THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Personal and Literary.

—Mr. Eugene Schuyler is writing a life of Peter the Great of Russia, which will take a very different view of that potentate's work from any hitherto presented.

—Mr. Small, of the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution*, intends to revise all of his writings in the negro dialect, and to print and publish them in book form, under the title "Uncle Remus—His Songs and Sayings."

—Mr. Frederic Harrison denounces the collecting of rare books and forgotten authors as the most foolish of the collecting manias of the present time. He thinks that there is much to be said for rare china and curious beetles, because the china is sometimes beautiful and the beetles are droll; but rare books are commonly, by the nature of the case, worthless books, their rarity consisting either in some printer's blunder or in something exceptionally nasty or silly.

—Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, painter, sculptor, and actress, proposes, during her present engagement in London, to offer a scene in a drawing-room entertainment that will be entirely new in dramatic history. She will model in clay a portrait of the actress playing with her. The work will be completed in about 25 minutes, and during this time Mlle. Bernhardt will amuse her audience by giving, in a witty conversational dialogue, her ideas on sculpture and works of art in general. The medallion she means to give to her hostess as a souvenir of her skill and of the occasion.

—Mr. Joaquin Miller gives, in the *Independent*, the following as his idea of a poem: "To me a poem must be a picture; and it must be a picture, if a good poem, so simple that I can understand it at a glance, and see it and remember it, as I would see and remember a sunset. I also demand that it shall be lofty in sentiment and sublime in expression. The only rule I have for measuring the merits of a written poem is by the hold that it takes on my mind and memory. I do not want to remember the words, but I do demand that it remain with me a picture and become a part of my existence." Mr. Miller cites "Evangeline" as answering his requirement, being a succession of pictures, and beautiful in language.

School and Church.

—The Russian Society of Hygiene propose to print books in white on a black ground, in order to check the increase of myopy in scholars.

—W. C. DePauw of New Albany, Ind., has generously offered to purchase 50 scholarships from the DePauw Female College in that city, on which he proposes to allow poor girls, unable to pay for tuition, to attend that institution.

—At the sale of pews at the new Catholic Cathedral in New York, a few days ago, 53 were disposed of for $12,525, the highest price paid being $2,100. Only the right to choose pews were sold, and the buyers are required to pay an annual rent of from $100 to $160 for their use.

—The New York *Herald*, speaking of "cramming" practiced in schools, says that the "unfortunate pupils are distracted by the multiplicity of the tasks to be memorized, and are weakened physically and mentally by the strain upon their faculties." The *Herald* calls for the formation of an "Association for the Suppression of Useless Knowledge."

—A most unique trial of skill is to take place in Philadelphia this month. A wealthy Episcopalian has given $300, which is to be spent in prizes to be given to the young students of divinity who can do the best reading either of the services of the Church or the Scriptures. Students from five of the seminaries will compete for the prizes. Nine gentlemen are to sit as an examining board, and with this select congregation before them the young orators are to exhibit their gifts and graces.

—The Presbyterian General Assembly at Saratoga took strong ground against theaters and operas. It formally condemned attendance on them as inconsistent with Christian duty, "since it not only gives countenance and support to an institution justly described by a former assembly as a school of immorality, but is in itself spiritually hurtful, and tends to obliterate the line which should always be plainly visible between the followers of Christ and the world."

Science and Industry.

—Memphis is to build a cotton factory.

—There are four ice factories in Atlanta.

—The mica mines in North Carolina are profitable.

—A firm in Petersburg, Va., has shipped in the last month 790,000 pounds of manufactured tobacco.

—Coffee-growing has proved successful with a few planters in Southern Florida, and its cultivation there promises to be extended.

—The stock-yards to be built at Council Bluffs will cover six acres of ground and have capacity for 4,000 head of stock.

—Less wheat, but three times the area of corn, and twice of oats, has been planted and sown in Colorado this year, compared with last.

—San Antonio, is rapidly becoming the great wool market of Texas. Last year near three millions pounds were sold there, and this year the sales will nearly double.

—San Diego County, Cal., expects to fall short in its honey crop this year from one-third to one-half of last year. In 1878 the honey crop of California was estimated at 35,000,000 pounds.

—The grinding and finishing of the object-glass for the great telescope for which the Russian Government has appropriated 250,000 roubles, will probably be intrusted to Alvin Clark & Sons of Cambridge, Mass.

—A Prof. Paschal Plant of Baltimore is reported to have invented a machine for separating gold from earth or gravel without the use of water. This has been a desideratum to gold miners for many years. Several of his machines have been shipped to California.

—There are 5,000 men in the employ of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, and their pay-roll foots up about $275,000 a month. Take the employees and their families, and at least 15,000 people have their support from the road.

Haps and Mishaps.

—Mrs. Perry Coyle of Canton, O., was fatally injured by falling down stairs.

—Eddie Yocum, 12 years old, was instantly killed at Carbon, Ind., by the accidental discharge of an old musket while out hunting.

