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## She Knows.

We flatter ourselves—we bearded boys—  
That we are deep, and can conceal  
All that we know, and do, and feel—  
Our business crowns and club house joys—  
From the innocent creatures who make our  
...  
But believe me, sir, they can see  
Right through and through both you and me!  
As if your clove or cardamon seed  
Could hide your guilt in wine and weed!  
Ah! foolish mortal, do you suppose  
That only to sniff the scent of a rose,  
And not the odor that's in your clothes,  
She's got that sweet little nose?  
Your screen is only a pane of glass!  
Through which she sees that you are—alas!  
By no means the lion you think within,  
But a long-eared thing in a lion's skin.

## LIFE IN EARLY CALIFORNIA.

### How Two Frenchmen Defended Themselves— The Little Cadet.

We never knew their right names.  
They were brothers, and came from Moku-  
lumne Hill, and the French miners  
nicknamed them the Cadet brothers. It  
was in '58, and there was as lawless a set  
of roughts around Peoria Bar as ever  
disgraced a mining camp. Whenever it  
was known that a miner had struck it  
big, this gang of bullies would drive  
him out of his claim, clean up his  
clothes, and take possession of his  
ground. It was a notorious fact that a  
Frenchman or an Italian was not allowed  
to hold a rich claim for miles around  
the bar. The roughts ruled the whole  
camp.

When the Cadet boys came and began  
work on the river just above the bar, it  
was rumored around town that there  
would be some fun. Irish Jack and  
Hooknose Andy boasted one morning in  
the corner saloon that they were going  
to chuck the Frenchies into the river.  
But Jack and Andy were so drunk that  
they quarreled about who should have  
the first lick at the big Frenchman, and  
in settling the matter two decanters and  
a pewter water pitcher got mixed up  
with their heads, and the pitcher was  
the only thing that wasn't broke. It was  
several days before either Andy or Jack  
got out, and several more before they  
made up and resumed their positions as  
chief bullies, and turned their attention  
to the Frenchmen. The Cadet brothers  
were quietly working away at their  
claim. They had put up a little brush  
cabin on the hill side, close to their  
work, and were building a dam. They  
had been warned of their danger, but  
only laughed and shook their heads, and  
one, the little gray-eyed fellow, said  
when the roughts jumped his claim they  
might bury him under the tailings.

When the job was finally put up, Andy  
spoiled it all by leaving the bar a little  
ahead of the crowd. When he neared  
the claim the biggest Cadet brother was  
wheeling dirt on the dam. A long, narrow  
plank led from the bank to the dam, and  
just as he was about midway on this  
board with his wheelbarrow of dirt,  
Andy caught hold of the plank and turned  
it over. The wheelbarrow, the dirt,  
and the Frenchman were precipitated  
into the prospect hole, but somehow  
Andy was with them. With a spring  
like a panther, the Frenchman had grabbed  
the bully, and together they were  
writhing, struggling, and fighting like  
infuriated demons. Andy had found his  
match, but with the cowardly instinct  
of the rought, he was not willing to take  
even chances, and drew his bowie knife.  
Just then the little Cadet appeared in  
the cabin door with his rifle. He saw  
his brother struggling with the ruffian;  
he saw the knife in the hands of the latter;  
and down toward the bar he saw  
the roughts coming on a run. Sometimes  
Andy was on top, sometimes the French-  
man, and it was forty yards away. How-  
ever, there was not a moment to con-  
sider, and quick as a flash the gray eyes  
were sighted along the barrel, and the  
big Cadet was struggling with a corpse.  
Hooknose Andy had a bullet in his brain.

The two brothers took their rifles, and  
in five minutes were up in the chapparal  
on the mountain. There was too much  
concentration among the roughts to admit  
of immediate pursuit, but that afternoon  
over forty of the dead man's friends  
were hunting through the bushes and  
along the steep mountain sides, resolved  
on vengeance. That night at midnight  
the Cadet brothers came into Peoria  
Bar, and were supplied with an abundance  
of the best ammunition and provisions  
by their French friends. For  
several days the search was unavailing,  
but on the fourth a gang of eight or ten  
men discovered the hiding place of the  
Cadets. That is, they all discovered it  
but the head man, who fell dead in his  
tracks just as he came in sight of the  
jagged cliff where they were concealed.

