

RED CLOUD CHIEF

A. C. HOSMER, Proprietor.

RED CLOUD, - - - NEBRASKA

THE MILLER AND THE CAMEL.

The Arab and the miller.
Who one morning from his repose
Was wakened by hearing a camel
Through the window thrust his nose.
"It's cold out here," said the creature,
"And I wish, sir, if you please,
Just to warm my nose a moment;
It's so cold I fear I'll freeze."
"All right," said the other, kindly;
"You do look pined and thin."
"O, thank you," replied the camel,
"And his head went further in."
Soon, while the miller slumbered,
"Both head and neck were through;
Then presently in the window
The body entered, too."
Now, the room was close and narrow,
And the startled sleeper rose,
And to his ungaily inmate
At length, complaining, spoke.
"Really, my friend, while willing
To grant your first request,
My quarters are not sufficient
To hold so large a guest."
"Very well," said the other, coolly,
"If you find it as you say,
Move out—in fact, you'll have to
For I have come to stay."
How plainly this story teaches
As you perceive, no doubt
Bring into the heart drive out
Will soon the light drive out.
And how plain it warns us, also,
At the very first to shun
The evil that seems so harmless,
Ere an entrance has been won.
—Rev. Philip B. Strong, in Golden Days.

DOWN IN A COAL MINE.

A Trip into the Darkness of the Main Shaft.

Graphic Description of a Journey Where the Sun Never Shines—Superstitions and Queer Beliefs—Whistling Brings Bad Luck—An Old Miner Talks.

"If there be good" down th' shaft, lad," said the grimy old coal miner, stepping into the car that was waiting for the signal to lower him and his equally grimy comrades into the yawning thoroughfare to the mine, "don't be staid in th'ur thar thinkin' on it, an' don't thes shy an eye down th' shaft to see th' blackness o' it, nither, or the'll never stir an inch toards th' bottom at all, an' it's bit o' Lord's truth I tellin' thes. Steppit in off-hand like. Thurr! Steady! Doun we go! No need to shud thy eye so tight, lad, for it's nakin' thes see now w' 'em wide open, save you fadin' patch o' day we be leavin', an' a sil'er dollar'll be bigger'n th' likes o' that afore we dump thes in th' grime at th' bottom."

The old miner was right. The candidate for the experience of visiting for the first time a coal mine by way of the perpendicular shaft that leads to the Cambrian depths must not pause at the edge of the chasm to consider the matter. The rope that slowly unwinds 'round the surface of the car and platform are lowered through the darkness many feet before the journey is fairly begun, and the bottom of the shaft is a good quarter of a mile below; but if the visitor stops to ponder over that possibility, and fingers to calculate its consequences, the chances are that he will never see the inside of a coal mine. If he really desires the experience he must step in "off-hand like," as the old miner said, and imagine he is going to a picnic.

It is an exciting trip down a coal mine shaft. One who is nervous in an ordinary elevator, surrounded by upholstery and light, guarded by safety appliances, and with the monotony of the trip relieved by frequent stops and constant changes among the occupants, would simply die on the journey down a mine shaft. Visitors who have the courage to make the trip are not many. Hundreds go to the colliery firm in the intention to descend the shaft, but nine-tenths of them change their minds when the dash and clangor and whirl of the machinery, the stifling dust and the hurrying, sooty workmen surround and fit about them. Some visitors, who have kept up their courage to the sliding place until they have entered the car, lose it when the descent into the depths begins and cower down to the bottom of the car, motionless with fear, and not infrequently lose consciousness.