—At Wellsburg, W. Va., Johnny Robinson, 6 years old, shot himself through the heart with a self-cocking pistol with which he was playing.

—Doctor Jones & Son, proprietors of a drug-store at Pomeroy, O., were both seriously injured by the explosion of the generator of a soda fountain.

—Mrs. Marts and her daughter of Boonville, Ind., were driving near the town when the harness broke and the horse ran away, throwing both from the buggy. Mrs. Marts was instantly killed; her daughter was slightly injured.

—Jimmie Allen, son of the Deputy Clerk of Harrodsburg, Ky., while in a mulberry tree, was mistaken for a squirrel by a boy hunter and severely shot in the left side and leg. The wound is severe, but not necessarily fatal.

—J. B. Walker, a well known farmer of Lee County, Ill., was engaged in harvesting, when the mules which he was driving became unmanageable and he was thrown from his seat in front of the machine and was literally cut to pieces.

—Carl Underner, about 12 years old, son of Prof. Underner, a well known music teacher of Cleveland, O., was accidentally shot dead by Wm. Donnelly, a boy about Underner's age. Careless handling of a pistol was the cause of the shooting.

—Sherman Hughes, a boy 14 years of age, of Lexington, Ky., loaded an old musket with bird shot, folded his hands and laid them on the muzzle, and then leaned his chin on his hands. Being barefooted, he played with the hammer with his big toe. Result, the top of his head blown almost entirely off.

Foreign Notes.

—The Czarowitz, the heir to the Russian crown, mixes freely with the people. He is not afraid of the Nihilists and is said to be in no danger from them.

—Sir Moses Montefiore, the Jewish-English baronet, is a wonderful old man. Though 93 years old, his mind is as active as ever, and he is as erect and vigorous as if but 60.

—Lord Beaconsfield has denied the petition of his Hughenden tenants for lower rates, although the noblemen of England have generally reduced the rents of their tenants from 10 to 30 per cent.

—Of the Cardinals recently created by Pope Leo XIII. the Cardinal Zigliara is the youngest man now wearing the purple. He is the son of a poor sailor and is but 45 years old.

—The President of the German Parliament, Herr Forckenbeck, asserts that the formation of a great party founded on truly liberal principles is the only thing that can save the German Empire.

—Count Beust is said to be the wittiest Ambassador in Europe. He has that great charm of the humorist, a grave demeanor—for he was originally intended for the pulpit—and his conversion is full of brilliancy.

—The Prince of Wales, who used often when a boy to be separated by court etiquette from his father and mother, insists, when his boys are at home, that whenever they wish to go to their parents they shall be allowed to do so. The lads run in to see their father at times when they are least expected, as at semi-official and business audiences in Marlborough House. He permits them to linger about him in the way affectionate boys will about a father, without regard to royal precedent.

—Queen Victoria has just instituted a new Order which does her as much honor as its recipients. It is to be bestowed upon those trained female nurses who, by their skill and conduct, deserve high recognition, and they will be called, from the Order, "St. Katharine's Nurses." Each St. Katharine's nurse will hold her appointment for three years, receiving during that time $250 a year in addition to the salary paid her by the institution to which she belongs, and she will be permitted to wear for life the Royal Badge or armlet of the Order.

—The Illinois Railroad Commissioners have returns from 26 railway companies, which show that the "life of a locomotive engine varies on these railways from 8 years to 24, and that the general average duration was 15¼ years. Passenger-cars endure from 8 to 20 years—the average being 15¾ years; the average life of stock-cars being 10 years, and that of freight-cars 11½ years; and railway bridges, of wood, endure from 5 to 20 years. As to the life of rails, the statistics seem to indicate that those of iron last from 3 to 12 years—the mean being 7; while steel rails are credited with from 9 to 20 years' service—and an average of 14 years is obtained from the returns.

Odds and Ends.

—The world was never intended for a house of mourning. The flowers are not painted black, nor is every bird a crow.—*Hartford Journal.*

—We know of a merchant who calculates to take a vacation of six weeks this summer. He can go as well as not, as he doesn't advertise.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Two heads with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one!
Two pair of lips in suspense held—
Two little smacks—yum! yum!
—*Elmira Gazette.*

—Young men who make regular visits Sunday nights, with several sandwiched in during the week, may properly be said to belong to the "Press Association."—*Bradford Era.*

—Base-balls are covered with horse-hide tanned with alum, but base-ball players are covered with glory and tanned by the sun. P. S.—Sometimes they are tanned by the other other club.—*Utica Observer.*

—When Olive Logan can not get a new bonnet she says it is the fashion in Paris not to have one. She says this to the great public. Her private conversations with Mr. Sikes are very different.—*Buffalo Express.*

—We have in this office, a good poem on spring, about forty-five minutes long, which has been saved over from last April, and is still in an excellent state of preservation, which we will sell at greatly reduced rates, for a Fourth of July oration. Apply early and avoid the rush at the door.—*Hawkeye.*

