

BOWS AND ARROWS.

How the Indian Boy is Taught to Shoot

Forest and Stream. "You see," said Dr. Carver, as he depicted a whole sheaf of brightly feathered arrows on the table, took off his umbrageous felt, and drew up a chair, "I must be showing something or other all the time. If it isn't a Winchester, it's a bow and arrow. Pretty, they are, but most too fine. Fancy things, these arrows, for hands some young ladies to shoot on grass-plates at straw targets. Now, an Indian arrow is a good bit longer, may be thirty-two inches—and when a Sioux draws it chock up to the bow it fairly hums when he lets it fly. An Indian arrow has grooves cut in behind the barb—that is to say, the ones they use in hunting—so that the blood can flow, otherwise the wound would swell and spoil. The fighting arrows are nasty things. The barb is so put on the shaft so that when it hits you the flesh when you go to pull out the arrow. Dear sakes, what ugly wounds I have seen them make! An Indian boy begins to handle a light bow when he toddles, maybe at four or five years. His bow is taller than he is. He shoots at everything around the camp. When he is 12 he uses sharp arrows. A boy must be strong at 18 to use a man's bow. Now, a white man who takes an Indian bow for the first time will all he can do to bend it. It needs some strength, but more knack. The bow is made straight. When it is strung the cord, even when in tension, almost touches the bow. It is thick, some four and a half or five feet long—that is, their hunting bows—and has extra stiffness by having sinews pasted on it. I have seen We-shessa-ha-ka—that is, the son of We-shessa-ha-ka—that is, the Ojibwa man and he was the best of the Ojibwa Sioux, kill an antelope with his arrow at 125 measured rods. We-shessa-ha-ka was nearly seven feet tall, and a good Indian. On horseback, broadside to a buffalo, I have more than once known that Indian to send an arrow through a big cow. The arrow hung out the other side. The bow for horseback and for war is a trifle shorter, and may be stiffer. You do not draw the arrow to the eye, but catch aim as I do, when shooting from the hip. That can be acquired only by long practice. The string is drawn by the clutch of the whole fingers, though some of the tribes use the thumb and three fingers. The long man could shoot an arrow in the air out of sight, and I can. I (the doctor) pointed to an arrow buried up to the feathers in the sealing of our office, his own peculiar ornamentation of the Forest and Stream sanctum. I think that in a couple of months I could get into perfect practice, for I used to hold my own with any Indian on the plains. Sometimes after I had been shooting with my Winchester an Indian would come up and show me his bow, and tell me his bow was "muchee good," but then I used to take his own bow and beat him at it. "To pass away the time when I was at the Brooklyn driving park, I bought an English bow and arrows of Holberton, and soon got into the trick of it. I hit blocks of wood thrown into the air quite as often as I missed them. The English bows and arrows are fancy, not good. I would rather have an old Sioux one, made of hickory or ash, but the boss bow I ever owned was made of buffalo ribs. An Indian carries his quiver of arrows over his right shoulder, so that he can get his arrows quickly. When he has discharged one arrow, with the same motion that he uses in pulling the string he clubs the arrow off. If he shoots one hundred yards he has three or four arrows in the air all going at the same time. It's great fun shooting at a bird with a long tail that flies over the prairie. Knock out his tail and his steering apparatus is gone. I have knocked the tail out of many a one, and so caught him in my hands when he tumbled."

High-Heeled Shoes.

