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FRIDAY JANUARY 5, 1877.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER. THE RECORLYN HORROR-POLITICAL-GREELEY-FASHIONS-THE COMP-TROLLERSUIP-DETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1876.

ATRE. Last Tuesday night, the Brooklyn Theatre was burned, during the progress of a play, and over three hundred people lost their lives. It seems incredible that so many could die in so short a time, but the ghastly fact cannot be denied. The Theatre is a building one bundred and fifty feet deep, by 70 wide, in the centre of a block, with a passage leading from Washington Street, perhaps 20 feet wide. The stage is 50 teet deep, the lobby in front is twenty; leaving on the ground floor 80 feet, which is seated. Above this ground floor, the Parquette, is a gallery, the Dress Circle, which extends over the Parquette perhaps thirty feet, and above that the Gallery proper. The entrance to the Dress Circle and the Gallery is from the lobby outside, being simply a stair-case. The Dress Circle and Gallery people go up one flight together and diverge at a landing one flight up.

The stage is filled with the most inflammable material imaginable. The "flies" are short curtains of canvas painted in oil, to represent skies or clouds or what may be required, mount- "Judge, once before the democracy of ed on the lightest pine wood, and the the South revolted on just such prom-"wings" and the "flats" are also painted ises. In 1861 I revolted and I did it canvas, on the lightest possible frames. and it must be taken into account that almost the entire space back of the curtain, except that shown to the people when it is raised, is filled with scenery of different plays, stacked up, which makes the "behind the scenes" of a theatre a magazine of combustibles, almost as daugerous as a powder house. The play was the "Two Orphans," and the scene was a boat-house. In this scene there are not only the wings representing the sides of a house, but the ceiling is represented, which is also painted canvas. The theatre was filled with a delighted audience. By some accident one of the flies was blown against a gas jet, and one of the employees attempted to cut it loose. It fell, all in a blaze upon the ceiling of the scene below, and in an instant that tirely we'come to start it-I have had was in a blaze. The actors on the stage saw it, but hoped it would be extinguished and went on with their parts, but it had too much head-way. In a moment the painted canvas was on fire, the affrighted audience rose, and a wild rush at the doors commenced. All order was at an end, the only thing for every one was to get out of the hell that was raging. The people in the crowded gallery precipitated themselves down the tortuous passage, and at the landing met the equally wild crowd from the dress circle, and the two masses became wedged in, so that passage was impossible, and there was a deadlock which human strength was impossible to break. All this was the work of a minute. In the meantime, the stage was a lurid furnace, the oil and the light wood of the wings and stage sets belching out great volumes of smoke and flame, filling the theatreand to add to the certainty of doom, the ceiling of the building was made of a sort of pasteboard, which was as combustible as the canvas, and the flames ran along that like powder, making a furnace right above the heads of those is the gallery. And all this time the only exit from the dress eircle and the gallery was blocked by the two masses that had met at the landing common to both, and escape was impossible. The fire leaped from one part of the building to another, the wooden seats caught and blazed; the sufortunate, wedged in and helpless, fell, sufficated by the smoke and roasted by the fire. The supports were burned off, and finally the mass tell, with probably three hundred and fifty burned men and women in its terrible embrace.

general gloom overspreads it.

I saw the bodies at the Morgue, and resentative of the advanced thought of where there was enough left of one to the city and country, it will come out show anything, it was noticeable that all right. But who can tell? Who they all died with their hands before knows whose money is behind it, and their faces, as it in effort to ward of the everybody knows what power money fate that was overtaking them. A has. And speaking of newspapers it is more ghastly sight-a more absolute a mistake to suppose that a newspaper nightmare than the smoking ruins of in New York is a gold mine. The the theatre and the Morgue presented- Herald, the Post, the Commercial Advertiser, and the Sun are making human eves never rested upon. Of course the people are nervous now money. The World has always sunk about their theatres, and are investigat- money, the Times makes something, ing. Out of the ten or a dozen princi- but more by its real estate than the papal places in the city only one or two per; the Tribune is holding about even. are found to have even decent means of and with the rest it is a struggle with escape in case of fire. The others are, mortgages. It cost a million of dollars

traps, and citizeus shudder as they think | sunk to establish new papers here is that for years they have been risking fearful.