You may believe it or not, boys, but  
every man who lived on the Stanislaus  
in those days knows that the Cadets  
stayed on the mountains and around to-  
ward Yankee Hill for two or three weeks,  
and defied every man that was sent after  
them. Bill Carter, the city marshal of  
Columbia, swore he would take them or  
die, but somehow Bill never managed to  
find them. Others did, however. McKin-  
ney, as bold a man as ever lived, was  
very eager in the search until a bullet  
struck him in the upper part of his  
forehead, and glancing upward he gorged  
an ugly hole in his scalp. McKinney  
got well and is living now, but he never  
afterward indulged in the pleasure of  
hunting Frenchmen. Only the smaller  
one did the shooting. The big brother  
always loaded the guns. Their pursu-  
ers often shot at them, and sometimes  
surrounded their position so as to com-  
pel them to retreat. The little Cadet  
would fire a shot, hand the empty gun  
to his brother, and the latter would load  
the musket while retreating up the hill.  
By the time it was loaded the little fel-  
low would fire again, and then hurry up  
to his brother and exchange guns. They  
killed two men outright and seriously  
wounded three others.

If you have ever been on the Stanislaus  
you know that the granite cliffs rise  
almost perpendicularly upward in many  
places from the river. On one of these  
cliffs the Frenchmen found it at-  
tremely difficult to ascend further. Their  
enemies were in hot pursuit, and a change  
of position became inevitable. They  
had to choose between facing their  
enemies or jumping perpendicu-

ly down the cliff 700 feet into the river.  
There seemed to be very little choice in  
the matter, for there was a score or more  
of armed men below them. As soon,  
however, as they turned fiercely and be-  
gan to rush down on the crowd, the latter  
were so utterly amazed that they  
wheeled and ran, and rolled, and tumbled  
helter skelter down the mountain.

A bullet from the little Cadet's rifle  
nailed one of them, however, a poor old  
fellow whose name I forget, as he lay  
wounded and forsaken in the path of the  
Frenchmen. He was too badly shot to  
move, and when he saw the big Cadet  
come up and club his musket and raise  
it to knock his brains out, he could only  
shut his eyes and pray that the last  
blow might be effective. The little  
Cadet had lingered behind a moment to  
try and get a shot at the retreating foe.  
He arrived where the wounded man lay  
just as the butt of the musket, after  
performing a very swift, but deliberate,  
circle round the big Cadet's head, was  
descending upon the old man's skull.  
With a quick bound the little fellow  
pushed his big brother aside and warded  
off the blow. "Let him alone, he can-  
not hurt us," he said, and the next mo-  
ment he was drawing a bead on a deputy  
sheriff far down the mountain, who  
seemed to have forgotten something in  
the canyon, and was hurrying down to  
get it. Well, after awhile, when no one  
dared to hunt them any longer, they  
quietly slipped down to the bay, and the  
last I ever heard of them they had  
shipped as sailors to Australia.

Somewhere in California the old fel-  
low who was wounded is living, and he  
still entertains a high opinion of the little  
Cadet, but thinks the big one an in-  
fernal scoundrel.

