

TELEGRAMS.

EASTERN.

Change Contemplated.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—An editorial in the National Republican this morning is thought to be semi-official and to foreshadow an intention of the administration to make a change at West Point and put Gen. Howard in charge. For some time Gen. Schofield and the head of the war department have not been in harmony as to the conduct of affairs at the military academy.

Jesse the Wicked Boy.

CONCORD, Mass., Nov. 15.—Jesse Pomeroy has been detected in another scheme to escape from his strong cell by sawing through the thick boiler casting with a saw improvised from a knife. He cut an aperture through 18 inches long and 9 inches wide. He was discovered by the yard officers.

Big Price for a Drink.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 15.—Four railroad men went into Flannegan's saloon about half past 11 last night, and ordered the drinks which were paid for. Shortly afterwards more drinks were taken, and the party started to leave the saloon without paying for them. Flannegan asked for pay; a row ensued in which Flannegan drew a revolver and shot Tobias Laughlin dead, and shot a ball through the lungs of his brother, Daniel Laughlin. The dead boy Tobias was taken to the morgue and his brother sent to his boarding house, 1709 Broadway. Tobias Laughlin was an engineer on the Wabash road, and had a wife and two children somewhere in Canada.

Asphyxiated.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 17.—When Daniel Barr, watchman in the rail mill in the 15th Ward, left home for his work last night his wife and children were well and his three-year old daughter followed him to the gate to kiss him. When he returned this morning the house was locked and there was no sign of life. Climbing through a window he was horrified to find the whole family lying senseless and a powerful odor of gas from a base-burner stove pervading the air. His little daughter who had kissed him was dead, and the mother and an eleven-year old daughter in bed and an infant on the floor unconscious. A neighbor's daughter visiting them was also insensible, and a woman, a friend of the family, sitting at the foot in a semi-comatose condition. The last named may recover; the others will probably die.

The Number Lost.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 17.—It is now believed that 23 is the number of patients burned in the insane hospital at St. Peters. Thirty are missing and on six bodies have been found, but there is reason to believe quite a number of the missing have escaped to their homes. Some are wandering about the country and will probably die of cold. Gov. Pillsbury will supply bedding and temporary shelter to the unfortunates and also rebuild the burned portion of the hospital at his own expense.

Emigration from Europe to Louisiana.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17.—The success of Texas landholders and capitalists in attracting European emigration causes the Louisiana Commissioner of Agriculture to negotiate with steamship agents for cheap fares for emigrants hither. The movement from the agricultural district of Austria and the German provinces towards Texas is steadily increasing in volume, one thousand arriving at New Orleans in the steamer Nuremberg on the 12th.

A Good Nag and a Boastful Driver.

OMAHA, Nov. 18.—St. Julien was taken through to-day, in charge of O. A. Hickok, in a special car for San Francisco, where he will be wintered. He is in good health and condition. A few weeks ago he was attacked with epizootic, but has entirely recovered, the disease appearing only in a mild form. Hickok is elated over St. Julien's brilliant performances of the season, and stands ready to back him for a large sum against Maud S. or any other trotter or pacer. He intimates that the managers and owners of Maud S. are not anxious to match her against St. Julien, and he doesn't think the two horses will ever be brought together in a race. He says St. Julien may not beat his own record against time nor that of Maud S., but that he can beat her in a race of three mile heats out of five, and will meet her at any time.

OMAHA, Nov. 18.—Hickok with St. Julien, went west en route to San Francisco, to-day. The horse is entirely free of epizootic, and Hickok says he will bet \$50,000 he can beat Maud S., or any other horse side by side. He will come east next season. His net earnings have been \$28,000 this year. Capt. Stone says he expects next year to get Maud down to 2:08 or perhaps 2:06.

U. S. Troops Wrecked on a Train.

CORSICANA, TEX., Nov. 18.—A train load of U. S. troops, which was ditched last night four miles north of here, arrived this morning. Eight of the most seriously injured were left here for treatment. Forty-eight were injured by the accident.

BY ATLANTIC CABLE.

Keycott's Corn.

