

THE TROY HERALD.

TROY, MISSOURI.

TERMS: \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

GENERAL PARAGRAPHS.

Incidents and Accidents.

—Dr. Amos Westcott, the inventor of the Cardiff Giant, committed suicide recently, at Syracuse, N. Y.

—Mr. Wallace, of Minnesota, dressed up as an Indian and skulked around a neighbor's house, and the neighbor dropped him with a rifle ball.

—Ah Jon Plulu Yung and Lak Zud Oul Cam, two Chinamen, fought a duel in Lincoln county, Ark., recently, in which the latter was killed, and the former arrested and lodged in jail at Pine Bluff.

—A servant girl named Anna Roth, in the employ of F. W. Matthessen, of LaSalle, Ill., was so seriously burned by the explosion of a coal oil lamp, the other evening, that she died in a few hours.

—Joseph Hastings was found dead in a barn near Petersburg, Tenn., recently, having cut his throat. Several weeks ago his wife found him on his knees praying, with a rope attached, in readiness to swing by the neck. Mr. Hastings was the father of triplets, who were exhibited in Nashville at the exposition and fair last year.

—At Warren, Ill., a few days ago, a son of O. J. Ausdahl was drilling some of his playmates as soldiers, using a pointed lath for a sword. In running he caught his foot in a croquet arch and fell forward, the pointed end of the lath penetrating the socket of the eye, and entering the brain to a depth of three inches. He died after forty-eight hours of great pain.

—Cyrus McCarty, of Fulton county, Ind., shot his mother-in-law through the chest, inflicting probably a fatal wound. Afterwards he fired five times at his wife without effect, and then shot himself in the forehead. The affair grew out of the separation of Mr. and Mrs. McCarty, which he claimed was caused by Mrs. Wright, his wife's mother.

—Nelson Whitmarsh and Patrick Congan, coal miners, stepped into the large iron bucket at the top of the shaft, to descend to work in the Union Coal Mines, near Peru, Ill., when, in consequence of some defect or failure in the machinery, the bucket fell with them to the bottom, 250 feet, crashing through a platform of two-inch plank on the way. Both were badly bruised, and it seems a wonder they were not instantly killed.

The Louisville Courier-Journal reports the fatal shooting of W. H. Dean, at Worthville station, on the L., C. and L. Railroad, by one Whitaker, of Eagle station. There was an old grudge between the parties. Whitaker arrived at Worthville on the afternoon train and was accosted by Dean. After some words Whitaker shot Dean through the left breast. Dean died in a few minutes. It is represented that Dean attacked Whitaker first. Both men were widely known in that section.

—The wife of Henry F. Norcross, coal dealer at Derby, Conn., while sitting in her parlor one evening, rocking an infant child to sleep, suddenly felt an unusual warmth about her feet, and looking down discovered that her clothes were on fire. She put down the child in a place of safety, and then attempted to extinguish the flames, but they had by that time so far enveloped her as to be beyond her strength, and she was fatally burned in consequence, dying during the night. The mysterious origin of the fire is supposed to have been a parlor match on which she unconsciously trod while rocking her infant child.

—At Fort Wayne, Ind., a few nights since, a man who was half intoxicated performed the dangerous feat of climbing to the top of the timbers which have been erected for the purpose of completing the towers on the Catholic Cathedral. These towers are already one hundred and twenty feet high, and the timbers made an addition of eighty-five feet more, or two hundred and five feet in all. The space on the top is not larger than the top of a beer keg. A large crowd assembled, expecting to see the man fall, but he offered to bet a dollar that he could stand on the top. He finally reduced the bet to a glass of beer, but finding no takers came down in safety.

Personal and Literary.

—Henry Watterson has been elected an honorary member of the Cobden Club in London.

—An exchange says that Mme. Parepa's singing this year will be confined to a single song, "Sleep, baby, sleep."

—Mrs. Jefferson Davis has purchased a sea-shore residence just below Mississippi City, on the Gulf of Mexico.

—Miss Mary C. Putnam, daughter of the late George P. Putnam, the well known publisher, and called the best educated woman physician in this country, has made a partnership with a leading German doctor in New York—both professional and personal.