## An Elephant Fight.

One who has seen an elephant, like  
old Hannibal for instance, would natu-  
rally suppose that if the beast was in  
fighting trim he could make the dust fly  
in the ring. The Prince of Wales in  
India was treated to an elephant fight,  
and here is a description of it, showing  
that it was not such a terrible affair  
after all:

Now the gateways have been barred  
with massive beams. The police peons,  
after clearing the arena, are scattering  
swiftly, with many demonstrations of  
terror, into the manholes. The chains  
are loosed from the legs of the two  
"fighting elephants," and these slowly  
advance to meet each other, goaded by  
men with javelins, enticed by picadors  
dangling red scarfs before each. Some  
of the latter appear recklessly bold, and  
run, or seem to run, narrow escapes, as  
the huge beast, with raised trunk,  
comes charging at them. Now the two  
elephants closely confront each other,  
and their tusks clash together with a  
mighty clack. Their trunks interlace  
into a twisted knot, their loins strain  
as they push against each other for the  
mastery, their flanks heave, and the  
muscles stand out under the thick hides.

Weight tells at first, and the bigger,  
lighter colored brute bears back the less  
massive, darker toned elephant; but the  
smaller one has greater gameness, and  
constantly confronts his weightier an-  
tagonist. The latter ignobly "cuts it,"  
and, turning his pectoral muscles back  
round, seems in a supine, languid fash-  
ion to bid his opponent "take his change  
out of that." The combat now degene-  
rates into a farce; the smaller animal  
keeps butting fitfully into the great rum-  
ple of the other, who slyly declines the  
offer, and sustains phlegmatically a good  
deal of punching against the barricade  
and walls from the blunt tusks of the  
animal which, for form's sake, must, I  
suppose, be called his antagonist. It is  
obvious that the fight is a sham, and so  
the fuse-bearers advance and flare up.

The elephants clearly understand, and  
act with alacrity on this signal that the  
weight tells to fight no more. The big  
elephant stands fast among the smoke, for  
he is already at his own end of the  
arena; the smaller chap scuttles off in  
indolently unobtrusive haste to his own  
corner. Again, however, they are induced  
to renew the semblance of a struggle, and  
there is some aimless butting with fore-  
heads, clashing of tusks, and intertwining  
of trunks. But it is so evident that the  
brutes understand each other that, in  
the language of the P. R., the fight is  
a "cross," that the farce grows tedious,  
and is ended by the attachment  
of the hind legs of the lazy combatants,  
the blazing and smoke of the fuses, and  
the final tying up of the unscathed im-  
postors.

**A Lady One Hundred and Three.**  
The Reading (Pa.) Times asserts that  
Mrs. Mary Schenely, who lives near  
Hagerstown, Md., was born on the fif-  
teenth of February, 1772. It says:  
"Unlike very aged persons, she has no  
wrinkles in her face or on her hands, nor  
has the weight of years caused her form  
to droop, but she stands and sits per-  
fectly straight, uses none of the common  
artificial aids in walking, moving about  
freely and unassisted. She was married  
to Col. David Schenely in 1794, and they  
lived together just fifty years, and  
without issue. She was invited by Rev.  
Mrs. McCauley, of Reading, who is con-  
nected with her by marriage, to pay  
her a visit and to remain a day or two  
rest herself on her way to the Centennial  
exhibition, which she proposes to attend  
if her life is spared. To this Mrs.  
Schenely replied that when she made the  
trip she intended going to Philadelphia  
without stopping anywhere."

## Such a Gift.

Some: a New York street car—two  
little girls, with very pretty dresses and  
ladylike manners.  
"Dolly, dear, do you know what I am  
going to give you for Christmas?"  
"Oh, don't tell me, let it be a sur-  
prise."  
"Oh, I must tell you, so that we can  
arrange it all. You know my mamma  
has a beautiful seal-skin sack that papa  
gave her last winter. Well, I am going  
to get that and take it over to your home  
and give it to you. Then you must give  
it to me, and I'll take it back to  
mamma's room. Then when those hor-  
rid Ritchie girls begin to tell about all  
their presents and things, we can say  
that we each got a perfectly lovely seal-  
skin sack, that cost ever so much. Oh,  
won't they be jealous, though!"

## THE JUNGLE WEDDAS.

A Singular Race of Savages in Ceylon—  
Idiotic Athletes and their Customs.

