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TANGLED FAMILY TIES.

An Uncle Wedded to His Niece, While the Girl's Brother Klops with His Aunt.

A Lexington, Ga., despatch says: The story of the elopement and marriage of Joseph I. Stewart with his niece, Miss Hattie Stewart, has been a singular one. The young couple were accompanied by a brother of the bride, aged 20, and a sister of the groom, who is of the same age as Hattie, who are also out in search of a preacher to marry them, thus making an exchange of partners. The bridegroom was called to the door, and stated that a young couple were stopping with him who answered the description, but begged that the persons make no disturbance. The father consented to remain outdoors while Mr. Baughn went to the nuptial chamber as a mediator. Knocking at the door, he found that the couple had already retired, but were not asleep. The groom asked what was wanted.

CURRENT TOPICS.

VENTRILOQUISM is declared by an expert to be very largely a humbug. There is no such possibility as throwing the voice to a distance. The old stories of Wyman the Wizard, in which he figured as exploiting such ability in the midst of a crowd, were necessarily fiction. What passes for ventriloquism consists simply of mimicry and facial immobility. The performer must be some distance away from his audience, or he is powerless. Whenever he wishes to make them believe that his voice sounds at a distance, he merely lowers it, and indicates the direction for their imagination to take. He can deceive them sideways, upward, downward, or backward, but he never undertakes to produce the effect of a speaker at their rear. To a listener close by on ventriloquism can be in the least deceptive. Nor is there any truth in the theory that he talks with the top of his gullet, or with any other than the organs intended by nature to be vocal. By holding his lips as fixed as possible, and avoiding such words as cannot be pronounced without palpably moving them, he awakes the delusion. But no man so skillful that he can get on without a screaming mousethumb.

The project of flooding the Sahara, and thus opening up Central Africa to commerce and civilization, appears to be reviving—the opinion still being urged by geographers and engineers that, if the water of the sea could be introduced into the Sahara, the desert there is a remarkable depression covering an area of about 60,000 miles, this depressed portion being known as Eljuf, and said to extend from within twelve miles of the sea-board to regions in the close neighborhood of Timbuctoo. The theory of both ancient and modern geographers has been that Eljuf was originally filled with water, which flowed into the ocean, but that, a bar having gradually formed at the entrance, the flow inward was stopped, and the heat of a vertical sun caused the inside water to evaporate. The practicability of reopening this ancient channel is the great question.

SOMNAMBULISM.

Narrow Escapes and Remarkable Doings of Sleep-Walkers.

A JUMP FROM AN EXPRESS TRAIN.

Murder Committed and Murder Contested While Asleep.

The somnambulist, or sleep-walker, whose nervous system has caused him to perform wonderful feats while still under the influence of the drowsy god, has had many narrow escapes from sudden death. In a number of instances his results have been fatal, and very seldom do the afflicted person return to his couch without receiving some serious injury. Several years ago a remarkable case of somnambulism occurred at Looz Hill, Pa. Samuel Howe, a citizen of that place, had a feeble condition, suffering from dropsical affection. He was 67 years of age and had been able to get about only with the aid of others. One morning his wife awoke and to her surprise and alarm discovered that he was not in his bed. By clothing laid where it had been placed the night before, and Mrs. Howe, fearing that he had killed himself to get rid of his sufferings, searched the house from garret to cellar, without finding any trace of him. She then visited the neighborhood, and in the course of a horse missing. Mrs. Howe rounded a neighbor, who upon examining the ground about the barn found the tracks of a horse's hoofs leading to the road and along the road in the direction of Harperville. He had struck the first blow he claimed, and received \$45 extra as his share of the proceeds. Both of the young soundrels have confessed their crime and it is hardly possible that they will escape the gallows. Although fifty murders have been committed in Cincinnati since 1856, there has been no legal hanging since that date.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Why Ladies of our Household Should Study to be Tidy and Beautiful.

HEALTH, KITCHEN AND FASHION NOTES.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate.)