the lives of their families in places most liable of all to fire, and in which fire is Odd, comfortable-looking only possible when performances are sacques, shaped loosely to the body and taking place, and which have no es- covering almost the entire dress, are capes. The attendance at the theatres worn by gir's in thir teens as a school has fallen off fearfully since the fire, wrap; the material dark gray undressed and it will continue to be light till the cloth. The newest bonnets have high public is assured of something like neaked crowns with hardly any brim, a safety in case of accident. The Ohio full pleating of velvet and lace taking law, which prescribes the quantity and its place. The trimming now, as ever, quality of exits from all places wherein makes the bonnet. Broad scarfs of silk masses of people congregate, will prob- or velvet must be laid in many tolds ably be e acted for New York this about the crown, full plumes and bows winter. The churches of the city are soften the outline, or the high bonnets just as badly provided with exits, but are the poorest looking looking things as they are never crowded, and as there imaginable. The new bonnets for chilis an entire absence of anything inflam- dren are dark brown or prune-colored mable (except in the discourses), it velvet, in the high shape, without any THE TRAGEDY AT THE BROOLYN THE- doesn't matter. Yet a fire in a crowd- brim except a pleating of silk raveled ed church would be a very serious mat- on the edge, and lace frill beneath. which gives the breadth of an ordinary

like the one destroyed, the most deadly to establish the Times, and the amount

brim. Ti e most elegant hats are deep maroon velvet, trimmed with roses, Hayes is certainly elected, and the shading from pink to crimson, and loops scople breathe freer. The relief from of dark crimson ribbon. The light the chance that the general government

scarlet, often called cardinal, looks vulwould be delivered over to the unrepontant rebels of the Sonth and the gar in the extreme, THE COMPTROLLERSHIP. Plug Uglies of the North, is immense, and will be tollowed by an immediate John Kelly, (Boss Kelly), has been revival of business. The democratic appointed Comptroller in place of Anplace hunters here in New York are drew H. Green, and was promptly confirmed by the Democratic Aldermen. terribly demoralized and disgruntled,

and are as venomous as rattlesuakes. Kelly is the head of that association of They want to bite something, and they thieves, Tammany, and is also of the don't care much what. They talk of gin-mill faction. He is a more dangerwar and bloodshed, and rivers of blood. ons man than Tweed, because, while and are generally gory. I was amused at the New York Hotel last night. A just as unscrupulous, he is a more able man, and has the gin-mills in better prominent Southern colonel (the New training. This action of the Mayor is a York is a Southern headquarters here) complete surrender of the city to its was conversing with a prominent New worst elements. The strikers are in York democrat. "I suppose we are ecstacy, and good men mourn,

going to be counted out," sighed the New Yorker. "I suppose so," was the THE BETS. John Morrissey has declared all bets reply of the Southerner. "But, Colon the Presidency off, and is returning onel, are we going to submit?" the money he holds-a million and a guess we are," was the quiet reply half-to the rightful owners. What Never! The South will never subthe others will do no one knows. mit; nor had she ought to. The South There is a fear on the part of betters will raise the standard of revolt against that instead of declaring the bets "off," this usurpation, and the democracy of they will take themselves off. They the North will rally to their aid, and PIETRO. are all shaky.

BY M. QUAD.

"No it won't do anything of the kind," was the Colonel's reply. SOME EXPERIMENTS WITH FIRE. because you wrote me, and I have your

POLITICAL.

The whole city is in mourning, and a magnificent paper, and if it can be kept rags, and then nailed all up in a starchsteady in its present course, as the rep-"This is the drug store," he said, as

he placed it on the counter, "and you shutting off ventilation, The woolen shall have an explanation of the fire. and the velvet had engendered the heat, It is now noon; come here at 9 o'clock the silk had acted as a telegraph wire this evening." I went away and almost forgot him

until evening. When I reached his shop he was in good spirits and his face wore a bland smile.

"Put your hand on the box," he said. I obeyed, and to my great surprise found it warin-almost hot. "You will have to wait an hour," he continued as we sat down; "combu tion has already commenced." So it had. There was a smell of burning cotton and heated wood, and within fifteen minutes after my arrival smoke poured from the box and was soon followed by flames. I could but take his word that he had not meddled with the box; and each little jet of flame leaping from the box' was a theory in

itself to support the main theory. "You may receive it as a fact that when oil and shavings and rags come together, a fire will result," he said Had I not allowed the box to stand here in the draft the flames would have nsumed it two hours ago."

