

Continued from second page.

that he could have missed us after coming up the cliff!"

"Quite impossible, ma'am. If your head can stand looking over here, you will see that yonder is the only path up from the bay; and, except at low tide, one cannot get round either point. The cavern lies almost underneath us. If he had come up here on the down, we must have seen him; there is no shelter except that very lane as you came by."

"But the tide has now risen quite high, Robert, and he cannot possibly be in the cavern."

"Not unless he be a merman, ma'am," assented Andrews, grinning and touching his hat, as though in apology for joking before his superiors. "My own belief is as the gentleman got sea-sick, and was landed a good way short of this. He may be back at Sandby, or even Lucky Bay, by this time."

"Back at Sandby!" cried Mildred with clasped hands; "then he may even now be at the cottage! Home, home, for Heaven's sake! Why did I ever leave my child?"

With that she turned, and began to retrace her steps, without waiting to hear what comfort the lieutenant's wife was endeavoring to find for her. Moreover, Mrs. Carey's face belied her cheering words; it was pale and full of apprehension; and after one more glance at the insatiable sea, which had already devoured the shore, and was sucking with greedy lips the cliff itself, she hastened after her friend.

(To be continued.)

#### Child's New Primer.

The Denver Tribune is issuing by instalments a novel Primer for the use of knowing Western children. It is much more entertaining than the usual tame assertions that "the red fox is in it," etc.: See the Lamp Post. By its Dim Rays you can behold the Electric Light across the Street. There is a Man Leaning Against the Lamp Post. Perhaps the Lamp Post would Fall if it were not For the Man.

Here We Have a Baby. It is composed of a Bald Head and a Pair of Lungs. One of the Lungs takes a Rest while the Other Runs the Shop. One of them is always on Deck all of the Time. The Baby is a Bigger man than his Mother. He likes to Walk around with his Father at Night. The Father does most of the Walking and all of the Swearing.

This sorry Spectacle is a Plumber. It is ragged and Cold and Hungry. He is Very, very Poor. When you See Him Next Spring he Will be Very, very rich, wear Diamonds and Brocade. His wife taks in Washing now but She will be able to Move in the First Circles by the Time the Weather turns Warmer and the Pansies Bloom again.

#### The Italian Maid of Lambeth.

(London Standard.)

At Lambeth Police Court yesterday Elizabeth Cater, 18, a robust-looking girl, attired in the imitation of Italian costume well-known in connection with organ-grinders, was charged before Mr. Saunders with playing a piano organ in Lambeth walk to the annoyance of John See. The complainant said his wife was ill and the organ playing distressed her. He asked the prisoner to go away, but she took no notice and continued playing. She then moved a little further off and resumed the annoyance.

Mr. Saunders (to defendant)—Are you an Italian?

Prisoner—No, sir.

Mr. Saunders—Then how is it that you attire yourself in this costume?

Prisoner—We get more money acting as Italians. (Laughter.)

Mr. Saunders—Is the instrument your own?

Prisoner—No, sir; we pay 2 shillings a day for it and keep all over we can collect.

Mr. Saunders said the prisoner had no right to play the organ if people objected to it. He would, however, discharge her upon her promising not to act so again. The prisoner gave the required promise and was discharged.

#### Pledging Her Baby to Pay Her Husband's Fine.

A Baltimore young man was locked up on the charge of disorderly conduct, but his young wife so successfully pleaded for mercy that the magistrate relinquished his intention of sending the husband to jail. A few nights later he was again arrested, the charge being the same as on the previous occasion; the magistrate fined him and demanded bail to keep the peace. The young woman with a baby in her arms stood with a puzzled expression of countenance for several seconds, when an idea seemed to strike her, and she asked if the magistrate would wait half an hour before sending her husband to jail. The magistrate agreed, and in less time than she had asked for she returned very much out of breath and without the baby. She showed a note from a well-known citizen, who had consented to go security for her husband, and placed on the counter the sum of \$1.75, the amount of fine and costs in the case. She had pledged her baby, she said, for that amount, and she hurried away with her husband to borrow money in some other quarter to redeem the infant.

#### Labor Notes.

The boiler makers of Detroit, numbering about 500 persons, will strike on Monday if they do not get an advance from \$2.50 to \$2.75 per day.