New York Sun. A reporter, crossing the Fulton Ferry N. Y., some days ago, was made an unwilling listener to some feminine confidences on backache. As all women and the greater part of their men folk are directly or indirectly interested in the subject, the reporter visited a man of science who was named by one of the young ladies as having cured her trouble. "Oh, yes," said the doctor, "backache is very common among women; more than two-thirds of them suffer from it. But there is one kind of this trouble, caused by a prevailing fashion which women ought not to allow themselves to suffer from. "Are you a specialist for fashionable backache? "The doctor laughed. "I will tell you all about it," said he. "Three years ago a fashionable young lady called upon me, saying that her back was very lame and had been so for a considerable time, the pain had lately become greatly increased that she had become frightened about herself. She had been obliged to shorten her promenades, so she said, was almost incapable of dancing, and her life was gradually becoming a burden. She had tried everything and taken medicine all the time, but then she broke down in such a way that I began to suspect hysteria. "She looked tired, and her face bore an expression of pain and despondency which was not combatible with her years—she was about 23. Nor her evidences of constitutional force, which I judged to be strong. I confess I was at a loss to account for her trouble, and close questioning gave me no indication for treatment. At last prescribed a tonic—on general principles and asked her to call in about a week. When she appeared again, a glance sufficed to show that she was no better, and I was much puzzled as I saw her walk up and down the office in nervous excitement, exclaiming that she would never get well, she knew she wouldn't, etc. As I looked, a certain peculiarity in her walk led me to think that there might be some spinal trouble, and I commenced a cross-examination, which she brought to a sudden close by saying: "Why, doctor, several of my friends are suffering just as I am, but they are not yet so worn out with the pain; we cannot all have spinal complaint, can we? "I thought it impossible, of course," continued the doctor, "and the inter-

view ended by me asking her to call again on the next day and bring one of her friends with her, when I would make another effort to discover the real cause of the trouble. I had, in fact, made up my mind that some peculiarity in dress was at the root of the difficulty. The ladies called, and had hardly traversed the office before I observed in patient No. 2 the same idiosyncrasy in walking that I had seen in the first patient. I was not long in discovering that the real difficulty lay in the high and tapering heels of her patients' gaiters. Closer examination revealed the fact that there was a difference in the height of the best heels of the two ladies, and I found that my first patient, who was the greater sufferer, was the one whose gaiters possessed the highest heels. There was nothing to do but to prescribe slippers and woolen stockings for a week, to be followed by the wearing of shoes having low, broad heels. "And it was this treatment which cured the backache. "All signs of lameness disappeared within eleven days, and my first patient of this kind, together with many who have followed her, regained their health and strength. There are many physiological reasons why undue elevation of the heel must cause trouble. It will suffice to say that it serves to throw the contents of the abdominal cavity, and the strain upon the muscles, nerves, and cords, more or less concentrated with, or surrounding the back, are subjected to unusual strain in resisting the forward impulse. Of course, in such cases, lame back is not of itself a disease, but only the indication of a deep-seated trouble, which is sometimes difficult to deal with. Ladies should be warned that this fashion in heels is certain to bring them sooner or later—great trouble. If they must adhere to the prevailing style, they should take care to wear slippers on every occasion which the sacred duties they owe to fashion may permit. That a person may as well be out of the world as out of the fashion is a law more incalculable in the minds of many women than those of nature or of health."

She Shoed It Away.

San Francisco Post. They were a party of four couples coming over on the steambath Saucelito last Sunday, and the prettiest girl of the gushers looked up at Mount Tamalpais and said: "Oh, that horrid, horrid mountain! I had the most frightful adventure up there last summer you ever heard of. It's a wonder my hair didn't turn white. "What on earth was it?" chorused the rest. "Well, you see, I was up there with a private picnic party, and I wandered off by myself about a mile, picking flowers. After while I sat down to rest in a lonely canyon, and before long I heard a queer rustling sound in some bushes right behind me. I knew at once, somehow, that it was a grizzly. "Great Scott! and you all alone!" shuddered her escort. "Not a soul within a mile of me. I was just paralyzed with terror. I heard the bear stir, but in a minute I heard the bear coming toward me through the thicket. "Oh, if I'd only been there," said a young man breathing, very hard. "I knew it was no use to try and run, and I had heard somewhere that bears never touch dead people. So I just shut my eyes and held my breath. "Gracious! " "Pretty soon the great brute walked up close and began sniffing me all over. Oh, it was just terrible! " "Should have thought you would have fainted." "Oh, I didn't dare to," said the heroine. "Just then, I suppose, the party rushed up and rescued you," said the appalled audience. "No, they didn't. Pretty soon I felt that great bear pulling at the flowers at my feet, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away. "What, the grizzly? " "Oh, it wasn't a grizzly. It was a nasty old cow. But just suppose it had been a grizzly! "But the audience refused to "suppose," and the party looked like a Quaker funeral, until the boat struck the wharf.