Within the next week we repeated the same experiment, with the same result, and we produced spontaneous comistion with oi'ed shavings a'one and then with oiled rags. Since that time I floor, and the third was in a grocery store, where oil had accidentally been spilled on a heap of paper rags. The shop or factory or store which does not provide an iron chest for its greasy rags | short distance below the company's pas-

will sooner or later suffer from fire. One day, not long after our first experiments, I met Old Spon on the street shed and tound everything safe ard qui-

by an old house which had just been ed by the smell of smoke, and while converted into a store-room for the reception of paper rags, and a large lot ond story of the shop, the flames burst man looked into the building, then care- destroyed within an hour. A patternwalked on he said :

"They are building a bonfire there !" "How ?" I asked,

"Every pase of glass is in place, the There was no stove in that end of the doors shut tightly, and there is no es- shop, smoking was prohibited, and no cape for the heat engendered by the one had a doubt that the conflagration rags," he replied. "If they do not se- was brought about through the medium cure ventilation, the building will burn of that oiled rag.

within a week !"

little, and a forked tongue of flame leaped out and the box burned ! We had indeed spontaneous combustion by

for it, and the cotton, old and soft as down, had struck the spark. A lot of paper rags hung in a tight

closet, or piled up in a store where there is no ventilation, will sooner or later start a fire. There are dealers who know this, and would as soon think of throwing a lighted match into cottonbatting as of closing the storage-room against ventilation. The lower sash of at least one window should be taken out during the summer, and it would be better to leave an opposite one raised a few inches, so as to secure a strong draught. A few months since some oiled rags in the basement of a Detroit picture store took fire on a hot Sunday morning and called out the fire depart ment, although one of the basement windows was open for ventilation. It was through this window that the smoke

poured and gave the alarm. At the Detroit House of Correction,

in December, 1870, one of the prisoners employed in the chair-finishing room, piled up a bundle of oiled rags in a cor-

ner as the bell rang for the close of working hours, and at 8 o'clock, only two hours after, the shop was fired by spontaneous combustion and several thousand dollars worth of damage done. have witnessed three fires in buildings which originated from oiled rags. Two of these were in paint stores, where the rags were piled and packed together rags had been thrown in a heap on the the foundation was laid for a destructive conflagration.

About two years ago, one winter evening, the watchman at the Michigan Central Railroad car shops, located a senger depot in the city of Detroit.

passed through the pattern and wood and we walked together. We passed et. Ffleen minutes later he was alarmmounting the stairs leading to the secwas just then being taken in. The old out in one end and the entire shop was for a long time.

fully noted the windows, and as we maker had used some oil and a rag just before six o'clock to oil a pattern just finished, and he had probably thrown the rag among the shavings.

But spontaneous combustion does not

He was right. On the third night depend upon the presence of oiled rags after that-a close, sultry night-the and shavings. Three or four years ago old house was discovered to be on fire. at seven o'clock in the evening, the The firemen gathered so pr mptly that front windows, sash, glass and blinds, teen years ago. the building was not greatly damaged, of a Detroit dry goods store were blown and they called it an incendiary fire. out into the street with a noise like the O'd Spon was on hand and we found rumble of thunder, and the store was the identical sack in which the combus- ablaze in an instant. The porter left tion occurred-a sack containing sever- an hour before the explosion, and a al pieces of old silk, and a quantity of policeman tried the doors not ten minpaper and many pieces of old cotton. utes previously. The gas had all been The flame had run up the side of the turned off, the steam pipes were nearly house and shown itself before balf the cold, and there was no light around the sack was consumed, and we could trace store. There was no smell of gas, no it as easily as any one may trace the oil nor fluids inside, it was a wonder "Is this Santord," she auxiously en to most minds how the fire caught. quired. About a month after this, I had busi- The house had an immense stock of dry The man was from Poston. He was

bits of cotton and paper on them and

left them there for weeks, to lift them

where the pipes ran along a brick wall

wife's a cur'ous woman. Shescrimped,

and saved, and almost starved all of us

Deaths of a Year.

