Saline County Journal.

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THE JOURNAL.

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At SALINA, KANSAS.

OFFICE—On Iron Avenue, three doors east of the Post Office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One Copy, one year.......$2 00
" six months.......1 00
" three months.......50

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½ Column	12 00	20 00	25 00	40 00	65 00
1 Column	20 00	30 00	40 00	70 00	100 00

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Third Ward, W. S. Wells, D. J. Addison,
Fourth Ward, C. Holmquist, John Daum, ...Councilmen
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John Foster.......City Attorney.
A. Bondi.......Police Judge.
E. E. Bowen.......Clerk.
J. E. Harrison.......Road Overseer.
Henry McDaniel.......Chief of Fire Department

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Attached Territory—Robert Anderson and J. F. Wellington.

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J. G. Spivey.......County Attorney.
H. D. Baker.......Sheriff.
J. B. Hamilton.......Treasurer.
S. T. Criss.......Register of Deeds.
L. O. Wight.......County Surveyor.
Wm. Bishop.......Superintendent of Public Schools.
Dr. J. B. Groger.......Coroner.
Jonathan Weaver.......Judge of Probate Court.
N. Peterson.......Clerk of District Court.
C. E. Faulkner.......Representative.
John Richey.......State Senator
J. H. Prescott.......Judge District Court.

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PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. W. A. Simkins, Pastor. Preaching each Sabbath, at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath School at 9½ A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—Rev. W. Smith, Pastor. Preaching each Sabbath, morning and evening. Sunday School at 9 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.

REGULAR BAPTIST CHURCH, on Ash Street.—Rev. G. B. Davis, B. D., Pastor. Services on Lords day. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M. Prayer meeting, 7:30 P. M., on Wednesday evening. General Prayer meeting, 8 P. M.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Thos. Dooley, Rector. Preaching every Sabbath, morning and evening.

CATHOLIC.—Rev. A. Wibbert, Pastor. Mass every Sunday at 8 and 10:30 a. m. Vespers at 3 p. m.

ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH.—On Seventh-st. Preaching Sabbath morning and evening. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening. Sab. school, 9½ a. m. A. J. Hartsock, pastor. Residence, on 5th-st. east of High School.

TIME TABLE—K. P. R. W.

SALINA STATION—

MAIN LINE.

TRAINS GOING WEST—THROUGH.

*No. 1—Mail and Express.......7:43 P. M.
*No. 3—Kansas Express.......8:25 A. M.
*No. 7—Freight.......2:50 P. M.

TRAINS GOING EAST—THROUGH.

*No. 2—Mail and Express.......8:25 A. M.
*No. 4—Kansas Express.......12:12 A. M.

SALINA & SOUTHWESTERN.

TRAINS GOING WEST AND SOUTH.

‡No. 51—Accommodation.......7:50 P. M.

GOING EAST AND NORTH.

‡No. 52—Accommodation.......8:10 A. M.

Going West—*Daily; ‡Daily except Monday; †Daily except Sunday. Going East—*Daily; ‡Daily except Sunday.

Regular office hours from 7 A. M. until 12 M., and from 1 to 6 P. M. Ticket office open 30 minutes before the departure of each train.

Express will be received for the East up to 8:45 A. M.; and for the West up to 6 P. M. Express will be delivered any time during regular office hours.

No local freight will be received for shipment after 5 P. M. No bills of lading for car loads will be received or signed after 5:30 P. M.

Freight will be delivered from 9 A. M. until 12 M.; and from 1 5:30 P. M., railroad time.

BUSINESS CARDS.

F. R. HANNA,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,
SALINA, KANSAS.
Office in City Hall, Santa Fe Avenue.
Complete Abstracts of every foot of ground in Saline county, and written to date. 15-3m

HILLER & WHITNEY,
ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,
No. 92, Santa Fe Avenue, Salina Kansas.
C. A. Hiller. A. G. Whitney.

MOHLER & CUNNINGHAM,
ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,
SALINA, KANSAS.
Office in Post Office Block.

CRAVENS & BRANIFF,
ATTORNEYS - AT - LAW,
AND LOAN AGENTS.
Office in Journal Block, Salina, Kansas.

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Homeopathic Physician
AND SURGEON.
Office in Journal Block, Iron Avenue, Salina, Kansas. Special attention given to diseases of women and children.

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T. E. UNDERWOOD, M. D.,
PHYSICAIN & SURGEON
Office with F. C. Harvey, first door south of Ober, Hageman & Whittredge's.
Salina, Kansas

E. R. SWITZER, M. D.,
(Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, Canada.)
HAVING located in Salina for the practice of his profession, would tender his services to the citizens of Salina and surrounding country. Thankful to his friends for past patronage, he would respectfully solicit a continuation of the same. Residence between Mrs. Blodgett's and Mrs. Wells' residences, on Iron Avenue.

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No. 88 Fifth street, Salina, Kansas.

