WORK OF THE NORTHWESTERN

Arrangements For the Completion of Its Extension to Lincoln.

MISSOURI PACIFIC MATTERS.

Indications That the Road Will Extend West From Lincoln—Small Railroad War—The Musical Festival.

[FROM THE BEE'S LINCOLN BUREAU].

Contractor McDonald, of the Chicago & Northwestern extension work from Fremont to Lincoln, is in this city locating his final grading camp out opposite the fair grounds, and a large force of men will commence work from this point the first of the week grading northward about five miles, where work is already being pushed with commendable speed. The grading of yard room and depot grounds within the corporation will follow, and work in securing these grounds is occupying the attention of the right of way parties. One station on this extension of the Northwestern has been located south of Wahoo at Ceresco postoffice, near the Saunders county line, and presumably one more station will be located in Lancaster county between that point and this city. Advances made to ward purchasing lands for a town site, where the people look for towns to be located, are met with fabulous prices, and the farmers who are along the right of way are preparing to make the most of it.

IS IT WANTED?

S. H. H. Clark, Superintendent Nichols, of the Missouri Pacific, and J. H. McCall, of Plum Creek, Dawson county, have been in conference in this city the past day and it gives an opportunity to revive a rumor, that heretofore has been confined to close quarters, in effect that the Missouri Pacific was not going to stay at Lincoln but had its feelers out for a northwestern extension into new Nebraska fields. In fact, close observers of railroad matters incline to this opinion, and if so, why not strike the Dawson county country, and why should not Mac come down and talk it over, to be sure. An extension of the Missouri Pacific west from the state capital would, for a hundred miles, be through a country already pretty effectually covered by the B. & M., but at Plum creek a point would be found almost equally distant from the B. & M. Grand Island extension on the one hand, and the B. & M. Elwood extension on the other side. Therefore in the pending struggle to acquire new territory, and especially in the contest for the cattle trade of the northwest, and the other interests in that rich and undeveloped land, it need occasion no surprise if the Missouri Pacific becomes an aggressive factor, and makes of Lincoln only the half way house on its road.

A PASSENGER WAR

In a small way has been waging in the city the last week, the contest being between the B. & M. and the Northwestern, and the bone of contention being the Knights of Pythias excursion train to Toronto, Canada. General Passenger Agent Murray of the Chicago & Northwestern has been in the city for several days representing his road in the premises, and Captain Allen of Omaha, represents the Burlington. The excursionists will presumably not number over fifty or sixty, but that does not lessen the heat of the contest in the least, and the passenger agents have orated to the boys night and day in committee meetings and ink. The latest report from the war is that the Northwestern will take the excursion party on a rate of sixteen dollars and nine cents each, for the round trip, Lincoln to Toronto and return.

LINCOLN'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The second concert of the Lincoln Oratorio society will be given at Funke's opera house on Monday evening, the 28th, under the direct management of Professor Saxby, the society's musical director. The oratorio of the evening will be Handel's "Creation," and the enthusiasm with which Lincoln singers and songsters have taken hold of the work gives the best promise that the society's second concert will be an entire success. The principal soprano, Miss Ethel Howe, of this city, is a universal favorite in musical circles, and will not fail to please the most critical audience. Chas. A. Know, of Chicago, will sustain the leading role in tenor, and that gentleman's endorsements of similar work in other localities is most flattering. Mr. Porteous, of St. Louis, the basso, will sustain the solo parts in his line with undoubted credit. The orchestra will consist of thirty pieces, some eight or ten of whom come from Omaha for the engagement, and the officers of the society feel assured that no labor has been spared that would in any way tend to the successful rendition of "Creation," which, in time, will promote the object of the society, which has for its aim a cultivation of taste for the best of sacred music.

FAMILY TROUBLE.

A case of domestic infelicity was illustrated at a hotel in this city an evening or two ago, in which a husband of the brute order went into the business of licking his wife in public. At the request of the woman the police were called, but when they arrived her obstreperous lord and master had cooled off somewhat and begged off from going to jail. The woman, with a babe in arms, had come to the city from a point down on the Atchison & Northern branch, and had left her husband on account of his worthlessness to make a living for herself. He followed her to the city and a partial reconciliation was agreed upon, and the man started out in the afternoon with the expressed view of obtaining work. Instead of work, however, he obtained liquor at a neighboring saloon, and at supper time he returned to the hotel loaded for fight and commenced beating his wife with fists and with a chair that stood conveniently at hand. The mistake made in the ending of the affair was when the police failed to take the wife-beater to a cell in the cooler and give him thirty days on bread and water and employment for the city, a character of punishment that at best is too lenient for that class of characters.

MORE ABOUT THE EXCURSION.