Beer.

Indianapolis Journal. The internal revenue bureau has certain statistics in its possession which can be relied on for their accuracy, and which are surprising. The production of lager beer in this country has become a great industry, and is constantly growing. In 1870 we produced 265,813,086 gallons of fermented liquor. In 1880 the production had increased to 413,760,410 gallons. England, Germany and Austria are each larger producers of beer than this country, and the quantity manufactured and drunk seems to be increasing everywhere. Despite all the efforts of the friends of temperance the use of lager beer in America increases from year to year, so that this may already be said to be a beer-drinking people. There are many who regard with satisfaction this substitute of a milder beverage for the alcoholic drinks which for many years have maddened the brains and poisoned the blood of drinkers. Referring to this subject, the New York Sun says: "The temperance people ought to rejoice that so mild a beverage as lager beer has become the most popular drink of the country. Its increasing use is aiding the cause of practical temperance in the most efficient way, for it may be drunk daily by the majority of people without endangering their sobriety, while the habitual use of whiskey can be persisted in by only a few without lamentable consequences. "Every nation has its favorite beverage. In England large quantities of heavy ale and porter are used. These liquors, with gin, are the popular beverages among the common people. In France that abominable compound known as absinthe grows steadily in favor. Of all drinks used by civilized people this is unquestionably the most deleterious in its effects. That such a beverage, introduced from Algeria by French soldiers, should become popular with a nation of the intelligence of the French is most astonishing and shows the wonderful power of appetite. It is believed that the use of absinthe is

A Cannon to Shoot Ten Miles.

The making of the patterns for the Lyman-Haskell accelerating or multi-charge gun at the Scott Foundry of the Reading Iron Works was begun this morning. The gun will be twenty-five feet long, and have a bore six inches in diameter. Along the bore four pockets will be located, in each of which a charge of powder will be placed, with the view of accelerating the speed of the ball after it leaves the gun and during its progress through the bore. Experts who have seen the drawings and have given the subject of the manufacture of heavy ordnance a study have expressed the opinion that the gun will shoot all the distance of ten or twelve miles, and that its caliber is a good range for the best cannon. The charge of powder will be 120 pounds and the weight of shot 150 pounds. It is calculated that a shot from the gun will penetrate through two feet of solid wrought iron.

How the Snake Gets a New Suit.

"Some people think that snakes only shed their skins at certain seasons of the year," said the keeper. "That's a mistake. If they are well fed and kept right when they change their coats about every eight weeks through the year. "Does it pain them? "Not a bit of it. You see the skin of a snake does not increase in size as the reptile grows, as with us. While the old is getting smaller by degrees a new one is forming underneath and the other gradually gets dry. When it is ready to shed it loosens around the lips, and the reptile ruts itself against the earth or the rocks in the cage, and turns the upper part over the lower, then the lower part over the throat. Then it commences to glide around the glass case, all the time rubbing itself against something until the entire skin is worked off. Sometimes this takes three days. Occasionally they get rid of the incumbrance in a few hours. I don't believe there are a lot of intelligent people who take so much care for them, they would as lief let me as any stranger. I can handle a great many of them with safety, but it's only the knack of the thing—not that they won't bite, but that they can't get a life."

A Left-Hearted Man.

The medical faculty of Vienna has been studying a young man who wears his heart on the right side, his liver on his left, and in other respects has the usual arrangement of the internal human organism completely reversed. He is strong and healthy.

BLIND ANIMALS.

Life in Underground Rivers. Blind Fish in a Lively Chase.