At the opening meeting of the Anthro-  
pological Institute of London, an inter-  
esting paper was read by R. F. Hartshorne,  
Esq., A. M., on "The Weddas of Ceylon,"  
perhaps the savages lowest in the scale of  
intelligence in the world. Some of these  
singular people—two men and three  
women—were exhibited to the Prince of  
Wales before leaving the island. The re-  
mnants of the Weddas occupy the eastern  
portion of the island, and are spread over  
an area of ninety miles by forty in extent.

They are divided into Jungle Weddas  
and the semi-civilized or Village Wed-  
das, and it was to the habits of the for-  
mer that the author of the paper had  
particularly directed his attention. Their  
nomadic habits make estimation of their  
numbers mere guess work, but they were  
not supposed to exceed 380 in 1858. They  
have no sort of dwellings, but pass their  
lives roaming about in the open air, taking  
shelter from storms under rocks or in  
hollow trees.

By this time the roof of the barn was  
on fire, and Jacobs was pretty near  
crazy. The visitor wanted to telegraph  
over to Wilmington for his department,  
but Jacobs alleged that he'd let the  
external earth burn to charcoal before  
he'd consent to such a thing. Then he  
sent a man on a fast horse to bring the  
fire from that picnic, and by the time  
they reached the engine house the stable  
was in ashes, and Peter's stable, next  
door, had begun to burn. So when the  
engines arrived, Jacobs directed them  
to play upon that, and then they got  
to work; but after pumping for  
awhile without getting any water, Jacobs  
was just about losing his senses, when  
Mr. McAllister came up and mentioned  
that the supervisors had let all the water  
out of the reservoir so as to clean it.  
Then Jacobs sat down to fan himself,  
and to try to decide whether to commit  
suicide or to leave the country. And the  
Wilmington man went home with the  
idea that he hadn't much to learn from  
Jacobs about extinguishing fires.

## A Model Fire Department.

The chief engineer of the Wilmington  
fire department came over to our town  
the other day, says Max Adeler, upon a  
visit to the chief of our department,  
whose name is Jacobs; and it struck  
Jacobs that it would be a first-rate idea  
to show the visitor how very efficient  
our fire department is. So Jacobs got  
an old tar barrel and set it upon the  
roof of his stable, and touched it off  
pretty freely he gave the signal for the  
alarm, remarking at the same time to  
the Wilmington man:

"You'll see that fire put out in about  
four seconds by the boys."  
They waited four seconds for the boys,  
but they didn't come. They waited  
fifteen minutes, and still nobody came.  
Jacobs was furious, and as the barrel  
was burning very near to the roof, he  
sent a boy around to the nearest engine  
house to ascertain what was the matter.  
When the boy came back he said the  
firemen were all out at a picnic except-  
ing the members of the Washy Hose,  
who had gone over to Pancader to fight  
a couple of roosters.

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Jacobs about extinguishing fires.

## Fashion Notes.

A new style in trains, called *conlisse*,  
is that in which the train is crossed  
horizontally with gatherings at regular  
intervals, and the gatherings barred over  
with bands of faille. All trains are still  
long and narrow, with the skirts more  
and more clinging to the figure.

The latest polonaise buttons under the  
arms with large buttons made of gold  
and steel threads. These same buttons  
also ornament the sleeves from the el-  
bows to the wrists.

For small evening and dinner parties  
and operas Paris fashions recommend  
cream colored barages trimmed with emu  
wadded lace and cream colored ribbons.  
White Indian cashmeres are also sug-  
gested for the same occasions.

Dresses of soft brocades have trains  
of faille.

New robes de chambre, while still out  
in one piece and buttoned straight down  
in front, as of old, show a novelty in  
the arrangement of the trimming, which  
simulates at the back a short cascade.

The trimmings are also comparatively  
new, being the emu wadded lace, which  
is embroidered with wool either the same  
color of the dress or one that harmonizes  
with it.

