A NHILIST'S ADVENTURES.

CONVICTED OF TREASON AND SENT AS AN EXILE TO SIBERIA.

Two and a Half Years of Suffering in the Gold Mines—Escaping Through Persia and Turkey to Switzerland, and to London.

Alexander Seminoff, a highly educated Russian, who has been living in Cincinnati a short time, and has attracted the attention of scholars, gives the following account of himself:

"My pseudonym is Charles Frank. My Russian name is Alexander Seminoff. In 1876 I was one of the editors of a secret Nihilistic paper, and, having been convicted of treason, I was sent to Siberia for an unlimited number of years. Nihilism, you may be aware, is spread all over the Russian empire, and the peculiar secrecy of its principles and workings is mainly owing to the fact that only ten may join together to form a band. Each band often knows nothing whatever about another band of ten. Each band works separately. We do not know even outside of our own band who is a Nihilist or who is not. After editing a Nihilistic paper for two years, I was betrayed to the police by one of my associates, and was surprised one night in bed and taken to the prison in Odessa, after having been cruelly scourged. After an eight months' examination I was sentenced to three years' hard labor in Siberia, and to exile as a colonist in the extreme north of the country.

"In June, 1876, I was separated according to legal form, and sanctioned by the clergy of Russia, from my wife and children, and with my head shaved on one side and twenty-eight pounds of iron attached to me, I was sent with other alleged criminals to the central prison in Moscow. The journey lasted fourteen months, and during that time the knout was used freely on the prisoners. Our destination was Nertschinsk, and on arriving we were assigned to different gold mines. In the mines I worked from 4 in the morning until 9 at night. The allowance of food per day is two and a half pounds of black bread, half baked and hardly palatable, and a bowl of soup with a small quantity of meat. Morning and evening a cup of tea is allowed. I endured my suffering for two and a half years. Then I completely broke down, and the doctor of the district declared that I was unfit for work. The rest of my sentence was remitted, and I was immediately assigned to my place in the colony. It was in one of the primitive forests of the north, where wolves, bears and reindeer dwell. In 1881, toward the end of May, I resolved, with four companions, to escape, without money or weapons, and with only a knife and tea-kettle. We took the direction toward the Caspian Sea, through forests and an almost impassable country. We had no shoes on our feet, and kept ourselves alive on fish, game, and mushrooms. In the Tauskian country we separated, and, with only one companion, Marsilli Muratinoff, I went on. I soon lost him, and then pursued my journey alone. At length I arrived at Astrabad and Teheran, in Persia, where I received assistance. My hair had grown over my shoulders, my beard extended to my chest, I had neither shirt nor shoes, and my face was sunburnt almost to a black color. An English telegraph operator took charge of me. He had me washed and gave me clean clothing. I next went through Tuckey and thence to Switzerland, where I was arrested and kept in prison for four months. Again I was arrested in Hesse Darmstadt, and served a term of five months. I then resolved to find peace in England or the United States. I met Mr. Bradlaugh in London, and at his request remained at his house for four days. Through his kindness I received means enough to take me to the United States. I arrived in New York in January last, and have been in Cincinnati a few days only. I want to go to Chicago, where I understand a great many Russians reside."

White Elephants.

It is 300 years since the Western world received the first extended account of the wonderful white elephant. This account came from an Englishman named Fitch who must have encountered great difficulties in traveling through Burmah at that time), and may be found in Hakint's quaint and famous "Collection of Navigations, Traffiques and Discoveries." This tells us that at that time the king of Burmah had four white elephants, which were very strange and rare. It also records that if any other king had one the Burmese king would send for it and would rather lose part of his dominion than not get it. The chronicle further tells us that when any white elephant was taken to the king all the merchants of the city were commanded to visit it, upon which occasion each of them presented it with half a ducat. As there were a good many merchants, this made a good round sum. At that time the white elephant stood in the king's house, and received great honor and service. Each of them had an apartment of its own, decorated with golden ornaments, and ate its food from gold and silver vessels. Every day, when they went to the river to bathe, canopies of silk or cloth of gold were held over them, and drums, clarionets or other instruments accompanied them. As they came out of the river each had a gentleman in waiting to wash its feet in a silver basin, an officer being appointed for that honor by the king. The black elephants were not so well treated. They were evidently regarded as the *canaille*, though some of them were very handsome and fully nine cubits or thirteen and a half feet high. So says Frank Vincent, Jr.

An Artful Old Dog.

A WASHINGTON BELLE MARRIES AN OLD MAN THINKING HIM YOUNG.

An attache of a wigmaker's establishment in Washington tells the following story: "There was a fashionable wedding in this city not long ago where a beautiful young girl married an old man and did not know it. And what is more, she lives with him now and has not found him out. The groom was a handsome man, and was looked upon as a young man in society, in which he figured quite prominently. He had a youthful face, was quick and erect, and, coloring his hair, which was snow-white, he easily passed with the youngest. With his affable manner and gallantry he won the heart of the young girl he married from a number of other suitors, many of them young and handsome. The girl was very young and a belle.

