

Wonders Under a Marsh.

A remarkable discovery was recently made in the town of Oneonta, where a company is engaged in digging phosphates from the depths of a swamp. In one place the marsh is underlaid at the depth of twelve feet by an impervious stratum of blue clay, above which are found three successive and distinct eras of deciduous trees that grow only on uplands, such as beech, oak and maple. The second layer is of soft swamp woods, such as elder, basswood and dogwood.

The upper layer is of coniferous trees, such as pine, hemlock and spruce. The puzzle to the naturalist is the finding of upland trees at the bottom of the marsh, with the trunks and larger limbs and abundant specimens of leaves and beech-nuts in a good state of preservation. Another wonder unearthed by the excavations is the finding, at a point five feet below the surface and among the trunks of the coniferous trees, of a flat stone about five feet square which had been utilized as a fireplace.

The blackened stone, the large collection of ashes and cinders, and the bits of crumbling bones of animals indicate that long ages ago somebody cooked food there. That somebody must have been man in the strictly primitive and savage state, for no trace of any utensil or tool, not even a sharpened flint, has been found among the debris of the fire.—Albany Journal.

America the Bourne of the Emigrant.

The degree to which America offers prominent advantages to the emigrant is just now shown strikingly by the existing conditions in Iceland. It is said that that country is gradually becoming depopulated owing to the constant emigration of its people to the shores of Canada and the United States. These emigrants send back such favorable accounts of their new home that others quickly follow. It is estimated that 20,000 natives, nearly one-quarter of the whole population, have left the country in the last year. The emigrants are said to be chiefly from the northern and eastern districts, where labor is carried on only under great difficulties, besides which recent harvests have been very bad and have entailed much suffering.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Frog Child.

A child was born in Birmingham, England, on Sept. 20, which bears a strong resemblance to a frog. Its skin is warty and cold and clammy to the touch; when it cries it makes an unearthly croaking noise. There are three fingers on each hand and four toes on each foot. Besides the points enumerated it has many other characteristics of a frog, even to huge, knotty looking, lidless eyes. The parents are almost distracted over the occurrence and hourly pray for it to die.

There are two other "frog child" cases on record, one the offspring of a Piute squaw in Nevada, which was born about ten years since, the other a monstrosity which first saw the light of day at Goshen, Ind., in January, 1889.—St. Louis Republic.

The Age of Indian Outbreaks is Past.

There is not the smallest danger of a serious Indian outbreak in the northwest. The conditions existing in this region have been entirely changed by the building of railroads and the establishment of means of rapid communication among posts. It is quite impossible to organize an Indian outbreak under the eye of the agent on reservations without the conspiracy becoming known. With existing means of communication and transport an outbreak could be crushed in its incipency by a rapid concentration of troops. There are elements which might once have been dangerous in the situation at Standing Rock—a heaven sent prophet and a meddler woman—but the age of Indian outbreaks is past. Portland Oregonian.

Dead in the Saddle.

A special from Payson, U. T., says John Bolton accidentally killed himself while going horseback from Payson to Salem. In the middle of the forenoon he left town to visit his sister in Salem, taking with him a double barreled shotgun, with which he shot himself. He was found on horseback with half the right side of his head blown off. He was sitting in the saddle leaning his head over the horse's neck. Apparently the horse had not moved since the gun exploded. It is believed that he had been dead in the saddle two hours.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Three little boxes of Ceylon tea, each weighing five pounds, were sold by auction in London recently at the extraordinary price of \$7.62 per pound. It was a very rare variety known as "choicest golden tipped pekoe." The leaf was small, but literally blazed with golden tipping.

Wade Wilfong, colored, thrashed a school teacher in Pasquotank county, N. C., in ante-bellum days, and had to skip out. He settled at Sedalia, Mo., later, and having since got rich is now on a visit to his old home to buy the plantation on which he worked as a slave.

A new material called rubber velvet is made by sprinkling powdered felt of any color over rubber cloth while the latter is hot and soft. The result looks like felt cloth, but is elastic, waterproof and exceedingly light.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Louis Fagan, master of prints in the British museum, is on his way to this country on a tour of the world. He will lecture on the treasures of the British museums while on his travels.

A tunnel to Prince Edward island across Northumberland straits, a distance of six and a half miles is the next great engineering feat talked of in Canada.

A Ghost Identified by a Photograph.

