

## SAVED BY A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

The timely discovery of a son's murderous designs against his mother.

George Jones is a desperate character of Scriba, N. Y. Last week he quarrelled with his mother, an industrious and hard-working woman, because she told him that she would not work to keep him in money any longer. Having an errand at a neighbor's, she went out of the house. She was absent half an hour. When she returned her son had gone away. Mrs. Jones is very near-sighted. She was about to begin work at a clothes ringer in her kitchen when a knock at the door called her away. A neighbor's child had come in to borrow some soap for her mother. While Mrs. Jones was getting it for her the child noticed a string running from the handle of the clothes wringer to a beam directly over the wringer. Pointing straight down from the beams were the muzzles of a double-barrelled shotgun. The little girl called Mrs. Jones's attention to it. Knowing that something must be wrong, Mrs. Jones called in a man who was working near. He stood on a chair and carefully took down the gun. Both barrels were loaded, and the hammer at full cock. The string that ran from the handle of the wringer was fastened to the triggers. The slightest movement of the handle would have discharged the gun, and the contents of the barrels would have lodged in the head or body of any one who stood beneath. Mrs. Jones suspected that her son set this deadly trap for the purpose of killing her, but she said nothing about her suspicions. At noon her son came home. He looked surprised at seeing her. She was getting dinner for him. He walked up to her and exclaiming, "D— you! are you alive yet?" knocked her down and kicked and beat her as she struggled on the floor. Her cries summoned passers by. Her son fled. She made a complaint against him, and he has been arrested and held to answer a charge of attempting to murder.

## Milk.

Milk has been a common carrier of disease. Cows eating the *Rhus toxicodendron* get, writes Dr. Newsholme in *Hygiene*, the "trembles," and their milk produces serious gastric irritation in young children. The milk of goats fed on wild herbs or spurge-worts has produced severe disorders. The milk of animals suffering from foot-and-mouth disease, although frequently drunk with impunity, occasionally produces inflammation of the mouth—aphthous ulceration. The milk derived from cows fed on grass from several farms, is, *per se*, as wholesome as any other, and its butter has no more tendency to become putrid than that derived from any other source. The great danger in respect to milk is of its becoming mixed with tainted water, or of its absorbing foul odors, or the more dangerous but possibly less perceptible emanations from drains or sewers, when exposed in an ill-ventilated room. The absorptive power of milk for any vapour in its neighborhood is shown by exposing it in an atmosphere containing a trace of carbolic acid vapour; the milk speedily takes of the acid. In addition to its absorptive power for any vapour present, milk tends to undergo rapid fermentative changes, especially in warm weather, or when tainted by traces of putrefying animal matter. Diarrhoea in children is frequently due to such a condition, or to the rapid decomposition of milk in an imperfectly-cleaned bottle. It is a wise precaution always to boil milk in warm weather; and it should never be stored in ill-ventilated larders, or where there is a possibility of the access of sewer-gases; nor ought it to be kept in lead or zinc vessels.

## Newspapers.

Here, now we have it—the newspaper! wonderful product of brain and toil! One could think that it should be dearly bought and highly prized, and yet it is the cheapest thing in the world. One to five cents will buy it; one to two dollars will bring it to your home every week in the year. And yet, strange to say, there are men "too poor" to take a newspaper. They can pay five cents for a glass of beer, or ten cents for a beverage of unknown composition, called a "cocktail"; they can pay a half a dollar for a circus ticket, or twenty-five cents for the theatre, but they are too poor to buy a newspaper, which is a ticket of admission to the great "Globe theater," whose dramas are written by God himself, whose curtains are rung down by Death! It is not necessary to speak of moral responsibilities which necessarily attach to the control of such a power in the hands of the newspaper is to day, nor say that the editor who rightly apprehends the importance of his work must bring to it a reverent spirit and constant care. The humblest sheet in the land goes into some homes as the only authoritative messenger from the great world outside; its opinions are accepted as truth, and its suggestions have the force of law. The editor stands on the highest pulpit known in modern society. The lawyer has a narrow sphere before him; the senator and representative—walls hedge in their voices; the minister has the parish walls about his mouth. But there is a church that has no limit—it is the press. It is literally the voice of one that cries in the wilderness; for all across the populous lands papers speak; and there is not in modern civilization a place of power that compares with this. Rev. DeWitt once said: "In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out bearing the voice of the Lord Almighty, claiming to all the dead nations of the earth: 'Lazarus, come forth!' and to the living surges in the darkness; 'let there be light!'"