In England, in 1874, 1,313 persons were killed by horse conveyances ; tramcars killed 62, omnibuses only 55 per. sons. By cabs 61 persons were killed, and by carriages 82, and this limitation ot the numbers is noted as implying great skill on the part of the drivers in streets often crowded. There were 294 deaths from injuries in coal mines, and 118 from injuries connected with copper, tin, iron and other mines. Deaths by poisoning increased to 461, about one third of them being ascertained suicides. There were 25 boys and men, nearly all following out-door occupatious were killed by lightning. Sun-

stroke was fatal to 90 persons, and 124 deaths were ascribed to gelatie and exposure to cold. A girl only tourteen years old, the daughter of a laborer, from the bite of a fox, from the bite of bite of a leech, from the sting of a hornet, and two from the stings of wasps.

HEARTRENDERING CRUELTY .- The evidence in the case of John and Maggie McCarty, charged with the murder of their foster child, George Woodard, at Bay City, Michigan, shows that once the woman pat a red-hot iron in the child's mouth and held his lins lightly against it. Again she held him head foremost down a well. She also frequently placed his fingers in the hinge crack of the door and shut the door against them, and at times put them through the clothes wringer. She was also in the habit of striking him on the head with a huge piece of wood. The woman seems to have little anxiety about the situation, and sings in her cell

Do you ever read the newspapers ?

No. Have you any opinion about anything? No. Do you know your left hand from your right? No. Do you consider yourself a species of born idiot? Yes, "hen you are fit for a juryman. Swear him.

GOT OFF AT THE WRONG STATION. The death of one of the oldest resi- the ownership of the alleged stolen dents of Brookfield recalls an incident in her career which happened some fif-

She was a going to Sanford to visit a daughter, and took her seat in the cars for the first and only time in her life. During the ride an accident occurred whereby the car in which she was seated was thrown down an embankment and demolished. Crawling out from beneath the debris she spied a man who was held down in a sitting posture by his legs being fastened.

STORY OF AN ENGAGEMENT SING.

Some time ago a wealthy and otherwise attractive young gentleman of Washington, says the Cumberland (Md.) News, was engaged to be married to a beautiful belle of Morgantown, W. Va., and a brilliant "society wedding" was looked forward to by the friends of both parties, particularly the young lady in-timates of the prospective bride. But the course of this love was true to the proverb about true love in general, and a month ago the engagement was broken off-how or why does not concern this story-though the whole affair may possibly be radely dragged before the public by anteeling lawyers; and for no fault—unless carelessness is a crime of either of the parties. Of course, the engagement was broken, the young lady quickly sent back the ring, and the quickest way she could think of was by mail ; so by mail it went-that is, it started from Morgante wn, but years old, the daughter of a laborer, never reached Washington. The gen-died in childbirth. There was a death theman made no inquiries about it, and, but for a train of events that couldn't a rat, from the scratch of a cat, from the possibly have been arranged by chance, might have gone on thinking that his former fiance was mercenary enough to hold on to the magnificent ring that had been a token of her loyalty to him.

But the mysterious destiny which shapes our ends ordered it otherwise.

A few weeks ago one of the Morgantown young lady's friends saw the ring on the hand of a lady in the same town, who was not acquainted with the first named, and consequently did not know the ring or its history. Investigation was at once begun, and a lew days' time and very little trouble traced the ring to a clerk in the Faumount postoffice, who, it is alleged, had stolen it from the mail, loaned it to a gentleman friend at Morgantown, W. Va., who had made it to lo duty as an engagement ring for his fiance in Morgantown. The Fairmount postoffice clerk was arrested by Government officials and will be tried in the United States District Court at Parksburg some time during the month.

To the trial of the postoffice clerk will probably be summoned the young lady who "sent back" the ring, and possibly all parties connected with it, including the Morgantown gentleman and his fiance. Should the question of the ownership of the ring come np, it will prove a knotty one. To -whom does or did the ring belong at the time of its loss ? The case will be an interesting one at all events, and highly so if it should be necessary to legally prove

property.

THE BOY OF THE PERIOD,-"MY son," said a father to his hopeful son "you did not saw any wood for the kitchen stove yesterday as I told you to, you left the back gate open and let the cow get out, you cut off fitteen feet from the clothes line to make a lasso, you stoned Mr. Robinson's pet dog and lamed it, you put a hard shell turtle in the hird girl's bed, you tied a strange dog to Mr. Jacobson's door-bell, and painted red and green stripes on the legs of old Mrs. Polaby's white pony, and hung your sister's bustle out in the front window. New, what can L what can I do for such conduct ?" "Are all the counties heard from ?" asked the cand date The father replied sternly. "No triffing, sir; no, I have yet several reports to receive from others of the neighbors," "Then," replied the boy, "you will not be justified in proceeding to extreme measures until the official count is in." Shortly alterwards the election was thrown into the House, and before half the votes were curvassed it was evident, from the peculiar intonation of the applause, that the boy was bad y beater.