Desponding Mothers. "I have done nothing to-day but keep things straight in the house," you say wearily at the close of it. Do you call that nothing? Nothing that your children are healthy and happy, and secured from evil influence? Nothing that neatness and thrift, and wholesome food follow the touch of your finger-tips? Nothing that beauty and cheerfulness meet the eye of each cheerful little one, in the place of your window, in the picture on the wall? Nothing that home to them means home, and will always do so to the end of life, what vicissitudes soever that may involve? Is it nothing that over against your sometimes mistakes and sometimes discouragements shall be written, "She hath done what she could?"

SOMNAMBULISM.

MURDERING HIS FRIEND.

A STRANGE VISITOR.

CONFESSING A MURDER.

Too Much Nice Formality for Comfort. The Queen is always rejoiced to get away from Windsor, and her annual residence there, made as brief as possible, never exceeds a fortnight. At birth, 140; at two years, 100; at from 16 to 19 years, 80; at manhood, 75; old age, 60. There are, however, great variations consistent with health. Napoleon's pulse is said to have been only 44 in the minute. A case is also recorded of a healthy man whose pulse was seldom over 30 during the last two years of his life, and sometimes not over 26. Another man of 87 years of age enjoyed good health and spirits with a pulse of 29, and there is also on record the curious instance of a man whose pulse in health was never more than 45, and to be consistent in his incoherence, when he had fever his pulse fell to 40, instead of rising, as is usual.

THE QUEEN AT WINDSOR.

Too Much Nice Formality for Comfort.

Disappointed in Love.

An Earthquake in Canada.

A Toronto despatch says: Annie Connor, servant in Fisher's boarding house, King street west, swallowed the contents of a small bottle of laudanum, last Thursday night. She was found lying on a bed and a doctor was summoned. She was aroused with difficulty from the stupor into which she had fallen, and was kept walking about till noon to-day, when all danger was passed. Ted, one of the boarders, was the cause of the rash act, as Annie had fallen in love with him, but he preferred another.

A FATAL EMBRACE.

A Bear and a Hunter Frozen to Death Together—Bad Fate of His Affair.

A Lowell, Mass., despatch says: Arthur Stafford, who claimed to be a son of an English earl, landed in New York in November last, and met a Southerner named Sobowitz. On his way to Maine on a hunting and fishing tour Stafford made the acquaintance of a young woman, New York, and they became engaged. On the afternoon of December 31st Stafford left camp for a stroll. A severe snowstorm set in and Stafford did not return. Schwartz and the guide early in the morning of New Year's day, about three miles from camp, found Stafford in the arms of a bear, both frozen stiff. A knife was sticking in the left shoulder of the bear, and a short distance away was a half grown cub with a wound in his heart. The guide said that he had attacked the cub first and was then set upon by the bear. Schwartz went to Bangor and told Stafford's fate to Miss Grace. The poor girl lost her reason, and will be sent to an insane asylum tomorrow.

WHAT THEY GET.

The barber got a little shaver in his.

William Henry got a boy's tool chest, and by this time has spotted three legs of the piano.

Grandpa got a two-shilling jack-knife and a tin tobacco box. "Bless you, my children, bless you!"

Father got a dressing-gown, which will go to the garret after to-day; a pair of slippers, which will be sold for nothing, and a hat, which will be sold for nothing.

Grandma got a calico dress with blue dots in it, a new pair of spectacles and a suit of hair which cost 80 cents—La, ma! but my children's hair! forgotten me yet!"

Mother got a breast pin, a bottle of cologne, a work box and a bracelet. Her heart melted. She didn't expect anything better than a seal skin and a set of diamonds, and is consequently overjoyed—in a horn!

The policeman got a wrap over the head with his own club, and can guarantee the feeling.

The fireman got an alarm. "Twas false. One more bright vision dispelled.

The alderman got a "ring." It wasn't marked. They never put names or initials on such things, or the public would be wiser than it is.

The wholesale porter got a lift. He went up in the elevator, it was easier than to climb the stairs.

The bank cashier got an envelope. The President had inclosed an appreciative check for \$500, and—but, no! It was simply the photograph of a clock-raiser.

