

THE DAILY STAR
IN RATTLESNAKE GULCH.

We had finished the "digging" that day, washed all our dirt, added the last ounce of shining gold-dust to the plump little bags that were buried in the corner of the cabin and to-morrow we would leave Red Water Run forever.

The "spurt" had been a good one for Tom and me, but we were tired of the terrible loneliness of the place and the constant strain upon our ears for fear of the Utes, and so we had decided to cross the range, strike the trail, and join our old comrades at Poker camp before the fall rains began.

Supper was over—a dozen of hardtack, a bit of jerked venison and a pot of tea—and with our cutty pipes, short and black, we sat at the door of the hut smoking, while the sunlight slowly disappeared from the tall peaks of the Sierras about us, and the grey shadows crept up the narrow gulch, silent and chill.

After a long pause Tom took his pipe from his lips and spoke: "Did ye see anything uncommon down the run this afternoon, Dick—any 'signs'?"

"No," said I, slowly, "not that I recollect now. What was it—bear?"

"Wuss nor that." "Injuns?"

"Wuss nor that." "Outlaws, then?"

"Correct." I figure it was Red Jim's gang. Ye know they've been working the stage route from Winnemucca to Silver Cliff, and now I reckon they're on their way back to the towns to squander their stealings.

"Sartin it is that a dozen mounted hosses crossed the run just below the old sluice, soun-down o' last night, for I saw the sign, nigh about noon, an' it was fresh."

"That's bad news," said I soberly. "If those cut-throats knew that we were here, nothing would please them better than to roast us out, shoot us down, and carry off the 'yellow.' It would be a hard ending to our two months' work."

"Ye're clus to right," returned the old miner, as he slowly refilled his pipe; "but they must catch us afore they shoot us, an' find the gold afore they steal it. Now, I don't reckon on either."

"Well, but how do you know—" I began, when he stopped me.

"I don't know, an' that's jest it. Better be sure nor sorry, the Bible says, an' I propose to-night to-night. 'Twill be moon-up at 11. We know the trail, an' ef we're gone an' they come, all right; ef we're gone an' they don't come, we're so much further on our journey by mornin'. What d'ye say?"

"Agreed!"

An hour later, with the gold divided and safely hidden in the buckskin belts about our bodies, our tools upon our shoulders and our rifles in our hands, Tom Blackburn and I looked for the last time at the dark shadow of our little cabin, as we mounted the ridge that lay to the westward.

"Good-by, old shanty!" said Tom, waving his gun. "Tell any visitors that ye may have that we're out for the evening, and ax 'em to await our return. Good-by!"

Our course was nearly due west, and for a time through a rolling country, thinly timbered, and filled with little streams, so that we were able to travel rapidly; but shortly after the moon rose we struck some heavily-wooded ridges, rough and rocky, and our progress was necessarily slow. We did not talk much, but kept a bright lookout for both outlaws and Indians, and we marked our way by the stars that glimmered overhead.

The night was cold and still, the only sound which broke the silence being the grind of the gravel under our feet, or the occasional cry of some far-away wolf.

We had proceeded thus far perhaps four hours, and had covered a dozen miles or more, when we found ourselves at the entrance of a narrow canon, through whose dreary shadows our course lay. It was an "uncanny" place, and instinctively I loosened my knife in the sheath as we entered its yawning mouth, but old Tom trumped unconsciously on and I must not need follow. Deeper and deeper grew the darkness, the towering walls fairly threatening to meet overhead, while more and more grew the rugged path beneath. At length we were obliged to crawl from point to point, so thickly strewn with masses of rock was the uneven floor.

Suddenly a sharp turn opened before us the unexpected vision of a broad park, covered with short grass, through which ran a little stream, and about which, sitting, standing and lying, were a dozen as rough-looking desperadoes as the border land could produce, while the whole scene was brilliantly illuminated by the light of a great fire which burned near the center of the glade.

We had fallen into the very trap we were seeking to avoid. This was the night camp of Red Jim's gang!

It was too late to retreat, for, even as we looked, two or three of the men sprang to their feet, and, with weapons half raised, cried out to us, "Ha! So, with a whisper, 'We're busted miners; ask for shelter.'" Tom threw up his hands and shouted loudly:

"Friends!"

