The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS

STATE BANK.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

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9-82 COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

SONGS UNSUNG.

Sweet the song of the thrush at dawning,
When the grass has wet with spangled dew,
Sweet the sound of the brook's low whisper
'Mid reeds and rushes wandering through;
Clear and pure is the west wind's murmur
That croons in the branches all day long:
But the songs unsung are the sweetest music
And the dreams that die are the soul of song.

The fairest hope is the one which faded,
The brightest leaf is the leaf that fell;
The song that leaped from the lips of sirens
Dies away in an old sea shell.
Far to the heights of viewless fancy
The soul's swift flight like a swallow goes,
For the note unheard is the bird's best carol
And the bud unblown is the reddest rose.

Deepest thoughts are the ones unspoken,
That only the heart sees, listening, hears;
Most great joys bring a touch of silence,
Greatest grief is in unshed tears.
What we hear is the faintest echo,
A song dies out, but a dream lives on;
The rose red tints of the recent morning
Are lingering yet in a distant dawn.

Somewhere, dim in the days to follow,
And far away in the life to be,
Pealing sweet, is a song of gladness,
The spirit chant of the soul set free.
Chords untouched are the ones we wait for,
That never rise from the harp unstrung;
We turn our steps to the years beyond us,
And listen still for the songs unsung.

—Nebraska State Journal.

THE SMUGGLER.

In the year 1773, previous to the annexation of the Isle of Man to the English crown, the inducements for smuggling from that well known spot were of the most seductive character, giving employment to a few hardy and daring spirits, whose large profits in their perilous trade more than compensated them for the continual risk they encountered in their nightly voyages from the island to the shores of the Solway. This island of the Irish sea, once a rendezvous for numerous freebooters and smugglers, is now rendered a place of no small commercial importance, as well as forming a military and naval depot for the crowded ranks and numerous fleets of the British army and navy. Its productive soil and highly cultivated lands, its neat cottages and admirable roads are a picture of modern improvements, while at all times it wears a lively and busy appearance. From the highest point of the island, in clear weather, the visitor has a view of the three united kingdoms.

It was at the close of a fine day in the latter part of August, 1772, that a two masted lugger was seen riding at a single anchor in a quiet cove on the west side of the island. The craft might have been of about 150 tons burden, though her dark, low hull gave her the appearance of being much smaller, while the symmetry of her spars and rigging, tapering beautifully at their various points as seen against the sky, showed her to be a craft upon whose rig time and care had been expended. Around her hull extended a line of red, broken at two points on each side by an open port, while the height of the waist showed that it was intended to serve as a breastwork to those who navigated the vessel in times of danger. Altogether, you would have pronounced the lugger at first sight a suspicious craft, and, unless she carried the king's commission, one most likely bent upon mischief. At the hour of which I write an individual rather below the usual height, yet commanding in appearance, in seaman's garb, with a broad belt about his waist, into which was thrust a couple of boarding pistols, was pacing the quarter deck; in his hand he held a speaking trumpet, which at this moment he raised to his lips and issued the necessary orders for getting under weigh.

Fifty as fine fellows as ever handled a marlinspike sprang cheerfully to execute his orders, enlivened by the shrill tones of the boatswain's whistle. While all was bustle and activity about him, the captain slowly promenaded the quarter deck, presenting the picture of a young hero. Blended in his open countenance was the spirit of daring, but yet of noble purpose, his mild, thoughful eye belied his otherwise spirited appearance. His form, as we have said, was rather below the ordinary height, yet he was handsome in figure, his person evincing great power of endurance, with strength and agility; he might have been in age about 22 years.

"We are brought to, sir," said the first lieutenant of the lugger to his captain.

"Heave round, sir," was the prompt nautical reply. "Heave and pall."