The commission merchant got mad. The porter allowed three barrels of cranberries to become frost bitten, and the family must use 'em up this winter. A pound of sugar to a quart of berries!

The letter carrier got a send-off. Sent three miles to deliver a corn-salve circular he overlooked the afternoon previous.

In fact, everybody in this locality, from the astronomer down to the boy who got into the papers, got something to remember Santa Claus by.—Detroit Free Press.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE IN THE CITY.

A Leominster farmer recently broke his horse of a "balky" freak in a very quiet and, as he claims, not a cruel manner. His horse is in excellent flesh, and shows no signs of neglect on the part of his master. He drove him, attached to a rack wagon, to the wood lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him with a club, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a leg. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "that when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. The night was not cold. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warmly, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down, and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start for the house, he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone, as much so as a person, and I claim that this method, if rightly used, is far less cruel, and is better for both horse and man, than to beat the animal with a club."—Fitchburg Sentinel.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Which is the best, to owe, or to have something owing to you?" asked Col. Lagerber.

"Why, to have something owing to you," answered Gus, who is one of the brightest society youths.

"I don't agree with you," said Lagerber.

"Well, why not?"

"Because, if you have something owing to you, you may never get it. But, if you owe something, when you are able to pay it, you have value received, anyhow; and if you never pay—why, then you are sure to make a handsome profit."

Significant advertisement—"Wanted, a female who has a knowledge of fitting words of a good moral character."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Chicago foot up a record for the year 1883 of 657 unnatural deaths, forty-four of which were murders and homicides and 186 suicides. The others were suicides.

The price of beer in Philadelphia, at least, is said to be on account of the cost of signs. There are said to be \$50,000 worth of swinging signs in that city, which are paid for by the beer-drinkers. The man who said it cost him \$300 a year to put that fine color on his nose, knew something about the cost of drinking.

Mr. J. Y. Shantz writes from Emerson to the Berlin News: "I arrived at Gretz, Mecklenburg, on Friday evening, 14th inst. Previous to that day it was soft and muddy on the streets, but that morning there was a snow storm, about four inches, and the mercury fell to zero on the 15th, and continued going down at the following rate: On the 16th it was 15; 17th, 20; 18th, 25; and on the 19th it was 40 below zero. So you may know that I had a taste of Manitoba weather in winter. Still it was not bad to be out. On the 18th I had a sleigh ride—bess sleighing—18 miles without stopping or suffering from cold. On the 17th I drove 8 miles, and on the 15th was out and around in Gretz, and walked two miles to a village in Dakota. I passed a lot of carpenters working in the open air, putting up a tank house. Next day, with mercury at 46 below, they were also working there."

A Cincinnati despatch says: Nathan Cole, jun., editor and proprietor of the Northwest News, of Portland, Oregon, here en route to Washington, says the chief attraction of interest in that region since the completion of the Northern Pacific Railway is the newly discovered Combs de Lion mining district, near Portland, which has been pronounced by experienced miners the most promising mining field ever opened. It is now shut in by snow, but several companies have already been formed, and over a thousand men are on the spot waiting for spring to open the region. It is estimated that by mid-winter twenty thousand prospectors and miners will be in the field. Specimens of ore brought out by prospectors are exceedingly rich.

Quite An Feat. "What kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man.

"Oh, he's mighty popular with the women."

"Is he intelligent?"

"No, not particular. You see there is not much demand for intelligence in society."

"Does he dance?"

"Of course."

"Know what's going on in theatricals, music, and so on?"

"Au fait in everything, I presume."

"Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay?"

"I'll look him up for you, if he don't owe him, Joe. I'll bet he does."

The French Ambassador at Berlin lately visited Prince Bismarck a visit at his country seat and returned professing to be perfectly satisfied as to the relations between France and Germany. The visit was specially timed to occur when the Prince was in special of Germany was junketing in Spain.

EARLY PROVEN. It is easily proven that malaria, fever, constipation, torpidity of the liver and kidneys, general debility, nervousness, and neuritic ailments yield readily to this great disease-cure, Serravallo's Tonic. It repairs the ravages of disease by converting the food into rich blood and it gives new life and vigor to aged and infirm people.

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