New York Sun. An interesting exhibition of blind animals was recently given to a party of visitors by a gentleman living in the immediate vicinity of Manhattan cave, and some of the experiments were remarkable in their way. The cave, as well as many others, has its subterranean rivers and lakes that are stocked with a fauna peculiarly their own, and the observations that have resulted in our present knowledge of it are of peculiar interest. Years ago a fisher undoubtedly entered the underground river, and gradually became disuse, as generation succeeded generation, their organs of sight have almost disappeared—the result of inactivity. In the young the eye is more perfect, but as the fish grows the unused optic nerve remains intact, or gradually dwindles away, so that the most careful scrutiny often fails to reveal it in the adult form. The eyeball becomes covered with a white membrane, probably a fatty substance, and has the vacant stare of a boiled cod. The fish that was originally a minnow, assumes a pale and ghostly appearance, and when observed under a glaring torch striking the beholder as in strict keeping with the surroundings, which are to be seen as grain, ghly, and peculiar. To observe the fish so captured there, almost perfect silence must be maintained, and the white forms will soon be seen darting to the top of the water, and as quickly retreating to the cover of some adjacent ledge. Bits of bread or flies thrown on the water, however, attract them, and if a net is dexterously used, the game can be secured. The exhibition referred to was to illustrate the wonderful sense of feel in these fishes. A large tank was the scene of observations, built up with rock in mimic cliffs and walls. The blind fish had been in the aquarium for three months without being fed, living on what water plants they could find. It was explained that by a provision of nature blind fish were so constructed that the loss of eyes, the sense of feeling being so remarkably developed as to completely take their place. Curious cilia-like organs in the head seem to have much to do with the activity of their movements. The whole head, above and below, is destitute of scales, the naked skin extending backward on the sides to the base of the pectoral fins; the body is covered with numerous fine hairs, the upper ends of the opercula covering the space between the pectorals, and similar to those on the head, the pectorals, the sides, extending from the pectoral fins to the tail, but are not so well defined as those on the head. The skin of the head is of extreme delicacy, and is covered by a very thin, loose layer of epithelium. The larger ridges have between twenty and thirty papille, many of these having a cup-shaped indentation at the top, in which delicate filaments is, in some instances, seen. These papille are largely provided with nervous filaments, and, as is obvious, from their connection with branches of the fifth pair of nerves, must be considered purely tactile, and the large number of them shows that tactile sensibility is probably very acute, and in some measure compensates for the virtual absence of the sense of sight. This studded with scales, so that a fish could hardly swim rapidly, having to turn repeatedly to avoid the obstructions. In among the pebbles half a dozen of the fish were seen swimming around, varying from two and a half to five inches in length. The largest specimen of this fish captured in late months is said to have been taken during the summer of 1871, and was worth \$10 to a person who was so desirous of securing the precious morsel that he had it cooked for his dinner. The exhibitor took a fish about an inch long called the melanura, a minnow that has eyes, also found in the cave, and dropped it in the tank. It started for the bottom, but the blind fish felt its presence and rushed to the water's surface, where it was taken. The minnow darted away from its ghostly enemies, dodging in among the rocks, now put into clear water. Experts who have seen the drawings and have given the subject of the manufacture of heavy ordnance a study have expressed the opinion that the gun will shoot all the distance of ten or twelve miles, and that its caliber is a good range for the best cannon. The charge of powder will be 120 pounds and the weight of shot 150 pounds. It is calculated that a shot from the gun will penetrate through two feet of solid wrought iron.

A RAILWAY PATRIARCH.

Sketch of the Life and Work of the Oldest Living Locomotive Engineer in the United States.

Correspondence of the St. Joseph Gazette. BROOKFIELD, Mo., May 23.—Your correspondent met Grandfather Goodale at the railroad depot to-day and made known to him that a short sketch of his life would certainly be interesting to all railroad men, and to thousands of others who cannot but contemplate with amazement the stupendous railway system of the world which has had its inception, its beginning and its present triumph all within the lifetime of this old patriarch, with his life-work and recollections have been so intimately acquainted. A pleasant interview with the old engineer in my office this afternoon elicited the following facts, which are quite rare, but constitute the outlines of one of the most stirring and adventurous lives of which I ever knew. W. W. Goodale was born in Northampton, Mass., December 3, 1803, and consequently is in his seventy-eighth year. He was a steamboat engineer on Lake Erie in 1830-31-32. He commenced running a locomotive engine on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in 1834. As is well known, this was the first railroad operated in the United States, and it was begun in 1828. When Mr. Goodale went onto it, the roadway was in running order to Elliott Mills. He distinctly remembers about the great excitement in connection with the enterprise, the prophecies of failure and the wonders at its success. The engine he ran was the old "Wm. Penn," one of the first put upon the road.