—Two newsboys were standing in front of a Houston cigar store when one of them asked the other, "Have you got three cents?" "Yes." "Well, I've got two cents; give me your three cents and I'll buy a five-cent Havana cigar." "All right," says No. 2, handing out the money. He enters the cigar store, procures the cigar (on credit, possibly), lights it, and puffs it with a great deal of satisfaction. "Come, now, give us a puff," says No. 2; "I furnished more than half the money." "I know it," said the smoker, "but then I'm president and you are only a stockholder; you can spit."—*Galveston News.*

—The editor of an exchange fell in love with some unknown poetess who had written poetry for his paper for nearly three years. She always wrote about "a cry in the night," and "a nameless pain," and "sleeping under the willows," and the "ceaseless song," and all kinds of pining-away stuff, so at last the stricken editor got a pa—that is, he bought a ticket, and went to the town where she lived, dreaming all the way of the pale brow and the starlit eyes and the pleading lips of the beautiful girl who didn't seem to have any body particular to love her and one thing and another, and when he got there, there was a woman 43 years old, weighing 196 pounds, with red hair and 12 children. He saw it all. "The willows" were only the willow crib, "the cry in the night" was the baby, and "the nameless pain" was the colic. He saw, and remembered, and understood, and he never publishes any original poetry now.—*Courier-Journal.*

GENERAL SANITATION.

Address Adopted by the Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley.

At a meeting of the Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley, held in Memphis, Tenn., May 1, 1879, Dr. D. C. Holliday of New Orleans, Dr. R. B. Maury of Memphis, and Dr. R. C. Kedzie of Michigan, the committee appointed for that purpose, submitted the following address to the cities, towns, villages and municipalities of the Mississippi Valley, which was adopted:

DRAINAGE.

A thoroughly drained soil is all important. This should be secured where practicable, by a complete system of sewers or underground drains. If this is not practicable, superficial or surface drains should be properly located, and frequently examined, so as to insure cleanliness and effectiveness.

It is of the first importance that dwelling-houses should be built on dry ground so elevated that there shall be no possibility of an accumulation of stagnant water under the floors at any time.

Constant inspection of houses, cellars, yards and outbuildings is imperative, so as to prevent the accumulation of filth, garbage or masses of decomposing organic matter so prejudicial to health. It is equally necessary that some means be devised for the disposal of the same, so as to render it harmless.

WATER-CLOSETS AND PRIVIES.

Foul odors are nature's signal of danger. Water-closets should be properly constructed, kept free from odor and always plentifully supplied with water. The water pipes should be wholly disconnected from all other pipes and provided with independent ventilation. They should be so located as to avoid all possibility of polluting the air of any other part of the house.

Where privies are used, they should be built above ground with water-tight vaults, kept always free from foul smell by the liberal use of dry earth sifted upon the contents or by the use of a solution of copperas. They should be emptied at least twice a year or oftener if the contents accumulate to more than one-third of the capacity of the vault. The walls and ceilings should be thoroughly whitewashed.

Instead or ordinary privies, the pail system in general use in many of the manufacturing towns of England, is recommended as being found to combine economy, simplicity of construction, easy management, with great facility for removing contents without odor or inconvenience.

Privies should be so placed as to prevent their exhalations from contaminating the air of houses or polluting the sources of water supply from wells or cisterns.

WATER SUPPLY.

"Water, next to air, is the chief necessary of life." We may even place it before food, because all food is largely composed of it; and it is required, too, for personal cleanliness, and for the purification of our houses and their surroundings.

Running streams and springs, which are the best sources of water supply, should be frequently examined in order to detect otherwise unsuspected causes of pollution.

Cisterns should be constructed of suitable material, carefully built and covered, and so placed that no foul air can pass through or over the water they contain. The overflow pipes from cisterns should be free from connection with any other pipes. Roofs and gutters supplying cisterns must be frequently inspected, and some simple filter should be adopted to insure their careful cleaning before the water is allowed to run into the cistern. Cistern water ought to be frequently examined and kept free from color, odor or other indications of impurity.

Wells are the most dangerous sources of water supply, for few wells are safe from surface pollution. Wells should, therefore, be properly located to avoid all possible risk of contamination from their surroundings, carefully built with elevated curbs and covered tops. The water they contain should be examined at short intervals.

A simple method of examination is by dissolving a lump of loaf sugar in a quantity of the suspected water in a clean bottle, which should have a close fitting glass stopper. Set the bottle in the window of a room where the sunlight will fall on it. If the water remains bright and limpid after a week's exposure it may be pronounced fit for use. But if it becomes turbid during the week it contains enough impurity to be unhealthy. Such water should not be used for drinking purposes until it has been boiled and filtered; after which it should be aerated by any simple process, such as pouring several times from one vessel into another in the open air. The addition of a solution of permanganate of potassa will also serve, in most cases, to sufficiently purify water for drinking purposes. Eight grains of the permanganate to one ounce of distilled or boiled water will make the solution. Add one drop of this to half a pint of the suspected water; if the red tint disappears in half an hour, add another drop. For every drop that loses its color in the half pint, there will be from one-half to two grains of organic impurity in one gallon of the water. If such water must be used, drop in the permanganate until the red tint remains; the solution in this proportion is not injurious, nor does it taste unpleasantly.

