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The Adirondack News.

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THE
Adirondack News
ALL KINDS OF
JOB PRINTING
SUCH AS
Cards, Letter-Heads, Note-Heads, Bill-Heads, Statements, Envelopes, Handbills, Posters, &c.,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED
AT THE LOWEST LIVING PRICES
FOR CASH.
We solicit the patronage of the public and strive to merit the same.

A Russian Pacific railroad is contemplated, and five years are necessary to build the line. When finished the world can be traversed in fifty-three days.

It is estimated that the amount of money spent by workingmen in strikes in this country during the last two years would have paid the wages of 100,000 men during that period.

The Pittsburg *Manufacturer* describes a novel craft nearly finished there, which is designed for the rapid transfer of coal from boats or barges to the holds of vessels. It can handle 50,000 bushels per day, and will be taken to New Orleans for use there. Its draft will be only two feet, and its cost about $10,000.

The United States owns about $75,000,000 worth of buildings, and has not a cent of insurance on any of them. Most of them are practically fire-proof. The Government believes that it is strong enough to carry its own insurance. The Astors and some other large real estate owners in New York act on the same policy.

The total wealth of the United Kingdom, according to Mr. Mulhall, has doubled since 1840; the total now being £9,210,000,000, against £4,100,000,000 in 1840. It is interesting to note, as *Bradstreet's* remarks, that while every other item of Great Britain's national wealth has shown an increase, the value of land records a heavy decrease from 1840.

A Boston man, who has crossed the Atlantic fifty-two times and been seasick every time except the last trip, explains that exception by stating that he had a rubber bag, which he filled with ice, and he laid down every morning on this, pressing it against the spine at the base of the brain. It had a soothing effect, and he frequently fell asleep while reposing on it. He afterward felt braced up for the day, enjoying every hour and every meal.

The loss of life in India from man-eating tigers was appalling last year, and some study of the fierce beast has lately been made by English officers. Tigers, it appears, do not attack human beings until they become very large and old, and unable to run down animals that are fleet of foot. One of these creatures is known to have killed 108 persons in the course of three years. Another caused thirteen villages to be deserted. A third is credited with killing 127 travelers on a public road.

The *Electrical Review* thinks many will be surprised by the statement that more than 3,500,000 passengers are carried annually in this country on street cars moved by electric motors. In Montgomery, Ala., electricity is used on eleven miles of road, and the cost is reported by the general manager to be only one-half the cost of horse power. Roads on which electricity takes the place of horses are found in Baltimore, Los Angeles, Port Huron, Detroit, Scranton, Appleton (Wis.), and Denver. Electric railways are in course of construction or under contract in twelve other cities, and in thirty-seven, companies have been formed or other steps taken for the building of such roads. Upon none of the roads now in operation in this country, however, is force supplied by storage batteries attached to the cars. In most cases power is communicated by an overhead conductor.

It is estimated that the losses by fire in the United States this year will amount to $130,000,000. In 1886 the loss was $105,000,000. During the past six weeks no less than four towns in the United States have been destroyed by fire, two of them totally. The largest loss was occasioned by the burning of the village of Marshfield, Wisconsin, on June 27, when nearly $1,000,000 worth of property went up in smoke and flame. This fire was caused by sparks from a locomotive. Clarendon, Pennsylvania, was partially destroyed by fireworks, with a loss of $500,000. New York city lost upwards of $500,000 from the same cause. There is no way to account for the great increase of loss during the present year except on the ground of an increase of carelessness on the part of the public. The great majority of the disastrous fires of the year have been directly attributable to negligence, the careless use of matches, want of means to prevent or extinguish conflagrations, and other preventable causes.

It is well known that, for some years past, a prize of $10,000 has been offered to inventors for the first bales of jute grown and prepared for market in the United States, at a cost which will admit of successful competition with that from India. The principal and apparently insurmountable obstacle which confronts all efforts in this direction is the lack of a machine which will prepare the jute fibre for use at a cost low enough to offset the very cheap hand labor of India. In the jute plant the fibre lies between the pith and the bark, it being necessary, therefore, to remove the latter and separate the jute from the pith, it being also essential that this be done without injuring the fibre, which is one of the most delicate known. But, as the natives of India do this work for seven to ten cents a day, a substitute machine would not only have to overcome this matter of cheapness, but would have to perform the task in as perfect a manner as is now done by Indian fingers, as well as equal in other stages to the work of preparation required before the fibre is ready to enter the factory.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Deeper than all sense of seeing
Lies the source of secret being,
And the soul with truth agreeing
Learns to live in thoughts and deeds;
For the life is more than raiment,
And the earth is pledged for payment
Unto man for all his needs.

Life is more than what man fancies
Not a game of idle chances,
But it steadily advances
Up the rugged heights of time,
Till each complex web of trouble,
Every good hope's broken bubble
Hath a meaning most sublime.

More of practice, less profession;
More of firmness, less concession;
More of freedom, less oppression—
In the Church and State;
More of life and less of fashion,
That will make us good and great.

When true hearts, divinely gifted,
From the dross of error sifted,
On their crosses are uplifted,
Shall the world most clearly see
That earth's greatest time of trial
Calls for holy self-denial;
Calls on men to do and be.