—Charles Dickens seems to have transmitted a portion of his elocutionary talent to one of his younger sons, a bright fellow who has recently been reading for charitable institutions some of his father's works, and has acquitted himself with credit.

—Gen. Fitzhugh Lee narrowly escaped drowning, near Alexandria, Va., recently. He was going on board of a vessel, when the little boat in which he was was capsized by the storm and the colored boatman drowned. The General was rescued by a number of colored men.

—The present Duchess of Leeds was formerly one of the belles of Baltimore. As she is now a widow and immensely rich, it is recommended that some aspiring American youth should go over to England and woo and win her back to her native country. She is only ninety-six.

—The last installment of the English authors' and publishers' contribution to the Chicago Library has arrived, and there are now about eight thousand books on the shelves. Queen Victoria gave a copy of "The Early Years of the Prince Consort," with her autograph on the fly leaf.

—Private advices received in Washington say that Vice-President Wilson will

not attempt to preside over the Senate during next winter unless his health is greatly improved. It is probable, however, that he will be at the capital at the opening of Congress for a few days. Senator Carpenter, being President of the Senate pro tem., will preside during Mr. Wilson's illness.

—The wife of the Rev. W. H. Murray, of Adirondack fame, is thus described by a lady acquaintance: "With her delicate features, clear complexion, hazel-gray eyes, abundant brown hair, and slender figure, she is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. She is not only a 'dead shot,' a dashing 'whip,' a bold sailor, a clever artist, a dainty housekeeper, an attentive hostess, and a thoroughly good person, but she has the 'sweet attractive kind of grace' which the poet sings, and the low, soft voice which is so excellent in a woman."

Scientific and Industrial.

—Milwaukee's greatest industry is the manufacture of beer, the sale of which aggregates \$2,500,000 annually.

—An Englishman at the Vienna Exposition was struck at the various forms of boot and shoe-making machines he saw in the American department. He writes: I saw a thick sole of a shoe sewn on and pegged in twenty seconds, and heels, five thicknesses of leather, finished at the rate of fifteen hundred pairs per day.

—Remarkably cheap and durable shoes are now made by means of brass wire, on which is cut a screw thread forced through the upper and the sole by means of sewing. The boots and shoes are molded and pressed into shape on iron molds by steam power. One operative makes seven pairs of boots per day.

—According to the official census, the food and food preparation establishments in the United States, producing over \$500 worth a year each, presented a showing of 23,737 establishments, 6,199 steam-engines with 179,303 horse-power, 21,263 water-wheels with 409,066 horse-power, and employed 96,883 hands. They had a capital of \$198,874,961, paid annually as wages \$25,786,682, used annually materials valued at \$484,492,947, and produced annually goods valued at \$800,365,571.

—The Hudson (N. J.) Register says that a combination of the large boot and shoe manufacturers of New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey, resolving to emancipate themselves from the rule of the St. Crispins, have recently purchased eight hundred acres of land on the Hudson, in the town of Stockport, and propose to erect the necessary buildings for manufacturing and residences, and bring over from three to five thousand Swiss workmen and their families. Agents are now in Europe negotiating for this immigration.

—The Eagle and Phoenix Manufacturing Company, of Columbus, Ga., was organized in 1866. Their mills are the largest in the South, and are engaged in manufacturing cotton and woolen goods. The capital and surplus are \$1,550,000. The cotton department embraces 23,000 spindles and 600 looms; the woolen, seven sets of improved machinery. About 800 operatives are employed. The production is stripes, drills, tickings, checks, ginghams, cottonades, sewing and knitting threads, twines, cotton rope, and a large line of woolen goods. There is a special department for cotton blankets, large quantities of which are annually sold. The mills are driven by water, the company controlling 3,000 horse-power water privileges, of which 800 are now in use. The goods are sold throughout the South, ahead of production, the mills having established a fine reputation.

School and Church.

—Dr. Macfadden, one of England's most eloquent divines, has arrived in this country.

—The papers announce that Rev. Dr. Loomis, President of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pa., has resigned his position.

—Bishop Simpson has, by request, changed the time of the session of the Indiana Conference from September 3d, to October 2d.

—The Rev. Phoebe Sanford has been won from her New Haven pulpit by the offer of a larger salary in Jersey City.

