend all his time ministering to his ex-guests.

I knew that Mrs. Moxon used to give swell dinner-parties, and I used to wonder if she actually poisoned the entrees, and, if so, what she did it with.

One day Bently came in looking rather low, and he said:

"Madge," he said, "I have got a nice new P. T. (we used to call the patients P. T.'s), and who do you think it is?"

I could not guess, so at last he had to tell me—Mr. Jerry Winterbottom, of Barrowclough.

Mr. Jerry Winterbottom was enormously rich, and influential, for besides being a mill-owner he had a great deal of land and house property. I knew him and his wife quite well by sight, they were both very large, and people always spoke of them as "a fine couple!"

In appearance, at least, they were very imposing. They had the biggest horses and the tallest footmen in Bradham, and only one child to leave everything to.

One day, Jerry, as he was always called, was about twenty-four, and quite different from his parents. He was small and slight and delicate, with deep-set eyes that were never still, but always glancing nervously about.

His father and mother were devoted to him, but I don't think they understood him in the least; they were always trying to make him as pretentious as themselves, and push him forward, when all he wanted was to be left in peace in the background.

He might have been very happy, for he loved books, music and painting, and had money to indulge his tastes in all three; but Mr. Winterbottom did not approve of what he called "artistic trash," and was always wanting to stir Jerry up, and make him take an interest in politics; he actually had an idea of "Yim" of making him stand for the borough!

Mrs. Winterbottom was just as bad, and the two used to badger and worry that poor boy (all from a mistaken notion of what was good for him) till I think they made him as unhappy as a boy could be. To crown all, they set their hearts on his marrying Charlotte Porritt, the daughter of Mr. Winterbottom's partner. Charlotte was a young woman of the style, called "dashing," with big black eyes and a loud voice. Young Jerry hated her, and opposed his parents to the limit of his feeble will; then he gave in.

Just when they had wrung a promise from him to propose to Charlotte, he fell ill of a kind of intermittent fever, and Jerry was ill, he was not so bad as to be confined to the house altogether; sometimes he had to stop in and lie on a sofa, but sometimes he was strong enough to go out and walk about. Bently said he was not to be worried or contradicted at all, but must be allowed to do just what he liked, and to amuse himself as much as possible.

One day, my husband told me that Mr. and Mrs. Winterbottom were going to call on me. I suppose I must have a face, for he said, a little sharply:

"Now do be careful what you say and how you behave, they are the best patients I have; and please be amiable and conciliatory even if they do patronize a little."

I was as anxious to secure their good will now, as I knew what an influential connection theirs was; so I determined when they came to put on my prettiest manners.

The day after the announcement of their approaching visit was made, was pouring wet, so wet that nobody would have thought of going out. Lizzie Dacres just ran in after lunch, and said she was going over to the fire till about three, the rain only said:

"No one will call to-day. I shall wash my hair."

I have an inconvenient amount of hair, and it is a very serious affair to wash it.

Well, I was sitting on the edge of the fender, in an old red rag of a dressing-gown, with all my tresses in wet rat-tails about my shoulders, and a towel in my hand, when there came a tremendous ring at the front-door bell.

We were in the dining-room, I must tell you, and there was no fire in the drawing-room.

The peal had hardly died away, when we heard heavy footsteps, and Sarah's voice, in sprightly tones of welcome, saying:

"Oh, yes, mum! She's at home!"

I gave one glance of agony at Lizzie, and then sprang wildly into a large cupboard where we kept jam and newspapers, and drew the door to after me.

In this cupboard was another door opening into the surgery, and my idea had been to escape through it and up the back stairs, the usual way of escape, but I could not find the door. I could descend gracefully attired. During those few minutes Lizzie would entertain the visitors.

Imagine my horror when I found the door of exit locked, while, oh! dismal truth! the visitors were none other than the Jerry Winterbottoms, before whom I could not appear in my eccentric costume.

Lizzie, who had divined my plan of escape, but who was, of course, ignorant of its frustration, began to converse in the most unbecoming manner, and confirmed Sarah's statement that I was at home, adding that I would be down in a moment, having just been called to the nursery!