MARTIN & CHAPMAN,
HOUSE, Sign, Carriage, Fresco Painters and Grainers, Paper Hanging, etc. Shop on Ash street, in rear of Kansas Central Land Agency.

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Merchant Tailor,
Next door east of Herald office, Salina, Kan.
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Fine Sewed Boots a Specialty.
Repairing done neatly and in workmanlike manner. Shop in City Hotel building.

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FOR BARGAINS.
CLARKE can give you more Groceries for a dollar than any other house in Salina. He buys strictly for cash and can give you the
BEST GOODS at BED ROCK PRICES.
Give him a call.

WILLIAM SULLIVAN'S
Improved Climax Fanning Mill
Manufactured in
SALINA, KANSAS.
Shop located on Iron avenue, near the bridge.

ROBERT H. DIHLE,
(Successor to Dihle & Davis) Manufacturer of
Harness, Saddles, & Collars.
Also Bridles, Whips, Etc.
No. 96 Santa Fe avenue, Salina, Kansas.

SHULTZ & WILMARTH,
CARPENTERS AND JOINERS,
Salina, Kansas.
ARE prepared to undertake work of any kind in their line, and will guarantee first class work. Shop just east of Eberhart & Sudendorf's Lumber Yard on Seventh street.

C. T. HILTON'S
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable,
Opposite Pacific House, Salina.
Horses boarded by the day or month—Good turnouts—Trade solicited.

H. C. STANLEY,
Contractor and Builder.
DOES all kinds of jobbing and repairing with neatness and dispatch. House moving a specialty. I am prepared to raise or move any kind of house at any time. Shop on Seventh street near Iron avenue, Salina, Kansas.

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Wm. PUTSCH, Proprietor.
BOILERS repaired, and all kinds of wood, iron and steel work done in the best possible manner and on short notice. Shop on Fifth street, Salina, Kansas.

G. A. GRANDSTAND,
Contractor and Builder,
SALINA, KANSAS.
Shop on Fifth street, in rear of Addison & Peterson's Lumber Yard.
Contracts Performed to the very Letter

CHAMPION FEED CUTTER.
THE BEST MACHINE for the PRICE EVER INVENTED.
Farmers all LIKE IT.
B. WILSON, Proprietor.
Exclusive right for Salina, Ottawa and Lincoln counties. Shop on Fifth street.

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Will do all kinds of Brick and Stone work at reasonable rates. Material furnished if desired. 51-ly

Money to Loan on
REAL ESTATE,
In sums to suit applicants.
COMMISSION MODERATE.
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SIGN, House, Carriage and Ornamental Painting, Paper Hanging, Decorating, Wall Coloring and Graining. Sign—plain, fancy and gilt, card board and cornice.
Sign & Carriage Painting a Specialty.
Fifteen years of practical experience in the above branches in the principal cities. Soliciting a liberal share of patronage, I remain, respectfully, S. PARIS DAVIS.

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE
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Buy and sell Land and City Property on Commission. Insure Business Houses, Dwellings, School Houses and Churches. Loan money on
Improved Farms & City Property
On three to five years time.
Also Special Agents of the New York Life Insurance Company. Office on lot No. 93, Santa Fe avenue, east side.

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The Linden Hotel has lately been opened for the reception of guests. The rooms are pleasant and commodious, and every attention is paid to the comfort of guests.

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Are prepared to execute contracts for building in good style and on reasonable terms.
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To order, buildings measured up and computed, make contracts. Job work done to order.
Shop corner of Seventh street and Iron ave.

Pacific House!
Jeffries & Postlewait, Props.
Opposite the Court House, Salina, Kan.
Free 'Bus to and from Trains.
THE Pacific House is a new building and contains the convenience of a first class hotel. A special [illegible]

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This popular periodical is pre-eminently a journal for the household.

Every number furnishes the latest information in regard to fashions in dress and ornament, the newest and most approved patterns, with descriptive articles derived from authentic and original sources; while its Stories, Poems, and Essays on Social and domestic topics, give variety to its columns.

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The evils of sensational literature for the young are well known, and the want of an antidote has long been felt. This is supplied by HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, a beautifully illustrated weekly journal, which is equally devoid of the objectionable features of sensational juvenile literature and of that moralizing tone which repels the youthful reader.

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INDUCEMENTS FOR 1880 ONLY.

[illegible]

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Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A CLOSE SHAVE.

"Another step and you are a dead man."

"By what authority do you bar my passage?"

"Authority? Ha, ha! If this ain't enough," holding out a revolver in each hand, with a hideous leer in his evil face, "I reckon I'll have to explain further. By the authority of the Road Agency of this great overland route."

It was in the days when Ben. Holladay and the pony express served in lieu of locomotives and telegraph lines. When might was right throughout a region extending over nineteen hundred miles, from St. Joseph to Sacramento; when the stage ran the gauntlet of road agents and Indians, and bones, many of them human remains, grimmed up at the traveller unexpectedly, as he crossed the plains; when to be "quick on trigger" was worth more to a man than all the wealth, all the culture, and all the courage in the world.