DUBLIN, Nov. 24.—Fifty-seven sacks of Keycott's newly threshed corn have been despatched from Loughmash to Congo for shipment to Galway, thence by train to Dublin. They were sent to Congo under escort of cavalry, infantry, police and Ulstermen.

Shooting at a Landlord.

A landlord, near Loughrea, named Kennedy, who recently refused to accept Sir Richard Griffith's valuation, was fired at last night whilst walking in his garden. Three shots were fired, all of which missed the intended victim.

The Irish Bishops and the League.

ROME, Nov. 24.—The Aurora publishes an article believed to be inspired and which attracts considerable attention. It says the Irish bishops could never

preach revolt, crime or violence and will not do so. The pope does not need to use any great efforts to keep them in the path of duty, but he may possibly have already incited them to separate themselves openly from those who spread terror by brandishing the sword in the faces of their fellow-citizens. The article concludes: "We trust that the Irish clergy will be an instrument of peace and order, and that while they strive to calm the passions of the people by drawing the bonds which should unite the two sister countries."

Lano League Defense Fund

The lord mayor of Dublin announces that in consideration of the fact that only £2000 had been raised of the £10,000 necessary to defend the land leagues, he has transferred to the fund for that purpose £108, the balance of a political defense fund of which he is the sole surviving trustee.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—The Inter-Ocean's Dublin special says: The Parnell defense fund grows slowly. It now amounts to about £2500. The league officially announces that the expenses will be at least £10,000 and urgently appeals for more. The town of Ennisceorthy, where six months ago Parnell was retted, has subscribed £800 for the defense.

The great trials are about to begin, the crown having yesterday joined issue on defendants' plea. Eight days' notice of trial may be served, which would bring the case on next Monday. The only delay which can arise is by a motion of the crown with reference to moving the place of trial.

Shooting at the Police.

CORK, Nov. 24.—Fourteen men were arrested this morning for participating in the anten procession from which shots were fired. The police state that the shots were directed towards them.

A Growing Cause.

A Limerick correspondent telegraphs that the land league is assuming proportions little dreamed of when it started. Leaders in Limerick have developed a new course which strikes at the very root of the legal system. Not content with preventing tenants from paying more than the government valuation and preventing other tenants from taking their farms from which one of their number has been evicted, the league is now endeavoring to employ local attorneys to keep them from serving ejectment processes in the county courts. An eminent local solicitor, a few days ago, was accosted by a prominent member of the central and league who brought him to book for daring to serve ejectment notices for his clients. The representative of the land league informed him that his case would be brought before that body at the next meeting and warned him and his brethren of the consequences of what they were doing.

Defending the Land Lords.

CHICAGO, Nov. 24.—The Inter-Ocean's special from Dublin says it is stated the Inter-Ocean intends to station a military force permanently at Clonsilla, and also increase the garrison at Castlebar, so it will be easy to send troops from these two centers to any part of West Ireland.

Fears of being Boycotted.

DUBLIN, Nov. 24.—Merchants and other citizens declare that they will not serve on the jury in the state trials for fear of injury to their business or murder. As the merchants have business with all parts of the county, they fear being boycotted.

The Arrested Fenians.

The trials of the indicted land leagues have been fixed for the 15th of December. The families have been arrested at Cork this morning for participating in the anten procession in a soldier. The prisoners have been committed for trial.

Arrest and Discharge.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—Five prisoners arrested near Loughrea for retting after an engagement with the police, were discharged, no case being found against them.

A Prisoner Kicked to Parliament.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—Parnell is arrested. Secretary Healy is elected to parliament vice Rednan, deceased.

Duelists Captured.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 24.—Dervish Pasha entered Dulcigno after a slight engagement with the Albanians. A convention will be signed between Montenegrins and Turkish authorities. The former, on the departure of Dervish Pasha, will march on the town, under the protection of the international fleet.

The Fight for Dulcigno.

RAEGUSA, Nov. 24.—Dervish Pasha only succeeded in entering Dulcigno after an engagement with the Albanians which lasted eight hours. Both sides suffered considerable loss.