The first class men of the Toronto police force have signed a petition praying for an increase of 25 cents per day on their wages. They say that laborers get from \$1.65 to \$1.75 per day while policemen get from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per day. They also state that the price of provisions has been raised since the laborers got their increase.

The mixers and teasers of the glass houses at Pittsburg, who have been on a strike for two weeks, went in at the old wages.

The Levant Herald, which leads a most checkered existence, being generally killed two or three times a year by the Turkish Government, is on its legs once more, and must really be credited with a more than felicitous tenacity of existence.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, author of "Young Ireland," is to be married at the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, next week, to his cousin, Miss Hall.

## SWAMPED ON THE HUDSON.

Terrible Drowning Accident—Heavy Loss of Life—A Brave Boy.

A Troy (N.Y.) despatch dated Saturday says this evening a skiff ferryboat with nineteen persons were swamped by the swell of three propellers while crossing the river from this city to Port Schuyler. The following are known to be drowned and three others are missing: George Hay (unmarried), James Diamond, Thomas Manion, sen., Giles Leroy and Henry Leroy (his son), Francis Reilly and John Keyes. Mrs. Leroy, who is dying, has not been informed of her double loss. Owing to the great excitement it is very difficult to obtain accurate particulars. Parties are searching for the bodies.

A later despatch says, regarding the ferry boat disaster, that when the boat had almost reached the centre of the river, which was swollen by recent rains, Thomas Fox, sitting in the stern, saw three propellers rapidly approaching from the south. He called to the oarsmen to stop, but they failed to do so, and the propeller nearest the south shore passed within a few feet of the bow of the skiff. The latter, which was overcrowded, having its gunwales nearly even with the water, passed the first swell in safety, but on reaching the second shipped considerable water. The third swell almost filled the boat and the occupants became greatly alarmed. The men, aware that the boat would sink, called for assistance, and one of the propellers, the Cora, turned around, but the others continued their course. The Cora steamed slowly towards the skiff, but before she could reach it the boat capsized, and all the men were struggling in the water. Thomas Fox, being unable to swim, grasped the keel of the skiff, and called to his associates to follow his example. Several did so, and held on until the Cora drew alongside. On board the Cora a boy named Pickett displayed great bravery and presence of mind, calling on the men who were hanging on to the capsized skiff to hold fast. He threw life preservers right and left to their less fortunate companions, and bracing himself against the side of the tug pulled in John Lever. Several others were then secured. A number of rowboats soon reached the scene and picked up four men, Fleming Tremble being almost dead. It is agreed that the propellers had no lights on their boats, and the tugs Cora, Hattie M. Betts and Linda M. Newlin were racing when the accident occurred. Capt. Robinson, of the Betts, and the captain of the Newlin when asked why they did not stop, said they did not hear cries for assistance and did not learn of the accident until an hour after. At 11 o'clock last night the only body recovered was that of Henry Leroy. Garrett Reilly, a one-armed man, was saved by Fox, who grasped him by the collar when sinking and pushed him towards the skiff.

## THE EARTH DRYING UP.

Referring to the recent statements in our columns on the subject of the gradual fall, in recent years, of the great inland lakes—more particularly Ontario—the New York Times says:

There is abundant evidence that the amount of water on the surface of the earth has been steadily diminishing for many thousands of years. No one doubts that there was a time when the Caspian Sea communicated with the Black Sea, and when the Mediterranean covered the greater part of the Desert of Sahara. In fact, geologists tell us that at one period the whole of the earth was covered by water, and the fact that continents of dry land now exist is proof that there is less water on our globe now than there was in its infancy. This diminution of our supply of water is going on at the present day at a rate so rapid as to be clearly appreciable. The rivers and streams of our Atlantic States are visibly smaller than they were twenty-five years ago. Country brooks in which men now living were accustomed to fish and bathe in their boyhood have in many cases totally disappeared, not through any act of man, but solely in consequence of the failure of the springs and rains which once fed them. The level of the great lakes is falling year by year. There are many piers on the shores of lake-side cities which vessels once approached with ease, but which now hardly reach to the edge of the water. Harbors are everywhere growing shallower. This is not due to the gradual deposit of earth brought down by rivers or of refuse from city sewers. The harbor of Toronto has grown shallower in spite of the fact that it has been dredged out so that the bottom rock has been reached, and all the dredging which can be done to the harbor of New York will not permanently deepen it. The growing shallowness of the Hudson is more evident above Albany than it is in the tide water region, and like the outlet of Lake Champlain, which was once navigable by Indian canoes at all seasons, the upper Hudson is now almost bare of water in many places during the summer. In all other parts of the world there is the same steady decrease of water in rivers and lakes, and the rainfall in Europe, where scientific observations are made, is manifestly less than it was at a period within man's memory. What is becoming of our water? Obviously it is not disappearing through evaporation, for in that case rains would give back whatever water the atmosphere might absorb. We must accept the theory that, like the water of the moon, our water is sinking into the earth's interior.