—Miss Fannie W. Roberts, a licensed preacher who has charge of a church in Kittery, Me., has been given authority by the Governor and Council to solemnize marriages.

—The Northwestern Christian University is to be removed from its present location at Indianapolis, Indiana, to Irvington, a town three or four miles east of that city. It obtains a fine campus and \$150,000 by the removal, and expects to sell its property in the city for \$300,000, which will make a fine endowment.

—The New York Advocate says: "The venerable Bishop Rush, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church, was buried from the Zion Church, in this city, on Sunday, the 20th. Large numbers of people were present. In his prime he was a very able preacher, and wielded the largest influence of any minister of his denomination. He was born a slave in 1777. He was licensed to preach in 1815, and was ordained Bishop in 1849. He has been highly esteemed by both white and colored people, and down to the very close of life has occupied a high place in the confidence of all who knew him. He was a grand old man."

Foreign Items.

—There is in Paris a woman who has for the last fifty years supported herself by an industry of which she enjoys the monopoly. She supplies the Garden of Acclimatization with food for the pheasants, which food consists entirely of ants' eggs. These she collects in the woods, and receives about twelve francs for what she brings from each of her expeditions. These last three or four days, during which she sleeps on the field to watch the insects at dawn, and to find her way to their treasures. She is almost devoured by the ants, of which she takes little notice, but at the end of her harvest time, which is from June to the end of September, her body is in a pitiable condition.

—A rabbit mania is raging in Japan at the present time, similar to the famous "tulip mania" which swept over Holland in the early years of the century. Certain breeds fetch enormous prices, and the interest manifested for the little animals has provoked the high-handed interference of the authorities, and some Japanese speculators have been arrested and

imprisoned for having purchased rabbits at an auction, it being considered that this was a species of gambling. A journal, whose columns are devoted entirely to the rabbit subject, has been started in Yokohama.

—A Russian countess living in Paris felt it necessary to try a change of air. The chief companion of her journeys was a little dog, which she carried in her muff, her sleeve, or her pocket. At Milan, Toto, the pet, died. His mistress invited all the small dogs in Milan to the funeral; 300 mourners appeared, and each was supplied with a pall covered with silver tears. After the ceremony the 300 were invited to partake of the funeral baked meats, but here good conduct and philosophy failed them, and the feast broke up abruptly; the Riot act had to be enforced, but not until one of the guests had been torn to pieces between the soup and dessert.

—A curious means of inducing rain was recently employed by the people in the neighborhood of Angora, in Asia Minor. Prayers had been tried in vain, and no change taking place in the weather, it was resolved to try a charm. The Levant Times says: "It was simple, but one which, for fear of the consequences in these degenerate days, could not be performed in the 'good old style.' It consists in cutting off the head of a Christian and throwing it into a stream or pond. As a live Christian did not patriotically present himself, it was determined to exhumate a dead one, and to make sure the magic rite was performed with the heads of three bodies, one of whom had been dead only a month. Up to the latest advices the charm had not worked, and the country remains parched."

A High Life Romance.

The official announcement of an engagement between the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of Queen Victoria, and the Grand Duchess Maria Alexandrowna, only daughter of the Czar of Russia, shows that the latter has at length overcome the repugnance of his willful daughter to the above-mentioned match, and that, in some way or other, an end has been put to a curious and romantic love affair, in which the young Russian princess bore the most conspicuous part.

It appears, according to what the gossip of St. Petersburg relate in regard to this affair, that about two years ago the Emperor Alexander the Second, for reasons best known to himself, had resolved to marry his only daughter to the son of the Queen of England. The Grand Duchess Marie was then a young girl of 18, not by any means beautiful, but still very attractive owing to her intelligence and great vivacity. Having been an invalid for years during her childhood, her education had necessarily been neglected; and, when her union with an English prince was decided upon by her imperial father, it was found necessary to get for her a teacher to instruct her in the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

A young professor in the University of St. Petersburg, a Mr. Swayne, an Englishman of aristocratic descent, was intrusted with this task. Twice a day Professor Swayne repaired to the Eremitage and gave the Princess a lesson. To the utter astonishment of her parents, Marie Alexandrowna, who had been anything but a docile pupil under the other teachers, seemed to take the liveliest interest in her English lessons, and even prevailed upon her indulgent father, the Czar, to assign rooms at the Eremitage to Professor Swayne, for a permanent residence.

