THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

E. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

JOSIAH B. WIGGIN of Stratham, N. H., has an apple tree which this year bore 33 bushels of apples, not one of which exceeded an inch and a half in diameter.

A WHITE swan, measuring 56 1-2 inches from the tip of the toes to the end of the beak, and 85 inches across the wings, and weighing 11 1-2 pounds, was shot recently near Washington, Pa.

PICKPOCKETS frequent all funeral ins New York, and are only captured by detectives shrewd enough to keep their eyes on the members of the cortege who seem to be the most deeply and solemnly affected.

SEVERAL girls were recently brought before a Justice in Scranton, Pa., on a charge of stoning a peaceable old lady. Their defense was that she was a witch and they believed it to be their duty to stone her to death.

IN the Island of Jersey the practice is to skim milk when it is 24 hours old; in Guernsey, a few miles distant, the milk is churned whole without being skimmed, after it has become thoroughly soured.

THE Tokio *Times* asserts that English influence is declining in Japan. The English employees do their work with diligence and fidelity, but do not conciliate the regard of the Japs. According to the *Times* the Americans are the most popular foreigners.

IN the tenth volume of his "Archives de la Bastille," M. Ravaisson deals with the question of the Man in the Iron Mask. His solution is that this mysterious being was Sebastien de Penancourt, Comte de Kerounalle, ensign of the Duc de Beaufort's guards, and brother of "Madam Carwell," mistress of Charles II.

DR. MILES, in his work on domestic animals, says, as showing the influence of feed on the fecundity of domestic animals, that among the barren hills of the west of Scotland two lambs will be borne by about one ewe in twenty; whereas, in England, on the rich pastures, something like one ewe in three will bear two lambs.

A NUMBER of old dwarfs and young children arrived at New York the other day, from Italy. They were brought here for the purpose of making beggars of them. One of the men was over 70 years of age. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children will return the children, and the Italian Consul will take charge of the dwarfs, and send them back to their own country.

Two men started from Minneapolis on the same train carrying conflicting deeds to a piece of land in Sioux Falls, and each resolved to get his document recorded first. As they approached that city one of them climbed upon the engine, slipped the coupling, left the train to take care of itself, and rushed on, securing a record of his title half an hour in advance of his rival, who had to wait for another locomotive.

AT a seminary not many miles from London a huge mastiff exhibited wonderful powers. At 6 o'clock every week day morning he will ring the school bell to awaken the inmates, by tugging at the rope that hangs within his reach, and on Sundays one hour later. He is soon admitted in the building, when his task is the distribution of 20 pairs of boots to their proper rooms. A new pair at first perplexes him, but after putting around all the others has no trouble in deciding to whom the new ones belong.

GREAT excitement was caused in Lima by the capture of the Peruvian iron-clad, the Huascar. Subscriptions were at once opened for the purchase of another war vessel, to be called the Almirante Gran, and to swell the fund devoted to this purpose, Peruvian ladies are reported to be contributing their diamonds and their plate. One lady sent diamonds valued at £2,000 to be converted into money for the ship the day after the subscription was opened.

A REMARKABLE case of surgery has been reported to the French Academy of Medicine. A carpenter nearly cut off the big toe of his right foot with an ax. The toe was held to the foot by a small thread of skin only. Dr. Ganey detached the toe completely, and having washed it and the wound on the foot, brought the surface together again and held them in place by strips of lint, soaked with collodion. When the collodion had set another strip was wound round. An apparatus was used also to keep all parts of the foot immovable. Twenty-four days after the accident the cicatrization was perfect.

THERE is in the Royal Library at Stockholm an immense manuscript, which, when open, covers about a square yard of surface, and requires two or three men to lift it. It consists of 309 leaves of thick parchment, probably of asses' skin, and contains the Old Testament, the Antiquities and Jewish Wars of Josephus, the Origines of Isidore, a medical work of Johannicius Johannes Alexandrinus, the New Testament, a curious picture of the devil, and other miscellaneous matter. It belonged to a small Benedictine monastery at Podlazic, in Bohemia, and tradition asserts that it was written in one night, with the devil's help, by an imprisoned monk. The date of its transcription may be ascribed to the period between 1224 and 1239. Late in the sixteenth century it was taken to Prague, whence it was carried off by the Swedes in the last year of the thirty years' war (1649). Since then it has been in its present home.

THE discovery that an animal on the farm, however valuable, has a broken leg is generally the signal for taking its life, as if no other course were possible. Mr. T. C. Naramore, Williston, Vt., declares that in most cases a cure can be effected, and he describes his plan of treatment in the *American Cultivator*: "The difficulty of managing an animal in the ordinary way is that it keeps straining the leg, thus preventing the broken parts from knitting together. If the leg is swollen, cold water is one of the best applications for removing the swelling, and this should have immediate attention. After the bone is carefully set in case the fractured parts (also a space above and below them) with heavy leather something like a boot-leg. Tin or wood might answer the same purpose. It should be large enough to leave two inches space all around the leg, which space should be filled in solid with wet plaster of Paris. The latter will harden very quickly and hold the bone as securely in position as though in a block of wood, still allowing a free circulation of blood within the leg."

