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## Oxford Democrat

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W. H. BROWN.  
Attorney at Law,  
PARIS, MAINE.

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## Poetry.

### EROS.

Divine and dear, fair as the morn,  
Eros of Aphrodite born,  
Comes once on earth to each and all  
And spreads the heart's high festival.  
He is the messenger of love,  
Gives gifts unto the devotee,  
And where he walks the sunrise pours  
With lavish hand its rosy stores.  
Love harbors neither fear nor doubt,  
'Tis more than all the world without;  
His miracles in wondering eyes  
Fall with delicious, sweet surprise.  
In ways of old, in methods new,  
Furnish, or whether it pursue,  
Love truly speaks—no plans, no wiles;  
That is not love which hesitates.  
His light is fiercer than the sun's;  
His face shines like Eurydice's;  
His joys are better than all spheres,  
And grief goes out when he appears.  
—Scribner's Monthly.

## Selected Story.

### THE DYING OUTLAW.

A True Story.

My hands are almost run. My lamp of life is faintly flickering in its socket. I have escaped once more the hands of justice, but they have given me my death wound; and ere the rising sun reaches his meridian I shall have locked my last on earth.

A few more pulsations of the heart, and this old mountain cavern, which has been the scene of so many wild riots and midnight orgies, whose deepest recesses have often rung with the loud shouts of revelry, and the hoarse cry of rage, shall become my tomb. A few more labored breaths and this deep strong voice, which has so long been used to command a ruffian crew, shall become silent forever. Oh, earth, thou hast never seemed so dear! Oh, life, thou hast never been so sweet as now!

Yet, why should I seek to prolong a life so fraught with peril, so abandoned, so futile, so profligate. Already fifty years have gone over my head, and how have I consumed them? Whom have I betrayed? Whose distress have I relieved? Whose conditions have I bettered? Whose grief have I palliated? Or what time of my life ever moved my heart? The last twenty years I have passed as chief of a bold and reckless gang of robbers and desperadoes, who have long infested this region, ravaging villages, plundering houses, wlaying and robbing the luckless traveler by night and by day, sparing no rank, heeding no cry, heeding no prayer.

Oh, how miserable a life I have led! I would not recall the past, but it will pass in review before me. Gladly would I draw the veil over all save that of early life, which rises before me like a blissful vision, rendered tenfold lovely by the sweet face of my sainted mother, radiant with love for her merry happy boy.

Ah, those were halcyon days—days in which my mother strove to guide me in the way of truth and virtue; and with the sacred volume open on her lap, oft drew me to her side, placed her soft hand upon my boyish head, and saying with my curly locks, taught me from its priceless pages urged me to obey its precepts, and emulate the wise and good whose names were written there; then with a kiss upon my ruddy cheek, told me how much it would please her declining years should I become a man of honor and worth.

I grew to manhood; and then my mother's teachings were unheeded and forgotten. I formed evil associations, I drank, I gambled, I fell.

One drear and starless night I robbed a traveler on the moor; tightly clutched his purse of gold, I hurried to my chamber, snatched a bundle from a recess, crept softly down the stairway, gained the bedside of my mother, pressed one last kiss upon her wrinkled brow, and, receiving a murmured "God bless you" from her dreaming lips, fled, and never saw her more. When she heard of my guilt, with a bitter wail she sank beneath the stroke, and they laid her in the valley.

For two years I traversed the continent, roving from place to place with no definite aim or object except to conceal my crime. I had gold, but there was a curse on every farthing. I drank from every cup of pleasure which human ingenuity could prepare; but terror and remorse embittered every draught. The grim and relentless phantom which ever follows guilt pursued me everywhere. At length I joined a band of brigands, shared their perils and their plunder, and, by my daring and success, ere long became their leader, and thus a source of fear and apprehension to the peaceful

traveler, of dread and anxiety to the quiet home.

In various guises I frequented society, moving in the higher circles as a forger of rank and wealth. I sat at the festive board of merchant princes, I chatted in the drawing-rooms of the richest nobles of the land. I danced in halls where pride and beauty met. I whirled in the giddy waltz with diamond decked belles, who never dreamed their gallant, dark eyed partner was the daring robber chief.