Several months rolled by in this manner, when, one day, the Emperor told his daughter Marie that he would take her shortly on a trip to a German watering-place, in order to make her acquainted there with her intended, Prince Alfred, of England. To his consternation, the saucy young lady told him he might save himself that trouble, and that she had no idea whatever of marrying the son of Queen Victoria, inasmuch as she had already pledged her hand and heart to Professor Swayne! The Czar of all the Russians was absolutely petrified upon receiving this utterly unexpected communication. He asked his daughter if she was mocking him; but she assured him that she was in dead earnest, and that nothing could avert her from her purpose of marrying "John"—meaning the young English Professor. The Czar knit his brow, and ordered his daughter to go back to her apartments, and then he sent for her mother, the Empress. That good lady shared her husband's astonishment and indignation, and then the English Professor was sent for. With fear and trembling he appeared in the imperial presence, showing plainly that he was not ignorant of the cause that had led to the summons for him to appear before the Emperor. Alexander the Second did not speak unkindly to the young Englishman, but simply asked him to tell him all about that love affair with his daughter. Blushing, and his forehead bathed in a sea of perspiration, Professor Swayne said to the Emperor that, if anybody was to blame, it was the young Grand Duchess, who, one day, had made, to his consternation, a very pointed declaration of love to him, and had almost compelled him to confess to her that he was likewise attached to her. He had vainly represented to her that a union between them was impossible; but she had laughed at him, and had assured him that she would manage the affair in her own way, and carry it to a successful issue. He would gladly have severed his connection with her, but she had told him threateningly, that, if he left her, she would kill herself, but him first.

The Czar listened to this extraordinary story with a clouded brow, but said then to Professor Swayne that he would not blame him for what had occurred, but he must leave Russia within twenty-four hours, and that his salary should be paid to him during life. Professor Swayne promised to do so, and took the same day the Kronstadt steamer for Stockholm. The young Grand Duchess, upon hearing the turn affairs had taken, was inconsolable. She raved and wailed for days in her apartments, and swore to her parents that she would not marry the Duke of Edinburgh. When she was taken shortly afterward by her father to Germany, she refused to meet her intended; and even during her recent sojourn with her mother in Italy, she heaped many a slight upon the Duke. However, her repugnance to the latter has been overcome, and, instead of becoming Mrs. Swayne, the Princess will soon be Duchess of Edinburgh.

Rescued from an Indian.

In the times of the Cherokee troubles in the South, Maj. John Seaborn, who may yet be living in his home in North Carolina, had an adventure which may be worth describing. While a member of a surveying party, encamped on the banks of the Etowah river, in Bartow county, the major one day started to visit a missionary station, situated near a large spring, about a mile and a half inland. He was armed with the hunting-knife in his belt, and not even accompanied by the faithful dog usually attending his steps.

The savages were very bold in their encroachments at that time, and the Carolinian had not followed the forest trail very far before he came upon a gigantic Cherokee, who was leading captive a pony upon which sat in pleading terror an English missionary's daughter, whose too daring morning ride had brought her into the toils of the outlaw.

Seaborn paused for a moment in his unsought concealment in the undergrowth to witness the girl's wild effort to make her pony break free from the iron grasp of the captor, and the latter raise his tomahawk in murderous menace, and then, with a shrill yell of defiance, sprang grandly to the very side of the rearing animal. The beautiful captive had just fallen from the saddle, and as the surprised Indian involuntarily retreated some steps away, the rescuer swiftly caught her in his arms, replaced her on the steed, and bade her ride for her life. She needed no second warning, but was off like the wind; and then the white and red knights confronted each other, with looks meaning battle to the death.

The Indian was a herculean chieftain known as Unakayaswah—the "white-man killer"—and the major, although standing six feet in altitude himself, and proportionately muscular and brave, felt impelled to such skirmishing tactics as might draw his foe toward the camp on the river, and at the same time tempt him to discharge his tomahawk. The moment the Cherokee detected the design in the other's measured backward strides, he bounded forward, brandished his weapon, and when the strategist finally wheeled and broke into a dead run, sent the huge battle-axe hurling through the air. Only by an adroit swerve did Seaborn elude the terrible missile, which, after grazing his hair struck deep into a tree beyond; but now he was upon more even terms with his enemy, upon whom he turned instantly at bay. So quickly did he make the movement that a terrific blow of his flat met his pursuer before the latter could check his advancing impetus, and sent him reeling backward several paces.

