ALL ABOUT ANCIENT ST. IVES

Pen-Pictures of the Cornish Fishing Village Renowned in Nursery Rhyme.

ONE OF THE ODDEST OF ODD OLD TOWNS

St. Ives Bay Comparable With That of Naples—Hanged Their Host "for the Protector's Pleasure"—How the Pilchard is Harvested.

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ST. IVES, Cornwall, Eng., June 18.—In the tender realm of nursery-rhyme lore there is a no pleasanter mysticism than that which clings to the pretty riddle:

As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks;
Each sack had seven cats;
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks and wives—
How many were there going to St. Ives?

So deep and lasting are the impressions of childhood, that as I tramped around the southern reach of St. Ives bay from the pretty hamlet of St. Earth, I found myself unconsciously scanning the highway far ahead for this same wicked old fellow who has puzzled the heads of millions of little folk. But he was not to be seen, any more than the "kits, cats, sacks and wives" are to be taken into account in the olden riddle.

In truth, no man, woman or child was visible upon the white and circling highway. St. Earth nestled there silent and apparently deserted against the cose and the hillside. The tide was out in the bay. A few fishermen's boats rocked idly beside mossy old piers. Long reaches of sand showed here and there shining and brown, like the backs of huge marine monsters. Gulls wheeled lazily above. Land and sea fowl chattered in the circling marsh edges, or dug in the sand and ooze. Only to the north, through the rift between the headlands, was there a single sign of life. On the sapphire blue of the Irish sea were two far, white sails.

But I knew the ancient city lay behind the huge headland, and quickening my pace I soon stood at its sea-face and its highest acclivity. Here the highway tumbles into one of the oddest old towns in all Europe. No wonder that Londoners are coming this, to them, tremendous journey of 280 miles for summer loitering, and the grand promontories behind the town are filling up with brilliant terraces; or that artists swarm to the remote place for its bits of antique in architecture, its quaint grouping of fisher folk and its outreachings of wild and glorious Cornish coast.

Picture of Ancient St. Ives.

There are pictures and pictures of the Bay of Naples. But were I an artist I would stake my hope of renown on the picture I saw as I stood above the bay and ancient town of St. Ives. The bay itself faces the north. At your feet are purple heather and waving ferns parted from the crystaline water by glistening sands. To the right and east the green hillock of the eastern shore. Then the broad yellow beach of Porth-cocking, or the Foresand. Dominating this is the great headland of Pednolva. Beyond, gleaming like a field of gold, are the magnificent sands of Porthminster; and further still, the headland and rocky islet of Godrevy, with the latter's white lighthouse sitting cameo-like between the purple of the sea walls and the tremulous blue of the ocean.

Before you, the silent shimmering bay, with a few white-winged craft scarcely moving, it seems, the distance is so great from the height where you stand; the ocean beyond, shining and blue and still; rythmic reaches of incoming tide-waves, advancing and retreating, and breaking softly upon the shelving sands in tiny ridges of sparkling spume; and here, to the west, a great mass of jumbled gray—old St. Ives crouching in a little pocket of the rocks, like a mass of mossy stone in some shadowy glen sleeping away the centuries, unconscious of the thunderous sea.

Up here among the terraced villas you can form little idea of the quaint old town. The great road jumps into it at a leap, and is broken by the fall into the oddest closes and wynds of any coastwise nook in England. One could almost hurl a stone across its tiled roofs; and yet it houses fully 9,000 people. The streets are so narrow, the pavements so meager, such queer turns are made, such shadowy arcades are penetrated, that the surest-footed stranger pedestrian will meet many a bump and bang in most careful descent.

Odd Nooks in Labyrinthine Lanes.