"Just before the wedding took place the man came here and had his own hair cut off and a wig made. Dyeing his hair had worked very well while he was courting, but when it came to getting married he knew he could not use dye without his wife finding it out, so he adopted a wig to get out of the difficulty. The idea of his young wife finding out that he was an old man nearly set him wild, and when he had got well settled under his wig he was the happiest man I ever saw. On his wedding day he was as frisky as a boy, and no one suspected his secret. This happened some months ago, and the bride has not yet found out that he is an old man and wears a wig, and she will probably never find it out until old age asserts itself so strongly that it can no longer be concealed. They live here in the city now, and the secret is known probably to none save the groom and his hairdresser."—*Washington Republican.*

DIED OF A BROKEN HEART.—John Clayton was killed while bathing in the Oconee River in Georgia. He was engaged to Miss Octavia Kerney, who died three weeks after of a broken heart and was buried by her lover's side.

WHAT NEVER?—Dr. Howard Crosby in his address to the young ladies of the Van Norman Institute said: "If all young ladies were what they should be we'd never see a dude nor a dog cart."

HE that will lose his friend for a jest deserves to die a beggar by the bargain.

BE praised not for your ancestors but for your virtues.

A MATTER SOON SETTLED.

Blaine's Grandfather Gillespie, and the Manner in Which He Settled His Sons-in-Law.

The Pittsburg *Dispatch* is responsible for the following story: Old Neal Gillespie, father-in-law of Ephraim Blaine, the father of Jim, lived out in Washington county. He was a shrewd business man, well-liked by his neighbors, but always considered a little queer. One of his favorite pranks was to hitch a horse to his sleigh in mid-summer, throw in a lot of buffalo robes, and drive over to Washington. I think the whole trouble with him was, that the more his family endeavored to prevent his doing queer things, the more he would do them. When his sons and daughters married and left his roof, he gave each one a fine farm, and when his daughter married Eph. Blaine she shared like the others, though Eph. hadn't very much of this world's goods at the time. Matters moved along for a good many years, Eph. sold the farm his father-in-law had given him and the proceeds soon disappeared. Old man Gillespie still carried on in his queer ways until finally the sons and sons-in-law petitioned court for a lunacy commission in his behalf, as they claimed the old man was mentally incapable of taking care of his estate. The question came up before court for a hearing, but old Neal Gillespie declined to have any attorney and proceeded to conduct his case himself. Ephraim Blaine, his son-in-law, was the first witness called. He went exhaustively into the causes which led the family to take the step they had; told about his father-in-law's crazy ways, and was then turned over to the alleged lunatic for cross-examination.

"You are my son-in-law, Eph., I believe?"

"Yes, sir;" responded Jim's father.

"Did you get any dowry with my daughter when you married her?"

"Yes, I did."

"Tell the court what property you had yourself when you were married."

The witness objected on the ground that it had nothing to do with the case.

"But I'll show you that it has," responded Gillespie, and to humor him the Judge required Blaine to answer the question.

"Well, I didn't have anything," said the witness, reluctantly.

"Now, tell me what became of the farm I gave you and my daughter when you were married?"

"Ah—well—it has been sold."

"And where is the money?"

"Oh—it has been spent for household and other purposes."

"Got any of it left now?"

"Not very much."

"That will do," said the old man, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'm done with you for the present."

He took up the next witness, another son-in-law, and subjected him to the same excruciating cross-fire, and so on to the end, the result with each relative being the same. Ephraim Blaine was called up again.

"Eph., I want you to tell the court if my estate was diminished any when I gave part of it to you and your wife?"

"Yes, sir; it was."

"Well, since then have I added to or kept on diminishing it?"

"I believe you have bought some land since then."

"Added several farms, and stocked 'em, too, haven't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have sold your farm and got nothing left of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you want me declared a lunatic, and you take the management of my estate?"

"That's what we want the court to do, sir."

The old fellow, tall, gaunt and awkward, arose in court, glared around on the members of the family who had wasted their substance, and yet wanted him adjudged a lunatic, and blurted out: "Well, you are a fine set of ducks to want to manage my estate after you've squandered all of your own," and he strode from the court-house in a towering rage. The court refused to adjudge him a lunatic, and the sons and sons-in-law failed to get their fingers on the old man's property.

White Topaz Found in Utah.