President Correll, of the State Press association, prior to returning home, took steps toward securing minor comforts for the trip to Salt Lake and Denver. If the number go, or anywhere near the number who have at different times signified their intention of going, there will be two or three Pullman cars of excursionists. In that event a baggage car will be added to the train, in which a printing press and type sufficient to publish a daily paper along the route will form a portion of the baggage. A barber shop will also be loaded in the car for the accommodation of the boys, and a physician will be secured as an attache to the excursion in case of accident.

CITY BRIEFS.

Colonel R. C. Cushing, of Cushing, Mallory & Co., contractors, with headquarters in Omaha, was in the city yesterday between trains, and in response to the BEE representative's inquiry stated that two-thirds of the work in grading the B. & M. Ashland cutoff was completed, and that work would be pushed with increased force on the remainder of the line until the road bed is ready for the rails. Mr. Cushing was enroute homeward from a tour of inspection in the grading contracts of the firm in the western part of the state, the contracts including the Blue Hill branch and the extension westward from Elwood.

In connection with the cases tried for violating the license and Sunday laws in Judge Parker's court, two parties were tried for running a bowling alley on the grounds of the beer garden the same day and were fined, one $10 and the other $5 and costs of prosecution.

An old land mark in the shape of a two-story store room, on the east side of Government square, is being torn out and will be entirely rebuilt by Mayor Burr. The old standstone in the building when unearthed call to mind vividly past days to old residenters.

Two more cases were up for hearing in police court yesterday for violations of the city ordinances requiring the city to clean house.

The bond election will occupy the attention of the friends of the measure today, and they confidently predict that not a hundred votes will be cast against them. It is very questionable, however, whether a half way respectable vote will be cast either way.

General Baggage Agent Maesland, of the B. & M., is out at Denver this week on a business trip to the western terminus of the road.

The labor organizations of the city have secured as orators for the day on which they celebrate, Monday, July 5th, F. M. Fogg of Michigan, J. R. Buchanan of Denver, M. K. Lewis, of Omaha, and Patrick Egan of Lincoln. The committee are also in communication with other speakers of note.

Z. E. Calvert, general superintendent of the B. & M. lines in Nebraska, and Tobias Caster, right of way agent of the same corporation, came in from a trip out on new lines yesterday.

The finance committee of the grand lodge A. O. U. W. closed a business session in this city yesterday, which was called to secure the supplies necessary for the grand lodge instituted. Some seven hundred dollars worth of books and blanks were let by contract.

Ex-Governor David Butler, of Pawnee county, is at the state capital and is evidently kept busy by numerous parties who take a fatherly interest in the doings political at all points of the compass.

Several transfers of lots and lands in West Lincoln have been made the last week at advanced figures, and that part of the city is wide awake with the advent of two new railroads.

A tramp too much intoxicated to walk, or to see six feet ahead of himself, ornamented the state capital grounds several hours yesterday, to the disgust of passers-by and especially visitors in the city from abroad who daily visit the seat of state government.

The preliminary hearing of James McIntee was yesterday postponed until Monday, when it will be up in Justice Brown's court.

Police court yesterday in the matter of drunks and disorderlies was a whitewash, and the firemen went through their usual practice without disturbing the entire second story.

AT THE HOTELS

Yesterday the registers revealed the following Nebraskans: C. A. Foster, Omaha; J. L. Hutchinson, York; B. F. Smith, Hastings; N. R. Gregory, Wahoo; D. P. Marsh, Omaha; Z. F. Britt, York; Frank Hitchcock, Hastings; F. G. Simmons, Seward; J. E. Lamaster, Tecumseh; E. F. Chessman, York; T. L. Norval, Seward.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers were filed June 24 with the county clerk, and reported for the BEE by Ames' Real Estate Agency:

George N Hicks and wife to Aaron G Ingram, lot 19, blk 5, Hanscom place, Omaha, w d, $1550.

Ella E Latson to Mary D Stoddard, lots 7, 8 and 9, blk 2, and lots 6 and 7, blk 4, Plainview add, Omaha, w d, $2800.

Leah Kendis and others to Samuel Mertensen, part of lot 62, S E Rogers, Okahoma, Douglas Co, w d, $1275.

Paul Nelson and wife to Samuel Mertensen, e½ of lot 5 blk 12, Kountze & Ruth's add, Omaha, w d, $1100.

George Wilkins (single) to Otto Baumann, lots 17 and 18, blk 4, Omaha View, Omaha, w d, $700.

Edward J Mohlers and others to The Public, Gate City park, being lots 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15, Weiss' subdivision of ne¼ of nw¼ of sec 5-15-13, Douglas county, dedication.

Dennis Cunningham and wife and others to John H Grossman and others, lot 12, blk 2, Washington Hill add, Omaha, w d, $500.

