

### HER LIFE SPENT IN SLEEP.

She Grew From Childhood to Womanhood In the Land of Dreams.

The strange case of Mrs. Ewing Althouse whose very recent awakening from a sleep of over thirty days has caused considerable newspaper comment, had a more than equally strange counterpart right here in Tennessee, the difference being that while Mrs. Althouse slept days, the Tennessee woman slumbered for years, and grew from a child of 10 to a woman of 32 while she slept.

Among the younger children was Susie, who up to her tenth year was the brightest and prettiest of the whole lot. Just at this age she was taken ill, and a physician was called in. He visited her a number of times, and finally administered a dose of some medicine which gave her a severe chill. From this she passed into a deep sleep, and continued so for some days. The family thought her dead, but close investigation saved her from being buried alive.

Finally a pulse was raised when she was about 15, and her father took her to St. Louis, where some of the best physicians experimented on her. They fairly flustered her with electricity, made her flesh raw, puncturing it with needles, and sent her home worse than before.

During her life she was visited by thousands, and her funeral attracted an immense multitude, who came from every direction to catch a parting glimpse of one who had grown from girlhood to womanhood while fast asleep.

### Sayed by a Cat.

During the time when England was rent and torn by civil strife between the two factions represented by the red and white roses, Sir Henry Wyatt, a brave and noble soldier, wore the red rose, and after a brilliant victory won by his enemies, was captured and imprisoned, so the record tells us, "in a cold and dark tower." Here he was allowed to languish unattended with sufficient food to keep the wheels of life moving on.

### A Test of Nerve.

It was on the line between Charleston and Savannah, and we had run in on a siding to let the express go by. She was behind time and as a number of us strolled around some one proposed to stand alongside of one train while the other passed.

When the express finally appeared she was running at a rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and there was such a cloud of dust that she might have been taken for a cyclone. She came with a roar and a scream. I saw the man turn pale before the locomotive was up to him, and the third car had not passed before he wilted right down in his tracks.

"I thought I had more nerve. From where I stood it seemed as if the train was headed right for me, and all at once I got the idea that one of the coaches would jump the track. The roar confused me, and the speed of the train made my flesh crawl. I would not try that position again, safe as it looks, for all the gold you could pile into our baggage car."

In Ireland last year 28,569 swarms of bees produced 459,386 pounds of honey, an average of sixteen pounds per hive. The average store of a swarm kept in hives with movable frames, by which portions of the comb can be removed, was 23 pounds, while that of a swarm kept in a less commodious dwelling was only 13 pounds. Bees are not the only animals that work best in roomy workshops.

### THE MYSTERY OF A GAS WELL

Remarkable Tragedy Occurring in the Bowels of the Earth.

LITCHFIELD, Ill., Feb. 28.—Yesterday morning, while Sam Varner, head driller for the Litchfield Natural Gas Company, was at work at a well the drill got stuck. The drill is a large bar of steel, weighing about a half ton, and is drawn up by a windlass, then dropped, sometimes as much as fifty feet. This drill forces its way through thick strata of rock, and is often sunk about 300 feet. Varner worked for nearly an hour before he could get the drill free, and he then brought it to the surface and was astonished to discover that it was covered with blood, as was the rope for several feet above the drill.

The ponderous bar of steel had punctured the life out of something far down in the bowels of the earth. Varner placed his ear to the mouth of the tubing, and could plainly hear a roaring sound. While he was in this posture a voice came up, "You have killed somebody down here," and Varner and his assistant made for the village at a rapid rate, and told their story.

People flocked to the well and examined the bloody evidence of the subterranean tragedy. A physician and a chemist both declared that the red clots on the drill tip were blood, but could not tell whether it was human or not. Late in the evening the mystery was explained by the presentation of the following bill by the Litchfield Coal Company:

"Litchfield Natural Gas Company, Dr.

"To one mule killed by gas company's drill this day, \$50.

"And, fellow citizens, there was never a more faithful or useful mule in a coal mine than old Tom, who has met so tragic a death."

### Adventure With White Caps.

This is a tale of the White Caps. Thomas Benton Smith is over six feet in height and broad in proportion, with bones like rods of steel and muscles like bundles of wire. Unlike most men of large stature he delights in strife. He was one of the bravest veterans who followed Grant all through the struggles of the Wilderness. In his neighborhood are a number of wild but good-hearted young men who had read blood-curdling accounts of the White Caps in the daily papers until their own souls began to yearn for a little of the gore.

From the old attic he brought down four old Queen Anne muskets with big barrels. Pours a handful of powder into one of these he filled it to the muzzle with rock salt. The others he treated in the same manner. He then went out into his workshop and prepared a dry basswood war-club twenty feet long and three inches in diameter. Around one end he wrapped two old bed quilts, tying them on with a clothes line.

