

## SIEGE GUNS.

Practice by Cadets at the West Point Military Academy.

The artillery practice at West Point during the recent commencement exercises not only attracted much notice but was clearly observed to be a drill in which the spirit of rivalry among the gray-coat gunners excelled that of any other practice. It was also a drill that old army officers delighted to look at, and no spectator was more interested than Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, the president of the board of visitors. He arrived early at each artillery drill and departed only when it was fully completed, and when the cadet gunners showed their proficiency in marksmanship by piercing the target, and especially when they drove a projectile through the bull's-eye, "Old Rosey" enthusiastically clapped his hands in approval of the shot. On the 3d inst., the authorities of the post gave a special exhibition of the siege battery practice in honor of the board of visitors. The regular spring practice at the academy takes place in the month of April, from the 1st to the 30th inclusive. The pieces used in the siege battery drill were thirty-pound Parrot rifles, manufactured at the Cold Spring foundry, being of the same pattern as those used during the war of the rebellion for siege work. The projectiles were of the Butler pattern, the very best used in the service. The target was set in the bank on the south side of Target hill, which is a mountain of sand, and located under Crow Nest, and between the West Shore railroad and the Hudson river.

The target measured 16x16 feet, and was made of inch plank divided into squares by horizontal and vertical lines. These squares are marked upon the target to facilitate the keeping of each gunner's score. During the firing an officer is stationed in a convenient spot with a telescope pointed directly on the target, and as a shot enters it, and before the huge cloud of smoke obscures the vision, it is recorded on the diagram representing the target which the officer has before him. Each gunner has a target of his own, and the diagram as given is made up from those as taken from the telescopic record. As soon as a shot strikes the target the gunner who made it is shown his individual target with the position of his last shot only marked on it. This is done for his guidance for the next shot. He is not allowed to look at the targets of the other gunners so as to profit if possible thereby. The pieces are pointed directly on the bull's-eye of the target each time, and all allowances for drift or other deviations are made by the rear sight or wind gauge. At three-quarters of a mile distant the boys can hit the target nearly every time.—N. Y. Herald.

## THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE.

A French Soldier With a Remarkable Wound.

There is to be seen at Landreocies, in the department of the north, says the London Globe, an invalid artillery soldier who was wounded in the late Franco-German war, when he was horribly mutilated by the bursting of a Prussian shell. The man's face was literally blown off, including both eyes, there being left behind some scanty remnants of the osseous and muscular systems. The skull, which is well covered with hair, was left intact, so that the man had a most hideous and ghastly appearance. This disfigurement has been completely concealed by a mask, which was made for him under the direction of principal medical officer of Val de Grace, in Paris, whither he had been transferred from the field ambulance. The mask was constructed by a surgeon dentist named Delalain. It includes a false palate and a complete set of false teeth; and it is so perfect that the functions of respiration and mastication, which were necessarily and imperfectly performed, are almost completely restored to their normal condition, and the voice, which was rather husky, has resumed its natural tone. The man speaks distinctly, the sense of smell, which had entirely disappeared, has returned, and he can even play the flute. He wears two false eyes, simply to fill up the cavities of the orbits, for the parts representing the eyes in the mask are closed. In fact, the mask is so well adapted to what remains of the real face as to be considered one of the finest specimens of the prosthetic art that could be devised.

The man himself, whose name is Moreau, and who is in perfect health, is looked upon as a living curiosity, and travellers go a good deal out of their way to see him. His face, or rather his mask, is, of course, without any expression, but his special senses, particularly that of touch, are extremely developed, and he goes by the soubriquet of "L'Homme a la Tete de Cire." He wears the military cross of honor, and delights to talk about what he has gone through during the war. To add to his meagre pension, he sells a pamphlet containing a full description of his wounds and of the apparatus that has been so skillfully devised as to render him at least presentable to his fellow-creatures.

Boston's public school pupils cost last year \$89.57 per capita in the high school, \$28.42 in the grammar schools and \$18.53 in the primary department.