The anchor being raised and stowed, the wide breadth of canvas peculiar to the lugger rig, formerly so well known in the Bay of Biscay and the British channel, was spread upon the life like vessel, and bending gracefully under the influence of the gentle west wind, she took her course under a cloud of canvas for the shores of the Solway.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain to his first officer, "I think we are likely to have trouble on this night's trip. I learn from trusty agents that intelligence has been lodged relative to the character of our swift footed craft, and I fear there has been treachery aboard the Dolphin." So was the lugger named.

"I hardly think that, captain," he replied, "though the crew have had full freedom on shore and have lately visited Carlisle and Keswick."

"They know the rules of the ship, Mr. Merrick," said the commander sternly, "and how treachery will be rewarded. Let the crew sleep with one eye open; we may have work for them."

The watch was set, while the remainder of the crew "turned in all standing," which signifies in sea parlance with their clothes on, ready for prompt and immediate service. The cargo on board the craft that now rounded the mouth of the sheltering cove was contraband and valuable, and the object of the commander was to land it safely and return from the main land to the island before morning.

The lugger held on her course till rounding the northern point of the island, when the captain, who had not left the deck, discovered off his starboard bow a vessel, whose indistinct outlines alone discernible in the darkness of the night, appeared to be those of a large craft; at the same moment the lookout forward discovered and announced the stranger as a sloop of war under easy sail.

The course of the Dolphin was changed two or three points more northerly, in the hope of passing the strange sail at such a distance as not to be noticed by her crew; the effort was successful; the commander of the sloop, not expecting his prey at this hour, was not on the lookout for the smuggler. On board the well regulated lugger all was silent as the night itself, while every sail expanded with the freshening breeze.

"Mr. Merrick," said the captain, when silence was no longer necessary, "pipe the crew to quarters, sir; I have a few words to say to them that may serve as a rough night cap for even these sea dogs."

The wakeful crew, most of whom were already on deck, having heard of the proximity of the stranger, gathered quietly aft near the sacred precincts of the quarter deck, where they stood with their hats off and their hair waving wildly in the night air. A well disciplined ship's crew look upon their captain with much the same respect as does a courtier upon his king, save that if possible the former is more profound, as is the authority of his superior more absolute.

"My lads," said the young commander, addressing his attentive crew, "most of you saw that strange sail we passed within the hour; do you know that nothing save treachery could have placed that vessel in the direct track of the Dolphin's night course?"

"It does look mighty 'spicious, you honor," said an old seaman in the front ranks of the crew, "but shiver my timbers if I believe we've got anybody shipped aboard this ere craft but loves the saucy Dolphin and your honor too well to play them a scurvy trick."

"There has been treachery, I have said; is there one of my crew that can tell me its penalty aboard this ship?"

"Death at the yardarm," sounded from the deep guttural voices of the crew, who shrunk beneath the piercing eye of their captain.

"It is my duty," said he, "to watch over your interests and my own with a jealous eye. I never deceive you, my men; the traitor shall receive his punishment, though I pursue him to the foot of the throne. Enough; to your duty."

The hours passed on—the busy crew had landed the cargo, and in the hands of confidential agents it was soon hidden from the most careful search of the revenue officers.

The greatest danger was yet to be encountered. The cargo landed, the lugger must again sail for the sheltering protection of the island, but the rising moon now threw its mellow and unwelcome light—unwelcome at least to those on board the Dolphin—across the heaving swells of the Irish sea.

Hardly had the lugger got under weigh before the cruiser was again discovered lying midway between the English coast and the island; the course the Dolphin steered, and in fact the only route she could take, would bring her in full view of the cruiser and within range of her guns. The captain of the lugger viewed the dilemma with calm and quiet countenance, giving his orders in a tone that inspired those about him with fresh courage. The two vessels were now fast approaching each other, when a coarse hail came down across the water from the sloop, "What vessel is that?"

The captain of the lugger, knowing that every moment he could gain in delay was of the utmost importance in the furtherance of his purpose to run the gauntlet of the cruiser's broadside, made a mumbling and inaudible reply through his trumpet, so that the query from the sloop was put. "What answer do you make?"

