

WOLVES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

The law authorizes the payment of \$8 in Pennsylvania for the scalp of every wolf killed in the state, but not for a good many years has a wolf-scalp been offered for the bounty until last week, when the county authorities of Potter county received one from a woodman named Casey. He said he had killed the wolf at Gray's clearing, on the head waters of Pine creek, near the deep wilderness known as Dark Forest. He was staying all night at Grey's cabin, when he was awakened by a great commotion in Grey's cowpen. He and Grey seized their guns and rushed out doors, suspecting that a bear was the cause of the uproar. The cow was bellowing loudly, and as the men approached the log inclosure they saw that she was being attacked by half a dozen animals which they thought were dogs. Casey took aim at one and fired and Grey also fired. The one Casey shot fell to the ground. The others fled to the woods, howling as they went. The animal Casey shot was found to be a wolf, an animal that every one believed was long ago extinct in the State. The cow was badly torn by the teeth of the wolves and she would soon have fallen a victim to the ravenous pack. Casey says that hunters have been out after the rest of the pack for several days but have not found any trace of them. The county authorities paid the \$8 for the scalp and it will be mounted and hung in the commissioner's office as a curiosity. — *New York Sun*.

A TIGER'S POUNCE.

A small party were on a trip through the Sunderbunds. It was a hot, sultry day. Opposite where they were one huge alligator stretching out its scaly length on the sands, lay fast asleep. They had observed it for some time, when one of the party, touching his friend's hand, pointed to the jungle.

Slowly issuing from the close brushwood was seen an immense tiger. Softly and with silent steps it advanced, raised up one foot, poised it some time in the air, then quietly lowering it, raised the other, crouching till its belly nearly touched the ground. In this way it advanced, exactly as a cat when stealing upon a mouse. Having come to within its bounding distance it rose, lifted its tail, and then, lashing it on the ground, leaped. The next second it was on the alligator's back and holding on by the nape of the neck.

The monster of the deep, thus rudely shaken from his midday slumber, opened his terrific jaws and tried to seize the tiger in vain. It then employed its saw-like tail and lashed the sides of the forest denizen, but still the tiger held on. The contest thus kept on some time. At length the efforts of the alligator became weaker and weaker, till at last they ceased altogether. Still the tiger held on. After some time he let go his hold, got off the brute's back and seizing it by the body,

dragged it some distance on the shore and there sat over it exactly as a cat does a mouse.

For a while it sat thus, then, rising, dragged it into the jungle. But the strangest part is yet behind. About an hour after this what should be seen but the poor alligator crawling towards the water, much lacerated but not killed; a proof that that the tiger does not kill simply because he is hungry. — *London Globe*.

DEATH OR INSANITY.

The insanity of a man who was searching for supposed buried treasure near Columbia City, adds another chapter to a tradition which has been current in this state from the earliest pioneer days. It is said that in 1841 a Spanish bark dropped anchor opposite the present town site of Columbia City, and near the farm now owned by Hez Copley. There was a large amount of treasure aboard the vessel and the crew conspired to obtain possession of it. They mutinied, assassinated the captain and buried the gold and silver somewhere on the Copley farm. Some say that the treasure was buried before the captain was killed, and that the man who buried it mysteriously disappeared immediately afterward. Others claim that it was buried after the mutiny, and that the men were frightened away by a band of red skins. At any rate the mutineers failed to find the treasure when they returned. Others who became acquainted with the fact that a great fortune had been buried on or near Copley's farm, made unsuccessful efforts to find it, but always with serious consequences to one or more of the searching parties. At a spiritualistic meeting in this city, some five or six years ago, a Spiritualist claimed to have a revelation as to the identical spot where the Spaniards had covered up their ill-gotten wealth. Several Spiritualists, reposing confidence in the revelation, visited Copley's farm, and after searching several days, discovered a large deposit of small rocks at a depth of a foot, and supposed the money to be buried beneath it. While they were at work removing the rocks, one of the men dropped dead. This created such consternation among the rest that the party abandoned their labors.

No further efforts to secure the hidden treasure were put forth until last week, when another party went on the wild goose chase. Among them was William Matthews, who succeeded in locating the rock deposit. While delving underneath it he struck a mass of human bones. During the few moments consumed in examining them Matthews was transformed into a raving maniac. After that his associates also abandoned the work. Matthews was brought to this city on the steamer *Alarm*, and is now under the care of friends, who will cause his removal to the insane asylum should he not soon recover his reason. — *Globe Democrat's Portland Special*.

THE OPIUM-EATER.

Thomas DeQuincey, the opium-eater, whose "Confessions" form one of the most popular and beautifully written books in the English language, was very fond of children, and was, in stature, a very little man.

In his later days he lived in a pretty cottage not far from Lasswade by the river Esk, a few miles from Edinburgh. He was very fond of having a juvenile companion with him in his walks, and got to love very much the son of a humble neighbor, who was quite as fond of accompanying him in his strolls round about, or in his walks round his garden, as in playing with companions of his own age. But the perfect familiarity that the opium-eater's kindness bred in the boy led to some strange speeches.

One day the talk turned on people's ages; and the boy said:

"Well, now, I'm only six, and people say I am big for my age; how old are you?"

"Well," said De Quincey, "I am about ten times six now, or thereabout."

"Oh, my!" said the boy, "and you're no more than that bigger than I am," putting his hand a little up above his head. "Were you ever a man, or have you grown down again?"

"Well, my dear," said De Quincey, "I think I have grown down again a little and that makes me very fond of boys and girls," with a sweet smile.

"Ah, well, lad," said the boy musingly, "I would like to be a big man and able to ride big horses like father, but afterwards I would like to grow down again like you, and walk about with a little boy like me, just as you do when I come."

Perhaps it was this same boy that Mrs. Baird Smith, De Quincey's daughter, tells of, who, walking round and round the garden one day, suddenly asked the old man, "What d'ye call that tree?" to which De Quincey, with the careful consideration which he gave to any question, began, "I am not sure, my dear, but I think it must be a laurustinus."

"A laurustinus!" said the boy with some surprise. "Lad, d'ye uo ken (know) a rhododendron?" The "lad" must have been about seventy at the time.

Mechanical refrigeration has been successfully applied in the laying of piers for bridges, where treacherous silt and quicksand make excavation by the ordinary methods difficult; the semi-fluid material at the bottom of the caisson being frozen by the application of pure brine and removed while still solid. It seems probable that the same method may be of service in tunneling through such materials in the beds of rivers. Indeed, the fields of usefulness of processes for the production of artificial cold are being extended daily, and they doubtless are destined to take an even more important place in the industrial world of the future than they have in that of the past.