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The Lay Torpedo.

The most successful type of the movable torpedo is found in the invention of Mr. John L. Lay, of Buffalo, New York, who has heretofore been mentioned as an associate with Chief-Engineer Wood in the invention of the torpedo used by Crueshing. As excellent as the Lay undoubtedly is, it still has the same defect as others, namely, want of sufficient speed; this, however, does not seem to be an insuperable obstacle, and with each successive construction a greater speed is obtained. The boat is always under the control of the operator, who can stop or start it, steer it either on one side or the other, or fire the charge whenever he pleases. All these things are of course extremely advantageous, and greatly enhance the value of the weapon. The motive power is an electric acid gas. This gas (as is well known) becomes liquefied under a pressure of forty atmospheres, and in this state it is stored in a flask in the boat. When the valve closing this flask is open, vaporization ensues, and the gas is taken to the engine, first passing an automatically acting reducing valve, so that the pressure will not be too great. As the liquid expands, great cold is produced, and trouble is experienced from ice as a mortar; this however, is not a serious difficulty, and some remedy will doubtless be found. The explosive chamber containing 5.0 pounds of material, is at the bow, and is so constructed that on contact with a vessel it is discharged from its resting place, and drops several feet, the idea being that an explosion in that position will do more damage than at the water-line. In one compartment of the boat is a drum, from which is paid out the cable through which the electric current passes. A suitable arrangement of magnets opens a valve which allows gas to enter a cylinder, the piston in which causes the cable to be put in the desired direction; and a similar arrangement causes the throttle of the engine to open and close. The explosion is caused on contact if it desired, or it may always be kept under the operator's control. Some of these boats have but one wire in the cable, over which the various functions are caused to operate; others have a multiple cable, with a wire for each function required to be done. Over a mile and a half of wire is carried, so that the effective range becomes very much greater than that of any of its rivals. It is constantly at work introducing improvements, all of which are produced by numerous patents. His system has been definitely adopted by Russia after a satisfactory trial of ten of the boats built for her. A factory has been established, and it is proposed to use them very extensively in any future war.—Allen D. Brown, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A Reminiscence of Guitauau.

A gentleman now residing in Chicago yesterday gave to a *News* reporter the following reminiscence of Guitauau, the assassin: "I was in Minneapolis last summer, soon after the assassination, and called on a Mrs. Mary Egan, a widow residing on First street, who had been a member of the Guitauau family in Sackett's Harbor, a small town in New York State, on Lake Ontario. Mary and Guitauau were about of an age, and both attended the same school. She told me almost the boy's home-life, his passionate nature, and the fear in which he was held by the school children. He was constantly writing religious essays and preaching, and time and again declared he could walk on the water as Christ did. At last Guitauau appointed a time, after school hours, when he would demonstrate his faith on the water of Ontario. All the school-children and many of the grown people of the town assembled on the shore, and Guitauau stepped out in an appearance. He stood through the crowd with out a word, and stood by the water on a dock. After waiting his hands about several times and muttering an unintelligible prayer, he stepped off the dock into the water, and, of course, went down. The crowd roared and yelled, and made merry over the failure. It was only by the greatest exertions the boy—then aged about eighteen years—was saved from drowning. The next day he explained his failure by saying that among the crowd were a number of unbelievers, and he could do nothing in their presence. This incident was but one of many similar sensations Guitauau created in Sackett's Harbor, and no attention was paid to it until he earned world-wide notoriety by shooting President Garfield."—Chicago News.

Printed stockings will again be worn. They come in dark flower patterns in the grounds of blue, maroon and other colors, and black, polka-dotted stockings will also be worn, but the hose of the most fastidious women is dark and all of a color, and when not black, or maroon it matches the color of the costume.

It will be sixty-seven years ago on the 30th inst., that the last campaign of Napoleon the Great ended in the battle-field called Waterloo.

A Dog Dealer.

What do you ask for him?" inquired a gentleman, stopping in front of a box wherein a remarkably clever-looking Yorkshire terrier, weighing less than five pounds, lay dosing, and which was presided over by a man with a peculiar "dorgy" look. "Fifty dollars, sir." As the gentleman examined the dog, the "dorgy" man, thinking that he had a buyer, observed what will you give for him?" "Oh, I might give \$10 on him," was the reply. The look of disgust that came over the man's face was simply indescribable.