But, forever and forever,
Let it be the soul's endeavor,
Love from hatred to dissever;
And in whatso'er we do,
Won by truth's eternal beauty
From our highest sense of duty,
Evermore be firm and true.

—*F. A. Hinckley.*

LIB.

The first time I ever saw Elizabeth Dill, she was hanging to the boot of a stage coach in the Rocky Mountains. I was climbing up a narrow, rocky pass, and the coach was coming down. As it passed me, I caught the sight of a pale-faced, scrawny little figure, in a dirty calico dress, holding the straps of the boot behind. Her tangled yellow hair was flying out in the breeze, and her bare feet just escaped the rocks in the road.

I sat down on a rock, and watched the clumsy coach until it went rolling and swaying around a curve in the pass. Here the girl dropped lightly to the ground, and came toward me, kicking up the dust as she quickly advanced.

A hundred yards or more ahead of me there stood a rough log cabin, to the door of which, before the girl reached me, there came a slatternly woman, with a dirty baby in her arms, and called, in a sharp, rasping voice: "Lib! You Lib Dill! Whar on airth are ye!"

The child was within ten feet of me when the woman called. In reply she cried out, in an injured and irritated tone: "Here I be!"

"What ye been doin'? Oh, I know, hangin' on to the stage, like the tomboy ye air! Want another lickin', eh?"

"I don't keer fer yer lickin's!" cried the child, tossing her unkempt hair defiantly, while a frown came over her thin face.

"Well, you better care, miss!" cried the woman angrily.

The girl stood directly in front of me now, fearless and unbashed. With one swift, angry movement of her right hand, she stripped her thin white arm of the loose calico sleeve that covered it, and held it out before me.

"Look there, and there, and there!" she cried, pointing her finger at three long, discolored marks on the upper part of her arm. "Do you think I keer fer any of her lickin's after that?" she asked, with an expression pitiful to see in the face of a girl of fourteen years.

"What ye doin', Lib Dill?" screamed the woman, "I see ye, an' ye'd better look out!"

"I said I was going to show them marks to everybody I could; long as they was there," said Lib to me. "She give 'em to me fer breakin' an old cracked teacup. It ain't fair fer her to lick me like that fer an old cup, is it, mister?"

There came a wistful expression to the child's face, a wistful and pathetic quaver in her thin voice, as she pointed with her bare arm toward the stage-coach, which had appeared again on a distant part of the pass.

"Do you know, mister, that if I could only do it, I'd hang on to that old coach some time till it had carried me clean away from here?"

"And leave your parents?" I asked.

"Parrents!" she sneered. "Them aint my parrents; wouldn't own 'em if they was. She ain't no kin at all, an' her man's only some forty-fifth cousin or other of my dead-an'-gone mother; but they're jist as much kin as I want 'em to be."

The words were uttered with scorn, and on Lib's face was a malignant look that no young girl's face should wear.

Unmindful of the woman's command to "Come right straight here!" Lib sat down on a rock near me, rested her chin in one of her thin hands, and asked:

"Where you from?"

"From New England," I said.

"Purty country, ain't it?"

"Very pretty indeed, at this time of the year." It was then October. "Have you ever been East?" I asked.

"Me!" Lib laughed that unpleasant laugh again. She stood on a bowlder, and pointed far away to the west, to where a long line of mountain peaks rose dark and unbroken in the distance.

"Mister," she said, "I ain't never been beyond them mountings in all the days of my life. Crystal City lays at the foot o' that range, an' I was born there. That stage coach goin' down this pass 'll be further east by noon than I ever was. From this rock I can see further north an' south than I ever was. Me been East? Better ask if I ain't been ter college too!"

"I don't suppose you have a school here," I said, as gently as I could.

"Mister, I'm the only boy or girl of school age or size in ten mile o' here. Have you any children, mister?"

"I have three," I said.

"Got a little girl, mebbe?"

"Yes," I said, "a little girl," thankful that she was not as this child was.

"Mebbe she's 'bout my size, mister?"

"She is," I said.

"Well, now, mister," said Lib, slowly and deliberately, "how would you like for her to be like me? How would you like fer her to be licked fer nothin', like I am?"

I shuddered at the mere suggestion of such dread contingencies. Lib went on.

"You wouldn't like it, hey? I reckon not. Well, I do hope that little girl of yourn'll *never* be like I am, nor what I'm likely to be when I grow up."

The pathos and hopelessness in her voice brought tears to my eyes.

"And, mister, do ye know I'd walk, I'd *crawl*, away from this place this day if it wasn't fer—fer."—

Her ragged sleeve went up to her eyes, her head, held high in defiance until now, dropped low; her voice faltered as she went on:

"If it wasn't for Laty."

"And who is Laty?"

"The baby that that there woman held in her arms when she come to the door. Her baby, it is. He's the cunnin'est little thing! an' he loves me, he does. He puts his arm round my neck an' says so, plain as anything. Don't you want to see him? He ain't a bit afraid of strangers, and he likes men folks. She thinks a sight of Laty, she does; so does Laty's pa."

The woman here came out to the cabin, with the adored Laty in her arms. Lib and I went forward to meet them. The woman's face was harsh and forbidding.