MR. HAWEIS, a leading London Episcopalian parson of the Broad Church type, has lately preached a striking sermon on the drama, in which he said: "Though the teaching may not be direct, no picture of human life can fail to be instructive, and the dramatist and actor are both responsible for impressions made. How incalculable for good and evil are these indirect teachings of the stage. How often a man has sat quietly and seen his own mean life sifted before his eyes—seen the Nemesis fall which was awaiting the close of his own career—watched tendencies in himself played out to the bitter end, and paused. There are sermons preached before the footlights which go home, where the pulpit is unheard or unheeded."

Sport on a Nevada Log Flume.

At the summit of that cascade in bondage the flume begins. Its track is a trough of heavy planks, converging in an angle like that which is bounded by the two sides of a prism. Down this canal, whose sides are worn very smooth by the gentle but persistent friction of water, and by the many rubs and knocks of its freightage, the wood, the stream flows sleekly and swiftly, with a motion not dissimilar to the gliding of a snake. As the flume winds, the current weaves this side and that, as if seeking escape, like the caged power that it is. Unremitting as the endless chain in machinery, untiring as the natural brooks by which it is fed, its capacity for burden is unlimited, and the statistics show that this little thread of water transports daily from the mountain top to the valley half a million feet of mining timber, or 700 cords of wood. At places along its route there are stations of relay, or reinforcement rather, where feeders pour in and compensate for the waste incurred by leakage or overflow. It follows no regular grade, but accommodates itself to the side of the mountain, however steep, and is swift accordingly. What is the rate of speed I do not know; but this I have noticed, that it is so rapid that a horse can not drink from it, for if he turns his head up the hill the current floods his nostrils, and facing down stream the water falls away from his mouth, as it did from the lips of the doomed Tantalus.

Venturesome people have sailed down it in boats, but such voyagers have been too much occupied with the safe navigation of their cockle crafts to keep any accurate log of their journey. There is a great deal of sport and not a little danger about this method of going to sea, and so it is a favorite pastime with the men of Lake Tahoe on a Sunday afternoon. Indeed, its reputation as a manly amusement has become more than local, and travelers from abroad feel that their tour has been for naught if they have not consummated their adventures by a ride down the flume. Looking across the valleys and seeing the silver filament of water hanging down the mountains they feel their bosoms thrill with the desire and ambition of Sam Patch, and would rather forego their swim in Salt Lake or a shot at a buffalo than to miss this latest episode of American travel.

Persons practiced in the art, those who hold cool heads and the equipoise of accomplished skaters, will step on the floating timbers as they scud by, ride till their heads swim, and then disembark as best they may. Or, more timorous, the pleasure-seeker seats himself upon the narrow and uncertain deck of a railroad-tie, clings to the same with tenacious hands and feet, and launches himself to his fate. As his speed increases the spray flies, and his boat wavers and threatens to capsize; he thrusts his arms into the air, and with frantic gesticulations endeavors to preserve his balance. A little further on she ships a sea into his boots, and instinctively lifts them toward the sky. Now he presents an example of that object so repugnant to natural laws—a very broad body on a very narrow base, and in consequence he is speedily brought to wreck and discomfiture.

Better than these expedients it is to make a boat by nailing two short planks together in a shape like that of the flume, but smaller, so that it will float therein. Tack on a slat as a brace for your feet, lay a short board across as a seat, establish yourself thereon, and you have a navicular toboggan which will bear you safely to the end of the groove in which it runs. Take in hand a lath as a balance wand, unmoor yourself, and go. Now you are started you must continue, at least until you reach some stretch of level ground on which the current slacks its pace. Beware lest you lose your head and topple over to this side or that; you will be sadly bruised, and perhaps killed, if you do. Beware lest you become frightened and foolish, and grasp at the sides of the flume; they are of splintery and unplaned boards, and will tear your hands to pieces. Scylla and Charybdis are very close to you as you ride down the narrow strait, and, moreover, they are continuous as the journey is long. You will undoubtedly regret with sickness of the heart, and perhaps sickness of the stomach, that you ever embarked on a cascade ten miles in length, but bear up. Though it be distress to you, yet it is good amusement for the men at Tahoe, who, walking patrol along the flume, see you flit by, swift as the Flying Dutchman, pale as the phantom of a man dead with seasickness.—*Good Company.*

The Old-Fashioned Girl.