This was all very well for five, for ten, even for fifteen minutes; but at last the conversation, which had been getting more and more jerky and disconnected, stopped altogether, and a painful silence fell.

By and by the distraught Elizabeth spoke again.

"I do not think the maid can have told Mrs. Ellis you were here. If you will excuse me, I will go and see."

Then I heard her enter the room, and Mrs. Jerry said to Mr. Jerry:

"How very extraordinary! Do you think anything has happened? Do you think she has gone mad? I have heard from one or two people that she is a little queer."

I had to bite my tongue to prevent myself from screaming out "Who?"—at the idea of people being so horrid as to say I was "queer," just because I kept myself to myself, as our old nurse used to say.

"Such conduct is more than queer, it is impudent," I heard her husband in his most pompous tones; "but if this rudeness is intentional I shall know how to punish it."

Then I heard hurried footsteps passing to and fro overhead; they were evidently seeking me—it was too terrible! I dared not move or make a sound, and I was so unhappy!

Presently Lizzie came back, and said, in a troubled voice:

"I am very sorry. I am afraid there has been some mistake. The servant misunderstood. Mrs. Ellis is not at home."

"Not at home!" echoed Mr. Winterbottom; "why, you told me she was yourself."

"I know—but I—but she—she must have gone out!"

"Gone out?" cried Mr. Winterbottom. "Gone, my dear, gone! No mistake about it, she has not intruded any longer." And the pair swept out of the room.

Lizzie followed them, and she and nurse having come to the conclusion that I must somehow have slipped out of the house and perhaps gone to Mrs. Dacres' went home, and I was left in my dark corner sobbing with misery.

What could Bently say? His patients mortally offended! I was too unhappy to make any effort to attract attention, but lay huddled up among the old *Lancets* and *Daily Telegraphs*, when the bell rang again, and this time some one went into the consulting room, saying:

"Very well, I will wait."

Could I hear this person detecting about the books from the shelves, and opening and shutting the drawers in the escritoire?

I was just thinking how inquisitive it was, and how annoyed Bently would be at such behavior, when the new-comer walked into the surgery. There was a wide crack in the wall, and through it I could see that the prying individual was young Jerry, and I was as glad as I ever to be delivered from that family!

I thought he looked more than usually flustered and odd, and he did not sit still, but pulled the bottles about just as he had done the books, and talked to himself in a rambling, incoherent way; then he began to dance softly on the other, and to make the most horrible grimaces.

I was watching him intently, when suddenly he caught sight of an instrument-case on the table; his eyes lighted up, he pounced on it, opened it, and drew out a knife, sharp and awful looking.

He ran his finger lightly up and down the edge, laughing all the time. Then he went up to the looking-glass and unbuttoned his collar—he was going to cut his throat!

I was so scared that I could not utter a word, but I flung myself against the door and yelled a wild, uncathartic yell.

This, coming as it apparently did from nowhere at all, frightened him so that he dropped the knife and sprang back into a corner, where he crouched, rolling his eyes and trembling with terror.

I kept on shrieking as loudly as ever I could, but I don't believe the servants noticed what was going on, and I should have gone mad as Jerry himself, if Timothy Donovan, an Irish laborer, had not happened to come in for his mother's medicine.

He thought Mr. Winterbottom had got an attack of "the horrors," a malady with which he was familiar, and on whose treatment he had ideas of his own. He called in Edward the parson, and between them they tied the poor fellow's arms and legs securely. They had just finished when Bently appeared, in time to hear my last feeble scream before I fainted.

The Winterbottoms were awfully kind; they declared I had saved their son's life, and that Bently saved it again when he pulled him through his brain fever.

When Jerry was convalescent, he went abroad with my husband for a six months' tour. Of course I hated parting from Bently, but I knew it was a splendid thing for him. Afterwards he sold the Bradham practice and Mr. Winterbottom helped him into one in London, where he is getting on splendidly.

Young Winterbottom is a different fellow now; his father and mother let him do just as he likes, and the consequence is that he is going to turn out a very good artist.

Jerry has a studio near us in Kensington, and comes often to see us. The most interesting thing of all is, that he has fallen in love with Lizzie Dacres, and they are to be married in the spring. The old people are delighted.—*Independent.*

There is abundant proof that human life is lengthened with the development of the arts of civilization.