"Aye, lad," continued the garrulous old miner, as we dropped into vacancy, "mummy's th' pore laddieback that I've see' within an' pleadin' for to be let out, an' mummy's th' one I've clinched w' all me might to save th' joompin' o' 'im over. An' don't I mind well th' pore lad an' lass, mummy an' mummy a year ago, as would be goin' doun th' old Staffordshire mine in England, for a lark, they said, on the very day they be'd married. Lord save us! Could I ever forget th' like o' that? She wurr a wee, frail thing, the lass wurr, an' thurr come a big fright to her 'most th' mummy we dropped doun from atop. She went a clean daft as th' darkness grow'd an' even th' whiles her lad wurr a hoodlin' an' soothin' o' her, she gi' that cry which th' like o' it 'll never leave me ears, an' w' th' leap o' a deer she cleared th' toob an' hurled herself doun, doun, through the blackness. We miners stood there strook all doomb, an' our hearts soor t' th' boorstin'. We could see th' white car o' th' pore lad, w' his eyes a gairin' wide, an' his han' clootchin' at th' throat. O, th' sight o' him, as it gloom'd out by th' dim glimmer o' our lamps! I can see it now! But, haps, we read naught o' what he wurr minded to, pore lad! Sudden, w' a cry to his lass that lay cross'd an' mung'd doun in th' darkness: 'I be coc ain' lass' says he, he leapt as she had gone, an' the shaft wurr choked w' horrors for we pore miners th' mummy a long day!"

The space is narrow in a mine shaft, and the impenetrable darkness makes it appear the more contracted than it really is. The miners' lamps are as fiery twinklings. Water filters through the rocky walls and patters upon you as you pass down like uncomfortable raindrops from dripping eaves. The oscillations of the rope that holds your life are painfully ap-

parent. The cheerful thought can not be driven away that some ponderous rock, which has been hanging for years from one side of the shaft or the other, will more than likely be given the jar this trip which will fetch it thundering down upon the car. Even the fact that the miners make this trip twice a day, laughing and talking, and even humming snatches of folksongs—but never whistling; to whistle in a coal mine will fetch the worst of luck, they say—falls to remove all thought of danger from the mind of a novice descending a mine shaft. There may be stranger sensations of happiness and relief than those he feels when the car reaches the bottom, but I doubt it.

Every one who can read knows that a coal mine is like one like another, the galleries crossing each other in all directions, like the streets of a town, with many turnings—a black and deep city, a city of coal. Some of the galleries are long and wide and well ventilated; others are low, narrow and tortuous, with the air suspiciously foul and charged with danger. The laden cars, trundling along the gloomy tramways toward the foot of the shaft, pass the empty ones going back into the hidden depths for other burdens. The noise of blasts, the smell of gunpowder, the rumble here and there of falling coal, the glimmer of lamps whose feeble rays barely outline the ghoulish forms of the miners at their toil, the noise of water pouring from the many subterranean veins sundered by the pick and drill—these are the sights and sounds that surround the life of a miner leads, by night and day, hundreds and hundreds of feet beneath the ground. Work never ceases in a coal mine when it is being "run" to its full capacity. One set of men go down the shaft at daylight and come out at dark, meeting at the mouth of the shaft the men who are going down for the night "shift," and whom they will meet coming out again next morning, if all has been well.

"Aye, lad, don't thes never wessid in the mine," warned my old miner guide; "for the'll drive th' bad luck spirit out an' let th' bad luck dived in. Thurr's many a fall o' coal that's crashed doun on scores o' pore lads a wurrikin' in the depts that's coom'd all along o' some cranky rattle-brin oop an' wesselin' afore they know'd th' like o' him a doun it—a wesselin' some time that th' dived likes to dance to. The bosses may score the falls to shak' props and the like o' that, but it's th' wesselin' as does it oftentimes, lad. So don't thes wessid here what times thes be's 'long w' us."

Fire-damp explosions and falls of roof and walls are the greatest dangers of the coal mine. The one has been greatly lessened of late years by improved ventilation of mines—an improvement that was compelled by legislation, however. Before Davy gave to miners the safety lamp that all but canonized him among them, it was the custom to light the fire-damp in coal mines every night. It is within the memory of old miners when it was the duty of one man to fire the gas in certain mines, especially those of Continental Europe, so that the explosion might be provoked and the mine made accessible and comparatively safe for the men again next day. Wrapped in a covering of wool or leather, the face protected by a mask and the head enveloped in a hood like a monk's cowl, this man entered the noisome depths to perform the dangerous task imposed upon him. The fire-damp is lighter than air, and floats above it in the mine chambers. To keep as much as possible in the area of respirable air, the "penitent," as the man was called, because of the resemblance of his dress to that of a religious order of the Catholic Church, crawled on the ground, bearing before him a long pole with a lighted taper at the end. As he dragged his way along, alone in the poisonous mazes of the mine, his taper came in contact with the explosive gas, and detonation after detonation followed one another until the noxious substance had been entirely decomposed and the atmosphere made safe. Frequently the penitent was killed at his post, either by the force of the explosion or by coal and rocks dislodged and crushing him where he crept. Fire-damp explosions are still very frequent in coal mines, and in too many instances investigation shows that the responsibility lies with the carelessness or recklessness of the miner himself.