A writer in the *Examiner and Chronicle* says that the blessing of heaven may fall upon any "old-fashioned girl." He once knew such girls, and sketches a portrait of one of them as follows:

She flourished 30 or 40 years ago. She was a little girl until she was 15. She used to help her mother wash the dishes, and keep the kitchen tidy, and she had an ambition to make pies so nicely that papa could not tell the difference between them and mamma's. She could fry griddle-cakes at 10 years of age, and darn her own stockings before she was 12, to say nothing of knitting them herself. She had her hours of play, and enjoyed herself to the fullest extent. She had no very costly toys, to be sure, but her rag doll and little bureau and chair that Uncle Tom made, were just as valuable to her as the twenty-dollar wax doll and elegant doll furniture the children have now-a-days. She never said, "I can't," "I don't want to," to her mother, when asked to leave her play, and run up stairs or down on an errand, because she had not been brought up in that way. Obedience was a cardinal virtue in the old-fashioned little girl. We do not suppose she had her hair in curl-papers or crimping-pins, or had it "banged" over her forehead, and her flounces were no trouble to her. She learned to sew by making patchwork, and we dare say could do an "over-and-over" seam as well as nine-tenths of the grown-up women now-a-days. The old-fashioned little girl did not grow into a young lady and talk about beaux before she was in her teens, and she did not read dime-novels, and was not fancying a hero in every plow-boy she met. She learned the solid accomplishments as she grew up. She was taught the art of cooking and housekeeping. When she got a husband, she knew how to cook him a dinner. She was not learned in French verbs or Latin declensions, and her near neighbors were spared the agony of hearing her pound out "The Maiden's Prayer" and "Silver Threads Among the Gold" twenty times a day on the piano. But we have no doubt she made her family quite as comfortable as the modern young lady does hers. It may be a vulgar assertion, but we honestly believe that when it comes to keeping a family happy, a good cook and housekeeper is to be greatly preferred above an accomplished scholar. When both sets of qualities are found together, as they sometimes are, then is the household over which such a woman has control blessed.

The old-fashioned little girl was modest in her demeanor, and she never talked slang or used by-words. She did not laugh at old people or make fun of cripples, as we saw some modern little girls doing the other day. She had respect for elders, and was not above listening to words of counsel from those older than herself. She did not think she knew as much as her mother, and that her judgment was as good as her grandmother's. She did not go to parties by the time she was 10, and stay till after midnight playing euchre and dancing with any chance young man who happened to be present. She went to bed in season, and doubtless said her prayers before she went, and slept the sleep of innocence, and rose up in the morning happy and capable of giving happiness.

Chinese Fires and Fire Brigades.

To save their cities from destructive fires the Chinese observe many necessary precautions. In the streets of many of their cities wells are sunk, which are called *tai-pingtsieng*, or "great peace-wells." They are large and contain abundant supplies of water, and over the mouth of each a stone slab is placed which is only removed when any of the neighboring houses are on fire. It is provided by law that there shall be placed in various parts of a Chinese city large tubs to be kept at all times full of water. On the side of each of these vessels is written in large Chinese letters the words "peace-tubs" or cisterns. On the tops of the houses, also, it is not unusual for the Chinese to place earthen jars containing water, so that they may always have at hand sufficient water to enable them to suppress incipient fires.

In each large city there are several fire brigades maintained entirely by contributions on the part of the citizens. The fire engines, water-buckets and lanterns which belong to them are kept, as a rule, in the different temples of the city; and each brigade is distinguished by a peculiar name. To each guild a fire brigade is attached, and the expenses of the brigade are defrayed by the members of the guild. The officers and men of the brigade are provided with a distinctive uniform or dress, and on their hats are recorded in large Chinese characters the name or number of their brigade, and the words Kow-fo, or fire-extinguisher.

Besides these provisions by the citizens themselves, for the purpose of checking or putting out fires, the members of the local government of each city are called upon to render their assistance. By way of illustration let me take Canton. Each magistrate of the city has in his service several men whose duty it is on the occurrence of fire to prevent robberies. Thus the Kwong-hip, or commandant of the Chinese garrison in Canton, has under him, besides others, 80 men, of whom 20 are to assist in preventing robberies when a fire takes place, and 60 are to assist in putting out the fire. Of these men 20 are stationed at the Five Genii gate of the city and 40 in the western suburb. Under the immediate command of the Governor there are 200 men, whose duty in a great measure consists in helping firemen to subdue the conflagrations. Throughout the city of Canton there are 48 guard-houses, and from each of these, in the event of a fire, two men are told off to hasten to the scene. At the close or commencement of each succeeding month throughout the year, the Provincial Judge and the Provincial Treasurer, both of whom are very high officials, are supposed to inspect all the Government servants whose duty it is to assist in putting out fire.

Once more: with a view of making all Chinese officials active in the discharge of these duties, it is enacted that, in the case of 80 houses being destroyed by fire, all the officers in the city in which the conflagration occurred shall be degraded in rank one step; and that in case 10 houses are destroyed the matter shall be reported to the Central Government at Pekin. A few days after a conflagration the members of each successive Fire Brigade which was present on the occasion receive, as an acknowledgment of their good services, roast pigs, jars of wine and small sums of money. The men to whom is assigned the dangerous duty of holding the hose attached to the engines receive, on such occasions, extra rewards. Wounded firemen are remunerated according to the nature of their wounds.