George L Miller and wife to Herbert A Dond, lot 2, blk 5, West End add, Omaha, w d, $1500.

Augustus Pratt and wife and others to James Johnson, lot 2, blk 10, Pratt's subdivision, Omaha, w d, $650.

Matthew L Van Scoten and wife to Francis M. Schriver, lot 13, blk 14, Kirkwood add, Omaha, w d, $700.

Francis S Blayney (single) to E G Glenn, lots 4, 5 and 6, Tabor place, Omaha, w d $2000.

William R. Drummond (single) to Hannah T Hoyer, lot 5, blk 1, Belvidere, Douglas Co w d, $450.

Isaac S Hascall (single) to Johanna Linahan, part of lot 5, blk 4, Kountze's 4th add, Omaha, w d, $500.

John H Hungate and wife to Christopher C Field, lot 3, blk 3, Patrick's add, Omaha, w d, $900.

Jacob Trojel and wife to Lawrence C Enewold, s½ of lot 14, blk E, Prospect place, Omaha, $750.

Lawrence C Enewold and wife to Erick Peterson, s½ of lot 14, blk E, Prospect place, Omaha, w d, $700.

Augustus Kountze and wife and others to Sidney D. Barkalow, lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, blk 7, Plainview, Douglas county, w d, $2700.

John W Paul (single) to Milon S Lindsay, part of ne¼ of nw¼ sec 16-15-13, Douglas Co, w d, $11250.

Geo B. Ayres and wife to Caroline E Ayres part of lot 3, Johnson's add, Omaha, w d, $1.

Edward Morony and wife to Lewis A Groff and others, lots 13 and 14, blk 3, Hanscom place Omaha, w d, $4500.

W J Wagoner and wife and others to Ella E Latson, lots 4 and 5, blk 4, Hawthorne add, Omaha, w d, $1700.

Margaret Cleary (widow) to Thomas Tighe, lot 9, blk 8, Kountze's 4th add, Omaha, w d, $1000.

Josephine C Stewart and husband to Chas L Todd, lots 25 and 26, Auburn Hill, Douglas Co, w d, $600.

Dexter L Thomas and wife to Christiana Johnson, lot 12, blk 2, Patterson's subdivision, Douglas Co, w d, $450.

George L Miller and wife to John E Wilbur, lot 25, blk 12, West End add, Omaha, w d, $1500.

Business Failures.

NEW YORK, June 25.—The total number of business failures occurring throughout the United States and Canada during the past seven days was 162.

Arrested for Embezzlement.

CHICAGO, June 25.—W. F. Wheeler, employed by A. M. Henderson, a board of trade commission merchant, was arrested to-day for alleged embezzlement of $5,000.

DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS

MOST PERFECT MADE

Purest and strongest Natural Fruit Flavors. Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, Almond, Rose, etc., flavor as delicately and naturally as the fruit.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.,

CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

STORAGE corner 11 receive and etc.

A SUMMER SHOWER OF STORIES

Cat and Canine Tales, Both Tender, Tough and Truthful.

SEVERAL TALL FISH BITES.

Snakes in Fields and Footgear—Skeeter Bites and Spider-phones—A Mammoth Aggregation of Dead and Living Wonders.

Two Educated Cats.

Philadelphia Press: "Oh, that's nothin'; he can do better than that. Just wait a minute an' you'll see him walk backward." These remarks were made by the gentleman who wields an oyster knife in a well known Sansom street house, and they were applied to a small, frisky, black-and-white kitten. The kitten was practicing feats of balancing on the iron foot-rail that ran around the bar. The creature kept its tail switching from side to side to preserve its equipoise, and after walking forward for a space, actually did start backward. The steps were taken with great care, but presently one foot slipped and the acrobat tumbled.

"Antonio ain't a circus cat," said the oyster opener, "but he knows enough to be in a dime museum. Where did I get him? Down on the wharves. He has no education except what he's picked up, but he's got more sense than many people that come in here. He just lives on oysters—cries for 'em and eats 'em all the time. The funny thing is that he won't have 'em any way except on the deep shell. Antonio comes from a race of oyster-lovin' cats."

"That cat is an oyster-fed chump to Old Delmonico's," said a bystander. "Know Old Delmonico's? No? Well, you're a dead outsider. The Old Delmonico saloon stood at Ninth and Chestnut, on ground now covered by the postoffice. There was an enormous cat there which was as well known to the rounders as even the 'night hawks' or the roughs who in those days made that locality notorious. The cat was full of tricks, and allowed nobody except the bartender to touch him. One of his favorite feats was to pick up a silver quarter from the smooth marble top of the bar. Of course he could not take it up in his mouth, as it would lie too flat on the stone's surface. So he would carefully push the coin along with his feet until it projected over the edge of the marble, when he would catch it between his forepaws, and, squatting on his haunches, would hold it up for inspection. He was fond of promenading up and down the narrow shelf back of the bar, where fine fancy glassware was stacked up many tiers high for ornament, and he was never known to break a glass or displace an article."