Then, with assumed boldness, we both entered the arena, and were at once surrounded by the scowling, dark-browed crew.

Tom told our story—broken-hearted prospectors trying to return to the mining camps over the range, and traveling at night for fear of the Indians. Would they give us supper and shelter?

A short consultation was held, Red Jim, a burly ruffian, with a blood-colored mass of hair and beard, putting some close questions to us; but at length, with not the best grace in the world, our request was granted, and we were told to draw up and help ourselves from the open provision pack upon the ground.

Hungry from our long walk, we needed no second invitation, and were soon eating and talking with those about us as familiarly as though horse thieves and cut-throats ourselves.

We dissembled fear, and made no attempt at private communication. Time for that by and by. We must disarm all suspicion, or our throats would be sore before morning.

The meal was nearly over, and I had just washed down my last bite of jerked venison with a draught of fiery whisky from the canteen of a hideous dwarf who sat near me, when Red Jim again approached us.

"What's ye's names?" said he. "Mine is Baldwin—Hank Baldwin," said old Tom, quickly, "and this young 'un is Major Dick Smith. He was in the Reosian war, and is green at this business; but I am an old San Juan country miner, where I worked nine years afore I ever seed this cussed region."

The ruffian looked at him sharply for an instant, and then said: "Hold out your left hand."

With sudden fear I saw Tom's face grow ashen pale, and almost imperceptibly his hand moved toward his pistol-belt; then, recovering himself, he obeyed with a laugh.

There was the flash of his knife, a sharp, metallic rattle, and then a little something shot like quivering lightning straight at his face, and two little drops of blood ran down his cheek. He was bitten by a rattlesnake.

The same instant the reptile drew his slimy body across my hand, and disappeared again in his hole among the rocks near by, from which our struggle had aroused him.

"Whisky," said he, hoarsely; "I must have whisky or I die."

He strove to rise, but it was my turn now. Wrapping my arms about him with an energy born of despair, I bound him to me. If I could but hold him until the poison had time to work, I could escape, and Tom with me.

It was horrible, but we struggled life for life, and I was the cooler man of the two now. His knife was broken. We could only fight with our hands, and all my enemy's efforts were to escape; but, with a strength which hope renewed, I resisted, and dragged him down again and again, until in his quivering muscles and relaxing hands, in his distended eyes and outthrust tongue I saw that the venom was beginning to aid me. Then, redoubling my effort, with an almost superhuman strength I threw him at last to the ground, bound him with his own gaudy scarf, gagged him, and was free!

For a moment I was utterly exhausted; then, slowly recovering, I crept to where Tom lay, and with a few blows of my knife released him from the heavy cords which bound him. My old friend had been a silent witness of the entire battle and had seen the snake and knew all. As he arose to his feet, he grasped my hand and nearly crushed it in the expression of joy; then, without a word, he pointed toward the pile of rock, not a dozen feet from the place where my antagonist lay.

I turned to look. From every hole and crevice, from every crack and corner, by twos and threes, single and in pairs, were crawling the most dreaded of mountain reptiles—rattlesnakes!

Tom leaned toward me and said: "Ye fight aroused them, and they will kill every man here! We are in that place I've learn tell of—Rattlesnake Gulch!"

Then, seizing my arm, he led me rapidly across the open glade, by the sleeping robbers, to the spot where the horses were hobbled.

Selecting two we quickly muffled their boots, rode cautiously through the winding outlet till we reached the open country, and then, with a shake of the reins, dashed away at a headlong gallop. We were free!

Red Jim, the outlaw, was never seen again; but five years later a strange tale was brought into the mining camps on Red Water Run of a lonely ravine in the mountains to the west, where twelve bleaching skeletons had been found.

The prospectors who discovered them would have sought further among the whitening bones for other relics of the lost party, but the canyon was so filled with rattlesnakes that it was not safe to remain there, and the simple finding of the remains is all that will ever be known.

Old Tom, however, said to me: "Twelve outlaws; twelve skeletons! The rattlers caught them all!"

Rough on Tilden.
(New York Sun.)

Things that John Kelly Never Did—He never paid to the Government an income tax many thousands of dollars less than he should have paid, because he knew and the Government Assessors did not know how much he ought to pay.

He never wrecked a railroad.

