## In a Coal Pit.

The old coal pit at Bottsford had proved a failure after fifteen thousand dollars had been expended on it. The forsaken shaft, two hundred feet deep, and a long tunnel in the Mountains of Bottsford, were the only remaining traces of work having been done.

Newman Highborn, while roving through these mountains, became separated from his companions. He had reached the forsaken shaft, and was precipitated into the fearful abyss. His walking stick, which struck the rough side walls here and there, broke the swiftness of the fall. But down, down he went to the bottom, where, it is true, he reached very much mangled, but alive.

Although agonized with pain, he experienced a feeling of thankfulness for the preservation of his life. Still he felt there was no help for him two hundred feet below the surface. He was only saved here to famish. Throughout the whole dreary night he planned how to escape, but nothing occurred to him. He must stay here and perish.

The next morning he consumed the bread which fortunately he found in his pocket. The space he occupied was but a few feet square, and with the help of matches he soon explored it most thoroughly.

Highborn, under ordinary circumstances, was not easily discouraged, but now the terrible situation in which he found himself gradually began to depress his spirits. The more he reflected on it, the more he became discouraged.

He began to be tortured by thirst, and there was no water there, not even a drop, which usually trickles down so abundantly in places of that kind.

The day passed; night came. He cowered down, weary and hungry, and fell into a deep sleep. He dreamed of a woolen stocking.

It was an old story, which he had often read in his boyhood, of a workman in England who was left on a high chimney after the scaffold had been removed. He unraveled his stockings, and let down the thin yarn to the ground. With it he pulled up a cord, with the cord a string, and with the string rope strong enough on which to descend. So ended the story, and so also ended his dream.

He awoke.

What was the cause of this dream? He had known this narrative for many years. He did not find himself on the top of a chimney, but deep down in the earth. His situation was quite different. As he was thinking over the dream a swallow fluttered down the shaft and fell by his side to the ground. The poor bird was frightened, but not dead.

Suddenly a thought flashed upon the mind of Newman Highborn, and he thrust his hat over the swallow. It was but a weak ray of hope. He took off his shoes and stockings, and carefullly unraveled the latter. The threads he laid over each other in a circular manner, so as not to become entangled.

He labored industriously and patiently until the two stockings formed one long string. This he fastened securely to the tail of the bird, and again placed it under the hat. Then he took a lead pencil, and, aided by the light of a match, he wrote on a piece of paper:

"I am at the bottom of the shaft at Bottsford Mountains—I beg you send help!

NEWMAN HIGHBORN."

After he had folded this, and tied it securely to the other end of the thread, he set the bird free. It fluttered for a moment around Highborn's head, then slowly ascended.

Now arose a glad though only a weak hope in his breast; it grew the higher the bird ascended. Bravo! little swallow. The thread, at every glance, became shorter! A life depended upon it. The bird at last disappeared at the entrance of the pit.

But what prospect had he, after all. He shuddered at the thought of the slight hope. Should the bird, after reaching the open air, turn to the right or left, how easily might the thread, by rubbing against the edge of the shaft, break.

The bird discovered, upon reaching the top, that it was more difficult to turn to one side, and consequently flew right up in the air.

The three companions that had started out with Highborn missed him for a long time, and sought dilligently and carefully for him. They repeatedly came upon the shaft without for a moment thinking that he might have fallen in. Once they glanced down out of mere curiosity, and found nothing but darkness. They consulted with each other as to what first was to be done, when one of them said:

"What is that near you, Potts?"

"Where?"

"There, not three steps from you, to your right, is a piece of thread or something similar. Why, it stretches quite a distance over the weeds."

"Pull it," said Sam Highborn, Newman's brother.

Potts pulled, and about thirty steps from them fluttered a bird to and fro.

"Why, the poor creature is fastened to it; what heartless scoundrel could have done such a thing?"

"It is a swallow," thought Potts; "let us see where it is fastened."

"Perhaps it belongs to some one."

"Whether it belongs to anyone or not, I am going to give this poor thing its freedom," said Sam, cutting the thread.

The little bird understood this, and arose in a moment and ascended toward the skies. Sam followed the thread; suddenly he called out to his companions:

"Come here, Potts; at the end of this thread there is a piece of paper."

He unfolded it and read the following:

"I am at the bottom of the shaft in the hills of Bottsford. I beg you to send help. NEWMAN HIGHBORN."