"Ten dollars!" he ejaculated, patting the little fellow on the head, "and that little terrier weighin' but little more than four pounds and havin' caught three rats already! Sir, that's an insult to the dorgy!"—N. Y. Hour.

Ruxley on Darwin.

This is the tribute which Professor T. H. Ruxley pays to the memory of Dr. Charles Darwin: "None have sought better and none have been more fortunate than Charles Darwin. He found a great truth trodden under foot, reviled by bigots and ridiculed by all the world; he lived long enough to see it, chiefly by his own efforts, irrefragably established in science, inseparably incorporated with the common thoughts of men, and only hated and feared by those who would revile but dare not. What shall a man desire more than this? Once more the image of Socrates rises unbidden, and the noble peroration of the 'Apology' rings in our ears as if it were Charles Darwin's farewell:—'The hour of death has arrived and we go our ways; I to die and you to live. Which is the better God only knows.'"

The Candied President.

Last Thanksgiving day the table of President Arthur was graced by some butternut candy, which an excellent and venerable maiden lady of Vermont had made with her own hands, and sent to him as a pleasant reminder of the days of his boyhood. The kind-hearted President acknowledged the favor in a graceful note, which, of course, was printed in the local paper of the village where the lady lived, and thence copied into many journals in various parts of the country. At once a supply of candied apples began to pour into the White House; confectioners sent it, hoping for a letter from the President to display in their show windows. School girls and ladies of uncertain age, with hundreds of school boys, sent candy, each fondly hoping to receive in return the coveted autograph of the President. It has been asserted that more than a ton of confectionery has been received at the White House during the winter and spring.

Relation of Brain-Work to Blood-Supply.

But, even if it is true that the larger and healthier physique affords more blood for brain use, it does not follow that the larger the supply the greater amount of brain-work possible. The argument assumes that the brain has no limit to its activity except in the quantity of blood that can be prepared for it. But it needs no scientific education to know that there are other influences which limit the thinker's activity, and that these limitations are somewhere in the mysterious recesses of the brain, or in the forces of which the brain is the organ. The physical health of the brain-worker may be perfect, his digestion unimpaired, his power to assimilate food the same, and yet he may not be able to concentrate his thoughts or carry on a complicated train of reasoning. The defect is not in his body—that is as healthy as ever; nor is it in any of the processes of blood-making—these go on as before. The trouble lies in the brain itself, whose capacity for work is measured by some hidden standard of its own, and which gives warning when a cessation of brain work is imperative. The body is a furnace whose power of consuming fuel is greater than the capability of its boiler—the brain—to generate power. To keep the latter in good working condition, something more is necessary than building and feeding the fires. A supplementary but important consideration is, whether the steam beyond a certain point will not be productive of unpleasant consequences in the form of an explosion.—Nina Morris, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

A Plan to Settle the Egyptian Question.

On a Strike.

Latest Fashion for Swell People.

Swell people in Washington no longer go to the dressing rooms to remove their traps at evening parties, but take their footmen along, and they stand in the hall and serve the purpose of clothes pegs till the party breaks up and the guests vanish to their homes. A row of footmen in the hall, heaped to the costades of their hats with the tarry and luxurious open cheeks of their employers, is the customary sight at all great entertainments, and the certain index of the distinguished character of the guests. The President's man removes his overcoat and hands him his crush hat in the twinkling of an eye. The members of the Cabinet, Supreme Court, and especially the doctors, are similarly attended; and, as the fashion has an increased following each season, it will soon be a problem for the hostess to find room for all these animated hat-stands that hold the habits of greatness, racks that haven't footmen burrow, we suppose, of their neighbors who have such lockers on hand.

FASHION NOTES.

Renaissance cloth is a new dress fabric.

Gradelines in Spanish lace designs are novel and elegant.

"Jumbo" ornaments and charms are worn by the million.

Turn-over collars, with fancy neck-ribbons, are very fashionable.

Linen bathers and bathinets have been brought to such perfection that many ladies now use them for almost dressy toilettes, for street wear, and even for the races.

A Tuscan straw gypsy hat, faced with dark green velvet, and trimmed outside with a wreath of hazel nuts and foliage, is sent to us from Virov's among a number of other stylish models.