Neck chains, with pendants attached,  
remain fashionable. Bracelets are not  
as fashionable as formerly. Hair jewelry  
is out of style, and in its place stones  
indicating the several months, as garnet  
for January, topaz for November, tur-  
quoise for December, diamond for April,  
emerald for May, etc., are exchanged in  
articles for presents among friends, the  
stone chosen being, of course, the one  
that suggests the month desired to be  
remembered.

Among favorite rings for ladies are  
opals and solitaire diamonds set in black  
onyx, and amethysts set with small  
brilliants.

Silver and pearl ornaments in new de-  
signs are in great demand.

## A Woman Asking to be Hanged.

A writ of habeas corpus was granted  
by Judge Bingham of the common pleas  
court at Columbus, Ohio, commanding  
that the body of Sarah M. Victor, an  
inmate of the penitentiary, be produced  
before the court. It was returnable at  
once.

There are some curious facts connect-  
ed with the case. Over seven years ago  
Sarah M. Victor was convicted at Cleve-  
land of murder in the first degree and  
sentenced to be hanged. Before the date  
of execution arrived, however, the  
prisoner became insane, and upon being  
satisfied of this fact the governor or-  
dered her sentence commuted to solitary  
confinement for life in the penitentiary.  
A simple certificate was therefore made  
out from the court in which she was  
tried consigning her to imprisonment for  
life.

Now, after this long lapse of time,  
comes a petition claiming that the  
warden of the penitentiary has not the  
proper papers or authority upon which  
to hold this prisoner. It is claimed that  
in commuting this sentence to imprison-  
ment for life, the governor should have  
prepared, under his hand and the seal  
of the State, papers to that effect, and  
before being carried into execution the  
same should have been submitted to the  
prisoner to allow her in preference to im-  
prisonment for life in preference to hang-  
ing.

She now desires to be hanged, and  
hence these proceedings have been in-  
stituted to declare null and void the  
certificate under which she was entered  
at the penitentiary. The condemned  
woman is afflicted with paralysis, and  
had to be carried from the penitentiary  
to the court room.

## He Knew All About It.

"I suppose there are plenty of saw-  
mills in your State," said a man to a  
party from Michigan.

"Well, I should say there was," re-  
plied the Michigander. "Why, sir,  
Michigan is gettin' so full of sawmills  
that you can hardly meet a man over  
there with more than two fingers on a  
hand."

And sticking up a paw on which dwelt  
a lone digit as proof of his assertion, he  
quietly continued:

"I've shook hands with 'em myself."

## A Checkered Life.

Percy Boyd, aged forty-seven, de-  
scribed as a gentleman of position con-  
nected with aristocratic families, but  
who had for some time past adopted the  
alias of John Brown, died two weeks ago  
in a common lodging house in St. Giles,  
London. At the coroner's inquest it  
was shown that he was the son of a cler-  
gyman in Ireland. He married a lady  
who was a co-heiress and they were in  
the habit of mixing with the aristocracy.  
His literary tastes and acquirements  
were of a high order, and he was in the  
habit of contributing to periodicals, his  
connection with *Belgravia* as a con-  
tributor extending up to a very recent  
period. He was intimate with Dickens,  
Thackeray and other persons of distinc-  
tion in the literary world, and was a  
prominent member of the Garrick club.  
When his wife died the property in her  
right passed to her sister and the prin-  
cipal source of his income was thus swept  
away. In 1870 he went on the contin-  
ent, and during the Franco-German  
war he was seized by the Prussians and  
thrust for one night into a French  
prison, where he contracted a disease of  
the skin which subsequently shut him  
out from society. For some years he  
had subsisted upon the bounty of his  
friends, who were many, and what he  
earned by contributing to *Miss Brad-  
ford's* magazine. In the pocket of the  
dead man the police found a letter dated  
December 14, 1875, from the Hon.  
Henry George H. Roper Curzon, send-  
ing the sum of two guineas, which he  
allowed the deceased monthly. It was  
stated that although Boyd was only  
forty-seven years of age, by reason of  
trouble he appeared to be at least sev-  
enty years old.