Now began the fight in earnest. Thrusting forward and aiming his head like a battering ram, in the manner of athletes of his tribe, the savage came on again with a ringing whoop, his purpose being to throw his head between his adversary's legs, who thereupon would be dashed in Somerset upon his own head. Maj. Seaborn was familiar with this trick, however, and so deftly swung himself aside that it was the headlong assailant who came to the earth, and that on all fours. Then he was down on the discomfited warrior like a wolf, wrenched his arms from their supporting position with agile strength, and in a second had him face downward on the ground like a hawk under an eagle. Momentarily disengaging one hand to make an effort to draw his hunting-knife which had been caught by the handle in his waistband, he gave the Cherokee opportunity to catch the other hand in his teeth and bite it to the bone. In his pain and wrath, the white man repaid this wound with a shower of tremendous blows; but the episode had been a diversion in favor of Unakayaswah, who by a supreme heave and twist, managed to wrest himself from beneath his load, and regain his feet. Terrific fist-cuffs followed, but in these the scientific boxing proficiency of the Carolinian caused such a one-sided business that the sorely punished red giant, after falling to get in a single blow, rallied for a clinch. His object was to force the fighting in the direction of the tree in which stuck his tomahawk, and detecting this purpose, the major fought furiously to thwart it.

Once when the savage hurled himself with all his might upon his foe, the latter's feet caught in a trailing grape vine, and brought him down on his back in the fierce grapple. Both were up again, and then by a skillful trick in wrestling, Seaborn accomplished a fall in which he was uppermost. This time, too, even with a pair of red hands clutching his throat he succeeded in drawing his knife. With a snarling "Wah!" the warrior met this movement by clasping him mightily around the body, and crushing him frantically down upon himself, and it would have been a question whose lungs could longest endure the terrific pressure, but for the sudden appearance of an ally for the white man. A yell and a rush sounded in the bushes, and the major's dog from camp leaped upon the scene, and instantly fastened his keen teeth in the nearest shoulder of his master's enemy.

Unakayaswah lost his grip under this new attack, and was at the mercy of the hunting-knife at the next moment.

"Karnaria! karnaria!" (Enough! enough!) he cried. "Take off the dog. Brave white man kill not great chief. I surrender."

His conqueror bound him hand and foot with his buckskin suspenders, and was humanely staunching the blood from his wounds when the missionary's daughter came dashing back from the station with two armed men for the rescue.

"As they looked at the stalwart form and bloody visage of the savage," said the victor, in his account of it, "and at my own bruised and sanguinary appearance, and listened to my narrative of the desperate struggle, they gave vent to expressions in regard to my strength and prowess, which brought the tings to my cheeks."

"As for the lovely girl whom it had been my enviable fortune to rescue, she honored me with a regard for which I would gladly have dared greater perils, and told of my deliverance of her with tears of gratitude streaming down her cheeks."

In fine keeping with this romantic element of the affair was the marriage of the major and the lady some three months later.

Not for the chivalrous sentiment thus illustrated, however, is the story here retold, but in celebration of a type of Indian character, which is at least above the cowardice of treacherous individual assassination. Unakayaswah ultimately

atoned with his life for some of his savagery in Fauding county, but in the encounter above described, he fought as became a great warrior.

It is worth while to note, also, that in this same hand-to-hand conflict, the white man owed his victory chiefly to the training of civilization, as at critical points of the struggle his knowledge of boxing, skill in giving the wrestler's "fall," and finally even his utilization of canine fidelity for help in such a time of need, gave him a superiority without which the battle might have ended very differently.

Barbarous bravery fights are ever at a disadvantage with educated skill, and degenerate naturally into treachery and brutality.

A Heroic and Happy Kentuckian.