The Chinese are, in my opinion, most excellent firemen. They very quickly arrive at the scene of action, and, as a rule, they are most prompt in extinguishing the flames. They are also very daring. During the late war between Great Britain and China, when Canton was set on fire by bombshells from Sir M. Seymour's guns, I observed from the top of the British factory the various fire brigades steadily persevering in their attempts to subdue the flames in the face of a constant fire of shot and shell.

Persons who, through carelessness or otherwise, are the cause of fire, are, when caught, severely punished. I remember a large fire occurring in the month of May, 1866, at Honam, a suburb of the city of Canton. The fire originated in consequence of the carelessness of three women, and upon being apprehended they were exposed for several days in *cangues* (large wooden collars made of square boards) at the gates of a temple in honor of the Queen of Heaven. In the month of August, 1871, I saw a respectable druggist named Wong Kwok-hing exposed in a *cangue* at the end of the Tung-hing Kai, a street in the southwestern suburb of Canton. To the carelessness of this druggist a fire was attributed which in the preceding month of March had destroyed upwards of forty houses. The unfortunate man was daily exposed in this degrading manner for a whole month.—"*China and the Chinese*," *by J. H. Gray.*

Sighting a Cannon.

In olden time a Quartermaster's Sergeant might squint his left eye along a field-piece and have it fired with the hope of hitting something somewhere. Now, however, the sighting of a cannon is more difficult to do than the solution of a problem in conic sections to a schoolboy. Six instruments must be used in France before the word "fire" is given. The anemometer measures the force and velocity of the wind. The pressure of the atmosphere is taken by means of a barometer. The sights are graduated with the pressure of a certain figure, and of course a change must be made if the pressure is greater or less. Next a hydrometer gives the amount of moisture in the atmosphere. The degree of dampness materially affects the resistance offered to the flight of a cannon-ball, although to meet one of them you would not expect it would mind dampness or any thing else much. A planchette is used where the object fired at is out of sight. A telemeter, or range-finder, is employed to ascertain the distance of objects fired at, and finally a thermometer gives the temperature, as the sight marks that would be all right in warm weather are too cold for firing in cold weather. After all this is done, we presume it does not require more than half a dozen men to tell the gunner to fire. It must make them mad after all their calculations are made to find that the ball does not go within a mile of the object fired at, or what is more probable to find that the enemy has moved off one hundred miles or so while the figuring is going on. The French army will have to provide each cannon with a college of technology to do the sighting.—*Binghamton Democrat.*

THE skilled physicians may know how to manipulate the gastric juices of the stomach, but the man whose duty it is to interview the meter once a month knows a gas trick worth two of that.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

A MOTHERLY old lady in Michigan pounded coffee for breakfast in a red woolen rag, and it was a whole week before her husband could get out to pound his yoke of oxen.

THE CLIFF DWELLERS.

A Race Lost to Memory Centuries Ago.

[From the New York Evening Post.]

Among the recent additions to the American Museum of Natural History are many casts of curious "cave houses" or cliff dwellings, discovered by the Hayden Geological Survey. These structures are of such evident antiquity that a new epoch is formed which carries the existence of man in this country to so remote a period that the "Mound Builder," of whom we know comparatively nothing, appears comparatively modern. Only these stony ruins remain to tell the story of a once powerful and semi-civilized people. The first discoveries of these houses were made by Mr. A. D. Wilson of the Hayden Survey, and later a special survey were detailed under Mr. W. H. Jackson, who returned with the first authentic reports. According to Mr. Ingersoll most of the ruins are found around the edge of the desert track formed by the triangulation of the rivers Rio Mancos, La Plata and Rio San Juan. The San Juan and La Plata have a width of bottom land between their banks, but the Rio Manco runs like a brooklet along its narrow path, shut in by walls thousands of feet high. On the terraces of the more open canyons are multitudes of picturesque ruins; in the bottom lands are the remains of towns; in the wilder canyons the houses are perched upon the face of the chasm. In an encampment one thousand feet above the Valley of the Rio Mancos are single houses in groups of two and three and villages, according to the width of the shelf which they occupy. They are so high that the naked eye can distinguish them merely as specks. There is no access to them from above on account of the rocks that project overhead, and no present way of reaching them from below, although doubling paths and foot-holes in the rocks show where the way was trodden of old by human feet. If the reader will imagine the Palisades three times higher than they are, with midway shelves between the top and bottom eaten out by the weather, on which are erected stone huts, to and from which the owners found their way by paths scarcely a foot wide, he will have some idea of these ancient abodes, whose counterparts in miniature can now be seen at the museum.