The sight the next morning was horrible and sickening. Where the galleries fell hundreds of bodies burned and searred beyond identification were found, and all through the debris, cov. ered with burned timbers, masses of bricks, and the fearful remnants of a confingration, were bodies in every pos-sible form of distiguration. There were pieces of bedies, legs, arms, tranksaltogether the most frightful sight prob-There were parents trying to identify children, friends searching for the re-mains of friends, brothers for brothers.

letter yet, that the democracy of the North would stand by as, and you-1 and yet I did not know his name. I remember it well-assured me in a let- called him "Spon," and he answered to ter that if Massachusetts troops under- it as readily as he would have answered took to go through New York they to any other. He was small of stature, would have to march over your body bent with age, and his scanty locks were to cross to Jersey City. They did pass as white as snow. through the city, and if they all tramped Most men took him to be a beggar, over your body you are a tough one. or some old man waiting to die. When At times I thought there was over a I came to know him I found that he million of 'em. I think I saw your had a litt'e old shop on a quiet street, name as a Vice President of a war and that he had not a relation on earth. meeting-I know you sent substitutes I cannot name the shop. It was not a to fight against us every time you were tailor-shop, or a shoe-shop, or a junk-drafted. No, judge, it you want any shop, and yet it was all three, and he war-you didn't see any of it and don't kept herbs and medicines besides. No understand it-you raise the standard one liked him, and yet all respected of revolt, and we will help you. As him, He was reserved, and yet he was for me I have had enough of it; I can free to answer questions. He gave his live under Hayes-he is a pretty good history to all honest inquirers, and yet man-I know he is a mighty good they really learned nothing about him. soldier, 'cause I tried him a good many Such was my strange old man. One times. It you want war you are en- night a fire broke out in a building de-

enough of it, I thank you." The Southern men are more reasonable than the New New democrats, had been oiled and some of it varnished, and are much less inflammatory in their and the store would have been occupied talk. What the hotspurs may do in in another week. The fire was under the south, of course no one can tell, but good headway when discovered, and the class that come here are anything the whole interior was burned out. but fire-eaters. Hayes is elected-he "What caused it?" I asked a fireman will be inaugurated, and he will give after the flames had been extinguished. the country so good a government that "Some one set fire to it," he replied. a year from now people will wonder "If you say that, you lie !" cried a that any one wanted any one else. And strange voice, and we looked up and the democracy, after they have had found my strauge old man. That was their bluster, will acquiesce, like little my introduction. I laughed at him, but he maintained such a serious look men.

GREELEY.

Monday last a monument to the inquired : "Why do you say that ?" memory of Horace Greeley was erected "Come with me," he answered, and over his grave in Greenwood Cemetery. he would not let go my arm until we A very large number of distinguished stood at the door of his little old shop. men were present to do honor to the

great journalist. It is singular, though, We went in and sat down, and presently how little of a mau's work survives he commenced : "It was neither accident nor incendiahim. Horace Greeley controlled a paper which, at one time, was the most rism. There was no stove there to drop influential in the country. He was one a spark, and doors and windows were of the principal founders of the Repub. locked against incendiaries. It was lican party, one of the chief promoters simply a case of spontaneous combus-of the temperance cause, and the head tion. The light, dry woods were soakand front of all schemes of philanthropy ed with oil, the floor covered with rags and progress. Age brought disappoint- and shavings, and not even a pane of ment; disappointment soured him; an glass out to ventilate the room."

ambition, which a busy life had kept in I was no believer in spontaneous subjection, a serted itself when he had combustion, and I made light of his not the strength to keep it under, bad remarks. men played with him, and he fell. His "Come here to-morrow and I will paper got into other keeping, and des- convince you," he answered, and atter pite the efforts of those still connected some further discussion I went away. with it-who loved the old man and He had spoken of spontaneous combuswould have been loyal to his memory tion; I named him "Spon." He was