DWELLINGS.

The prime conditions of health in a house depend upon cleanliness, pure air and unpolluted water; the prompt and thorough removal of all refuse; and the perfect exclusion all foul matters arising outside the house.

Good ventilation is absolutely necessary. Rooms should be frequently aired, and a daily visit from Dr. Sunshine encouraged. Overcrowding is a fruitful source of all pollution in dwellings.

Zealous attention should be paid to cellars, pantries and passages. Mold, dampness and foul smells are never to be neglected. The sun's rays, free ventilation and a lavish use of whitewash are excellent scavengers.

The floors of dwellings should be frequently washed. Choose for this purpose a dry day; doors and windows to be left open during and after the operation until thoroughly dry. The floors of dwellings should always be raised from three to four feet above ground, so as to insure perfect ventilation beneath, and the site should be higher than the surroundings, so as at all times to prevent dampness or presence of stagnant water.

DISINFECTANTS AND DEODORANTS.

More than half these agents are valueless in preventing disease, and dangerous as being productive of false security.

Heat and pure air are the best of all disinfectants. Where other agents are necessary, the following list will be found useful:

Copperas can be used almost anywhere, cheap and efficient. Especially useful in privies, etc. Ten pounds in a pailful of water; a teacupful in bed pans, chamber-lays, after being used. A quart a day in privies, urinals, etc., for ordinary purposes. In dangerous diseases, add from a pint to a quart to each discharge. The contents of a privy six feet in diameter and twelve feet deep, will require twenty pounds of copperas to disinfect it.

Quicklime and gypsum or land plaster are good absorbents and may be used advantageously in damp places, cellars, gutters, etc. They should not, however, be used in drains, catch-basins, sewers, soil-pipes, etc., nor where they are liable to be washed into such places, lest they, by decomposing soap-water, form lime-soap and obstruct the passages.

Charcoal is one of the best deodorants, absorbing large volumes of gases. May be used in powder, mixed with lime or gypsum and sprinkled freely in malodorous localities, suspended in a basket, in cisterns, meat-safes, dairies, etc., it tends to keep the contents from absorbing foul odors. Charcoal should be frequently reheated to drive off the absorbed gases and renew its efficiency.

Carbolic acid and the coal-tar disinfectants are only admissible for out-door use, on account of their odor. Mixed with gypsum, they are valuable around stables, out-buildings, etc. A gill of carbolic acid in a pailful of water may be used to flush sewers, drains, etc., and in privy-vaults and catch-basins.

Chloride of lime is sufficiently well known not to need special mention here, except to say that its value is greatly overrated. The addition of strong vinegar or dilute sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) materially increases its efficiency.

Chloride of zinc may be used instead of copperas, and has the advantage of neither bleaching nor staining white or colored fabrics with which it may come in contact. On this account it is especially useful in disinfecting clothing, bedding, etc.

Of the large number of proprietary preparations sold for disinfecting purposes, it is not necessary to treat in this connection. If further information is needed, consult your sanitary officer or family physician.

IN GENERAL.

Should disease, however, in spite of every reasonable care, break out in your midst, allay fear and prevent panic, which is always senseless, demoralizing the well and jeopardizing, to an incalculable extent, the lives of those who may fall sick. "In a sick-room, there should be wise heads, willing hands and loving hearts in the attendants, and thankful submission, with common sense, in the patient."

The following general directions are useful in contagious or infectious diseases:

First—The sick person should be restricted to one room, or a part of the house separated from the other inmates.

Second—Secure proper ventilation of the sick-room without producing draughts. *Smoke* is an excellent guide as to state of air; if air is *sweet* there is but little dread to be felt.

Third—The virulence of any poison which causes the spread of disease is greatly increased by concentration in close rooms, and decreased by dilution and free circulation of air.

Fourth—The linen, clothing, bedding, utensils, and every object touched by or in contact with the sick, should be isolated, and, such as will permit, should be thrown into boiling water, there to remain for at least half an hour.

Fifth—The nurse should be restricted to the sick-room or otherwise isolated.

Sixth—Remember that disease is communicated by both the poisoned air about the sick, by the clothes and other articles used or touched by them.

Seventh—After the patient leaves the sick-room it should be purified and disinfected. Boil every thing that will admit of it; scald all utensils; scrub the floors; whitewash ceiling and walls. Empty the room entirely, and leave doors and windows open for at least a day or two.

In conclusion we would advise, where practicable, the formation of associations for *sanitary protection*, such as are now in successful operation in Edinburgh, and in Newport, R. I. A trifling yearly subscription entitles each member to the valuable services of a skilled sanitary engineer and sanitary inspector, whose advice enables him to carry out all improved methods of sanitation they may suggest.