Once, while on a brief visit to a pretty rural village, I rescued a beautiful peasant girl from drowning; and as I bore her fainting form to the cottage of her widowed mother, near at hand, I thought I had never seen a face of such marvellous beauty and loveliness. Being restored to consciousness and learning the situation she thanked me with such a depth of earnestness and sincerity, and such a look of gratitude, as thrilled me with exquisite joy. I requested permission to call next day, which was granted, and thus began acquaintance which grew to friendship and ripened into love. I became a daily visitor at the cottage. I found her intelligent and educated beyond most of her class; arts and pure as the undesigning infant.

"Oh! how bitterly my conscience—hardened though it was—reproved me for the deception I practiced. Ignorant of the deceit and craftiness of the world, she placed implicit trust in me, believing me to be the soul of honor. Ah! little did she think as we rambled in the leafy grove, or sat beneath the spreading vine; as we strolled beside the moonlit stream, or lingered near the cottage door, that her tall and courteous companion, in whom she placed such childlike trust was the bold outlaw of the Alps.

I told her I had rank and wealth, I told her of my vast estate and my castle on the Rhine. I asked her to be mine, and share my fortune and my gorgeous home. She consented, and we were married! On pretence of taking her to my boasted palace, I brought her to my cavern. Then, as deception was no longer practicable, I revealed the startling fact that her husband was an outlaw—the famous bandit chief—and this cave must henceforth be her home. On hearing this she gave me a look of terror and despair never to be forgotten, and with a cry of horror threw herself at my feet, begging me to tell her it was not true; that I was only testing her love for me. But as the terrible truth became more apparent from the surroundings, she grew almost wild with grief. She knelt before me, and with her hands clasped upon her bosom, implored me amid a torrent of bitter tears to forsake this awful career, to leave this dismal place, and fly with her to some far distant land, and there in future lead a life of penitence and peace. She soon became exhausted, and with a heart broken cry of anguish sank senseless on the ground.

When at length aroused she appeared more calm and tranquil, but the sunlight of her young life was gone forever. The roses never came back to her cheeks. Day by day she slowly languished. She always tried to wear a smile when I was near, though grief was gnawing like a canker at her heart. She often tried to persuade me to abandon my evil course, and hourly prayed for my reform.

A year passed, and like a tender flower plucked from its parent stem, she had drooped and declined. One day I assisted her to the entrance of the cave, and as I took a seat beside her, I observed that she looked paler and lovelier than usual. Leaning her head upon my breast, she said: "I feel that I am dying. The autumn leaves will soon strew my forest grave; but I could go happy, and sweetly to rest, did I believe that you would quit at once this wretched place, and lead henceforth an upright, Christian life. Oh! promise me ere I die that you will grant this last request of her who never ceased to love you, even through your deepest degradation." My heart was moved as it was never moved before, and hardly knowing what I said I gave the required promise. She clasped my hand with a look of joy on her face that had not rested there before for months.

That night she sweetly breathed her last. And within that woodland grave my earthly happiness was buried.

Instead of keeping my promise I became more reckless than before; and my name became a byword of terror throughout the surrounding country. Thus have I lived, an enemy to myself, and a curse to mankind. And thus I die, neglected, friendless, and alone.—Rev. I. P. Booth.

### The Parson and the Editor.

The parson and the editor! What a marked difference between the two lives. The hard worked minister writes one or two original sermons each week. The editor reads about 2,500 or 3,000 columns of printed matter each week, writes about six, and edits another thirty. He must handle subjects as they come up, events as they transpire, and must use and form judgments on the most immediate calls for them. He must fail in nothing.

The editor addresses his congregation daily or weekly as the case may be. He knows them not, neither do they him, except by his writings. He has not the encouragement profusely extended to him as has the preacher. He receives no attention from his parishioners, except when he is treated to a "Stop my Paper." He has no opportunity to turn "round to the

grieved parishioner, and reason with him on the justice of his action. He does not know him.

The parson is another person altogether. He knows his parishioners personally. He becomes endeared to them and they to him. There is much Christian fellowship and brotherhood between the popular pastor and the parishioner. When the hot weather comes the parson closes up the church, and goes off to Europe for rest and quiet, and often his expenses are paid by some wealthy admirer. If his health fail him, his parishioners come to his succor. If his good name is assailed they equally shield him so long as there is a straw of doubt to eling to.