## FUNNIGRAMS.

A friend thinks that the winds must be great mathematicians because they sigh forever.

An opium was found in the umbrella stand of a Reading, Pa., hotel recently. If it had been an umbrella it would never have been found.

A writer says you can almost tell a man's occupation by his gait. True; same way with a youth. If it is a mile an hour he is a messenger boy.

In the war between France and China let us not forget the poor Alain. For "poor slain" read "porcelain," and there you are. We have to be compelled to explain a joke.

John Ruskin refuses to use the word Celtic in his lectures lest he should be expected to call it Keltic. Next thing they will insist on saying salt-kellers.

A boy who kissed the schoolmarm now the Mayor of a Western city. When one enters upon a career of crime there no knowing where he may end.

An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears, and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says between the two she doesn't miss a husband very much.

At the theatre: Indignant old gentleman to young lady who has been jabbering at the top of her voice—"This talking is abominable. Nobody can hear a word."

Young Lady—"That's just what I was telling Miss Smith, here. Those actors keep up such a racket on the stage you can't hear yourself speak."

"You've got my seat, sir," said a man on a Texas railroad who had left his seat for a moment. "There is nothing to show that you have retained this seat." "Look up there! There is my hat box on the rack right over your seat." "Well, then you sit up there on your seat if that's where you have retained your seat."

"It is all very well to be thankful to-day for those who feel that way, but for my part I can't see it," says the turkey. "Here, too," says the chicken. "It don't matter to me," says the goose, "for I'm old and tough, and though they may kill they can't eat me." "Shake," says the duck, "for I'm kindertough myself."

Economy: Customer—"I left a pair of shoes here this morning. I wanted the heels taken off." Shoemaker—"All ready, sir." Customer—"How much?" Shoemaker—"Oh, I shan't charge you anything for that; only a small job, you know." Customer—"Thanks; but where are the heels? I'll take them, please; they may be of some use, you know, to you, if not to me."

"Where were you when the first shot was fired in this row?" the magistrate asked the policeman who made the complaint. "Right on the spot—right in the crowd," the officer replied, proudly. "And where were you when the second shot was fired?" And with blushing reserve the officer modestly admitted: "Three blocks down the street, under the stone bridge, at the end of the culvert."

## Trouble Ahead.

The Austrian Empire, which in the past had a silver currency, but more lately an irredeemable paper currency, is about to resume specie payments upon a gold basis. To do this the Empire will be in the market to purchase \$250,000,000 of gold. The Kingdom of Greece also, which belonged to the bi-Metallic Latin Union, has also announced its intention of becoming a gold nation, and will require \$40,000,000 of gold to do so as the first step. According to the bi-metallists the action of Austria and Greece will add to the prevailing commercial distress; for it will augment the purchasing value of gold which will show itself by the reduced price of everything produced by human labour. With gold and silver used concurrently prices would be kept in equilibrium; but, if one of the money metals was discarded, of course values as expressed by the favored metal would in time be diminished one half. The scramble for gold among the nations is, according to this theory, the cause of the depression in all the markets of the world. It is believed that next year will see literally millions of working people thrown out of employment in Europe and America. According to the report of Mr. Burchard, Superintendent of the Mint, while this extra demand is being made on gold its production from the mines is steadily falling off. In 1883 the production was \$94,000,000, while in 1882 it was \$98,600,000, and in 1881, \$103,020,000. The silver output of the world, however, is increasing. In 1881 it was over \$102,000,000, in 1882 nearly \$110,000,000 and in 1883 over \$114,000,000.

## An Able Shark Yarn.

Capt. Beckett of the British ship *Amana*, now in port, has a shark story which merits a place in nautical literature, because it bears the imprint of reliability, and can be proved by the affidavits of Capt. Beckett and of every member of his crew. When his ship was off Montevideo she was becalmed for several hours. A shark with five little ones swam around the ship all day. So soon as there was commotion on the water the mother would open her mouth, and the little ones would dart inside for protection. For amusement the sailors threw bits of refuse overboard among the family, disturbing the water, each time with the same result. The young quintet immediately disappeared down the capacious countenance of their protector. On the following morning a shark hook and line, baited with pork, was thrown overboard, and in a short time a shark was hauled on deck. Upon being opened it was discovered to be the very same fil which had amused the boys the day before, because five young sharks were safely stored away under her tongue.—[Portland Oregonian.]