Then when you have reached something like a level you have simply increased your difficulties. All the lower thoroughfares are scarcely more that shadowy footpaths leading bewilderingly from somewhere to nowhere. This one, opening promisingly, brings you squarely against a solid wall of rock. That one in half a dozen places lands you upon a flat roof, from which you may easily step into the harbor, 100 feet beneath. Another winds about a single structure windowless as a tenth century fortress. Descending another you find a nest of homes whose roofs are the passageway of a street above. Dozens lead squarely into open doors of fishermen's homes. Many are like galleries before others. Some wind through houses where living rooms of the same house will be found at either side of a public passage.

And then in what odd nooks the little shops will be found. There is not a single street 100 yards in length where a half dozen shops are continuously located. Even in these you must needs often ascend or descend a story or more. The most are literally hidden or perched in outlandish and out-of-the-way spots, where, if not stumbled upon, one must repeatedly come with a guide or find rediscovery hopeless. Here will be one perched in a half-timbered Elizabethan projection, away up there three or four stories from the street, and you cannot find an entrance. And there one will be seen as many stories beneath a tiny esplanaded way, but apparently you cannot reach it without rope and tackle. Others are where kitchens should be. And still others unexpectedly confront you from dormer windows. Everything of this sort seems bewilderingly reversed from its proper order. But nothing ever seems to be bought or sold in old St. Ives; the artist gloats over the curious jumble; and it is all most winsome and charming to the stranger.

Seen From the Waterside.

If you come at last through this labyrinth to the waterside, you will gaze back along the dormers, penthouses and roofs of the strange old city, and up and on to its terraced heights with increased enthusiasm for its rare quaintness and curious aspects. Tiny towers show here and there as if outjutting from natural rock. Bits of luxuriant foliage and masses of vines seem to spring from the roofs like rich clumps of emerald moss. Spires and wondrously high peaked roofs stand out against the gray and green background like spearheads of unpolished steel. Above all, the handsome terraces and the grand old heights, where once the beacon-fires were lighted.

Gray and old as is this Cornish fisher town but two bits of extreme antiquity remain. Just in the rear of the White Hart inn by the wharfside is a huge pile of greenish slate rock. Built upon this rock, which forms its basement, is a tiny ancient stone structure known as Carn Glaze house. It was the stronghold of a smuggling, freebooting family in Queen Anne's time, and the myriad weird fisher and sea-faring legends of St. Ives have nearly all had their origin in, or bear some reference to, this grewsome old structure.

The parish church, built straight above the harboredge, its east window sprayed with the foam of the wild northern tempests which often lash the harbor furiously, was built in the sixteen years between 1410 and 1426, on the site of an olden structure, founded by Saint Ivo, a Persian bishop, who came over from Ireland in the ninth century to preach the gospel to the Cornish Britons.

Curious Wood Carvings.

Some stone carvings and a most beautiful and curious font of the old St. Ivo chapel are still preserved. Perhaps the quaintest carvings in England are to be found at the present church. They were the work of the then village blacksmith, "a handye and devoute man," who carved the oak of the benches and choir stails, not omitting to carve the forge, the bellows, hammer and nails and pincers of his own sturdy craft. He threw in a fair supply of Tudor roses, monks and angels, but, as Saints Andrew and Peter are appropriate patrons of the church where countless thousands of fisher folk have worshiped, the good smith also put them into every conceivable beneficent attitude, and, as if to intensify their protection of the town of St. Ives and its people, also wove fishes, saints and arabesques into most generous and profuse relationship.

If these wood carvings are curious studies some of those in stone are equally outlandish. There are stone grotesques whose equals in strange and meaningless hideousness can hardly be found elsewhere in Europe. Seven represent mocking, leering faces of men and beasts. Two are distending their mouths with their fingers and protruding their tongues. One is a most horribe figure of an ape; and another wears a fool's cap of the period.

The stranger will be impressed with the extraordinary elevation of the soil of the tiny churchyard. When the place was first quite filled with the dead, the burial-place was covered over with several feet of sand, and interment went on anew. Three times this was done; when it was finally found that to have repeated the process would have been to bury the church itself, then a cemetery was secured upon the heights.