'Great God, Potts! Down in the pit alive! Not fifty steps from here! It cannot be, and yet he says so."

Both hastened to the shaft.

The bird had flown away an hour ago. Newman Highborn waited with trembling anxiety. His eyes watched the mouth of the pit till he sank down exhausted, resting his head on his hands.

It was not long till he was aroused by the falling of bits of wood around him. At the same time indistinct voices sounded down from above.

He looked up, and recognized two persons bending over the edge.

O, how exulted when, after several anxious seconds, there fell a note at his feet. He again struck a match and read:

"We are here, and will bring help as soon as possible.

SAM HIGHBORN & POTTS."

He returned an exulting "hurrah," but before reaching tho open air the sound died away to a low, hollow murmur.

One long, anxious hour passed, two, three. Light broke in. Then something came down. He noticed a light at the top. Then a heavy rope touched his head.

O! how eagerly he he grasped it, and made a strong loop and put it arouud him. Then he gave the rope a powerful jerk, and exclaimed, "Pull!"

Up, slowly, cautiously, ever higher; now stopping, now gliding back several feet. His heart throbbed loudly. He sees the stars overhead. Another moment, and he is on the surface—exhausted, but living—saved!

Newman Highborn owes the preservation of his life to a little bird, and this had flown away.

## Si Keeke Writes a Letter.

Josiah L. Kecke, a prominent packer and provision dealer of Cincinnati, and known from Maine to Oregon for his eccentricities and humor is in London, and writes home that his first impression was, after several days in England, that the principal business was the manufacture of umbrellas, and the second, the mending of the same, and every other occupation was secondary. He visited the Metropolitan Live Stock market, at which the principal receipts of native stock are sold, and as to extent compares with the stock yards of Cincinnati. Thoroughly and substantially paved, but with no shedding; pens only for calvos, sheep and pigs. Cattle are tied to mangers, and all kinds sold by the head. A dealer must not only be a judge of quality but also of weight. The business is done upon market days—Tuesdays and Fridays—and all under the management of the corporation of London, and of course everything is slow, but systematic. The quality of the cattle differed but little from the average of those offered in our markets, with the difference that the majority here are of the better grades, very like what we term shippers. At Deptford the yards are situated on the east side of the river Thames, and on the grounds of the old royal docks. The principal buildings in which are the stock pens, are the old dock buildings in which were built and repaired many of the wooden ships of the English navy. The buildings are about six hundred feet long, three hundred wide and one hundred and fifty high, which are admirably adapted for stock, affording ample light and perfect ventilation. Paved with Belgian granite, with long rows of mangers to which the cattle are tied, and neat divisions for cattle and sheep, and all kept reasonably clean. The slaughter house facilities are very perfect and all stock slaughtered must have been thoroughly inspected previous to and after killing. The day I visited these yards there were on sale about thirty-five hundred cattle, fifteen hundred of which were American, the balance Dutch, Spanish, and other continental bred stock. The American cattle were the Kentucky and Illinois steers, and in fine condition. To me they look no different from what they usually do at home, but they dressed clearer of bruises than what I had supposed they would. From the general appearance, live and dressed, cattle must ship well; in fact, much better that one would suppose who had been tumbled about aboard ship in a still gale. There were no American sheep or hogs on sale that day. The Spanish cattle reminded me of the bette grades of Texas steers, those that have been well fed at one of our distilleries. The horns of the Spanish cattle are much longer, and larger in diameter. than those of the Texas stock, as great a difference I should say as that between the Texas and our common stock. At the end of one of the old dock buildidgs, now used as a cattle and sheep shed, there is a painted notice, viz: "Here worked as a ship carpenter Peter, the Czar of all the Russias, and who afterward became Peter the Great," from which I suppose it may be expected that in the future some butcher may be the Queen of England. But I don't believe it. This yard, like the Metropolitan, is under the management of the corporation of London, and the weekly sales averaged 5,000 head of cattle and 15,000 sheep and 2,000 calves.