## Exposure of Mind Reading.

The Subject of Mind-reading is attracting considerable attention in London, and Mr. Labouchere, the editor of London Truth, has been publicly exposing the tricks of the readers and bitterly denouncing the imposition in his journal. So savagely has he attacked Irving Bishop, a noted performer, that he was sued last week for libel and the damages are laid at a large amount. The following is the interview Mr. Labouchere had with Stuart Cumberland, a rival performer, which led to the suit:

Mr. Stuart Cumberland called upon me one day last week to explain to me how he succeeds in finding pins in other such "manifestations." If a person will concentrate his thoughts upon an object, and if any one—whose perceptive faculties are properly trained—takes his hand, the operator will be, Mr. Cumberland explained, inevitably drawn to the spot where the object is. "Thought-reading, then, I said, is muscle reading." "To a certain extent," he replied, "but not absolutely. You have to watch for other indications; for instance, if I find myself close to the article thought of, the hand of some subjects gets hot, in others the pulse quickens. You must watch these indications as well as the muscles." "But, surely you must have had a confederate when you tied yourself to a man by a string, and found an object concealed by him." "No," he said: "I could feel the string dragging one way, and I followed the indication. When I came near the object the string trembled. This is the simple explanation of the mystery." "And do you mean to say that you can take hold of a person's hand with one of your hands, and with the other write a series of numbers that he is to think of?" "Certainly not," he replied; "the person's hand must grasp the hand with which I write; my hand remains almost passive, and he without knowing it, himself writes the numbers." "Well," I said, "I will think of something in this room, and we will see if you can discover it." I thought of a little card case that was lying on the table. Mr. Cumberland blind-folded himself. "Why do you do that?" I said. "That my own thoughts should not be diverted from what I am doing." He took my hand; in a minute or two he approached, the table, hovered over the various articles upon it, and finally placed my hand upon the card case. I had thought all the while of this article and I could feel my hand involuntarily drawing him towards it. It would take a person a long time to acquire Mr. Cumberland's powers of preception; but any one can realize how the trick—if I may call it so—is done, by thinking of some object on a table, and getting a friend to grasp his hand and try to discover it. He has only to concentrate his thoughts upon the object and the exact place where it is, in order to find that his hand registers when ever it is sought to divert it from the direction towards the object which it, apparently of itself, strives to approach. In fact, the thought acts upon the muscles much in the same way as the desire to grasp something causes the hand to grasp it. In both cases the muscles involuntarily obey the brain. "And how did Irving Bishop read the number of a bank note that was enclosed in an envelope without contact with the only person who knew it?" I asked. "To do so by what he terms 'thought reading.'" Mr. Cumberland answered, "is absolutely impossible. Without contact you can obtain no indication of what is passing in the brain of another person, as you may perceive yourself if you have understood my explanation." "Then the thing was a swindle," I said. Mr. Cumberland smiled. "And the mental picture which he professes to see?" Mr. Cumberland smiled again.

## Few Rich Men in California.

The majority of people in this state, says the San Francisco Bulletin, are not rich. There was a time when the glamor of wealth seemed to be over all the state. There are not so many rich people in California to-day in proportion to the population as there are in each one of the older states of the union. There is less warrant for costly living or for domestic expenditures on the scale of prospective fortunes. Looking to the future, one might inquire what are the prospective sources of wealth? There are no more great fortunes to be made in railway construction, few or no great fortunes to be made in mining ventures, the stock boards are no longer prominent. Only the slow process of wealth are left—agriculture, manufactures, and industrial pursuits generally, which are most fitting for a people who are not wealthy, but who have not yet quite forgotten the lives of their fathers and mothers—the domestic economy by means of which large families were well brought up, educated, and sent out into the world to make their own way successfully.

The late Samuel M. Shoemaker, of Baltimore, who died last week, left an estate valued at about \$3,000,000, all made out of investment in the Adams Express.

Fifteen special agents of the Internal Revenue department have been discharged. Two of the fifteen discharged are Burns and Row, of Kentucky. Another is a brother of ex-Congressman Ramm and two others are J. I. Trumbull and Jasper Packard of Indiana.