## Kills His Playmate.

A little boy eight years of age, son  
of Major James Brady, of Harrisburg, Pa.,  
was shot and fatally wounded in Lan-  
caster by a little playmate and friend,  
only six years of age, whom he was visit-  
ing, and who is a son of Mr. James Stewart,  
of Lancaster. The *Examiner* thus de-  
tails the circumstances: Mr. Stewart  
has a little boy, Joseph by name, who is  
but six years of age. Between him and  
Master Brady a warm attachment exist-  
ed, and in response to an invitation, the  
Brady boy came from Harrisburg, in  
company with a sister, to enjoy a brief  
visit in Lancaster, stopping at the house  
of Mr. Stewart. A few days ago Charles  
Stewart, an elder son, brought home  
from his office a large revolver, and he  
placed it, still loaded, in a drawer under  
some linen. By some means Master  
Josie ascertained the whereabouts of the  
weapon, and he managed to get it in his  
possession. He then ran up stairs to  
call his little companion down to break-  
fast. As he entered Master Brady's  
room he began to snap the revolver in  
childish glee, and in another moment a  
loud report rang through the house and  
a bullet was sent into Brady's brain.  
He fell forward on the floor, and when  
the members of the family, who were at  
breakfast, ran up stairs, they found the  
Stewart boy trying to lift up his dying  
companion. The injured lad was a  
bright, intelligent and interesting little  
fellow.

## Good Advice.

Encourage your county newspapers.  
Assist by kind words, prompt settlement  
of bills and encouragement to enterprise  
the editors of all the papers which are  
helping to herald improvements, great  
or small. There never was a newspaper,  
says an exchange, no matter how small  
or what its price, that was not worth  
more than the price asked for it. As  
light is to time, to growth and ripening  
of fruit, so is the press to thought and  
to progress. Some men are too poor  
to take a paper. No man is rich enough  
to do without one, and more if he can  
obtain them. Food for the stomach,  
food for the brain, are alike necessary  
to perfect growth. The editor who is  
encouraged will be a better editor next  
year than this, unless he be a snarling,  
selfish, growling, miserly, egotistical old  
bundle of cross-grained antagonisms,  
begotten in spite and at natural enmity  
with all the honest world. But such ab-  
normal monstrosities are few. The ordi-  
nary editor is a man of brain, thought,  
power, intelligence. A student of life.  
A thinker. A sympathizer with his fel-  
low men if they will permit him to grow  
to them.

## Inequality of Sentences.

The governor of Ohio, in his mes-  
sage to the Legislature, speaks as fol-  
lows concerning the want of equality in  
the punishment of offenders: "My in-  
mediate predecessor called the attention  
of the General Assembly to the matter  
of inequality in sentences to the peni-  
tentiary. I fully endorse his views on  
that subject, and invite you to consider  
the great injustice frequently done to  
men and women who are more unfortu-  
nate than criminal, by the unequal  
sentences pronounced by the courts.  
The peculiar temperament or condition  
of the judge, or the attendant influence  
in a community, as frequently mold the  
character of the sentence as the circum-  
stances of the case. Men are serving  
under sentence of thirty years for pre-  
cisely the same crimes for which other  
men are serving terms of three years.  
There should be some mode of amend-  
ing the errors of courts in this matter.  
Of course, the pardoning power can  
rectify the irregularity; but it would be  
better to remove, as far as possible, the  
necessity of the interposition of execu-  
tive clemency. It is a matter worthy of  
your earnest consideration."

## A Thrifty Young Man.

The Poultry (Vt.) Journal says: A  
few days since we found a good econo-  
mist in the person of a young mechanic.  
He lives in a house of his own, for which  
he owes a few hundred dollars. His  
earnings last year were \$550; from that  
sum he paid \$20 interest on indebted-  
ness; \$100 of the principal, expended  
\$55 in repairs, and supported a family of  
four persons. He is every day at his  
work, has no fears of what Mrs. Grundy  
may say, but supports his family com-  
fortably and well. Here is an example  
worthy of consideration by other young  
men. It is a good example for all, and  
all young or old would do well to pat-  
tern from it.

