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### BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I, in a rocking chair.

See, where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;
The pelting rains on the window, hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say good night,
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.
—Frederick News.

## MY JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

FORT LINCOLN, SANTANA, Vegas county, Tex., April 2, 1879.—Dear Elsie: I ventured to suggest a year ago to our respected sister, Lavinia, that it would do you no harm, and some others a great deal of good, if you spent a summer with me. You remember the answer? You were delicate, Texas was the land of chills, and I was not a fit person to be guardian of so irrepressible a subject as my small but obstreperous sister. What you wished did not appear until it was too late, so my plans were ruthlessly crushed and Lavinia triumphed. This time I write to you, not Lavinia. You are 19, my dear, and if an American woman is ever going to have her own way she begins at 19. Will you come this year? And will you come at once? The wife wants you, I want you, and as for the boy, to see "Aunt Elsie" is the dearest wish of his heart. I do not expect a favorable reply. I have too much respect for the power of Lavinia's will and authority. Yet this letter shall go. Your loving brother, ADDISON WYNNE.

P. S.—If you can defy the powers that be, write at once, so that I may meet you at Santana. The cars will carry you there. I will come as far as Hobart Junction if I can. Are you afraid of the journey? A. W.

Would I go? Of course I would. Did the foolish boy think there was only one will in the family? The dear old fellow, if he really wanted his useless, frivolous minded little sister, he should certainly have her. Lavinia was shocked at the idea, of course, but it was of no use. I said I must go, and went.

I sent word, as I was told, the next day, and two weeks later I was rolling out of Chicago in a sleeper of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway, speeding westwards, fairly embarked upon a journey of five days and five nights on the cars and a thirty mile drive after that.

How I was watched and cared for and waited upon by the railway officials. Conductors of trains have faults, I suppose, but they were very good to me. They got my tickets; they told me where to change; they brought me coffee; and until I got to Hobart Junction, where I hoped to find Addison, I might have been—I really was—surrounded by an army of protectors and friends. I looked anxiously up and down the platform at Hobart, but, alas! no Addison was to be seen.

Well, I had come more than 1,000 miles alone. Assuredly I was capable of conveying myself fifty, and he would not fail to be at Santana. So there was nothing to worry about. Nevertheless, when I found that there was only one day car going on from Hobart, that I was to be the only woman on board, and that the pace at which we were to travel would not be more than ten miles an hour, because the track was unsafe, my heart sank a little, I confess, for it was 2 o'clock in the morning, and I was very, very tired. There was a change of conductors, too—a change for the worse. The "boss" of this train was a large, roughly dressed person, with a hairy face, who stared at me as he arranged my bags and wraps upon a seat in front in a way that was scarcely polite and not at all reassuring. When he had finished his work he growled out in a gruff voice:

"Going to Fort Lincoln this trip, I believe?" I replied with dignity that the commandant of the fort was my brother, and then, leaning back in my seat, closed my eyes and pretended to slumber. This hint was sufficient, and to my great joy, after another prolonged stare, the man went about his business. When I was quite sure of this I opened my eyes and looked about me. It was a very shabby car; badly furnished, badly lighted and badly ventilated; a smell of stale tobacco smoke about it, which made me feel quite sick. I became very cross and gloomy. Addison ought to have met me before this. He knew I was alone, and must be aware what an emigrant car was like. Perhaps this was a practical joke—he always liked practical jokes—and he hoped to frighten me. Well, he had not done that, at any rate. There was nothing to be frightened about.

The men in the car scarcely noticed me at all, and though my conductor was gruff, his face was not forbidding—and he knew Addison. Soothed by these thoughts I closed my eyes in good earnest and tried to sleep. I was accustomed to traveling now, and soon dropped into an uneasy doze and began to dream. I dreamed of a face I had not seen for a long, long while—the face of an old schoolfellow, Eric Proctor by name, who had gone out west some time ago, and was often mentioned by Addison in his letters. Eric was a nice boy before he went west, a clumsy, overgrown youth, but very amiable and good natured, with a great head of yellow hair, and simple, honest, blue eyes. I don't know why I dreamed of Eric now; perhaps it was because he was the only person I knew in Texas besides the family; but I did dream of him very vividly. I thought I had arrived at Santana, and found him on the platform instead of Addison. He looked very much older than he used to do, his face haggard and worn.