A Bright Dog.

Popular Science Monthly for June: "I was in the habit of giving bones to my poodle Mouston during dinner, and he would go into the yard to gnaw them. When the bone was too large for him, I would get up and go out with him and split it before his eyes with a hatchet. One day Mouston, after having gone out with his bone as usual, came back, bringing it in his mouth, fixed himself in front of me and wagged his tail. I ordered him back, but he persisted in staying where he was. Finally I thought of what he wanted and arose, while the animal indulged in leaps of satisfaction. The trouble was that the bone was too large for him. Now, when I call to mind the expression of the dog when he showed me the bone without getting an answer from me, I could not help thinking that he must at that moment have had a very poor opinion of my understanding."

It is evident from this incident that Mouston knew exp icitly that the bone would be easier to manage if it was split, and that I alone had means of splitting it; and he had a clear and precise idea in anticipation of what he expected from me. Finally, he manifested his desire to me by the only means within his power. How much better could a deaf-mute do than he did?

But it is one thing to think by resemblances and another thing to think by symbols. A story was recently published by M. Dubuc, of a pointer which had learned after a few years that its master went hunting on Sunday, while on the other days he went to business, and M. Dubuc concludes that the animal had learned to count up to seven.

The conclusion is not legitimate; it may even be said to be wrong. The dog distinguished Sunday by some features that were peculiar to it; by the movements about the house, the behavior and Sunday dress of the servants, the dress of the master, or any one or more of a number of things that make Sunday different from the other days of the week; but we may say without contradiction that it did not count seven.

We ourselves, if we were restricted to a life absolutely uniform, would not be able to distinguish the seventh day without memotechnic aids, and, as a rule, we seldom recollect the day or the date except by the assistance of intrinsic circumstances.

Stories About Snakes.

CHARMING SNAKES.

A traveling snake-charmer says that it is easy to win the confidence and affection of a youthful boa or anaconda, as they are not venomous or vicious, and can only exert their power of crushing by getting a purchase with their tail on something that will offer sufficient resistance after they have completely coiled themselves around the limb or the body of their intended victim. If surprised or annoyed they may bite, but can do no serious harm thereby. Their tongue is as soft and slippery as velvet.

A TRIO OF ENORMOUS RATTLESNAKES.

Andrew J. Shores, of Sheshequin township, Pa., recently cut down a very tall hollow tree on his farm. In chopping it up after it fell he discovered an enormous rattlesnake crawling out of the trunk, fifty feet from the butt. The snake was killed. At the first stroke of the ax afterward two other rattlers crawled out at the same spot. They were both killed. These three snakes were the largest of the kind ever known to have been killed in northern Pennsylvania, which upsets the long-maintained theory that the common rattlesnake never grows over four feet in length. One of the snakes killed by Shores measured six feet ten inches, the second six feet eight inches, and the third five feet nine inches. They had forty-two rattles between them.

A HUGE RATTLESNAKE KILLED.

At an early hour the other morning, near Buffalo, Mo., when the harvest hands were entering the wheat field of W. S. Rice, they came in contact with a huge rattlesnake which was concealed in some fallen grain near by the entrance to the field. The reptile, in its angry mood over being disturbed, sprang into the crowd with all the ferociousness of a tiger, and it was only after a desperate fight with fence rails and stones that the snake was overpowered and killed, and had it not been for the timely warning by the peculiar hissing noise of this species of snake some of the men would have fallen victims to the poisonous monster. After the snake had been killed it was exhibited, and measured in length five feet ten inches and ten inches around the body in the largest place. It is believed to be the largest of this kind ever captured in the state, and will stand fair with any ever found in this country.

FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE SNAKES.

Fayette County (Ohio) Republican: The following snake story, though seemingly exaggerated, is, nevertheless, every word of it said to be true, and will be vouched for by Mr. Wayne Caldwell, of circleville, and Mr. B. F. Renick and Benick Rogers, of Harrison township, Pickaway county. On the farm of Mr. B. F. Renick is a large waste of land known as the prairie, which is infested with snakes and is said to be literally alive with them. County Surveyor Rowe once refused to survey this tract of land until the grass was burned off it because of its detested inhabitants. The rain of last week flooded the prairie and drove a number of the reptiles upon an elevation of dirt thrown up from a ditch about one-half mile in length, which has recently been dug through in places. Last Sunday afternoon Renick Rogers, in company with two farm hands, while viewing the destruction of the late storm came upon their ground, but no sooner had they stepped upon it than they were greeted with a chorus of hisses, and were the targets for an almost innumerable number of snakes, but fortunately they wore heavy high-top gum boots and suffered no injury, and it is needless to say they vacated that place in short meter. They returned in a few minutes armed with heavy clubs and commenced their work of extermination, which took them fully a half day. When they had finished they were well nigh given out, and had killed by actual count 473 snakes, which when piled together were three and one-half feet high. They were of every species known in this part of the country. One rattlesnake about three feet long had nineteen rattles on it. A black snake six feet long, a copperhead four feet and a water moccasin two feet long, and as thick as an ordinary man's arm at the wrist, were among the largest killed. It was a tough experience, and one the men say they would not undertake again. Any one doubting the above story can have it verified by addressing the gentlemen herein named.