"For the Protector's Pleasure."

History, tradition and legend have carved some grim pictures upon the dim background of the past in this old Cornish fisher town. One historical fact will be sufficiently illustrative. In the Cornish uprising of 1649, its object being the restoration of the Catholic religion, to which Cornubians remained greatly attached long after the Reformation, John Payne, portrieve of St. Ives, was one of the inferior leaders. After the defeat of the Cornish, Sir Anthony Kingston, with a royal commission, was seeking out and punishing the rebels. He hung the mayor of Bodmin before his own door. St. Ives' portrieve received Sir Anthony humbly and prepared a good dinner in his honor at the venerable "George and Dragon" still standing in Market square.

During the dinner the portrieve heard the sound of hammering outside, and being disturbed was quieted by Sir Anthony with the remark that they were only about to hang a rebel. Dinner over, history relates, the commissioner invited the portrieve outside to inspect the gallows.

"What say you, Master Portrieve?" quoth Sir Anthony. "Is yon gibbet duly furnished for the hanging of a traitor?"

"All seems ready, a'nt please you," was the prompt reply.

"Then," said the commissioner, turning to a man-at-arms, "secure Master Payne and hang him straightway, for such is the protector's pleasure!"

Master Payne was hung straightway; but the Cornish, who are Celts, like the Celtic Irish and Celtic Welsh, unpleasantly remember these little afterdinner jests of English protectors and kings.

A Famous Fishing Port.

Great was the olden fame of St. Ives as a metropolis of fish and fishermen. It is still the most important of all Cornish fishing ports. Five thousand folk live here on what is harvested from the deep. For a thousand years or more, from father to son, from mother to daughter, the line has remained unbroken, has steadily increased, and so narrow is the life horizon of all these fishermen and families that not a score of them, it is said, ever see other English land than the hills and headlands of St. Ives bay, save when at sea in their own boats.

These boats are all two-masted, lug-sailed, with round sterns, and range in tonnage from twenty to thirty tons. With complete outfits they cost from £300 to £350. Between 600 and 700 men and youths are employed the year round in fishing. During the winter they engage in line fishing for conger, whiting and ling, also securing a few cod. In March the spring mackerel fishing begins; and St. Ives men are always found on their own grounds, from thirty to fifty miles northwest of St. Ives in the Irish sea. Here they remain until the last of June, when they set out for the eastcoast Scottish herring fisheries, usually selecting grounds in the North Sea, opposite the Firth of Forth, or abreast of Coldingham and Berwick.

During August they will be found along the east English coast in the neighborhood of Whitby, Scarborough and the Yarmouth of Dickens' Peggottys, but are always back to St. Ives for the autumn St. Ives herring fishing, and a large number of their fleet are home in time for possible runs of "pilchers" (pilchards), the "Fair Maids of St. Ives," for which the ancient seaport has been famous for half a thousand years.

Harvesting the Pilchard.

As nearly as can be described the pilchard is the sardine of the Mediterranean waters. It makes its appearance at St. Ives, when it comes at all, in tremendous shoals during the months of September and October. From daylight until sunset of every day during these months watchmen called "huers" are stationed at lookouts on Carringgladen and Porthminster Hills and Carn Crow's island. Their practiced eyes never fail in discerning the approach of a shoal of these fish. They come in such vast numbers that the surface of the bay changes its color and often is broken into ripples and foam from the movements of the dense masses of fish.

On sighting a school of pilchards the "huer" first blows a terrific blast upon his speaking-trumpet. One blast is sufficient. All St. Ives folk tumble from their homes and rush wildly shouting, "Heva! heva!" to the shore. Meantime the great seineboats, ready-manned, have put out and are guided wholly in surrounding the shoal by the signaling of the "huer," which is done with a hoop on which white muslin is stretched, to which a long, light handle is attached. It is called "the bush," for in olden times a bush was used instead.