He did not speak to me, but, taking my hand, led me away until we were out of sight of the station, and then lifted me onto a horse, which had appeared from I don't know where, and we were galloping away at a tremendous pace. I begged him to let me go, but he shook his head and spurred on faster. I began to feel cold and queer, as if he were made of ice and were freezing me. All at once he stopped with a sharp jerk, and with a cry flung me away, and I felt myself falling, falling as if from some great height—and awoke. The train was still. We had pulled up at a wayside station to water the engine, and I was shivering with the chill air. The dawn was at hand, and I slipped out of the train and walked briskly up and down to warm myself, and by the time the wants of the engine were satisfied the sun was rising, and I began to recover my spirits.

At last a short, bluff whistle from the engine, like the bark of some giant dog, a movement among the passengers, and a jarring sensation beneath my feet. The goal of my desire was not far off. Now the door of the car was opened wide, and the conductor, who had kept away from me all the journey, came in from the baggage van to take tickets. Mine was the last. He examined it with unnecessary deliberation, and then delivered himself of the following ominous remark:

"Now, say, why didn't ye write the colonel that yew were comin'?"

The familiarity of this address would have disgusted me at any ordinary time, but now I began to feel miserably anxious.

"I did write," I replied breathlessly. "He will be at the station to meet me."

"He ain't!"

The rejoinder came as sharply as the ping of an arrow. I jumped up with a lump in my throat, and looked out of the window.

The train had stopped and most of the passengers were leaving it. There was no station or depot here, only a rough platform on one side of the line, with "Santana" painted in tipsy black letters on the rail, and a solitary log house a few yards away with "Post-office" in white letters on the door. Yet this was undoubtedly my destination, and the conductor was right—Addison had not come. There were several rough, red faced creatures lounging on the platform, wearing broad brimmed hats, great riding boots and prominent spurs; there were our passengers disappearing one by one into the log house in search of breakfast, but there was no Col. Wynne. What could have happened? I turned from the window with a gasp, and met the eyes of the conductor looking down upon me with the grimmest expression I had ever seen.

"Well?" he said, with an exasperating interrogatory inflection on that expressive word.

"He cannot have received my letter," I observed, hurriedly, trying to keep my voice clear and steady, while the lump in my throat grew and grew, and I wanted to cry very badly indeed. To avert this catastrophe, I suggested that my belongings should be removed from the train. The conductor instantly became brisk and helpful, and we were soon passing by the red faced men, who drew back to give us room, and stared with great round, stupid eyes, as if they had never seen a girl in a gray ulster before. We went straight to the postoffice, and were met by the postmaster before we reached the door. He was a tall, dark man, with only one eye; a dreadfully ugly man, with a very dirty face and still dirtier hands—a wicked looking man, I thought. The conductor greeted him as if they were old acquaintances.

"Seen Col. Wynne lately, Hank?"

"A week ago—came for his mail."

"This is his sister."

Mr. Hank nodded as if he were aware of the fact, and stared very hard at me with his one eye.

"Is—is my brother here?" I ventured to ask, just for something to say.

"He's at the fort, miss."

"And how far off is that?"

"Thirty mile—bee line."

My heart began to beat at a very uncomfortable rate. A horrible state of things!

"Would you kindly advise me what to do?"

"Breakfast," struck in the conductor decidedly. "You've eat nothing for ten hours."

"Thank you," I answered politely. "I am hungry; but I want to know how I am to get to Fort Lincoln."

This question was not to be answered at once. Neither of the men seemed to hear it, and without further ceremony ushered me into the house, through one long room full of men with a stove in the middle of it, a liquor bar, and several small tables, to a small room behind, where there were heaps of blankets scattered about a rough bedstead, one chair and a table.

"Sit down," said the postmaster, pointing to the chair. I obeyed, feeling very forlorn and helpless. It was a dreadful position to be in. There did not seem to be a woman anywhere. I was thirty miles from my brother, with no visible means of reaching him; and this dreadful one eyed man was master of the situation. A whispered colloquy, lasting several minutes, now took place between the postmaster and the conductor, after which the former, whose name I subsequently discovered to be Mr. Hank Wybrow, turned to me and cleared his throat as though he were about to address a camp meeting.