Dick Hartford looked into the man's face calmly, looked into the muzzles of the pistols, smiled, and uttered a single word: "Well?"

"Don't you aggravate me, or I will fire, and serve you right."

"I never flinched in my life. I won't flinch now. What do you want?"

"Throw down your revolver. Now turn round, and if you budge a hair's breadth, I'll blow your brains out."

Hartford obeyed. He permitted his hands to be tied behind his back. He saw his pockets turned inside out, his money appropriated, his watch pocketed, and only remonstrated when his captor felt for a money belt. "Don't cut me, there's no belt on me."

"O! you did feel it, then. Thought I had a bank to pry open. Now then, march. There's good ground here, and plenty of it. It will do you good to stretch your legs. Keep right on to the clump to the left, and mind you, don't stumble, for like as not you'll never get up. There was one fellow stumbled here about six weeks ago, and he never got higher than his knees. I'll show you his bones d'reckly."

Was it a lie, or a threat? Hartford cursed himself for refusing to listen to the advice of the conductor of the stage who warned him to beware of the road agents. He had answered that he would take the risk. He desired to see for himself if the stories told of the robberies and murders on the route were true. And he was learning.

"A little faster, stranger. My horse is reether restive, and, beside, Sim Porter would like to see you."

The road was unbroken, but the dust was stifling, and it blew from the horse's feet to the captive. The captive kept his head up, and strode on.

"Rough, isn't it? Now, I suspect you came out to capture some one. Like as not, Jim Porter?"

No response from the captive.

"They do say there is a party looking for us. Porter is anxious to see them. This yer's a God-send. Never thought to meet ye this way. Got tired riflin', I suppose. Thought you'd lay over, do up a little business, and take next stage. Now, I never knew a man to lay over that didn't rue it. There was a man from Illinoy laid over about three months ago. Had some instruction. He was mighty sly, that Illinoyan. I reckon he'd furnish a regiment of Vigilants with cunning. Kind o' sauntered out of the same town you left an hour ago, but he had some company. He wasn't such a fool as you. And his company went back on him. Shot him through the spine, then tickled his ribs with a knife. He was a powerful, active Vigilante, was the company. He was too much for the Illinoyan."

"Just as you were too much for me."

"I like your pluck, now. You do keep a stiff upper lip. But it's all day with you the moment Porter claps eyes on you. He makes short work of spies. I reckon that's your line."

The captive did not reply. At that moment his thoughts were on home. A mighty throb rose in his throat—a suffocating throb—wrenched from him by that one thought of home. His wife and child, his boy that he would never see again. It was hard. He had played a bold game, and he had lost. The Vigilantes were in league with the road agents. He had been outwitted. The stage company would be short another man, and the road would be under tribute as before. His plans, so carefully concealed in his own breast, were known to the murderous gang. Perhaps in less than an hour he would be dangling at the end of a rope. He half turned, as he thought of the end.

"None o' that, unless you want your early pill, in which case I'm bound to accommodate ye. Porter didn't say we were to run risks. He does like a friendly chat, and he pumps some people as dry as lime-kiln."

"I'll make you an offer."

"Crack your whip."

"I'll fight you fair, like a man. Tie one arm down, give me a pistol, and let us take shot about, you the first."

"Sho', now."

"Or, I'll allow you two to one."

"Yes, I see you can allow most anything, but unless you move right on, and keep movin', I'll make short work of ye."

A cayote rose slowly from a sage brush, looked at them sneakingly over his shoulder, then trotted slowly away. A noisome bird of prey rose slowly from the carcass of a mule, flapped its wings lazily, sailed slowly through the air, then settled down upon a rib that protruded from the sand.

The sun's rays poured down upon the plain, until the dust and sand seemed to melt in the fervid heat. And to crown all, the captive suddenly experienced the agony of excessive thirst.

A faint sound in the distance arrested his attention. Was that not the sound of horses' feet? What if it should be his friends the Vigilantes? Impossible. His morning stroll was unknown to them. The sound came near to him. Then he observed for the first time a rocky defile further to the left, as though a chasm lay there, or chiseled out its course across the plains. Now there could be no mistaking the sound. The steady trot of horses' feet and the clanking of spurs could be heard. Suddenly half a dozen horsemen swept around a low rock, at sight of whom the captor grunted.

"Here's Captain Jim. Mind your manners now, for he is the perlitest man I ever met."

The captive shivered. When a boy, he was detected in an act that brought upon him the wrath of the teacher of the school in the New England village he would never see more. The eagle eye of the teacher signaled him out from a score of mischief makers, and he shivered as he felt that the punishment awarded incorrigibles was unavoidable. But he braced himself, walked out promptly to the middle of the floor, the moment his name was called, and to his lasting surprise, was let go with a mild rebuke. In much the same manner, Dick Hartford braced himself for the interview with the leader of the most desperate gang of miscreants that ever levied a tax upon the travelers who crossed the plains. This was the man he had dreamed of circumventing. The case was reversed.