Shooting the seine is so rapidly done at St. Ives that often the entire shoal of pilchards will be literally impounded within ten minutes time from the "huer's" trumpet signal. Single catches of pilchards have exceeded 6,000 hogsheads of salted and cured fish. Of late years the St. Ives pilchard fishery has been uncertain; but in 1889 there were 8,000 half-casks of 214 pounds each taken. They are shipped to various Mediterranean ports for use in the Lenten season, Italy being the largest customer.

A People Simple and Pious.

The St. Ives fisher-folk are noted for their simplicity and piety. They are nearly all fervent Methodists, honest, superstitious, humble and good. They live in as great comfort as the fisher-folk of Newhaven in Scotland; and the man is more the master of his home and belongings. They are the most scrupulously clean and thrifty folk of this sort I have ever met. The women, though strong and brawny, have few of the Billingsgate characteristics of the fishwives of the English east coast, of Scotland and of Galway and the Irish west coast. They mend the nets and "bulk" or pack the pilchards. They are very domestic, and their prayer-meetings and strict Sabbath keeping, though they are wofully ignorant, have done these St. Ives fisher-folk no hurt or harm.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Good Reason Why it Should.

Mr. W. M. Terry, who has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for the past twelve years, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other cough medicine I have ever sold." There is good reason for this. No other will cure a cold so quickly; no other is so certain a preventive and cure for croup; no other affords so much relief in cases of whooping cough.

"DIE WACHT AM RHEIN."

Dedication of a Monument to the Author of the Famous Song.

Only a few weeks ago France celebrated the centennial anniversary of the birth of Rouget de Lisle, the author of "The Marseillaise," by unveiling a monument in the natal place of the singer whose song has stirred the enthusiasm of France through many decades. On Sunday it was Germany's turn to unveil a monument to one of her great singers, whose song, pitted in 1870 against that of Rouget de Lisle, came out victorious—to Max Schneckenburger, the author of "Die Wacht am Rhein." Strange to say, Schneckenburger did not write his famous song for the 1870 campaign. He was then dead, and the date of its origin is 1840.

Max Schneckenburger, according to his own account, was born on February 17, 1819, and not on the 7th of that month, as many biographers state, at Thalheim, near Tuttlingen, Wurtemberg. He was the son of a respected merchant. The house in which he was born is still preserved. On the ground floor stands the store of Max Schneckenburger, the poet's son, who, on the death of his father, chose the career of a merchant. When 15 years old Schneckenburger was made an apprentice to a merchant of Berne, and in 1840 he settled in Burgdorf, in the canton of Berne, in order to establish an iron foundry. He made a home for himself there, marrying the daughter of the pastor of Thalheim. He died too early—on May 3, 1849—when only 30 years old. He was buried at Burgdorf, where a slender iron cross long marked his grave.

The monument dedicated on Sunday is at Tuttlingen.

Here follows the famous lied:

A cry like thunder-peal is heard,
Like ocean roar and clash of sword,
To th' Rhine! to th' Rhine! to th' German Rhine!
Who'll form the river's guardian line?

Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine,
Firm stands the Watch upon the Rhine!

A hundred thousand hearts beat high,
Firm is the will and flashed the eye.
And Deutschland's youth, all strong and brave,
Stand firm, the sacred stream to save.

And though death calls me from the ranks,
No foe shall ever own thy banks;
Rich as in volume is thy flood,
Is Deutschland, aye, in heroes' blood.

So long as German blood shall flow,
And arm can deal a satier blow;
So long as firm are heart and hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.

The pledge is ta'en, the stream runs by;
The banners flutter, held on high;
The Rhine! The Rhine! The German Rhine!
We all will form its guardian line!

Dear Fatherland, let peace be thine;
Firm stands the Watch upon the Rhine!

It Saves the Children.

Mr. C. H. Shawen, Wellsville, Kan., says: "It is with pleasure that I speak of the good Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy has done my family during the last fourteen years. In the most obstinate cases of summer complaint and diarrhœa among my children, it acted as a charm, making it never necessary to call in a physician. I can truthfully say that in my judgment, based on years of experience, there is not a medicine in the market that is its equal.

