

A HERO OF THE NAVY.

Lieut. Young the Sole Survivor of the Warship Huron.

Lieut. Lucian Young, of the United States navy, is the sole survivor of the warship Huron, which was wrecked at Nags's head, off the coast of South Carolina November 24, 1877. The big man-of-war was swept onto the breakers during a terrible gale, and when she went to pieces over 100 men went down to death, which made it the most disastrous accident in the history of the American navy.

In the height of the storm, Lieut. Young, an officer named Conway and the quartermaster risked their lives in a catamaran to carry a line to shore. The cigar-shaped boat was simply a toy in the boisterous surf, but after swimming and pushing it the tired men finally reached land. Notwithstanding their exhausted condition they broke into a life-saving station, manned a boat and succeeded in saving a few men. When the Huron went down Lieut. Young walked until he found a telegraph station and sent the details to Washington. Naturally the news created a tremendous sensation and Young was the hero of the hour. His native state, Kentucky, sent him a splendid sword in recognition of his services, and his congressmen succeeded in having him promoted 30 numbers for his heroism.

Lieut. Young is naturally a fighter, and some years later electrified Washington society by threatening to whip a well-known ambassador. The diplomat went to the navy department for certain official data, which he wished to send out on the next steamer. As a favor Lieut. Young volunteered to secure it, and when the minister was in shape went in search of the minister. Not finding him at the embassy or at his home, he hid himself to the club, thinking the importance of the affair warranted the intrusion. But the minister was furious.

"What do you mean, sir?" he demanded, "by coming here? This isn't the place for business."

This courtesy three Young into a rage. He flung the papers into the face of the irate diplomat and vehemently promised him a thrashing if he would come out from the sacred precincts of the club. After a sharp verbal skirmish the men parted without coming to blows, but cordial relations were never restored, and the ambassador experienced a sense of personal safety when the big lieutenant went to sea.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE FOSSIL MAN.

Geological Age of the Human Race Established.

The existence of the fossil man, which had been doubted so long, has been proved, and the geological age of the human race established. The series of discoveries coming under this head was begun in the years 1830-'40

by the discovery, made by the French scientist Boucher de Perthes, of man-made flint axes in the Somme valley in the north of France. Since then the researches concerning the age and the preliminary history of mankind have become the favorite study of the time and of scholars, and there has come into being within a comparatively short time a literature on this subject the wealth of which can hardly be surveyed. The discoveries in this vast and interesting domain are accumulating from year to year to such an extent as to give rise to a new and successful science of archaeology. While on the one hand this science teaches us that the existence of man on earth must be shifted back into hoary ages to which the historical period cannot be compared at all, it shows us, on the other hand, that this period considered geologically—i. e., when compared with the periods of evolution of the earth—is of itself a very recent and new one. It is for this reason that the origin of man must be regarded as the crowning or culminating point of the whole organic evolution—a point beyond which the development of the world was no longer carried on by nature, but by man. A highly desirable completion of these studies on the primal history of the human race was supplied by the great progress of ethnology made possible by the enormous traveling facilities of our century.—Ludwig Buchner, in Popular Science Monthly.

For Cleaning Lenses.

For cleaning optical lenses a German technical journal recommends vegetable pith. For this purpose the stalks of rushes, elders or sunflowers is cut out, the pieces dried and pointed singly alongside of one another upon a piece of cork, whereby a brush-like apparatus is obtained which is passing over the surface of the lens. For very small lenses pointed pieces of elder pith are employed.

Tired.

"The children wish me to ask you to tell them some fairy stories," said the politician's wife.

"My dear," was the reply, "I can't do it. I have been talking to a great many voters to-day. I must have some relaxation from the routine of business."—Washington Star.

PTOMAINE IS DEADLY.

Fatalities from It Arouse New York Board of Health.

Efforts to Be Made to Learn More of This Most Deadly and Puzzling Poison Yet Produced by Nature.

With four lives sacrificed, it is charged, to the deadly ptomaine within the last four days, the board of health in New York city is making efforts to learn something more than the mere smattering of knowledge yet gleaned by scientists of the most deadly and most puzzling poison yet produced by nature. So far the ptomaine has baffled all attempts to establish its origin, to trace its pedigree, or to definitely locate its habitat.

While it has carried off within the space of a few minutes after being absorbed into the system the strongest and hereto most healthy men, when after the approved method of scientists, it has been introduced into the systems of inferior animals, it has had no effect whatever upon them. The uncertainty as to its lurking place also makes it the most dangerous poison known to science.

"I'll make the cake," he said.

"Well, come into the kitchen and make it," proposed his wife.

"What, how?"

"Yes, now. I'll get the things for you."

Smith took off his coat, his collar and necktie and rolled up his shirt sleeves. They walked to the kitchen together, and Smith said:

"What shall I mix it in?"

"Oh, you're doing it," Mrs. Smith replied.

"Ah, this will do!" he said, taking up a bowl. "Now bring me some water; now some raisins and currants, sugar and ginger and allspice. There—that will do!" He put them all into the bowl and mixed them with a spoon. "They don't seem to stick together," he said. "Looks more like a thick soup than anything else. Fancy I've got too much water." Smith drained off some of the water, and was about to put the cake into a pan when his wife said:

"Didn't your mother use flour?"