## HANDY WITH HIS JACK-KNIFE.

The Curious Things a Missouri Man has Whittled Out.

St. Louis Republican.

One of the most eccentric characters in Missouri—if not in the entire Mississippi Valley—is William Yoho, of Kirkwood. He is better known as "Bill the Whittler." Bill claims to be champion whittler in the world. With an ordinary penknife he has demonstrated his ability to make almost anything a carpenter, a cabinet-maker, or wood-carver can make with a full set of edged tools. He occupies an old church in Kirkwood, which he has filled almost completely with curiosities of a novel as well as useful character with the aid of his trusty bone-handled knife. The spectators who take the trouble to visit this museum will find the collection as interesting as the pictures of a famous art gallery. A short time ago Bill made the announcement that he would throw the church doors open on a certain day in order that those who desired to see his contrivances might gratify their curiosity. After that date no person should be admitted, as he proposed to begin the greatest undertaking of his life, viz., the construction of a gigantic automatic concern that would surpass anything of the kind the world had ever seen. The population of Kirkwood with scarcely an exception accepted Bill's invitation, and all day during his reception the church was filled with people. Ever since that eventful day the people of Kirkwood have looked upon Bill as the eighth wonder of the world. A Republican reporter visited Kirkwood yesterday and had a very pleasant interview with "Bill." Bill was sitting on a bench with a section of a cigar in one hand and his favorite bone-handled knife in the other, whittling away as though the destiny of the world depended upon his ability to complete his work. The blade of the knife he used was about an inch long, and tapered all the way from the hilt to the point.

"Well, Bill," said the reporter, "they say you are the champion whittler of the world."

"Yes, and I am willing to whittle anything against any man living. There is only one other whittler on the face of the earth who can even approach my work, and that is Monkey John, of Chicago. Monkey John would not whittle against me, for he and I have whittled together and he knows what I can do. I was born in St. Louis, on Morgan street, in the building occupied years ago by the old Mound City Bakery. When in my teens I became the apprentice of a millwright, but before my time was out, at the beginning of the war, I ran away and joined the Union army as a member of Captain G. W. Penn's company. While serving as a soldier I had one of the toes of my right foot shot off, and could have had a pension had I seen fit to apply for one. However, I had a little pride that prompted me to vow I would never call upon Uncle Sam for assistance as long as I could use a knife and obtain a livelihood by whittling. It may appear strange to you, but it is true nevertheless, that I never knew that I had any extraordinary gift for whittling until I reached my twenty-third year. Then I made a toy house for my sister, which was so universally admired that I determined to manufacture other curiosities. The first piece of importance I whittled was a complete model of the Castle Bingen-on-the-Rhine. This piece was finished in 1873, and contained 560 windows. It is owned by a gentleman residing in Clay county, Texas. The next piece was the model of the steamship Bristol, copied from an engraving on a hand-bill.

"I defy any artist to eclipse my work with either a pencil or brush. An artist may draw a picture as perfectly as he possibly can, and hand it to me to reproduce in wood, and I will immediately improve on the picture. Some men think because they can make a wooden chain with a knife they are great whittlers. There is no trick in making a simple chain, as the man who makes one link can make forty. Scrolling is by far the most difficult work a man can do with a knife. I can carve perfectly a leaf or an animal. With a pocket-knife I have made over three hundred models which occupy places in the Patent office.

About a year ago I made the model of a steamship for parties in Europe. They were so well pleased with it that they paid me \$850 for my work. This model was run by steam and could travel through the water at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. My appetite for whittling is a gift as natural to me as an ear for music is to some other men. After a piece of work is finished I often look at it with astonishment, and wonder how I succeeded in making it so complete in every detail. I cannot draw, and know next to nothing about mathematics, yet my proportions in every piece of work I made are always remarkably correct. When I look at a picture which I intend to represent in wood, I unconsciously measure its proportions with the eye. I will wager my life almost that I can whittle out any automatic contrivance ever invented in the space of a year. Until this year I was not aware that anything more than a living could be made by a whittler, but now I entertain a different opinion. The most I ever made on a piece prior to this year was \$20, which was cleared on a raffle. In two weeks I can complete in every detail the model of any ship ever built, and I will construct any kind of a machine ever invented and make it run in an eight ounce bottle. All this sounds very strange to you, yet every word of it is true.