Montenegro's Request.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 24.—Dervish Pasha requested the prince of Montenegro to send a delegate to Korita to arrange the transfer of Dulcigno. Montenegro expects to enter Dulcigno in a week. Boundary commission of powers will attend the meeting.

New Bills.

LONDON, Nov. 23.—Another old British institution disappears with the present year. The "pipe clay" will wear in the army. The guards will retain theirs in deference to the duke of Cambridge. The "pipe clays" will be replaced by bits of brown leather.

Writing to Law.

LAGOOC has written to the Sportsman saying that he is perfectly willing to remain in London another six weeks to row Italian for £200 a side and the championship.

In Process at Sea.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—The steamer Doria, from New York for Southampton, reports that she spoke the steamer Assyrin-Monaco, bound for New York, on the 24th inst., in latitude 13, and tried to tow her, but, owing to the tremendous swell, was unable to get a hawser aboard. As she was able to sail, and not in immediate danger, the Doria left her at noon the same day.

Storms at Sea.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—The steamer State of Nevada, which arrived at Glasgow on the 23rd from New York, encountered fearful weather during the passage. Her deck house was smashed and thirty-five head of cattle killed. She was here for two days.

Steamer Collision.

LEIGHBORNE, Nov. 24.—The steamer Ortelgia came in collision this morning with the French steamer Ortelgia Joseph, at St. Spirit. The Ortelgia Joseph was 3000 tons and had 100 passengers on board. She had 2000 tons of cargo. The Ortelgia has arrived at Leighborne, having also been severely damaged.

London Wool Sales.

LONDON, Nov. 24.—At the wool sales to-day \$5000 bales were offered, chiefly New South Wales, Victoria and New Zealand; attendance full. Good qualities were steady, but fairly descriptions sold mostly in favor of buyers.

The South African Troubles.

A dispatch from Cape Town of the 22 says the British residency at Leribe which was twice attacked by Basutos, has been relieved by reinforcements.

A Dutch Quarrel.

A dispatch from Paris says a grave difficulty has arisen between the French government and the pope, neither approving the candidates whom the other desires to appoint to six bishoprics.

Genevan Matters.

GENEVA, Nov. 24.—The federal postoffice authorities have concluded arrangements for the passage of mails through the city, during the winter, but for the present passengers will not be allowed to traverse the tunnel.

Life tenentship.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—The dissenting senators of the left center, selected Admiral Dupre as their candidate for the vacant life tenentship, in opposition to Gen. Arre, present minister of war.

Foreign Views submitted.

BERLIN, Nov. 24.—The emperor ordered views expressed by the foreign press on the Jewish question to be submitted.

The War 1 Vote.

TERRENS, Nov. 24.—The heads of 200 Kurds have been brought to Telahery to be executed.

Forward.

PARIS, Nov. 24.—The body of Pascal Smith, a sailor from St. Paul, Minn., has been found on the coast. He arrived at Marsilles with his wife and son on the 19th inst. Next morning he was missed, supposed to have drowned himself.

In the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put in theirs which leads them forth toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.—George Eliot.

CALIFORNIA.

Hunting Friends and Money.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—Frank Mack, a Welshman, committed suicide yesterday at the Commercial hotel by taking laudanum. He left a note stating that he was friendless and penniless.

Attempt to Break Prison.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—Monday four convicts attempted to break out of the state prison at Folsom by climbing through a skylight in the main building. One P. Gibson was shot dead by the guards. The others were recaptured.

Suicide.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 24.—A man by the name of Sweitzer committed suicide on Pacific street this afternoon by blowing his brains out. Cause unknown.

Murder and Homicide.

FRESNO, Cal., Nov. 24.—Nathan L. Bachman, a native of Tennessee, aged seventy years, was murdered at his home on the San Joaquin river, near Jones' store, either Sunday or Monday night. The reason for the murder is supposed to have been robbery. Bachman was an old Mason. He was stabbed in the breast. There are three Chinamen under arrest for the murder.

Williams, Nov. 24.—At Leesville Sunday night at 11 o'clock William Bartlett killed James Helgath. They met in a saloon. Helgath, under the influence of liquor, quarreled with Bartlett concerning a trouble of nearly a year ago at a Christmas tree. The former went home. The latter soon followed and tried to force his way into the house and was shot under the right ear. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of justifiable homicide.