The breeze still freshening drove the lugger, with her wide spread canvas, swiftly through the water. She was already nearly abreast of the cruiser, which, having tacked, now stood on the same course as her adversary.

"What vessel is that?" was the question again put from the commander of the sloop, to which he added, "Answer, or I shall fire into you."

No reply being made to this hail, the captain of the York, for so the cruiser was called, ordered a shot fired into the lugger, "to wake her up," as he observed; the ball, passing through the white field of the mainsail, struck the water far to windward. The compliment was immediately returned from a heavy gun amidships of the lugger, the ball of which, aimed by the hands of the captain himself, shot away the foretopmast of the York, which fell with all its hamper to the deck. A fierce broadside from the cruiser followed this discharge, making sad havoc among the symmetrical rig of the Dolphin.

The armament of the lugger consisted of four small pieces of ordnance and one gun amidships, revolving upon a pivot, which was of superior metal to that of any gun on board the York. From this instrument of death the missiles of destruction were so faithfully aimed that already had the foremast of the cruiser come lumbering upon the deck, confounding the crew and greatly retarding the means of defense. The York carried sixteen guns with a complement of about 150 men. She was now unable for several moments to return the constant and destructive fire of the lugger, the wreck of the foremast having fallen along the larboard battery, being the side nearest the Dolphin. Both vessels were so cut up in their rigging as to make but little headway, and were now rising and falling on swells of the sea within a few yards of each other.

Several of the heavy shots from the lugger had penetrated the York's side at the water line, and a large number of the crew of the latter vessel were piped to the pumps, as the craft was fast making large quantities of water. At this moment the eye of the smuggler captain rested upon the person of one of his own foremast men on board the enemy—the truth flashed in a moment across his mind, the treachery was accounted for, and there stood the traitor. In an instant the grapnel irons were ordered to be thrown and the boarders piped to duty, a few hasty words from the commander of the Dolphin sufficed to inform his followers that the traitor of the crew was on board the York, and, headed by their brave and daring captain, the lugger's men leaped on the cruiser's deck.

"Secure the traitor and back with you all," cried the captain, pointing with one hand to the trembling villain who had betrayed them, while with his other he kept a score of them at bay with his flashing sword.

After securing their treacherous comrade the Dolphin's crew retreated swiftly to their own vessel, amid the astonishment of the crew of the York, who had been taken completely by surprise, the deed being accomplished in far less time than is required to relate the particulars.

Regaining his own deck the captain of the lugger now backed his topsails, while those that remained to the York continued full; thus the two vessels parted. The Dolphin, as she fell astern of her antagonist, gave her one raking shot, which did fearful havoc upon her deck. The captain of the cruiser was forced to make all speed for the shore, when the York was run aground in a sinking condition. Thus ended the fight between the lugger and the man-of-war, showing what cool courage and skill can accomplish against supplier force

The Dolphin sailed for the cove on the eastern side of the island, sorely shattered in hull and rigging by the severe contest with the king's cruiser.

The lugger is again anchored in the quiet cove, and all hands are piped to witness punishment. The traitor who had betrayed the ship had confessed his guilt, and the price of his treachery was found upon his person. The crew were at their stations, all save six seamen chosen by lot, who stood apart from their companions with downcast eyes and trembling forms, for they were the agents through whom a fellow creature was to be launched, in cold blood, into eternity. These hearts of oak that a few hours since stood fearlessly at their guns dealing death and destruction around, and with blood flowing like water at their feet, now trembled! A strange quiet reigned throughout the ship, even the wounded seamen below had suppressed their groans, and the tick of the captain's watch could be heard at any part of the quarter deck. The miserable man who was now to suffer stood upon a gun, his arms confined behind him and a rope around his neck—the cord was rove through a block at the extreme end of the yard arm and reaching down again to the deck, the opposite extremity was placed in the hands of the six chosen by lot. Contemplating this arrangement for a moment the captain said:

"Why, men, next to mutiny, I know of no blacker or more accursed sin than treachery; that man has betrayed us—may heaven forgive him, as I do at this moment; he was seduced from his duty in an evil hour while under the effects of liquor—he is now penitent, and you see how bravely he will die—you have had related to you the peculiarities of his case, which, I think, has many extenuating points—you are his jurors; shall he die? Shall we send your old messmate into eternity? Speak, my men."