OF INTEREST TO THE FARMER.

The coming hog, says H. C. Dawson of Iowa, must be a rustler; one that has the get up and grow to him; an animal of fine proportions, with extra top line, broad, deep hams, clean cut, smooth under line, free from "flabbiness," or jowl, or belly, with deep bacon sides, the deepness extending well back to flank and forward to shoulder, not uneven and deep in center, having a fine cut head, smooth and broad between the eyes, jaw broad and tapering well and even to muzzle, eyes clear and prominent, with ears standing well out from the head, breaking evenly and smooth toward the point, but would even prefer a standing up ear to a drop or flop ear; as a drop or flop ear, flobby jowl and under line in my experience are not rustlers, and are more inclined to disease from their nature of slothfulness, and these bad points are generally found together. The bones should not be too large, but of fine and strong texture, firm, standing erect on their pins, tapering well from arm and thigh down to feet. Some people have an idea that the size is the most desirable in the selection of a hog, and that large bones, no matter how badly shaped, is the hog for them; claiming that large hogs must have extraordinary large bones; while a good bone is desirable if well shaped, a small bone is more to my notion than a big awkward shaped one for this reason, a hog that has the right form and small bone possesses the faculty of putting on deep flesh and making big returns for his feed, and carrying to market desirable meat, while the other is a harder, longer feeder, and goes to market with a large per cent of low priced meat.

Millet and Corn Compared.

As many farmers will this year sow millet as a catch crop, information as to its value will be welcome. The Hatch experimental station at the Massachusetts agricultural college, has been engaged in some work intended to establish a basis of comparison between millet and corn. A full report of results has not yet been published for the reason that the analytical work has not been completed, and feeding experiments with meals of millet and corn fed against each to milk cows, and of the straw against corn fodder, are still in progress. When the feeding experiments are concluded, especially that designed to test the value of millet meal as a milk ration, it will undoubtedly be a valuable addition to our knowledge of this grain, as the work of the Massachusetts station is generally careful and reliable. Such analyses as we have show that, chemically considered, millet is almost a perfect milk ration, and yet popular judgment seems to distrust it for that purpose, as is shown by the fact that so few dairymen use it. Definite results from well guarded experiments will be welcome, and we are glad the Hatch station has taken the matter up. While full results are not yet ready for publication, bulletin No. 18 of the station contains the following by way of a preliminary report:

For the present I desire simply to call attention to the fact, that the millet has enormous cropping capacity. It gave us to the half acre 37.2 bushels of seed weighing forty-seven pounds per bushel, while the corn gave us 30.6 bushels of shelled grain. The millet straw weighed 2,191 pounds, the corn stover, (by no means as dry) 2,100 pounds. The millet straw, chopped, crushed, moistened and sprinkled with meal is readily eaten by both horses and cattle; but it does not appear to be equal to the corn stover in feeding value. The millet seed as shown in the results of foreign analyses appears to resemble oats very closely in composition. So far as our experience in feeding it has gone the meal from it appears to equal corn meal in feeding value for milk production. The fertilizers, it will be remembered, were the same for the two crops. The labor cost considerably more for the millet than for the corn. The crop, however, was cultivated in drills and hand hoed and weeded, while in ordinary farm practice by judicious rotation it would be possible to secure good crops by sowing broadcast without cultivation. The cost of threshing also is high when the work is done by hand, as it does not thresh easily. On a large scale the work could doubtless be done by a machine at a much lower cost. In short, I believe the labor cost per acre can be brought as low as for corn.

Small Fruits for Farmers.

Can the ordinary farmer grow small fruits for his own family? Yes, by all means, and grow an abundant supply, not only for summer, but for winter, says Our Country Home. It is often said that the farmer can buy his fruit cheaper than he can raise it. But the plain fact is that unless he does grow it himself it is safe to say that seven out every eight never would have full supply, or even half of it.