## LIEUT. GREELY LIVES.

The Intrepid Polar Explorer with Six of His Men Rescued by the Bear and Thetis.

Eighteen Members of the Expedition Having Died a Sacrifice to the Moloch of the North.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The following telegram was received at the navy department this morning:

St. Johns, N. F., July 17, 9 a. m.—To the Hon. William E. Chandler, secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.: The Thetis, Bear and Lock-Garry arrived here to-day from West Greenland. All well. Separated from the Alert 150 miles north, during a gale. At 9 p. m., June 22, five miles off Cape Sabine, in Smith's sound, the Thetis and Bear rescued alive Lieut. A. W. Greely, Sergeant Brainerd, Sergeant Fredericks, Sergeant Long, Hospital Steward Frederick, Private Cornell and Sergeant Ellison, the only survivors of the Lady Franklin bay expedition. Sergeant Ellison had lost both hand and feet by frost-bite, and died July 6 at Goodhaven, three days after amputation, which had become imperative. Seventeen of the twenty-five persons composing the expedition perished by starvation at the point where found. One was drowned while sealing to procure food. Twelve bodies of the dead were rescued, and are now on board the Thetis and Bear. One Eskimo was buried at a village called Disco, in accordance with the desire of the inspector of Western Greenland. The bodies of six, with date of death, were received as follows:

Sergeant Cross, Jan. 1, 1884; Sergeant Linn, April 6; Lieut. Lockwood, April 9; Sergeant Jewell, April 12; Private Ellis, May 19; Sergeant Balston, May 23. The bodies of two buried in the ice fort near the camp were swept away to sea by winds and currents before my arrival, and could not be recovered. They were Private Henry, June 6; Private Schneider, June 18. The names of the dead buried in the ice fort, with date of death, whose bodies were not recovered, are as follows: Sergeant Salor June 3; Private William Bender, June 6; Assistant Surgeon Pavy, June 6; Sergeant Gardner, June 12; drowned by breaking through the newly-formed ice while sealing.

Jens Edwards, Eskimo, April 24. I would urgently suggest that the bodies now on board be placed in metallic cases here for safer and better transportation in a sea-way. This appears to me imperative. Greely abandoned Fort Conger Aug. 8, 1883, and reached Baird Inlet Sept. 29 following, with the entire party well. He abandoned all his boats and drifted thirty days on an ice floe in Smith's Sound. His permanent camp was established Oct. 31, 1883, at the point where he was found. During nine months his party had to live upon a scant allowance of food, brought from Fort Conger, that was cached at Payer Harbor and Cape Isabella by Sir George Fares in 1875, but found it to be much damaged by the lapse of time. The cache cached by Beebe at Cape Sabine in 1882, and a small amount saved from the wreck of the Proteus in 1882 and landed by Lieuts. Garlington and Colwell on the beach near where Greely's party was found. When their provisions were consumed the party was forced to live upon boiled sealskins stripped from the sealskin clothes, and lichens and shrimps caught in good weather when they were strong enough to make exertions. As it took 1,300 shrimps to fill a gallon measure the labor was too exhausting to depend upon them to sustain life entirely. The channel between Cape Sabine and Littleton Island did not close on account of violent gales all winter so that the 340 rations at that point could not be reached. All of Greely's records and instruments brought by him from Fort Conger are recovered and are on board. From Hare Island to Smith's Sound I had a constant and furious struggle with ice in impassable floes. Solid barriers were overcome by watchfulness and patience. No opportunity to advance a mile escaped me, and for several hundred miles the ships were forced to ram their way from lead to lead through ice varying in thickness from three to six feet, and when rafterd, much thicker. The Bear reached Cape York June 15, after a passage of twenty-one days in Melville bay, with two advance ships of the Dundee, which were whaling feet, and continued to Cape Sabine. Returning seven days later, we fell in with seven others of this fleet off Wostenholm island, and announced Greely's rescue, that they might not be delayed from their fishing grounds nor be tempted into the dangers of Smith's sound in view of the reward of \$25,000 offered by congress. Returning across Melville bay we fell in with the Alert and Lock-Garry, of Devil's Thumb, struggling through heavy ice. Commander Coffin did admirably to get along so far with a transport so early in the season before an opening had occurred. Lieut. Emory, with the Bear, has supported us throughout with great skillfulness and unflinching readiness in accomplishing the great duty of relieving Greely. The Greely party are very much improved since their rescue, but were critical in the extreme when found, and for several days after. Forty-eight hours' delay in reaching them would have been fatal to all now living. The season North is late and the coldest for years. Smith's sound was not open when we left Cape Sabine. The winter about Melville bay was the most severe for twenty years. This great result is entirely due to the unwearied energy of yourself and the secretary of war in fitting out this expedition for the work it has had the honor to accomplish.