"There's but two things to be done, miss, as far as we kin see, and you must fix on which road suits ye best. Kunnel Wynne don't expect you, I reckon, so you'll have to hunt him, or send and git him to come for yew. I can't poke up much accommodation here, and there ain't a woman nearer than the fort just now; but if you 'lect to stay I'll fix what I may to-night and send a boy to the kunnel. If this ain't good enough I'll see if any one is bound Fort Lincoln way with a wagon to take ye there. Think it out, will ye? while I dish breakfast, and let me know your mind in an hour."

This was very fairly said. I thanked Mr. Wybrow for his offers and was able to bid farewell to the conductor, who had another ten miles to travel, with a stout heart.

It did not take me long to make up my mind. I cannot say that I relished the idea of a thirty mile drive with a stranger, but while breakfast was in course of preparation a little incident happened that made this difficulty seem a very small one. The room I was in was lighted by one square window not far from the ground, and after the postmaster had left the room I saw three pairs of eyes, belonging to the rough faces of some of the men I had seen on the platform, staring fixedly at me. They disappeared with great quickness when they saw that I was aware of their scrutiny; but the feeling of being watched was very unpleasant, and I felt that I would not pass a night at Santana on any account.

Mr. Wybrow appeared relieved when I told him this, and when he brought up breakfast introduced a man who owned a wagon, and guaranteed to arrive at Fort Lincoln before sundown.

I can see the fellow now, though it is ten years since that day. A very thin man, of middle height, dressed in neat, brown canvas clothes. His hair was very smooth, parted in the middle and carried back behind his ears as tightly as if it were bound with rope. He had a small, round head, a flat nose, brown eyes, rather dull and expressionless, very high cheek bones and thick lips. An ugly man, yet quiet and modest in manner and speech, with a soft, well modulated voice. He was inclined to be bald, stooped in his gait, and seemed a rather stupid and altogether insignificant kind of a person. A "doctor of medicine," he called himself, and added with some dignity that he was a "friend of Col. Wynne's."

I trusted him. His quiet voice was a relief after the harsh speech of Mr. Wybrow, and my one object in life just then was to get away from those horrible staring eyes. In less than an hour I was by his side jolting along the Fort Lincoln road behind a stout team of mules.

I cannot remember now how far we went before I began to feel nervous and uncomfortable. I know that it was a long way, for I remember congratulating myself upon having left Santana, because my companion told me that the safe postmaster had been murdered by cowboys a week or two ago—and this was doubtless how my letter miscarried—and that the station was known to be one of the worst haunts for rowdies in the county. But the time came at length when he fell quite silent, and I then found that whenever I turned my head to view the prairie about us his eyes rested upon my face. Oh, how terrible it was! I edged away from him to the farthest corner of the seat, and felt more and more helpless and unnerved every moment. The suspense did not last long.

When he perceived my fears he boldly raised his eyes and looked at me with a smile of the most horrible kind. Then he laughed softly a dry, hard laugh. I tried to speak now, but my throat was dry and parched, and my tongue seemed paralyzed. He laughed again, louder, and, stopping quickly, pulled up the mules with a jerk. I knew what was coming now, and, before he could touch me, sprang from the wagon. He followed me with the swift, silent movement of a snake, and as I turned to meet him, for I could not run, he laughed for the third time. The sound roused me. I tried to seize his throat with both hands. I felt that I could kill him for that laugh. But, oh! the weakness of a woman! Why are we not as strong as men? He caught my wrists in his hard, brown fingers. My arms were forced back, powerless and helpless, as if held in iron bands. I screamed now in good earnest and struggled against him with all my strength and soul, and all the time I felt his grip grow tighter and tighter. His muscles were of steel.