At the gala regatta of the South German Boating Association at Mannheim, in Baden, on the 13th of June, there took place an event which shed considerable luster on American gallantry, and which ended in a most romantic manner. On the above-mentioned day the banks of the Rhine were lined with spectators, among which the South German aristocracy was fully represented. Just as the crews of four boating societies were speeding past the last pillar of the new bridge, a thrilling spectacle attracted all eyes. A handsome young lady, most elegantly dressed, who had been leaning over the low railing of the bridge, suddenly lost her balance and fell into the water, which was at least seventy-five feet underneath. Two or three heart-rending shrieks burst from the lips of those standing near, and then the thousands of spectators, losing all interest in the race, looked with breathless suspense for the result of this terrible accident. The poor young lady struck the water heavily, and disappeared at once. The Rhine at that place is deep and rapid, and when the aged father of the young lady, in a voice of agonizing grief offered a princely reward to whosoever would save his daughter, there was no response.

All at once a tall young man, in the costume of a German student and wearing the gold-embroidered cap of the Vandal Society, of Heidelberg, rushed to the left bank of the river and plunged boldly into the water—a leap of thirty feet. There was a loud shout of applause, and then again a pause of breathless silence. All eyes were riveted on the gallant swimmer, as he struggled against the rapid current at the very spot where the young lady had disappeared. He dived down. What a minute of suspense! But all at once a heavy burden fell from all those oppressed hearts. The swimmer emerged from the depth, and on his arm held the senseless body of the young lady. Another shout of applause rang the welkin. Now two boats rowed rapidly toward the pair, and they did not come any too soon, for the young swimmer was becoming visibly faint, and when he, with his fair burden, was drawn into one of the boats, he sank down with utter exhaustion. When the boat reached the left bank, the young hero was at once the object of a fervent ovation, while the young woman's father took the latter in his arms and carried her, still in an unconscious state, into a carriage.

The young hero was a Kentuckian, named Clarence Goodwin, a law student at the University of Heidelberg. The oldest and most experienced fisherman on the Rhine pronounced his exploit a truly heroic deed, and already on the following morning the Grand Duke of Baden conferred on young Goodwin, who is only nineteen years old, the large gold medal for deeds of courage and devotion. But still a greater reward awaited him. The young lady, whose life he had saved, and who, notwithstanding the terrible shock she had suffered, had soon revived, was the only daughter of the Count of Reigera, one of the wealthiest South German noblemen. Her father went himself to the savior of his daughter, and after thanking him in the most touching manner, brought him to the young Countess. The latter thanked young Goodwin with tears in her eyes, and said that her life-long gratitude belonged to him. During the next few days the two were seen frequently together on the public promenade, and everybody in Mannheim believes that they are engaged to be married.

An Amusing Experiment.

The gas of our cities can be lighted by frictional electricity, excited by a lady's ordinary fur muff. Thus—place four tumbler, upside down, upon the floor of a carpet, and upon these lay a board or other substance to stand upon, within reach of the burner. Upon this insulated board take a person stand, and a second person take the muff and rub it a number of times down the back of the coat of the first, by which he or she (if it be a lady with a woolen shawl on) will become charged with electricity sufficient to light the gas with the tip of the finger, as effectually as if done with an ignited match. To perform the experiment well requires three persons, one to turn on and off the gas, for if done by the person insulated and charged he will not only receive a shock, but discharge the electricity before applying it to the gas. A number of persons can participate in the amusement at the same time, by insulating themselves and joining hands. Let the friction of the muff be applied to the person farthest from the burner, until all become charged, and the person at the other extreme can light the gas, all feeling a sensible shock at the time of ignition or discharge of the fluid.

Among the many useful inventions of modern days, none deserves to rank higher than an ingenious little machine just invented by an American in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. It is called "the business man's bore abater," and its action is simple and effectual. It consists of a button torpedo, with patent nitro-glycerine back-action attachment, that can be worn on the coat like an ordinary button, which it resembles in appearance. When the bore seizes the "abater" it instantly explodes, shivering his hand into a million pieces, and blowing him around the corner into the next street. The inventor, it is stated, has already received orders for all he can manufacture for two years to come.

—Mrs. J. S. West shot her husband in a street car in Louisville, the other day. West was not seriously hurt, and went on his wife's bond, saying she was emotionally insane.