SOME SHORT STORIES.

A chicken snake, killed in Florida, was found to contain a china nest egg.

Five snakes were killed in the top of a palmetto tree at Crescent City, Fla.

A citizen of Miller, Ga., found a coachwhip snake under the head of his bed. He killed it.

C. C. West, of Butler, Ga., went fishing and wore an old vest. On returning home he hung the vest on a nail. Some days later his wife was feeling in the pockets for a match when a rattlesnake two feet long dropped from the torn lining. It must have got there the day Mr. West went fishing.

Two boys living near St. Joseph, Mo., saw a large bullsnake in the act of swallowing a rabbit. One of the lads struck the snake with a hoe, whereupon a second rabbit popped out of the reptile's mouth and sat up, looking bewildered. The snake was killed. It measured seven feet in length.

A large snake and a dog had a battle on the farm of Y. O'Neal, living near Versailles, Ky., and each killed the other. When discovered the snake was coiled tightly around the dog's body and its head was sticking in the dog's throat.

Thomas Horton, of Salisbury, Mo., while hunting saw a monster snake, which was as big around as a flour barrel. He fired both barrels of his gun at it, whereupon it collapsed and several hundred snakes of assorted sizes ran out of its mouth. Mr. Horton then went home and took a drink.

A milk white snake six feet long was captured near Jewell, Md. It is very gentle, and since it has been in captivity it has learned to whistle several airs from "The Mikado" in a correct and pleasing manner.

Thomas Hightown, of Clark's Summit, Va., went coon hunting one night. After walking some distance he felt his limbs becoming very heavy. At last he was compelled to stop, as his feet seemed to be tangled up with grape vines. He struck a light and found that his legs were covered with rattlesnakes, which had struck at him and became fastened by their fangs to the gum boots he wore. He killed ninety-three snakes and several got away.

Fish Stories.

SENATOR VEST TELLS HOW PRESIDENT ARTHUR SKILLFULLY CAST A FLY.

"On that Yellowstone trip," said Senator Vest recently, referring to his western tour with President Arthur, "several of us who rode in advance of the mule train reached the place on Snake river designated for camp. We called it Camp Hampton, in honor of the senator from South Carolina. President Arthur, Governor Crosby and one or two others, besides myself, dismounted and proceed to examine the surroundings. When we reached the bend of the river I pointed out an enormous trout playing in the water in full view. The water was as clear as crystal, and that big fellow was amusing himself playing with leaves. I regretfully wished for a rod and line, having left my tackle back with the baggage. Governor Crosby spoke up, saying that he had brought one of his rods along, and in a moment more I had it in hand. I rigged it as fast as possible, and, taking a fly from my hat, soon had everything ready for a cast. Turning to the president I said: 'Here, you take that trout in.' 'O no,' he replied, stepping back. 'This is the Sabbath. I couldn't think of handling a rod to-day.' I stepped up to the brink of an overhanging rock," continued the senator, "and made a very poor cast. I pretended that I could not get the line out. Arthur is the most expert fly-fisherman I ever saw, except Wade Hampton, and he is justly proud of his skill. After several more feints I again turned to the president and said: 'I am not able to cast that far, and will have to get you to send that fly over for me.' He took hold of the rod, and after one or two efforts put the fly in just the right place. It was a long cast. In an instant the noble trout darted for the bait, and with a skillful turn of the president's wrist he was hooked. 'Here, Vest!' shouted Arthur, holding the rod toward me, 'you must land him, for I will not.' I took the rod," concluded the senator, "and in about twenty minutes landed the trout, which weighed three pounds."

THE VORACITY OF THE CATFISH.

Senator Kenna tells a story which illustrates the voracity of the catfish. He says that on a certain fishing excursion up on New river, in West Virginia, one of the party caught three catfish, each several sizes larger than the other. As it happened, the largest was caught first, the next in size second and the smallest last, and they were strung in that order and placed in the water. Upon removing the string it was found that the second fish on the string had attempted to swallow his smaller brother, and while he was performing that feat the big fellow at the bottom was engaged in swallowing both the others. Kenna declares that anybody who knows anything of the greediness of catfish will readily believe this story.