AN APACHE RAID.

NINE INDIANS BESIEGE ONE WHITE MAN IN HIS RANCH.

The White Man's Brave Defense—The Redskins Hastily Withdraw After Losing Three Out of Their Number.

A recent letter from Tucson, Arizona, to the *New York Sun* says: Old Jeff Sampson, whose ranch was in the track taken by the last gang of renegade Apaches, came into town this week, thereby proving that the general belief that his hair had been raised on the raid was unfounded.

Jeff escaped the red raiders, but he had a close call. In fact, he came in with an Apache bullet dug out of his thigh. He did not know the Indians were off the reservation, and their appearance in the vicinity of his ranch was a surprise.

He and a man named Watkins were out looking after cattle one morning when they saw nine Apaches come out of an arroya upon the mesa not more than five hundred yards away. It required but one glance to satisfy Jeff that the redskins were out for mischief, and as there was no cover behind which to fight with any chance of avoiding their bullets, he yelled to Watkins to go for the ranch, and dug his heels into his broncho's flanks. The Apaches yelled and followed, and a race for life began.

Sampson's ranch is an adobe house, surrounded by a stockade corral, and once inside the corral a bigger band of Indians than the one he had seen was five miles to the corral, and the white men's horses were not in the best condition for such a race. The Indian ponies gained on them gradually, and as the range decreased, the Apaches opened fire. But they could not shoot accurately, and their bullets went wide of the mark until, within a mile of the ranch, a chance shot caught Watkins between the shoulder blades, and he pitched from the saddle dead.

Sampson pulled up long enough to see whether Watkins was really wounded and disabled, intending to help him if possible, or to put a merciful bullet through his brain if he was wounded past help and liable to live long enough to be tortured. When he saw that Watkins was dead, he resumed his flight, but the Apaches had gained on him during his delay, and, within fifty yards of the corral, a ball broke one of his horses' legs, and he was thrown from the saddle and run for his life.

He reached the stockade, sprang inside, and swung the gate to its place, but a bullet got in before the gate was closed and buried itself in his thigh. It was a forty-four calibre revolver bullet. Sampson threw the heavy bar into the socket, drove in a pin to make it fast, and ran into the adobe, while the Apaches yelled and fired their guns outside.

In the house he was alone, but he had arms, ammunition, and plenty of food and water, and was confident that he could stand a siege if the band should not be reinforced. He tied a suspender around his thigh and twisted it with a stick to stop the bleeding, keeping an eye at the loophole to be prepared for tricks. The Apaches rode around the corral whooping and yelling and looking for a chance to get in. Finally, heaving his Winchester ready and waited for some thing to turn up. In a moment there was loud whooping on the north side of the corral. Sampson did not pay any attention to that. He watched keenly the south side, and something turned up there. The heads and shoulders of two pale Indians came up over the stockade. They stood up in their saddles, and so reached the top. Jeff turned his eyes to the ground with a broken shoulder. The other disappeared unharmed. Then Jeff jumped to the north window and clipped the ear of a gentleman from San Carlos who was getting over the fence.

His activity discouraged that plan of attack, and there was a lull in the storm of howls for a few minutes. Then began the sound of chopping at the gate. Two of the party were evidently trying to hack through to the bar with their hatchets. Jeff ratched for his Springfield, field, that carried a heavy ball and ninety grains of powder, and he listened to the chopping until he located the place where the blow fell. He judged that the Apache was probably right-handed, and was standing just behind the ten-inch gate post. He drew a bead on the post and pressed the trigger. The chopping ceased, and Jeff subsequently found that the ball went through the soft wood of the gate post, and struck one of the Indians on the forehead, and he lay on the ground with his arms outstretched.

That experience made the Indians wary of indicating their positions near the stockade, and the seven remaining warriors withdrew out of range to think things over. Jeff kept his eye on them until he saw them dismount and disappear behind the stockade, and then he watched with redoubled vigilance for the next move in the game.

