which was coiled around the car. It created a fearful sound, and not being properly secured to the car, dropped into the lake and was lost. About twenty-five minutes past 5, being half a mile high, we commenced descending with great rapidity, and landed in the water in a minute and a half. All seized the rope and pressed upon the sides of the car. All the provisions got wet and were partially spoiled. Threw out a small quantity of ballast and ascended again. About twenty minutes to 6 again descended with great velocity, and again found ourselves in the lake, but quickly rose again with the loss of a bag of sand. About eight minutes to six had reached a great altitude, and commenced drifting towards the shore. At 6 o'clock passed over the beach, a good breeze blowing—could see several villagers, and passed Eighteen-Mile creek at ten minutes past 6, traveling, Mr. King thought, thirty miles an hour, at least. In a few minutes we had reached an altitude of two miles; it became hazy, and we could no longer see Buffalo. At twelve minutes after 6 we passed almost over Eden, and heard the people shouting and dogs barking. All hands felt exceedingly jolly. The balloon commenced to descend, and shouts of "come down and we will take you back to Buffalo" were heard. Gave three cheers and a tiger for Eden. Rose again and passed lengthwise over a piece of woods. About twenty minutes to 7 we neared the earth and threw out the anchor and descended in an oat-field. The people came out and helped to hold the anchor, and we finally touched the ground in an adjoining corn-field. About ten minutes past 7 we rose from Eden amid the cheering of a crowd of about one hundred persons. The ballast was thrown overboard freely, and in two minutes time we rose to the height of one mile and a half. At this height the cold became intense, and overcoats were brought into requisition. Our course was nearly due south. We passed over Collins and other villages, in several of which displays of fireworks could be seen. At four minutes of 8 o'clock the gas commenced coming out of the bottom of the balloon, a sign that an elevation of two miles had been reached, and for the first time Mr. King opened the valve. At 8 o'clock we passed over Cattaraugus creek. Here we sailed over an enormous tract of woods. Descent on the homeward side was spoken of but the aeronaut decided to sail over them. The balloon descended very nearly to the tree tops, but then the last bag of ballast was taken in hand and judicious use of its contents carried us over. From this point it began to grow dark. The country was heavy wooded, and whenever the earth was approached the forbidding tree tops were underneath, and it was necessary to rise again, to accomplish which the boards from the bottom of the car were ripped up and thrown overboard. The course continued over the interminable forests of Cattaraugus county, though it was impossible to judge in which direction we were drifting. Shortly before 11 o'clock we drew near a mountain top, and not having sufficient buoyance to clear the tree tops, went crashing through them in a manner more dashing than pleasant. Mr. King, seeing that a descent was inevitable, as nearly all the ballast was gone, dropped anchor a few minutes afterward, and at precisely 11 o'clock rebounded, and it caught in what proved to be the top of a pine tree, nearly one hundred feet high. The anchor-rope let down the balloon about fifty feet, and a line dropped, showed that the party was at that distance from the ground suspended there between heaven and earth. The hours of night were watched out, and shortly after daylight at twenty minutes past 5 a. m., the anchor rope was cut and the Hyperion came down by the run, landing the party without a bruise; but the balloon was ripped into shreds by the branches of the pine. Investigation showed that the night had been spent anchored to the tallest tree of Rock Robbie, the highest span of the Alleghanies, in McKean or Warren county, Pennsylvania, a point about fourteen miles southeast of Warren, and seventy-five miles nearly due south of Buffalo.

CHESTER.

Fatal Result of a Prurient Curiosity.

A couple of fellows have for two or three weeks past been troubling persons living in the upper part of Massillion, Ohio, by walking around their houses, looking into windows, and rattling blinds. At a Mr. Pease's house especially they have been troublesome, having for several evenings past regularly visited, just as the family were retiring. At first little attention was paid to these visits, but they became so frequent and regular that the matter grew serious, and measures had to be taken to either catch the rascals or at least drive them off the premises. On Friday night at 10 o'clock they again made their appearance at a window of the bed room occupied by Mrs. Church—a widowed sister of Mr. Pease and Mrs. Ricks, whose husband died a month or two ago. The occupants of the room had not retired, but were sitting with Mr. Pease, awaiting the approach of their visitors. Just at 10 o'clock the blinds of an outside shutter were seen to move, when Mr. Pease quickly seized a shot-gun, and intending to frighten the fellow by a random shot, fired. A man fell sideways to the ground, killed instantly by the innumerable shot, which pierced his forehead. His companion escaped unknown. The cry for "help," taken in connection with the loud report of the gun, soon brought together a large number of neighbors, and for time great excitement prevailed. The effect of his chance shot caused Mr. Pease to become almost frantic. He at once surrendered himself to the proper officers, but was immediately released on merely nominal bail. The name of the man so disgracefully killed in the very act of preparing a window through which to look upon retiring females, is John Eischer. He was one of the German molders who worked at Russell's, only twenty-four or five years old, and but lately married. The killing was entirely accidental, though the shooting was not. Considering the annoyance and fright occasioned by the many nightly visits, the affair is looked upon in Massillion as perfectly justifiable, though certainly lamentable.