The road agents rode forward without order, and surrounded the horseman and captive.

"What have you got, Barham?"

"Make your bow. It's Captain Jim," said Barham. Then to Captain Jim's query: "That is for you to find out. I obeyed orders."

What a magnificent front the captive presented. His gaze was as clear and steady and level as though he were looking right through Captain Jim, away beyond the ranch, and off to the mountains in the distance.

"What have you got to say for yourself, anyhow?" Captain Jim's sinister face clouded still more as he met the unwavering gaze of the captive.

"Nothing," replied the captive, as he walked in front of the leader.

"You are locked up, and the keys are lost," said Captain Jim, sneeringly. "I think I know your business. I've a mind to send Ben Holladay your ears. No, I'll send him your heart. This trip is a failure, and Ben ought to know it. If you won't talk—"

"I'll die first!" The words were flung at him so passionately that even Captain Jim was moved to admiration.

"Die it is, then!" exclaimed one of the gang.

"You are seven to one," said Hartford.

"We are in the majority mostly," said Jim. But I'll give you a chance. You are plucky. Now, what does a milk-shop do for you? Come along with us, share and share alike, and we'll give you excitement, and opportunity to show the stuff you are made of."

"To make one of a gang of murderers, who are afraid to cope man to man," said the captive.

One of the gang at that moment levelled his pistol at Hartford's head. But the leader ordered him to keep his fire, until there was need for it. "Let us do this thing in order," said Captain Jim, as the scar on his cheek became livid, then a dull red. "We'll ride down to the old place, and pull him up like a dog. You got what was on him?" to Barham. Barham nodded. There was not a word said further. The party rode on perhaps twenty minutes, when the defile deepened, narrowed, and the rocks shut over the horsemen's heads. Then, at a word from Jim, the men dismounted. Advancing to Hartford, he said, with a cruel smile:

"Say your prayers, you have got five minutes to live. Mount that stone." There was a ledge above the captive's head, with a jutting point, over which a rope was thrown, and a noose made at the end of it.

"Will you allow me to speak?"

"Blow away," answered Captain Jim.

"I may as well tell you we know all about you. You've traveled fifteen hundred miles to trap us. Ben Holladay tried that game often. You gave yourself away. You expected to master the road, and the biggest booby among us mastered you. Now, fire away."

"Well, then, let me predict what your end will be," said the captive. With the noose around his neck, and gloating eyes and fierce faces for his audience, he spoke out clearly, defiantly: "When you've murdered me, you may prepare for the hereafter. There will be no rest for you. A man will come after me, who will hunt you down like the cowardly dogs you are. He will never rest until you are out of the country, and his reach will sweep to California. Once he marks a man that man's fate is sealed. He is not my friend. He knows my mission, and, if it fails, he will shoot every man down with his own hand whom he suspects of knowing anything about me, or my death. That is all. I'm ready now."

"What's that!" exclaimed one of the gang, listening.

"Up with him!" The rope tightened around Hartford's throat, he felt himself strangling, the color faded out, he was in a void, then shooting pains pierced his temple, myriad sparks played before his eyes, blended into brilliant colors, and still he could hear the voice of Captain Jim. Now it was a stream of oaths, an exclamation, "The Vigilantes are upon us!" a blurring of sounds, as he swam, or rather floated, out upon the great void, and then all was over.

It was true. A cloud of dust rolled up from Overland City, swept down towards the narrow defile from the rear, and sent a shiver of fear through the road agents, who scrambled hastily to their saddles, and galloped off in the opposite direction. All but one, Captain Jim, who deliberately approached Hartford as he lay on the ground where he fell when the crowd dropped the rope, and placing a revolver against his temple, pulled the trigger. The pistol snapped fire, and Captain Jim rode off, turning in his saddle and aiming a second time at the apparently lifeless body of the prisoner, and shot him in the arm.

But it would have been better for Captain Jim had he never met the prisoner. For another party, also Vigilantes, armed to the teeth and superbly mounted, encountered the road agents as they emerged from the defile and although the latter put their steeds to the gallop, urging them on with oaths and spurs, the Vigilantes surrounded them with lightning-like swiftness, and standing up in their saddles, or dropping from their horses, necks. Captain Jim proved the most cowardly of the lot. He begged for quarter, but for an answer, was riddled by a dozen bullets.

When the fray was over, and Dick Hartford sat upright, listening to the account of the fight, and of the severest and sharpest the Vigilantes ever experienced, he was complimented upon his courage, and, in turn, thanked his rescuers. In reality, he had performed his mission, but not in the manner he had planned. That he did not succeed in carrying out his plans, was owing to the merest accident. The Vigilantes had been summoned at his instance, and were in time to save his life. "A close shave," as Bris Martin, the captain, remarked. "However, a miss is as good as a mile."