For an hour all was quiet, and Jeff had time to bandage his wounded thigh in better shape and bathe it in cold water. On the slope of a low hill that was visible over the corral from the window of the adobe was a stump big enough to shelter two men, if they were careful. Jeff waited until he saw two Apaches crawling around to get behind that stump. It was distant about 300 yards, and Jeff had used it as a target so often that he knew its exact range and the elevation of his Winchester sight necessary to reach it. He did not try to prevent the redskins from getting behind it. He wanted them there.

They got there all right, and then worked their little game. About 300 yards to the left of the stump the rest of the gang gathered in a hollow, and by waving their head feathers above shelter tried to draw Jeff's fire, and induce him to expose himself at the window. He saw the game, and fell in with it to the extent of taking a random shot toward the hollow. As soon as he fired he threw away his rifle, and carried in his hands the lever, and drew a bead on the edge of the stump. An Apache head was poked out as he expected, and a Winchester ball went through it, quite unexpectedly to the owner of the head.

Then Jeff took the Springfield, so as not to disturb the sights on the Winchester, and practiced drop shots into the hollow, however, in Mexico they get out of it on their stomachs. An occasional thud of a bullet into the stump kept the fellow behind it reminded of the advisability of not showing up.

At last this band moved back to where they had left their horses, mounted and prepared to leave, but it was evident that they wanted to get the buck from behind that stump. Jeff was determined that he should not get away, and he rode down within long rifle range and opened a rattling fire on the adobe by way of diversion. Jeff wouldn't be diverted. He kept his eye to the Winchester sights, the sights on the stump, and his finger

on the trigger. The Apache in a trap concluded to make a bold break, and sprang from behind the stump on the opposite side to the band. That was just where Jeff expected him to appear, and he hadn't got three feet from the stump when the Winchester cracked. The Apache bounded into the air and pitched forward upon his head with a hole clear through his body.

That ended the siege, and the six live Indians hastened out of the neighborhood, one with a broken shoulder, taking one scalp and leaving three unhandsome corpses as the result of their raid on Jeff Sampson's ranch.

Trials of a Consul.

A young fellow, writes an attaché to an American consulate in England, unmistakably a Bovey boy, swaggered in and demanded to be sent home. I found he had no claim, and denied him. He was persistent, and finally insolent, and told me he knew the ropes well; that he was too big for me; that he knew "de Government" gave him \$300 a year to send de boys home, and I didn't send 'em to de Government, I called the bouncer to my necessary appendage to a seaport consulate, for whom the Government ought to make an appropriation, and had him thrown out. But he was the *avant garde* of an army. Within two hours five fellows, one after another, and, with cunning effrontery, or insolence, according to their natures, informed me that they knew all about it; that the fewer I sent to the States, the more money I made, and that I had better not carry it too far. This was getting interesting, and the next applicant for part of the board that I was robbing the poor of was closely questioned. After a long and searching inquiry I found that an old sailor whom I had the day before refused a sixpence for beer was buttonholing every old cast-away and beach comber on the quays and saying: "Go to the Yankee Consul if you want to get a soft berth to the States, and he's pocketing most of it; but if you shove him hard enough he'll bound to send you." This was an ingenious vengeance, wasn't it? And it gave me trouble for months. Indeed, after a year a "Boston boy," as he, with visible swelling, informed me, seemed utterly heart-broken that he had been misinformed in the streets about his chances of getting home. He earnestly begged I should get some supper, which I gave him. He left me, and, as I had definitely noticed through the window, joined a particularly indurated old shell-back. So I followed them, and, as I supposed, they sought the first bar. I went after them and quietly demanded my shilling back, under pain of prosecution for obtaining money under false pretenses; but the Boston boy nonchalantly informed me that he was being treated by the other fellow, and that my shilling was safe in his pocket, where it should remain. While I was hunting a policeman he got away.

Bread Making.