—White Mountain Cake: 1 pound of flour, 1 of sugar, ½ cup of butter, 6 eggs, beaten separately, 1 cup of sweet milk, a teaspoonful of soda, and 2 teaspoonfuls of cream tartar. Flavor to the taste, and use fruit if desired.

The Death of the Prince Imperial.

A mournful interest is attached to the pending Zulu war by the news of the death of the young Prince Napoleon at the hands of the savages. It appears that he went out with a scouting party, and that, while resting, they were surprised by the Zulus—a fatality which seems to continually follow the English. The party sprang to their horses, and succeeded in escaping, with the exception of the Prince, whose horse got away from him. He then started on the run, but was speedily overtaken and slain with the murderous assegais—pierced with no less than seventeen wounds. The events of his life are very brief. He was born in the Tuileries, March 16, 1856. His education was a very thorough one, and at the outbreak of the Franco German war he accompanied his father to Metz, and thence to Saarbruck, where, as Napoleon telegraphed to Eugenie, he received a baptism of fire. Shortly afterwards he joined his mother in England, and has remained with her until recently, when he obtained permission from the English Government to accompany the army in its South-African campaign, where the baptism of fire has overwhelmed him, and ended his ambitious career in the very flower of his youth.

The death of the young Prince removes one of the most formidable of the Bonapartist claimants to the throne. By the decree of 1804, Napoleon I. left the throne to the descendants of Louis, the third brother, and father of Napoleon III. The son of Napoleon I., Napoleon Joseph, died childless, and indeed his claim was never recognized. Joseph, the eldest brother, renounced his claim, and the decree to which we have alluded barred out Lucien and his family. Louis died in 1846, and the throne descended to the only surviving son, Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III.), who married the beautiful and ill fated Spanish Princess Eugenie Marie de Montijo in 1854. His two brothers, Napoleon Charles and Napoleon Louis, died respectively in 1807 and 1831. By this marriage he had one son, Louis Napoleon, who has now fallen a victim to the Zulu savages. By his death the lineal claim now reverts to the family of Jerome, the youngest brother of Napoleon I., who married Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, Md., recently deceased. If this marriage had been recognized in France his American children would now be on the direct line, but as it is, the descendants of the second marriage are in the succession. The claimant now is Napoleon Jerome, better known as Plon-Plon, who married a daughter of Victor Emmanuel, and after him his two sons, Napoleon Victor, born in 1862, and Napoleon Louis, born in 1864. Whatever sympathies the Republicans of France may have on personal grounds for his mother, there will undoubtedly be a feeling of relief on political grounds that the most powerful Bonapartist claimant is no more.

For the unfortunate Princess, now entering into the shadows of life, bereft of her only child upon whom she fondly hoped to lean in her declining years, there will be a widespread feeling of sympathy. Her eventful life has closed with a catastrophe which it is no wonder has made her reason totter. She has been a woman of wonderful beauty and grace and possessed of rare accomplishments. At the French Court she was the center of a coterie of some of the most brilliant women who have ever appeared in the French salons. She has been noted, however, not alone for her beauty and for her brilliancy with which she invested her Court, but also for her works of charity and for the encouragement she has bestowed upon various societies of science and art. Her misfortune began with the downfall of her husband at Sedan, when she escaped in disguise from the mob which had invaded the Tuileries. The next blow was the death of her husband, and now the news of the death of her only child has been brought to her in her retirement at Chislehurst. It is a sad end of a life of splendor, and in her great bereavement she will receive universal sympathy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Bad Man Turned Loose.

A Virginia gentleman, just up from San Francisco, confided some his experiences to a *Chronicle* reporter yesterday. While at the Bay he stopped at the Palace Hotel and made a practice of dropping into the bar-room of that establishment of an evening, it being a retired and rather high-toned place. On Wednesday evening last the Comstocker lounged into the bar-room and was pleased to behold there as the only occupants Senator Sharon, Seth Cook, Tom Sunderland and a few other historic capitalists, sitting at a large round table, in the center of which stood sundry bottles bearing the mystical word "Roederer." Presently a middle-aged man, soberly dressed in black broadcloth, and wearing a plug hat, staggered in from the hallway, and lurching up to the bar, yelled for every body to come up and have something to drink. The Sharon-Cook party paid no attention to the boisterous new arrival, but quietly went on with their gossip and Roederer. Giving a furious whoop and smashing his tile down on his head, the stranger performed a war-dance to the middle of the room and declared himself. He was a bad man, he said, and always made it a practice to strew upon the floor the bowels of any person who declined to drink upon his invitation. To point his remarks the stranger wound up by drawing an 18 inch Arkansas toothpick from the back of his collar and advanced upon the table. There was a stampede. When the Virginian peeped up from behind the bar, to which position he had quietly and calmly walked at the beginnig of the trouble, he perceived that Sharon and his friends had gone out and that a policeman was lugging the warlike stranger out of the place.