"Aye, lad," said the old miner, "it be's a wonder, surely, the rattle-brin some o' we miners be. What wurr it that pore Davy Richards did? Lord save us! Why, Davy wouldn't ha' cross'd th' tender heart he had; out in th' graveyard, in th' village atop yonder, thurr's nineteen graves as Davy put thurr, an' enoof o' them, th' good Lord knows, we had the like oop thurr afore! They be'd a warnin' Davy, his fellows he'd as they wurr wurrikin' w' th' damp above 'em in th' mine, an' some wurr that fearful to go on w' th' task. An' whiles they were shakin' thurr heads an' hangin' back, an' thinkin' it'd be well for th' wiv' an' th' little uns atop if wurr wurr stopp'd betimes, what does pore, th' lass Davy do but fill his pipe an' whisk a fire w' a lucifer to light it! Th' flash an' roor went roorin' an' echoin' through th' galleries as far as th' depts' round back, an' w' en th' time coom'd that we could get to whurr it started we dragged from th' toomb'd coal nineteen shapless lads as we had all know'd an' gone doun w' mummy's th' time an' ag'en, an' pore Davy wurr one o' them. Only one o' th' shift coom'd out to tell how Davy done it all. An' th' pity o' it all wurr that Evan Jones, a new one i' th' mine, had putt' by siller to fetch his wiv' an' little uns from across the sea, an' had sent it, an' wurr lookin' for them day by day. An' so happens they coom'd th' day that Davy fired th' damp, an' Evan wurr lyin' cross'd in the depts, w' never a sight, lad, o' th' pore wiv' an' th' bairns! Lord save us! What a time they coom'd among us!"

It is remarkable that in the confined and had atmosphere in which the coal miner lives at least half of his life he contracts but few maladies. He never suffers from fever. Still, in the course

of time, the bad air works destruction to his blood, impoverishing it, and makes him an easy victim for anemia. The dust arising from the coal does its work on chest and lungs. If the miner is seen with the grime of his labor washed from his face, his pallor will be startling to the stranger. His eyes are protruding, his form stooped, his gait uncertain and stumbling. The miner frequently works in water up to his knees, and he thinks nothing of it; but he is in constant fear of taking cold when in the free, open air. While the outdoor laborer in the coal regions congratulates himself that he is not subject to the hardships nor exposed to the perils that the miner is, the miner rejoices that he is sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, from cold and wind and rain, unlike his less favored brother, the outdoor laborer! The miner, as every body knows, is superstitious and credulous. He believes in ghosts, in haunted mines, in myths of all kinds.

"Ah, lad!" said my old miner guide, "these mines be well enoof, surely, an' we wurr unlikely bein' s' if we could'n live an' wurr here all. Eat think o' th' mine, one an' all. Eat think o' th' mines, lad! Beauties! Mines' w' doun further in th' depts than those whurr th' tollers have digg'd thurr, houses out o' th' solid rock, an' carved a chapel whurr they go for prayers; an' a theater, lad, an' shops, an' 'uns, an' a that! Think o' th' like o' it! An' th' miners havin' no need o' the goodf' atop at it! They live thurr here in an' yurr; th' lads and lassies marry thurr; thurr th' miners that's coom'd betimes an' do th' wurrk an' board a an' thurr th' ones that's done their wurrk for aye are laid away. These be th' salt mines, lad, w' ayent th' seas. All they be th' spots whurr th' pore tollers moos' find peace! No climbin' oop and doun o' shafts, an' spookin' roor in th' muck, an' doos' an' blackness! Why, they moos' be nigh t' th' like o' heav'n, lad, surely!"

The credulous old miner had evidently heard or read the marvelous tales that have been told of the rock salt mines of Wieliczka and Bochnia, in Austrian Galicia—tales originating with the extravagant romances of a century ago. He believed them, and it was not my mission to tell him they were fiction, pure and simple.—Ed. Mott, in N. Y. Mail and Express.

