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# Roseburg Review.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

### LIKE HIS MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

"I was born in Indiany," says a stranger,
lank and slim,
As us sellers in the restaurant was kind o'
guyin' him,
And uncle Jake was slidin' him another
pumpkin pie
And a' extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in
his eye—
"I was born in Indiany—more'n forty year
ago—
And I haint been back in twenty—and I'm
workin' back'ards slow;
But I've et in every restaurant 'twixt here
and Santy Fee,
And I want to state this coffee tastes like
gittin' home to me!

Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller,
warmin' up,
A-speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle tuck
his cup—
"When I seed your sign out yender," he went
on, to Uncle Jake—
"'Come in and git some coffee like your
mo'her used to make'—
I thought of my old mother, and the Posey
County farm,
And me a little kid agin', a-hangin' in her
arm,
As she set the pot a-biilin'—broke the eggs
an' poured 'em in"—
And the feller kind o' halted, with a trimble
in his chin.

And uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee
back, and stood
As solemn, ter a minute, as a' undertaker
would;
Then he sort o' turned and tip'oed to'rds the
kitchen door—an I next,
Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin'
of her specs—
And she rushes 'cr the stranger, and she hollers out "It's him!
Thank God we've met him com'n'! Don't
you know your mother, Jim?"
And the feller, as he grabbed her, says: "You
bet I ha'n't forgot—
But, wipin' of her eyes, says he: "You coffee's mighty hot!"

*—James Witcomb Riley.*

## A DEADLY AMBUSCADE.

### How "Boss" Wright Was Killed in Early California Days.

**A Typical Pioneer Sheriff—An Outlaw's Escape, and the Fatal Attempt to Recapture Him—His Ultimate Tragic End.**

One dark, rainy morning in February, a few years ago, I was aroused from a deep slumber by the gradually dawning consciousness that what had been, in my dreams, a mixture of a thunder-storm and a boiler-shop, was, in reality, but the bony knuckles and thick-soled shoes of the porter playing a discordant duet on my chamber door. When the clerk retired to bed, some time in the small hours of the night, he left at my request, certain hieroglyphics on the office slate, which the porter interpreted to mean that there was a lady or gentleman in No. 27 who desired to be called for the Marysville stage; and the porter was now simply endeavoring, gently, as he no doubt imagined, to arouse the occupant of No. 27 to such a condition that he could impart to him the intelligence that the stage would be at the door in half an hour. Having succeeded in awakening not only the drowsy occupant of the bombarded room, but every one sleeping on the second floor of the hotel, he explained the object of his clatter in a voice indicating an insurable pair of lungs, and then stumped his way through the passage and down the uncarpeted halls, followed by muttered imprecations which floated through the open transoms on both sides of the hall. Had I been a lady—which, fortunately for myself, and perhaps others, I am not— I would undoubtedly have fainted from fright. As it was, I arose hastily and dressed myself as quickly as possible, desiring to get down by the office fire to subdue my chattering teeth; and to devote as much of the limited half hour as there remained to preparing myself for the coming journey with a hot breakfast. Both of these objects were accomplished, and I was at peace with all the world and financially square with the host of the Union, the jolly and portly Naffziger, when the stage drove up to the door.

THE STAGE.

It had been raining in an intermittent manner for nearly a week, and the night before a steady shower had set in—one of the quiet, persistent, unchangable kind, which is only encountered along the base and sides of the Sierra and Cascade Mountains. It was still raining, and the driver, whose oilskin hat was shedding little streamlets of water upon his oilskin coat, told me I would find room on the inside, a piece of news which was, under the circumstances, exceedingly welcome. This was not one of those Concord coaches, mounted on huge pyramids of springs, which cause it to roll like a vessel in a gentle swell, but a small, dead-axe mud wagon, containing two seats and no perceptible springs, a vehicle whose perpendicular and lateral movements are made in such an abrupt and impulsive manner that they can neither be anticipated nor concurred in; they can simply be endured, provided one keeps his teeth carefully closed and at a safe distance in front of his tongue. That is the kind of conveyance which is used during the rainy season, and is called a "stage" with as much courtesy as is bestowed upon the reddest or yellowest four-seated, double-decked Concord.