"Who is he?" asked the Virginia man of the bar-keeper.

"Oh, he's a good enough man when he isn't in liquor," replied the man of drinks, nervously polishing the rosewood bar with a towel. "He was one of the quietest men I ever saw when he first came here about two days ago, but he's bad when he's full."

"From Bodie, I suppose?" suggested the Virginian.

"Bodie? Not much. He's from Boston. He belongs to that Sunday-school excursion party."—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

—It is said that the suite of the German Empress (who is no friend of Bismarck) during their recent stay in England made unpleasant remarks about the great Chancellor. They described him as declining in reputation and rapidly decaying in physique. Corpulence is rendering his huge form more unwieldy than ever; puffy and unhealthy is the look of his flesh; no Kissingen can avail against that enormous appetite, which consumes largely of every thing, but especially of bread, and cheese, and beer.

—Dr. Russell, the celebrated war correspondent of the London *Times*, after 38 years of unbroken service, has severed for the first time his connection with that journal, and accompanied Sir Garnet Wolseley to Zululand as special correspondent of the rival *Telegraph*. He is 62 years old, and of late has fallen off considerably from his Crimean form. When young he was a "middy" in the British Navy.

—In the public schools of Richmond, Va., more than one-third of the pupils are colored.

LOST ON THE PLAINS.

Two Young Men Separate From a Party and Perish.

A party of 16 surveyors, in the employ of the Government, under command of Maj. Medary, left this city a short time ago, says the Trinidad *News*, for a tour eastward to the Indian Territory line. Nothing more would have been thought of the party, but for the arrival in this city yesterday of Mr. Havenner and a companion, who belonged to the corps, who reported the horrible fate of two of their companions and the narrow escape of three others. The circumstances of the case are about as follows:

After leaving Trinidad the company proceeded eastward, and were soon at work locating townships. On the morning of Thursday, the 5th inst., a squad of five men was sent out from a point on Willow Creek to run a transit due north 18 miles, with orders to join the camp at nightfall. The men performed the work assigned them and at dusk set out for camp, which had also been traveling northward during the day. The surveyors started east from their objective point and after walking six miles, made camp. In going in this direction they made a great mistake; for they should have gone due west after finishing their work in order to find the camp wagons. Comprehending their mistake, and being very thirsty and out of provisions, it was proposed to travel south in hopes of striking the creek. Two of the party refused to do this, preferring to remain where they were, hoping that the camping outfit would come up to them in a few hours. Friday morning the three, headed by Mr. Sheets, started for Cariso Springs. They lost their way, and would have perished but for the timely arrival on Monday of men from the camp, who were in search of them.

The search for the other two (whose names were S. M. Winchester and William Johnson) was continued with an interest bordering on frenzy. Not until Monday, the 9th, did the searchers get any clew of the missing men. About 2 o'clock p. m. on that day they came upon poor Winchester out upon the open plains; but he was too far gone to be saved. A few drops of water were given him, but in five minutes he was a corpse, dying in the arms of a companion, who had arrived too late.

Further search was made for Johnson. A large rock, which towered up grandly on the boundless plains, was visited, and there, in a crevice, was found a note from Winchester, dated the 7th, saying that Johnson and he were lost, but had made up their minds to go south in the hope of striking the Wilow. The note was written in a firm hand and showed that the writer was in his right mind. The diligent searchers started south, and after traveling six miles were rewarded by finding a canteen belonging to Johnson. For three days more they scoured the prairies on horseback in every direction, and on Thursday, the 12th, gave up the search, unsuccesful in finding the unfortunate man. The coyote has probably found him, and ere this has devoured all that remained of a once bright and promising young man. Winchester was taken up to camp and buried beside a spring of cool water and his grave marked. He was from Baltimore, Maryland, was about 28 years old, and is said to have been the son of wealthy parents. In two months he was to have become the possessor of $30,000 from an estate. He was a very brilliant young man and universally beloved by his acquaintances. Johnson was 27 years of age, a native of Baltimore, but has been in the West some time. His fate is a sad one, and his loss is deeply regretted by every one familiar with the hardships of Western life.

Weston the Winner.