"No! no! and if the captain forgives him, that's enough," said the generous hearted crew.

"Blow me," said the old seaman who has before spoken in this story, "if I don't think a man who could betray such a commander and such a ship must find punishment enough in overhauling the log of his own conscience, without sending him to soundings."

The feelings of the criminal, for he is a criminal who betrays those who have confided in him, may be better imagined than described. He left the gun an altered man. He was forgiven his sin.

Well knowing that the boldness of this last adventure with a cruiser of the royal navy would draw down certain destruction upon them, the captain and crew of the lugger ran her into a French port, where she was sold and the proceeds equally divided among the crew and officers, who were thenceforth disbanded.

Let us follow for a moment, gentle reader, the life of this captain of the Dolphin, this smuggler of the Isle of Man.

Still actuated by a love of adventure and fondness for the sea, he proceeded to London, where he was soon intrusted with a large merchant vessel in the West India trade, as captain, in which capacity he led a lucrative and adventurous life for several years, subsequent to which he visited and settled in America. On the breaking out of the war with the mother country, his ardent love for the principle for which our fathers contended led him to offer his services in behalf of liberty. He was appointed captain of a noble vessel, the first of the American navy, and his was the hand that raised first her flag upon the blue water. With this vessel and others with which he was subsequently intrusted, he gained some of the most brilliant naval victories ever won. Through his whole service there was one faithful follower, who never left him, and whose protecting arm twice saved his life in the memorable battle between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, the former of which he commanded. Reader, that follower was the pardoned criminal of the Dolphin lugger!

Would you follow this commander still further? Congress passed a public vote of thanks to him for his gallant services, endowing him with the highest rank in the American navy, which to this day is embalmed in the grateful hearts of a free people.—Boston Globe.

Electric and Gas Lighting.

I do not see anything in the electric light wave to frighten holders of gas company stocks. If I had an abundance of idle capital I would want no better investment than to buy up gas stocks on a low market. The reason for this is that there never was an electric plant that would stand the wear and tear to which it must be subjected. They will wear out within a short time, even the best of them, even with the greatest of care in their operation. I would like nothing better, however, than to see the use of electricity in public lighting a success. It gives a splendid light, and if the machinery can be made to wear, offers a good investment. Still there would be abundant use for gas plants in furnishing gas for fuel, heat and power purposes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mountain Air.

The health giving influence of mountain air has long been recognized, but the most emphatic indorsement of the "Highland Cure Plan" is now furnished by the report of Professor C. M. Woodford, who passed several months among the cannibals of the Solomon Islands. The main island of the group, he informs us, is inhabited by connoisseurs in man meat, who select their victims from the hill tribes of the neighboring isles, having found their flavor as superior to that of the coast dwellers as venison is to veal. The benedicts of the archipelago probably board their mothers-in-law at some convenient highland resort before salting them down for winter use.—New York Telegram.

A Japanese Physician.

An amusing story comes from Japan of a native doctor who had so far assimilated his practice to European methods that an English resident, being ill, sent for him in the absence of the only European doctor of the district. Our countryman having elaborately described his symptoms, the Jap doctor in his turn made a long and very vague statement, from which it was impossible to gather anything really definite. "But come, doctor," exclaimed the patient at last, naturally anxious to know the nature of his complaint, "you have not told me what it is." "Ah! you ask what it is!" returned the native medico, in what he intended to be his best European manner, "well, I will tell you, sir, it is five shilling!"—London Figaro.

ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED.

HEROIC DEFENSE OF A SHIP ATTACKED BY A SAVAGE HORDE.