A SHOWER OF FISH.

At Wyoming, Ohio, on June 16, a shower of fish fell during the rain. The school children picked them up by the bucketful from the sidewalk. They were several inches long.

There is really nothing strange about this shower of fish, as angle worms, fish, etc., are often caught up into the clouds by revolving storms, and then dropped again many miles from the place where they were taken up. Small fish have often been found in puddles of water in village streets, to the astonishment of people who were unacquainted with the phenomenon.

A FIGHT BETWEEN A HAWK AND A FISH.

S. P. Causey, of Macon, Ga., caught a large fish on a trot line. While the fish was swimming at the top of the water and endeavoring to escape, a hawk pounced upon it. The hawk in some way got the hook fastened in its beak. Then a struggle ensued, the fish trying to dive downward with the hawk and the hawk trying to fly upward with the fish. After a long fight between the two, the hawk was killed by some men who had been watching the struggle.

A FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

Chico Rodriguez, a fisherman of Santa Cruz, caught a shark in a seine when about three miles from shore. The shark made several dashes at the fisherman and nearly destroyed his boat. After a long and dangerous fight Rodriguez reached the Santa Cruz wharf with his lively freight struggling in his wake. The shark weighed 4,000 pounds and yielded two barrels of oil.

SALMON IN ALASKA.

In Alaska the salmon jam the estuaries and inlets so that the fish cannot move at all. "I have seen," says a writer in the American Angler, "the outlet of Lake Coring, which is a rivulet two miles long and two rods wide, connecting the salt water with the fresh, so choked with living salmon that if a plank were laid across their portruding backs a man could walk across dry shod. One can lift them out with his hands until he is tired. It is almost impossible to thrust a speer or a boat-hook into the mass, and, of course, a fish must come out whenever it is withdrawn. Bears take their opportunity to scoop them out with their great paws, and when they have regaled themselves to satiety they retire to the adjacent thicket for a dessert of berries, which grow there in great abundance and variety. Of course a great many salmon get into the lakes at every tide, but after each recession multitudes are stranded, of which the lustiest flop back to the ocean, while the maimed and hapless remain dead and stranded on the denuded rocks."

A KENTUCKY FISHING PARTY.

Louisville Courier-Journal: Major Helm: "Talking about fishing, I recently had the greatest luck in Clover creek I ever had in my life. Wallace Gruelle had occasion to go to Breckinridge county on official business, and I accompanied him as far as Cloverport. While he was gone back in the hills, Sam Hovious and I rowed four miles up Clover creek to fish. Well, in four hours' time I caught twenty-five of the prettiest bass you ever laid eyes upon. The largest weighed over four pounds and the smallest a pound and a half. Everybody in the town said it was the most remarkable luck they ever heard of."

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Wallace Gruelle: "Do I know anything about Helm's fishing in Clover creek? I know all about it. He and Sam Hovious went up the creek in a skiff at 2 o'clock in the morning and fished until noon. The only bite they got was a sucker about six inches long, that Helm partially hooked and pulled out of the water, but it got away from him. Bass? There never was a bass in that creek. Their bad luck was probably owing to the fact that Amos Deane stole the whisky they took along for bait."

A Spider's Telephone.

While a gentleman was watching some spiders it occurred to him to try what effect a tuning fork would have on the insects. He suspected that they would regard the sound just as they were in the habit of regarding the sound made by a fly. And sure enough they did. He selected a large, ugly spider that had been feasting on flies for two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding the fork, he touched a thread at the other side of the web, and watched the result. Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire the sound was traveling? He ran to the center of the web very quickly, and felt all around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding; then taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. Then he retreated a little way and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. He got on the fork again and danced with delight. He had caught the sound of the fly, and it was music to him. It is said that spiders are so fond of music that they will stop their spinning to listen, and a man once said that when he retired to his room for quiet before dinner and played the flute, large spiders would come onto the table and remain quite still, "running away as fast as their legs could carry them" directly he had finished.

Mosquitoes and Rattlesnake Poison.

New York Medical Journal: The following story comes from Florida: A man living in the neighborhood of Tampa was bitten on the leg by a rattlesnake. A doctor was at once sent for and the leg was bandaged tightly above the wound, although it was expected that the man would die before medical assistance could be procured. The leg having been bared for the application of the bandage was attacked by mosquitoes, and when the physician finally arrived he found the man in good condition, but the ground around where he lay was strewn with dead mosquitoes. Our informant, who overheard the foregoing story told by an "old fashioned doctor" on a railroad train, said that the narrator remarked, "It was rather hard on the mosquitoes," and then he added in a reflective sort of way, "I presume the man's life was worth saving."