## Why Gold Changes Color.

It is well known that the human body contains humors and acids similar in action to and having a like tendency toward baser metals as nitric and sulphuric acids have, namely, to tarnish or dissolve them, varying in quantity to different persons. Of this theory we have abundant proof in the effects which the wearing of jewelery produces on different persons. Thousands wear continually without any ill effect the cheaper class of jewelry with brass ear wires, while if others wore the same articles for a few days they would be troubled with sore ears; or, in other words, the acids contained in the system would so act on the brass as to produce ill effects. Instances have occurred in which articles of jewelry of any grade below eighteen carat have been tarnished in a few days merely from the above-named cause. True, these instances are not very frequent; nevertheless it is as well to know them. Every case is not the fault of the goods not wearing well, as it is generally called, but the result of the particular constitution by which they are worn.

A horse hair—A colt.

## Napoleon at St. Helena.

I have met with some old residents who remember the death, burial and exhumation of Napoleon, and I know original and authentic accounts of the smallest item connected with the life of that wonderful man will be appreciated. I take great pleasure in sending you an account of all that I have gleaned.

Napoleon arrived at St. Helena October 15, 1815, in the ship Northumberland, commanded by Sir George Cockburn, and was attended by General and Mme Bertrand, General and Mme. Montholon, Count Las Cases, General Gougand and suite. The next day he went on shore, and stopped over night in Jamestown, and on the following day the Emperor in company with Admiral Cockburn and Count Bertrand, visited Longwood, the spot which had been selected for his future residence, the house intended for him being then occupied by the lieutenant governor of the island. The Emperor requested permission to stop in a building near Longwood called the "Briars," which request was granted, and he remained there a little over two months. From the "Briars" he was removed to Longwood, and there occupied what is known as the "Old House." In 1819 the British Government commenced the erection of a large, commodious residence for his reception, but before it was finished Napoleon I. was no more. On the 5th of May, 1821, the Conquerer died at Longwood, aged fifty-two years. The disease which caused his death is alleged by some to have been hereditary ulceration of the stomach, and by others gastro hepatitis. On the 8th of May he was burried in Slane's Valley, Longwood.

The Governor, Admiral and staff, all the garrison and about one-half of the population of the island attended the funeral. The pall bearers were Count Bertrand and Montholon, Mersi, the faithful valet of the Emperor, and young Napoleon Bertrand. The household of the late Emperor sailed for England May 21, 1821, on the storeship Camel. On the 8th of October, 1840, Prince de Joinville and suite, including General Bertrand, Montholon and Baron Las Cases, former companions of Napoleon's exile, arrived at St. Helena in the frigate La Belle Poule, accompanied by the corvette Favorite, for the purpose of conveying the remains of the Emperor to France, and on the 15th of October, at midnight, 25 years from the day he landed, the exhumation took place, the coffin was lifted up and conveyed to a tent, where it was opened and the remains fully identified, being little changed from what some of the mourners had gazed upon nearly 20 years before. This coffin was then closed and the remains were deposited with funeral honors in the La Belle Poule, and sailed for France on the 18th of October. Upon their arrival at Paris the mortal remains of the first Napoleon were deposited under the dome of the Invalids, where they still remain.

From all accounts his life here was most dreary. Among the archives of the island the original papers that were to have been sent to France, giving plans of landing places and the manner in which he was to have been rescued, but through inquisitiveness of his valet's parents, they fell into the hands of the Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe. After that the strict surveillance and indignities that were heaped upon him broke the spirit and heart of the man that had defied the world. The original paper from the King of England, ordering that Napoleon should be addressed as General, and not Emperor, is still here.—Corr. Boston Transcript.

## Factory Operatives.

Not long ago, when a cotton factory was opened in Atlanta, Georgia, 1,000 women and girls applied for work. Two weeks ago the superintendent advertised that he would need a force of over 200 additional women and girls, to whom steady work would be given and good wages paid. From that day to this he has not seen a dozen applicants and is afraid that he will either have to give up the plan of running at night or fetch his experts from the North. Not only does he fail to get enough force for double running, but he cannot maintain a full force for day running. There is not a day that there are not vacant places. He has in the first place too light a force, and in the second place it is composed of irregular workers, who come three or four days in the week and stay away the rest of the time. He has had on his books over three times as many operatives as he now has at work, but they have started and stopped until scarcely any of the original force are left. What is the cause of this change? It is not that the work is not remunerative. A faithful hand can make good wages, and an ordinary hand can make $3 or $4 per week. It is not that the work is not pleasant, for the building is comfortable, warm, well ventilated, and the hours and rules of work are the same as those of other factories. The answer is that the Southern women have never been taught to work. They have been accustomed to rely entirely upon the men of the family for their support and do nothing themselves. One of the officers of the mill says that a girl will come to the mill for work. She will work for a few days and then get tired of it and say, "I am going to quit. My daddy has supported me all my life and I reckon he can do it yet." This officer says: "They actnally seem to have no idea of work—as the women of the North understand it. They know nothing of the steady, plodding, faithful work of the operatives of the great cities, who will never lose an hour's time in three months' work, and who are thrifty, careful and ambitious. In the North the girls of a poor family contribute just as regularly, and frequently just as heartily, to the common support as the men do. In the South we see nothing of this kind. The girls seem to think they have no responsibility at all."