The editor is a stranger to all this sympathizing encouragement and good fellowship. He has no trip to Europe paid by his parishioners to secure rest and quiet, although he certainly needs them. And yet he is attached to his readers as the parson is to his parishioners. He toils year in and year out, he addresses his congregation regularly, and his only encouragement is the fact that his good work is appreciated,—an increasing subscription list, coupled with additional advertising patronage. These are his trips to Europe, his trip to the Adirondacks, to Florida—his horse and buggy, reception parties and testimonials. And really they are better than—nothing at all.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

## Miscellany.

For the Oxford Democrat.  
Sanity versus Insanity; or, Who is Sane?

BY W. F. SHATTUCK, M. D.

Mr. Editor:—In your issue of Feb. 1st, in putting on record the Paris elopement, you remark "her most intimate friends have observed unmistakable evidences of aberration of mind," and the question comes up, who is sane?

Our mental characteristics are divided into various phases, and to the mind of the writer a perfect unfulfilled and equilibrium of force or action in them all, would constitute sanity. One or more characteristics of mind may be so wrought upon, or a system of one idealism so cultivated, as to rob other phases of mind of their normal force, and thus by impoverishing them of their due vital action, destroy the mental equilibrium and give to other minds—according to the degree of non-equilibrium—indications of being "odd," "singular," "fanciful," "radical," "a little lunny," or showing "mental aberration," "insanity," &c. Education and circumstances, developed at times what some would consider mental aberration. The business man gets his finances in a tangle, his caution and conscientiousness are in abeyance, and secretiveness with acquisitiveness getting the ascendancy, (the writer being no phenologist may err in elucidating mental characteristics from a phenological basis) aberration of mind is expressed in forgery, but not usually recognized as such, unless there is a severe reaction, as in the case of Holden the great forger of Boston some forty years ago; a business man of unquestioned integrity up to his death by suicide, perpetrated before the forgery was discovered. The suicidal act led all to avow him insane, had it not been for this crowning expression of mental aberration he would have been considered a great criminal, but counted sane.

The burglar and highwayman argues from a standpoint of thought, founded on the suggestion that "the world owes him a living." Failure in business, lack of employment, inability to get work or lack of inclination prompts him to strike out a path of independent action, and he makes a guerrilla raid upon society and its laws, forgetting that he owes to the world order, honesty and manhood.

The arsenic poisoner in Green, who last week plied gully, allows a vituperative spleen to grow by nursing an insane malice, ultimately in a wholesale attempt at murder.

The man at Lyndon, Vt., from his circumstances and surroundings, lets an irascible, choleric disposition fret him to the raw, and getting the ascendancy in a moment of ungovernable fury—paroxysmal insanity—cleaves the skull of his father, murders his mother with the same ax, stabs repeatedly his wife in the face and breast, and finishes his evolutions by cutting his own throat and leaping from a beam in his barn with a rope about his neck.

To put mental aberration in another form, Catholics and Protestants supposed they were doing God service, in the persecutions, martyrdoms and massacring of each other. Each worked for Christ's sake, but the question arises, can man be won to Christ by violence and blood? Devlin, an anti-Catholic lecturer, develops a mental aberration through one-idealism, and makes intemperate speeches which exasperate the Catholics of Biddeford and they mob him; forgetting that one of the fundamental laws of the country is free speech. Each is absorbed in the one idea that the other is villainously wrong.

The Universalist considers the partialist view of the Calvinist an insane belief, and the Calvinist regards a portion of God children are to be damned to eternal torment, a faith that would engender insanity in the believer. While the Par-

tialist from his standpoint of thought considers the Universalist as having no balance wheel to regulate his actions in life, and in a religious direction is running wild. Moody and Sankey say it is the work of the Divine Spirit, and mourn the perversity and wickedness of humanity. Others say it is nervous and mental aberration, or a species of Mesmerism and Psychology.

Prof. John Tyndall, a leading English scientist, in arguing "the promise and potency of matter," expunged a God from the universe. Sacred writ avows it is "the fool hath said in his heart there is no God." But no one will falsify Prof. Tyndall's mental force by calling him a fool.