Mosquitoes That Kill Bears.

Victoria Times: J. A. Johnson, the well known mining expert, returned from Alaska a few days ago. "Next to the rich ore," said Mr. Johnson, "what I struck the most forcibly was the mosquitoes. Why, sir, they kill the bears. Now, it seems strange that a musquito could kill a bear, but this is the way it is done: The bears come down from the hills into the marsh lands to feed on roots and berries—a sort of cranberry found there. As soon as they get comfortably to work the mosquitoes attack them, and go for their eyes. The bears get up on their hind legs to fight them off, and sink into the swamp. The mosquitoes, which are of a most extraordinary size, keep at them until they are totally blind, and they have them completely at their mercy. I have seen over a dozen bear carcasses in those swamps positively killed by mosquitoes."

Rat Tales.

Several trained rats attract crowds in front of a store in Danville, Ill., by catching flies in a show window.

An immense drove of rats recently took possession of the premises of S. W. Gaines, near Scio, Ore. Although he has killed about 1,000 there are many left. They have killed some $500 worth of chickens and other fowls.

Charles Wicks of Northport, L. I., has a tub of water in his barn for watering horses. He placed seven or eight big bullheads in it. The barn is full of rats, which, when they are thirsty, climb up on the edge of the tub and drink. No sooner does a rat dip his nose under water than the bullheads grab him, pull him down, drown him, and eat him at their leisure.

A large rat is said to appear in one of the wards in a Pittsburg hospital a few hours before the death of a patient. It will run under the cot of the doomed person, and, after remaining there a few minutes without any demonstration whatever, it will run away and disappear. In every instance the person occupying the cot has died within thirty-six hours after the occurrence. This has caused such consternation that many efforts have been made to poison the rat.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A STRANGE FRENCH STORY.

I once knew a happy and peaceful home. It was so provided with the world's goods as not to have any material cares; it possessed too little to be importuned by ambitious desires. The man worked gravely by the side of his smiling wife. Her smiles were often coupled with silent tears. If they had any sorrows it was not known. They received but few visitors, and the people with whom they associated were awed by the grace of the one and the intelligent wit of the other.

Strange to say, this couple, so much admired, were envied by none. The quiet and peace which surrounded them acted as a barrier against envy. I longed to know the secret which I felt existed beneath this apparent happiness. "What is the skeleton that hides in the closet of these young people," I often asked myself, "that their happiness should be so sweet, and yet so retiring and so timid? They seem to have no cause of remorse or mourning, but they must have some feeling or sense of inherited misfortune."

I loved them, and they had so great confidence in me that my curiosity became embarrassed, and I would never have known how to penetrate their secret if fate one day had not brought on an abrupt disclosure.

One day I was dining with them, accompanied by a friend—a young lawyer from one of the cities from the south of France, where he had announced himself as a candidate for a seat in the chamber of deputies. The campaign promised to be a hotly contested one. My friend's opponent was a rich and influential person of the place. His name had not been mentioned, and the young couple, who had migrated themselves to Paris from that same southern city, were greatly interested in the conversation of my friend; and when, carried away by his enthusiasm, he exclaimed:

"I shall certainly, in good time, cut down from his great height that infernal Perpignolle. The aged rascal, at sixty to—to—"

As soon as that name was mentioned by my friend, the young husband's hand which held his fork began to tremble and the young wife's eyes began to dilate.

I was tempted. Now was my chance and I, perhaps cruelly, said:

"How will you?"

The husband and wife both restrained a forbidding gesture, yet half made it.

"Oh, that will be easy enough," said the lawyer; "all I shall have to do is to refer to the Gazette des Tribunaux of the year 1830, and cause to be republished adventures of his brother and nephew."

"What have they done?" I asked.

"Well, all they have done is—"

He was interrupted by a cry from the young woman, who saw her husband throw himself backward in his chair as if about to faint, and beating the air with both his hands as if to keep back a specter.

I arose and took the young man in my arms. The lawyer, who desired to be a deputy, confused, discountenanced, knew not what to do or say. He apologetically murmured: "Excuse me; I did not know—I could not anticipate—!"

These unmeaning words, I thought, were not made to encourage the young man, but, contrary to all my expectations, they acted in such a manner as to recall him to his senses; he quietly disengaged himself from my arms, shook my hand, and gave me a look of gratitude; then, placing his elbow on the table with an energetic movement, uttered these words in a kind and trembling voice: "You have no excuses to make, dear sir. You surely could not have known, could not have anticipated, how far your threat would reach. I am the grand-nephew of Mr. Perpignolle, and consequently the son and grandson of those whose memory you wish to invoke to combat the aspirations of my grand-uncle."

The lawyer appeared greatly surprised and evidently regretted the turn affairs had taken.