NEVADA.

Comstock Mining News.

VIRGINIA CITY, Nov. 23.—In the Sierra Nevada slopes are extended north and south in an ore body 40 feet above the 2300 foot level. The Union is opening slopes 20 feet wide from the connection with Sierra Nevada 2200 foot level and "extending them south. Ore from the Hale & Sorensen 2100 foot level in the raise is better than last week, averaging 50 dollars. Boyle of Alta, reports the diamond drill through an ore body which was out for 82 1/2 feet; no assays given. The Imperial fire only burned from the 2000 foot to the 2135 foot level station at the top of the shaft and a portion of the drift. The fire is all out and work on the lower levels will be resumed tomorrow.

A BOSTON man besought his wife he being but three years married, for the privilege of a night key, "Night key?" she exclaimed, in tones of amazement, "what use can you have for a night key when the 'Woman's Emancipation League' meets Monday night, the 'Ladies' Domestic Mission' Tuesday, the 'Sisters of Jericho' Wednesday, the 'Woman's Science Circle' Thursday, the 'Daughters of Ninevah' Friday, and the 'Woman's Progressive Art Association' and the 'Suffrage Band' on alternate Saturday nights? You stay at home and see that the baby doesn't fall out of the cradle. He stays.

Dirt and Bodily Heat.

The part which the skin plays in the regulation of bodily heat, says the *Lancet*, is not adequately estimated. The envelope of complicated structure and vital function which covers the body, and which nature has destined to perform a large share of the labor of health preserving, is practically thrown out of use by our habit of loading it with clothes. It is needless to complicate matters by allowing it to be choked and encumbered with dirt. If the skin of an animal be coated with an impervious varnish, death must ensue. A covering of dirt is only less inimical to life. We are not speaking of dirt such as offends the sense of decency, but of those accumulations of exuded matter with which the skin must become loaded if it is habitually covered and not thoroughly cleansed. The cold bath is not a cleansing agent. A man may bathe daily and use his bath towel even roughly, but remain as dirty to all practical intents as though he eschewed cleanliness; indeed, the physical evil of dirt is more likely to ensue, because if wholly neglected, the skin would cast off its excrementitious matter by periodic perspirations with a desquamation of the cuticle. Nothing but a frequent washing in water, of at least equal temperature with the skin, and soap, can insure a free and healthy surface. The feet require especial care, and it is too much the practice to neglect them. The omission of daily washing with soap and the wearing of foot coverings, so tight as to compress the blood-vessels and retard the circulation of the blood through the extremities, are the most common causes of cold feet. The remedy is obvious; dress loosely and wash frequently.

The Egg Question.

In the course of a lecture on "The Wonders of Nature," says an exchange, a scientific gentleman informed his auditors that a series of exhaustive investigations had shown him that the common house-fly lays upwards of 50,000 eggs in a single season. Among those upon whose ears the steep figures fell was a wide-awake, enterprising Yankee, who raised poultry for a living. No sooner was the lecture finished than he inquired of the lecturer "whether he thought it possible to graft a common house-fly on a hen!"

THE HUMORS OF MATRIMONY

It may be fancy, but I've done it. I've got a rib and a baby. Shadows departed—oyster-stews, brandy-cocktails, cigar-boxes, boot-jacks, absconding shirt-buttons, whist and demijohns. Shadows present—pull-backs, band-boxes, ribbons, garters, long stockings, juvenile dresses, tin trumpets, little willow chairs, cradles, bibs, sugar-teats, paregoric, hive syrup, rhubarb, senna, salts, squalls and doctors' bills. I'll tell you just how I got caught. I was always the darnedest, most tea-custard, bashful fellow you ever did see; it was kinder in my line to be taken with the shakes every time I saw a pretty gal approaching me, and I'd cross the street any time rather than face one; 'twasn't because I didn't like the critters, for if I was behind a fence looking through a knothole, I could not look long enough. Well, my sister Lib gave a party one night, and I started away from home because I was too bashful to face the music. I hung round the house whistling "Old Dan Tucker," dancing to keep my feet warm, watching the heads bobbing up and down behind the window curtains, and wishing the thundering party would break up, so I could get to my room. I smoked up a bunch of cigars, and it was getting late and mighty uncomfortable, and I concluded to shun up the door-step. No sooner said than done, and I soon found myself snug in bed.