The cliffs in some part are limestone, but most frequently sandstone, with alternating strata of shales and clay. The softer layers are hollowed out, leaving caves, whose solid stone ledges serve as the floors and roofs of the cliff dwellings. A few houses have two stories, and one shows four stories, but generally they are not higher than a man's head. Division walls are built from the rear of the opening and running outward to the front of the cave, which is so neatly walled by masonry of the prevailing stone that the artificial work is scarcely noticeable by a casual observer. Upon the summits of the loftier battlements are placed at irregular intervals round stone towers. The curve of the aboriginal masonry is perfect. As to the habits of these dwellers we know almost nothing. Near the ruin called Hovenweep Castle (the castle of the deserted valley) no bones or signs of graves have been found; only heaps of ashes are left, mingled with charred wood, which tell the story of cremation, and probably of fire worship. It is assumed that the present Pueblo Indians are the descendants of these people, from the fact that their huts to-day resemble the ancient cave houses. The absence of implements of warfare, either completed or unfinished, gives rise to the opinion that they were a peaceful race. Near some of the cities thousands of flint arrow-heads were found sticking in the cliff—all pointing toward the city—showing that some strong invader had attacked them.

According to Mr. Jackson the most remarkable remains are those found in New Mexico, and some of the buildings equal any in the United States, if we except the capitol. One of these (shown in the cast by Hayden), the "Pueblo del Arroya," has wings 130 feet in length, and the western wall of the court is 268 feet. Facing the center of the court are three stories in height. Another, the "Pueblo Chettro Kettle," is 440 feet long and 250 feet wide, and presents the remains of four stories; the logs forming the second floor extend through the walls a distance of 6 feet, and probably at one time supported a balcony on the shady side of the house. Mr. Jackson estimates that in the wall running around three sides of the building, 925 in length and 40 feet in height, there were more than 2,000,000 pieces of stone for the outer surface of the outer wall alone. This surface multiplied by the stones of the opposite surface, and also by the stones of the interior and transverse lines of masonry, would give a total of 30,000,000 pieces in 315,000 cubic feet of wall. These millions of pieces had to be quarried and put into position; the timbers were brought from a great distance, and considering the vastness of the work and the amount of labor and time that must have been expended these buildings may well be compared with the most famous works of what is so wrongly called the old world.

Among the caves of the Rio de Chelley were found some of the most beautifully tinted arrow-heads ever discovered: also, numbers of large earthen jars of oval design. In a large three-story house were found many implements of domestic use representing the stone age. Among them were large grindstones and hammers. The walls, says Mr. Ingersoll, were plastered with cement of stucco like finish. That it was spread on the walls by human hands is evident from the marks of the pores of the skin to be found on the surface. Occasionally the whole imprint of the hand has been left; one woman's slender fingers are thus preserved for the people of the nineteenth century. As to the date of these erections but little can be determined at present. The Moqui towns are now in precisely the same state of preservation as they were when described by the invading Spaniards, nearly 400 years ago. Assuming the Moquis to be lineal descendants of the cliff-dwellers, how vast a time the old canyon castles must have been deserted even when the Moquis have no knowledge of the grand homes of their ancestors! Regarding the age of the Pueblos, they were said by Coronado at the time of the conquest to look very old. Castenado records that the inhabitants told him that the Pueblos were older than the memory of seven hundred years. That these ruins were known to the Spanish invaders we have proof in the journal of Don Antonio de Olermin, written in 1681, where mention is made that eighty leagues distant from their camp there were Casas Grandas. Gallatin speaks of them and describes them to the Aztecs. Perhaps time and more extended research may reopen the history of these people who have been swept away from their grand cities, leaving nothing but the stony walls of their houses to tell the tale of their pre-Columbian greatness; but this we know, that these and other tokens tell that in reality America is the old world, and that thousands of years ago races flourished here in a high state of barbaric cultivation.

MINCE FOR PIES, WITHOUT MEAT.—Of the best apples six pounds, pared, cored and minced; of fresh suet and raisin, stoned, each three pounds, likewise minced; to these add of mace and cinnamon one-quarter ounce of each, eight cloves in finest powder, three pounds of finest powdered sugar, juice of two lemons, half a pint of port wine, rinds of four lemons. Boiled cider is good to give flavor to mince pies in place of liquor.

An Old Story Re-Told.

Vice-Admiral Lord Nelson was a great sea captain if ever one lived. When, on the fifteenth of September, 1805, he hoisted his flag on board the Victory, and arrived off Cadiz on his birthday to take command of the Mediterranean fleet, he meant fighting. There was no suspicion of hesitation in his tactics. The force under him consisted of 27 sail of the line and four frigates, which he withdrew from the vicinity of Cadiz to a station 16 or 18 leagues to the westward, "in the hope of inducing the enemy to put to sea." These were the days of dash and manhood, and great must have been Nelson's exultation when, on the morning of October 21, just at daybreak, the combined French and Spanish fleets, consisting of 33 sail of the line and 7 frigates, were seen ahead to leeward, 12 miles. The Admiral lost no time, for before 12 the British fleet, in two lines, was bearing down on the crescent shaped position of the enemy, and then it was that Nelson hoisted the signal, "England expects that every man will do his duty." The only fear was that the enemy might run for refuge, therefore Nelson notified to Collingwood, "I intend to pass through the van of the enemy's line to prevent him from getting into Cadiz." There was an affectionate anxiety about the impetuosity and determination of the commander, so Captain Blackwood proposed that the Temeraire should go ahead of the Victory, in case that vessel might draw the principal attention of the enemy's fire. "O! yes, let her go ahead," replied Nelson; but at the same time he had clearly no intention of allowing any such thing, for he would not permit of an inch of canvas to be taken in, and the Victory continued to lead the column, closely hugged by the Temeraire. It was Collingwood, however, who began the fight on board the Royal Sovereign, commanding the lee division, and the feelings of the two brave men at this important moment found utterance almost at the same instant. "What would Nelson give to be here!" exclaimed Collingwood to Captain Rotheram, and at the same instant, without a spark of jealousy at the enviable position of his friend, Nelson observed, "See how nobly Collingwood carries his ship into action."