It was night. Twenty ghostly forms were gliding over the snow toward the residence of Thomas Benton Smith. Long white capes concealed their forms and heads; small holes were for eyes and mouth. Two of these phantom-like forms carried a bucket of warm, steaming tar; two held old pillows full of feathers under their arms, another bore a strong rail on his shoulders; the others held tangles of switches in their hands. This ghostly band halted a few feet from the front door. Two of them glided noiselessly around to the back of the house.

Never from the gathering shower clouds did the lurid lightning flash and stream with such swift and spiteful fury as those old Queen Anne muskets flamed upon that ghastly scene. Flash followed flash with such startling rapidity that all blended together in one blinding glare of angry light. This was followed by a yell as blood-curdling as if all the wild animals in Barnum's circus had broken loose at once. Towards these astounded White Caps, with flying leaps, came an appalling figure, magnified by the darkness and their own terrors. In its hands this figure bore a war-club that looked like the trunk of some great forest tree. Beside this terrible war club Goliath's famous spear would have been like a straw in the hands of a child.

"Going ter soak the old man in hot tar, air ye?" screamed the figure, as the huge war-club swung against the foremost White Cap with such force that the affrighted wretch shot up into the air and over the fence as if fired from a cannon. Three of his fellows shared a similar fate, but the rest escaped. "Hold on, boys, hold on!" he shouted. "I ain't got half enough; I ain't fairly warmed up yet. Come back!" The only answer was the sound of men running as for their lives.

Next day a huge grave could be seen on this now famous spot. On it were piled two buckets of tar. At the head of the grave rose a rude stone, shaped from white boards nailed together. On this stone in bold, black letters, was rudely painted:

Sacred to the memory of the Cumberland County White Caps. Erected by one who loved them like a brother: who would have gathered them to his bosom even as a hen gathereth her brood in a shower—but they would not wait. Requisition in pace.

The starfish—the enemy of the oyster—places his stomach upon the mussel shell on which he intends to feed. In a few minutes the gastric juices dissolve the muscles which form the hinge of the shell, the stomach penetrates through the opening thus made to the fish within and exercises upon it so powerful a suction that in a short time nothing remains of the mussel.

### The Drum and Its Tum-Tum.

Oh, the drum! There is some intonation in thy grum Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb, As we hear Through the clear And unclouded atmosphere, Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear!

There's a part Of the art Of thy music throbbing heart, That thrills a something in us that awakens with a start, And in rhyme With the chime And exactitude of time, Goes marching on to glory of the melody sublime.

And the guest Of the breast That thy rolling robs of rest Is a patriotic spirit as a Continental dressed; And he looms From the glooms Of a century of toms, And the blood he spilled at Lexington in living beauty blooms.

And his eyes Wear the guise Of a purpose pure and wise; As the love of them is lifted to a something in the skies, That is bright Red and white, With a blur of starry light, As it laughs in silken ripples to the breezes day and night.

There are deep Hushes creep O'er the pulses as they leap, And the murmur, fainter growing on the silence falls asleep. While the prayer Rising there Will the sea and earth and air As a heritage to freedom's sons and daughters everywhere.

Then, with sound As profound As the thunderings resound, Come thy wild reverberations in a throes that shakes the ground, And a cry Flung on high, Like the flag it flutters by Wings rapturously upward till it nestles in the sky.

Oh, the drum! There is some intonation in thy grum Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb, As we hear Through the clear And unclouded atmosphere, Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear!

—[James Whitcomb Riley.

### A FATHER'S CRIME.

The Fearful Crime of a Trotting Horse Owner in Michigan.

ADRIAN, Feb. 28.—Frank Silvers, the owner of the trotting horse Banker Rothschild, has been living with wife and two daughters at Tecumseh, ten miles north of here. The girls had just entered their teens. Village Marshal Tom Kyle lives near the Silvers homestead. This morning Mrs. Kyle noticed no sign of life about Silvers's house, and spoke to her husband about it. An hour later the village marshal and his wife went to the house and forced open one of the doors. In a chair in the parlor sat Mrs. Silvers. She had been shot dead, a bullet having passed through her temples. Neighbors were quickly summoned, and the investigation was resumed.

In a little room up stairs the horrified searchers found the two girls lying side by side in a bed which was covered with blood. They had been shot through the head also, and both were dead. On the floor at the foot of the bed was Silvers, who, although shot in the head, was still alive. A revolver lay at his side. He was in his stocking feet and coatless. Silvers bought the pistol yesterday and it is supposed he began his slaughter at 8 o'clock last night, when pistol shots were heard by the neighbors. It is believed family troubles led to the tragedy. Silvers left a letter which provides for the disposition of his property. He will die.