Suddenly he relaxed his hold and stood still, and his flushed face became colorless and livid, as if I had accomplished my desire and he was dying. Then he let me go, starting from me as if I were some poisonous thing; and, dropping on his knees, he bent his head to the ground and listened. When he rose to his feet a moment later he reeled and staggered like a drunken man, looking at me wildly with the expression of some hunted beast of prey. I stared at him dumfounded for a moment, feeling very giddy and sick, and then I knew what he had heard. We were in a hollow between two rolls of prairie, and could not see far on either side, but sound carries a long way in this country, and even my unaccustomed ears now caught a low, rumbling thunder, becoming louder every instant—the flying hoofs of galloping horses. It came from behind; some one had followed us. Whoever it might be, the wretched man who had betrayed his trust was likely to get short shrift. He knew it well, and now threw himself on his knees at my feet, muttering in a hoarse whisper:

"Come back to the wagon. They'll murder me in cold blood else, before your eyes. I swear I was only fooling. I had not a wrong thought in my heart. Save me, save me!"

I was willing to do that, much as I loathed the creature, for he had not hurt me; but I could not go back to the wagon. I began to feel very faint and queer; the sensation of safety, after the horrible tension a minute ago, was a severe reaction, and almost too much for me. The poor wretch saw this, and his muttered supplication rose to a bitter cry.

"They are cowboys; they've heard your call. They'll tear me in pieces if you drop. Don't! Oh, my God! my God!"

I set my teeth hard. I would not yield to my weakness. Bad as his intentions were, I could not let him be killed. With a great effort I managed somehow to keep my head steady, and then my rescuers swept over the hill, and the danger was over.

Twelve mounted men were there, riding at a tearing gallop, with free bridle rein. They gave a tremendous shout when they saw us, and there was a great flash of steel and silver, as twelve revolvers sprang from sheath and were cocked and made ready for use. The poor wretch at my feet buried his face in his hands and crouched in terror, and I felt very nervous indeed, for these cowboys looked dreadfully fierce. On they came, silent now; many of them with bare knives between their teeth. No wonder this guilty creature was in despair. I went forward to meet them, and was about to speak, when a hat waved wildly, a hearty voice greeted me and I saw a face that I knew. It was Eric's, pale and stern, as I had seen it in my dream, but handsomer, very much handsomer; and in another instant he was off his horse and shaking both my hands until my fingers positively ached. I was in safe keeping now indeed!

I have a little more to tell. It took all Eric's influence and my entreaties to save the wretched man. But it was done in the end, and we were soon on our way to the fort. There I found out that the very cowboys I had dreaded so much at Santana were instrumental in causing the timely arrival of the rescue party. They had their suspicions, and when Eric—who rode into Santana half an hour after I left it—said he should follow me, they volunteered to a man.

I may pass over Addison's astonishment when we arrived at the fort. He had never received my letter. We had a most joyful time that day; but I think what interested me most were some words I overheard Addison say to Eric Proctor: "You must stay at least a month with us. We don't often see you, and now that Elsie is here!"—

Eric did stay; and I am bound to admit that he made the most of his time. Before I went back to Chicago we were engaged to be married.—English Illustrated Magazine.

#### The Box on the Platform.

At the dinner station, where we stopped one day on a certain Tennessee railroad, almost the first sight which greeted the eyes of those who got off was a rough burial box on the platform, and seated near it was an old black woman with a handkerchief to her eyes. When kindly asked the cause of her sorrow she pointed to the box and replied:

"De ole man's in dar."

"Your husband?"

"Yes; died two days ago back yere in the kentry."

"And what are you doing with the body here?"

"I wants to bury it up at Charlestown, but I hain't got money 'nuff to take it on de railroad."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed a man, as he came forward. "What's the difference where a nigger is buried? They want her to bury it here, but she won't. Ehe's determined to take it to Charlestown."

"For what reason?" asked the passenger who had put all the previous questions.

"'Kase, sah, all de fo' chill'n is buried up dar', an' his mudder an' sister, an' de poo' ole man will be lonesome down yere."

"What bosh!" growled the kicker.

"Look here!" whispered the other, as he went over to him, "I'd rather be a nigger with her soul than to be a white man with yours! She's right. Let the family dead sleep together."

He entered the express office, paid for the shipment of the body, bought the widow a ticket to Charlestown, and then dropped a $10 gold piece in her hand and said:

"Give him a decent funeral, mammy, and this will put up a headboard to mark the grave."