"I pray you, sir," said the candidate, "think no more of what I have said; I would rather give up my candidacy than carry out my idle threat."

"Thank you, sir; but I cannot permit you to make any sacrifice on my account; and now I owe an explanation to my dear friend here, which I know he must expect."

He grasped my hand. I protested. I called in vain upon his young wife to aid me in my endeavors to prevent him from speaking. Instead, she resolutely, calmly and sweetly imprinted a kiss on his forehead and said, "Speak, my love."

"Know then," began the husband, "my grandfather and my father, who were large farmers in the environs of A., after many dissensions, discussions and quarrels had occurred between them and a near neighbor, they associated themselves one day to have an abominable revenge, and at night, noiselessly making they way into their victim's house, they brutally murdered him, even under the eyes of his wife, and they further exercised their brutality by binding her to a bedpost: then they set fire to the house and escaped, forgetting to free the hopeless woman who could have denounced them. Horrible, is it not? By some unknown chance the poor woman succeeded in freeing her limbs of the cords that bound her, and she made her way through the flames, crying out as she reached the air. 'Help! Help! Murder!'

"It was a great trial in those times. The testimony of the wife of the murdered man was overwhelming. My grandfather confessed his crime. My father, remembering his wife and child, refused to confess, but my grandfather's confession condemned him. They were sentenced to death and executed. Yet, as until then they had been greatly esteemed and respected, they were followed to the scaffold with some show of pity, and the executioner, his work being done, immediately resigned his office.

"My mother died of grief. My grand-uncle accepted the shame; but, relying on his good name, held himself upright before the world. He took care of me, orphan that I was, but he could not instill me with his courage. The pity with which I was surrounded overwhelmed me. I was placed, under the assumed name I now bear, in one of the colleges in Paris, and when I issued from its doors I was paralyzed by the fear of the isolation in which I knew I would be thrown. I imagined that my true name could be read in my face. What should I do? I thought often of death as a relief, and when gloomy despondet thoughts assailed me, even then I had an inexpressible desire to feel the presence of a loved and loving one. I felt that it was terrible to be held responsible for the crimes of my family, and I hoped to meet a heroic woman who could pardon my birth and bestow as much love on me as the amount of hatred expected and dreaded to receive. I mistrusted providence, for that woman I have found. I have her here; she gives me more happiness than a human being has a right to have; but she cannot prevent two specters at times, like to-night, from appearing and casting their awful shadows across my sight. This is my secret."

We had listened to this recital with an emotion that froze our blood and burned our hearts. We thought all was over, but to our surprise the young wife now began, in soft, sad tones:

"You have heard his story, gentlemen, but he has not told you mine. It is for me to narrate it. I, also, am an innocent victim, more isolated from the world than he. I knew the history of the Perpignolle family. My father often sadly spoke of it. I pitied the orphan; I, upon whom another fatality rested, and which weighed me down. I knew he bore an assumed name, and when I first met him he must have detected in my look an appeal to that brother in misfortune which he understood, and he dared to speak to me. It did not take long for love to take possession of our hearts. And when the time came for mutual explations, when he told me his true name, which I already knew, I felt more confused and ashamed than he, while relating his life to me, for I was in duty bound to acknowledge that I was the daughter of the man who resigned his office after the execution of the Perpignolles, father and son. The heir of the assassin is now married to the daughter of the executioner!"

She was grand and full of sorrow, of innocence, of dignity and of love as she uttered these words.

It can be better imagined than described into what state of mind we were thrown while listening to this family history, which I certify to be absolutely true.

The oppressive silence which followed was broken by the husband saying:

"This is why we love one another with a tenderness unknown to others; this is why two outcasts have become united in a love which became strengthened by the reprobation of the world, but it is also why there exists something like a religious palpitation at the bottom of our love."

He spoke truly. I have never known a more satisfied couple than they, who, while having a secret sorrow, never permitted it to sour the sweetness of their life. That sorrow seemed rather to stimulate their love and make it lasting even beyond the grave, extending into that eternity where love and happiness alone abide, and where the stains of this world are washed away forever.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itchin and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams, (an Indian remedy), called Dr Williams' Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of private parts, and for nothing else.

SKIN DISEASES CURED.

Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment cures as by magic. Pimples, Black Heads or Grubs, Blotches and Eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear and beautiful. Also cures Itch, Salt Rheum, Sore Nipples, Sore Lips, and Old Obstinate Ulcers.

Sold by druggists, or mailed on receipt of 50 cents.

Retailed by Kuhn & Co., and Schroeter & Conrad. At wholesale by C. F. Goodman.

Strange Friendship of a Lamb and a Colt.

John Burrows, an Elkland (Pa.) farmer, had a pet ewe with twin lambs running in a field into which a two-year-old colt was turned a few days ago. The next morning