What then? Why, the argument, Prof. Tyndall is the victim of one-idealism. So completely has "the promise and potency of matter" absorbed his mental force, that God, and man's immortality are lost sight of, and no argument that cannot be weighed in the balance of materialism is to him worth a moment's attention.

A lamentable expression of one idealism on the part of the progenitor is found in anti-natal expressions, as illustrated in the Pomroy boy; a born murderer. And old John Hale the horse thief is another case of anti-natal hallucination, one "to the manner born."

Victoria C. Woodhull gives another illustration of one-idealism. In fighting the battle for the freedom of her sex she sweeps every other idea to the wall, and while she utters some sound truths, she also inculcates pernicious sentiments which inhibited and fostered often induces a spirit of sexual unrest and dissatisfaction. What greater evidence could we have of mental aberration than the Woodhull proposition that the mother should take her child from her loving breast and with willing arms consign it to a State Asylum founded for the maintenance and education of all children in common.

Love and affection must ever cluster around the hearth of home, and chastity of heart and life must ever be the highest expression of perfected manhood and womanhood.

But still the question remains unanswered, who are the sane and who the insane? And in the case of the elopement, was the young man a black hearted villain, and the woman insane, or were both insane, and did one idea or emotion get the ascendancy to the obliteration of all sense of morality, propriety, justice, affection and respect?

Hygienic Institute, Watford, Me., Feb. 11.

For the Oxford Democrat.

### The Effects of Muscular Exercise.

By DR. C. H. SMALL, of Gardiner, Me.

The benefit of muscular exercise is well known, but the manner in which the system is benefited can only be known by an illustration of the physiological phenomena. The whole illustration depends upon one simple, obvious fact. In bleeding at the arm, for instance, if the fingers and forearm are put in motion, the quantity of blood emitted from the orifice is instantly and sensibly increased. The amount of blood which flows through the veins by the addition of this motion of the muscles, is doubled or trebled in the same time. Everybody knows the necessity of keeping a person still who is bleeding at the nose, the lungs, or in any other part of the body. I shall be sufficiently understood I trust without going into a description of the circulation of the blood. When the whole body is in motion, the same proportional increase in the quantity of blood takes place in all the veins. Twice or three times the ordinary amount of blood is sent into the heart in the same time. The heart, compelled to receive the blood, propels it immediately into all the organs of the body, the lungs, the brain, the stomach, the liver, the bowels, &c. The organs being thus doubly fed by the agency of the muscles upon the blood vessels, are actually increased in size, in the same manner as plants and trees are increased in size, by increasing the amount of nourishment which they imbibe.

The great increase in the size of the muscles, especially in the size of the muscles of the forearm and legs in people who exercise constantly and laboriously, is known to every one. A corresponding increase in size takes place in all the other organs of the body. In opening the body of a man brought up to labor, we may observe that it is not simply his muscles which are enlarged; his brain, his lungs, his heart, his stomach, his liver, his bowels, and every other part, are all of a size corresponding to the greater size of his muscles. Yes, the brain of the laboring man is as much larger and stronger than the brain of the inactive man, as his muscles are larger and stronger. The organs of his body have been more constantly and abundantly supplied with blood than the inactive man—pre-mising that he has received an ample supply of food. The broad and ample chest of the active man only expresses the magnitude of the lungs and the heart which it contains; the broad back and well developed abdomen only show the ample size of the organs which they envelop. Exercise by itself, has no tendency to increase the size of the body in general or of the organs in particular. I should say its tendency was to diminish its size. Neither is it by mere jactitation or motion in itself considered, that the body is benefited. The main use of exercise consists in its agency in supplying the organs with a greater amount of blood. Blood is to the organs what food

is to the stomach. It is their nourishment and strength. The constancy of all the organs is for blood, more blood! Faintness and languor ensue in some one or in all the organs whenever this demand is not satisfied.

