

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

Super Workings of a Law of the Nature of Alaska.

An Androscoggin county lady, who recently returned from Alaska, where her husband was employed by the United States government as a teacher among the natives, gives some interesting particulars of the country and people. While at Chilcoot the lady witnessed a tragedy and its consequences which illustrates the peculiar code of justice among the natives.

A party of white miners were at the supply agency preparing to start off on a prospecting tour to the Yukon or some other distant mining locality. Several Indians wanted to accompany them, but objection was raised by others. Liquor had been freely drunk, and bad blood was in the ascendant. An old chief, much respected by the whites, excited the ire of a chief of another tribe, and the latter sought to vent his wrath by striking the other's son, who chanced to be present. The father retaliated by knocking the aggressor down. The latter thereupon drew his revolver and fired, the bullet penetrating the old chief's lungs. Knowing that the custom of his countrymen demanded a life for a life, he at once darted from the scene of the fray and fired directly for the house in which the white lady was stopping, hoping to be enabled to secure immunity from punishment. She stood in the doorway as he approached, but he was destined never to enter. It appears that his dissipated, quarrelsome habits had already placed him in bad odor with his own tribe, and one of the footlooted young men intercepted him when almost at the threshold, and with a terrible cut with a huge knife almost severed his body in two.

Now comes the singular part that justice had to take in the affair. Instead of the actual murderer paying the penalty of the crime, according to their judicial code, the life of the old chief, as the assumed prime cause of it, was to be forfeited, notwithstanding he had at first acted mainly on the defensive, and had already been perforated with the bullet of his enemy. He sought protection from his white friends, but while they were hearty in sympathy with him, they did not deem it prudent to interfere in the matter. Seeing no hope in that direction, he turned from them with the remark: "Me show white man how brave Indian die," and gave himself up to be shot. After his wife had adjusted a black cap to his head a dozen or more men of his own tribe drew themselves up for the execution, but their hands trembled so, or they so disliked to shoot their beloved chief, that in firing the bullets that entered his person only mangled him, and did not at once prove fatal. He begged them to kill him outright, but they desisted and he was carried to his hut to slowly die from his wounds. Thus he lingered for nearly two weeks, suffering the greatest agony. His wife would go to his bedside night after night and plunge a knife in his side to hasten death and his release, which seemed so long a time coming. During his suffering the lady visited him almost daily and he seemed very grateful for her solicitude. Finally he died, and "justice" was satisfied.—Lewiston Journal.

Missionaries Assaulted in Japan.
The Pacific Mail steamship City of Peking has arrived, bringing files of newspapers from Yokohama to May 20, from which the following is taken: During the past few months several missionaries in the vicinity of Yokohama were assaulted and brutally beaten, the injuries in one instance terminating fatally. First there was the unrevenged murder of the Rev. T. A. Large; then the assault and reckless persecution of the Rev. J. Summers, followed by the perpetration of a wanton outrage on the Rev. Dr. Imbrie on Saturday, May 17. It appears that the Rev. W. Imbrie, D. D. of the American Presbyterian mission, in company with the Rev. J. L. Amerman, D. D., set out to witness a baseball match.

In entering the field, however, the former crossed a hedge, while the latter went around the inclosure to enter on the other side. Thus the two men were separated, and it was during this period that the assault took place. The moment the students desecrated Dr. Imbrie they savagely fell upon him, beat him severely, and one of them cut a deep gash in his cheek with a knife. Dr. Imbrie saved his life by flight. The outrage was reported to United States Minister Swift, and efforts will be made to punish the offenders. The Rev. Mr. Summers was persecuted to such an extent, and the lives of himself and family threatened so, that he was obliged to abandon his residence and seek protection in Yokohama. He subsequently embarked for England.—San Francisco Alta.

A Crafty Girl.

A girl living at Mount Morris, N. Y., has been asleep for nine days, and cannot be aroused. The day before she settled down to the nap she heard her mother express the intention of canning five bushels of raspberries and making ten gallons of blackberry jam. The girl will be all right when the work is over.—Detroit Free Press.