"Oh, yes—yes—ah, yes—flour, of course!" Then he mixed in flour until it was so stiff that he could hardly knead it. "Now," said he, "I'll take this cake round to the baker's and have it baked properly." He started off, and when he reached the baker's he said:

"Will you just throw this stuff away and put it in its place one of your best plumcakes?"

That night at supper Mr. Smith had her mother and sister with her. She had told them of the cake, and they were expecting great fun at Smith's expense. The cake did not come until supper time. Smith took it from the boy and said:

"This is my cake—something like a cake!" He carried in the cake and placed it on the table.

"Here's a note in the paper," said Mrs. Smith; "I'll read it."

"Dear Sir: I am sorry we are all but of plum-cake; so send you a pound-cake instead. Yours obediently,

SMITH'S CAKE.

He Showed His Wife How His Mother Used to Do It.

"Madam, you don't know how to make cake!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, throwing a lump of half-cooked dough across the room at the cat. "You never knew how to make cake. I'd rather eat wet sawdust. You ought to have seen the cake my mother made—that was cake!"

"Your mother again—always your mother!" retorted Mrs. Smith. "Pity she didn't teach you something!"

"What do you mean, madam? I'll warrant I'll make better cake myself than you, any day."

"Why don't you try? You'll find everything in the kitchen."

"Well, I can."

"Well, why don't you? You are all talk."

Smith found himself cornered, and felt very uncomfortable, as he had either to surrender unconditionally or to make good his boast. He had never made a cake in his life, had no idea how cakes were compounded, but thought he knew what was in them.

"I'll make the cake," he said.

"Well, come into the kitchen and make it," proposed his wife.

"What, how?"

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S. BROWN, Baker.

—N. Y. Ledger.

A MODERN ASTROLOGER.

Accurately Located for Two Miners a Pocket of Ore.

A story from Salida to the effect that star gazing and mining are becoming blended is filled with considerable interest. The Record, in telling it, says: "A few days ago a man from the stars visited Salida and causally let it out that he could locate mineral in claims or tell whether there was any or not; could describe their location, the formation surrounding them, and, in fact, anything that mortal man could find out by actual observation, and many things he could not. He was soon corralled by Messrs. Sullivan and Aurenburg, and for only one dollar they found out what they had expended several hundred dollars and an abundance of hard work to know, and were then disappointed. He told them to back up from their 100 feet and drift east at 50 feet. Here they would find a pocket of ore larger and more valuable than any yet encountered. They followed the advice of this man of the stars, and now they are taking out rich ore in abundance. They actually found it as represented, and the formations and all the characteristics of the district and ore, depth of shaft, etc., were minutely described. He finished by saying that after the pocket was dug out no more would be found until they had sunk 300 feet in the vein. What think ye of astrology?"—Denver Times.

A Picture of Postage Stamp.

In Boston is a picture fashioned entirely of canceled postage stamps. It is a representation of an ocean steamer at sea, and is said to be a really good picture. Its maker, Edward Barker, claims that he spent 13 months in doing the picture, and that he used over 10,000 stamps before the work was accomplished. His only tools were a pair of small scissors, a pair of dividers, a ticket punch and a mucilage brush.—Buffalo News.

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FRANK MARQUEZ.

Sheriff Civil of the paroisse d'Orléans.

W. H. Hart, attorney for the plaintiff. 5-12-19 26-sept 2 9 16 22

ANNONCES JUDICIAIRES.

VENTE PAR LE SHERIF.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente de Propriété de Valeur dans le Sixième District.

James A. Andrews vs William H. Williams.

COUR CIVILE DE DISTRICT POUR LA PAROISSE D'ORLEANS—No 54.139—En vente d'un writ de fieri facias à moi adressé par l'Honorable Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessus intitulée, à la Bourse des Encanteurs. Nos 629 et 631 rue Commune, entre les rues Camp et St-Charles, dans le Premier District de cette ville. JEUDI 22 septembre 1898 à midi, à 10 30 heures. A M. le Procureur du Roi, à la partie civile de l'affaire ci-dessus.

Six certains lots de terre ensemble avec toutes les bâties et améliorations qui s'y trouvent et toutes les droits, voies, priviléges, servitudes et dépendances qui y appartiennent, se dépendant situés dans le sixième district intitulé, à la Bourse des Encanteurs. Nos 629 et 631 rue Commune entre les rues Camp et St-Charles, dans le Premier District de cette ville. JEUDI 22 septembre 1898 à midi, à 10 30 heures. A M. le Procureur du Roi, à la partie civile de l'affaire ci-dessus.

Conditions—Comptant sur les lieux.

FRANK MARQUEZ.

Sheriff Civil pour la paroisse d'Orléans.

Dinkelspiel & Hart, avocat pour le plaignant. 13 aout—13 20 26-sept 1 20 24

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente par le Sheriff. Mardi, 8 Septembre 1898.

ANNONCE JUDICIAIRE.

Vente de propriété de valeur et améliorée, dans le Premier District.

James Jackson vs Mme M. A. Wade.

COUR CIVILE DE DISTRICT pour la paroisse d'Orléans—No 54.235—En vente d'un aline writ de fieri facias à moi adressé par l'Honorable Cour Civile de District pour la paroisse d'Orléans, dans l'affaire ci-dessus intitulée, à la Bourse des Encanteurs. Nos 629 et 631 rue Commune entre les rues Camp et St-Charles, dans le Premier District de cette ville. JEUDI 1er oct