Exercise is often recommended for a want of action or torpor in the various organs of the body, and very justly. For instance, it is recommended for a torpor of the bowels; but mere motion can have no effect in awakening the peristaltic action of the bowels; it is only by the agency of exercise in forcing fresh supplies of blood into the coats of the intestines, thereby giving them new life and vigor, that the peristaltic motion is increased. People can never be made to take a proper degree of exercise until the necessity and the benefit of it are clearly demonstrated. This will constitute a sufficient and permanent motive. Laborious exercise will then even be valued and practiced by the weak and fragile.—Health, strength and happiness very much depend upon the agency of muscular exercise in the propulsion of the blood. It is well known that the right arm and hand, as well as the right leg and foot, are both larger and stronger than the left. This effect is the result of the greater exercise which the right arm and leg are subject to; that is, the muscles of that side meet with a more full and constant supply of blood, and are consequently enlarged and strengthened. The circulation of the blood will always require the agency of muscular exercise, for the health of the body and the full development of its organs. Neither the brain, the stomach nor the lungs can attain their full strength and size without it. Weakness and imbecility will lurk somewhere.

From our New York Correspondent.  
A New York Fire.

Dear Democrat:—No doubt there are many of your readers who never saw a large fire in the city. Even when a burning building stands by itself, as is usually the case when a dwelling, barn, or other building burns in the country or in a village, the occasion is exciting enough, and calls forth the energies of the whole community to assist in subduing the flames; but when a fire gains a good start in the midst of a block of large warehouses in the heart of a great city, it presents a spectacle, which once seen, is not to be forgotten in years. A few evenings since I had an opportunity of witnessing one of the largest fires which has visited New York for a long time.

It was just after dinner and I had ensconced myself comfortably in my armchair, prepared with my evening papers and a modicum of tobacco, to pass the evening in my usual lazy style. Soon we heard a fire engine dash down the street and turn the corner, making noise enough "to wake the dead." I threw open the blind, and the whole sky was lit up with a glare that threw a strong light upon every high building even half a mile or more away from the fire. Frank (my chum) jumped for his boots, and I was not slow in following suit, for we saw at a glance that it was going to be a fire worth going to. Having donned boots, coats, and hats, we started out, or as Frank expressed it, in his usually forcible and unique style, we "belched forth." Following the direction of the light we soon arrived at the scene of the conflagration, which proved to be the block bounded by Canal and Grand, Broadway and Crosby Streets. The scene which met our eyes as we turned the corner and came in view of the fire, was one which beggars description. An immense five story warehouse near the centre of the block and fronting on Broadway was one mass of fire. Flames burst from every window and from the roof and, towering high above the surrounding buildings seemed to lap them with tongues of flame, and with every puff of the light breeze threatened to leap Broadway and seize upon the great warehouses opposite. This danger was averted by the efforts of the Firemen, who kept streams of water continually pouring upon the front of the building. Even with this protection the plate glass windows tumbled into bits, and even iron pillars and ornaments writhed and twisted like living things under the intense heat. Yet the street directly in front of this building was the space which the Firemen occupied in fighting the flames. These fellows displayed a great deal of bravery and even daring, and one could not but admire their coolness and bravery, while wondering how it was possible for a human being to exist for a minute in places where they worked with the utmost coolness. Two doors below the place where the fire broke out was a high building which would afford an excellent vantage ground from which to direct their streams upon the fire, except that the intense heat seemed to render it untenable. Notwithstanding this the roof was soon occupied by a number of brave fellows who soon had several streams laid on, which they directed alternately upon the flames and upon each other. There they were only twenty-five feet from the roaring furnace which compassed them on two sides, lying flat upon their faces when a gust of wind swept the flames towards them, and up again the next moment fighting with redoubled exertions, while the very building upon

which they stood was momentarily threatened with destruction.

Meanwhile the first warehouse was being rapidly consumed. Soon the roof fell in, then the floors, and a moment after the massive iron front came thundering down with a crash which reverberated far up and down Broadway, filling the street with a mass of red-hot iron, crumbling bricks, and burning timbers. By this time the next warehouse was wrapped in flames and soon followed the fate of its neighbor, encumbering the street still further with its ruins. Then occurred the saddest part of the whole disaster. Into the gap made by the fallen buildings, rushed a party of brave fellows, clambering over a pile of still red hot bricks and smoking ruins and gaining a position which was tenable only by their being covered by a stream of water from a hose in the hands of their comrades in the rear. Intent upon their work, they did not observe a crumbling side wall which first swayed a little and then toppled over on to them, burying six in its ruins. Their comrades sprang to their rescue, and soon dug out four of them alive, but more or less injured. The bodies of the other two who were instantly killed, were also recovered. This sad event cast a gloom over the whole body of men at work, but they redoubled their exertions and soon had the fire under control. This was not accomplished, however, until ten buildings had been destroyed, the fire having extended to Crosby Street in the rear and to Grand Street on the north. The loss involved was something like three millions of dollars, which was bad enough, but it was only due to the superhuman exertions of the Fire Department that the conflagration did not assume the proportions of another Chicago. Altogether the spectacle was a grand and terrible one, and was well calculated to make a lasting impression on the minds of the many thousands who witnessed it.