"What's she ben tellin' you, mister?" she asked. "A pack of lies, I'll be bound. The truth ain't in her; no, it ain't. Now you git up to the cabin, miss, an' mind Laty. I'm goin' to tell yer pa on ye, an' you'll see what you'll git then."

"My paw!" cried Lib. "Jack Lane ain't my pap, an' you know it."

"Sass-box!" was all the answer the woman vouchsafed to this outburst from Lib.

I stayed three weeks in Jack Lane's cabin, for it was the only habitation within two miles of the place, and in those three weeks I saw enough to convince me that Poor Lib had not told "a pack of lies" in describing her sufferings. Her life with the Lanes was a hard one. They were maliciously and wilfully cruel to her. More than once did I intercede to save her from the cruelty of Jack and 'Mandy Lane.

Her devotion to baby Lathan did not win from his parents any corresponding kindness for Lib, his willing slave. I often met her carrying the heavy baby around in her weak arms on the mountain trails.

When the time came for me to go away, Lib followed me far down the dusty road, unmindful of 'Mandy's shrilly uttered commands to "come right straight back!"

"You had better not go too far, Lib," I said, when we had walked about half a mile; "'Mandy will be so severe with you."

"Oh, well, what if she is?" asked Lib, wearily; but her voice had none of its old defiant ring, and her bright eyes were red and downcast.

"I should be sorry to have you suffer on my account," I said.

"Oh, I don't mind it, but I reckon I'll go back now; Laty might need me. I jest thought I'd like to go a piece with you. I been thinkin' 'bout that little girl o' yourn to-day, an' I thought I'd kind 'o like to send her somethin'. I've got it in this little box. It ain't much of anything, but mebbe she'll like it, comin' so fer like."

Lib held out a small, flat pasteboard box. In it was a bunch of pressed mountain flowers, tied together with a bit of faded green ribbon—Lib's one treasured bit of feminine finery.

"Well, good-by, mister!" she said. "You've took more notice of me than most folks takes, an' I won't fergit ye; an' I'll try to remember some o' the things you've said 'bout me bein' patient an' good, an' all that. They'll do to tell Laty some day. I reckon I'm 'bout as good as I'll ever be. This ain't much of a place fer folks to grow decent in. If anything should ever happen to Laty I'd run away from here."

My heart ached for the forlorn little creature, as I watched her climbing the mountains in her rags, while I held in my hand the one poor possession she valued most.

My business took me to a small mining camp, five miles distant, where I was to remain for a month. It was the first of December before I could set a day for my departure. I intended starting on the third. On the afternoon of the second, signs of a storm were seen in the low-hanging clouds that hid the snow covered mountain peaks. The snow lay smooth and white on all the mountain sides, and it was feared that another fall would make the mountain roads impassable.

I watched with dismay that gathering storm on the afternoon of the third. By three o'clock it was snowing fast; the short day was nearly done; it was growing dark in the narrow gulch; the wind moaned up and down the long, black canyons; the stunted pines bent low; the mountain seemed frowning down on the helpless little mining camp, and the snow fell faster and faster.

I sat by the window of the office in the little mountain hotel and watched the daylight disappear. By four o'clock it was gone and the storm had increased.

"It's darker'n a stack o' black cats, an' the wind's blowin' a regular cyclone," said the landlord, at nine o'clock.

At ten o'clock he and I sat alone by the office stove. The wind had gone down a little, and it had stopped snowing. I was waiting to hear the conclusion of a "yarn" the garrulous landlord was telling me.

"An' sir," he was saying, "if you'll b'lieve me, that thar ole cattymount jist natchelly riz up an'—great Scotland! did ye hear that?"

He jumped to his feet and stood still, in a listening attitude.

"What is it!" I asked, eagerly. "I did not—"

"Sh-sh-sh!" he held his red and calloused hand up as a sign of silence, and tip-toed gently toward the door. Sharp and clear rose a prolonged cry as of one in pain.

"Somebody's in trouble!" cried the landlord, as he hurriedly thrust a lighted candle into his lantern, threw on his great coat of buffalo skins and started for the door.

I followed him, pulling on my overcoat and mittens as I went. We had taken but a few steps from the door when the cry was repeated. I could not tell from whence it came, but my companion's sense of hearing was more acute and better trained than mine.

"It's from the Red Mountain trail," he said, "an' the person that's doin' the yellin' is gittin' mighty weak."

Very weak, indeed, was the person whose pitiful cry we had heard. We found her half-buried in a great drift of snow far up the mountain side. As we bent over her the rays of the lantern fell across the thin, pale face of Elizabeth Dill—thinner than ever, and paler from the suffering she had endured that night.

She had fallen prostrate and was too much exhausted to rise. A ragged old cloak was wrapped around her and a thin shawl had fallen from her tangled yellow hair. A lantern lay by her side, but its light was out.

She could not speak until we had carried her down to the little hotel and chafed her chilled form for a long time. Her first words were, "Jack Lane—'Mandy! Git a doctor an' go for them. Let *me* be. Go to them an' to Laty. He's all alone. Poor little feller! Poor Jack! Poor 'Mandy?"

A dozen men were soon fighting their way through the drifts to the Lane cabin, five miles distant. It was midnight before Lib could tell her sorrowful story; and then it was told with sobs and tears.