I pushed aside the wet canvas flaps and gazed into the interior, finding three men occupying three seats, just leaving room for me beside one of them. Before I had fairly wedged my valise under the seat and myself on the top of it, the driver started his team of four down the street and across the bridge leading over Deer Creek at a rattling pace, the mud and water flying from the wheels in a perfect shower. The three men who were my traveling companions were encased in three heavy canvas coats, and were industriously pulling at three pipes of assorted sizes and materials. That they were miners was evident, and I soon learned that one of them was the superintendent of a hydraulic mine at Blue Tent, and the others were pipemen at some other claim whose name I have forgotten. I opened the conversation by remarking that my pipe was in my valise, and if they would excuse my lack of style I would smoke a cigar, at the same time biting the end off one of a half dozen some friend had given me the night before to smoke during the trip.

"Smoke away," said one of them; "it looks as strong as a pipe. I did smoke, and soon found it in every respect equal to its looks. We were thus placed at once on a sociable footing, and conversation flowed easily on the various topics suggested by the numerous slight incidents of the journey, and objects observed as we passed along.

OVER A ROUGH ROAD.

There are a number of stage roads leading out of Nevada City, and the best one is that which connects that thriving mining town with its prosperous rival, the quartz-mining city of Grass Valley, though it would have been hard to have convinced us of that fact that rainy morning, as the stage splashed through mud-holes and bounced over corduroys, bolders, stumps and other appurtenances of a mountain highway. The conversation, which filtered in short, jerky utterances through the jolts, or, technically speaking, the "dips, spurs and angles, ramifications and sinuosities" of the mud wagon, was extremely diversified, touching upon many subjects; but one topic I will never forget, a tragic tale related by one of my companions, the details of which, as I afterward learned by careful inquiry, were true in every particular.

Just on the edge of Nevada City we passed opposite the mouth of a gulch, down which flowed a tributary to Deer Creek, and across which, some distance up the stream, was stretched a long, high trestle bridge, a portion of the narrow-gauge railway which connects that region with the Central Pacific at Colfax. "That is Gold Run, I suppose?" I ventured, as I held the side curtain back so as to get a better view.

"Yes, that is the famous Gold Run, one of the richest diggings ever worked in California," answered the oldest of my companions, whose appearance indicated that he had knocked about the mines since the argonautic days of '49. "Early in 1850 they were known through the mines as the 'Deer Creek Pound Diggings.'"

"Pound diggings?" I said, interrogatively.

"Yes; when claims averaged a pound of gold dust per day to the hand, the locality was generally spoken of as "pound diggings."

"It was all worked out long ago, I suppose?

"Yes, with the exception of certain hydraulic operations, which might be carried on there yet. Rich as it was, it is more famous for being the scene of the tragic death of Boss Wright than for its great yield of gold."

"Who was Boss Wright—one of these highwaymen who, I am told, infested the mountain highways and trails in the early days?"

"Not by any means. He was the Sheriff of Nevada County. There was a highwayman mixed up in the affair, however; the noted Jim Webster, of whom you have no doubt heard."

"I can't say that I ever heard of the gentleman, but go ahead and tell us the story, if you can manage to squeeze it in between bumps. We have plenty of time, and I would like to hear it."

"BOSS" WRIGHT.

And between bumps I was told the following story:

The Sheriff of Nevada County in 1856 was W. W. Wright, familiarly called "Boss Wright" by every one. He was a man of great integrity of character, firmness and courage, and discharged the duties of his office so thoroughly and yet so kindly, that every one, including the numerous prisoners from time to time under his official charge, loved and respected him. Every one was eager to do a favor for Boss Wright. An incident will illustrate this feeling exactly. In July, 1856, the city of Nevada was devastated by fire, and the Court-house, which had just been erected at a cost of $50,000, was burned, together with other property to the amount of $1,500,000. When it became evident the Court-house would burn, Wright rushed to the jail to liberate the prisoners. He had been working desperately in his endeavor to subdue the flames, and was completely exhausted, so that after opening the jail door he fell fainting near the entrance, overcome with the smoke and heat. Among the prisoners was a powerful man named George Lewis, who was confined under indictment for murder and had been denied the privilege of bail. Instead of making his escape when thus liberated, Lewis returned, lifted the unconscious Sheriff upon his broad shoulders, and carried him down to Deer Creek, where he bathed his temples with water till he revived. When he saw that Wright had fully recovered, he said: "Now you are all right, boss, where shall I go?"