Technical Terms.

"Do you ever read the society columns in our newspapers?" inquired the colonel, as a stylishly dressed lady swept out of the car, says the Atlantic Constitution. "I hear my wife reading them," replied the major, who was sitting opposite.

"Well, that's what I mean," said the colonel. "Naturally, a grown man with signs of beard on his face wouldn't be expected to devour that kind of thing. I hear my wife and girls reading it occasionally, and I have listened patiently and learned some interesting facts. A man can always learn something if he'll sit right still and listen. Now I'll bet a hoss that none of you fellows know what that lady had on."

"She had a bonnet for one thing," said the last passenger.

"Correct," said the colonel. "What else?"

"Well," said the major reflectively, "she had on a dress."

"Oh no," exclaimed the colonel. "That's where you are wrong. That's what you miss by not educating yourself in the society business. The lady didn't have on a dress."

"What do you take me for?" asked the major. "I'll take my oath the lady had on a dress and a very pretty one, too."

"You are mistaken," said the colonel, emphatically.

"Well, what did she have on?" the sad passenger inquired in his mild way.

"A gown," remarked the colonel.

"It's funny, but there are no dresses any more. Frocks went out of fashion when I was a boy, and now if a woman hasn't got on gown it is because she is wearing a morning or an evening toilet. But generally it is a gown—especially in Atlanta. When I hear my wife or the girls reading the papers it looks like to me that the whole face of the earth is covered with gowns—morning gowns, evening gowns and tea gowns. Thirty years ago a calico frock used to be good enough for my wife, but now she has to have gowns just like the girls. I don't blame her much. She ain't quite as frisky as the girls, but she's lots better looking."

"Well," said the major, "I expect it's the same way at my house, but my wife is so old fashioned in her ways, especially when it comes to making egg bread and waffles, that she don't pester with those new-fangled things. A frock is still a frock to her, and she don't want any flounces and furbelows on it either."

"My opinion is," said the sad passenger, "that if the women call a dress a gown they know what they are about. When my wife says gown, a gown it is. A man that isn't cut biased can afford to let the women have all the satisfaction they can get out of calling a dress a gown."

Saved From Awful Deaths.

"I have seen three or four suicides at Niagara Falls," said a drummer to a New York Sun correspondent, "but the first was the queerest and gave me the greatest shock. I had made the acquaintance of a guest at the hotel as we sat on the veranda, a man of handsome look and soft, low voice, and at about 10 o'clock he proposed that we go over to Goat Island together on foot. I readily assented, and we were crossing the bridge when he suddenly stopped and looked over the railing. Naturally I followed suit. He had been in Brazil, and he began telling me the customs and manners of that country; but after about ten minutes he suddenly stopped short and queried:

"Would you mind taking a swim with me this morning?"

"A swim? Great heavens, man, but where could you swim here?" I gasped.

"Here, in the rapids."

"But you'd be swept over the falls in ten seconds."

"Of course!" he laughed, showing his white teeth, and before the words were fairly uttered he struck the water. Almost before I could breathe twice he was over the falls and out of sight forever, and I stood there, rubbing my eyes and wondering if I was asleep, until a crowd came up and began to ask questions. In the afternoon the keeper of a private insane asylum arrived and identified the man as an escaped patient and when he had heard my story he asked:

"Did he lay hands on you?"

"No."

"It's a wonder. He was always planning to get here and compel some one to go over the falls with him. Excuse me, but do you chew?"

"I do."

"You didn't offer him any?"

"But I did—while we were leaning over the rail."

"That accounts for it. He always declared that a man who used tobacco was a hog, and that to die with one meant eternal disgrace. The fit came upon him as he looked at the rushing waters, but your tobacco saved your life. Stranger, lend us a chew!"

A Valuable Electric Lantern.