Building in New York.

Building in New York city is again at high-water mark. Great business blocks are being erected downtown town by D. O. Mills, Eugene Kelly, John Taylor Johnston, Henry Farrah, Henry Marquand, James Farmer and Wm. Vanderbilt. The Tribune office, so much derided in The Post, is to have 169 feet put upon it in the rear; and the extension is to cost \$228,000. An attempt was made to buy The Sun office, next door, but Dunn demanded \$1,000,000 for it. Horace Greeley's statue is to be placed in the front of The Tribune building. John Taylor Johnston, who lost his fortune and recovered it in the New Jersey Central railroad, is putting up an edifice in Wall street to cost \$125,000. Marquand's building, the money for which was made in the Iron Mountain railroad, is to cost \$180,000. Gould is to spend \$98,000 on The World block. There have been eleven hundred and forty-five buildings started during the present year in New York, the united cost of which is nearly \$19,000,000. Large stores are being put up by Geisel, James White, William Astor, Myers & Levy, Sloan, the carpenter man, and many others. Vanderbilt is putting up a depot on the site of the Manhattan market, for cost \$150,000. Lester Wallack's new theater will cost \$100,000. The Cornells are putting up a Methodist church, to cost \$110,000. The Hebrew orphan asylum is being completed at an expense of \$400,000. The Gilsley house is having sixty-seven feet added to the front. The buildings are being added to Columbia college to cost \$750,000. Back of the St. James hotel Mr. Rosenbaum is putting up a hotel to cost \$100,000. A hotel to cost \$400,000 is going up at Fifth avenue and Forty-ninth streets nine stories high. The Knickerbocker club has paid \$200,000 for a mansion, and the Lots club is looking for one. Some of the most expensive private houses in the world are going up here. Ruppert, the brewer, cost \$90,000; Stuart's, the sugar refiner, \$350,000; John Sloan's, \$90,000; Geo. Osgood's, \$60,000; John C. Mott's, \$100,000. Huge blocks of dwelling houses are being built in the city. It possibly looks as though much reform in the midst of so much prosperity.

A Long-Lived Family.

Nicholas Singley, who was born in Pennsylvania 104 years ago, is now a resident of our town, living with his daughter, Mrs. M. E. Short. Both his mother and father lived to be over 100 years of age, the father being 111 when he died and his mother 104. His brother, recently deceased, was 108. Mr. Singley can be seen on streets any day, is well preserved, but hard of hearing, and is a great reader. He has not used liquor since he was 30 years of age.

Wild Horses.

The bush of Australia is so overfled by the multiplying of wild horses that they have to be shot down in common with rabbits and kangaroos. In one district an Arab stallion got away some thirty years ago, and was never recaptured. He was a chestnut, and took a couple of thoroughbred colts with him, and it has been remarked that a large proportion of the wild horses of the district are of his color. Horses believed to be very old are occasionally seen far away in distant ranges. One man has shot 3,000 horses in two years.

Senatorial Fisherman.

Hannibal Hamlin has gone on a fishing excursion to the head waters of the St. John. Senator Edmunds is about to make a fishing trip to the Cascapedia river, in Canada. Conking and Platt are fishing for the senarships at Albany.

MODERN PRIZE-FIGHTERS.

Decadence of the Ring Since the Days of the Heavy Hitters.