"Go where you please," was the reply, "only appear before the court on Monday morning."

He actually showed up the next Monday, according to his instructions. The court convened in a building which had been spared by the flames, and you may imagine that there were neither gowns nor wigs to lend dignity to the occasion. The Judge, Niles Searls, so well known in political and judicial life, who had lost his all in the fire, presided without a coat, and was arrayed in a blue flannel shirt, borrowed for the occasion. Coats were rare among the officers of the court, and what few there were looked as though they had held a discussion with a barbed wire fence. When Lewis put in his appearance, the grateful Sheriff related the story of his heroism; and Judge Searls at once admitted him to bail, the bystanders eagerly offering themselves as bondsmen. Lewis had been a saloon-keeper in Nevada City, and had killed a man under peculiar circumstances. One night a prize-fighter, having filled himself with an assortment of bug, tarantula and other juices kept in the town, entered the saloon and declared his intention to whip the proprietor. Lewis did not stop to argue the question with the belligerent sportsman, but immediately drew a revolver from beneath the counter and shot him dead. These facts appeared in the trial, and, in view of his conduct at the fire, it only took the jury five minutes to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

THE OUTLAW.

Every story has to have its villain, and this is no exception to the rule. The individual in this case was Jim Webster, a celebrated outlaw, whom every one residing in Nevada and Yuba Counties in 1855-6, [illegible] remembers. Early in 1855 Jim was quietly mining in Timbuctoo, apparently as harmless and free from guile as any miner, when he lost his claim in a dispute. This seemed to embitter his spirit and make him reckless. The worthy citizens of Timbuctoo had just laid out a new cemetery, surrounded by a pretty fence, and overlooking the town from the slope of a sunny hill. There it lay with its gate invitingly open, while no one seemed to accept its hospitalities and locate a claim among the manzanita bushes which covered it. This was an evil which Webster felt called upon to correct. He took his revolver and and went out prospecting for candidates. In a neighboring ravine he encountered three of the men, who had wronged him. They [illegible] so much eagerness to jump his claim, he thought they also might like to locate one among the manzanitas on the hill. Three shots from the revolver laid three corpses in the ravine, and provided material for inaugurating the graveyard with all due solemnity. This was the beginning, and now the "silent majority," from their narrow homes on the brow of the hill, gaze down upon the deserted streets and crumbling ruins of Timbuctoo, as one by one the minority desert the old haunts and are carried up the hill to be laid away in their midst.

After this exploit Webster took to the road, and lived upon the contributions of the traveling public. He devoted his attention chiefly to the mountain roads of Neveda County, the one we are now traveling being a favorite with him. In this wilderness of forest and brush, over mountains and through deep canyons and rocky gorges, it was almost impossible to pursue a fleeing robber with any hope of success. It was a veritable robbers' paradise. A price was put upon his head, and many efforts were made to earn it; but no one dared to hunt him openly, as his reputation as a marksman and his reckless courage held them at bay. He frequently entered the various towns and mining camps, and walked boldly through the streets, no one feeling personally called upon to molest him. Associated with him were a number of hard characters, such as invariably gather about an outlaw who has the ability and courage to lead and control them. But there is an end to everything, and one day Jim was pounced upon and turned over to the care of Boss Wright. This was a few weeks after the big fire which destroyed the Court-house, and Webster was confined in a temporary calaboose. He and a fellow-prisoner took French leave one night, but were traced to Smartsville by Hank Plumer and Bruce Garvey, and captured while quietly sleeping, each with a big six-shooter under his pillow. This Hank Plumer was quite a noted case. At this time he was Marshal of Nevada City; but a few years later he was suspected of holding too intimate relations with a gang of thieves, and was finally caught in the act of robbing the very people who had elected him to protect them. He evacuated at once, and went to Idaho, where he became Sheriff of a county, and flourished as a member of a gang of road agents and horse thieves, whom he protected by means of his official position. Finally the people learned the true inwardness of the situation, and organized a Vigilance Committee, which strung up Sheriff Plumer and about a dozen of his gang, which put an end to the whole business.