[Signed] J. R. SCHLEY, Commander. LIEUT. GREELY REPORTS.

General Hazen, chief signal officer, has received the following telegram: St. Johns, N. F., July 17.—For the first time in three centuries England yields the honor of reaching the farthest north.—Lieut. Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd, May 13, reaching Lockwood Island, latitude 83 min. 24 sec., longitude 44 min. 5 sec. They saw, from a two thousand feet elevation, no land north or northwest, but to the northeast Greenland yet extended, lost to view in Cape Robert Lincoln, latitude 85 min. 35 sec., and longitude 38 min. Lieut. Lockwood was turned back in 1883 by open water on the north Greenland shore, barely escaping drifts into the Polar ocean. Dr. Pavy, in 1882, following the Merrimack route, was adrift one day in the Polar ocean north of Cape Joseph Henry, and escaped to land, abandoning nearly everything. In 1833 I made, in the spring and later in the summer, trips into the interior of Grinnell land, discovering Lake Hazen, some 60 by 10 miles in extent, which is fed by the ice cape of north Grinnell Land, drains Buggles river and Weyprecht fiord into Conybear bay and Archer fiord. From the summit of Mount Arthur, 5,000 feet, the contour of the land west of the Conger mountains convinced one that Grinnell Land tends directly south from Lieut. Aldrich's farthest point reached in 1876. In 1883 Lieut. Lockwood and Sergeant Brainerd succeeded in crossing Grinnell Land, and ninety miles from Beaufort bay, head of Archer's fiord, struck the head of a fiord from a western sea, temporarily named by Lockwood, Greely Fiord.

From the center of the fiord, in latitude 80 min. 30 sec., longitude 78 min. 30 sec., Lieut. Lockwood saw the northern shore termination, some twenty miles west, and the southern shore extending some fifty miles, with Cape Lockwood some seventy miles distant, apparently the separate land from Grinnell Land. We have named the new land Arthur Land. Lieut. Lockwood following, going and returning on the ice, found that the cape averaged about one hundred and fifty feet perpendicular face.

It follows that the Grinnell Land interior is ice-capped with a belt of country some sixty miles wide between the northern and southern ice capes. In March, 1884, Sergeant Long, while hunting, looked from the northwest side of Mount Carey to Hays sound, seeing on the northern coast three capes westward of the furthest seen by Nares in 1876. The sound extends some twenty miles further west than shown by the English chart, but is possibly shut in by land which showed up across the western end. The two years' station duties, observations, all explorations, and retreat to Cape Sabine, were accomplished without loss of life, disease, serious accident or even severe frost-bite. No scurvy was experienced at Conger, and but one death from it occurred last winter. [Signed] GREELY, Commanding.