LIVING AND DEAD WORLDS.

Prof. Proctor's Lecture on the Age of the Universe.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor recently lectured in New York on the vastness of time. His audience was very large and attentive, and their interest was proved by the applause with which the lecturer was at times interrupted. Before entering upon the subject of the lecture, Prof. Proctor remarked that his averment, in his lecture on the previous evening, that the moon is beyond the domain of the earth, and is more controlled by the sun than by the earth, had apparently raised doubts in the minds of some persons, and he had received letters requesting further light on the subject. One inquirer asked why, if it is true that the moon is chiefly under the sun's influence instead of the earth's, it (the moon) goes around the earth. The answer is, the lecturer said, that the moon does not go around the earth. The earth and the moon both circle about their common centre of gravity. The moon's path around the sun is very slightly waved owing to the perturbing influence of the earth's attraction, but this variance is so comparatively slight that if the moon's orbit about the sun be represented by a circle three feet in diameter, the variance from a true circle, caused by the earth, would be hardly perceptible.

In considering the vastness of time, as revealed by astronomy, Prof. Proctor began with the earth's geological history. Geologists tell us, basing their conclusions on what seem to be very trustworthy data, that it has required the earth at least one hundred million years to go through its period of strata formation—that is, through the period during which the crust of rock that forms its outer envelope was being developed. During all that time the sun shone upon the earth giving it light and heat. But geologists go back to a time beyond that even, and tell us that before the earth reached the period when the formation of strata was begun it had been for three hundred and fifty million years cooling down from a temperature of 2,000 degrees centigrade to a temperature of 200 degrees. In all probability, the lecturer said, this estimate is rather

in which the moon is now—that is, a condition of planetary decrepitude, if not, in fact, of planetary death.

The lecturer then briefly explained the famous Nebular theory of Laplace. Observation shows that all the planets are moving about the sun in one direction; that the moons of all the planets are moving round their primary in the same direction, and that the planets themselves are turning about their axes in that one direction. There is seemingly an exception to this rule in the case of the moons of Uranus, which seem to go in the opposite direction; but this apparent discrepancy has been explained in a manner which proves that there is really no exception to this universal rule of motion in the solar system. If a man placed on an eminence should observe that a number of objects were moving around him, all in one direction, and that some of the smaller among these objects were moving around larger ones in the same direction, he would be led irresistibly to the conclusion that these objects were carried by some fluid constantly moving in that direction, and containing, here and there, edies which would partake of the same kind of motion. This is what Laplace under than over the truth. Back of this again was a period in the earth's existence, when it was a mere mass of nebulous matter, and how long it remained in that state we have no means of determining. Probably, Prof. Proctor said, we may take five hundred million years as about the age of our earth, counting from the time when it began to assume the form of a planet.

The larger a planet is, assuming its density to be the same, the longer, proportionally, will be the time it takes to pass through these stages. Jupiter, for instance, would require, taking its known density into account, over two thousand million of years to go through the cooling process that the earth passed through in about one-seventh of that time. It follows that, in their development, but not in years, the larger planets are younger than the earth, and she in turn is younger, in the same sense, than those planets that rank below her in size, such as Mercury, Mars, and the moon. According to these calculations the earth, about twenty-five hundred million years hence, will be in the condition conceived had happened in the beginning of the solar system. The matter now forming the sun and planets was then, according to this theory, in a nebulous state, and this nebulous matter, starting in the shape of a huge disk, began to whirl about its centre. As the motion increased and the mass contracted, a ring of matter was thrown off at the outer edge, and this ring in process of time broke up into fragments. After a time these fragments were aggregated into one body, and so the outermost planet was formed. By a similar process each of the inner planets was formed, until finally the vast mass at the centre had gathered into the great ball of the sun, controlling the whole system. Similarly the planets in their partially formed state threw off rings, which, condensing, became satellites. It may have happened that one of the great rings thrown off by the main mass of whirling matter broke up into fragments, that were so widely separated and perhaps so comparatively small in quantity that they never became aggregated into one body, and so the little planetoids that the telescopes of Peters and Watson and some other observers are continually picking up were formed, being the fragments that would have composed a planet had the process of growth in their case not failed.

There is nothing in this theory of Laplace, the lecturer said, that is contrary to what we see in the solar system. But Laplace knew nothing of the great number of meteor systems with which we have since his time become acquainted. The earth gathers in about 10,000 tons of meteoric matter every year, and so she may be said to be growing; but this process of growth, in comparison with the earth's bulk, is very slow. Millions of years ago, however, Prof. Proctor said, it is probable that the number of meteor systems was very much greater than now, and the earth, being in the nebulous state, extended over a great space perhaps filling the whole orbit of the moon, and so sweeping up vast quantities of these meteors. At that time, the lecturer said, we are compelled to believe the development of the planets from this meteoric source formed no small part of their growth. Combining Laplace's nebular theory with this theory of growth by meteoric aggregation, we have a means of explaining how the earth and other planets reached the present stage of their existence. Accordingly, the lecturer said, we may consider that the objects about us, and our bodies themselves, are formed of matter that was once whirling through space, and so in this sense at least the heavens were once our homes.