A train on the Northern Pacific was twice obstructed by buffaloes some days ago near the border line between Montana and Dakota, and was forced to come almost to a standstill. There were a number of soldiers aboard armed with repeating rifles, and nearly every passenger had one or more revolvers. They all joined in a brisk fire at the buffaloes, which numbered sixteen the first time and twenty to thirty the second; but the animals seemed wholly indifferent to the bullets. None of them fell or even showed signs of being wounded, and the train was unable to proceed until they saw fit to turn tail and scamper off.

A San Francisco despatch says the British Flying Squadron, bringing the two English princes, sons of the Prince of Wales, has arrived at Yokohama from Australia. They are in Tokyo as the guests of the Japanese Government. The programme of festivities in their honor extends over seven days, and includes two banquets with the Mikado.

## DISASTROUS COLLISION.

Two Vessels Collide and Sink on Lake Erie.

Four Lives Lost—\$225,000 Worth of Property Destroyed.

A Buffalo despatch dated yesterday (Sunday) says a collision occurred on Lake Erie, near Dunkirk, at half-past 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, which involves the loss of four human lives, and at least \$225,000 worth of property. The new iron steamer Brunswick, laden with 1,500 tons of coal for the Northwestern Fuel Company, at Duluth, left this port at 10 o'clock on Friday night last. When ten miles below Dunkirk, and some distance from shore, she collided with the schooner Carlingford, bound for Buffalo, with 26,500 bushels of wheat from Duluth, consigned to Mr. George Sundrock. The schooner was struck on the port side, just forward of the fore rigging by the sharp stem of the steamer and was cut wide open. She went down head foremost in about twenty minutes, and in some 80 feet of water. Captain Homer Durant and all of his crew of six men, excepting one, managed to get into the small boat, and after a rough passage of about twenty miles landed safely at Dunnville, on the Canadian shore, at 8 in the morning. A sailor named Edward Conway, hailing from St. Johns, Nfld., and said to have been a worthy man, recklessly ran back when the vessel was sinking to save some of his clothing, and he went down with the wreck. After the collision Capt. C. Chamberlain, of the Brunswick, headed her for the schooner for the purpose of taking off her crew, but soon seeing that his own boat was going down he turned her towards shore. Her bows were burst in, and she went down by the head about forty-five minutes after the collision, eight miles or so from Dunkirk, in the same depth of water that engulfed the Carlingford. As the forward portion of the Brunswick got under water, her stern being too high in the air, she broke completely in two and the sections plunged to the bottom. Capt. Chamberlain, when it was seen that his steamer was sinking, lowered his small boat, and eight of his crew of fifteen took to one, the remaining seven getting into the other boat.

When the huge steamship rushed down, the suction of the water capsized the boat on the starboard side, in which were the first engineer, John Frincoch, and the stewardess, Mrs. A. G. Fletcher, and her daughter Millie, of Detroit, sank at once and were lost. The other five saved themselves by clinging to pieces of the wreck, and were picked up a half hour later by the crew of the port boat. All twelve then made their way safely to shore at Dunkirk. The crews of both vessels lost all of their personal effects. Capt. Chamberlain and the survivors of his crew reached this city at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and Capt. Durant, with his rescued sailors, arrived here all right last night.

The Brunswick was a new boat and one of the finest iron steamers on the lakes. She was built this year by the Detroit Dry Dock Company at their iron yard at Wyandotte. She was owned by Charles Bewick and others of Detroit, and was valued at \$150,000. She is insured for about half her value, and her cargo of coal is fully covered. The Carlingford, though built in 1869, was in excellent condition. She was owned by Wickham & Co., of Huron, Ohio, rated A2, was worth \$20,000, and is insured for the sum of \$17,000. Her cargo of 25,500 bushels of Duluth wheat was covered by \$41,750, placed in eight different companies. Both of the vessels and both of the cargoes will prove total losses.

## MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Strange Case from Indiana.

A Dillsboro' (Ind.) despatch says about three weeks ago three men representing themselves to be Kentucky officers appeared here purporting to be after Harvey Purnell for burning a barn in Kentucky. They reported that they had come upon Purnell, and after firing shots, had captured him slightly wounded, and one of their number also slightly wounded. They recrossed the river, and as Purnell was missing their story was believed. It now appears that Purnell was murdered, and by this ruse the murderers escaped. Last Wednesday two men came to this place to get the body of a man they said had been murdered near here, and exhibited a plan of the place where the body lay. After considerable trouble they found some one to go with them, and there Purnell's body was found. They represented that a heavy reward was offered for Purnell's body, dead or alive, and they wanted assistance to get the body away to get the reward. Failing in this, they promised to notify the coroner at Lawrenceburg, but went away without doing that. The coroner was afterward notified, and yesterday held an inquest, finding that Purnell was murdered by parties unknown. The body was horribly mutilated. Purnell had only recently moved into the district. It is not certain that such was his true name. On his person were found papers which tended to show that he was from the neighborhood of Brookville. One letter was addressed John Hornell, and bore the Brookville postmark.

## He Had 'Em On.

Not long ago in one of the Paris Police Courts a workman accused of stealing a pair of trousers was discharged after a long and patient investigation, on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence to establish his guilt. He remained seated, however, on the prisoner's bench after his acquittal had been announced. The lawyer who had conducted his defence, observing that he did not move, informed him that he was free to go about his business, if he had any. He shook his head slightly, but did not budge. By this time, no other case being on hand, the court was nearly empty. Again addressing him, his defender inquired, with some irritation, "why the deuce he did not get up and go?" "Step this way a moment, please," replied the steadfast sinner, "and let me whisper in your ear. I can't get all the witnesses for the prosecution have left the court." "And why, may I ask?" "Because of the stolen trousers—don't you understand?" "Most assuredly I do not understand. What about the trousers?" "Only this, I've got 'em on!"

## THE DEADLY BOILER.

Awful Explosion at East Saginaw—Many Canadians Killed.

An East Saginaw (Mich.) despatch, dated yesterday, says: At fifteen minutes before 5 o'clock this morning a battery of ten boilers in the brick boiler-house attached to the saw mill and salt block of Hamilton, McClure & Co., six miles below this city, exploded with an earthquake force, scattering the buildings like chaff, and causing immense destruction. Eight of the boilers were torn into shreds, and the pieces flew in every direction, one boiler-head dropping 900 feet away. Not a brick of the boiler-house was left standing upon the other, and the large brick chimney, 100 feet high, was completely levelled to the ground. The west end of the large steam mill was torn to pieces, and the entire structure wrecked and demoralized. The large steam dome was lifted high in the air and came down on the opposite side of the mill, and bricks, pieces of iron and timbers were thrown hundreds of feet away. Bricks and timbers were found half a mile from the mill. The salt block was badly wrecked by the explosion, timbers and iron being driven through it, and a salt drill house two hundred feet distant received a piece of boiler that shattered the tower, and another smashed in one side of the roof. It is impossible to give an idea of the tremendous force of the explosion and the destruction that followed. The boilers were fired at night to supply steam for the saw mill, and the firemen at work were all killed, not one escaping to tell the story. Michael Lebeau, head fireman, who had charge of the boiler-house, was covered in by debris, and the body was dug out an hour after the explosion occurred. Both legs were broken below the knees and the body was badly bruised. Joseph Lebeau, brother of the first mentioned, was found thirty feet distant, with his right arm and shoulder broken, his abdomen crushed in, and his clothing torn off. These men were 38 and 28 years old respectively, and resided at Zilwaukee. They came from Montreal years ago, and have relatives in Canada. Frank Blanchard was blown into the bay 200 feet distant, and his body was not recovered until this afternoon. The body was badly mangled. He was a single man, 25 years old, and belonged to St. Onésime, Quebec. Charles Carpenter was found only a few feet from Joe Lebeau, his clothing torn off, and his body badly scalded and burned. He was a single man, 27 years old, and came from Quebec. The damage by the explosion will reach \$25,000. Low water is given as the cause of the disaster.