But at 20 minutes past noon the Victory was in the thick of the fight. Scarcely a minute after the ship got within range, seven or eight ships opened a terrible and destructive fire upon her. The Admiral's secretary, Mr. Scott, was shot dead, and soon the mizen topmast of the Victory was carried away, and also her wheel, necessitating the process of steering by the relieving tackles below. Yet no ball of fire destroyed the dauntless and dogged courage of Nelson and his sea dogs. When a splinter from the fore brace bits passed between Nelson and Hardy, and tore away the buckle from the shoe of the latter, the Admiral only smiled and said, "This is too warm work to last long, Hardy!" Still, warm as it was, the English Admiral was determined to make it hotter. The Victory's sails were hanging in ribbons; she had lost full 50 men killed and wounded; but soon it was her turn to begin. Determined to pass under the stern of the Bucentaure as the only move of breaking the line, the Victory's helm was put hard aport, and there was scarcely space for her to go clear. Sailing close to the larboard side of the Bucentaure, the Victory poured in such a well-directed and tremendous broadside that the French ship heeled two or three streaks on receiving it. All this time Nelson was pacing the quarter-deck with Hardy, their walk being bounded aft by the wheel, and forward by the companion ladder. The distance was only about 25 feet, and it was here, when the Redoubtable brought up, that the fatal bullet struck Nelson. He fell on his knees just where Mr. Scott had fallen, and said, "They have done for me at last, Hardy; my backbone is shot through." The victory was all but gained when Nelson was compelled to go below. In that dreadful moment he thought of his men, and caused his face and his stars to be covered by his handkerchief, in order that he might pass unnoticed by his crew.—*London Telegraph.*

How Old is the Friday Superstition?

In Mr. Proctor's Sunday evening lecture on the "Religion of Astronomy" he alluded to the prevalent superstition about the ill-luck of beginning journeys on Friday, and cited in illustration the delay of a troop ship by order of the British Admiralty some years ago, out of consideration for the terrors of the sailors. An apter illustration lay close at his hand in the fact that Friday is avoided as the day of departure by all the Atlantic steamers which ply from this port. But Mr. Proctor ventured an assertion about this superstition which admits of doubt. He said that it dates back four or five thousand years. So erudite a writer as Robert Southey, on the contrary, regards it as Christian and as arising from the crucifixion. If Mr. Proctor has facts to controvert this opinion of the author of "The Doctor," they would be very interesting to the public. The historian Buckle, who delighted in that kind of research, seems to rest content with Southey's assertion. In a considerable mass of material he accumulated about the ill-luck of Friday, we find no examples cited outside of Christendom save from the west coast of Africa. The fact that Columbus sailed on a Friday upon his first grand voyage of discovery implies, also, that it is a superstition of comparatively modern origin. If it had been widely diffused among sailors in his time, surely he would himself have avoided adding such a terror wantonly to the expedition. Still further, had such a superstition been known at the Spanish court it is scarcely possible that an express prohibition would not have been laid on him by Queen Isabella against defying it. Allusions to the common existence of it are made by Shakespeare and Montaigne a century later, which indicate the sixteenth century as the period of its rise and diffusion. In "Troilus and Cressida" Shakspeare makes Pandarus say, of Cressida. "And she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday;" but we scarcely think this would justify Mr. Proctor in dating back the superstition to the time of the Trojan war. It is one of Skakspeare's immense anachronisms, like the introduction of firearms in "Julius Cæsar," and proves only that Friday was deemed unlucky in his own age. The allusion by Montaigne is contained in his "Essays," where he says that sooner than fall into the vice of obstinacy to avoid that of superstition he thinks himself excusable if he should "rather choose the odd number Thursday than Friday." There are plenty of eminent men in modern times who have been dominated by the Friday superstition—for instance, Lord Byron and Prince Bismarck—but can Mr. Proctor cite an example from the times prior to Columbus?—*N. Y. Herald.*

Love's Diplomacy.