The stereoptican was then used to show pictures of some of the nebulæ which the telescope reveals, and which seem to show the effect of a whirling motion and the gradual aggregation of solid centres, such as the Laplace theory supposes to have taken place in our system. It seems not improbable that in these nebulæ we behold systems in the act of formation which millions of years hence may be suns and worlds like ours.

Prof. Proctor then suggested what he said is the first explanation offered of the fact that meteoric swarms, which are known to follow in the track of comets, lag behind, and in some cases become scattered over the whole length of their orbits. The explanation offered is that when the earth was in a nebulous state these masses of meteoric matter plunged straight through her substance, and the natural result of the resistance they thus encountered at regular recurring periods would be to delay them, and so cause them to lag behind in their orbital sweep.

After showing a number of pictures to illustrate the difference between the two orders of planets in the solar system, Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars representing the order in respect to development, as is shown by their smaller size, and Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune representing the larger, and, in the same sense, younger order, the vast bulk and depth of the cloud envelopes surrounding Jupiter and Saturn were illustrated, and the remarkable similarity between Saturn's rings and the rings of nebulous matter conceived by Laplace to have been formed in the development of the universe was pointed out. In the lecturer's opinion, the rings of Saturn will ultimately be formed into satellites like the eight that he already possesses.

Prof. Proctor explained more fully the reasons for believing that the moon is many ages older than the earth, and is, in fact, a dead planet, whirling through space without the cheerful influences of life upon its surface. Beautiful photographs of lunar scenery were exhibited, and the lecturer showed how it is probable that the great dark plains on the moon's disk that were formerly supposed to be, and that are yet called, seas, were once really covered by oceans like ours. These oceans, according to the theory now most generally accepted, have, as the inner portion of the planet cooled off, been gradually withdrawn into the interior, leaving the surface an arid waste. The vast size of the lunar volcanoes, the lecturer said, might be accounted for by the consideration that a much less resistance of gravity would have to be encountered in their formation on the moon than would be the case on the earth. The intense blackness of the shadows cast by the lunar mountains is one of the proofs of the absence of an atmosphere there.

Mars seems to be, in respect to age, intermediate between the earth and the moon. Careful maps of its surface show that Mars' oceans are much smaller than ours, and that the land and water on his surface are about equal in extent. Venus seems to be of about the same age as the earth which she more nearly resembles in size than any other point. We can even see the atmosphere of Venus, or at least the effect that it produces, when she is in transit across the sun's disk. At such times the dark body of Venus is seen to be surrounded with an arc of light which, demonstrably, is caused by the sunlight in her atmosphere.

All the orbs that circle through space are thus shown to undergo a process of birth, growth and death, and yet, the lecturer suggested, there may be orders of existence in the universe of which we known nothing; and what seems to us like death may only be an interchange of waste material from the higher orders to the lower.

HOW TO BUILD A SMALL ICE-HOUSE.

In answer to the inquiry of a correspondent, the *Prairie Farmer* gives the following plan to build a small ice-house:

"An ice-house simply to keep ice in for summer use may be a very simple affair. If straw is used for filling, the walls should be at least two feet apart. The interstices should be packed tightly whatever the material used. Straw is one of the poorest non-conductors, easily obtained, and sawdust one of the best. If tan bark is used, from ten to twelve inch space between the walls is left to be filled.

"Two-by-four inch scantling are securely fastened to bed pieces in two regular lines, and about two feet apart, and of the necessary distance asunder required for the filling material. To these, rough boards are securely nailed. A house twelve feet square and twelve feet high will hold plenty of ice for family use, and for an ordinary family dairy. No ventilation is required except at the top, over the ice. The roof may be of boards and the gables may be of the same, with a window at each end for ventilation. Doors must be made at one end of the sides or end to allow the ice to be put in, and afterward be closed and filled with tan bark. The bottom must be provided with perfect drainage to allow the water from the melting ice to pass away. The first course of ice may be laid on boards, loosely laid on beams, placed closely enough together to prevent sagging. Pack the ice in perfectly square cakes, as closely together as possible, and even with the plates. Cover with eighteen inches of slough hay, or twelve inches of fine wood shavings, and the ice should keep perfectly. Have no part of the ice-house underground. Any competent carpenter should be able to build it.