French costumes grew more bouffant, and promise a gradual return to the basket draperies (paniers) Marie Antoinette; catholic styles, on the contrary, become daily more limp and clinging.

Flowers are worn very large on dresses, but small on bonnets. Roses are always the most popular flower with milliners, and they are preferred unmounted this season—that is, without foliage.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" Only back into the house a minute to change my pocketbook.

"Change it?" "Yes; I had no idea the day was so hot. I started out with my sea-lookin' pocketbook."

Pompeian red and black silk stockings are worn with the simplest and with the most elaborate toilettes—no matter whether they are light or dark.

Dark navy blue and the lighter porcelain blue are also favorite colors for hosiery.

The most startling parasols exhibited thus far are those of vermilion satin, lined with old gold silk and trimmed with double ruffles of wide gold lace.

The ruffles are surrounded by a wreath of brilliant scarlet roses, mixed with small yellow sunflowers.

Pictureque round hats have broad, straight brims, or are sloped away in Rembrandt shape on the left side, with a tuft of velvet on the edge that is found to be very becoming.

The crown is surrounded with plumes, or else its only trimming is a great Alamo bow made of a silk scarf.

Linen collars and cuffs, after long banishment, are coming into vogue once more.

The foundation is white, with china borders of varied widths. A handkerchief, edged with the same pattern, is considered correct, and is often sold with the lingerie described above as included in the set.

The Mother Hubbard gathered cloaks are still used for very small girls, and are made of checked cloth for every-day wear, and of pale blue, gray or white cashmere for nicer use.

The dark navy blue flannel cloaks are also nice for traveling, and for cool mornings in the country.

Straight coats of white diagonal cloth, with a French saquee back and deep shoulder cape, are prettily piped with satin and ornamented with satin bows, or else made more elaborate with white open embroidery done in wool for trimming.

ROMANCE OF AN INDIAN PRINCESS.

The Mysterious Beauty Who Dazzled Washington Society.

At the tea party for the benefit of the Garfield Memorial Hospital last Saturday night a great feature was the number of pretty women sitting around in light and picturesque costumes, red, white and blue caps or fancy hats. Many of these attending were full dress, and demi-toilettes were the rule, summer and party dresses being more numerous than dark walking costumes. There was one beautiful stranger who excited every one's interest, and for a long while people kept asking who the fair unknown could be. She was tall, exquisitely slender and graceful, with fine, delicate features, a creamy complexion and eyes and hair light midnight. Her escort was swarthy, raven-haired, with quick, courteous movements, and, from their appearance, a gentleman of extensive travel pronounced them Mexicans surely. Never in any place but the City of Mexico had he seen a man of that type, and woman of that particularly rare beauty were only to be met in Spanish-American countries, and approached to barely by the lovely creoles of New Orleans. The unknown lady wore just the dress an artist would have put her in, a deep red-colored gown, with sleeves and draperies of black thread lace and a large orange bouquet of red roses, and her hair was caught back in a gracefully loose knot. She stopped before the Kansas table for refreshments and spoke to Mrs. Ream, the mother of Vinie Ream-Hoxie, the artist. Immediately an enthusiastic young man rushed to Mrs. Ream to ask who the Mexican beauty was, as there were none of his friends of that legation present to tell. "Do you know her?" he asked, and the matron gave him the satisfactory reply that she did; that she was her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ream, of the Indian Territory. "And the gentleman," quoth the young man, "he surely is Mexican." "Not at all; he is Governor Wright of the Chickasaw Nation, and from the same Territory," came the answer in full. There is very pretty and romantic story connected with this lady, who met and married young Ream on one of her vacation trips while she was studying in the East. Mrs. Ream was a princess of the Cherokee Nation, with a soft, musical name of that dialect before she conventionalized it by marriage, and she is still one of the most beautiful women to be seen in a coach.—Washington Corr. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Weapons First Came to be Employed.