Prof. J. E. Clayton has just returned from a month's trip through the western part of Millard county, north of Sevier Lake, Beaver Lake district, Wah Wah range, Star district and Bradshaw district. One of the special objects of the trip was to ascertain the locality mentioned in Lieut. Simpson's report to the War Department in 1853 or 1854, where-in he stated that he had found white topaz. The white crystal is an exceedingly rare one, the majority so far found being yellow. The Professor found the locality on Lieut. Simpson's trail, about 35 miles north of Sevier Lake. He traced them to their source in order to find out the rock whence they came. He found the source in amygdaloid cavities in a purplish gray trachite, and brought in 200 or 300 beautiful specimens. Owing to there being no water in the neighborhood, he could spend only a few hours in making the collection. So rare, indeed, are these stones that there are not enough in the world to give each cabinet one. They are of no special value except as curiosities. Perfect ones are, however, sometimes used for rings set in imitation of diamonds, making the closest imitation to the real diamond of any stone. Prof. George W. Maynard, to whom the specimens were shown, although he is a thorough geologist and mineralogist, and has traveled extensively through Europe and this country, has seen the specimens in all the large mineralogical cabinets, stated that he had never before seen a white topaz. The discovery is a very interesting one from a mineralogical point of view.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

A Queer Shower in Lake Michigan.

A most extraordinary and possibly inexplicable occurrence was noticed in Lake Michigan a few days ago. The facts, as related by a Detroiter who is personally cognizant of them, are as follows: On the day noted there was a light, warm shower at Waugoshance Lighthouse, which is in Lake Michigan, about 25 miles west of Mackinac. Immediately following the shower some men who were at work on the foghorn building heard rattling and crashing overhead and hastened out to learn the cause of so unusual a demonstration. The roof of the building and the pier of the lighthouse had in an instant been covered to the depth of an inch with a dry, chalk-like substance. The surface of the lake, too, as far as they could see was covered with a like substance which the waves lashed into foam. This singular occurrence filled the men at the light-house with dread and dismay for a time, but as no harm came they soon began to look about for an explanation. Two of them applied their tongues repeatedly to the stuff, and the experiments made them seriously ill. A quantity of it is now in the possession of James Bartlett, of the Buhl Ironworks. It smells strongly of ive, but it seems to have much less specific gravity than potash. Whatever it is there is certainly a "good crop" of it somewhere. The question of paramount interst now is, How did it get into Lake Michigan, and whence came it?—*Detroit Free Press.*

How to Make Graham Bread.

Graham bread that can be started after breakfast and baked before dinner is made of one pint and a half of sour milk, two scant teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in a little hot water, half a cup of New Orleans molasses, a teaspoonful of salt, and as much sifted Graham flour as can be stirred in with a spoon. Grease a large bread tin very evenly, as the molasses in the bread renders it liable to stick, put into the oven and bake for two hours. Have the oven hot when the bread is put in, and toward the last half of the last hour let it cool gradually. Or, this bread may be steamed for one hour and three-quarters, and be dried off in the oven twenty minutes. When it is taken from the oven wrap a towel around the loaf, the tin and all, and in ten minutes remove from the tin, and keep the loaf wrapped in the cloth until it is sent to the table

ODDS AND ENDS.

A BARREL of rice weighs 600 pounds.

A BARREL of flour weighs 196 pounds.

A BARREL of pork weighs 200 pounds.

A FIRKIN of butter weighs 56 pounds.

THE first steel pen was made in 1839.

SLOW rivers flow four miles per hour.

A SPAN is ten and seven-eighth inches.

A HAND (horse measure) is four inches.

RAPID rivers flow seven miles per hour.

A RIFLE ball moves 1,000 miles per hour.

WATCHES were first constructed in 1476.

POSTOFFICES were first established in 1464.

A STORM moves thirty-six miles per hour.

ELECTRICITY moves 288,000 miles per hour.

THE first iron steamship was built in 1830.

THE first lucifer match was made in 1809.

GOLD was discovered in California in 1848.

THE first horse railroad was built in 1826–7.

THERE are sixty Catholic churches in Montreal.

QUEEN VICTORIA has nineteen grandaughters.

GLASS floors are being laid in the stores of Paris.

GREAT Britain has 700,000 more females than males.

A MORRILTON (Ark.) lady is the widow of eleven husbands.

THE rifle carried by John Brown is owned in Hagerstown, Md.

A PARIS restaurant advertises "American pumpkin pie a specialty."

THE pictures of Meissonier exhibited in Paris are insured for $2,000,000.

A PROJECT is started to establish an American medical college in Japan.

IN LUBEC, Me., 4,340,000 boxes of "sardines" were put up last season.

THE stenographic reports for the *Congressional Record* cost $50,000 a year.

THE people of the Northwest Territory are introducing the sheep industry.

LONDON is the only large city in the old world that doesn't possess a university.

JEWS have been so persecuted in Limerick lately that numbers have left the city.

THE National Library of France boasts a million more books than that of England.

A GEORGIA paper is inclined to believe that the fancy for Jersey cattle is a craze.