TWO MILES OF LUMBER.

Faint Glimpse of the Extent of That Business in Minneapolis.

The amount of lumber now in pile in Minneapolis is greater than it has been at any one time for a number of years—greater, in fact, than it has been at any time since the mills pretty generally began to find lodgment upon the banks of the river above Plymouth avenue. As the result, the general public may get, for the first time in years, a pretty good idea of the extent of the lumber business in Minneapolis, and the line of piles ought to be as impressive as a long line of towering business blocks. With the exception of a limited space, there is an almost unbroken line of lumber piles and sawmills from Fourth avenue north to Thirty-eighth avenue north, a distance of something more than two miles. This does not include all the lumber, either, in North Minneapolis, where more than one-half of all the stock in pile now is. It is evident that unless the mills go further up the river there is little additional room for mills on the west side of the river. There is no reason why the east bank of the river should not be as thoroughly lined with sawmills and lumber piles as is the west bank, and such will be the case within the next three or four years. Two or three projects have already been put on foot looking to a location on the east bank of the river. There is but a single objection to the massing of the lumber industry in a single quarter, as is being done at the present time in Minneapolis, and that is the added danger from fire. With the future that it is before the Soo road as a lumber line, it need be no matter of surprise if the time should come when there would be piled on the east side of the river more lumber than now is found on the west side.—Lumberman.

COLD WEATHER RULES.

How to Make Life in Winter Agreeable and Health-Giving.

Never lean with the back upon any thing that is cold.

Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out into the cold.

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

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion and other diseases.

After exercise of any kind, never ride in an open carriage or near the window of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health or even life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by the fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed in its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise, and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to cold wind.—Sanitarian.

"Accept my hand, August." And the maiden looked at the hand, which was something smaller than the average-sized salt-fish, hesitated a moment and then said sweetly: "Isn't there a discount—something off, where you take so large an order."—Boston Transcript.

DEVIL WORSHIPERS.

Strange Religion of Certain Communities in Western Asia.

According to Herr Gustav Paul, who recently made a journey from Tabriz to Lake Van, the Nestorian Christians are seen with the grime of his labor washed from his face, his pallor will be startling to the stranger. His eyes are protruding, his form stooped, his gait uncertain and stumbling. The minor frequently works in water up to his knees, and he thinks nothing of it; but he is in constant fear of taking cold when in the free, open air. While the outdoor laborer in the coal regions congratulates himself that he is not subject to the hardships nor exposed to the perils that the miner is, the miner rejoices that he is sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, from cold and wind and rain, unlike his less favored brother, the outdoor laborer! The miner, as every body knows, is superstitious and credulous. He believes in ghosts, in haunted mines, in myths of all kinds.

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THE DARK CONTINENT.

The War on the Germans by Coast Natives in East Africa.

The Germans have serious work on hand in East Africa. Along three hundred miles of the Zanzibar coast, between Pangani on the north and Kilwa on the south, they have been attacked by coast natives at five of their stations and several Germans have been killed. This uprising has speedily followed the cession to the Germans by the Sultan of Zanzibar of this strip of coast, about five hundred miles long and ten miles wide. The immediate pretext for this rebellion is the violent disinclination of the coast people to accept the sovereignty of Europeans. The real cause of war is the infiltration of the coast natives with the Arabs of the interior. These attacks are only the latest development in the programme of open hostility to all the whites in Africa which led Mwanga, frenzied by Arab lies, to kill Bishop Hannington, and also led to the capture of Stanley Falls and the assaults upon the European settlers on Lake Nyassa.

These coast natives are not such untutored savages as those among whom white men have cast their lot on the other side of equatorial Africa. They are half-caste Arabs and Moslem Negroes, the product of two or three centuries of the admixture of Arab, Portuguese and Indian traders and settlers with the native peoples. They dominate most of the narrow coast strip for several hundred miles, the pure-blooded Africans having retreated before them into the interior. Thousands of them, the Wa Sanheli, have served explorers as porters; but most of those who are now attacking the Germans are the half-caste Arabs and coast clans known as the Wa Merima, whom the pure Arabs regard as greatly their inferiors, though the most influential immigrant in Central Africa, Tippu Tib, is himself a half-caste. Two-thirds of the German stations are among the pure African tribes on the highlands from 75 to 150 miles west of the disturbed coast strip.