The idea of employing weapons for assault or defense was a logical result of the first contests that took place between man and man. In these contests the strongest man with his native weapons—the fist—was unconsciously the father of all arms and all armed strength for his weaker antagonist would earnestly seek to restore the balance of power by the use of some sort of weapon. The shorter armed man lengthened his striking power by the use of a stick, and found, after a time, the help its leverage, and weight afforded him. The first case in which the chance selected, heavy-ended staff or club showed that weight or hardness had its value was a first step toward furnishing it with a strong head. Hence the blow of the fist was the forerunner of the crushing weapon. In the same way the pointed stick became the lance or the dagger; and the thrown shaft headed, as knowledge increased, by the "arrowing-stick," was the precursor of the dart and arrow. The character of the first weapons was largely determined by the nature of the materials from which they were derived, and their shape partly from this and partly by copying the forms of the weapons possessed by the animals the primitive man slew. Hence arises the general similarity in character and shape of the earliest tools from all parts of the world.—Popular Science Monthly.

The White House Mail.

Several hundred letters are received every day at the White House. They are delivered by a special messenger. The correspondence addressed to the President is not opened by him, and it is very rare that he reads one of the thousands of letters addressed to him. All of the letters are first opened by his private secretary. The majority of them are simply referred elsewhere, and never in any form come to the attention of the President. It makes no difference how "personal, private, or confidential" an envelope may be marked, it does not go by the desk of the private secretary unopened. Letters from relatives or intimate friends are sent to the President just as received, but all other letters of character worthy of being called to his attention are simply "briefed," so that the President can see at a glance what is wanted. Applicants for office who write to the White House are always referred to the Departments. It has been the custom of late years to send out to every such applicant a polite formula, saying that the application has been referred to such and such a department. Some of the simple-minded correspondents of the Executive construe the receipt of this formula as one of the most important steps in the way of securing the desired office. One happy man who recently received one of these formulas wrote in reply that his gratitude over the receipt of the same was "as big as an Elephant." He then added that when he should get his place his gratitude would be "as big as 2 Elephants." This formula of answer is in reality a full encouragement to the editor's polite "reject ed" with thanks," sent under seal with a pile of returned manuscripts. But no amount of ill success has any discouraging effect upon the people who write to the President for information, advice, money or office. Out of the 50,000,000 of people in this country there is always a daily number who flatter themselves that they are not wasting good paper, pens and ink by writing to the President.—Chicago Times' Washington Letter.

Baggy Trousers.

The man does not live probably who has not mentally expressed himself in the stoutest kind of Anglo-Saxon at the bagginess of his pants at the knees. It is the one thing that makes life to hundreds of our sex miserable almost beyond endurance. Even we have caught ourselves saying—e—teronomy many and many a time at the enormous breadth and extent at the knees of otherwise immaculate pants, and sighed for some means whereby the evil might be prevented. A writer in the Cincinnati *Gazette* supplies the need, and of pure compassion for a panting world we reproduce it here: "We are confidentially informed by a society man, the 'set,' of whose clothes are the envy and despair of a wide circle of admirers, that the only way to prevent their bagginess, which has been a cause of anguish to three continents, 'our continent' and the Eastern and Western hemispheres generally, is to give the trousers a little hitch at the knee when you sit down, and under no circumstances to crook the pregnant hinges of the knee too much when seated, but to leave the nether limbs extended in a not ungraceful fashion. Eternal vigilance is the price of more things than liberty, and a moment's forgetfulness will be fatal, for the cloth once stretched and molded by the shape of the knee, not all the pressing, sponging, and blocking of every tailor's goose on Vine street can undo the mischief. You will be suspected of a desire to show your neat overgarment and your olive and cardinal like thread hose, and headless people will stumble over your outstretched limbs, but you will be sustained by that consciousness that nerved Virgilus to strike the fatal blow, and say with him: 'There is no way but this.'"

Women of Fashion wear very little jewelry in the streets, with the exception of one or two slender bracelets that are worn outside long gloves. Earrings are abandoned for day wear on all but full dress occasions. A jeweled collar button and a cravat bow are worn at the throat, or else there is merely a slender bar pin. The watch is attached to a short chateleine.

In Western China the mountain Omi, which has a "back" and which is in height 11,000 feet, is almost exclusively inhabited by Buddhist monks.

Boots that lace over the instep are taking the place of buttoned boots.

An Orange-Wrapping in Florida.