## FOOLING WITH DYNAMITE.

Pounding it with an Ax and Making a Bon-  
fire of It.

Thirty thousand pounds of dynamite  
are stored in Lowell, a suburb of St.  
Louis. The magazine is a small, de-  
tached, windowless house; and since  
the Bremerhaven disaster, a St. Louis  
correspondent of the *Sun* writes,  
this structure has been regarded with  
apprehension by the residents of the  
neighborhood. Mr. Julian, the agent  
in charge, made public tests of the ex-  
plosive intended to allay the excitement.  
Dynamite or giant powder is finely  
powdered silica, or infusorial earth,  
saturated in three times its weight of  
nitro-glycerine. It was discovered  
three years ago by Alfred Nobel, a  
Swede, and, as generally made, resembles  
damp Graham flour. It explodes with a  
force seven and one-half times greater  
than the strongest blasting powder, and  
in effectiveness is often quite equal to  
nitro-glycerine itself. The generally  
accepted idea of the peril of handling it,  
so Mr. Julian says, is greatly exagger-  
ated. He claims that neither light nor  
electricity, nor ordinary shock, can pos-  
sibly explode it. In all the speculations  
concerning the Bremerhaven disaster,  
and the statement that clockwork was  
the thirty-pound blow, none seem to  
have doubted that such blow was suffi-  
cient to have caused the explosion. Mr.  
Julian's theory is that there was a fulmi-  
nating cap ready for explosion, and that  
the clockwork caused a premature  
blow.

In conducting the experiments Mr.  
Julian entered the storehouse with a  
lighted cigar in his mouth. The dynam-  
ite was piled in fifty pound boxes, each  
containing one hundred cylindrical rolls  
of dynamite, every roll being about  
eight inches long, and varying from  
three-quarters to an inch and one-half  
in diameter. These rolls, called cartridges,  
were incased in heavy paper saturated  
with linseed oil to preserve the contents  
from moisture. The agent scored the  
spectators by throwing one of the boxes  
out of the door. It struck forcibly on  
the frozen ground. Thence it was taken  
to the edge of a cliff and dropped twenty  
feet on a rocky surface, and the dynamite  
blew out harmlessly. The dynamite was  
then gathered in a heap, and pounded by  
heavy blows with an ax. Next it was set  
on fire. The flame caught, slowly at first,  
rapidly afterwards, now on a little projec-  
tion, then on a round surface, until the whole  
pile was burning with a fierce pink  
flame and intense brilliancy, and such  
great heat that no one could stand within  
a dozen feet of it. For several minutes  
it hissed and glowed, and then subsided,  
leaving a rock-like residue, which speedily  
hardened to the similitude of white  
quartz. Though the hissing was tremen-  
dous, and the light and heat over-  
powering, there was not the faintest  
explosion. Frozen dynamite was sub-  
jected to the same tests. Next an at-  
tempt was made to fire a stick of frozen  
dynamite with an ordinary miners' fuse  
but the dynamite was only burst asunder  
and was found a couple of feet away in  
an unchanged condition. Three ounces,  
unfrozen, were then exploded in the  
open air with a fuse and fulminating  
cap. The concussion was very heavy.  
The points claimed as demonstrated were  
these: That dynamite, as ordinarily  
manufactured and sold in this country  
and Europe, cannot be exploded by a  
blow or shock; that when frozen it can-  
not be exploded at all; that when burned  
in the open air it is as harmless as a  
tallow dip; and that it is the safest of all  
the explosives.