-it was turned into devious paths. It old ; I called him "Old Spon." was almost everything for several years | Old Spon was a character for a sketch. that Horace Greeley would not have and hoping to find him full of anecdote had it, and only within a year has got and adventure, and smiling at the abback into its old moorings. And Gree- surdity of his theory, I called at his pounds of rags, some flannel, some cot-ley himself died poor. His paper was shop the next day as requested. He ton, some silk and a few bits of velvet, supposed to have been making millions, was ready for me, and he took up the as a family might make up a rag bag in but when he, the corner-stone of the subject at once.

fabric, crumbled out, it was found to be as empty as an egg-shell. He had but little, his partners went into bankruptcy, and the property, heavily mortgaged, and rags. Let me prove to you that it had the full strength of the sun. With-passed into other hands. And its his- does not need fire to make fire." had the full strength of the sun. With-in two hours the glass began to grow now she wan't let one of us co into it. tory since has been one of financial He had some fine walnut and pine trouble, though its management have shavings, and some bits of dry board. smoking. We waited another hour, made a spleudid fight against the mis. He poured boiled linseed oil and a lit- and then the old man made an air-hole fortunes that enveloped them. It is a the varnish on these, some more on the n the top of the box, raised the glass a woman,"

course of a highway. I knew him for months and months,

ness in a large picture frame factory. I met Old Spon at the corner, and while I was in the factory office the old man went "mousing" through the vari- and finally became powerful enough to ous departments. Returning, he said

to the superintendent : "If you men are not more careful you will burn out here some day."

"How-why?" asked the official. very same thing occurred soon after at Old Spon led us to the room where another store on another street, and the the oil-finished frames were being fincircumstances pointed so strongly to spontaneous combustion as the agent ished up. It was a small, close room ; the floor was spattered with oil; scores that each fire was recorded under that of oiled frames were hanging on the head in the record book of the fire dewalls; there was a bushel or more of partment. My old triend made another experioiled rags on the floor and benches.

"We never have a stove here, even in winter," said the superintendent, as "warranted to remove grease, printer's he looked around.

"Each one of those rags is a stove," exhausted the contents by pouring replied the old man. "The windows them over cetton rags and pieces of signed for a drug store. The store was are up now and the hot air has a chance to escape, but put them do vu and spon-These pieces were placed in a box, as ladies would hang their dresses in a furnished with walnut shelving and taneous combustion will fire the factory counters, and pine ceiling. Everything within six Lours,"

box was on fire. The liquid cortained The superintendent smiled comtemptnously as he turned to me, and on the turpentice, and perhaps benzine, which way out he wanted to know if my old was almost as dangerous as gunpowder. Bits of cloth saturated with liquid no friend was not an escaped lunatic.

doubt often find their way into paper To follow this case through, I will add that one cold day in october, the rag sacks, and in time they are almost employees of the finishing room put certain to become the agents of a disasdown the windows and left them down trous conflagration. when they went home at six o'clock. At ten o'clock in the evening, an alarm of fire was turned in from the factory, and the flames created damage to the amount of \$3,000 before being conquerthat my curiosity was aroused and I ed. One could trace the origin of the fire directly to the finishing room. That room was all ablaze before any bits of cotton and paper on them and other portion of the factory was touched. The cynical superintendent became a up unscorched by the centact. Again, believer in spontaneous combustion, and the oiled rags are now thrown into an unbroken by windows for a long distance

and where the room was close, we have iron box for the night. scorched pine blocks as black as tar in A case in which spontaneous combustion could be more clearly traced soon two days. We have never succeeded in producing actual fire, but have heatoccurred. A woman used a piece of old cotton and some linseed oil to brighten ed the blocks to such a degree that up the table of her sewing machine. they could not be held in the hand. In a factory where there is much dust and Through her carelessness the rag afterpoor ventilation, a bit of iron can be wards found its way into the basket of soiled clothes, which was kept in a close made so hot by leaving it on a steamcloset. That night, within six hours pipe a while that it will start a fire after placing the rag in the closet, the house became filled with smoke and an investigation proved that the clothes basket was on fire.