Trade With South America. No time ought to be unnecessarily lost in securing intimate trade relations between this country and South America, such parts of the latter particularly, as Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine Republic. According to a report recently presented by Mr. Simeon Jones, a mutually beneficial commerce could be easily inaugurated, were certain preliminary conditions complied with. The chief of these, Mr. Jones says, is speedy and regular intercommunication by means of a line of steamers. Surely there is wealth enough, and enterprise enough in Canada to make it certain that valuable markets will not in any sense go a-begging for the want of a few steamers.

Another suggestion Mr. Jones makes is a very important and necessary one. It is that some means should be taken to make the manufacturers and merchants of Canada acquainted with the necessities and peculiarities of those countries with which they are assured they can do business if they go the right way about it. This is a self-evident truth. We can never hope to successfully compete with our rivals unless we possess a thorough knowledge of the people with whom we trade, so that as far as possible we may accommodate ourselves to their ideas.

To Cure a Corn. There is no lack of so-called cures for the common ailment known as corns. The vegetable, animal, and mineral kingdoms have been ransacked for cures. It is a simple matter to remove corns without pain, for if you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putman's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get "Putman's," and no other.

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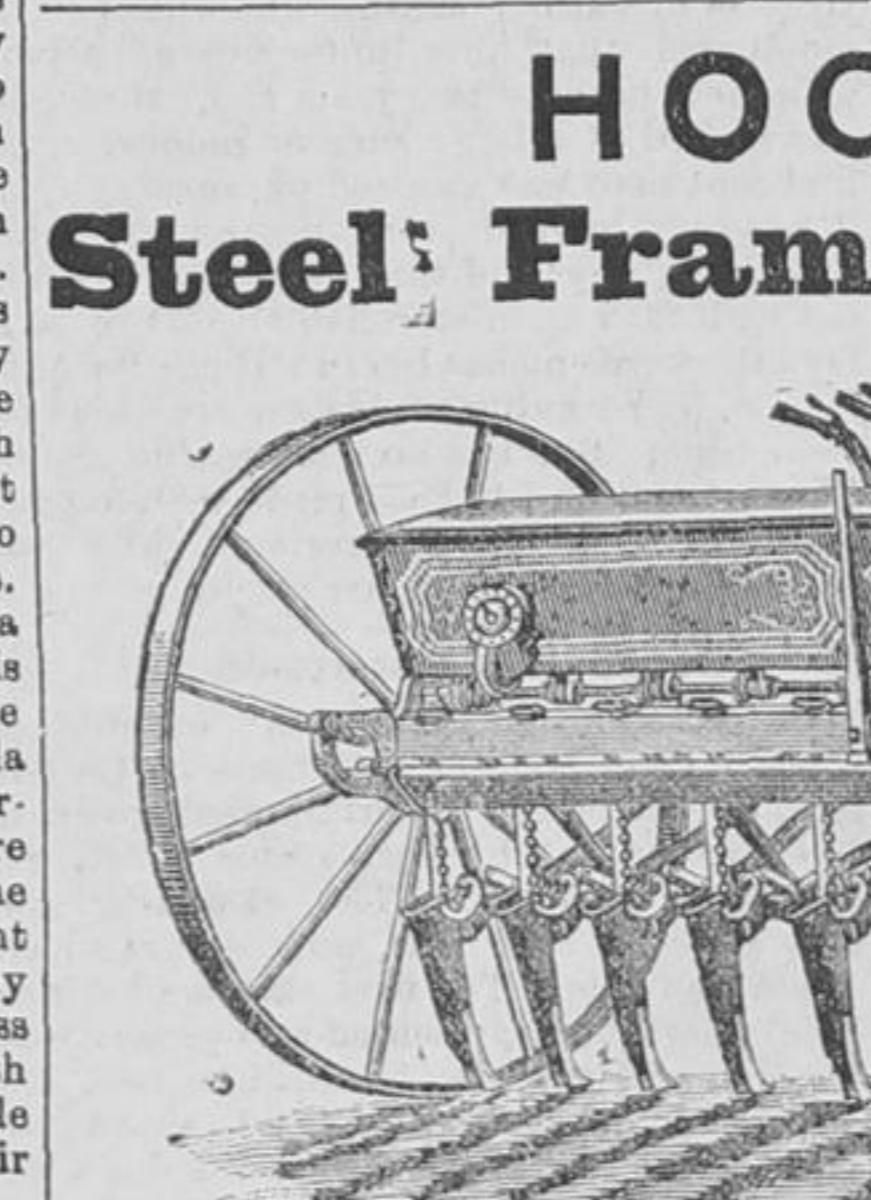
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