## SAD CASE.

The Old Story of Woman's Trust and Man's Duplicity.

A despatch from London says the attention of Great Western Railway Constable Logan was last night directed to a young woman apparently only 15 or 16 years old, who stood watching about the station with a child in her arms which seemed to be scarcely 6 months old. Several persons had observed her forlorn and dejected aspect, rendered all the worse because of the cold storm to which she had been exposed in the streets. Upon inquiry it was learned that she, with her child, had come down from Goderich on the Grand Trunk Railway, and from the latter station wandered over to the Great Western. For some two years she had been living with a respectable family, and formed the acquaintance of a young farmer in the vicinity, the result being in time that he promised to marry her, but his vow was never kept. He proved faithless, and has since, it is understood, left the country for the United States. Those who had formerly been her friends refused to permit her to reside there longer. She could get no assistance of any kind, and these reasons, she says, forced her to leave the town in destitute circumstances. Constable Logan provided for any immediate wants, and at the request of the unfortunate young woman visited the authorities of the Women's Refuge, and gained admission for her. A conveyance was procured, and she was safely lodged there for the night.

## Language of the Eye.

The eye tells as much to the one who knows how to read it as the whole of the face. To one who has paid attention to its alphabet, the "language of the eye" is full of revelations. Every one should study the grammar thereof; for often when everything else deceives, the eye tells the truth. "When the eyes say one thing and the tongue another," says Emerson, "the practical man relies on the language of the first." How many inclinations that are dissembled by the lips are confessed by the eyes! How often a hectoring attitude or a mouth full of threatening words is betrayed by a quailing eye! That restless eye betrays the proud boast of the tongue. That aggressive, ferocious eye is a flag of warning, before which the turtle-dove voice should not lull us into security. "Each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men." He may try to dissemble his rank, but before one who is learned in the "language" it is vain to attempt to carry on the deception long. There are some who have a wonderful power of veiling the expression of the eye, but they cannot always be on their guard; the hidden lights and smouldering flames will flash out at times, revealing the secret of the citadel, whether there be strength or weakness within, genius or imbecility. The reason why this man is obeyed and that one is not, is because the one has the eye that commands obedience and the other has not. It is not the eye itself, of course, that does this, but the power behind it—the trained mind, the sense of power, the intrepid mind, which gleam through the eye, and in rare instances can charm down insanity in man or ferocity in beast.—Phrenology Magazine.

Mrs. Money's action against Baroness Burdett-Coutts is brought to obtain about \$400,000 a year for her son. She relies, the Whitehall Review says, upon the clause in the Duchess of St. Alban's will which restricts an alien from inheriting any portion of the property. The fact that the Baroness' husband is now a naturalized British subject does not, it will be contended on the plaintiff's behalf, bring him within the four corners of the will, which is very explicit in its terms.

## A FEARFUL PLUNGE.

A Burglar Jumps from a Fourth Story Window and Escapes.

(New York Sun.)

Captain Petty and Detective English arraigned at Essex Market Court yesterday a notorious and dangerous ex-convict named James Smith, who, a few hours previously, required the services of four policemen to arrest him. He stood at the bar with handcuffs on. Smith had been sought after for a burglary committed on the 21st of October on the stables of Franklin Shapter, at No. 222 Cherry street, when several horse blankets, a buffalo robe, and some strings of sleigh bells were stolen. On the evening of the theft Detective English saw Smith with the stolen property in his possession, and followed him to his rooms on the fourth floor of No. 1 Essex street. When the detective entered the burglar sprang out of the window to the pavement. It was a frightful leap—one which English did not care to imitate—and he fully expected to find the thief all broken up on the sidewalk. To his utter astonishment Smith had gathered himself together and escaped. He had lit upon a shed and then gently rolled down to the street. Nothing more was heard of the modern Sam Patch until yesterday morning, when Detective English learned that he was employed on Pier 41, North River, in unloading potatoes from a coaster. Following up this clue, the detective found his man and attempted to arrest him, but he was overmatched. Captain Gastlin and two officers of the Steamboat Squad then went to his assistance. The able-bodied burglar made things lively for the four men, and would have thrown them all into the river had it not been for some bags of potatoes which protected them. The prisoner, a stout, powerful man of 30 years, was finally overpowered, thrown upon his back and the handcuffs put upon him. On the way to the station he made a desperate attempt to strike his captor upon the head with the iron links that bound both his hands, but the blow was dodged and Smith has a pair of out wrists as a reminder. A charge of burglary was preferred by Mr. Shapter, and Smith was held in \$1,000 bail. He has served one term for stealing a horse and wagon.