Old Spon was delighted when he beard of the incident. This made the third case of spontaneous combustion from oiled rags, and he was prepared to prove that rags alone would ignite under certain conditions. He went to a paper dealer's and selected several sooner or later come.

the course of three months. These rags were placed in a soap-box, which had been provided with a glass end, and the box was placed in the window where it dim, and in three hours the glass was

goods, and when closed for the night in considerable pain, but he did not the store was like a dr. kilo. The heat lose sight of the fact that he was from thrown out by the goods was like gas, Boston ; so he said : "No, this is a carastrophe " force its way out. A gas-lamp was "Oh !" ejaculated the old lady, "then

Earning in front, and when the hot air I hadn't oughter got off here !" struck this the fire traveled back into This was so evident as to make a rethe store like a flash of lightning. The

ply unnecessary.

During a thunder-storm a gentleman takes a back down the Champs Elysees towards the Faubourg St. Germain. He noticed that at every flash of lightning the driver piously makes the sign of the cross, and says : "I observe that

you cross yourself, you do well." "Oh, ment, Procuring a bottle of liquid yes, it is always well where there are so many trees, but once we get into the ink, etc.," from any sort of fabric, he street I don't care a curse."

An old woman has a narrow escape worsted dress goods and bits of woolen. from being run over by a hearse. I am not at all superstitious, she said to her rescuer, "but it always seemed to me closet, and in less than five hours the that it would be unlucky to be killed by a hearse."

"Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? And when that's gone don't he want another pound ; and isn't that sweet too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

It is claimed and denied with equal millions of eggs per year. No wonder the hens feel as if they were being vehemence that steam pipes are and are not the agents of conflagrations. My old friend and I have made more than ground into the dust by the tyrant's a score of of experiments, with varying heel. success. Where steam pipes ran along

struck a joist with his stomach and was all right next day. Those Pennsylvanians have good digestion and strong stomachs.

in debt \$1,800 before a single bill was presented for payment, and she is now called a great financier.

Virginia. He will probably be the

Bessie Turner is a waiter in a New York resturant. Libel suit, of course.

The Vermont Legislature is cutting down State salaries to a point which makes it no object for a man to hold dog it he didu't bide you. He ich a

There is no reason why politicians houldn't shake hands and love one another.

"A prudent man," says a witty Freuchman, "is like a pin ; his head prevents him from going too far." Always ready to take the stump-

It is a pointed fact that Germany makes the best needles.

Somebody has lost as much as ten dollars on this election. and hain't even had the blinds of it open for a month. She is a cur'ous

Vote early and work hard for the success of the ticket four years from now. | way"

A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day

upon the roof of a five-story building upon which the rain had fallen. The roof being shppery, he lost his footing. and as he was descending towards the caves, he exclaimed, "just as I told

you !" Catching however, on an iron spout, he kicked off his shoes, and regained a place of safety; when he thus delivered himselt : "I knowed it : there's a pair of shoes gono."

> The latest London industry is the collection of oleaginous deposits in the mud of the Thames. It is quite profitable, the mud-gatherers making three shil. lings and sixpence a day out of it. Small globes made of cork and lined with hair are planted in the mud at low tide and the fatty substances in the water adhere to them. This miscellancour grease is manufactured into fresh butter

for the London market.

Au agent for the sale of some house. hold article attempted to mount the steps of a house recently, but a dog came around the corner and took ball a yard of sloth from the back of his cost. doze dog bide you? "He dida't bite me, but he ruined my cont," was the reply. "My goot frent, excuse doze young dog now, but py und py he shall take holt of some agents und est der pones ride oud of them. He bides a coat now but he shall soon do better P

A locomotive engineer who had int been discharged for some cause gave vent to his spite,"eminently characteric tic of American humor. He mid it was about time he let the company anyhow, for the sake of his life to "there was nothing left of the old track but two streaks of rust and the right of

There is a county in Virginia having The man was sliding out when the ownneither lawyer, doetor or book agent, er of the house came and asked: "Did

New York city claims to eat seventy

A Harrisburg man fell forty feet,

A Portland woman run her husband

Col. Segar was elected to Congress in

champion of the tobacco interests. The Philadelphia Times says that

among shavings or rags if knocked off. Steam heating is doubtless the safest and it is always good weather around method of warming factories, stores and there. dwellings, but it has its dangers unless ventilation is provided for. There is warmth and heat there, and it is warmth

and heat that paves the way for a office. blaze. The thoughtlessuess of an employe in dropping an oily rag or a handtal of shavings upon steam-pipes or in

close proximity, may not burn the build. ing to-morrow, but a conflagration will "You see," said uncle Job, "my

The dentist.