An Adventure in the South Pacific Ocean in 1835—Dusky Savages, Who Fought with Spades—Capt. Jones Whipped a Hundred of the Fiends.

About 1835 Capt. Silas Jones, now president of the First National bank of this town, sailed from Wood's Holl as third officer in the ship Awashonks, Capt. Collins, on a four years' cruise in the South Pacific ocean. This voyage was one of most intense excitement and hairbreadth adventure, and, while Capt. Jones is of a quiet and unassuming character and not fond of putting his glory before the world, yet your correspondent obtained a story full of interest and one that is not known to have been published, although in years past it was a theme of much discussion.

The vessel had a crew of about thirty-five men, including captain, first, second and third officers, and made the voyage around Cape Horn without incident. She cruised about the South seas, and when eighteen months out had 900 barrels of fine oil in her hold.

"WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE."

Closing in with a group of islands just north of the equator, Capt. Collins decided to make a trade with the natives. The ship was hove to, with most of her sails set, in a small bay where the calm water reflected the strip of white sand, green palms and tropical plants that skirted its margin as well as the purple hills of the interior.

A number of native dugouts put out to the ship and made fast to her chains, and the savages clambered over the vessel's rail. At a favorable signal a fierce yell burst from their dusky throats, causing the ears of those who heard it to tremble and their hearts to quail. In less time than it takes to write it the ship's decks were full of natives, and the unarmed crew made for the rigging, jibbooms and forecastle, in fact anywhere to escape the bloodthirsty islanders.

The fight that ensued was a desperate and indiscriminate melee. The natives had been so sure of a surprise that they had formed no plan of attack, depending entirely on their overwhelming numbers. At the first rush Capt. Collins and the second mate were engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with some of the savages who had availed themselves of the ship's cutting in spades, and the poor men were immediately hacked to pieces. Thomas Gifford, of Falmouth, a seaman, made a bolt for the forecastle, and received a blow from a spade. He carries the scar across his forehead to this day, and it is a most unpleasant reminder of that bloody massacre.

Capt. Jones, then a youth of about 20, found himself surrounded by a number of infuriated natives, each struggling for a whack at him with the keen edged spades. He managed to parry the blows, jumping into the vessel's hold and crawled among the tiers of oil casks into the cabin. Here he found the steward and two seamen on the floor, covered with wounds, inflicted by the murderous spades. The rest of the ship's company were either aloft or cooped up in the forecastle. In one corner of the cabin was the magazine containing the muskets and ammunition. Seizing the muskets, Capt. Jones gave them to the wounded men to load, while he set about rescuing the Awashonks.

ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED.

The natives were scattered over the deck stealing what they could get their hands on. They plucked up the ringbolts from the decks and rails and tugged at them when two tons' strain would not have pulled them out. They pried at bolts and straps, picked at nail heads, wrenched down kettles and stovepipes and threw them into the canoes. The chief, an ill visaged rascal, was at the wheel endeavoring to beach the vessel, but he was not up in navigation. First he put the wheel down, and the sails not filling he put the wheel up. Slowly the Awashonks headed off and gathered headway toward the beach. An Indian who lived in Mashpee, some ten miles from here, cut the braces and the sails were taken aback. A shower of arrows and heathenish maledictions were hurled at him as he sought shelter in the tops. The vessel lost headway, but the chief continued his experiment without the rudder.

The cabin, where Capt. Jones had taken refuge, was lighted by two windows in the stern and a large skylight overhead. When the enemy peered into these apertures a well directed bullet sent them away in hot haste. For over an hour this skirmish between a desperate man and a hundred murderers continued. As fast as the wounded men could load the muskets Capt. Jones would put their contents where they did the most good, and the islanders began to have wholesome fears of the windows and set about devising some better method of attack.

Looking up through the skylight during the quiet that followed Capt. Jones saw the chief at the wheel in his frantic endeavors to beach the vessel. Taking careful aim at his broad, naked chest, he pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through the deck, and having spent its force, rolled along the planking to to chief's very feet.