"May the good Lawd bress you for"—

But he hurried in to snatch a bite to eat. While he was gone I made inquiries as to his identity, and finally found a man who replied:

"Why, that's Col. Blank, of Alabama. He owned over three hundred niggers when the war broke out."—New York Sun

#### Our Native Tree Fruits.

Take our cherries to begin with. We have, first, the shrubby choke cherry, which unquestionably might become the parent of an improved dwarf ironclad fruit, either directly developed from the best among the wildings, or aided by crossings with foreign species. The dwarf Black Hills cherry, probably the largest of our natives, would, perhaps, cross well with the choke cherry. Among the innumerable wild "bird cherries," even in the wild state, selections could easily be made of trees producing very large and good fruit, with which to make an advantageous start, while the black cherry might be made the foundation for another race similar to the foreign heart cherries.

When we come to the plums it is seen at once that nature has laid a broad foundation for us to build upon in our variant native species—east, west and south—selections from which are already widely cultivated. It is easy to believe that from these can be educed fruit far superior to and widely different from anything yet known. It would not be surprising to see plums from this stock reaching eventually the size and quality of the apricot, with a vigor of tree far beyond that of any foreign stone fruit. With this abundant material, and all the acquired skill of modern science, and with these natives and all their relatives from other continents to work with, our skilled horticulturists ought to produce remarkable results within a comparatively brief time.—Vick's Magazine.

**Neuralgic Persons**
And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking
**Brown's Iron Bitters.** Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

## PECULIAR SWALLOWERS.

### FEATS OF PEOPLE WITH ABNORMAL THROATS AND MOUTHS.

**Some of Them Actually Eat Lamp Chimneys, While Others Swallow Swords, Notwithstanding the Sneers of the Skeptical and Uninitiated.**

"Of course, we all have heard of people who thrust swords down their throats, swallow pebble stones and eat glass; but nobody believes that they really do these things."

So writes one who evidently believes himself too sharp to be imposed upon by any of the ordinary or extraordinary arts of trickery. But there never was a greater mistake. There are many people who actually perform the feats enumerated. They are to be seen in dime museums, side shows, and occasionally in bar rooms or on street corners.

"THE IRON THROAT."

The writer once had the pleasure of scraping the acquaintance of a sword swallower. He and a hairless horse constituted the attractions in a small tent that had been pitched on the outskirts of a county fair. He called himself "Feretta, the Man with the Iron Throat." As soon as a dozen people had paid their dimes and entered the tent Feretta would bring out his sword and pass it around for examination. There was no deception about it. It was of steel, about fourteen inches long, an eighth of an inch thick, half an inch wide at the hilt and slightly tapering toward the tip. Feretta was very deliberate in his movements. Assuming a posture intended to be graceful he would throw back his head, insert the point of the sword in his mouth, and gently push it downward until the cross piece or guard prevented it going any further. Then he would throw both arms behind him for a space of four or five seconds, after which the sword was withdrawn as carefully as it had been swallowed. Then would follow a bow, and a smile which appeared rather forced.

Feretta said the operation frequently cost him considerable pain, but of this he never gave public manifestation. He also said the utmost care was necessary in performing the feat to avoid injury to the throat and stomach. Notwithstanding his caution, he occasionally hurt himself and was obliged to suspend sword swallowing for a few days. But he had other ways of entertaining his patrons. He developed an appetite for pebble stones, which he turned to account by swallowing about three every half hour during the day, to the wonder and admiration of those who assembled in his little tent. This was not a trick. The act was done too slowly to admit of deception. He placed the pebble on his tongue, permitted it to remain in view for a moment and then closed his mouth. The pebble reached some destination within his internal economy, and must have found a resting place in his stomach. He did not pretend that the stones were digested, but he said they never gave him any trouble.

GLASS AS FOOD.

Glass eaters have become so numerous that they find their profession crowded. I have personally known two of this class of "attractions." One of them was a fellow about 20 years old, who was ludicrously shy and effeminate (off the stage) in appearance and manners. His only robust feature was a magnificent set of teeth, with which he bit chunks out of lamp chimneys and crunched them almost into powder with apparent ease. The other was a youngster of not more than 14, known as "Little Glass Sam." He was a bright boy, and had amassed quite a stock of knowledge about people and places, on which he could talk intelligently and entertainingly. His teeth, too, were white and sound, and he masticated chunks of glass and swallowed the fragments with neatness and dispatch. He performed the feat in private before a committee of physicians, who were forced to admit the fact, but who were able to advance no explanation of how it could be done without disastrous effects. But no injudicious results followed. I never knew a glass eater to cut his gums, tongue, or any portion of his mouth. They all say the swallowed glass has a stimulating effect on those organs by which the system rejects the substances that refuse to contribute to its nourishment.