By an ingenious combination of lenses Professor Stricker, of Vienna, contrives to project the magnified images of objects on a white screen in their natural colors, so that for instance, a small pimple on a patient can be shown in its real appearance to an audience of many hundred students. One of the experiments will be a demonstration of the palpitations of the heart of a small animal.—Exchange.

Saved by a Brave Engineer.

As Frank Repp, the engineer of the Perkiomen mail train which reaches Allentown early in the morning, looked out of his cab window on his morning trip June 2 he saw a beautiful young woman approaching on the track. He whistled an alarm, and she stepped lightly and gayly off the track his train was traveling to the other track.

But it was evident to the engineer that the nose of his train had drowned the roar of another train approaching from behind her in the opposite direction, and that she was unaware of her peril. He noted the several puffs of white smoke that swiftly arose from the locomotive bearing down upon her, but she evidently heard not the whistle's frequent warning of danger. Her eyes saw her death was certain unless he could in some way attract her attention to her peril. He waved his hand to her warningly, but she evidently misunderstood its meaning, for she slackened her pace, looking at him more earnestly.

He immediately reversed the lever and turned on the steam brakes with a suddenness that alarmed the passengers. He sprang to the side door of the cab, and before his locomotive had come to a standstill he leaped to the opposite track just as his engine got abreast of the young woman and the other locomotive had almost reached her.

With herculean strength and lightning swiftness he caught her up bodily and leaped with her beyond the tracks just as the other engine swept by. Then he sank to the ground, overcome by the effort and the narrowness of their escape. The passengers were loud in their praises of his heroic conduct, and the young woman was almost prostrated with shock, while overcome with gratitude at the noble conduct of her preserver.—Cor. Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Oldest Drummer.

J. C. Page is the oldest traveling man in the country. Mr. Page started out in 1852 with half a dozen shoes in an old fashioned handbag. He sought his first order from a former employer in Montpelier, Vt. This employer was a Green mountain merchant of the regulation type. He listened to the youthful and ardent commercial traveler and then exclaimed: "Why, boy, do you think you can sell shoes by samples?"

The youth thought he could. After a mature deliberation the merchant remarked: "Well, Joel, I don't believe you would deceive me; you can send me a box of those shoes." To any one who has not watched the development of the boot and shoe business and the rapid increase in the number of commercial travelers of all classes every year this story must prove interesting. That an avocation employing hundreds of thousands of persons every year, and with hundreds of millions of dollars invested, could grow up during one man's lifetime almost surpasses belief.—Kansas City Times.

Duel With Lariats.

Courier Journal: A novel duel was fought near Moore's station between two Mexican cowboys named Jose Carrasco and Manuel Bosco. Carrasco was in possession of a fine mottled cow which Bosco claimed belonged to him, and had been stolen some time previous. The two men met in the roadway. They were both on horseback, and their lariats hung from the pommels of their saddles. Bosco hailed Carrasco and demanded the return of the cow. The latter became furious at the suggestion that he had come in possession of a stolen cow, and his Mexican blood began to boil. Words of a sulphurous nature began to pass between the cowboys, when Bosco called Carrasco a liar. Scarcely had the words been spoken when, quick as a flash, the irate Carrasco grasped his lasso from his saddle, and, twirling it with a quick movement over his head, sent it with a swish toward Bosco's neck. The latter ducked his head and grabbed his lariat as he did so.

Then began one of the fiercest, bloodless battles that has ever been recorded. Up and down the roadway the two horsemen dashed, and lassos of the duelists flying and circling in the air. Not a word was spoken. As fast as the lassos fell short of their mark they were jerked quickly together, and with a twirl over the head each cowboy endeavored to encircle the other's neck.

The horses were flecked with foam, and both of them dashed away in the same direction, seeming to realize the fight to the death going on between the riders. On sped the horses, but not a word spoke the fighters. Bosco finally turned his eyes from the other cowboy for an instant, and, quick as a flash, Carrasco dropped the nose of his lariat over his adversary's neck, swung his pony around with a jerk, and, putting spurs to the animal, started off in the opposite direction.