He never used a cipher to conceal the meaning of any telegrams that he had occasion to send. In all writings, as in all speeches he says what he means and means what he says, using therefore no disguises, but plain and honest English words.

He never employed a nephew to send cipher dispatches to persons who were in the market to sell the Electoral vote of a State, and after the dispatch had been found and translated, denied that he knew anything about them.

He never had a nephew whom he both employed and repudiated, avowed and disavowed, or who was the "now you see it and now you don't" in any game that he wished to play.

He never combined with others to make a "corner" in a railroad stock, and then broke down the market price by selling out at a high figure, contrary to his agreement, making by the operation over a million.

He never helped to make a corner in a stock, in order to sell it to John Bull at a price above its intrinsic value.

He never received from the Governor of the State papers for the removal of a public officer, held them until he could not bend that officer to do his bidding, and then sent them to the Mayor with the date altered so as to cover up the interval of time for which he held them.

He never used his money and influence to compel a Democratic convention to renominate a certain Governor, in order to destroy the local strength of the regular Democratic organization of the City and County of New York.

He never bought delegations in a State Convention of the Democratic party.

He never threatened Democratic politicians with the Penitentiary for their misdeeds, unless they would do his bidding, promising if they would do it to let them go free.

He never made a combination between dissatisfied Democrats and Republican leaders in order to defeat the election to the Majority of a good Democrat who was opposed to his political schemes.

In short, he never sought to obtain political power, or to make money, by any but honest, straightforward and open means, fit to be known and scrutinized by all men.

Those negative virtues amount to something in these days. They make a clean record, and a record that will bear examination, even if the aforesaid John Kelly is not a claimant to the Presidency.

NEW YORK POLITICS

As Seen by a Cincinnati--The Case Strongly Stated from a Robinsonian Standpoint.

NEW YORK, Sept. 22.

To the Editor of the Star: Politically New York city and State present a strange spectacle just now. The foundations of the great deep of both parties seem to be broken up. The machine nomination of Cornell by the Republicans is distasteful to many of the party, so much so that organizations in the party are forming to oppose his election.

Tammany having bolted the nomination of Robinson, has flung to the breeze of its hate "For Governor John Kelly" and has struck hands with the Republican machine men for the election of Cornell.

It was a humiliating spectacle at Syracuse to see, as I saw it, such men as David Dudley Field, William Dorsheimer, Sun-set Cox, and others, cavorting around threatening to bolt the nomination of Robinson, and doing obeisance to the beck and nod of John Kelly. Now it may seem singular to the outside world, but it is so, that all this abject cringing is for spoils. Dorsheimer was bought over to Tammany by a partnership with a firm of young lawyers here, who are pets of Tammany and its courts, and receives for his nominal connection with the firm fifteen thousand a year. This is the secret of his abandonment of Tilden.

Cox represents a district where Tammany reigns supreme, hence his attitude of opposition to Robinson now, as it was to Tilden at St. Louis. David Dudley Field, whom Tilden sent to Congress to manage his Presidential case, takes sides with Tammany because of his brother Cyrus W. Field's quarrel with Mr. Tilden. Many New Yorkers believe and say that Cyrus was induced to take this course to attempt to destroy Mr. Tilden's power in his party in the hope of building up the Presidential chances of his brother, Justice Field. At any rate the poor old man has been completely vanquished by the interview with Mr. Tilden published in Thursday's New York Times.

While I doubt, as do many others, the propriety of the publication by Mr. Tilden of this reply, yet it must be acknowledged that it most completely and thoroughly dispenses of the imaginary wrong that Mr. Field conceived he had suffered at the hands of Mr. Tilden by the latter's sale of New York Elevated Railroad stock. In pollution of Mr. Field's course, it must be stated that he is old and somewhat in his dotage, and certainly has been acting under bad advice. Since the Field-Tilden imbroglio the World has taken up the war against the latter and joined in the ranks of the Star and Express in their abuse of the sage of Gramercy Park.

Meanwhile Mr. Tilden complacently pursues the even tenor of his way at his city home, Gramercy Park, and his palace on the Hudson. No matter what may be the motive of the opposition by Mr. Tilden to Tammany, he is certainly doing valiant service in the interest of good morals and government. They say he wants to get control of Tammany. Certainly the opposition has brought to the support of himself and his friends the powerful element of the honest people of the State. At Syracuse I saw the yeomanry in solid phalanx for Robinson. The honest toilers in the party, the anti-Tammany, the anti-canal ring men, were, to a man, for Robinson.