"It was only a little after dark," she said. "We were all sittin' in the front room. Laty was in my lap an', some way or other I let the little fellow fall. Of course Jack an' 'Mandy was mad. I don't blame 'em; an' I didn't mind it much when Jack whipped me with the ramrod of his gun. I'd ought to 'ave been keerful. 'Mandy was so mad she driv me out into the shed-room. You know how that is, mister," Lib said, turning to me.

"It runs back right up the mountain, an' there's a cave off the end of it where Jack keeps his taters an' turnips in the winter. It was real snug in the cave, an' old Tobe, Jack's dog, was in there. I snuggled up to him, an' cried 'cause I'd hurt Laty.

"Purty soon the front door opened a little an' Laty came toddlin' into the shed-room. I could see Jack an' 'Mandy playin' checkers by the fire, an' they didn't notice Laty. I slipped out an' ketched the little fellow up in my arms. 'You poor little feller,' I says, 'Lib didn't go to hurt you; Lib loves you better 'n anything else on earth!'

"Then he coo-cooed in his cunnin' little way, an' laid his wet little cheeks on mine in a way that like to 'ave broke my heart. I was standin' in the cave-door, holdin' him so, when there come an awful roar. I saw Jack an' 'Mandy jump up, scared like, an' I stepped back into the cave with Laty an' then"—

Here Lib quite broke down, and cried for a long time before she said:

"Well, the next minute everything was pitch dark. Jack nor 'Mandy, nor the cabin nor nothin' was to be seen. There was the awfullest roarin' an' crashin' ever I heerd. Me an' Laty an' Tobe all cuddled up in a corner of the cave, scared out of our seven senses.

"After awhile I crawled to the cave door. The snow an' wind was blowin' in. The cabin was gone; there wasn't a sign of it. Then I knowed there'd been a snow-slide.

"I yelled an' yelled for 'Mandy an' Jack, but there wa'n't no answer at first. By-and-by I heerd some one cryin'. Jack's lantern was in the cave. He'd jest been in there, coverin' up the things with old rags an' straw, an' we always kept matches on a shelf in there. I got the lantern an' lighted it; then I covered Laty all up good with the rags an' straw, an' made Tobe lay down by him.

"Then I started out, an' I found 'Mandy wedged in 'mong some rocks 'bout a hundred yards down the mountain. She was cryin' an' goin' on awful, poor woman! The way she tuk on 'bout Laty was awful. She couldn't stand, an' I couldn't get her up to the cave.

"'Mandy,' says I, at last, 'I'm goin' down to Crystal Camp for help.'

"'You can't,' says she, awful feeble like.

"'I kin,' says I, 'an' I'm goin', too. An' now, 'Mandy,' says I, 'you jest brace up till I git back; you jest think o' Laty. You're his ma an' he needs you; think o' that. An', 'Mandy,' says I, 'if I don't git back, an' you git out o' here all right, you remember that Lib Dill ain't no hard feelin's agin you nor Jack; an' if I do git back, an' you don't git out o' here, you remember to your last breath that Lib Dill will be a mother to your baby.'

"Then I brought straw an' rags an' covered her up the best I could. She lay still, cryin' an' goin' on fit to break one's heart. I bent over her an' said: 'Good-by, 'Mandy; I'm goin'.'

"She never said a word, but she flung her one free arm round my neck an' kissed me, an' that made it all right 'tween me an' 'Mandy Lane. Livin' or dead, I ain't nothin' agin her.

"I went back to the cave, and made Tobe lay down by Laty. 'Don't you move,' says I to the dog, and he won't. They'll find him an' Laty all covered up under straw an' rags behind a 'tater box in a corner of the cave where Laty can't get out. I ain't worried none 'bout him, but, O Jack! O 'Mandy!

"Yes," said Lib, wearily, a little later, "I did have an awful pull to git here; but I knowed ev'ry foot of the way. It was lucky I snatched my old cloak and shawl when 'Mandy drove me out, or I'd froze."

Before noon the next day Silas Ray, the landlord, came down from the mountain carrying baby Laty tenderly in his strong arms. The child was asleep with the tears on his pretty face. Lib reached up her arms for the baby. Silas laid him gently down by her side and said: "I reckon you've as good a right to him as anybody now. They're bringin' his father an' mother down—dead."

My interest in the brave girl and her forlorn charge led me to take them with me when I left Crystal Camp, and I finally turned them over to some wealthy friends of mine in the East, who were both willing and able to provide for them.

This was ten years ago. A few days since I received a letter from Lib Dill, who is now a school teacher in a new town of one of our Western States, in which she says that Laty has grown to be a bright and good boy, and that she hopes to make a good man of him yet.

She also alludes to a certain young farmer, between whom and herself there appears to have sprung up a mutual interest, which has led to plans which, if carried out, will result in her having a home of her own. "We are all—Laty and the farmer and I"—she says, "very happy in planning for the future that promises so fair."—*J. L. Harbour, in Youth's Companion.*

Remarkable Freak of Fingers.

A remarkable instance of heredity is observed in the Young family in Salem, Ga. William Young, a carpenter by trade, was born with the middle and right finger of his right hand together. The joints are perfect. His little baby was born with the same two fingers grown together. Mr. Young has nine brothers who have natural fingers. Neither his father nor his father's brothers had any such mark, yet their only sister has the identical fingers on the same hand grown together. His grandfather had three fingers on each hand and three toes of each foot grown together, and as far back as he can trace the same freak is apparent, but never happening on more than one in each family.