If you have land that will grow a good crop of corn or potatoes it will grow a reasonably good crop of strawberries, raspberries, currants, blackberries or grapes. We have strawberries on our table for about a month, and during the last week of that month we have the Marlboro raspberries. Souhegan, a blackcap, is a few days later; then comes the Gregg, a black, and the Cuthbert, a red raspberry of very choice quality. Before they are half gone come the currants and the blackberries. Early grapes are ripe before the berries are gone, and last until winter. There need be no break in the supply. There ought not to be. I do not know of a forty-acre farm in the entire west but where all the fruits should be grown. Only think of having, not just a taste occasionally, but a full supply for yourselves, your children and friends, from early in the season until winter, and, in addition, my good wife puts up a full supply in glass jars, so that there is not a day in the year but that we can have them if we so wish. My farmer friends, you may have just as full a supply as we do, and they are a comfort and pleasure to us that money could not buy.

Digestibility of Cattle Foods.

The Maine experiment station, W. H. Jordan, director, publishes the following summary of their results in experimenting on the digestibility of cattle foods for the year 1891:

1. The Hungarian grass, both when fed green and after drying, proved to be more digestible than the average of other grasses—notably more so than timothy.

2. The drying of the Hungarian grass into hay did not diminish its digestibility. This is in accordance with all former experience.

3. The corn plant as cut for the silo is one of the most digestible of fodder plants, rating in these experiments as compared with timothy as 100:120. Sixty per cent of the dry organic matter of timothy was digested, while with the various corn fodders the average was 72 per cent.

The experiments of this year disclose no especial differences in the digestibility of the southern field and sweet corn fodders.

4. The digestion trial with roots shows them to be the most digestible of any of the foods tested, the amount of waste material being very small, averaging not over 8 per cent of the whole.

5. The gluten meal, which is a waste product in the manufacture of glucose from corn, was digested to the extent of 89 per cent of its dry organic matter, which does not differ at all from the figure given in the German tables for the entire grain. The treatment which the grain receives in converting the starch into glucose does not seem to affect the digestibility of the refuse.

6. The second trial of the digestibility of American wheat bran gives average figures almost similar to those obtained in the first trial, and shows this cattle food to be but slightly if any more digestible than good hay, and much inferior in this respect to grain such as maize, oats, barley, etc.

Biddy Takes the Cake.

Our sheep breeders point with pride to the fact that the sheep is a double-geared animal, so far as profit is concerned, and that either the lamb or the wool, on the pelt or off it, will pay for its annual keep. The advocates of the "granger's cow" say here is milk every day if you want it, whether for butter or cheese, and a calf once a year. Horsemen point to the brood mare that will work her way and give the colt as clear profit. Biddy, however, beats them all. First, there are the eggs fresh and bright, cash any day in the year; young chickens when she gets tired and needs a couple of months vacation, chickens which in from three to five months are a cash crop for which the world will pay a good price; then manure fit to grow premium crops of corn, and lastly the body of the hen itself, a valuable product after yielding three distinct profits. A double-purpose animal is a good thing, but biddy doubles the double-purpose and cackles, as she has clearly a right to do.

Etiquette for the Summer.

It is very bad form for the skinny girl to wear a fashionable bathing suit.

The summer girl, like the prohibitionist, should never wet her suit.

The fat girl will continue to enjoy nothing but being swung and rowed.

The girl in the Paris bathing suit should always come in when it rains.

If your girl's shoe comes undone hurry back to the house for a servant to tie it

Don't revive the poisoned ice cream stories, or your girl will think you are broke.

If you are unable to swim always choose a squally day to take the girls out in a boat.

If you fall overboard don't take off your flannel shirt, for you might not be able to get it on again.

When you meet a perspiring friend always slap him on the back and ask him if it's warm enough for him.