"Now," said I, "let her rip! Dance until your wind gives out." And cuddling down under the quilts, Morpheus grabbed me.

I was dreaming of soft-shell crabs and steved tripe, and having a good time, when somebody knocked at the door and woke me up. "Rap, rap, rap!" Then I heard a whispering, and I knew there was a whole raft of girls outside. Then Lib sings out:

"Jack, are you there?"

"Yes," says I.

"Then come a roar of laughter."

"Let us in," said she.

"I won't," said I. "Can't you let a fellow alone?"

"Are you a bed?" said she.

"I am," says I.

"Get out," says she.

"I won't," says I.

"Then come another laugh."

By thunder! I began to get riled.

"Get out, you petticoated scarecrows!" cried I. "Can't you get a bean without hauling a fellow out of bed? I won't go home with you—I won't, so you may clear out."

And throwing a boot at the door, I felt better. But presently I heard a still small voice, very like Sister Lib's, and it said:

"Jack, you'll have to get up, for all the girls' things are there."

Oh, mercy! what a pickle. Think of me, in bed; all covered with muffs, shawls, bonnets and twenty girls outside the door waiting to get in. If I had stopped to think I should have panicked on the spot. As it was, I rolled out among the ribbons and bonnetware in a hurry. Smash went the millinery in every direction. I had to dress in the dark, for there was a crack in the door, and the girls will peep, and the way I fumbled about was death on straw hats. The moment came, I opened the door, and found myself right among the women.

"Oh! my leghorn!" cried one. "My dear, darling winter velvet!" cried another, and they pitched in—they pulled me this way and that, boxed by ears, and one bright eyed little piece—Sal, her name was—put her arms round my neck and kissed me right on my lips. Human nature could not stand that, and I gave her as good as she sent. It was the first time I ever got the taste, and it was powerful good. I believe I could have kissed that gal from Julius Caesar to the Fourth of July.

"Jack," said she, "we are sorry to disturb you, but won't you see me home?"

"Yes, I will," said I.

After that we took a kinder turtle dove after each other, both of us shining like a barrel of new cider when we were away from each other.

'Twas at the close of a glorious summer day, the sun was setting behind a distant hen-roost, the bull-frogs were commencing their evening songs, and pollywogs, in their native mud-puddles, were preparing themselves for the shades of night, and Sal and myself sat upon an antiquated black log, listening to the music of nature, such as tree-toads, roosters and grunting pigs; and now and then the music of a jackass was wafted to our ears by the gentle zephyrs that sighed among the mullen-stalks, and heavy laden with the delicious odors of hen-roosts and pig-styes. The last rays of the setting sun, glancing from the buttons of a solitary horseman, shone through a knot hole in a hog-pen full in Sal's face, dying her hair an orange peel hue, and showing off my threadbare coat to best advantage. One of my arms was around Sal's waist, my hand rested on the small of her back; she was toying with my auburn locks of jet-black hair; she was almost gone and I almost ditto. She had the hiccups, and I felt like a mud-turk choked with a codfish ball.

"Sal," says I, in a voice as musical as the notes of a dying swan, "will you have me?"

She raised her eyes heavenward and clasped me by the hand, had an attack of the heaves and blind staggers, and with a sigh that drew her shoe strings to her palate, said, "Yes."

She gave clean out then, and squatted on my lap. I hugged her till I broke my suspenders, and her breath smelt of the onions she had eaten two weeks before.