Bosco was jerked from his horse's back so suddenly that his neck was broken, and he was dragged over the ground at full speed for more than a mile. The victor disengaged his lariat from his victim's neck and coolly rode into town.

Her Dress, For Instance.

"How do you like Miss Smithers' style?"

"Um—well, I think a great deal of it put on."—American Grocer.

FARM DEPARTMENT.

Feeding Heifer Calves.

A subscriber says that he recently saw "in an agricultural or stock" the statement that calves which are to be raised for the dairy, should be fed differently from those that are to be raised for beef and he wishes to know if the statement is correct. We reply if the statement is correct. We reply if the statement is correct. We reply if the statement is correct.

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and branches with this, at the same time rub it briskly but not too harsh to kill the plant. Use care, when, done rinse with clean water and by two or three such treatments your plants will be free from these pests. You will also find on your wax plants, coleus, fuchsias, etc., a small, white insect looks like cotton; the best method is to get a small quill brush, to be had at any drug store, have a saucer or any small dish will do, put in a few drops of kerosene oil, dip the brush in the oil and touch these spots. This you will find a sure remedy for them; they are known as mealy bugs.

The time will soon be here when your plants will need repotting, have plenty of good soil prepared thus: get some good garden soil and one-third well decayed manure from the cowbarn, add to this one fourth sand, mix well and put away until wanted. Callias are now beginning to make a good start, those that were potted in September; give them frequent waterings of liquid manure, at least once a week. By all means keep boiling water from them as that is not nature. When the plants are in bloom, don't take a knife and cut off the old flower stalk, but take and place the plant or pot on the floor, catching hold of the bloom stalk with one hand and hold the pot with the other hand and give a quick jerk and you will pull out the old stalk. You will see by this method you will not hurt the new bud coming alongside the old one, by a little practice you can do this very quickly, and no harm done. All the callia family should be potted in August or September in good rich soil one bulb to a six inch jar or pot. Keep these hints where you will find them, they are useful and if followed out a sure success.

A correspondent writes from Alexis, Ill. We are having bad weather for stock. The number of steers feeding is not so great as usual, but many more cows and heifers are being shipped off, a large per cent of old breeders, half fat, only fit for canners. If this good work goes on there may come a time when good cattle will pay.

The influence of food upon the quality of milk has called forth, first and last, much discussion and in this country it is conceded that food has very much to do with it. The contrary opinion, however, has some advocates who base their conclusions mostly upon the experiments made by Dr. Kuhn at the Moeckern Agricultural Station in Saxony. It is claimed that he demonstrated that the feeding of a cow has nothing to do with the quality of milk, and the necessary consequence is that we cannot increase the ratio or proportion of cream or butter in the cow's milk by any change of food, however rich it may be. This is so much at variance with the experience of dairy-men on this side of the ocean that most dairy people are skeptical about these experiments.

With Ready Wit.
One of Lord Carmarthen's future constituents once asked the youthful candidate his opinion upon some abstract question of which he knew nothing. "Let him alone," cried another derisively; "don't you see he's nothing but a baby?" "What do you think?" reiterated his inquirer, heedless of the interruption and determined to have an answer. "I think," said Lord Carmarthen, with ready wit, "that it is high time for all babies to be in bed;" and so saying, he gathered up his papers and disappears from the platform. Again—and the last anecdote is so well known as to have become well-nigh historical—at a crowded meeting just before his election, he was interrupted by the question: "Does your mother know you're out?" "Yes, she does," was the instant retort, "and by Tuesday night she will know I'm in." His prophecy proved correct and he headed the poll by a large majority.

About the Telephone.
Some interesting and rather surprising statistics on the use of the telephone in European countries have been collected. In London, the greatest commercial city of the world only 15 persons in 1,000 use the telephone. The telephone is used most in countries where the service is owned or controlled by the state. In Germany, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden from 100 to 400 persons in every 100,000 of the population are subscribers. In Great Britain only 58 persons in 100,000 use the telephone. In Berlin 11, and in Paris 4.2 out of every 1,000 inhabitants use the telephone.