The prize ring, both in this country and in England, is fast degenerating and growing feebler for the entertainment of the young bloods of the day. The solid, sturdy hitters are rapidly disappearing, and their place is being taken by a class of younger men, who trust to what is known as "scientific" fighting for success. The heavy hitting of the days of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan has given way to the more fanciful but less dangerous fancy sparring. The last prize fight which occurred last week between Sullivan and Flood furnishes a good example of the truth of this remark. A boat was engaged, and principals and spectators set out, but the whole affair was a speculating dodge, with tickets at \$10, which greatly benefited the pockets of Billy Horst of Sixth avenue fame and John Seannell, and served to arouse a large number of Wall street brokers, one, at least, of whom will remember it for a long while, having received a "re-membrance" by being lit over the eye with a bottle. The contests nowadays are principally with "hard" gloves, instead of the naked fists, and are got up to order at any time. It is safe to assert that any one of the "old timers" could successfully hold his own against any two of the new race of prize-fighters and send them both to "grass" in a remarkably short time. Where, in the whole list of prize-fighters who now appear in the ring, is there a man who can strike such terrific blows as John C. Heenan, who knocked down the English champion, Sayers, in nearly every round in the battle at Farnborough? Or here is the one who can deliver such "straight from the shoulder" hammer blows as Tom Hyer landed on Country McCloskey's face at Caldwell landing? Or where do we hear of a pugilist being knocked out of time and unable to come to the scratch? Tom Hyer, the first American champion, dealt sledge-hammer blows. He fought but two battles, one with McCloskey (George Chester) and one with Yankee Sullivan; but the power and force of his terrible right hand prevented any other pugilist from accepting any challenge which he issued. For Tom, the grass of Greenwood has grown over his grave for nearly fourteen years. Yankee Sullivan, one of the pluckiest men that ever stood in the prize ring, was another powerful hitter. In his match with Tom Secor on Staten Island, his blows fairly staggered his opponent, and he finally sent in a terrific sledge-hammer blow that knocked Secor completely off his feet and rendered him unable to toe the mark. Perhaps the heaviest hitter that ever put up his hands was John C. Heenan. His blows were positively terrific. Tall, finely formed, and possessed of great strength, he would send his opponent fairly spinning when he embraced the opportunity of sending home a blow. John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and the King all received terrible punishment at Heenan's hands. Among the "old-timers" now living is Joe Coburn. Although his fighting days are about over, there is little doubt that Joe could discount many of the ambitious pugilists of the present day in the ring. His memorable battle with Mike McCool was, perhaps, his best battle. McCool was taller, heavier and stronger than Coburn, but the latter overcame him after an hour and ten minutes of battle. Jim Dunn has retired from the ring, although he has not forgotten how to "strike out" when occasion demands it. Dunn was a victor in two fights, once with Bill Davis in the county, Pa., and the other with Jim Elliott, at Bull's Ferry, N. J. He has exchanged the fistie field for that of politics, and is somewhat noted in Brooklyn as a politician. Mike McCool is another pugilist of the "golden time," who has retired. He was a large and magnificent specimen of physical manhood, and previous to his appearance in the ring was one of the most noted rough-and-tumble fighters on the Mississippi river. In his fight with Aaron Jones he sent a terrific blow squarely between the eyes of the latter, knocking him senseless. Mike is now engaged as a boatman on the Mississippi river. Had he possessed science equal to his immense physical power he would undoubtedly have been the greatest pugilist of the day. In his second fight with Tom Allen, he had possessed the necessary amount of science, his immense strength would soon have conquered Tom, but the latter's science proved too much for the big man. Joe Goss, who is at present in New York, is the hero of twelve battles, in two of which only he was defeated, those being with Jim Mace in England and with Paddy Ryan in West Virginia. Joe is a plucky fighter, and the same may be said of Johnny Dwyer. The latter had a way of placing his terrible right hand on the frontispiece of an antagonist in a very striking manner. He, too, has given up prize fighting, and is an upholsterer in Brooklyn. His health is very precarious at present, and he appears to be thoroughly broken down. Paddy Ryan is one of the present generation of boxers. He is a large-built, powerful man, possessed of a great deal of pluck, but lacking somewhat in quickness. In his one fight in the prize-ring he polished off Joe Goss, in West Virginia, after a desperate contest. Rumor says that a match for \$2,500 a side, between Hyar and Sullivan, is in prospect. If they face the music Sullivan will have to learn how to carry his right hand in better shape than he has done if he expects to win.