"If a cooling-room is required under the ice, it will be altogether better to apply to an architect, since it will involve a very strong and substantial building, with scientific ventilation that cannot be very well explained in the limits of a newspaper article. In fact, except a rough building such as we have described, is to be built, and such a one will keep ice as well as the best, the work must be undertaken by a professional builder. A rough ice-house may be built by any one who can lay a foundation square, build vertical sides, saw boards square, and drive nails. For dairying or for farm use, we do not advise an expensive building with cooling-room underneath. An ample refrigerator according to the quality of goods required to be kept cool may be cheaply built, and temperature kept down, by the use of ice from the ice-house. In answer to your question as to the proper depth at which water-pipes are to be laid to prevent freezing, three feet will do, but three and a half will be better. Dig the ditch in, which the pipes are to be laid, with vertical sides, and as narrow as possible, and pound the earth firmly, when it is filled up."

If a farmer, wanting to construct a small ice-house, happens to have a piece of sandy or gravelly subsoil, he will find an underground ice-house built in the following manner, better and much cheaper than the above. Unless in sandy or gravelly subsoil the underground house will not answer, as there would be no escape for the water from the melting ice.

On a piece of land having a porous subsoil, which will drain away the water as fast as it is precipitated from the melting ice, sink a hole ten or twelve feet square and ten feet deep. If the soil is of such a texture that there is no danger of caving, the pit need not be walled. If caving is apprehended, it should be walled. Rough stone, if convenient, is as good as any material for the wall and the cheapest. If walling is not required, lay rails or something similar on the bottom, and also set them on end round the sides about a foot apart. Cover the bottom with straw six or eight inches in thickness when well pressed down, and also line the sides with straw or cornstalks as the ice is filled in. Proceed to fill the pit by placing the cakes of ice as closely together as possible, so that the whole, when full, will contain a solid mass of ice, closely packed around the sides with straw, or similar substance, to exclude the air. Cover the whole with a thick layer of sawdust, if it can be had convenient, if not use straw. Lay a frame of logs around the top, on which build a tight board roof. A double roof is best, filled in with sawdust, tan bark, or if these non-conductors are not convenient use straw or chaff. If the ice is packed well and protected by a thick covering of straw, a single roof will be found to answer the purpose very well. Bank the earth around the top about the sills, so as to turn away all rain and surface water, which must be led off by a drain. Fit a door tightly in the northern gable end, and such an ice-house will preserve ice through the summer as well, or better than the majority of expensive above-ground ice-houses. The ice-house should, if possible, be constructed where the shade of trees will protect the roof from the direct rays of the sun. If exposed to the sun's rays a double roof will be an advantage. Any farmer can construct such an ice-house at a less cost than it will require to fill it, and have the luxury of abundance of ice for use through the heat of summer. The value of ice in the dairy and for many purposes in the family, cannot be estimated without the experience of a season's supply. In case of sickness invading the home circle, ice will often be found invaluable.

JOHN BROWN'S PROPHECY.

From an Article in the Atlantic Monthly for December, by ex-Congressman W. A. Phillips.

The most important interview, the one that has peculiar historical significance, was the last I ever had with him. It occurred during the same year of the Harper's Ferry affair, although several months before. I had lost track of him, when one day Kagi came to my house in Lawrence and told me that the old man had arrived and was at the Whitney House, and wished to see me. At first I refused to go, and sent him word by Kagi that, as he never took my advice, I did not see any use in giving him any. Kagi soon returned and said that the old man must see me; he was going away, and might never see me again. I found him in a small room at the Whitney House, then one of the Lawrence hotels, down toward the river. * * He sketched the history of American slavery from its beginnings in the colonies, and referred to the States that were able to shake it off. He recalled many circumstances that I had forgotten or had never heard of. * * "And now," he went on, "we have reached a point where nothing but war can settle the question. Had they succeeded in Kansas, they would have gained a power that would have given them permanently the upper hand, and it would have been the death-knell of republicanism in America. They are checked, but not beaten. They never intend to relinquish the machinery of this government into the hands of the opponents of slavery. It took them more than half a century to get it, and they know its significance too well to give it up. If the Republican party elect its President next year, there will be war. The moment they are unable to control they will go out, and as its rival nation alongside they will get the countenance and aid of the European nations, until American republicanism and freedom are overthrown." * *

He told me that a war was at that very moment contemplated in the Cabinet of President Buchanan; that for years the army had been carefully arranged, as far as it could be, on a basis of Southern power; that arms and the best of the troops were being concentrated, so as to be under control of its interests if there was danger of having to surrender the government; that the Secretary of the Navy was then sending our vessels away on long cruises, so that they would not be available, and that the Treasury would be beggared before it got into Northern hands. All this has a strangely prophetic look to me now; then it simply appeared incredible or the dream and vagary of a man who had allowed one idea to carry him away. I told him he surely was mistaken, and had confounded every-day occurrences with treacherous designs. "No," he said, and I remember this part distinctly—"no, the war is not over. It is a treacherous lull before the storm. We are on the eve of one of the greatest wars in history, and I fear slavery will triumph, and there will be an end to all aspirations for human freedom. For my part, I drew my sword in Kansas when they attacked us, and I will never sheath it until this war is over. Our best people do not understand the danger. They are besotted. They have compromised so long that they think principles of right and wrong have no more any power on this earth." * *