If you see a girl in a Paris bathing dress sitting on the sand you must never think of asking her to go in the water.

New York Evening Sun: When a mad dog chases you, don't call the police. It is just as well to be bitten as shot.

If you are in love with a summer girl and get cut out, don't challenge your rival. Remember that he won't get her anyway.

If you intend to cut down expenses by spending the summer at your country cousin's, be sure to tell all your friends you will pass the season abroad.

If you are boarding in the country it is not considered in good taste to ask the farmer how his one cow can furnish enough fresh milk for a score of boarders.

If you are out boating with your girl and her aunt and the boat upsets, always rescue the girl first, for they will think you are one of those bad men who play poker if you appear anxious about taking up the auntie.

LEAVENWORTH, K., June 15, '90.

Dr. J. H. Moore: My Dear Sir—I have been subject to sick headache all my life. Over two years ago I began using "Moore's Tree of Life" for it and never had a case of sick headache since, except when the medicine was at one end of the road and I at the other. It is worth more than money to me. I heartily recommend it to all sufferers of headache. Very truly yours,

W. B. LILE,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

For sale by all druggists.

THIS INFANT HAD NERVE.

A Two-Year-Old That Floated in a Cistern and Helped Rescue Himself.

Little Charles Lee Burdon, the 25-months-old grandson of Lee Burdon, is being petted and caressed by the citizens of Elmwood, R. I., both as a musical prodigy and more particularly in recognition of his wonderful presence of mind and courage in the presence of death by drowning which he recently displayed under the most trying circumstances even to one of maturer years.

Charley was visiting Grandpa Burdon on Greenwich street a few days ago, and clad in an ulster and tight fitting bonnet, says the Providence Journal, was playing in the yard accompanied by his grandmother. There is a cistern in the yard, ten feet in depth, about eight feet in circumference, and containing seven feet of water. It is supplied with an iron cover, and precautions had been taken to have it securely fastened. Charley decided to make an investigation. His grandmother left him for an instant, and the child in some unexplainable manner either succeeded in tilting the cover by partly raising it or else as he stepped on the edge it was raised sufficiently to make an opening through which the adventurous infant was precipitated. The grandmother returned to the spot where she had left him, but he had disappeared. She called out to him, but no response was heard. She made a circuit of the grounds, but no trace of the boy was discernible. Happily she though of the cistern, and seeing that the cover was bottom side up she removed it from the opening and was terrified to discover Charley floating on the surface of the water. He had probably fallen into the cistern feet foremost and his clothing had buoyed him up, so he was able to float temporarily.

The frantic grandparent called to him, and he responded bravely. She besought him to raise his head a little, and then called out to the gardener to come to the rescue. Peter hastened to the spot, and in his perplexity could not devise an immediate plan of action. Mrs. Burdon realized the dire peril of the situation, and seeing a small pitchfork near by she seized it, and with Peter's assistance made a desperate effort to fasten it into the infant's clothing. The cistern was dark and it was with extreme difficulty that the exact location of the child could be discerned. All the while the grandmother was urging Charley to keep up courage and uttering words of loving solicitude, and the little fellow responded with lisping assurances. Finally the handle of the pitchfork was thrust within reaching distance, and Charley was bidden to cling fast to it. He quickly clasped his hands around the staff and clung to it with dogged determination.

Slowly and steadily the weight was lifted to the surface of the cistern, and the wet and dripping figure was clasped in the arms of his deliverers. Charley was cool and self-possessed, and was quickly taken into the house and supplied with an outfit of dry clothing, and hot drink was administered to him. He lisped that he was pretty wet, but that he was a smart boy because he swimmed in the water.

ACCIDENTS ON THE RAIL.

Startling Record of Death and Mutilation.