THE mode in Paris of disposing of babies is to leave them under a seat in church.

AN exchange wants to know if a poet's four-year-old boy ought to be called a sonnet.

THE Bartholdi Statue is completed. France will detail a ship to convey it to America.

THE cultivation of hops is urged upon the farmers of Colorado by the press of that State.

THE Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt rules over a domain of half the size of Connecticut.

IT costs not less than $33,000,000 annually to support the dogs of the United States.

A REWARD of merit for Mexican school boys is to allow them to smoke cigars while studying.

A RICH Englishman has introduced a Venetian gondola with a native gondolier on the Thames.

IT is said that among all the mormon converts at Salt Lake there is not a single French woman.

A WATER-SPOUT that burst recently in Texas caused the great Trinity River to run up stream all day.

OLD Thomas Allen, a survivor of the Balaklava Charge, died the other day in a poorhouse in London.

THE 26th of June is a great day in Old England. The annual Rat Catchers' Festival occurs then.

MR. VINTON, the artist, has been selected by the city of Boston to paint the portrait of Wendell Phillips.

WHEN but seventeen, De Lesseps acted consul at Cronstadt, and filled several diplomatic posts.

EACH of the special performances in Munich before the King of Bavaria, as sole auditor, cost over $8,000.

THE directors of the Chicago Driving Park have resolved that hereafter races shall be run there on Sunday.

THERE is a bird in California which, it is said, sets to screaming two or three days before a rain commences.

THERE are thirty-six thousand islands in Lake Superior, according to Mr. Cabot of the Agassiz Expedition.

THE spruce trees of Vermont are dying from some mysterious disease and landowners are becoming uneasy.

THE London Religious Tract Society last year issued 30,000,000 tracts, and its "trade receipts" were $948,155.

QUEEN VICTORIA is the person to whom the credit of urging the employment of women in telegraph offices is due.

A FRENCHMAN who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca estimates the pilgrims at 60,000 and the camels at 20,000.

FRANCE has given the city of Algiers municipal institutions. The Town Council met for the first time on May 20.

VISITORS pay one franc to enter where the Bartholdi statue stands, the francs being to pay its passage to America.

WALTER BESANT says that story telling is an art, but it can be practiced only by those having the original gift.

TEMPERANCE men in England complain that at bars ginger ale costs twice as much as the same quantity of beer.

TWENTY-ONE thousand dollars for free beds have been left to the Bridgeport (Conn.) Hospital by Francis E. Pomeroy.

The dairy exports for the year ending April 30, were valued at $15,571,376, against $12,625,125 during the previous year.

IN TENNESSEE, North Carolina, Virginia, Georgia and Alabama more than $4,000,000 has been invested in new cotton mills.

OF THE thirty-seven graduates at West Point this year seventeen are sons, nephews or other relatives of army or navy officers.

NEW YORK is making a successful campaign against the sellers of impure milk, several men having been arrested and fined $25.

THE English climate is regarded as inferior to that of France, yet the average of life in England exceeds that of France by eleven years.

FISH Commissioner Blackford says that of the 1,500,000 mackerel brought to market this season two-thirds were only a few months old.

ANOTHER effort is to be made to break up the bucket shops, where gambling in fractional lots of stock is indulged in by boys and young clerks.

NOAH EMERY was the first resident lawyer in Maine. He was born in that part of Kittery now Eliot, December 11, 1699, and came to the bar in 1725.

THERE is an old unrepealed law in the District of Columbia, to the effect that any one who uses profane language shall be branded on the tongue with a hot iron.

Not very long ago tomatoes were known as love apples, and were regarded as poisonous. Last season the canning establishments of the United States put up 52,322,952 cans of tomatoes.

THE United States Fish Commission has made the experiment of transplanting full grown lobsters, taken at the eastern end of Long Island, to Chesapeake Bay. The result remains to be seen.

A MAN who had never seen a railroad was being shown one by his friend, and inquired the meaning of W and R on the posts. The friend told him they stood for "ring" and "whistle." He said he could see that wring spells ring, but how do you get whistle out of R?—*Exchange.*

THE NEW CHICAGO SPECULATOR.

The Young Butcher Who Has Made His Fortune in Pork and Wheat.