THE AMBUSCADE.

Well, to return to Webster. He only remained in jail a few days. One night he again made his escape, accompanied by two others who belonged to Tom Bell's gang. You've heard of Tom Bell, I suppose?"

"Yes, I've heard of him, but nothing very definite."

Well, I'll tell you about him some other time. I mustn't mix him up with the present story. You can well imagine the excitement when it was learned that Webster had escaped again. Armed parties went in search of him in all directions. Just before dusk the following day two horses, fully caparisoned, were found concealed in a secluded spot in Gold Run, just a short distance beyond the railroad bridge you observed spanning it as we came along. It was at once assumed that these animals had been placed there for the use of the escaped prisoners, who were supposed to be lying in concealment somewhere until darkness should give them a favorable opportunity to reach the horses and ride away. A number of residents of Gold Flat, which at that time contained quite a mining population, organized into a posse under the leadership of L. W. Williams. There were ten or a dozen of them, whose names I remember being J. B. Byrne, Wallace Williams, Thomas Baldwin, G. H. Armstrong, R. S. Wigham and Thomas Lockhart. These men went quietly to the place where the horses were concealed, and hid themselves in the bushes to await the expected arrival of the desperadoes.

While these preparations were being made by the people of Gold Flat, who would no doubt have been successful if they had not been interrupted, provided, of course, that they were correct in the supposition that the animals belonged to Webster—the news was carried privately to the authorities in Nevada City. Boss Wright at once organized a party for the same purpose the Gold Flat men had in view. This consisted of himself, Hank Plumer, David Johnson, William Butterfield and Lewis Teal. Receiving the news later, and having farther to go, they did not reach the spot till long after the other party had concealed themselves. Darkness had settled down among the trees that skirt the side of the ravine, and fearing that the robbers might have already arrived, Wright and his men advanced with great caution, utterly ignorant of the Gold Flat party lying in ambush. These latter saw the officers stealing up the ravine, and congratulated each other upon the success of their plan, thinking, of course, that the men approaching were Webster and his friends."

"BOSS" WRIGHT'S DEATH.

Hank Plumer was in advance, and when a few paces from the ambuscade stopped and gave a low whistle, which brought all the others to his side. Just at this moment one of them observed Armstrong behind a tree, and hastily whispered the fact to the others. Both parties were now aware of the presence of the other, and each supposed the other to be the outlaws. Wright at once shouted: "Rush up, boys!" and started toward Armstrong with his revolver in his hand. About ten feet distant he stopped and inquired, peremptorily: "Who are you?" "A friend," said Armstrong, who still believed Wright to be one of the robbers. Not satisfied with the answer, Boss again started forward, and Armstrong fired. This was the signal for a general fusilade, and for several minutes the woods echoed with pistol and gun shots, the flashes of the weapons being the only guide the combatants had as to the proper place to direct their aim. Fully half a hundred shots were fired, and how long the battle would have lasted had not the mistake been discovered, no one can tell. Plumer recognized the voice of Williams as he gave orders to his men in a loud tone, and caught a glimpse of his face lit up by the flash of his own pistol. He at once shouted: "Williams! Williams! stop firing for God's sake; there is a mistake!" Instantly the combat ceased, and some of the men collected a little brush and made a fire, by the light of which they were able to see the sad result of their fatal error. Lying dead upon the ground was the brave and generous Wright, a pistol ball in his chin and his breast torn by a dozen bullets from a gun. David Johnson was mortally wounded in the breast, but was able to walk to Armstrong's house, where he soon expired.

Wright's body was tenderly borne to town by his friends of both parties. It happened that this was the night before the Presidential election, and an enthusiastic procession had just paraded the streets and drawn up before the speaker's stand to listen to a stirring address on the duties of the morrow, expecting to hear the usual rhetoric, spread-eagleism and scathing comparison of the relative virtues of the "ins" and the "outs." The orator arose and advanced slowly to the front of the platform, stretching out his hand to check the demonstration of welcome which was started among the audience. With a voice choked with emotion he announced the sorrowful intelligence that the man whom every one looked upon as a friend was dead. He briefly related the circumstances of the tragedy, and then dismissed the people to their homes, saying that he could not speak to them that night. This was a fitting tribute to the memory of a brave man, and such as few but Boss Wright would have received. The election occurred the next day, and the day following was the funeral; and in spite of the animosities of the political contest, every man, woman and child, irrespective of politics or religion, assembled to pay their last respects to the man whom all delighted to honor.