The inevitable conflict between the whites who are trying to uplift and develop Africa and the Moslems who are decimating and degrading her people has now been signalized by bloodshed half way across the equatorial regions. Every enterprise of the whites from sea to sea in this part of Africa is now confronted by the Arab question and the signs are multiplying every day that this problem must be settled before any of those projects can go forward to which the Arab influence is a perpetual menace.

Fortunately for the Germans the present impediment in their path is so near the sea that they will make short work of it when they seriously set about its removal.—N. Y. Sun.

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BLUNDERS IN CHURCH.

An English Clergyman Relates Some Clerical Blunders and Mishaps.

The cozy squire's pew of the eighteenth century was an elaborate structure, luxuriously furnished and surmounted by crimson curtains. It often contained the only fireplace in the church, and was never complete without a square table. During the reign of George I. a colored footman would enter with a tray of refreshments just before the sermon. In one of these retreats, Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, being ensconced, was roused from a doze by the exhortation—"Let us pray."

"By all means," shouted the Duke; "I have no objection."

The poor were accommodated in narrow pews, very high and stiff in the back. No wonder that a timid child remarked that a man in velvet breeches had sat on her panty shelf and shut the door. Not so little Johnny, who, "on the promise to be good," was taken to church. He kept very still till the last prayer, by which time he had grown so tired that he got up on the cushion of the seat and stood with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the seat behind bowed her head for prayer Johnny thought she was crying, so he leaned over and said in a too audible whisper:

"Poor, dear lady, what do matter? Does o' tummy ache?"

Very formidable must have been the pew with a lattice around it, in which that red-headed vixen, Queen Bess, sat to criticize the court preachers. They had to be as particular in their allusions as the chaplains of Louis XIV. "We must all die," exclaimed the preacher. The King frowned fiercely. "All, I mean, save your Majesty," added the subtle courtier.

When a Bishop or other cleric made mention of any thing which did not please the vain old woman, the lattice was rattled with terrible energy and distinctness to the discomfiture of the unfortunate ecclesiastic. Sometimes she spoke outright, as when the Bishop of St. David's ventured upon statistics of the Queen could not follow: "You keep your arithmetic to yourself, the greatest clerks are seldom the wisest men."

How different was the appreciation of a sermon delivered by my eloquent incumbent in Bosley Church, Cheshire. At the conclusion, the kind vicar, leaping through the paper hoop of rubrical restrictions exclaimed: "My good people, before we sing the hymn I think we can not do better than heartily thank Mr. Hughes for his most excellent sermon."

In that same church a local land owner, the Earl of Harrington, placed a stained glass window, containing figures of the Virgin and St. John. Some friends of mine being shown over the building, asked the venerable clerk the subject. "Their fan," said he, "was meant for Mr. and Mrs. Harrington, but I can't say as they are much loike."

My first incumbent, Mr. Hughes, was very absent-minded. A well-known member of the congregation had delivered his bride, and the ladies were on the tip-toe of expectation on the following Sunday to see what she was like. An involuntary smile was caused by the text: "Behold the bridegroom cometh." By no means diffident was the young lady who extracted a promise from her vicar that he would present an appropriate sermon when she appeared at church on the Sunday following her marriage.

"The text was somewhat a surprise. 'Ye, an' abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth.'"

Speaking of marriages, how amusing is the following incident. The incumbent of a populous parish in the midlands, who never failed to have publication of numerous banns looked for the banns book as usual after the second lesson. Finding assurance of finding it he commented: "An awkward pause, during which he looked beneath the service book, because he was not there." "I publish the banns," he repeated, still fumbling, "between—between—between the cushion and the seat, sir," shouted the clerk, looking up and pointing to the place where the book had been mislaid.—Argosy.

MEXICAN AND SPANIARD.

The Industry, Thrift and Good Humor of the Modern Sancho Panza.