The savage left the helm, inspected the bullet hole, and then laid a piece of board over the splintered plank; he then returned to the wheel as unconcerned as could be. Another bullet from the musket pierced his heart and the lifeless form rolled into the scuppers.

At the death of their chieftain the islanders fled panic stricken to the shore, and the Awashonks was laboriously put to sea. She soon fell in with a merchantman, Capt. Proctor, and was brought into Wood's Holl by a portion of the merchant crew.

Capt. Jones was offered a master's berth by the owners of the whaler he had so bravely defended, and up to 1864 he followed the sea in that capacity. Three of the crew now live in this vicinity, and two of them bear scars that tell a tale of sore wounds received in the fray.—Falmouth (Mass.) Cor. New York Herald.

Fruit or Meat.

The food which is most enjoyed is the food we call bread and fruit. In all my long medical career, extending over forty years, I have rarely known an instance in which a child has not preferred fruit to animal food. I have many times been called upon to treat children for stomachic disorders induced by pressing upon them animal to the exclusion of fruit diet, and have seen the best results occur from the practice of reverting to the use of fruit in the dietary. I say it without the least prejudice, as a lesson learned from simple experience, that the most natural diet for the young, after the natural milk diet, is fruit and whole meal bread, with milk and water for drink.

The desire for this same mode of sustenance is often continued into after years, as if the resort to flesh were a forced and artificial feeding, which required long and persistent habit to establish its permanency as a part of the system of every day life. How strongly this preference taste for fruit over animal food prevails is shown by the simple fact of the retention of these foods in the mouth. Fruit is retained to be tasted and relished. Animal food, to use a common phrase, is "bolted." There is a natural desire to retain the delicious fruit for full mastication; there is no such desire, except in the trained gourmand, for the retention of animal substance. One further fact which I have observed—and that too often to discard it, as a fact of great moment—is that when a person of mature years has, for a time, given up voluntarily the use of animal food in favor of vegetable, the sense of repugnance to animal food is soon so markedly developed that a return to it is overcome with the utmost difficulty.

Neither is this a mere fancy or fad peculiar to sensitive men or over sentimental women. I have been surprised to see it manifested in men who were the very reverse of sentimental, and who were, in fact, quite ashamed to admit themselves guilty of any such weakness. I have heard those who, gone over from a mixed diet of animal and vegetable food to a pure vegetable diet, speak of feeling low under the new system, and declare that they must needs give it up in consequence; but I have found even these (without exception) declare that they infinitely preferred the simpler, purer, and, as it seemed to them, more natural, food plucked from the prime source of food—untainted by its passage through another animal body.—Richardson in Longman's Magazine.

Oiling the Shears.

Standing in a prominent hardware store the other day, the Stroller watched a lady purchase a pair of shears. She decided upon the size and style desired and tried four or five pairs, rejecting them all because, she said, they "squeaked." But she was finally suited with a pair that didn't "squeak" and went her way. As the accepted pair happened to be one of those first refused, the salesman was asked how the metamorphosis was effected. "That," said he, "is one of the very simplest secrets of the man who sells shears. Observe this." He picked up a pair of scissors which "squeaked" wofully when worked. Then he ran his thumb and forefinger thoughtfully down the side of his nose and rubbed them over the scissors, which came together as gently and noiselessly as though saturated with oil. "That's all there is of it," he said. "You see, there is always a little oil collected in the corners on the outside of your nostrils. Scrub your nose as hard as you will, the oil will be back there in five minutes. So when a customer comes in, tries a pair of shears and complains that they squeak and come together hard, we can oil them up and make them run smooth without exciting suspicion. What was the oil put on the nose for? To help the hardware man out, I suppose. But then what I have told you is a good thing for all nervous people who don't like squeaky shears to know."—Chicago Journal.

At the North Cape.