H.

### The Rothschild of the West.

He hadn't any baggage, and after one look at him the brush-boy walked away and sat down. The average brush-boy of the average hotel knows whether he can brush a quarter out of a guest just as well as if he were a lawyer. The stranger wrote his name with great deliberation. It was a long name. It read: "Henry Herbert Washington, Chicago, Ill." The clerk regarded him for a moment with a keen glance and then asked:

"How long will you remain here?"

"About a week," was the reply.

"Shall I credit you with \$10 paid in advance?"

"Who are you talking to?" demanded the stranger, as he stepped back a little.

"Strangers generally pay in advance," replied the clerk.

"Well, sir, I'll be hanged, sir, if I was ever insulted before! Ask me for money in advance! Why, sir, do you know that I could buy this hotel and still have millions left?"

"I have my orders."

"Am I to be treated like a dead beat?" continued the stranger.

"When a man comes to Detroit to look \$200,000 on a mortgage do your people look upon him as a skunk and a thief?"

"My orders are positive," quietly replied the clerk.

"I want to see the owner of this hotel, and I want to take him to the Board of Trade, the Mayor's office, and the water-works, and I want him to find out what kind of a man I am."

"The proprietor isn't in."

"You don't know me—you don't realize who I am!" exclaimed the stranger, tapping the office counter with every pause.

"I didn't care to be known, but since you have insulted me I want to inform you that I am the Rothschild of the West!"

The clerk started off with a letter to his girl, but had only got as far as "Beloved Sarah," when the stranger yelled out:

"Who advanced money to Chicago to complete her water-works? Who owns twenty-eight steamboats and six tug-boats? Who owns six elevators and 100 miles of railroads?"

"I don't know," was the reply.

"And yet, when I come into this house I am insulted as if I was a loafer?" continued the stranger.

"Why, sir, come to the bank with me, sir, and see if my check for \$50,000 will be dishonored!"

"I'll go," said the clerk, putting on his hat.

"You will, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You needn't go. I wouldn't stop here if you'd give me \$1000 a day. I'll go to some other house, and when spring opens I'll buy a site next to you and build a hotel of my own and run your house out of sight."

"Call an officer," said the clerk to one of the boys.

"That's the crowning insult!" shouted the man. "But I'll bide my time. I'll go over to the other tavern and send over a \$50,000 check for you to look at, and no matter how sorry you feel, sir, I'll not accept an apology, sir—blast me, if I do!"

He went out, and at noon was seen eating crackers and cheese in the post office.—Detroit Free Press.

—Spoons which are tarnished by the sulphur in eggs uniting with the silver may be cleaned by rubbing with a little wet salt.—Scientific American.







He acknowledged the power of God in this movement, that he was moved to this purpose, and to God—  
 "Mr. O. K. Kier, proprietor of 'Bryant's  
 Fund House,' gave an able description of  
 his observations as a landlord, which had  
 enabled him to accumulate a large fund of

If you have a discharge from the nasal cavity, or otherwise, partial loss of the sense of smell, taste, or hearing, eyes watery or weak, see double, nasal staph or debilitated, pain or pressure in the head, take cold easily, you may rest assured you have Catarrh. Thousands annually, with unmanifesting half of the above symptoms, terminate in consumption, and end in the grave. Catarrh is so common, more deceptive, or less understood by physicians. K. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y., is the proprietor of Dr. S. S. Catarrh Remedy—a perfect Specific for Catarrh of the Throat, Lungs, Bladder, and Uterus. "Cold in the Head," or Catarrh Headache.

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