## Rev. Plato Johnson on Electricity.

"Dis is de age ob 'lectricity," said the Rev. Plato Johnson the other evening, as our reporter sat with him on the doorstep of his humble cottage, "an' though we oughter be proud ob it, still to my shaller mind de age ob lightnin' has its drawbacks." The old gentleman seemed lost in thought for a moment, mechanically drawing a large bandana from his capacious pocket and wiping his ample brow. The reporter, who has made a study of the moods of our simple-hearted friend, did not interrupt his reverie, but waited patiently for possible revelations. "It's all berry well," he continued after a little, "its all berry well to coax de lightnin' from de clouds, but after you've got it you gotta look out for it pretty lively. Now, you kin tame de wildest hoss so he will almos' forgit how to kick; but, bress de Lord, de lightnin' nebber forgits nothin', an' is allers lookin' roun' for a chance to hit somebody. You got to keep yer eye on it all de time, an' even den yer cannot be sure it won't go off on a 'scurion an' kill yer or four people, an' be back agin fere yer can wink twice. It is one ob dese things it won't nebber do to let run loose roun' de house. Well, if it stepped roun' sorter slow, you know, so you could git out der way, dat would be a defferent ting, but de trouble is dat it is so orfice quick tempered, and when it trabbles, it trabbles se fass dat you is stone dead an' yer house all burned down to de ground 'fore you can cry 'Fire!' Sech a fluid as dat musn't be fooled wid. Now, lass week, wen I was down to York, I went to call on Brudder Edison. I see had a rheumatiz orfice bad, and dey say I ought ter try 'lectricity. Brudder Edison tole me he could handle de 'lectricity jess as easy as though he was a lightnin' rod, an' it wouldn't do him no harm. He said I could learn to do it too, but when I tried it I foun' I hadn't learned much, or dat sumfin' was wrong. De only wonder is dat I didn't die learnin'. Wy, I couldn't even holler to tole him to take de plaguey ting away an' le' me go home. I nebber wanted to go home so much in my life. Mr. Edison, he tole me, would I take hole of two little handles? He said dat was de way it acted on de rheumatiz. I said to him, 'For sure, Mr. Edison, I will take hole ob dese two handles of it will 'blige you, an' wid that I cootch hole ob 'em. Wen I got tight hole ob 'em Mr. Edison, he said, 'Brudder Johnson, you feel any-thing tickler?' 'No, Brudder Edison,' I replied wid a laff, 'guess you can't git up no thunder storm at dis time ob de year, kin you?' 'Dat was de lass time I laff for a whole week. De nex minute—well, bress de Lord dere ain't no words to 'press my feelings. I felt as though de whole New York Central Railroad was rounn' up my arms, an' had met wid a collision, an' had a grand smash up, wid great loss ob life. I did my best to holler, an' I tole you de truff dat I nebber wanted to holler so much in my life, but I couldn't say a word. My eyes, dey started right outer my head, an' my fingers dey double up on my arms, an' my hands dey double up on my arms, an' I thought some one was tyin' me up in a thousand knots. Well, all to once de ting was gone, an' I dop dese handles, an' den, wen it was too late, I set up a yell dat could be heard some mile. Said I to Mr. Edison, 'Brudder, is dat ginowine lightnin'?' 'Brudder Johnson,' said he, 'dat is de real article, jess imported from de hebbins, an' it didn't stop at de Custom House to pay no duty. Will you hab a little more?' says he. Says I, 'Brudder Edison, my 'pinion is dat I has had 'nuff for ter day. Wen I want some more I will call agin.' Now, den, it's all a matter ob taste an' bringin' up, dis holdin' on to a lightnin' bolt wid boff hands an' not feelin' it, but 'pears to me dat de Lord would have to make a man on purpose if he wanted him to play wid dat sort ob ting. It don't do my rheumatiz no good, an' wen I'm took sick de nex time I shall take my chances wid de reglar practice."

Rev. Abijah Green, of New York State preached a sermon on "Fools," and then blew out the gas at the hotel and went to bed to be suffocated.