SHAD.

The history of shad, says an exchange, must be very curious and interesting, though so little is known with certainty of their lives and habits. It is a popular belief that they annually ascend fresh water streams for the purpose of spawning, and that having discharged this function they die and never return. Birds of passage go north in the spring to breed, and having raised their young, on the approach of cold weather, or sooner, they return, taking their young with them. Water fowls, whose Southern haunts are thousands of miles from us, still migrate to the North to raise their young. But shad fishes die, they never return. Their young, in some mysterious way, entering upon a precarious existence in the fresh water rivers of the Northern states, at some period in their age or growth, abandon their native streams and seek the salt water of the ocean. Through what regions they pass in their unknown wanderings can only be surmised, for they are no more seen until the next spring season, when the telegraph brings the intelligence that shad have been caught—the first of the season, in the neighborhood of Cape Hatteras. Always traveling northward, they ascend the streams to fill the estuaries in regular succession, penetrating every indentation of the coast to Cape Cod, where if any remain still wandering, they again take to the wide waters of the ocean, perhaps again to travel the same extensive circuit, perhaps to wander aimless during the balance of a brief existence. Still, true to their instincts, they appear again on our Southern coasts with the same certaintainty, and almost the same exactness with which the sun enters a constellation, and again perform the same weary round. Of food they take none, nor are they ever at rest.

It is well that this country is very large, else it would be necessary, in a short time, to withdraw the invitation to all the people of the rest of the world to come and live here. The recent arrivals from China and Japan, together with the usual arrivals from Ireland and Germany, and other parts of Europe, look alarming at first glance, and seriously suggest the purchase of several other Alaskas than the one recently secured. The London *News* is becoming alarmed for England, and talks in the following rather suggestive manner:

Are we witnessing the beginning of an English exodus? Some prophets of evil have long foretold that some day our laborers would find the way the Irish peasantry found to prosperity and independence, and that when they did so, an exodus would begin. Whatever be the explanation of the fact, the increase of emigration from Liverpool is becoming almost alarming. If in a single week nearly 7,800 persons can find means to set out on a journey to the western world, it is at least clear that a movement is on progress which needs no special government aid to keep it going. But it is very doubtful whether this emigration touches the classes who are supposed to need it most. It is not the agricultural laborer nor the hereditary pauper of the towns who is hurrying to Liverpool with his to the West. It is altogether another class. Probably most of the persons who crowded the ten steamers which left Liverpool last week were from the great cities and the manufacturing towns of England and Germany. Their emigration is the result of the late commercial panic. "There is little to earn and many to keep," and the more energetic earners are pushing to other markets with their labor. Probably so far as it has yet gone, the movement is a beneficial one; but it will be beneficial just in proportion as it is spontaneous. It is a natural movement of the population which may be anxiously watched by patriotic statesmen, but should neither be encouraged nor checked. Many merchants and manufacturers are already alarmed by it; and though we see little in it to cause alarm—nothing which threatens us with an exodus of labor—we can well see that it would be infinitely to the advantage of the country to find some means of giving these enterprising spirits a career at home.

A New Version of Woman's Rights.

A Wife Living Peaceably with Two Husbands.

There is a very remarkable case of matrimonial felicity (?) in this city which is not generally known to the public. In the west division lives a woman with two husbands, to each of whom she has been married in legal form. At the time the war broke out this woman was living with her first husband, by whom she had three children. Soon after the breaking out of the rebellion her husband enlisted and went off in the *role* of a brave soldier boy. A year or two after his wife heard that he was killed in battle. She heard nothing from him personally, the war closed, and he failed to write or to report at his former "headquarters" in Chicago. His wife now considered herself a widow, beyond all doubt, and in course of time she married again. But, a few months ago, to her amazement, husband number 1, whom she had mourned as dead, returned to his long-deserted domicile, but, like Enoch Arden, only to find his wife the spouse of another man. But, unlike Enoch Arden, he failed to die of a broken heart. A council of war was held by the three heads of the family, and the difficulty amicably adjusted. What to some men and women similarly situated would have resulted in pistols, blood and litigation, was settled readily and satisfactorily by this amiable trio. It was mutually agreed that both husbands should continue to be "liege lords" of the woman, on equal terms, and she should be the wife of both husbands. Soon after the soldier-husband's return home, the wife presented to him and to the world another child, the offspring of husband No. 2. But this little circumstance did not seem to disturb the equilibrium of No. 1, nor the peace of the household. And there dwells that "happy family"—one wife, two husbands and four children—in a small cottage, as quietly and contentedly, to all appearances, as if nothing unusual had ever happened. Verily, this is an age of wonders, and Chicago is the place where they are to be found.—*Chicago Journal.*

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