A striking feature of Chicago speculation is the suddenness with which men make and lose fortunes, and the kind of men who do it. The leaders of the market now are Norman B. Ream and a chap named "Jack" Cudahy. The former was a clerk but two or three years ago and now has a fortune estimated away up in the millions. His operations alone are making half a dozen houses rich. He buys and sells wheat by the half million, and often carries over night a "jag" of 5,000,000 bushels. But Cudahy is the old fish of the street. He is even a heavier operator than Ream, and is thought to be worth more money. About eighteen months ago "Jack" was a working butcher up in Milwaukee. About that time he came to Chicago, and with another butcher opened a little shop near the stock yards. They dealt to some extent, too, in live hogs, but probably the cash capital of the twain was not more than $2,000. It fell to the lot of Jack's partner to come up to the city nearly every day, and he soon got to dabbling, in a curb-stone way, in pork and lard. He was invariably unlucky, dropping $50, $100 and $300 in a style that made the young Milwaukee butcher furious. He swore he would dissolve partnership, but when they came to figure up accounts it was found that dissolution meant the death of both. "Jack" thought a while over the matter. Then he said, "Jim, you stay in the shop for a while, and I'll do the speculating myself." It is but a trifle more than a year since humble Jack Cudahy left the butcher shop to do the speculating, and to-day he is regarded as the leading spirit of the market. He seems to have grasped the science of speculation by very intuition. His luck is marvellous, his daring is unprecedented in the street, and his success has been phenomenal. He is worth a good deal more than a million in real estate, and is said to carry a bank account of as much more. He and Armour are now engineering the pork market, and practically own all the pork in the West. His deals in wheat and corn have been very heavy and keeps from five to seven houses busy with his accounts alone. "Jack" Cudahy is a genial, rollicking Irishman, just turned thirty-one. He is the plain looking chap that he was when he chopped meat in Milwaukee eighteen months ago. Success has not spoiled him nor his suddenly acquired fortune turned his head. The only difference observable is that where his associates used to be boys of the cleaver and "pig stickers" of the stock yards, they are now bank presidents and pork packers of the millionaire variety and capitalists of the Board. Jack, it is to be regretted, is rather unlettered, but that he says will improve in time, and laughingly adds that he has got as far as knowing how to sign his name to a check. One of his great traits developed since his fortune came is generosity. In fact Jack is blossoming out as a sort of philanthropist. He is exceptionally liberal to the Catholic Church, of which he is an ardent adherent. He gives huge checks to the orphan asylums, to all the Catholic institutions, to the clergy, and no Sister ever left Jack Cudahy's presence without a rich bounty from his purse. When Bishop Riordan left here for San Francisco Jack chartered a special car and took him to Omaha, and from there on he had a private car—all at Cudahy's expense. And if the good Bishop needed a fat check for any pious purpose we may rest assured he got it. An humble fellow Jack Cudahy is, but he has become a mighty power in the Chicago grain market. That is the history of a young man forced into sudden wealth by pure luck and the possibilities of gambling in the cereals.—*San Francisco Alta Californian.*

The Flying Machine Problem.

Mr. Paul Mayo, of Lausanne, Switzerland, has lately printed a monograph on "Sustaining bodies in space by motive force," and writes us as follows on the subject:

"The wings of the common fly vibrate at the rate of 330 strokes per second, those of the mosquito about 2,000 times per second; therefore, according to the formulas which I have established, a number of common flies, weighing altogether twenty tons, and 130 tons of mosquitoes would require about one-horse power to sustain themselves in the air. It is encouraging for the many whom the question of the flying machine interests to know that in certain conditions an enormous weight may be kept above ground by means of very small power exerted, as in the case of the mosquito, the fly, etc. These conditions can be easily obtained, and in this respect we are placed in as good a position as nature. Any one can obtain iron in such form that it will float on water. A very good size of wire to construct floating iron rafts is 1-20 of an inch in diameter. The wire is to be scraped with sand paper and well washed with soap water. In this size rafts are obtained which can bear a charge nearly twice their own weight without sinking, i. e., much better than poplar would do—one of the lightest of all species of woods.

"During the study of this question of sustaining forces in space, I came many times to what seemed to me a strange conclusion; for instance, that any piece of heavy metal must float on perfectly still water. But as it is impossible to have perfectly still water, the property is subordinated to certain conditions."—*Scientific American.*

Strange Scene at a Wedding.

A well-known curate in a northeastern section of London was about to be married to a young lady residing in the vicity. The officiating clergyman and the bridegroom had taken up their respective positions at the altar, awaiting the bride's arrival, when suddenly a lady, attired in bridal dress, and accompanied by two little girls as bridesmaids, entered the sacred edifice, walked hurriedly up the aisle, knelt by the side of the bridegroom, and seized his arm in an excited manner. That gentleman, though somewhat startled, did not lose his presence of mind, and, with the assistance of some ladies, endeavored to persuade the fair intruder to retire. After a scene of some confusion, the lady was removed to a seat, where she was effectually screened from any further view of the proceedings, and the ceremony was allowed to proceed without further interruption. It appears that the lady who was so desirous of taking a part in the ceremony which had not been allotted to her is a widow in good circumstances, who had conceived a violent attachment to the reverend bridegroom, of whose congregation she was a member. It is believed the announcement of his intended marriage with another lady has affected her mind.

No Change.