At Tromsoe, the sheltered capital of northern Norway, our steamer remained just long enough to allow us to visit an interesting encampment of Lapps, and their reindeer in the neighborhood. The company we visited had pitched their tents on the side of the mountain, and about a dozen or more seemed to live comfortably enough in a space we might portion off for so many hens and chickens. Both men and women were remarkably short, seldom more than four feet high, with eyes wide apart, and flat, expressionless faces.

They wore reindeer garments, with leather boots up to the knee, and bright colored hats in form of sou'westers on their tangled locks. At our request the men called loudly to the Lapp-in-chief, who was waiting for a summons upon the hills to bring down his herd of reindeer, and very soon the cries of the dogs and the rattling of the horns of the deer were to be heard, as the beautiful creatures answered to the call of their master and bounded down the hillsides toward us. The patriarchal Lapp, after we had made a few vain attempts at exchanging courtesies, signified he expected a handsome donation for his trouble, and on saying "good by," we noticed that the Norwegian sailors who accompanied us each gave his coin in turn, it being considered unlucky to part with a Lapp without offering some small gift.—Temple Bar.

Poisoning from Tooth Plates.

The coloring matter of rubber false tooth plates is chiefly some oxide of metal, that of lead being of a bright red, while the oxides of bismuth, antimony, aluminum and manganese will give the rubber the brown color running to maroon and the pink is obtained from aniline colors.

But it is not in the metallic oxides used in the preparation of rubber that danger lies (as the percentage of rubber sore mouths is so small—one in 50,000), but in the vulcanization itself, which instead of converting the prepared rubber as received from the depots into vulcanite can be by carelessness converted into a porous plate, containing hundreds of thousands of minute holes, each able to absorb and retain the fermentation from food products, and by its presence constantly against the tissues of the mouth cause blood poison. This porosity is caused by overheating the rubber, thereby converting the sulphur in the mass into sulphurous acid, destroying the fiber of the rubber by decomposition and setting free the metallic oxides. Whereas, if rubber is cured or vulcanized properly, at a temperature never exceeding 280 to 300 degs. Fahrenheit, it will retain its elastic fibers intact; the sulphur will be in its natural state, permeating the rubber and holding the coloring matter so hermetically sealed in its substance that no moisture will dissolve; even strong sulphuric acid will not touch it.

It is the duty of those making rubber plates to attend to these details in the process of manufacture, but where cheap dentistry is sought after, hurry is the result and the consequence very dangerous.—Annals of Hygiene.

AN AWFUL STRUGGLE.

A WOMAN'S THRILLING ADVENTURE WITH AN ALLIGATOR.

The Carnivorous Reptile, Not Content with Fresh Pork, Whets His Teeth for Human Flesh—A Mother's Almost Superhuman Courage Conquered the Ravenous Saurian.

A family named Lambert, living on Lake Charlie Apopka, or Tsala lake, as it is called, report a very thrilling experience. The family is composed of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert and three children—two boys and a girl baby, the boys being 8 and 13 respectively, and the girl just able to toddle about. They moved there some two years ago and pre-empted a homestead on the south side of the lake. The house is built about 200 feet from the lake and on a slight elevation, the land in front sloping down gradually to the water's edge. At the left, off some little distance, is an immense saw grass pond. Near this Mr. Lambert built an inclosure for his pigs, one side facing the lake, and up to a month ago he had a magnificent lot of porkers.

One night he heard a tremendous roar in his hog pen, and, hurrying out with his shotgun and lantern, he was just in time to see one of his fine hogs disappearing in the lake in the mouth of a huge alligator, while the score of balls of fire seen glittering in the darkness on the lake showed the presence of others. From that beginning their inroads were kept up with great regularity, and though he killed a dozen or more, yet the pork was too nice for them to relinquish their feeding ground. Lately they have grown so bold as to crawl into his yard in daytime, and the predatory raids of these marauders on his hogs and fowls have rendered Mr. Lambert's life a burden.

THE LITTLE DAUGHTER'S PERIL.