Apropos to the recent celebration of the 21st birthday of the son of the late Col. Colt, the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* gives these facts concerning the family: When Col. Samuel Colt started life in Hartford it was with poverty staring him in the face, but possessing a strong inventive faculty, he put it to good use, and succeeded in making for himself a reputation throughout the civilized world through the sale of his revolvers, and a great fortune. At 46, when he died, he had won great honors as an inventor and manufacturer, and his estate was worth over five millions. Col. Colt led a bachelor life for several years, and had rooms in the old Union Hall building here, which were the resort of the club men of the town. No one supposed he would ever marry, but a lovely lady in Middletown captivated him, and he set about winning her. It was not an easy task. Her father, the Rev. Dr. Jarvis of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was at first not favorably disposed to the union, considering the Colonel a little too much given to the ways of the world; but the Colonel himself was equal to the emergency, and probably never put his inventive faculties to better service. Very much to the surprise of his old Hartford associates he appeared one Sunday in Christ Church, Middletown, as a candidate for confirmation, and the rites of baptism were conducted by the Right Rev. Bishop Brownell of the diocese of Connecticut, assisted by the Associate Bishop Williams. Not long after Col. Colt led Miss Elizabeth H. Jarvis to the altar, the wedding being the most brilliant one the people of Middletown had witnessed. The bridal party left on a special train for New York, and in a few weeks the Colonel and his bride returned to Hartford to occupy the splendid mansion which he had provided.

The Great Gas Well and Carbon Factory at Murraysville, Pa.

About a year ago, in boring for oil at Murraysville, near Pittsburg, Pa., the boring tools tapped an extraordinary vein of natural gas. The flow was estimated at about 50,000 cubic feet per hour. Recent measurements show that instead of decreasing, the present flow is fully 10,000 feet per hour greater than the first estimate, while the pressure at the mouth of the well is 90 pounds per square inch. This enormous quantity of natural fuel has, up to this time, been mostly wasted, but will soon be utilized for the manufacture of carbon black, or "lamp" black, as it is more commonly called.

A Pittsburg firm, Messrs. Sherriff & Hazely, are at work upon a contract for the machinery and fittings of what will probably be the largest carbon black factory in the world. The appliances for collecting the soot from the Murraysville gas are the following: Near the well is erected a frame building, 300 by 175 feet, and into it the gas is led in four parallel lengths of 250 feet each, of 2 inch gas pipe. Along the sides of these are fitted short branches of 1-8 gas pipe, terminating in a slight upward curve and tipped with ordinary gas burners of 6 foot per hour capacity. Above these burners, at a distance of 10 inches, are placed a series of cast iron plates, contiguous and forming a smooth surface whereon the carbon black is deposited. A small car traveling on rails laid between burners and plates, and furnished with a scraping device, plies forward and back every 10 minutes during the 24 hours. This carriage is propelled by steam power, operating through wire rope and suitable gearing, drums, etc. The smoke of carbon black is scraped into pans hung upon the car, and these are dumped at each end of the route into receptacles, which are in turn emptied and deposited in the purifying and packing house. After simply removing cinders, etc., by passing through sieves, the soot is ready for the market. The daily product of this plant will be 1-2 pound carbon black per burner, i. e., 2,000 pounds, there being 4,000 burners. Another plant of 4,000 burners is to be erected, the 8,000 burners to turn out two tons of carbon black daily. There will then still be 12,000 cubic feet of gas go to waste hourly, sufficient to light a good sized town. The owners of the Murraysville gas well refused $20,000 for it from the Edgar Thomson Steel Works, of Pittsburg, who wanted to connect the well with their works by a gas main, about 15 miles in length.

The phenomenon of an invisible gaseous substance issuing from the earth made visible, condensed into solid form, and packed up for market is strikingly illustrated in this establishment. The gas as it issues from the ground is unseen, but a given volume of it is found by chemical analysis to consist approximately (we do not mean to say absolutely and exactly) of 24 parts by weight of carbon and four parts of hydrogen; in other words, a quantity of the gas that weighs 28 pounds is made up of 24 pounds of carbon and four pounds of hydrogen. This hydrogen seems to have the power of imprisoning and concealing the carbon from human view. But carbon is carbon, whether in this gas or existing in the carbonic acid that gives pungency and effervescence to the soda water we drink, or in the lamp flame imparting its brilliancy, or in the sparkling diamond, the hardest of substances and the purest form of carbon.

The carbon that comes up in the gas well is rendered visible by separating the hydrogen from it, which is done by the heat of the flame. The hydrogen contained in the gas is burned up by uniting with the oxygen of the air, but only a portion of the carbon is burned; the unconsumed portion of the carbon, liberated by the burning of its hydrogen, rises up against the plates, where it sticks fast until scraped off as described.—*Scientific American.*

A Conductor's Luck.