"Are those specimens of silver ore?" he asked, as he put his head in at the door, after viewing the collection in the window.

"Yes, sir."

"From your own mine in Colorado, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

"And they assay fully $2,000 to the ton?"

"They do, sir."

"And you are willing to sell some of the stock at fifty cents on the dollar, in order to give your friends a show?"

"Yes, sir."

"The very first dividend will probably be twenty per cent., eh?"

"Fully that. Are you thinking of investing in silver stocks?"

"Me? Oh, no. I used to be in the business of discovering mines and coming East with barrels of specimens and selling out stock. I simply wanted to see if the programme was the same now as then. I see it is. Much obliged. Keep the specimens displayed, preserve a gentle smile on your phiz, and the green-horns will come around sooner or later. It's a bait they always bite at. Good morning."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WHEN is a boy not a boy?—When he acts a miss.

TALMAGE ON POLITICS.

THE CHRISTIAN CAMPAIGN OPENED BY THE BROOKLYN DIVINE.

The Preacher's Ideal President Must be a Man who Believes in God and the Divinity of the Bible.

Dr. Talmage's text Sunday morning was from the Acts of the Apostles, xxii., 27–28. The slavery of American politics and how it is to be broken, was the subject announced. There were influences abroad, the preacher said, that proposed to manacle the people.

"We are midway between two great national conventions," he said. "The hotels of Chicago are not yet properly ventilated since the last was held, and some time will be necessary for fumigation after the next disperses. We are being gradually whipped into line. Soon we must look only through one or two, three or four pairs of spectacles. The political machines are having their screws tightened and the cranks properly oiled. The rope of instruction is being put round the necks of delegates, and notice served that unless they obey orders the rope will be tightened and respiration interfered with. Each village, town, city and State has its boss, and all these bosses will come together and elect a grand national boss.

"Against this slavery I protest! shouted the Doctor, raising his voice, "and I demand that in every caucus and at every polling-place a man shall be allowed to vote as he himself thinks best, with God his only judge. If our national affairs are in danger every four years of smash-up, as the political orators regularly tell us, the quicker we go to pieces the better. I remember eleven Presidential elections, in every one of which the nation has been declared in peril. If I remember aright, we have each time been just a quarter of an inch from the brink of the eternal precipice. Political orators are at this moment getting out the speeches delivered in the Fremont, Lincoln and other campaigns. They are just as good now as then, for we are always on the edge of ruin and always going to pieces!

"I remember that when I was 8 years old I stood in the blistering sun until a Western orator persuaded me that William Henry Harrison was elected President, instead of Martin Van Buren, there was no use of my growing up, because there would be no country for me to grow up in. Not long since I was in Boston, and hearing that a Western orator was rocking the cradle of liberty in Faneuil Hall, I went there after my lecture. It was the same orator and the same speech I had heard forty years ago, only that the name of Benjamin F. Butler was substituted for that of William Henry Harrison. It's high time that we stopped this crisis business and came to understand that the Lord God can keep this country on its march of prosperity without the help of Conventions.

"The next President of the United States ought to have established moral character. We have had as candidates for Governor and President libertines, gamblers and drunkards. Genius is worse than stupidity when it moves in a wrong direction. A man who cannot govern himself cannot govern 50,000,000 people. In a nation of so many homes we ought to have a man at our head who honors home. In a nation of so many young men we should have a man whom they can look to for example. You can't get a true idea of what a public man is from what the newspapers say of him. The best men God ever made must wade through obloquy chin deep. The first target was set up at Chicago two weeks ago; the second will be put up in two weeks from now. And the target showing the most holes in November next will be elected. Defamation elected James A. Garfield and Lincoln. Take the scales and put the scurrility discharged at one candidate on one side and the scurrility leveled at the other on the other side. Weigh scurrility against scurrility, and the man who is most abused will be President. There is a philosophy in this. One good thing about human nature is that it sympathizes with those who are traduced, and the slanderous who dishes out the dirt of his fellows. Remember when you come to judge between the two men that you are Christian patriots, and not scavengers. I abhor this defamation of public character. Just as soon as a man accomplishes anything by brilliancy, eloquence or statesmanship, all the hounds of earth and hell are after him.

"Then in order to be qualified for the chief office a man must be a respector of the Christian religion. I apply no religious test. But this country, discovered and settled by Christians, must have over it a respector of Christianity. Never vote for a man who does not believe in God and the divinity of the Bible. I would not trust such a man with a ten-cent piece, let alone the Presidency. I have heard men say that the Constitution is the foundation of our institutions. They are wrong; the Bible is the foundation."

The Doctor's ideal President must have heart enough to take in all the States and Territories. The time for contention is gone by. The eagle has got to go off our coin and the dove take its place. Christianity is the remedy for all our evils. Let it take possession of our primaries and there will be no illegal voting, and good men will be elected to office.