Well, to make a long story short, she set the day, and we practiced for four weeks every night how we would enter the room to get married, till we got so we

could walk as gracefully as a pair of Muscovy ducks. The night the company and the minister came the signal was given, and, arm in arm, we went through the hall. We were just entering the parlor door when down I went kerslap on the oilcloth, pulling Sal after me. Some cussed fellow had dropped a banana-skin on the floor and it floored me. It split an awful hole in my cassimeres, right under my dress coat tail. It was too late to back out; so, clasping my hand over it, we marched in and were spliced, and, taking a seat, I watched the kissing-the-bride operation. My groomsman was tight and he kissed her till I jumped up to take a slice, when, oh horror! a little six-year-old imp had crawled behind me and pulled my shirt through the hole in my pants, and pinned it to the chair, and when I jumped up I displayed to the astonished multitude a trifle more white muslin than was pleasant. The women giggled, the men roared, and I got mad, but was finally put to bed, and there my troubles ended.

The American Rubber Plant

Readers will remember an account among general news items some weeks ago of a public experiment made in New York to test a material which, it was claimed, remedied articles water-proof. It now appears that the substance is a preparation of the outer peel of the milkweed. The inventor, reflecting on the expensiveness of rubber and the adulteration to which it is subject, had thought himself of the milkweed as capable of furnishing a substitute. A description of the varied uses of the plant is given in the subjoined "interview" between the discoverer and a reporter which appeared in the *Graphic*:

"The more I thought of this vast industry, the more convinced I became that a substitute might be found among the trees or plants indigenous to America, which could then supply the market of the world. One plant suggested itself to me repeatedly, that was the common milkweed (of the genus *Asclepias*) which I firmly believe to be the India rubber tree of North America, and the source of supply in the future."

"How did you carry out your experiment?"

"I planted twelve acres in a farm out West, and before I got through with my experiments I made up my mind that the plant would be to the West what the palm has been to the East. To begin with, I found that by such slight cultivation as a single top dressing, the plant grew to the height of six and seven feet and an inch and a half in diameter. I had a mistaken idea that the rubber lay in the sap or juice, and it was difficult to convince myself at first that the gum was stored in the cells on the outside of the stalk, plainly to be seen through a magnifying glass, and as regular and even as the honeycomb of a beehive. When I discovered this natural laboratory it did not take long to find a process to separate it from the plant. This done, with my experience in the gaseous treatment of hydro carbons, I succeeded in converting it into a substance, which is similar to rubber in appearance, of superior lightness and possessing the same qualities. I also found that it could be vulcanized or hardened; or used in its pliable state for dental purposes it is the best thing I have seen."

"What would be the cost of manufacturing this new rubber?"

"The outside cost, including labor, etc., would make it twenty cents a pound, and the expense of importation saved. It needs little care, only one top dressing, and can be gathered at the owner's will. It would pay better in proportion to the time and labor consumed than any other farm product. One acre of land will yield three tons of milkweed, or 300 pounds of gum. An interesting fact I noticed was the great similarity of the plant in fibre, leaf, etc., to the India rubber tree proper."

"How long have you been experimenting with the milkweed?"

"Since 1865, and during that period I have discovered a use for every portion of it. As I said, in the course of my experiments I hit upon this water repellent, which I stopped to perfect, seeing its value and knowing that thousands of dollars had been spent by rubber firms in endeavors to procure an invisible, 'unsellable,' water-repellent. In the course of tests I found, that by gathering the pods before they opened I had two treasures—the seeds, from which can be extracted a lubricating oil finer than linsed, besides acting as a liniment, being an excellent cathartic; while from the floss inside a material very much like Irish poplin could be woven. The experiment with the floss was tried in Europe during our civil war when a substitute for cotton was needed; but as the milkweed had to be exported and the war came to a close, the experiment did not end in practical results."

"And what can be done with the refuse of the plant?" was asked, but hardly in earnest.

"Why, use it for fuel; it gives out exactly the same heat as wood, and makes a pleasant grate fire, while the root has long been utilized for medicinal purposes," concluded the inventor, who has already taken out eight patents on this plant, which henceforth demands more than common respect from the lovers of the useful.

When old Mrs. Bunsby had got through reading in the morning paper an account of the last fire she turned her spectacles from her eyes to the top of her head and remarked: "If the city firemen would wear the generative hum knit stockings, such as we make and wear in the country, they wouldn't be a bust-in' of their hose at every fire."