Mr. Julian says that there are only  
two factories in the United States where  
dynamite is made, and the largest is in  
Drayville, N. Y., where more than  
three hundred tons a year are prepared.  
The silicious earth used is brought  
from Germany, and it will absorb and re-  
tain only about three times its own  
weight of nitro-glycerine. When more  
than this percentage is used it is apt to  
leak out of the packages, and, collecting  
in drops, becomes a source of great  
danger. For this reason great care is  
used not to exceed the limit of seventy-  
five per cent. Mr. Julian also said that  
two thousand pounds of dynamite were  
burned in a warehouse in Jersey City a  
short time ago. There was no explosion,  
although the fact of the storage of the  
stuff in a crowded city was doubtless  
unknown to the authorities.

Desperate Women.  
Jennie Collins, in the Boston *Trans-  
cript*, tells the following story of the  
working girls of that city: "On a Sat-  
urday night, not long ago, three girls  
came home with their week's pay, and,  
as the first one said, 'Mother, hold your  
apron,' all three threw their money into  
it. I congratulated the mother, because they  
were so good. She answered: 'I wish  
they were bad, then it would not break  
my heart to see them deny themselves  
every pleasure and work like slaves.' \* \*  
One girl, who was out of work and had  
lost her spring, could not bear the cross  
looks when she went to the table, so she  
in her despair wandered into a street  
car house, sleeping under a car three  
nights and sitting in an office in the day-  
time. This exposure to the cutting cold  
winds nearly cost her her life. When  
she found something to do she dropped  
on her knees and began to pray."

Well Mannered.  
Japanese women are charming in  
manner, and would be in appearance,  
were it not for their ungainly forms,  
which are ruined by a clumsy mode of  
dress, and, among the poorer classes,  
the practice of carrying burdens upon  
the back. When a Japanese girl reaches  
the age of sixteen without having unde-  
gone either of the processes of deformity  
she is a wonder to the eye, and remains  
so until twenty-five, or possibly a little  
later. Then she ceases to charm for a  
certain period, in any way excepting in  
every pleasant way of money into it.  
I congratulate the mother, because they  
were so good. She answered: "I wish  
they were bad, then it would not break  
my heart to see them deny themselves  
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winds nearly cost her her life. When  
she found something to do she dropped  
on her knees and began to pray."

Want the Land.  
A curious case has occurred in the  
town of Oxford, Me. In carrying out  
the vote of that district, the town au-  
thorities purchased a lot of land and  
erected thereon a schoolhouse, at an ex-  
pense of some seven thousand dollars.  
Afterward it was ascertained that the  
vote of the district authorizing the pur-  
chase of the land and the building of  
the house was illegal, and the courts  
have so decided the matter. So the  
gentleman who previously owned the lot  
comes forward and claims the land, to-  
gether with the schoolhouse that has  
been erected thereon! We understand  
that the district will apply to the leg-  
islature for authority to hold the school-  
house under the Ejectment act.

## Items of Interest.

There is a grandmother in Oregon  
who is only thirty-two years old.

In a neighboring printing office is  
tacked up the following notice: "Lead  
laugher is in the month of fools! Lead  
talking or whistling in this office is  
strictly prohibited."

Some people are rude enough to say  
to an editor whose writings are not very  
plain: "Always telegraph; never  
write; we like your telegraph hand so  
much better than your writing hand."

Milford, N. H., talks of contributing  
Jimmy Blanchard to the Centennial, to  
be exhibited with a picture of the  
young George Washington, as speci-  
mens of two kinds of little boys raised  
in this country.

"I'd rather have my tooth pulled  
than sit for my picture," said the fair  
Arabella, as she resignedly took her  
seat. "Very well, miss," said the  
artist, producing a pair of dangerous  
looking pliers, "as you prefer."

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says:  
"Seals are as intelligent as dogs, and  
may be made to perform as many  
tricks." But no man will try to keep a  
pet seal around the house until he has  
first bought his wife a seal-skin cloak.

"What do you mean, you little rascal!"  
exclaimed an individual to an im-  
pudent youth that had seized him by  
the nose upon the street. "Oh, nothing,  
only I am going out to seek my  
fortune, and father told me to seize hold  
of the first thing that 'turned up.'"

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