"What does the heat of this morning mean?" asked the Doctor, as the thousand fans in front were agitated with desperate energy. "It means the grandest harvest we have had in years. We can afford to sit here with the thermometer in the nineties, since every minute of heat adds millions to the national riches."

Why are There not More Defalcations?

The *Baltimore American* has the following:

"It is a great wonder to me that the number of defalcations by treasurers of corporations is not larger than it is," observed a treasurer of one of the counties of Maryland to an *American* reporter yesterday, while speaking of the recent failures.

"Why?"

"Because they have so many temptations. When I first took hold of the treasurership of our county I was literally besieged with letters, circulars and confidential communications from New York banking firms of doubtful notoriety. They came in every mail. They were marked 'private,' 'personal,' and all that sort of thing. They proved to me—on paper, of course—how I could easily double all investments. They showed that by putting my money up I was absolutely certain to win, and that it was an impossibility for me to lose. These communications were full of the most plausible methods. The plans were captivating. The results they worked out were astoundingly big and there was an air of frankness about them which ordinarily would disabuse the unsophisticated mind of any suspicion of crookedness. For nearly two years these things kept coming to my office but as I didn't bite the hook they gradually fell off and now I get very few of them. But I do know this to be the case—whenever a new man is put in a place where he has other people's money to handle these sharpers in the big cities get after him with their circulars, and when they once catch him they don't let go until they have either made a thief or a bankrupt out of him, or both. That is why I am surprised that the number of defalcations is not larger."

A Novel Infernal Machine.

The tube found in the baggage of Patrick Joyce, who was arrested on the steamer Illinois, at Queenstown, is believed to be an infernal machine of a novel and ingenious pattern. It resembled a wooden log, but was found to be hollow, a hole having been pierced through it, leading to a chamber containing an explosive. There was an outer wooden casing sixteen inches long and four inches thick, within which a brass tube was inserted bound with gutta-percha. On removing a metal cap the liquid was found. Except by a careful examination it was impossible to suppose that the article was anything but a log of wood.

HE SAW HIMSELF.

A Little Temperance Lecture and its Results.

We wish that every intemperate, unworthy father could see himself represented exactly as his wife and children see him. The habit of drink is rarely so dominant, even in the worst man, that he could resist such a vision, once set before him—and most of the vices bad people indulge in are due to their self-blindness, which prevents wholesome shame. How it affects a transgressor to have his eyes opened is told in this vivid passage from a drunkard's experience. Such incidents have been the turning-point in the fortunes of more than one family:

"You must excuse me, gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"This is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you were hustling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a very different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No, sir; no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day I kept on hustling after a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament a half-drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self-respect in his efforts to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half pint of whisky at home which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing.

"'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned and entering the play house nodded idiotically at the girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said,

"'Shayes, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are; an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, an' we haven't anything to eat hardly but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God!"—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The March of the Prairie Dog.

The prairie dog is a standing threat against the future prosperity of the grazing districts of the State of Texas. Draw a line from Red River south to the Colorado, so as to run about the Western lines of Throckmorton, Shackelford, Callahan and Coleman counties, and you mark the front of the greatest migration army ever dreamed of by man. From this line west 250 miles every square mile is infested by these devouring pests. They thickly inhabit a section of country 200 miles long and 250 miles wide. The advent of the white man into this country has but increased their numbers, as man has destroyed the wolves, badgers, rattlesnakes, panthers, and other animals which prey upon the prairie dogs. They eat the grass in summer and the grass roots in winter and the consequence is that what was but a few years ago the finest grazing region in America is fast becoming a verdureless desert.

Unlike all other animals in America the prairie dog is migrating, not west, but east. Only a year or two ago his eastern line was about the western line of Shackelford county. In a short time he has advanced his frontier east about five miles into Shackelford, Throckmorton and the other counties lying north and south of Shackelford. Unless checked he will soon ravage all the mesquite grass land in the State, and will then descend in countless hosts upon the black waxey farming land of Tarrant, Dallas, Collin, and the other counties east of us.

It is no exaggeration to say that $10,000,000 does not exceed the value of the grass annually consumed by the prairie dogs in Northwest Texas. Could they be destroyed instantly as by a stroke of lightning the price of land in all the regions described would advance 100 per cent. as soon as the fact was known.

The Kind of Men Wanted.

Jack Williams was a brave sergeant of a regiment which, undrilled and undisciplined, had joined the army of the Potomac just in the terrible campaign of 1864 began. Before the army reached Petersburg, Jack commanded his company, the captain and lieutenants having been killed. His gallantry was so conspicuous that he was recommended for a captaincy in the regular army. Ordered before an examining board at Washington Jack presented himself, dressed in a soiled, torn uniform, with bronzed face and uncut beard. The trim, dapper officers composing the board had never been under fire or roughed it in the field, but they were posted in tactics and the theory of war. Though shocked at Jack's unsoldierly appearance, they asked him all sorts of questions about engineering, mathematics, ordnance and campaigns. Not a single question could Jack answer.