One night lately our party of tourists went to an "orange-wrapping." A large warehouse belonging to the Williston place was lighted up, with candles, placed along the walls, and all the "help" of the neighborhood, was gathered in one corner of the room where there were huge boxes filled with oranges. They were rigged with handles at each end, and it took two men to bring one of them in. On the opposite side of the room there were long tables behind which sat the "wrappers." The fruit was supplied to them by boys, who carried it in bread trays, putting a tray to every three men. Before each man was a package of tissue paper. By a dextrous movement an orange was enveloped in a leaf of paper by one movement. As the fruit was wrapped it was dropped into another tray, which was carried to the "packers," who stood before a pile of empty crates. Each orange was packed in the crate separately, being packed in close rows. A crate holds from 120 to 140 oranges, and sells here for about \$3. The oranges are not brought directly from the grove to the packing house, but rest a day or two in the drying house. There they are spread over lattice shelves, where they go through a "sweating" process before they are ready for shipment. The scene in the wrapping house was a pretty one. The golden fruit piled in rich profusion; the men and boys laughing as they handled it so rapidly; the orderly crates with their tempting contents; a heap of pine apples in an odd corner, filling the room with their exquisite flavor; huge bunches of bananas with just a fleck of yellow here and there amid the green; clean looking lemons almost as large as the oranges with their royal gold color; groups of boatmen and hunters with their swarthy faces and picturesque attire, lending a hand wherever it was needed, a negro with a banjo strumming rude tunes to which the crowd gave equal accompaniment, the ladies watching curiously and sampling with the haste and bustle of getting ready against the next day's boat, and having the fruit ready to go out with the ship.—Atlanta, Ga., Constitution.

The Railroad Situation.

We learned while below from a reliable source that it is the intention of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company to build a direct line of railroad from Seattle across the Cascade mountains to Priest's Rapids on the Upper Columbia, thence to Riverville on the line of the present N. P. R. R., thence through the Palouse country to the Potlatch, thence descending the Potlatch to the Clearwater, and thence up the Clearwater to a point at or near Kamiah, from whence the road will be built easterly over the Bitter Root Mountains to the leisure of the company.

The object of the scheme, which is the only direct route for a trans-continental railroad, secondly, to provide an outlet for the products of Camas Prairie. We were given to understand that the residents of Camas Prairie will be appealed to to do the whole of the grading on the branch track that will connect them with the main road at Kamiah and from what we know of that people we are confident that they will be quick to respond when called upon to aid in the development of that land of milk and honey.

It is not yet settled whether the road north of Clearwater will be built into Moscow or not, but we know that the survey will be made from Three Forks through the Paradise Valley across the Bitter into Potlatch country and thence to the Clearwater (this summer). It has also been made public through these columns that the company have caused a boat to be fitted up to facilitate the work of the surveyors in locating the line up the Clearwater, and this fact lends additional weight to the information stated above.

The fact that this road would leave Lewiston out in the cold causes us no alarm whatever, because we have steamboats anyhow, and it will be no great trick to build a railroad over the 80 miles of road between Texas and the Potlatch.—Nex Pease News, May 18.

The Secret of Hanlan's Success.

When the race was over and Hanlan had heartily shaken hands with his distressed antagonist the astonished crowd began to seek an explanation. The cause is obvious enough. Hanlan has been deep study and constant practice. It took him three months of incessant study to learn the stroke he uses. Besides this, he has never suffered from the absurdities of training. He keeps himself in good health, and never on any account takes too violent exercise. Hence he makes very short work of his overtrained opponents. A doctor who lately saw Hanlan said: "He could hardly give a man a knock-down blow, but he could pull his head off." The suggestion of constant care and assiduous development of special muscles can hardly be better given. It is certain that no man in the world is capable of getting within two hundred yards of the Canadian. He will remain champion just as long as he likes, unless some Englishman will imitate his patient study and bring a better physique to the task.

From week to week millers bring out new colors and shades in trimmings. Some of the latest are pussy willow green which is not a green at all but a purplish gray with a tint of green in it; beet red, pomegranate pink, beet brown, boiled or tumbled water, a bluish gray; turkey-combed red, wheat, daffodil and maize color; Indian summer sky and moonlight shades, and anora or dawn of morning pink.

A LOST BOY.

A Specimen Brick of Pagan Bob's Eloquence.