## Gambled into Slavery.

There are ten kinds of legalized gambling in Siam, and so absorbed do the Siamese become in gaming that when their money and personal effects are gone they will stake their own bodies on the turn of the game, going into voluntary slavery if they lose. In this event before he is permitted to leave the place, the gambler must surrender himself, in fee simple to his owner, who procures from the Amphor (District Judge) a *san kromatan* (deed) in which, among other stipulations, he binds himself to render such services as may be required until the pecuniary obligation is discharged. The owner may also extract interest on the amount of indebtedness at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum, but no more, as this is the highest rate of interest the King permits his subjects to charge. If a greater sum is demanded, and the fact can be established by acceptable testimony in a native court, the debt is cancelled and the slave becomes free. If for any reason he becomes dissatisfied with his owner, or master, which is often the case, he may secure another one by transferring the deed without asking the consent of the owner, provided the redemption or "taking over" (as the Siamese express the transaction) is made in pursuance of law. If he can prove to the satisfaction of the District Judge that his wife possesses the requisite amount, he may apply to the court for an order compelling her to pay the debt and thus redeem him from servitude; but, inasmuch as the government is not supposed to encourage gambling with a wife's money, the law requires that the assignment of the *san kromatan* shall be made to the wife; so that, when possessed of this formidable document, with the official seal duly attached, she becomes the absolute and bona fide owner of her husband by an indisputable title which nothing but a royal decree can possibly annul.

## French Holiday Presents.

During the last ten years the custom of making presents during the holidays, has been so abused, that thousands anticipate Christmas with beating hearts. Even those who dare not disobey the fashion speak of it as "one grand farce." It is, however, to Paris that one should go, if he wishes to see the tyranny of the "Christmas-box."

The reign of the despot begins a week before the New Year and lasts until the middle of January. The first attack is made by the postman, who is closely followed by the water, wood and coal carriers.

Then come the street-sweeper, the lamp-lighter, the baker, butcher, grocer, fish-woman, shoe-maker, tailor, hatter, and glove-man. Each salutes his victim in the finest phrases. They are very polite on these days of visitation—and receive from two to five francs.

At the *cafe*, on the tray from which the cup of chocolate is taken, lies an orange, a box of bonbons and a cigar tied up with tricolored ribbon. The waiter smiles and the victim, also smiling pockets one of the presents and lays a five-franc piece in its place.

The walker on the Boulevards is hailed by the women who keep the little stalls with, "Give me a present, my dear monsieur!" The *gamin* picks the gentleman's handkerchief out of his pocket, in order that he may restore it and ask for a "present."

The porter of the house in which the gentleman has rooms must be liberally fed, or during the year the lodger's letters will be lost, his friends will be told that he is not at home when he is expecting them, and those whom he does not wish to see will be shown into his apartment.

If he makes a social call, he must take a present for the lady of the house, and for the children. The ordinary present consists of a box of bonbons. Fashion requires that these should be bought of certain famous confectioners, though just as good *bonbons* may be purchased at a hundred shops, at a quarter of the price.

These famous confectioners inscribe their names on the pretty boxes and bags—which cost no trifle—so that the lady and the children know where your present was purchased.

Some of the ladies receive scores of such boxes or bags. A smile and a word of thanks reward the giver, and when he has departed, his present is handed over to the maid or footman.

The servants eat the *bonbons* and re-sell the boxes to dealers, who do a paying business by furnishing people with second-hand boxes or bags stamped with the name of a fashionable confectioner. One lady, it is said, received the same box four times in as many years.

A witty Frenchman, annoyed by the tyrannical custom, announced his purpose to reverse the method. Accordingly on New Year's Day he presented himself to the proprietor of the *cafe* which he frequented and claimed a present for having been a daily customer for twelve months.

## Proper Food Indispensable to Health.

Good, healthy food that will give strength to the blood is the best preventive of disease that can be provided. It furnishes the system with the resistive power necessary to ward off disease. On the other hand, food defective in quality or quantity leaves the blood impoverished and the system open to the attack of various forms of epidemic. Thus the potato rot in Ireland, which produced a famine, was attended by low fevers, evidently super-induced by the lack of proper food. And cholera, typhoid fever, diphtheria, and other diseases rapidly spread where the people are reduced in strength by improper food. And when to this is added filth and overcrowding all the conditions for an epidemic exist.