How to Stand in Comfort.

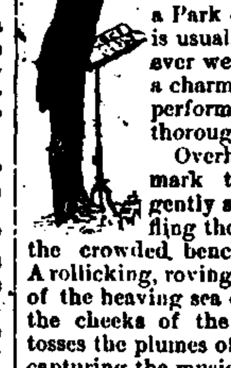
"Don't you get tired standing so long?" asked a passenger of a conductor on the Thirteenth street car yesterday. "You bet I do," replied the conductor, savagely. "I could cheerfully sit on the point of a pin when my time is up." "I'll give you a wrinkle," said the passenger. "Don't stand on your heels if you can help it. Throw the weight of your body on the balls of the feet and you will avoid half the weariness." "Humph!" said the conductor, doubtfully, "are you a professor?" "I've been a soldier," was the quiet reply, "and I call myself a professor of common sense."—*Philadelphia Call.*

(Original.)

CENTRAL PARK.

A CONCERT IN NEW YORK'S GREAT PLEASURE RESORT.

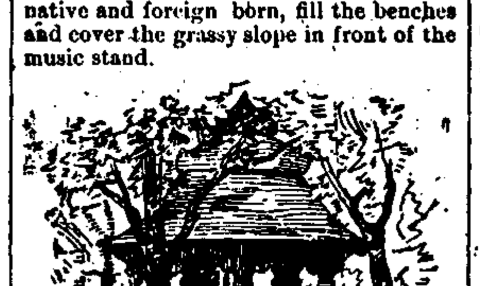
Sketches By Our Artist of the People He Saw There—Music For Both Rich and Poor.



FEW sights, of a mid-summer's afternoon in New York, are more attractive than the people at a Park concert. Good music is usually appreciated wherever we hear it; but there is a charm about these open-air performances that makes them thoroughly enjoyable.

Overhead the great elms mark the time with their gently swaying branches, and fling their cool shadows over the crowded benches and broad walks. A rollicking, roving breeze, with a flavor of the heaving sea on its breath, caresses the cheeks of the tired shop-girl and tosses the plumes of my lady's hat, while capturing the music to bear it away over the meadows. And the sunbeams, forgetting for the once to play hide-and-seek through the trees, steal shyly in and light the happy faces of the listeners or glint bright smiles of approval from the burnished instruments of the musicians.

On Sunday the crowd is decidedly cosmopolitan The broker and his fair companion find themselves beside the grocer's boy, whose pockets are stuffed with pilfered sweets and who finds time in the intervals between listening and eating to talk to his girl, on her "Sunday out." Banker and brewer, cartman and maid, native and foreign born, fill the benches and cover the grassy slope in front of the music stand.



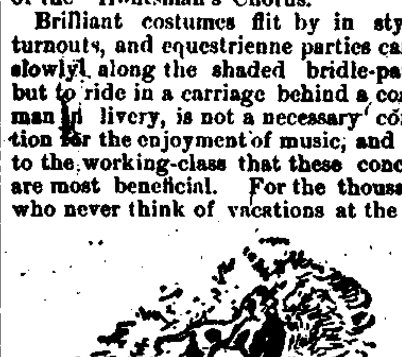
MUSIC STAND IN CENTRAL PARK.

It is an orderly and appreciative crowd. The rowdy element is never seen there. The people come to enjoy the music, and they usually stay until the concert is over. On the meadows stretching away from the Mall are people in comfortable attitudes, enjoying themselves in an unconventional way. They roll about on the grass, smoke, read the newspapers, or sleep, with a heartiness that shows the concert to be of secondary importance, or, at least, not absolutely essential to having a good time.

IN COMFORTABLE ATTITUDES.

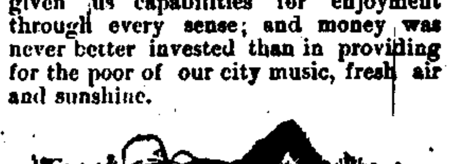
The music played is usually of a class to please a mixed audience. There are selections from the popular operas, fantasies, and military airs, and often works of a higher order from the best composers. The bronze head of Beethoven may listen to the master's own music, and the lioness on her pedestal seems to lift herself more alertly as she hears the strains of the "Huntsman's Chorus."

Brilliant costumes flit by in stylish turnouts, and equestrienne parties canter slowly along the shaded bridle-paths; but to ride in a carriage behind a coachman in livery, is not a necessary condition for the enjoyment of music, and it is to the working-class that these concerts are most beneficial. For the thousands who never think of vacations at the sea-



THE LIONESS LISTENS.

side or in the mountains these few hours in the Park are the only healthful recreation. Kind Mother Nature has done her best for every honest toiler. She has given us capabilities for enjoyment through every sense; and money was never better invested than in providing for the poor of our city music, fresh air and sunshine.



C. HILLS WARREN.

Blobson—"Young Rigsby is said to be very fast." Dumpsey—"I don't think so. He has been owing me $10 for fifteen months.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A "Buck of a Bonnet."

—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

The Principle of Inertia.