He then went on to tell me of Spartacus and his servile war, and was evidently familiar with every step in the career of the great gladiator. I reminded him that Spartacus and Roman slaves were warlike people in the country from which they were taken, and were trained to arms in the arena, in which they slew and were slain, and that the movement was crushed when the Roman legions were concentrated against it. The negroes were a peaceful, domestic, inoffensive race. In all their sufferings they seemed to be incapable of resentment or reprisal. "You have not studied them long enough. Human nature is the same everywhere. He then went on in a very elaborate way to explain the mistakes of Spartacus, and tried to show me how he could easily have overthrown the Roman Empire. The pith of it was that the leader of that servile insurrection, instead of wasting his time in Italy until his enemies could swoop on him, should have struck at Rome, or, if not strong enough for that, he should have escaped to the wild northern provinces, and there have organized an army to overthrow Rome.

I told him that I feared he would lead the young men with him into some desperate enterprise, where they would be imprisoned and disgraced. He rose. "Well," he said, "I thought I could get you to understand this. I do not wonder at it. The world is very pleasant to you; but when your household gods are broken, as mine have been, you will see all this more clearly."

I rose, somewhat offended, and said: "Captain, if you thought this why did you send for me?" and walked to the door. He followed me, and laid his hand on my shoulder and when I turned to him he took both my hands in his. I could see that tears stood on his hard bronzed cheeks. "No," he said, "we must not part thus. I wanted to see you and tell you how it appeared to me. With the help of God I will do what I believe to be best." He held my hands firmly in his stern, hard hands, leaned forward and kissed me on the cheek, and I never saw him again.

WANTED TO SEE THE EDITOR.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A man on the cars was offered a newspaper. He took it, looked at the heading, and then threw it aside with disgust, and remarked:

"I don't want any news from that paper."

"I supposed everybody read it in these parts," I answered. "Has it been pitching into you?"

"Pitching into me? Great Cæsar! I should think it had. But you just let me meet the editor of that paper."

"You never make anything by striking an editor," I said; "better grin and bear it."

"Yes, that's all right for you to say; but just let me meet that man! I'll show him how to run a newspaper."

"What did he do?"

"Do? He did a deal. Here's how it is: I often go to Springfield on the evening and come home on the first train in the morning. Well, one night I met an old crony, and we went to Music Hall and the theatre. When we came out we met some friends. Of course I could not get right out, so I treated; in fact, we were having a pretty good time, when some fellow came in and began to raise a row. In less than no time the police were in and had us. The next morning I was hauled before the court ann fined $7.40. I did not care much, because I gave a false name, and knew my wife couldn't find it out; but the next morning I'll be eternally confused if that very paper didn't have it all in, and my name too."

"Did your wife see it?"

"I should say she did."

"Did she make a fuss?"

"Fuss! Godfrey Elihu! Are you married?"

UNLUCKY ROYAL MARRIAGES.

The fact that Alfonso's second nuptials were ushered in by terrible storms which laid waste some of the most fruitful portions of the kindom, is a reminder of the misfortune which has attended and followed some famous Austrian marriages heretofore. That of the great Maria Theresa was supplemented by a Prussian invasion which compelled a temporary flight from her capital; and her whole reign had far more in it of trouble than of joy. Her daughter, Marie Antoinette, married Louis XVI. under almost as gloomy auspices. A grand exhibition of fire works in honor of the wedding, in what is now the Place de la Concordia ended in an accident which cost the lives of several thousand persons; and we all know how the shadow, thus begun, deepened over the luckless pair until it opened to display the guillotine. The ball given to celebrate the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa was also terminated by accident, by which the Princess Schwartzenberg and some lesser notables were burned to death. The Parisian populace, never pleased with Austrian marriages, predicted that no good would come of an alliance thus begun; and we all know that Napoleon's disasters may be said to have commenced when Josephine was thrust aside to make room for her doll faced and doll hearted rival.

COAL IN RUSSELL COUNTY.

From the Independent.

Among the many advantages possessed by Russell county, we esteem the fact of its being underlaid by coal of a fair quality and easily mined, as one in the future will contribute in no ordinary degree to its prosperity.

We are led to these reflections by the rapid developing of the coal interests in this county, especially in the case of the Cook mine east of this city now operated by the Holland brothers. This mine, which may be regarded as the leading one in this county, is a vein of some eighteen or more inches in thickness, the depth of the shaft being about sixty feet. At the present time some eighteen miners are employed, all that can labor to advantage with their present facilities. This force is to be increased, and improvements made at an early day by the proprietors, as the demand for the black diamonds is far beyond the daily supply furnished.