He Wasn't in a Hurry.

He had his hat in one hand and his handkerchief in the other as he sat down squarely in front of a ginger ale found in a Jefferson avenue drug store. One would have said he was about to melt, but he wasn't the sort of a man to be boxed up in a hot day by an imprudent action of his own. He fanned with one hand and mopped with the other, and finally inquired: "Is this root beer?" "No, sir, this is ginger ale." "Ten cents per glass?" "No, sir, it is five." "Cold?" "Oh, yes." "Made of ginger?" "Certainly." "Well, I suppose I might try some. Is it healthy or unhealthy?" "It is said to be very healthy." "What organs does it claim to work on?" "Well, I couldn't say." "That's unfortunate. How do you know it wouldn't aggravate my lung trouble, or help along my liver complaint? Have you certificates from any it has helped or injured?" "No, sir." "That's unlucky." "Will you have some?" "Well, what do you think? will it be perfectly safe?" "I think so." "Then I might try it. You needn't draw but two cents worth, considering the circumstances." "I think it is—well sell it for five cents per glass." "Very well—I won't take any. Have you any clear cold water?" "Yes." "Thanks. Sorry to put you to any trouble, but I fell through halfway once by making inquiries in time. That's a fair article of water—very fair. Have you the analysis?" "No, sir." "That's too bad. If you get it please lay it aside until I drop in. As to that ginger ale—let's see. To-day is Friday I may pass here about next Thursday, and I suppose you will have it on draught." "Yes, sir." "And the price will be the same?" "Yes." "Very well. I have no doubt it is a refreshing drink, and fully up to your guarantee, but there is no particular hurry in this case—not the least. I shall be in the city off and on about once a week all summer, and any time before cold weather will do. So long to you."

Building in New York.

Building in New York city is again at high-water mark. Great business blocks are being erected downtown town by D. O. Mills, Eugene Kelly, John Taylor Johnston, Henry Farrah, Henry Marquand, James Farmer and Wm. Vanderbilt. The Tribune office, so much derided in The Post, is to have 169 feet put upon it in the rear; and the extension is to cost \$228,000. An attempt was made to buy The Sun office, next door, but Dunn demanded \$1,000,000 for it. Horace Greeley's statue is to be placed in the front of The Tribune building. John Taylor Johnston, who lost his fortune and recovered it in the New Jersey Central railroad, is putting up an edifice in Wall street to cost \$125,000. Marquand's building, the money for which was made in the Iron Mountain railroad, is to cost \$180,000. Gould is to spend \$98,000 on The World block. There have been eleven hundred and forty-five buildings started during the present year in New York, the united cost of which is nearly \$19,000,000. Large stores are being put up by Geisel, James White, William Astor, Myers & Levy, Sloan, the carpenter man, and many others. Vanderbilt is putting up a depot on the site of the Manhattan market, for cost \$150,000. Lester Wallack's new theater will cost \$100,000. The Cornells are putting up a Methodist church, to cost \$110,000. The Hebrew orphan asylum is being completed at an expense of \$400,000. The Gilsley house is having sixty-seven feet added to the front. The buildings are being added to Columbia college to cost \$750,000. Back of the St. James hotel Mr. Rosenbaum is putting up a hotel to cost \$100,000. A hotel to cost \$400,000 is going up at Fifth avenue and Forty-ninth streets nine stories high. The Knickerbocker club has paid \$200,000 for a mansion, and the Lots club is looking for one. Some of the most expensive private houses in the world are going up here. Ruppert, the brewer, cost \$90,000; Stuart's, the sugar refiner, \$350,000; John Sloan's, \$90,000; Geo. Osgood's, \$60,000; John C. Mott's, \$100,000. Huge blocks of dwelling houses are being built in the city. It possibly looks as though much reform in the midst of so much prosperity.

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