In treatises upon physics and mechanics, inertia is defined as that property of matter which prevents it from putting itself in motion when it is at rest, or from bringing itself to a state of rest when it is in motion. As we have before stated, it is by virtue of the principle of inertia that dust is expelled from our clothes when they are beaten, every particle of it tending to a state of rest. Although we have cited numerous experiments on the principle of inertia, we shall mention another one, which has been pointed out to us by Mr. H. Gilly, licentiate of sciences.

Upon the forefinger of your left hand, held vertically, lay a visiting card, and upon this place a silver dollar and try to remove the card without touching the coin. In order to do this, give the card a smart fillip with the fingers of the right hand and it will fly to a distance, leaving the coin balanced upon the forefinger. Care must be taken to give the fillip in an exactly horizontal direction, and in the plane of the card, as shown in the accompanying figure.—*La Nature.*

A Singular Little Rodent.

One of the most singular of the rodents is this little pen tail from the island of Borneo. He is only about twelve inches long, with a tail nearly three times that length. The tail is covered with coarse scales from the body nearly to the end, when the brush of coarse hair begins. The color is grayish brown. He is a sleepy little fellow, apparently about as lazy as the natives where he lives.

THE PEN TAIL OF BORNEO.

So few specimens of the pen tail have been captured that there is but little known about his habits, except that he is more cleanly than our rats and keeps away from human beings. He is not so pretty or so cheerful as our squirrel, nor so fleet of foot as our graceful little chipmunk.

Zoologists think that the long tail possessed by this little animal is used for the purpose of balancing himself when moving among the branches of the trees. He comes into the houses of the natives occasionally, but is not very often seen. A specimen was caught alive by Professor Low, of England, and sent home to the "Zoo," as it is called, or the garden of animals, but the little creature died on the way and is now preserved in the Museum of Natural History in London. This picture is from a photograph of that one, taken for *Child Culture*, which journal explains that the singular appearance presented by the pen tail cannot be fairly shown in a black and white picture, because of the color. The long hairs of the tail are white, and the scaly part is jet black, the throat and belly are yellowish, the buck mouse color and as sleek as a mole skin.—*Chicago Herald.*

Thoughtful to the Last.

HE—"Oh, Mary! I can't hold on any longer!"

SHE—"Then wait till I get out of the way. No necessity of losing a husband and a new hat at the same time!"—*Life.*

Disappointed.

First Confidence Man—"How did you make it down in Kansas?"

Second Ditto—"I lost all the money I took with me."

First Ditto—"How? Policeman grab you?"

Second Ditto—"No, a real estate agent got hold of me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

He'll Have More Room Now.

Compassionating Clara—"Isn't it sad! Poor Mr. Littlewit has gone out of his mind?"

Satirical Sallie—"I wonder he stayed there as long as he has. Awfully cramped quarters, you know."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Good bye is a simple little phrase," says a writer, "but ah! how much there is in it." True, indeed, and we never realize more fully how much there is in it than when we see two women bidding each other good bye.—*Boston Courier.*

TEMPERANCE.

Who'll Buy?

[Suggested on seeing the advertisement of a wholesale liquor dealer.]

Forty casks of liquid woe—
Who'll buy?
Murder by the gallon. Oh!
Who'll buy?
Larceny and theft made thin,
Beggary and death thrown in
Packages of liquid sin—
Who'll buy?

Foreign death imported pure—
Who'll buy?
Warranted, not slow, but sure—
Who'll buy?
Empty pockets by the cask,
Tangled brains by pint or flask,
Vice of any kind you ask—
Who'll buy?

Competition we defy—
Who'll buy?
Dye, to make the soul jet black;
Dye, to make the conscience slack;
Nothing vile do our casks lack—
Who'll buy?

—*R. Ready, in Amendment Herald.*

Powderly on Intemperance.

The following strong words are taken from an interview with Terence V. Powderly published in the New York *Herald:*

"Should I leave the office of Master Workman to-day I would devote myself to literary work in the interest of at least two great questions in the Order—education and temperance. I would require every man, woman and child to learn to read, write and cipher. That so many working people do not understand even these three rudimentary branches of learning is a shame and a disgrace. But there is no disgrace deeper and more marked than the disgrace that hovers around the drunkard. They impose upon us in the Order. They bring on trouble between employers and honest workingmen. They go to work drunk, are discharged, and sobering up, they appear before their assemblies and present their grievances. But one side is heard, and the complainant seems to be a much-abused man. Are we justified in keeping such impostors with us? Can we excuse men who wilfully neglect their duty as employes and as wilfully delude their brother workmen? Yet I myself am called upon frequently to take a hand in the settlement of labor troubles attributable to this cause. Recently I had occasion to interfere in a dispute of large proportions, wherein the hands sought to sustain one of their number who had been discharged. He had represented himself as a badly-treated man, and had so worked upon the feelings of his fellows that they supported him at a sacrifice of work and pay. What did he do to cause a discharge? He went to the workshop drunk. He hung his hat up in a strange place, and it fell down into a tub of valuable liquid, spoiling it. Was that a good case to make a fight on? I think not."