"That is all true as Gospel," said one of the other men, who had maintained silence during the narrative, "for I attended both the political meeting and the funeral."

"Well, I tell you what you do," said the man who had spun the yarn. "You said you were a newspaper man, and no doubt want to write this up for your paper. I can see it in your eye. Before you do that you call on Judge Searls, J. N. Rolfe, and a few old timers at Nevada City, and ask them about it. You might see Judge Thomas H. Caswell also; you'll find him at the Masonic Temple in San Francisco. And, by the way, you can find J. B. Byrne, one of the participants in the fight, still living at Gold Flat." [I will remark here, parenthetically, that I did call upon the gentlemen named, and they all vouched for the substantial accuracy of all that is herein related.]

WEBSTER'S FATE.

"Yes, you are correct about my desire to write this up, and to make it more complete I would like to know what became of the cause of this sad tragedy. How about Webster?"

"Oh, yes. Well, Jim was soon after laid by the heels in Yuba County, and taken to Marysville, where the jail proved strong enough to hold him until he could be sentenced to San Quentin for twenty-five years. The next August, when he had been an inmate but a few weeks, he made his escape with eight others, and was never recaptured. Just what became of him is uncertain. One thing is sure—he never returned to his old haunts in this region. His subsequent career is somewhat traditionary, but I will give it to you as it is generally believed. He began his old life in a new field, and soon gathered about him another band of followers, whom he ruled in an arbitrary manner. His career was brief. One day while in the Coast range he quarreled with a member of his gang, and gave the fellow notice to leave before morning or take the consequences. The man knew that Webster meant what he said, and that he was a dead shot. In fact, if you might believe the stories told of him, he could handle the revolver as neatly as Dr. Carver does his rifle. The man determined not to leave the camp, but he did not dare to risk a shot from his unscrupulous chief. So that night, while the camp was wrapped in slumber, he stole softly to the side of the sleeping man, and drew the bullet from his rifle. He could have killed him, but that he dared not do, since his companions would avenge the death of their chief unless he was killed in a fight. When Webster arose from his blanket beside the smouldering remnants of the camp fire the next morning, he was astonished to see the banished robber serenely sitting on a stump, a few paces away. His wrath boiled over at the man's presumption. 'So you didn't leave?' he exclaimed, as he raised his gun and fired at the cause of his anger, who made no effort to shield himself. Before Webster could recover from his astonishment at seeing the man still sitting on the stump apparently unarmed, his intended victim coolly raised his gun and shot him dead."

Just as the narrative was concluded the stage jolted up to the open door of Empire Ranch and old Tom Mooney came out, and in his usual breezy manner counted noses for dinner.—*Harry L. Wells. in San Francisco Call.*

## TAKEN FOR A TRAMP.

**A Clerk Who Expected to Paralyze a Strange Guest, But Was Pulverized.**

There is no denying the fact that he looked seedy. His hat was of the "shocking bad" order, the cut of his coat of antique style, his general make-up of the modern tramp school. Trying to dodge a cart in crossing upper Broadway yesterday, a gentlemen of the above description blundered against a vehicle coming from the opposite direction, and smeared his hand with tar grease oozing from one of the hubs. It is a good thing to have clean hands, although manual uncleanliness is no uncommon thing in this great, bad city. Walking into an adjacent hotel, the man of smeared hand proceeded to wash himself in one of the marble basins for lavatory use.

"Can't you read?" asked a stylish young man with a cutaway coat, richly particolored scarf and a glittering diamond scarf pin.

"I can," answered the stranger, as he vigorously rubbed the ball of soap over his smeared hand. "Why do you ask?"

"Because there is a printed notice over your head that you should read and heed."

"Ah! I see," was the stranger's cool rejoinder, raising his eyes and reading the notice. "For exclusive use of the guests," and then he continued in the same cool tone: "I had not observed the notice before. It is not an original idea, by any means. I have seen it frequently in hotels, but it's intensely stupid—has no meaning in it. One of the rules of the house, is it? What nonsense! What constitutes a hotel guest?"