An article in the current number of the Forum on "The Slaughter of Railway Employes," contains some information that is really startling. There were employed in the year 1890 by all the railroads in this country 749,301 men, of whom 2,451 were killed and 22,396 injured by various forms of accident. This means one death for every 306 and one person injured for every thirty employed. As most of the accidents occurred to those engaged in the operation of the roads—that is, in the moving of trains—the proportion of accidents to the number of men employed was even more startling. The number of employes of this class was 153,235, the number of deaths 1,459, and of injuries not fatal 13,172—that is one death in every 500 and one injured to every 12 men employed.

In the last report on statistics on railways in the United states, the accidents of the year and their results were classified as follows:

Kind of Accident.	Totals.	
	Killed.	Injured.
Coupling	369	7,482
Falling from trains	561	2,953
Overhead obstructions	89	945
Collisions	235	1,034
Derailments	159	723
Other train accidents	149	851
At highway crossings	22	34
At stations	98	749
Other causes	754	8,248
Unclassified	27	236
Totals	2,451	22,396

This shows that by far the largest proportion of these accidents occur to men engaged in coupling and uncoupling trains. As accidents of this kind are in a measure preventable by the use of automatic couplers and other new devices, they cry loudly for a more rapid adoption of these devices than the roads are showing. Efforts have been made, and are being more and more frequently renewed as the facts become known, to compel the adoption of these devices by law, and in resisting this the roads urge that these devices are now being supplied as rapidly as they could be under compulsion, but this is hardly borne out by the facts. The statistics gathered show that there were in use in 1880 a total of 29,928 locomotives, 1,892 of which were added during the year, though the engines fitted with automatic couplers was only 733. The total cars of all kinds in use was 1,164,188, of which 95,633 were added during the year, but only 34,706 were supplied with couplers. So that the increase of the use of life-saving devices did not even keep pace, or begin to, with the increase of equipment. The companies certainly cannot long prevent the adoption of compulsory measures unless they make a better showing of progress. They are destroying life unnecessarily and ruthlessly if they fail to take measures, as rapidly as they can be taken now that these measures are known and within their reach, to protect those who are carrying on their business at so great a risk.

He Was "Embarrassed."

There was a local election at Jackson, Miss., says a writer in the New York Herald. About noon of that day, three miles out of town, I came across an old darky seated on a roadside log. "Hello, uncle! have you voted yet?" I asked as I halted. "No, sah, I hain't," he replied. "Just going in, eh?" "No, sah—jest waitin' fur my boy to come 'long." "But aren't you going to vote?" "No, sah. I'se dun got myself so embarrassed up dat I can't wote dis y'ar." "How's that?" "Wall, dar's Kurnel Rickets—he's a dimocrat. Dar's Kurnel Bebee—he's a 'publican. If I go in dar boaf will want me to wote fur 'em. If I dun wote fur Kurnel Bebee den Kurnel Rickets will step up an purceed to inquar' all 'bout how dat meat house doah was dun busted open an' two sides o' bacon toted off. I hain't got much eddecashun, but I'se smart 'nuff to sot right yere till the leckshun is ober an' dem two kurnels has fit it out!"

First Wheat in America.

The first wheat raised in the new world was sown on the Island of Isabella in January, 1894, and on March 30 the ears were gathered. The foundation of the great wheat industry of Mexico is said to have been three grains carried into that country by one of the staves of the Cortez company. The first crop of wheat raised in South America was grown by a monk in the garden of a convent at Quito. Garcilazo affirms that up to 1653 wheaten bread had never been used as an article of diet by the people of Peru.

R. J. Edmonds, Red Oak, Ia., reports the foaling, May 16, of a bay filly by Redwald, 2:26¾, dam May Edmonds, by Guelph, 2:23¾; second dam, Bessie Browning, by Virgil, 3:27. The dam and grandam have both been shipped to Kenosha, Wis., to be bred to Redwald.

There are now over sixty horses stabled at the Holton, Kan., kite track, among the trainers lately arrived there being R. I. Lee of Topeka and N. H. Herington of Silver Lake. All the drivers at the track pronounce it a wonderfully fast one.

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