## Verdict in the Ward Trial.

Grand Jurors Special 16th.—The all-absorbing topic to-day has been the verdict of "not guilty" in the Lair case. The jury were out from 5 p. m. till 11 p. m. When they went out eleven were for acquittal and one (A. Keers) for conviction. They disregarded the evidence of Turpin (who with his wife is now on his claim at Devil's Lake). They asked for instructions soon after going out. The judge re-read parts of his charge on the points inquired about. The officers consider it almost impracticable to get a jury now that will be unprejudiced, and it is said the district attorney will move for a change of venue, and if granted the rest of the cases will probably be tried at Fargo. In conversation with one of the most intelligent young men on the jury, it was learned that the jury reasoned thus: Only Turpin swore he saw Lair shoot Charlie Ward. They threw out his testimony. They could not be satisfied that Lair did the shooting. On the subject of common purpose they found Lair did not have the same purpose, but went as a newspaper reporter in search of news, and had no intention to interfere. Hence, though the rest might be guilty under the law as laid down by the judge, they concluded they could not convict Lair. As Lair's case was the strongest it is extremely improbable that any persons charged with the murder of the Wards will be convicted.

## End of the Ward Cases.

Grand Jurors, Special, July 19th: The Ward murder trials have ended for the present, by dismissal, which places all the defendants, Turpin as well, just where they were before arrest, with the exception of Lair as to the murder of Charlie Ward. The prosecuting officers, in moving to dismiss, pointedly stated that it was not because the defendants or any of them, were innocent or entitled to escape, but from investigations were satisfied that they were guilty of a most heinous crime. They had presented their strongest case, and the court understood what almost insurmountable obstacles stood in the way of getting a fair jury. They had prepared papers to ask for a change of venue, but Dr. Ward and Col. Van Arman requested that this course be taken. They had done their duty. If at any future time the facts would demand an inquiry, it could be done. The judge, in ordering the prosecution dismissed, commented severely upon the necessity of taking this course, and said it was the only thing left to do, when officers and jurors failed to do their duty. The language of Col. Ball was that it was a gloomy day for North Dakota. The Grafon juror, Holbrook, is under \$1,000 bond to answer the charge of perjury at the next term of court, which will be held by Oct. 18 or Nov. 1.

Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory estimates the number of periodicals of all sorts issued throughout the world at about 30,000. One-half of those are printed in the English language. Of this 30,000 the United States furnishes in round numbers 9,100—practically one-third, the number issued by Great Britain and Ireland being about 3,000. Germany puts out 5,000 and France 2,500, 1,200 of the latter being published in Paris. It is worthy of note in passing, that Paris, with less than half the population, issues as many different periodicals as London. In regard to the comparative circulations in Great Britain and America, the work quoted from states that the cities of London, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin with an aggregate population of 6,000,000, and with fifty daily newspapers, demand 1,994,000 copies a day, being at the rate of 103 papers per year, for each individual. On the other hand, the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago, with an aggregate population of 3,750,000, and with eighty-four daily newspapers, issue an aggregate of 1,693,000 copies, being at the rate of 140 copies per annum for each person in those places, or thirty-seven copies per annum (over three per month) more than are issued for each individual in the British cities named.

## Dyspepsia.

Boston, Mar. 3, 1884.

I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for a severe case of dyspepsia with great success, and can recommend it to any person troubled with any form of dyspepsia.

JULIA BOYLEN,  
6 Gilson Court, West Cedar St.

Bridgeport, Ct., Apr. 11, 1884.

I have been greatly benefited by Burdock Blood Bitters. Two bottles entirely cured me of the worst kind of dyspepsia. I tried many other medicines, but entirely failed to get any relief from them.

Providence, R. I., Apr. 4, 1884.

I am using Burdock Blood Bitters for Dyspepsia and have received great relief. I have been seriously troubled with dyspepsia for five years, and heretofore have not found relief.

CHAR. R. SWEET, 65 William St.

East Boston, Mass., Feb. 11, 1884.

I have been using Burdock Blood Bitters for a bad case of dyspepsia. The first bottle purchased at Bradbury's drug store, Washington St., relieved me so much I procured the second bottle (at Putnam's drug store, E. Boston), which has done me a great deal of good.

ANNA FORBES, 3 Moore St.

Fears of a disastrous panic have been well nigh dissipated, but complaints are frequent of a sort of stagnation, the offspring of fear and general distrust. The relapse from a "boom" is not a pleasant thing, but it is inevitable.