## Christmas Customs.

Christmas is a festival that seems to be more particularly the property of children than any other; not that everybody does not join in the celebration with all their hearts, but that children, in honor perhaps of Him who became a child, are given the chief part in its pleasures.

In Cornwall, on Christmas eve, the children are allowed to sit up till midnight, and to have a taste of cider, too; and in Devonshire they go, with their father and all the family and friends, out into the orchard with cider and a cake, placing the latter in the crotch of one of the branches, and throwing the other over the tree. This is evidently the relic of an old Pagan rite, bearing every appearance of the ancient sacrifice, a sacrifice to propitiate the tree to continue its fruitfulness, although why it should be offered on Christmas eve is not explained.

Indeed, there are many heathen customs that have been grafted upon our way of keeping Christmas. This will be understood when it is remembered that the early Christian fathers found it hard to keep their flocks from joining in the Pagan ceremonies at times of good feeling and jollity. They therefore wisely made their own ceremonies conform to the same occasion, so that if their people must celebrate, they could be celebrating Christian facts. Thus the old Roman Saturnalia, a time of great merry making, to speak mildly, coming at this season of the year, the early fathers thought best to harmonize it with their Christmas festivities.

From the Saturnalia are descended the "Mummers," a band of people who go about in masks, in England, and enact some rude play before the doors. Whatever this play was in the days of the Saturnalia, in the Christian days it has usually been the story of St. George and the Dragon—old Father Christmas, crowned with holly and carrying a wassail bowl, introducing St. George, a Turkish knight, a huge scaly dragon, and a doctor to bind up the wounds; to all of whom the children at the window are delighted to throw their half-pennies.

Again in Great Britain the priest of the new religion borrowed from the Druids, for their Christmas use, the observance of the winter solstice with great solemnity, and allowed also some of the customs of the ancient Saxons to be absorbed. Thus from the Druids we have the mistletoe, and from the Saxons the Yule log.

There is a cheer and general hospitality about the Yule log which it warms one to think of. In the places where such a thing is really burned, when it is cut and dragged along to be placed on the hearth, and lighted from the embers of last year's log, put away for that purpose, every wayfarer raises his hat to it as it goes along, it means so much.

From what the "Waits," another accompaniment of Christmas, dear to English children, have descended is not certainly ascertained; but there was a company of "Waits" as early as the year 1400, and it is understood that they were then strolling players on hautboys and other wind instruments; and that all they are to-day.

The one purely Christian observance in all these glad, gay ceremonies is the "Carols." The singers have a picturesque as the glimmer of their lanterns illumines them by fits and starts in the darkness of the snow, and their voices have a sweetness half stolen from their songs. The "Carols" are sung now all over the European continent, and in England usually by a portion of the church choir on Christmas eve, and often on Christmas mornings, by certain of the children of the parish. In the early ages the bishops sang them among their clergy.

In all these things children have their share, being the principal ones to enjoy them; while with the "Mummers" a little girl goes, having no other part than that of carrying a branch of Christmas green. The Christmas tree, which is the most positive feature of children's Christmas nowadays, was not much known, if at all, among the English speaking children till after the good Prince Albert came to England.

The very fact that Christmas means a rite celebrating the day of Christ's birth gives children an especial claim upon the day which belongs to the Holy Child, and one of the appellations of whose patron saint is Krisis Kringle, which means the Christ Child.

## Petrified Wood.

The petrified wood which is so abundant in the United States territories of Arizona, Wyoming, and the Rocky Mountain regions is rapidly becoming utilized by the practical American. In San Francisco there is now a factory for cutting and polishing these petrifications into mantelpieces, tiles, tablets, and other architectural parts for which marble or slate is commonly used. Petrified wood is said to be susceptible of a finer polish than marble, or onyx, the latter of which it is driving from the market. The raw material employed comes mostly from the forest of petrified wood along the line of the Atlantic & Pacific Railway. Several other companies have also been formed to obtain concessions of different portions of these forests. Geologist will regret the destruction of such interesting primeval remains, and some steps ought to be taken to preserve certain tracts in their original state.

Husband and wife present themselves before the Divorce Court.

"What do you want, madame?"  
"Divorce from that wretch!"  
"And you, sir?"  
"Divorce from that wizen!"  
"The decree is refused—there is no incompatibility of temper. You both seem to be perfectly agreed. Call the next case!"