The stories of princely salaries which these queer throated and tough stomached people receive are for the most part fictitious. "Little Glass Sam," being only a boy and small for his age, ought certainly to have been a drawing "card" in his line of work. But he was frequently thrown on the world, and ready to do odd jobs of any sort to keep soul and body together. I have known him within a week to discard the tights and spangles of the variety stage for the soiled garb of a stable boy and consider himself lucky at that.

A peculiar case was that of William Dempster, an English juggler, who in 1823 accidentally swallowed a table knife, handle and all, which he was thrusting down his throat. The mishap was occasioned by the spectators crowding around him and causing the knife to slip from his fingers.

Dempster died in great agony after many ineffectual attempts to relieve him. It is related that a similar case occurred in Prussia in 1635. This patient was cured by the extraction of the knife through an incision made in his side.

It cannot be regarded as a great misfortune that the swallowing business is waning in popularity. However, there lurks in mankind a taste for the horrible, and there will probably always be found the means to gratify it in some form of grotesque and shocking violation of nature's commands.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Coffin and Gravestone.

Mme. Bernhardt has disposed of the coffin that she had bought against the time of her burial, says The Pall Mall Gazette. But the original Sarah has been eclipsed in the matter of anticipatory dealings with the undertakers. In the burying ground attached to a certain pretty church there is to be seen a curious object in the shape of a large black tombstone, laid on an unoccupied grave. It is the property of an eccentric lady, who wishes all the arrangements for her funeral to be conducted in strict accordance with her own views. To this end she has already settled many preliminaries, including not only the purchase of the grave she is to rest in, but also of the stone which is to cover her, and here it lies already in position and only waiting the final inscription. At present only the initials of the proud owner are given on the foot. The lady in question is still in the prime of life and in redundant health.

#### He Wanted No More Overcoats Stolen.

A story is told of a certain club wag, who, in his numerous visits upon his large circle of friends, had had several overcoats stolen from the hat racks. Accordingly when he called one cold night last winter upon a lady of his acquaintance he was equipped with a long, fine steel chain, which he attached to the "Siberian" after it had been placed upon the rack, and covertly paid out the chain from his trousers pocket to its full length. The end was reached when he took a seat just inside the parlor door. The precaution leaked out later in the evening and the undercurrent cynicism of the scheme quite atoned for the suggestiveness of its carrying out.—Clothier and Furnisher.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

## A NEW KIND OF FISH YARN

### A PISCATORIAL EXPLOIT WHICH PROVED PROFITABLE.

**A Real Live Fish Caught and Cooked Under Water—How a Diver's Ingenuity Brought Him Fame and Won a Friendly Wager—A True Story.**

"It was this way," replied Mr. George W. Fuller, the veteran diver, sitting back in his chair and half closing his eyes as if to recall all the circumstances of this most curious of diving experiments. "You see, I had been talking with some of the boys, telling them about what I could do, and all that, and, if I remember rightly, I made the assertion that I could catch a fish, dress it, cook it under water and bring it up to the surface in good shape for eating without wetting it a particle. Of course everybody was incredulous, and one man who was even more incredulous than the rest offered to bet me $100 that I could not do it. As I thought I had a pretty sure show of winning, and the man seemed anxious to bet, I put up my money, and when asked when I wanted the affair to come off, I set a day about a week ahead, as I had some preparations to make.