Colonel Ingham's Speech.

I knew a youth—a noble, generous youth—from whose heart flowed a living fount of pure and holy feeling, which spread around and fertilized the soil of friendship, while warm and generous hearts crowded about and enclosed him in a circle of pure and god-like happiness. The eye of woman brightened at his approach, and wealth and honor smiled to win him to their circle. His days sped onward, and as a summer's brook sparkles all joyous on its glad-some way, so sped he on, blithesome amid the light of woman's love and manhood's eulogy. He wooed and won a maid of peerless charms—a being fair, delicate and pure, who bestowed the harvest of her heart's young love upon him. The car of time rolled on and clouds arose to dim the horizon of his worldly happiness. The serpent of inebriation crept into the Eden of his heart; the pure and holy feeling which the God of nature had implanted in his soul became polluted by the influence of the mis-called social cup. The warm and generous aspirations of his soul became frozen and callous within him. The tears of the wretched agony of the afflicted wife found no response within his bosom. The pure and holy fount of love within his heart, that once gushed forth at the meanings of misery and prompted the hand to administer to the requirements of the needy, sent forth no more its pure and benevolent offerings; its water had become intermingled with the poisoned ingredients of spirits, and the rank weeds of Intemperance had sprung up and choked the fount from whence the stream flowed. The dark spirit of Poverty had fanned its wings over his habitation, and the burning hand of Disease had seared the brightness of his eye, and palsied the elasticity of his frame. The friends who basked in the sunshine of his prosperity, fled when the wintry winds of adversity blew harshly round his dwelling.

Pause, gentle reader! Go to you lowly burial place and ask who rests beneath its lowly surface? The mouldering remains of a drunkard! One who possessed a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness, the days of whose boyhood were hallowed by high and holy aspirations; the hours of whose early manhood were unclouded by care and unstained by crime; the setting orb of whose destiny was enshrouded in a mist of misery and degradation. He saw the smile of joy sparkling in the social glass; he noticed not the demons of destruction lurking at the bottom of the goblet; with eager hand he raised the poisoned glass to his lips and he was ruined.

What She Saw in Church.

He staid at home and she went to church. After dinner he said to her: "What was the text, wife?" "Oh, something, somewhere in Generations; I've forgotten the chapter and verse. Mrs. High was right before me with a Mother Hubbard bonnet on. How could I hear anything when I could not even see the minister? I wouldn't have worn such a thing to church if I'd had to have gone bare-headed."

"How did you like the minister?" "Oh, he's splendid! And Kate Darling was there in a Spanish lace cap; that never cost less than fifty dollars, and they can't pay their butcher bill if I'd wear ton lace or go without any first."

"Did he say anything about the new mission fund?" "No, and the Jones girls were all rigged out in their yellow silks made over; you would have died laughing to see them. Such taste as those girls have! and the minister says out that the Dorcas Society will meet at sister Jones' residence—that poky old place."

"Well, it seems that you did not hear much of the sermon." "Well, I'm sure it's better to go to church than to stay at home and read the papers; and oh, Harry! the new minister has a lovely voice; it nearly gave me to sleep."

The Drummer Boy's Opinion of Women Drummers.

Many New York houses are sending out women drummers. It is more than probable that the women will not drum more than one season. Getting up all times of night to catch freight trains to go to the next town, riding in cabooses that smell of kerosene on an empty stomach, catching naps and colds by curling up on wood-boxes, and carrying keisters through railroad yards before daylight, looking for a hotel and finding the rooms all occupied, will not make female drummers entirely happy. If the lady drummers could always ride on passenger trains and have customers meet them at the depot and carry their satchels and the same customer would hitch up a team and take them to the train, there might be some fun in female drumming. There are so many things that drummers have to do that ladies couldn't do very well that there is no danger of a radical change in the business.—Peek's Sun.

Dr. Talmage's Brooklyn Tabernacle has probably the largest membership of any Protestant church in the United States. Its total membership is 2,751.

It is said that the Australian colonies are the richest, per capita, in the world. Among their possessions are 81,000,000 sheep, to a population of only 3,000,000 souls.

Among English-speaking people it is estimated that there are 15,500,000 who profess the Roman Catholic religion. The Protestant domination includes 50,000,000.