"What is echelon?" asked one of the board.

"Don't know," answered Jack.

"What is abatis?"

"Never saw one."

"A reden?"

"You fellows have got me again," replied Jack.

"Well, what is a hollow square, sir?"

"Never heard of one before. Guess they don't have them down at the front, do they?"

"What would you do, sir, if you were in command of a company and cavalry should charge on you?" asked a lisping fellow in white kids.

"Do, you fool!" thundered Jack. "I would give them Hail Columbia, that's what I'd do!"

This ended the examination, and the report of the questions and answers, with adverse judgment of the board, were sent to President Lincoln. His private secretary read the report to him, and when he came to the only answer Jack had given, the President said:

"Stop! read that over again."

"That's just the sort of men our army wants!" said the President, taking the report and dipping his pen in the inkstand. On the back of the paper he wrote in a clear hand:

"Give this man a captain's commission."

In Case of an Emergency.

A Washington correspondent says that when Mr. Hayes was President he carried a three-dollar nickel-plated watch. The secret of this soon leaked out. Almost weekly a deputation of Western Indians called upon him, always bringing presents of some kind to the Great Father. Of course, he was expected to give something in return, and the object was to find something cheap and at the same time acceptable.

Watches were a novelty to the Indians, and to present a chief with a watch which he himself had been carrying, always impressed him greatly. Having discovered this and not caring to distribute gold watches, or even silver ones, he hit upon the expedient of buying nickel watches at thirty-six dollars per dozen, and always made it convenient to have one with him in case of an emergency.

"I WISH I was a saloon," said a loving woman to her husband. "Why?" he inquired with some degree of surprise. "Oh, because you would run in eighteen or twenty times a day to see me."—*Merchant Traveler.*

JOURNALISTIC NOTES.

HORACE GREELEY is editor of the Hedrick (Iowa) *Enterprise.*

A GOOD editor must always be in his write mind, and have a sort of pen-chant for work, and live within his ink-come.

THE Norristown *Herald* says, "Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) is married. He is no longer an 'Independent' editor."

THE death of the veteran James Watson Webb leaves Major W. D. Bickhan, editor of the Dayton (Ohio) *Journal*, the oldest living journalist in America.

AN Oswego paper described a fire by saying that "the red flames danced in the heavens, and flung their fiery arms like a black funeral pall, until Sam Jones got on the roof and doused them with a pail of water."

"Do you ever purchase articles?" he asked timidly, as he entered the editorial room. "Occasionally," said the editor kindly, "when they suit our columns. What have you got, a poem?" "No, sir; parlor matches, a cent a box, or six boxes for a nickle."

ACCORDING to the *Pharmaceutical Record*, a New York patent medicine manufacturer, being about to die, was asked by his friends how he would like to be buried. "Insert me," he said, faintly, "at top of column, next to reading matter, fifty-two times, electro by mail." Then he quietly expired.

CLARA sends a spring poem and wants to know what "final disposition may be made of it." That is something of a poser, Clara. There are so many novel uses to which paper is put nowadays. It may drift into a car-wheel, or it may become part of one of those new-fashioned paper spokes.

MANY people will be surprised to learn that the celebrated Ku Klux Klan was originally a pleasure club of less than ten young men, who came together occasionally for an evening of harmless fun. In the July *Century* Rev. D. L. Wilson, of Pulaski, Tenn., the birthplace of the Klan, gives a remarkable contribution to history in an account of its origin, progress, and final disbandment after laws against it had been passed by several of the State governments. For obvious reasons no names are given, but the statements made are vouched for as being authentic.

One Wing of the Chinese Army.

With these troops bows and arrows are the favorite weapons, though a small proportion of the men carry matchlocks. Six times a month they practice archery on foot; and every spring and summer, dressed in armor, they go through the same exercises on horseback. This division furnishes a guard of two men at each gate of the "forbidden city," whose duty it is to sit holding a red bar across the gateway, and who rise only to princes of the blood. It also supplies the night patrols within the "forbidden city," who allows no one either to enter or leave the precincts unless he be the bearer of half a broken token which when fitted with the corresponding portion in possession of the officer on duty matches it exactly. The "light division," as its name indicates, is especially intended for services requiring strength and activity. The men are drilled "six times a month with the scaling ladder, when they also practice with the three volleys with the matchlock; six times they wrestle and perform feats of horsemanship, one rider leaping on the back of another's horse, met at a gallop, while the rider of the latter similarly exchanges his seat at the same moment. While mounted they likewise fire three rounds with the matchlock, shoot fifty flights of arrows, and attack and defend with the sword and iron