Taking a couple of my men I got a boat and went quite a distance out into the harbor, stopping over a place where I thought I should be able to catch a fish easily. I had brought a weighted barrel along with me and my diving suit. The barrel we then proceeded to sink, having the open side downward. Putting on my suit I went to the bottom and securely fastened the barrel to some rocks with ropes to make sure that it would neither rise to the surface nor float away. Mind you, I had the barrel raised about three feet from the bottom, and at this time, as a matter of course, it was filled with water. After I had secured it I stooped down and crawled up into it, standing erect upon the bottom. When I crawled in the barrel was full of water, but as I staid under there minute after minute, the water began to be driven out little by little, this being caused by the air which was issuing from my escape valve rising to the top of the barrel, and not being able to go any farther it, as a matter of course, kept forcing the water down. Soon my head was entirely out of water, and soon my chest was out.

"Then I unscrewed my helmet and stood in the air under the barrel. As it was being fed constantly from the pump above, the water lowered until there was not a drop in the barrel, and I was standing in only three feet of water. I had one of my patent lanterns with me so I could see what I was doing, and taking a hammer, nails and a small board, which I had brought down with me, I proceeded to nail up a small shelf at one side of the barrel of the height so that when my lantern was set upon it it would be convenient for me to look down on the top of it. This done, I put on my helmet, got out from under the barrel, and went up to the surface once more. All my arrangements were completed, and all I had to do now was to wait patiently for the day of the trial to come off.

"It dawned at last, bright and clear, and a considerable party of gentlemen embarked with us, to either see this, as they supposed, great feat performed, or to see me fail in my attempt to make good my assertion. I impressed it upon the mind of the party who had bet against me that to perform the feat it was very essential that I should go under water at a place where I could be reasonably sure of catching a fish, and he left it with me to select the place. Of course I steered for the spot where I had the barrel anchored, and, stopping near where I thought it would be, I put on my suit and prepared for the descent. I took with me my lantern, a small stew pan, pepper, salt, etc., and my fish hook.

"By the way, you never saw a man catch fish under water, did you? Well, it is quite a simple operation. You don't really use any hook at all, but a long line with the big sail needle on the end of it. When you are on the bottom and see a fish, good care must be taken to get behind him. Then cautiously edging up to him, you make a quick jab with the needle, and if you are a good shot your fish is caught. Then all you have to do is to push him up on the string, which must, of course, be knotted on the end, and you are ready for another one. It was one of these needles that I had, and I was very successful in not having to occupy much time in catching my fish, for I had scarcely struck bottom and got my bearings when I saw one directly ahead of me, and I succeeded in getting him impaled upon my needle in short order. Then I crawled under the barrel and, setting my lantern on the shelf, waited for the water to lower. I had not long to wait, however, and soon my helmet was hanging on a nail which I had hammered into the side of the barrel for that purpose, and I was busily cleaning the fish with my jack knife, which I forgot to mention I had brought with me for that purpose.

"This done, I unscrewed the top of the lantern, which, as you know, is quite a large one and has a big flame. This lantern is fed by a small air pipe from above, the same as a human being is, and as I could live and breathe freely under the barrel, of course the lantern could burn brightly, too. Placing the pan, which fitted exactly into the top of the lantern over the flame, I placed the fish in it and he was soon frying away at a great rate, while I soon made him palatable with salt and pepper.

"After it was well fried I shut off the blaze in the lamp and screwed on the cover, leaving the stewpan and the fish inside, where they were sure to keep perfectly dry. Then, putting on my helmet, I got out from under the barrel and gave the signal to be pulled up. I had been gone only a few minutes, and the people thought as a matter of course that I had come up to say that I could not catch the fish, never dreaming that I had caught it, dressed it and cooked it already. They were very much surprised when, on taking off the lamp, I showed them the fish steaming hot and well cooked."—Boston Globe.

#### Measurements of the Great Lakes.

The greatest length of Lake Superior is 335 miles; its greatest breadth is 160 miles; mean depth, 688 feet; elevation, 827 feet; area, 82,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Huron is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 60 miles; mean depth, 600 feet; elevation, 274 feet; area, 20,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Erie is 250 miles; its greatest breadth, 80 miles; mean depth, 84 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles. The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles; its greatest breadth is 65 miles; its mean depth is 500 feet; elevation, 261 feet; area, 6,000 square miles.—St. Louis Republic.

#### It Bothered Her.

The Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, of Brooklyn, told a laughable story in the course of his address before the Evangelical alliance. He said that a little Brooklyn girl returned home from Sunday school in a state of mind because she had heard there that Jesus was a Jew. She appealed to her mother for a confirmation of the report.