Many years ago, one night, while a conductor on the Southern Railroad was taking up fares, a man without a ticket offered him a large bill, and he, as conductors are apt to do, took it along, saying he would soon return with the change. The purpose of these delays is to make a quiet study of the bill in the baggage-car and see if it is all right. When he reached the baggage-car with the bill, Mr. McKinney found what he had taken to be $100 was a bill for $1,000. He returned to the passenger and found he had shifted his seat. Telling him there was a mistake, that the bill was for $1,000, he was amazed to have the fellow repudiate the whole arrangement. He knew nothing of it, and insisted, and was supported by a friend's testimony, that he had a ticket, and that it had been taken up. Finally Mr. McKinney went off with the bill, which the next day he turned over to the company, with his explanation. It was deposited here in the Phœnix Bank, as a special deposit, and drew interest for several years, was never claimed, and finally was given to the conductor by the company. The only explanation was that some bank burglars were on the train: that one of them carelessly took out the wrong bill, and that it was decided safer to lose $1,000 than to risk being arrested. Probably they thought he knew of the burglary.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

AT the foot of the steep hill which leads to the Boulevard Bessiers, London, three horses stopped, recently, after they had dragged 16 tons of coal to the spot. No amount of punishment could induce the animals to move another step, when the driver began kicking with hob-nailed shoes. The leader of the horses rebelled immediately, and, turning about, seized the driver's arm with his teeth, tossed him to the ground, and trampled him with his hoofs, then picked him up again, threw him about, and would have killed him had not bystanders thought his punishment was sufficient and released him.

A BRIDAL couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast this morning, conversed as follows: "He—Shall I skin your partater, honey?" She—"No, dearie, I have one already skun."—*Virginia Chronicle.*

A HEARTLESS DECEPTION.

An English Youth Mourned as Dead, But Yet Alive—Probate Granted to His Representatives—A Friend Discovers Him in California.

[From the London Telegraph, Nov. 13.]

Few dramatists or novelists have ever conceived a story more singular than that of Randolph Payne, which has just been unfolded in a court of law. In the month of October, 1878, Mr. Randolph Payne was living apparently in content with his parents at Mossley-in-the-Thames. There was no presumption of his being in debt or difficulties, and, as was natural in the case of a free and single man, he one day announced his intention of running down to Wales for a short holiday. He did not conceal his object or his destination, and he promised faithfully to be back on a certain day in order to keep his mother's birthday at home. He arrived at Barmouth on a Saturday night, and, putting up at a hotel, he remained idly lounging about until the Monday morning, when he was seen leaving the house very early in order to bathe in the sea. There was no mystery or concealment whatever. He left his watch and trinkets on the dressing-table of his room, a good and substantial breakfast had been ordered to await him on his return, and he was seen going down to the sea clad in a long ulster coat and swinging his bathing-towels. Later in the day, at a secluded spot on the beach, were found the clothes of Randolph Payne, left where he had put them off, and, as nothing more was seen of him, the only conclusion that could be arrived at was the very natural one that the bather had been drowned. Careful search was made, but no body was discovered. The parents were communicated with, and in a state of great mental distress they came down to Barmouth to identify the clothes found on the beach and the trinkets left in the room. That birthday which was to have been so happy at home with the affectionate mother was spent in mourning for a lost son, advertisements of the death were inserted in the papers, and the legal representatives after a decent interval proceeded to the distribution of the supposed dead man's effects. Among these were certain policies of insurance, and it became necessary for the father to apply on the 1st of April of the present year, or six months after the disappearance, for a grant of administration on presumption of death. Insurance companies are notoriously—and perhaps justly—sensitive in paying up policies without the actual proof of death, which in this instance it was impossible to hand in unless the sea delivered up its dead. But the facts appeared to be so clear to the Court, and the details of the case were so distressing, that the grant of administration was accorded. The natural supposition was that the man was drowned, and the President of the Court, in spite of a previous case tried before the late Chief Baron, in which the insurance company resisted a claim, and the Jury found for the plaintiff under almost precisely similar circumstances, did not hesitate to give the legal representatives the benefit of the doubt.

Here ends the first act of the drama. The scene changes in July of the present year to San Francisco, where there arrived Mr. Donald Drysdale, a merchant of Mincing Lane, who, having known the Payne family intimately, was well able to recognize the form and features of their favorite son; and almost the first person Mr. Drysdale met in San Francisco was Randolph Payne. There was no disguise; the recognition was instant and complete. The city merchant had left his old friends in England mourning for their boy; he had probably read the obituary advertisement and seen the commemorative headstone; he might well have added his generous comfort to soothe the natural sorrow of the distressed mother; he was familiar with the convincing details of the clothes left on the shore, the watch and rings found in the room, the ordered breakfast, and all the presumptive evidence of an accident; while all the time here was Randolph Payne, the truant, living under an assumed name in San Francisco, careless of the agony he had caused, and satisfied with the "death in life" which he had willfully and deliberately assumed. The explanation of this strange proceeding was very simple. The runaway was in pecuniary difficulties, and unable to face the exposure of commercial disgrace. What he did was done deliberately and with consummate art. The morning bath, the deserted jewelry, and the anticipated breakfast, were all parts of a skillfully arranged plot, while a double suit of clothes, both hidden under the ulster