While Mr. Powderly was speaking a drunken man tottered down on the other side of the street and passed by the door of a house in which a small watch dog sat upright. "Look," said he, "there is a good case in point. A strong, able bodied man, with God-given senses, and a dog, with brute instincts. Which is the more valuable at this time? I say the dog. Lacking human intelligence, he sits there guarding the house. He is watchful of his own safety and of the safety of much valuable property. He is alert and ready to protect both. The man is not only bereft of his senses, but he could not watch anything; he could not even protect himself if he tried. His intellectual or physical attainments would not at this time avail him anything against the dog.

"As I have said before, the rum habit is one of our greatest enemies, and until we get it under control we will have an uphill struggle to sustain our principles. I deny that I am an autocrat, but in one thing I wish to be. If my word should be law there would be no more intemperance, and with no intemperance there would soon be fewer labor troubles."

Rum's New Mission.

Some heartless writer once commended the policy which consisted in clearing the earth of "humpish savages," in order to make room for advancing civilization. Granted that he was right, the rum bottle overtops the missionary importance, and St. Johnism is an impertinence. Archbishop Farrar, in the *Contemporary Review*, says that civilized Europe is flooding Africa with rum; and Joseph Thomson, the African traveler, asserts that evil results of the rum traffic in the dark continent are far greater than were those of the slave trade. In a South African report it was stated that 101 natives were destroyed by rum drinking in two months in 1885—an easy and expeditious way of carrying out the policy recommended by the writer heretofore cited. A trustworthy authority says that in 1884 Great Britain sent to Africa 602,328 gallons of spirits, Germany 7,136,263 and America 921,412, to help on the work of extermination. The profits of this business are said to be 700 per cent. annually. The greed for gold must, of course, be somehow glutted. In the face of that fact, it counts for nothing that the natives on the seaboard of Africa are being rapidly decimated as the result of the rum traffic. Archbishop Farrar urges the British parliament to interfere, but probably that body will do nothing whatever to stop the the alcoholic tide flowing into Africa. The "humpish savages" must go. The less there are of them, the less missionary work will have to be done, the better opportunity the rum-selling Caucasian will enjoy to march up and take possession of the dark continent. If this is the proper view to take, modern civilization should adopt a flag with a rum bottle emblazoned upon it, and end by calling the missionaries home.—*Troy Times.*

Significant.

A very significant sign of the times is the emphatic condemnation of beer which has recently come to us from a distinguished German professor—Professor Bunge, of the University of Basle—from whose able lecture, lately published in pamphlet form, we present deeply interesting extracts elsewhere. He says: "People are horrified if a man is made into a thief or a murderer by brandy-drinking; but they are completely cold and indifferent to the fact that thousands become stupefied, imbecile, and ragged by beer-drinking. That does not at all disturb our Philistine in his selfish complacency." He adds, speaking of Germany and Switzerland: "Beer is really the most mischievous among alcoholic beverages, for the very reason that no other is so seductive. Brandy-drinking is a disgrace in all classes of society; the intellectual elite of our nation glory in their immoderate beer-drinking." To have beer thus denounced, from the German point of view, and by a learned professor so eminently well qualified as a distinguished scientist to speak intelligently, as "the most mischievous among alcoholic beverages," is indeed very refreshing!—*National Advocate.*

Kansas Sends Greeting.

The showing made by the executive committee of the State Temperance Union is one which the people of Kansas may be proud. It proves what a united and persistent battle against the liquor traffic may accomplish. Prohibition is an established fact, and there are few who openly to-day defend the whisky doggery in Kansas. The saloon, with all its vice, its crime, and attendant evils, has been driven from the State, and where want and misery and degradation once existed in many of our cities, may now be found comfortable and happy homes, temperate people thrift and prosperity. The fact that Kansas has prospered beyond the greatest expectation of her people since the saloon was driven from her borders is sufficient argument in behalf of prohibition, to say nothing of its moral aspect. The people of Kansas send greeting to other States now battling against this degrading enemy of mankind—the saloon—with the hopes that they may follow the example of this young empire and banish from their midst this breeder of crime, pauperism, misery, and death.—*Topeka (Kansas) Capital.*

Intemperance and Labor.

In the fields of industry, says Rev. T. J. Conaty, capital and labor are often in disagreement; but the merciless, ceaseless enemy of labor is intemperance.

At times capital and labor agree and the contest ceases or is mollified. But between labor and intemperance there can never be any truce, and intemperance will cease to inflict damage only when it has been overcome, and not compromised with.

Temperance will untie more knots in the labor problem than all the laws that all the Legislatures in the country can pass.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

The Efforts to Suppress the Disease in Some States.

The Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry has just made a preliminary report to the Commissioner of Agriculture in reference to the progress of the work for the suppression of pleuro-pneumonia for the six months ended June 30, 1887.

Pennsylvania is the only State believed to be infected with pluero-pneumonia, the authorities of which have declined both to accept the new rules and regulations or to give the National inspectors any recognition in this work.

The work of inspection in New Jersey by the Bureau has only recently begun. Four hundred and fifty-three herds, containing 8,815 animals, have been inspected. Twenty herds have been found infected, containing 384 head, of which thirty-five were reported diseased. Twenty-eight animals were slaughtered, of which fifteen were found to have been affected with pleuro-pneumonia.

In New York 79 herds, containing 2,201 animals, were inspected. Of these 45 herds were infected and contained 837 animals, of which 125 were reported diseased. The number slaughtered was 117, of which 25 showed the lesions of pleuro-pneumonia. In New York the following counties are now in quarantine: Westchester, New York, Richmond, Kings, Queens and Suffolk.