The dark cloud that has so long hung over the professional career of Edward Payson Weston, the pedestrian, has at last rolled away, and once more he stands under the bright sunlight of public approbation. Thirteen years ago, when he undertook the task of walking from Portland, Me., to Chicago, and accomplished the feat, he was the hero of the times. Since then he has engaged in many pedestrian contests, and gradually fallen behind the newer candidates for public favor in this particular line of sports, until, finally, his name was a by-word with sporting men, and he himself the laughing-stock of America. Whether in Chicago, New York, London, or other great cities where Weston has entered in walking matches during the past few years, he has suffered defeat, and when it was made public that he was to contest, with several noted pedestrians, the match which ended in London yesterday, there was a great deal of amusement manifested amongst sporting men, and the general belief as to his chances of success was manifested in the tremendous odds offered against him, which very few were courageous enough to accept. But Weston has redeemed himself, his record, and the pedestrian interests of his country. He has accomplished an unprecedented task, and to-day stands on the very pinnacle of pedestrian fame. Covering a distance of 550 miles in six days, he has beaten the former record of Brown, the only competitor who held out against him to the end in the contest, and accomplished what no other pedestrian has, and demonstrated more fully and forcibly than heretofore the remarkable "staying" qualities which he was known to possess. The United States have won glory enough in the sporting world for one season. With the unparalleled performances of Parole on the turf, and the wonderful achievement of Weston, the Englishmen have beyond doubt lost enough prestige and money to satisfy their ambitions in these directions, and, more than all, convinced themselves that there is no use contesting against American bipeds or quadrupeds.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mary Anderson's Mare.

The Louisville *Post and News* has the following: Mr. J. R. Middleton, of S. Barker & Co., has sold, through Messrs Ireland & Co., to Miss Mary Anderson, the actress, his magnificent mare, "Maggie Logan," the dispatch closing the trade having been received last evening. The mare will be shipped to Long Branch this afternoon at 4 o'clock. The price is kept a secret, as Mr. Middleton says "it was a very large one, a fancy price, but the animal is the finest of her class, I believe, in the world." She was brought out this morning and exhibited before the *Post and News* man, and certainly a handsomer animal he never saw. She is over 16 hands high, a rich dark bay in color, with three white points and a white snip. She is just 6 years old, and was bred by a Mr. Faut of Warren County. Her sire was Hunter's Lexington, a famous thoroughbred, and her dam was an Altoff mare. She is perfectly trained to every saddle gait, and last year was driven a mile to a buggy by a lady in 3:10. She has been shown against large entries at fairs 20 times; on 19 occasions she carried off the blue ribbon, and took the second premium the remaining one time.

Miss Anderson and her mare, when they appear together at Long Branch, will create a sensation without doubt.

—Lieutenant-Governor Long of Massachusetts has found time, amid the cares of office, to translate Virgil's Æniad.

—The Queen of England will go from Osborne to Scotland the last of August, and she will not return to Windsor until the end of November.

A MARVELOUS PISTOL-SHOT.

The Feats with Which Mr. F. H. Lord Has Astonished New York and Paris.

Almost any evening may be seen, at the gallery of John S. Conlin, feats of pistol marksmanship which would make any one of the old-style off-hand shooters stand in wonder. The marksman is Mr. Frank H. Lord, the most expert and finished pistol-shot in the country. He is a young man of 32, the youngest son of the late Thomas Lord. He is an athlete and a gymnast, and about 1867 he began to try his skill as a shot at the old Conlin gallery. The feats of Capt. John Travers, now of Cleveland, had become a tradition, though when Sandy Lawrence kept a ten-pin alley on the site of the present Astor House, Travers's gallery attached to it saw some wonderful exhibitions of steadiness and skill with small arms. One of Capt. Travers's feats was to shoot away a silver three-cent bit placed between his toes, and when Blondin crossed the Niagara he allowed Capt. Travers to put a ball through his hat. From a doubting friend Capt. Travers won a diamond ring by putting a shot through the ring, and his feat of picking an orange from his son's head was tried again and again. Since Capt. Travers's time billiards have driven out ten-pins, and rifle-shooting at long distances has crowded pistol-shooting at 12 paces into disuse. Mr. Lord, however, confines his sport almost entirely to the smaller weapon, though he is a fine rifle-shot. He is a member of the New York Club, and his bachelor chambers are adorned with a curious stock of pistols. In Paris he has met Paul de Cassagnac and others of the French dueling clique, and astonished them with the certainty of his aim. The *Forest and Stream*, in an article enriched with drawings of Mr. Lord's targets, says:

For ten seasons past he has been chosen by the English-speaking residents of Paris as their champion, and a well chosen representative has he proven. On one occasion he performed among other feats of accurate marksmanship, the following: A cap of an ordinary musket was placed upon the neck of a champagne bottle, and Mr Lord, standing at thirty-six feet, or twelve paces, with an ordinary dueling pistol picked off the cap without scratching the glass. The same feat was repeated, but with the pistol transferred from the right to the left hand. Two more caps were picked off by the right and left hand firing respectively, but in these instances the pistol was held in a reverse position, with the line of sight below instead of above the line of fire. The next shot was a fancy one, Mr Lord standing with back to the object fired at, leaning far forward, and then with pistol pointed back between his legs, picked off the cap as before. The last of the six shots was made sitting in a chair, again with back to target and leaning back until the target could be seen by the head and eyes bent back. It is a favorite feat to suspend his watch—a fine imported piece, costing $250—and put shot after shot through the loop at thirty-six feet. A match or wooden toothpick laid across the opening of the golden loop is cut cleanly through, and though the watch has been under fire scores and hundreds of times, it still ticks on toward the day which may come when a bullet a fraction of an inch out of the way may scatter the works in a shower of wheels and pinions.