"Yes, my dear, Jesus was a Jew," said her mother.

"Well, mamma, he was the Son of God, was he not?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well," said the little one, "I don't see how it ever happened that Jesus was a Jew, when God himself is a Presbyterian."—Boston Advertiser.

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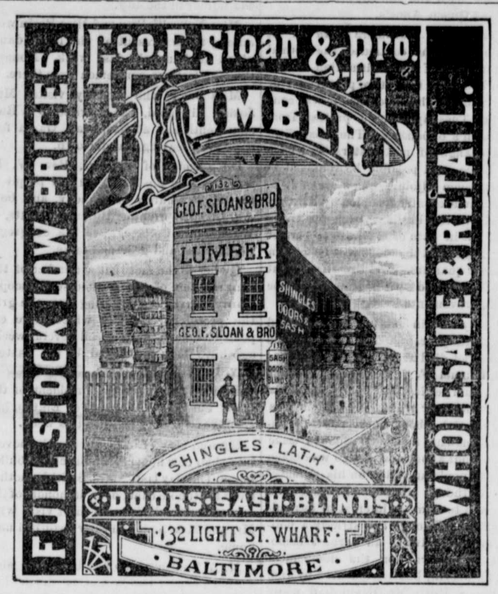


1890.

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### BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT, MAY 12, 1889.

LEAVE CAMDEN STATION.

For Chicago and Northwest, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 10 20 a. m., Express, 8 00 p. m.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Indianapolis, Vestibuled Limited Express daily 2 00 p. m., express 10 10 p. m.

For Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Vestibuled Limited Express daily, 10 20 a. m., Express, 7 40 p. m.

For Washington, week days, 5 10, 6 20, 6 30, 7 15, 7 20, 8 00, (45-minute train) 8 30, 9 15, 10 20, (45-minute train) a. m., 12 15, 1 45 (45-minute train,) 2 00, 3 00, 4 05, (45-minute train), 4 15, 5 00, 6 00, 6 30, 7 40, 7 45, 8 00, 10 05, 10 10 and 11 00 P. M. Sunday 6 30, 7 15, 8 30, 9 15, 10 20 a. m., 12 50, 1 45, 2 00, 4 15, 5 00, 6 30, 7 40, 7 45, 8 00, 10 05, 10 10 and 11 00 p. m.

For Way Stations between Baltimore and Washington, 5 10, 6 30 and 8 30 a. m., 12 15, 3 00, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m. On Sunday 6 30 and 8 30 a. m., 12 50, 5 00, 6 30 and 11 00 p. m.

Trains leave Washington for Baltimore, 4 00, 5 00, 6 40, 7 20, 8 30, 9 30, 9 45, 11 00 A. M., 12 00, 12 10, 2 05, 2 30, 3 15, 3 25, 4 25, 4 30, 4 35, 5 30, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 9 00, 10 30, 11 30, p. m. Sunday, 4 00, 7 20, 8 30, 9 30, 9 45, a. m., 12 00, 1 15, 2 05, 2 30, 3 25, 4 25, 4 35, 6 30, 7 00, 7 30, 9 00, 10 30, 11 30 p. m.

For Principal Points on Metropolitan Branch †5 10, *9 15, †3 00 and †4 15 p. m.

For Annapolis 7 20, 9 15 a. m., 12 15, 4 15 and 6 30 p. m. On Sunday, 9 15 a. m. and 5 00 p. m.

For Ellicott City, Mt. Airy and way points, *4 00, †8 35, §9 30 a. m., †1 10, †4 25, *6 25, *6 35 and *11 15 p. m. & Stops only at principal stations between Relay and Frederick Junction.

For Frederick, 4 00, 8 35 a. m., 1 10, 4 25 and 5 25 p. m. On Sunday, 9 30 a. m. and 5 25 p. m.

For Virginia Midland Railroad and South via Danville, *9 15, a. m. and *8 00 p. m.

For Lexington, Staunton, 9 15 a. m. daily except Sunday.

For Winchester, †4 00, †9 15 a. m., †4 25 p. m.

For Luray, Roanoke and all points on the Shenandoah Valley R. R., *4 00 a. m. and †8 35 