The total number of herds inspected during the six months is 5,351, containing 45,004 animals; 298 herds and 11,628 animals have been placed in quarantine, among which were found 604 diseased animals. Post mortem examinations were made on the carcasses of 4,851 animals and showed that 1,104 of these have been affected with pleuro-pneumonia.

A WESTERN SMASHUP.

Ten Men Killed, and Twenty-Five Injured in Illinois.

A construction train of the Chicago and Alton, on which were nearly 100 laborers, was run into on Wednesday by a freight train, and the result was a dreadful smashup, with serious loss of life. The freight train was bound for Kansas City, and met the construction on Owendorn Bridge, twenty-five miles from Bloomington. Ten men were killed and twenty-five injured.

THE LABOR WORLD.

DURING the past six months 361 saw and planing mills have been started in the South, which will work up 500,000,000 feet of lumber. The increase is going on.

THE European immigration agencies are translating descriptions of the conditions of American mechanics, laborers and farmers for the benefit of those they want to bring to this side.

BUILDERS of late years have been giving up lath and plastered ceilings in large buildings as well as light floor timbers for heavy timbers and thick, closely laid three-inch floors. The decreased insurance makes it pay.

THE labor holiday inaugurated by the New York Central Labor Union will be much more generally observed this year than it was last, and especially in the Western States, where there appears to be a more progressive spirit.

SIXTEEN new glass factories will start up in September, having 205 pots, of which 100 are for window glass, twenty for flint, eighty for table ware, and six for green glass. It is likely that several of the window glass factories in New Jersey will remain idle next year.

A MOVEMENT has been quietly projected in labor circles in Boston, independently of the Knights of Labor, for the organization of women and girls into trades unions similar to the existing organization of trades among men who have not affiliated with the Knights.

THE carpenters' strike in Chicago is not general, only those who have been working more than eight hours for less than thirty-five cents an hour, or with non-union men, being affected.

THE greater portion of the cokers have resumed work in the Connellsville (Penn.) region.

THERE are 60,000 colored Knights of Labor in the United States.

THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND acres of mineral land have been purchased near Kansas City, Mo., where iron and steel works will be built.

THE American Society for the Prevention of Adulteration of Food, etc, is about to issue a circular to bakers and confectioners, warning them against the use of certain coloring materials which are named and declared to be dangerous to health.

NEWSY GLEANINGS.

THERE are 672 colored preachers in the city of Raleigh, N. C.

UNDER the new law there are to be no more public hangings in Missouri.

AN unusual activity in buying iron mines is reported throughout Montana.

THREE courts have in this country decided that a marriage by telegraph is illegal.

AMERICANS are next to the natives as heavy tax payers in the Sandwich Islands.

IN Ireland 940,000 people speak the Celtic language, and 64,000 of that number speak no other.

THERE are over 300,000 children in the United States between 1 and 12 years old whose lives are insured.

MRS. MARIE DANIELS, wife of the Captain of the English steamer Water Lily, has just been licensed as pilot of that craft.

IT is stated that the amount of money stolen by the boodle thieves in Chicago during two years was not far from $1,000,000.

A LARGE building for a national agricultural exposition is now in process of construction at Kansas City, Mo., and will be opened early in September.

ANNIE MERCER, of Missaukee County, Michigan, promises to become a giantess. She is only in her twelfth year, and yet she is a trifle over six feet in stature.

JUDGE DILLON, of the Circuit Court at St. Louis, has refused the right of incorporation to the "Institute of Christian Science," otherwise known as the Faith Cure.

THE ladies of St. Louis, anticipating the President's acceptance of the invitation to visit the city during fair week, are making special preparations for the entertainment of Mrs. Cleveland.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. LANGTRY has been playing to large houses in California.

BEN TAJOUX, an Arab, has written music for a comic operatic version of the "Taming of the Shrew."

THE Thomas concerts in Chicago have been very largely patronized this month, the hot weather appearing to give the people a zest for music.

GEN. GEORGE A. SHERIDAN has made 200 engagements, through the Redpath Lecture Bureau, to deliver his reply to Bob Ingersoll next winter.

THE wonderful young pianist, Josef Hofman, has decided to visit America next season. He has been one of the musical lions in London this year.

THE Government subsidy for ninety operatic performances to be given between the Apollo and Argentine Theatres, in Rome, is 190,000 lire, or $38,000.

HERR BOETEL, a German tenor with a phenomenal "high C," is coming to this country in October. He was a coachman a few years ago, but now makes $1,800 a week without much trouble.

ANOTHER society woman is about to adopt the stage as a profession. She is Miss Alice Hopkinson, relative of the wife of ex-President Hayes, and a cousin of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Trask, of Massachusetts.

GILBERT and Sullivan are said, on the authority of a London newspaper man, who is very close to the D'Oyly Carte management, to be preparing an opera on an American subject with special reference to the Wild West craze, which Buffalo Bill has made fashionable in England.

BROOK COUNTY, Georgia, shipped north this season 200 car loads of watermelons at an average of more than $100 for each car. A local paper says the county will receive upward of $55,000 for her watermelon crop this year.