## HIS RESTING PLACE LOST.

A valiant Canadian whose Grave Cannot be found.

"But no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day," says the old Jewish story of the death of Moses. And so it is of a man of whom Pittsburg should have further knowledge.

"Where is the grave of Beaujeu?" is a question often asked by those interested in antiquarian researches in local history, but no one can answer. No one knows where lies the body of the man who commanded the French forces at Pittsburg, and with a handful of men went out into the wilderness and defeated the finest army England ever sent against the French in America.

The boldest operations of the French against their ancient foe the English, were planned by this brilliant soldier, and his picture shows him to have been a man with a strikingly bright, handsome and commanding face.

Daniel Hyacinth Mary Leonard de Beaujeu was descended from a family of Dauphiny which was ancient and illustrious. Daniel was born at Montreal in 1711, his father being an officer in the Canadian army and Mayor of Quebec. In 1748 Daniel became a captain and afterward was commandant at Detroit. He had great experience with the Indians and received the Cross of St. Louis for his services. He came to Fort Duquesne in 1755, being made commandant of that post, succeeding M. de Conraccour. A formidable army under General Braddock composed of veteran English troops and Virginia Colonial companies, were on their way to Fort Duquesne when Beaujeu took command. The fort was not strong enough to stand a siege and the French force was too weak to defend it. There was a motley collection of Indians at the fort, and though Beaujeu did not think they could be relied upon he determined to test them. He hastily arranged the details of ambuscade by the banks of the Monongohela, near where the second great steel works of the world is now located. The Chevalier de La Perade made a reconnaissance on July 6th, and fell back to report the presence of the enemy. When Beaujeu visited the Indian camp and told his project the natives were loth to aid him, and said they had no hope of defeating the English. On the 9th of July, in the little "Chapel of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin at the Beautiful River," which is represented now by Father Lambing's church, on Third avenue, the French troops listened to Mass and Beaujeu received the communion, as he said he did not expect to return. They marched forth then to battle, 1,200 regular soldiers and 146 Canadians. The Indians at first refused to go, but the Hudson Chief Athanase, of Lorretto and Pontiac persuaded the 600 Indians of a dozen different tribes to follow them. The ambuscade was made at the first crossing. At the third volley Beaujeu fell, pierced through the forehead by a ball. Capt. Dumas succeeded to the command. Then came Braddock's defeat, of which Washington said: "We have been beaten, by a handful of men." When the French returned to the field of battle after the pursuit of the English was over, the body of Beaujeu was carried back to Fort Duquesne with those of Lieut. De Corqueville and Ensign De La Perade. The body of Beaujeu remained exposed in state until the 12th of July, when it was buried in the cemetery of the fort.

Friar Baron says Beaujeu's body "was interred on the 12th of the same month in the cemetery of Fort Duquesne under the title of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin at the Beautiful River, and this with the ordinary ceremonies by us, Recollet priest, etc."

All trace of the cemetery has passed away. For making excavations for Breed & Edwards' plough works, on Water street, at the corner of Penn, some bodies and military accoutrements were dug up, and it is thought this was about the location of the cemetery, but there is no means of ascertaining. Beaujeu lies in a nameless grave, and France, under Napoleon III., refused to raise a monument to him. His descendants still live in Tours, in France, and the descendants of his brother reside in Canada.

From California On Horseback.

At Dubuque, Iowa, a woman about 20 years of age, riding a spirited horse with a yearling colt, behind which a little dog trotted, appeared recently. She said that her name was Ida Lawson. Her parents had died in California, and she had resolved to go to her relatives in Wisconsin. She started on horseback six months ago, carrying a revolver until she reached Denver, where she sold it. Miss Lawson's destination was Green Lake, Wis., which place she left with her sister for California in April, 1883. They took a horse, buggy, and colt, and arrived in San Francisco on Sept. 19, 1883. She left there on May 19, 1884.

The horse and colt she had were those taken from Wisconsin. She had no companion at any time on the homeward journey, and used a sheepskin for a saddle. The object of her trip in this novel way was to bring back the mare and colt and the novelty of crossing the mountains alone. Miss Lawson has a good education, is prepossessing in appearance, and lady-like in manners. She will reach her home on Thursday next.

In all things preserve integrity; and the consciousness of thine own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, soften the harness of ill-success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the times, may rob thee of other reward.