Not Exactly Lost.
"Methitable," said the young lady's mother, with a severe frown, "you let Eliphalet steal a kiss from you last night."

"I'm sorry, ma."

"Sorry! I should say you would be. The idea of permitting any young man to steal a kiss from you."

"Well, ma," said the young lady with a penitent air. "It isn't as if it was lost. I'll make him give it back to me when he comes to-night."—New York Press.

The more worthless a man is when he leaves a town, the greater probability that he will come back.—A. T. Abrahams, Globe.

AFFAIRS OF WOMEN.

For Large Girls.

Girls from 12 to 16 years are with charming simplicity. The high necked waists with elaborate or one of embroidery, a girlish belt, or sash, large sleeves, and skirt three yards or more in length. Thus a school dress of girlish quarter inch stripes of blue and white is drawn on cords between arm holes in the yoke shape around the neck, and also at the waist. White embroidery, four inches wide, with scalloped gathered to the shoulders and front of the armholes in front of armholes in zouava jacket shape passes backward on the sides, tapered to the waist line in the full sleeves are drawn near the wrist, with a frill at the end and a similar frill is erect around neck. Black velvet belt ribbon inches wide conceals the join skirt and waist, and is tied behind, with long ends. A bow for the spring is of velours, sheen like velvet, the ground of which is of ecru silk. The square yoke and close cuffs of patterned ecru embroidery, the velours is gathered, and then concealed in front by a wide brown bengaline, with one end high in each under-arm seam, down to cross in front, and the middle of the back, where a bow is tied, with long ends.

Uncle Sam boasts two negro lawyers.

The man who leaves a woman pleased with herself is the one who soonest wish to see.

After the young woman party thirty she stops calling attention birthdays by giving parties.

Flower hats will be universal during the early summer, and theater wear or at summer they are lovely.

Only those who have made ought to wear light shoes, as they to make the foot look very much than they really are.

There are many true ladies, who differ somewhat from society people. So does a true gentleman, on the principle of refinement and character.

In the city of Buenos Aires said there are sixteen men, a woman, and that any decent looking woman that goes to have her pick out of 50 eggs.

Money For The Ladies.
The new silk bengalines, handsome and are much used in promenade costumes.

The Tartan sleeve is a cheviot, with two gauntlets of dark plush and light colored silk with double coreing.

Russian blue, a dark electric name given to a pretty color is said to be the newest shade for stockings.

"Your wife must take more of 'But, doctor, what can I do?' 'Give her some to go shopping with.'"

The Welch crown is the most odd-looking high crown which is spicuous on many of the best. It is very quaint and unusual.

Hunker—Miss Bond is quite a Goslin—Yes, but I can't say I like her excessively. She told me home at 11:30 last night. "Then she is a fire bell."

Braided robes are not now in demand as embroidered robes come in beautiful spring dresses are embroidered in floral wheels, circles and crescents.

Handkerchiefs are very much in vogue, and women are spending incomes upon them as of yore. Simple, dainty bits of filmy lace section are higher priced than ever.

Irish point lace and embroidery on summer chailies, silk imported gingham, and ribbon largely into the ornamentation of dresses as well as lace or ribbon.

Fashionable modistes are dainty chemisettes and blouses, pink, white, cream and pale blue or silk batiste, to be worn with fronted toilets they are finished summer wear.

Importers of the choicest millinery announce that the brimmed Leghorn hats, that wholly out of style, are to be the most popular and most of the summer head covering.

There is a very large inventory of popular chailies and prettily veils this season, these being in a large degree usurped of the French gingham, batistes and other wash fabrics.

A very simple hat is made of chip, with a band of yellow into the brim a little above the front and turned up at the "crown," (which is seen with trimming.