The average Mexican, like the average American, is free with his money—neglectful to those little economies which Europeans understand so well, and, therefore, when a rich Mexican land owner is in need of a manager for an estate he looks about for a frugal, thrifty Spaniard, who, if he does make money for himself, does not neglect his employer's interest. It is a common error among Americans to fancy the Spaniard as a boasting, proud fellow, averse to toil and preferring gentility in a faded velvet coat to hard work and comfort. A witty Spaniard has said somewhere that all Spaniards are either Don Quixotes or Sancho Panzas, and there is some measure of truth in this saying. The Sancho Panza class of Spaniard has the hard, homely sense of the New England farmer, and not a little of the dry humor which the Yankee possesses as by birthright. The Spanish language has thousands of sharp and racy proverbs available for every-day use, and the hard-working Spaniard makes free use of them. Another Anglo-Saxon misconception is that the Spaniard is a man who is ever seeking a quarrel and whose temper is fiery and uncertain. There are streaks of romanticism in the Spaniard, and any amount of good qualities that wear well in every-day life. He is patient, good-humored, and will share his meal with an unfortunate countryman. There is much sturdy fiber left in the Spaniard nation, which we must not forget, disputed the control of this hemisphere with ourselves for centuries, and left never-to-be-erased marks of Spanish domination. The Spaniard resembles the Anglo-Saxon in his propensities for colonization, his willingness to emigrate, his capacity for hard work and a certain arrogance the Anglo-Saxon or Spaniard never loses.—Dr. Boston Herald.

STRENGTH OF ROPES.

Result of Experiments Made by a French Scientist.

The quality of the workmanship, strength, extensibility and elasticity of round and flat ropes of hemp and slow, and of iron and steel wire, have been experimentally investigated by A. Duboué, and the results of his experiments published in the Bulletin de la Société d'Encouragement des Arts, Paris. In his experiments Mr. Duboué used a horizontal hydraulic press and a weighing apparatus consisting of a steady and sliding weight, by which tension of from one to 150,000 pounds could be recorded. For higher pressure a gauge on the body of the press was used. Specimens were fastened by winding each end on a grooved pulley of special construction. The usual length of specimens for testing was thirteen feet.

The results of all the tests gave for the average tensile strengths of ropes the following:

White hemp	10,000 to 11,000
Tarred hemp	11,000 to 12,000
White manila	12,000 to 13,000
White sisal	13,000 to 14,000
Flat, tarred hemp or manila	5,000 to 6,000
Wire rope	8,000 to 10,000

A factor of safety of 4, or even 5 in some cases, is considered safe for a rope of unannealed strength. An ultimate tensile strength of about 55,000 pounds per square inch of section of metal, when annealed the ultimate strength is reduced to about 45,000 pounds, but the elongation is nearly doubled, being 12 to 15 per cent. in annealed wire. The best wire ropes for mining purposes have a much higher tensile strength. Another writer on the same subject says that the tensile strength of a wet rope is only one-third that of the same rope when dry, and that a rope saturated with soap or grease is still weaker.—Mechanical News.

POET'S RESTING PLACE.

The Spot Selected by William Cullen Bryant for His Tomb.

Nestling amid the trees on the gentle slope of a neighboring hill is the village cemetery of Roslyn, L. I. In this home of the departed are two graves, side by side, which resting places contain the dust of one of the world's greatest poets, William Cullen Bryant, and of his faithful companion in life. The site of this last resting place of the dead was selected by the post-editor who now sleeps within its confines, and who at the time uttered a wish—granted a half century later—by the following words:

"I gazed upon the glorious sky
And the green mountain round,
And thought that, when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
Tears pleasant, that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tone
And green a porous tone,
The certain shade, my grave to make,
It was Bryant that also gave the name to the picturesque village which for so many years was his home. In 1846, when he went there, he learned that when the British left Long Island they marched out of Hempstead to the town of Roslyn Castle, and accordingly gave the name of Roslyn to the place which was then only a hamlet. The estate which he purchased there he named Coburns—the old Quaker homestead with its odd gables and corners, from the porch of which the poet many times turned his gaze to the hills and green fields in the north and the bright waters of Hempstead harbor and the sails of passing vessels.—N. Y. Telegram.

VALUE OF RESTRAINT.

A Word to Young Men Who are Anxious for Independence.