A barrel of good flour should make from 270 to 285 five-cent loaves. Many bakers blend four brands, as two Minnesota springs and two Indiana winters, before they get the right alloy. Others use only one grade of spring and two of winter wheat. These make the best brands of fancy bread. Formerly, bread was made of malt, potatoes and hops, and is extensively used. Fancy bread bakers use a patent yellow compressed yeast. It is popularly supposed that bakers use alum extensively in order to whiten their bread. That is not the fact. There is no necessity for the use of alum, and it is not used in the trade. There are about twenty large steam bakeries in New York, which give employment to several hundred men. One of these, a noted Broadway establishment, makes a specialty of Vienna bread and does an immense business. Vienna bread is made in air-tight ovens, of the best grade of flour, and milk is used instead of water in mixing the dough. In baking, the steam settles back on the bread instead of escaping. This makes the outer crust thin and tender, and gives the bread a peculiar rich taste and pleasant aroma. What is known to the trade as "steam" bread is another recent invention. It is made of the very finest flour, and baked in air-tight pans, which insure it on all sides, and is thus baked in its own steam, and possesses a flavor peculiarly its own. One very large bakery in New York is devoted solely to the production of aerated bread. It is a steam factory, and the bread so made is extremely light and spongy. The invention is an English one, but has been in use here for years. When the dough has reached a certain consistency, it is run into an air-tight cylinder and strongly impregnated with carbonic acid gas. This creates the lightness and sponginess without detracting in the slightest from its nutritious qualities.—*Milling World.*

The Joke Put on the Lawyer.

Leslie Coombs, a great friend of Henry Clay, and a popular stump speaker, used to tell a good story about Counselor Higgins. He was exceedingly adroit in defending a prisoner, and would sometimes almost laugh down an indictment for a small offense. A fellow (one Smith) being on trial for stealing a turkey, the Counselor attempted to give a good-humored turn to the affair. "Why, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "this is really a very fair jury; I wonder any one would bring such a complaint into court; if we are going on at this rate we shall have business enough on our hands. Why, I recollect when I was at college nothing was more common than to go out foraging. We did not get the poultry too often in the same place, and there was no harm done, no fault found." Notwithstanding this appeal, the jury convicted the prisoner. After the court meeting the Counselor, complimented his ingenuity in the defense. "And now, Squire," said he fixing a knowing look upon him, "I should like to ask you a question; which road do you take in going home, the upper or lower?" "The lower," answered the Counselor. "Well, then, it's no matter; I only wanted to know if you were going my way I would just jog on before and look up my hen house."—*Ben. J. Power.*

Pulque Plants.

Interesting examples of the agave Americana, the variety of the century plant from which pulque is made, are to be seen in the windows of a Boston store.

These plants, says the *Boston Herald*, are not infrequently in Mexico very glad to get out of it on their stomachs. An occasional thud of a bullet into the stump kept the fellow behind it reminded of the advisability of not showing up.

At last this band moved back to where they had left their horses, mounted and prepared to leave, but it was evident that they wanted to get the buck from behind that stump. Jeff was determined that he should not get away, and he rode down within long rifle range and opened a rattling fire on the adobe by way of diversion. Jeff wouldn't be diverted. He kept his eye to the Winchester sights, the sights on the stump, and his finger

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A Fishing Excursion—Unevenly Matched—No Good—Everything but Cabbage—Nothing Like a Boom, Etc.

"My dear girl," said a fond father to his daughter, "surely you're not going to take all those trunks to Saratoga with you?"

"Yes, papa, every one, and they are few enough."

"But what in the world have you got in 'em?"

"Bait, papa," answered the dear girl brightly.—*New York Sun.*

Unevenly Matched.

Irate Customer—"Won't trust me for a pound of butter? Won't trust me, eh? I'll—"

Big Greaser—"See here, if you want to fight about it, just off with your coat."

"Oh, well, when it comes to that, a fight in this store wouldn't be an even thing, you know."

"No; you've got your butter to back you."—*Omaha World.*

No Good.

Barber (expatiating on matters and things in general)—"Colonel Jaggars is a gentleman and if he is in the Legislature next year it'll be because he doesn't want to go."

Victim (languidly)—"I have heard McReilly mentioned."

Barber (contemptuously)—"Poh! McReilly! Beg pardon, sir, but he's absolutely no good."

Victim (with interest)—"Hasn't been doing anything wrong, has he?"

Barber (with cutting scorn)—"He shaves himself, sir!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Straw Hat Flavors.

Little Nellie, five years old, went to walk on Sunday afternoon with her party. The party strolled along the bank of the reservoir, concerning the use of which Nellie asked many questions. While they were there they witnessed an exciting episode—a small boy's straw hat