In shooting at the word of command, as in dueling, where the seconds cry out, "Are you ready?" "Ready!" "Fire—one—two—three," the shooter being required to shoot between the words "fire" and "three," Mr. Lord, with a dueling pistol at twelve paces, struck down six ¾ inch bullets hung up by threads. Such an adversary on the field of honor would satisfy the chivalric yearnings of about any mortal. At the word "one" Mr. Lord fired ten consecutive shots into a 1½-inch circle, same distance.

In Paris, where fantastic shooting is very much in vogue, he is known as "Le diable Americain." He has time and again at fifteen paces put 100 shots consecutively into a space of an ordinary playing-card. On a recent date, as showing his ability for long range firing with the pistol, he struck two caps out of three shots at a distance of sixty feet. As the ordinary musket cap is about one-eight of an inch across the mere seeing of the mark was somewhat of a feat, but to see and hit as well was something entirely beyond the common. Yet it was done at a certain hour previously agreed upon before a large number of marksmen, including many members of the New York and Zettler Rifle Clubs. With a Stevens 12-inch barrel pistol, distance 125 feet, Mr. Lord picked off a couple of ¾ inch bullets, using right and left hand in turn. Three consecutive ¾ inch bullets fell at 45 feet before shots from a large sized Smith & Wesson revolver, Russian model, heavy trigger pull.

Many attempts have been made to bring together Mr. Lord and Recorder Hackett, and the clubmen have backed these famous pistol-shots on several occasions, but the Judge is somewhat wary.

Over Niagara—A French Lady's Awful Death.

NIAGARA FALLS, June 21.—Our citizens were horrified to-day by the enactment of one of those terrible tragedies, the list of which has already reached a fearful length. Another victim to the Falls was added. This time the unfortunate being was a woman, and the circumstances of the case show it to be one of the most pitiable that has ever yet occurred. The lady met her death purely by accident, and right before the eyes of a loving husband she was swept on to her fearful death. Mr. A. Rolland and wife of Paris, the celebrated gunmaker, arrived at the Falls on Wednesday. (Liege, Belgium, is also given as their place of residence.) They had been traveling since the French Exposition, had visited Japan, China, and other countries, and were on their way back to their home. They were able to speak but little English. The husband exhibited great ignorance of our language. They took quarters at the Falls House, and had their meals at Romain's restaurant opposite. This was owned by a Frenchman, and, through his assistance, Rolland and his wife visited all places of interest, and had become rather satiated with hackmen, etc. This morning they were to have left for Philadelphia, from whence they were to sail about Tuesday. Mrs. Rolland, just after breakfast, told her husband she would like to make a farewell visit to Goat Island, as she was greatly pleased with the sights of that locality. He consented, and they started for the island. They passed through it and went clear away to the end of the third of the Three Sisters. They walked down to the edge of the river, and were standing on the corner nearest the Horse-shoe Falls, which were distant about 40 yards. Rolland turned to look up the river and his wife stooped to dip up a cup of water from the river, which at this point runs very swiftly. All at once he was startled by an agonizing shriek, and turning around he was thunderstruck at seeing his wife being carried rapidly to the terrible precipice. She disappeared, and just before reaching the brink she came to the surface, and gave one long last and piercing scream. Almost paralyzed with horror Rolland was unable to move for a minute. He quickly betook himself to the hotel, stopping on the way to endeavor to tell his pitiful tale to those whom he met, but no one could understand his utterances, and all immediately passed on, thinking that perhaps he was crazy or drunk. He ran rapidly to the hotel, and in the office took his position in front of the clerk, gesticulating wildly and shouting at the top of his voice. Monden Romain, the landlord, succeeded partially in quieting him, when he succeeded in saying: "My wife; river." After many minutes he told his terrible story in French, wringing his hands and walking up and down the room. No one could do any thing with him, and a man kept watch of him to prevent him committing suicide, as he said he would soon follow her. The case has excited the sympathy of all, and every thing is being done that is possible to allay his great grief. The woman was 25 years old, and had been married about a year. It is supposed that while in the act of dipping she lost her balance and was immediately swept away from all possible chances of rescue. At last accounts her body had not been recovered.

"Hay-foot! Straw-foot!"

Many boys and girls may have heard these words applied in a derisive way to raw recruits who were making a beginning in their military education by learning to march; but very few young people—or old ones, either—know how the terms originated.

During the war of 1812, there was a great deal of drilling and training among the militia-men all over the country, especially in the larger cities and towns, where the principal recruiting stations were situated. In New York City, much of the drilling of newly enlisted men was done in what is now City Hall Park, in front of a tavern which stood where the Sun newspaper building is located. Many of these would-be soldiers were from the country, and these, of course, knew nothing at all about marching in military fashion. They could walk far enough, some of them, and work as hard