"I don't want any of your conundrums, old fellow," indignantly interrupted the young man, his flashing diamond paled by the fiery flashing of his eyes. "You are not a guest of the hotel; so get out of here."

"Who are you, that you should talk to me in that way?" asked the stranger, in the same tone of imperturbable calmness, and scanning his interlocutor with a keenly-scrutinizing gaze as he began to wipe his hands on the immaculate towel suspended from a roller.

"I belong to the hotel. I am the clerk," quickly answered the young man, with that professional air of colossal importance and supreme contempt for ordinary mortals which it is expected will be followed by an immediate paralyzing effect.

"Then I don't mind," said the stranger. "I am not as frightened as I might have been. I thought surely the hotel belonged to you, instead of your belonging to the hotel."

"I don't want any more words; you get out of here, quick."

"Young man," and the words were uttered in a slow and deliberate tone, "I want to give you some advice; it's very old and trite, but it is very good for a fast young man like you. 'Think before you speak;' 'Never judge from appearances.' Impress these aphorisms on your feeble mind. The fact is——"

"But I tell you again, get out of here," fairly screamed the young man in his increasing rage, "or I'll call a policeman."

"I won't get out of here, and no policeman will put me out, either. You insultingly called my attention to that printed notice, 'For exclusive use of the guests.' Now, understanding clearly, the moment a stranger steps foot over the threshold of a hotel he is the guest of that hotel and entitled to its privileges and comforts; for all the privileges and comforts he chooses to avail himself of he can be charged. There is no law restricting him in the freedom of his choice, and neither is there any law compelling him to stay longer than he wishes. I desire to avail myself of no further privileges at this hotel, and I propose to leave at once. Now, I want to see the proprietor and pay my bill."

"There's nothing to pay, and if there was you probably haven't a dime about your clothes. There's the door."

"My young friend, I see that avenue of egress, and I propose to utilize it in my own good time; but I see you will not take advice. I've only one word more with you," taking the young man by the collar, who paled and quivered under his wrathful grasp and menacing eye. "I have only just arrived in this city, but if I meet any more like you I shall do two things—enlarge the boundaries of my private burying ground and found an asylum so long needed in this country for that large class of imbecile cursed fools—hotel clerks."

"I have used your wash basin, soap and towel," the stranger said to the proprietor, whom he found in the office, "and I want to pay my bill."

"There is nothing to pay," politely answered the proprietor.

"But I insist on it," taking out a large roll of bills and extracting a ten dollar note and laying it on the counter. "If it's more than the bill would be, use the balance in trying to germinate brains and develop good manners in your hotel clerk."

"But, sir——"

The stranger disappeared. Later in the evening the gentleman—a prominent lawyer of this city and ex-Judge of one of the higher courts—recited the above story to a party of gentlemen dining with him at Delmonico's. He had just come from the mines of California, having gone there in a spirit of adventure and to improve his health, and he retained his mining garb until his arrival to astonish his friends and amuse himself over their puzzling failures to recognize him. It is hardly necessary to add that the idea of an asylum for hotel clerks was received as one of the brightest indications of the progressively philanthropic spirit of the age.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Rev. Dr. Howard Henderson, of the Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, of Jersey City, commits himself to cremation. In a paper read before a New York Cremation Society, he said he had made a study of the best means of disposing of the dead, and had come to the conclusion that the day was not far distant when the retort will take the place of the grave. He spoke of the large amount of money expended in monuments, flowers and funerals, and characterized it as a mockery.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## WHALES OF ALL SORTS.