## Anneke Jans.

The story of the Anneke Jans estate has been repeatedly told in these columns, either at length or as it came up in episodes in the courts of law. Rheloff Jansen of New Amsterdam, obtained from Director Van Twiller in 1636 a patent for a farm of 62 acres and died soon after, leaving a widow and four children. The widow, Annetje, or Anneke Jans, married within a year Dominie Everardus. the second established clergyman in the settlement. The Dominie perished by shipwreck in 1647, when on his way to Holland, and his widow died at Berverswyck in 1663 and was buried in the yard of the Old Dutch Church, Hudson street, Albany. She left eight children, four by each husband. The grant of the farm to her first husband and herself in 1636 was confirmed in 1854 by Director Stuyvesant by a patent to her. It comprised a tract between, roundly speaking, Warren street and Canal street, the river and a series of irregular lines west of Broadway. A deed from the heirs passed Colonel Francis Lovelace in 1670; the property was then confiscated to the Crown; in 1697 Governor Fletcher leased it to Trinity Church for seven years, and between 1702 and 1808 Governor Cornbury granted it to the church, in fee, in the Queen's name. The quit rent of three shillings was commuted by a payment in gross to the State Government in 1786. Repeated efforts have been made during the last half century to recover the property by the descendants of Anneke Jans, the latest incident being an application to the Surrogate of Albany for letters of administration on her personality on the discovery of her old Dutch Bible and a pair of gold earrings. The application was refused and the Supreme Court affirmed the Surrogate's decision. The heirs, however, do not seem to be dimayed, 130 of them at a meeting at Hamilton, Ont., having decided to drop proceedings against Trinity Church till they can accure the money in Holland, amounting to $83,000,000, when they will be able to make another essay upon the New York property, valued at $234,000,000. There are said to be about 1,000 heirs.

## A Curiosity in Railroading.

St. Louis papers are boasting that their city is cutting into the cotton trade of New Orleans very deeply of late years, but more especially this year. Yet there is but an insignificant quantity of cotton raised in Missouri, south of St. Louis, and none at all anywhere north of that city. The shipments to St. Louis all came from districts south of the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas, Northwestern Texas and Northwestern Lousiana. This year they are estimated at something over 500,000 bales of 400 pounds each, valued at a little over $25,000,000. This is one third of the entire cotton crop of the Southern States for the year.

When the reader looks at the map of the United States he will be astonished that a single bale of all this cotton should find its way to the Atlantic seaboard through St. Louis, from which point it must be carried by rail a thousand miles eastward, after having been transported by rail—most of it—a greater distance from the points where it was raised than the distance from these points to the shipping at New Orleans, Mobile or Galveston. Yet such is the fact. The Iron Mountain Railway, starting at St. Louis, striking the Arkansas line near the northeastern corner of that State, connects with the Southwestern Railway, which runs diagonally across Arkansas to Texurkana, at the southwest corner. There it is fed by a branch running west to Sherman, Texas, and further south with the Texas and Pacific and with an extension to Austin, Texas. This is the heart of the cotton country of Texas, which State this year has produced 900,000 bales. Little Rock, Arkansas, is on this line of railway. The distance from there, by rail all the way, to Galveston, on the Gulf of Mexico, a considerable shipping port, is just about the same as the distance from Little Rock to St. Louis. Yet St. Louis, and not Galveston, takes most of the cotton raised at and for 100 miles south of Little Rock; and having taken it, has to ship it by rail 1,000 miles east to New York before it can be landed on the decks of the ships that carry it to Liverpool.