A recent adventure, however, of two members of his family with one of these dreadful creatures has so terrified the farmer and has so alarmed his entire household that he is seriously contemplating abandoning his place. One Saturday afternoon Mrs. Lambert, who was in the back part of the house, was attracted by the screams of her little girl and frantic cries of "Mamma! Mamma!" Hurrying to the front of the house, she could not at first locate the little one's whereabouts, but her piercing screams continued, and the almost frantic mother soon discovered the flutter of the child's dress near the lake shore, the palmetto bushes nearly hiding her from view. Snatching up an ax from the woodpile, she flew to the water's edge, and as she rounded the palmetto patch a sight burst upon her that nearly drove her crazy.

On the edge of the bank, with its body half in the water, was a huge alligator, its forepaws outstretched, raising it from the ground, while its tail lashed the water into foam. Just in front of it, and clinging to a palmetto root with her tiny hands for dear life, was the little girl, her dress being held in the jaws of the alligator, who was slowly dragging the child. The alligator's dull eyes gleamed with anger, like red coals of fire, and when Mrs. Lambert appeared the monster uttered a hoarse bellow and started backward, tearing loose the child's slight hold. The latter's infantile features were drawn into an agonized appeal, and as the animal dragged her down she was too completely paralyzed with fear to even cry out. The peril of her baby banished all fear from Mrs. Lambert, and she rushed up and struck the saurian over the head with the ax, and, seizing the child with both hands, tried to pull her away. The sharp blade cut into the alligator's eye, and, mad with pain, he opened his jaw and half sprang at the woman.

FIGHTING FOR HER OWN LIFE.

This left the child free, and they both fell backward. Mrs. Lambert said afterward that at this moment she never expected to save her life. As she fell the alligator swung around his tail with a terrible sounding whisk, but the fortunate fall of the two just placed them outside its deadly sweep. The alligator advanced as far as it could with unwieldy waddle, and Mrs. Lambert attempted to rise and escape. Her dress caught on a root, and before she could get up and free herself the alligator made a snap at her and missed, catching hold of her dress instead. Finding that it had secured something, it commenced backing toward the water, dragging along the prostrate woman, who now fully realized her peril and filled the air with her cries for help. She frantically clutched at the roots as she was dragged over them, but her dress was of stout material, and the alligator's strength soon overcame her feeble resistance.

Suddenly, with a heavy sinking of the heart, she felt that her foot was in the water, and that, if no help came, she was doomed to a terrible death. The horror gave her strength for a moment, and she made another frantic effort to free herself, but it was in vain, and she felt herself drawn into the water. Suddenly her hands, which were nervously clutching at anything and everything that seemed to promise support, passed over the ax handle. With the swiftness of thought and with superhuman energy she seized the helve and scrambled up, and how she cannot say. She managed to deal the 'gator a heavy blow with the blade. With rare good fortune it struck his other eye and crushed into the head. The maddened and wounded reptile opened its jaws with a roar of pain and rage, and Mrs. Lambert's dress slipped off its huge teeth.

Scrambling up she seized her baby girl and fled wildly to the house and fell on the porch in a dead faint. Her husband, on returning home at night, found her there unconscious, with the child patting her mother's cheek, trying in her baby way to arouse her.—Los Angeles Express.

Gen. Sheridan's Children.

The home of the late Gen. Sheridan is still sad in the remembrance of the death of its distinguished head, but amid all this sorrow there is a quiet joy in the heart of Mrs. Sheridan in her children. The eldest daughter, Mary, is now 13 and bright. The twin daughters, Louise and Irene, named after their aunt and their mother, take after them in beauty, and "Little Phil," just turning 9, is a perfect reproduction of the "Little Phil," the hero of Winchester and Five Forks. In stature and physiognomy he is a counterpart of his father, which is a great source of consolation to his mother. The "Little Phil" of the family shows all the courage and equanimity of the "Little Phil" of history.—Philadelphia Times.

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