Perhaps there is nothing under which men wince and fret more than the restraints and restrictions which the circumstances of life force upon them. And yet, humanly speaking, there is no greater helper, no surer guide, than external restrictions. Every one knows that it is comparatively easy to act the gentleman in a society where the forms of etiquette are rigidly observed; but it is not easy to come up to the same requirement in a society where freedom is the rule and where rules are free. A newly employed street-car driver has no difficulty in finding the route over which he is to direct his horses. He can not drive off the track without being jolted into a consciousness of his own error. But a ride across a trackless prairie, while it leaves the rider free from the restraints of the rail, correspondingly opens to him the danger of going astray. Many a young man desires to leave his present employment that he may be "his own master." But no one is competent to master himself until he knows how to impose restrictions upon himself as the servant of that master; nor will he be competent to serve himself until he knows how to accept the restrictions which it would profit him to receive from himself as the master of that servant.—S. S. Times.

Another Robinson Crusoe.

Prof. Lee, of Bowdoin College, who accompanied the Albatross expedition as a naturalist, tells of a curious experience in the South Pacific Ocean. Years ago the Ecuador Government planted a convict colony on Charles Island, one of the Galapagos group. The convicts revolted, killed the Governor, and escaped, leaving behind pigs, cattle, donkeys and horses. Since that time no one was thought to live there, and at Chatham Island, another of the group, the Albatross party were told that Charles Island was entirely deserted. They were, therefore, rather surprised when they visited Charles Island to come upon a man nearly naked, carrying a pick on his back. He was quite as surprised as they, and was at first in great fear, but finally got him to talk. His hair and beard had grown to great length, and he had lost all notion of time. He said that some years before he had come from Chatham Island with a party in search of a certain valuable moss; that he had deserted his companions, who had gone off without him, and that since that time he had been alone on the island. He had lived on fruits and herbs, had captured wild cattle by setting traps for them, killed them with a spear made by tying his pocket knife to a stick, and from their hides made a hut. He was glad to see men again and asked to be taken back to Chatham, which was granted, of course.—S. S. Times.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"Papa, how old was Methusalem when he died?" "Nine hundred and sixty-nine years, Bolla." "And what was his business?" "Doy professor."—Burdette.

An engagement ring indicates that a young lady intends marrying; but in those fashionable times it does not indicate that she intends marrying the one who gave it to her.—Londoner's Weekly.

Husband (after church)—Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Caldwell and the two Misses Caldwell were? Wife—Yes, and as they were the Psycho-knot for the first time, it is easily explained.—Book.

Mr. Bibber (next morning)—O, my head! It is a wonder that a man will put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains." Mrs. Bibber—"If that's what you did for me, Bibber, I think the enemy got badly left."—Terra Haute Express.

"Well," said Parson Poundstuf, "I stuck to my text this morning, anyhow." "You did that," said the deacon, wearily, "you stuck to it till we thought you'd grown fast to it. Seemed to me you'd never let go."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Husband (whose wife has been proving him for smoking in her possession)—You often used to say before we were married, O George, I do so love the color of a good cigar." Wife—Yes, that sort of thing is part of a young lady's essential.—Time.

Father—Who is that young man who comes to see you so much? Daughter—Mr. Chestnut, a young real estate dealer from Harlem, papa. Father—Well, the next time he calls I want to see him. Daughter—O, papa, you won't say anything you ought not? Father (quietly but firmly)—I shall order a ton of coal and tell him to charge it.—N. Y. Sun.

Husband (pettishly)—Why, Nellie, do you spend so much time at the looking-glass? Wife—To make myself look as attractive as possible." H.—"Pshaw! You are too vain. And what does it all amount to? I don't admire you any more." W.—"I know it, dear, but you are not the only man in the world." H. puts on his thinking cap.—Boston Courier.

Jangle—"I am thinking of sending Arabella to Paris to finish her musical education." Hangle—"I am delighted to hear it." Jangle—"The only obstacle seems to be the matter of funds." Hangle—"Funds! Don't let that stop you. Your neighbors will gladly subscribe to send that voice to Paris and say, hadn't you better send the piano with her, too?"—Lowell Citizen.

Husband (impatiently)—"Is it possible, my dear, that you can not keep those children quiet for a moment?" Wife (soothingly)—"Now John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent thing; it is natural for them to be full of spirit, and they're doing the best they can." Husband—"Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check for \$50 that you've been bothering me for." Wife (sternly)—"Children go up stairs at once, and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely."—Life.