**Their Habits and Modes of Life and Warfare.**

The London *Telegraph*, alluding to an exhibition of different kinds of whales shortly to be given in the Natural History Museum of London, says:

How such a spectacle as this changes the ordinary ideas about the life that is lived under the sea. It is seen almost at a glance that that grievous division of terrestrial existence into the eaters and the eaten holds good in marine communities also. On the one side are the toothless whales, prodigious in bulk, but virtually defenseless against attack; soft-bodied, and comparatively unwieldy. On the other are the fierce "toothed" whales, smaller in dimension, but in proportion swifter, fierce as tigers, and as cruel. Here is the enormous fin-whale, some seventy feet in length, with its great helpless paws, for they are little else, which it uses as paddles, hanging idly down, and its immense jaws which, fringed with whalebone, served it well enough as a trap for diminutive crustaceans and cuttle-fish, but are no weapon against the crocodile-snout of its smaller enemies. Next to it is "the killer," Orca Gladiator, the wolf of the sea, which looks upon the Leviathan as ordinary beasts of prey regard flocks and herds, and which does not hesitate, with its hundred weight of bulk to its victim's ton, to attack it. Sometimes they will hunt in packs, and, surrounding one monster, will ferociously tear the living thing to pieces, mouthful by mouthful. At others they chase the dolphin add the porpoise, or kill the seal and the narwhal. Except that they do not haunt the harbors of busy ports, follow ships, and otherwise seek human prey, the "killers," whales though they are, are far more terrible creatures than the sharks. There have been writers who have spoken of life under the ocean wave as placidly, monotonously dull, without any decided interests or excitements. Yet, looking round this whale vault, with its fierce armature of fang and tusk and horn, it is difficult, indeed impossible, to believe that subaqueous existence is really uninteresting. On the contrary, when we survey forms so active and powerful in outline, so pugnacious in expression, so dreadfully armed for battle with natural weapons, and a ferocious rapidity of speed, we see at once how awful must be the tragedies enacted in the impenetrable depths of the sea, and what conflicts of race and for empire must be continually waged. For mere existence alone the carnage passes beyond human calculation, Look at that finner whale there, with a mouth in which a tea party could be given. Imagine it wide open and going ahead full speed through a dense shoal of shrimps, a porridge of small fry of all kinds. Then think of those jaws suddenly closing upon a good substantial mouthful—substantial, that is to say, in proportion to the mouth—and after the water has filtered out through the whalebone fringes into the sea again, fancy the whale swallowing all its captives at a snap, and then opening its mouth for more. Compared to this the hecatomb was a mere trifling with sacrifice, a holocaust pure child's play. Lives by the million, swirled gulp by gulp down the monster's maw; and next day the same monster, torn into shreds by the gladiator "orca," lay scattered over acres of the sea as food for as many millions more; and what combats the fish must see! How the lobster must twiddle his long antennæ with excitement, or the octopus on the rock look up with consternation at the prodigious duels of the rorquals, the leviathan encounters of the cachalots! What a scattering of smaller folk there must be when the fighting whales come up, and in close battalion charge with their ponderous heads! Over what spacious battle-fields the battle must range, and how indescribably terrific the shock of giants meeting in the green silence! The conflict might be a nightmare, a phantom struggle, but that the sea is being dyed a deeper and deeper red round the enormous combatants, and that the furious impact of the great bodies sends responsive vibrations through the sensitive depths, telling the dwellers on the sea-bed and in the crannied rocks that the giants are at war. Or change the scene to fine weather with a summer horizon unclouded, and peace everywhere—what a liberal education it must be to a sprat or a dish of whitebait to see these Lords of the sea ranging tranquilly among their peers, and rolling through unmeasured fathoms in careless ease! To live under the water and watch the whales "at home" would be almost enough to reconcile one to being a fish.

## GENERAL.

—The symptoms of malarial poisoning have been produced in animals by the subcutaneous injection of watery extracts from marshy soil.—*Chicago Herald.*

—Among the frauds that afflict the people is the form of indictment prepared in many States. The thief escapes through the silly mass of verbiage.—*Current.*

—The little hand-bags so generally carried by American women must go. The only Parisians who use them are the pedicures and manicures, who carry their tools about with them in these receptacles.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Judge Fane, of Salt Lake, has ruled that a plural wife has no rights of inheritance, and can not attain such right by long continuance in the illegal relations; that she is no wife in law, and can not, therefore, be a widow.—*Denver Tribune.*

—Tuesday was an eventful day in the life of a Leavenworth (Kan.) man who had previously borne a good reputation. At nine in the morning he was recognized as an ex-convict. Just after dinner he slipped and fell into a tank of boiling water. At three o'clock, when he was hovering between life and death from his terrible scalds, a Sheriff arrived with a warrant for his arrest as a highway robber. He died at sundown.—*Chicago Tribune.*