What is said to be a haunted house is situated at Andersonville, half a mile west of Scottsdale, Pa. The house is said to be visited by the ghost of its former owner, and for that reason a family has just vacated it. The house has been visited every night this week by many persons desirous of seeing the ghost. They say that in watching the residence about 13 o'clock at night you will see a curious light gleam forth from the upstairs window. Mrs. William Mier, who occupied the house until a few weeks ago and vacated it on account of the fear of the supposed ghost, relates a thrilling story of her adventure.

She says that about a week ago, late at night, she went upstairs, and was horrified to see the face and hands of what she thought greatly resembled a human being. It frightened her to such an extent that she fainted. When she related her story to her husband he laughed her to scorn, but a few days ago she induced him to go up stairs at a stated hour and see if he could see the supernatural being. He complied with her request, and was amazed to see the same face and hands, which had every indication of a human being.

The supposed ghost resembled an old man, and as the house was owned and occupied by Jacob Anderson, who died a few years since, a great many people thought it was probably his ghost. Accordingly Mrs. Mier, who is a stranger in this place, visited Mrs. John Goldsborough, who is a daughter of the late Jacob Anderson. An album was given her containing Anderson's photograph, which she quickly recognized on sight. Mrs. Mier never saw Anderson, and the moment she looked at his picture she recognized it as being an exact likeness of the face she saw in the old Anderson house.

The people don't take much stock in spook business, but Mrs. Mier's and other people's stories, who are accredited with seeing the one spoken of, are certainly increasing the belief in this vicinity that there are such visitations. Mrs. Mier is an intelligent lady.—Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Watermelon Loaded with Wasps.

There was a funny occurrence on Pratt street wharf Wednesday. A sailor on an oyster pungy which had been cruising about the oyster grounds off Mogothy river landed with a dilapidated looking watermelon under his right arm. The mariner entered a nearby saloon and laid the piece of fruit down.

It being a little late in the season for melons a crowd gathered around to look at the sailor's find, and several of them emphatically expressed doubts as to the soundness of the melon. The sailor, innocent of what was inside of it, said to prove the melon was in good shape he would plug it before carrying it to his best girl, to whom he intended to present it. He did so, and upon extracting a piece of the rind about 100 wasps flew out and made things lively about the place.

It seems that the melon was somewhat overripe, and while lying neglected in its bed a family of wasps had bored a small hole in one end of it and taken up their abode therein. The man who brought it to town rushed out of the place with several of the insects settling down upon his face, and in his hurry he knocked over an Italian fruit stand, fell on a cat, which was nearly crushed to death, and nearly knocked two policemen into the dock. The restaurant man put out his gas and left his dogs to fight the wasps.—Baltimore Herald.

Speculation Over Ruins.

The strange story, told on good authority, of the ruins of a great fortified city, built of dressed granite blocks, found on the Mashonaland plateau, in South Africa, has given rise to a great deal of curious speculation, for its history is wholly unknown. Many of the walls are completely covered by the dense jungle, and very old trees grow on the top of the ruins. If the city or fort was built by natives it must have been in remote periods of time, when there was a higher civilization than now, but it is just possible that the fort was constructed under the direction of early Portuguese explorers and by the aid of cheap slave labor.

Only a superficial view has been made of the ruins, but light may be thrown on the mystery when the houses themselves have been explored. Light is being rapidly turned on the Dark Continent, and the stories that come from it are as interesting as those sent to Europe from this country 300 to 400 years ago. Then, however, the news was not widely disseminated. Now every one who chooses can learn from day to day what is going on in Africa as in other parts of the world.—Exchange.

One Man Against a Pack of Wolves.

Andrew Phillipot, a farmer living near Sallisaw, I. T., set out to visit a sick neighbor half a mile distant Friday night, and while passing through a lonely woods on his return home was attacked by a pack of wolves. He was unarmed, but seized a large stick, and as the wolves came closer and closer he kept them at bay while he hallooed for help. A big wolf sprang at him, but he beat it off, wounding it, and made a break for a tree. The wolves followed, snarling and snapping at his heels. Again Phillipot drove them back and ran to another tree. In this way he succeeded in getting in sight of his house, and his cries brought assistance. The rescue was timely, as Phillipot fainted from exhaustion just as help reached him.—Cor. Dallas News.

Wants His Presents Back.

William Shoneman has applied to the police of Lincoln, Neb., for aid in recovering \$45 worth of presents he had given Carrie Struber, his late betrothed. Miss Struber is a tall, handsome young woman, who Shoneman says had agreed to meet him at the Burlington depot Thursday night and run off to Omaha to get married. He was there, but she wasn't, and he says refused to have anything more to do with him. He therefore wants his presents.—Cor. Omaha World-Herald.

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