Tammany has so corrupted the courts here that I am told by lawyers of prominence that it is almost impossible to practice law outside the ring. All important cases go by reference to the favorites of Tammany, and the referee system has become so infamous here that it can not be tolerated much longer. Chester A. Arthur, the Ex-Collector, and John Kelly, sleep together politically. They join hands and prostitute the parties they adhere to for personal gain. Now, what will come out of all this in November? The honest Democrats will support Robinson.

All honest men say he has made an exceptionally good Governor. His vote will be increased by the moderate class of Republicans in the country districts. Tammany may cast 20,000 votes for Kelly. Cornell will lose the Young Republican vote here, which is against him. The canal Counties will cost some Kelly votes, and at the same time a largely increased vote for Robinson. So that on the whole Robinson will come to Harlem River not 23,000 short as before, but ahead, and his majority will be augmented by the city vote.

I was in Worcester the day of the Butler Convention, and in Boston a day or two after, and whilst many seem to think that the much-nominate Benjamin will go in, I have no doubt of the election of Long by a larger increased majority over the ticket last year.

J. A. S.

What is the Moon's Shape?
[Rochester Democrat.]

The moon perhaps presents a greater number of perplexing problems than any other member of the solar system. Although the nearest to the earth of any of the celestial bodies, but very little is actually known concerning our satellite. The whole theory of the moon, so laboriously worked out, years ago, is found to be a fault, and Hansen's tables are unreliable. There is a deviation in the moon's mean motion that can not be accounted for.

The phenomena of the moon's surface have been carefully studied for years; but the causes of the remarkable physical conformation can be but dimly conjectured. The moon's true form is the most difficult problem of all. The moon always presents one face to the earth; but even this fact is a puzzle. It is explained that the moon's axis points toward the center of the earth, and the moon makes a single rotation during a revolution about the earth, thus always presenting one side to the earth.

The plane of the moon's orbit is continually shifting, but this shifting does

not change to any extent the relative position of the moon to the earth. The earth has a grasp upon her satellite that will not permit any shifting of position, except a swinging motion of the mass nearest the earth, like that of a pendulum. It has been abundantly shown by Newton that if the moon were a sphere the earth could have no such grasp. The conclusion is inevitable that the moon is not a sphere. The exact shape is still a question of doubt. Lagrange insists that it is an ellipsoid, with the longer axis pointing to the center of the earth. The extent of the elongation is a question yet to be settled. Prof. Richard A. Proctor in his work on the moon says:

However, it need hardly be said that no instrumental means at present in our possession could show the ellipticity of the lunar disc. Notwithstanding the assumption of Prof. Proctor, we believe that it can be demonstrated that the moon more nearly resembles an egg than it does a ball. Rutherford's stereoscopic photographs demonstrate it, and the known laws of motion bear out the theory. Photography will probably be the only means of demonstration, and this will be doubted by those who believe the revelations of the stereoscope are an optical illusion.

Rutherford's stereoscopic views plainly show that the moon is shaped like an egg, with the small end toward the earth. In the stereoscope the extreme point, or locality nearest the earth, is not far from the great crater of Copernicus. From this high point the surface does not retreat to a sphere. There is a rounding away to a certain point, and then the straight retreats on a line that is nearly straight. The plane is so tilted by libration that the observer can see the true perspective and foreshortening of objects on the surface. The phenomenon could be observed in a telescope of large aperture with a power of fifty diameters.

The slow rotation of the moon and its recent plastic condition explain its shape. The moon revolves on her axis in the same time that she revolves about the earth, or in twenty-nine days, twelve hours and forty-four minutes nearly. This motion is exceeding slow—so slow that even at the equator the centrifugal force is very slight. In bodies like Jupiter, which revolve with great rapidity, the equatorial regions bulge out by centrifugal force, while there is a contraction at the poles. In the moon this action is reversed.

When the moon was molten the centrifugal force at the equator was so slight that there was no bulging, but the earth's attraction drew out the mass, lengthening it in the direction of the polar axis, and keeping the axis forever directed towards the earth's center. Rutherford has waited and watched for opportunities to photograph the moon in such positions as would give the stereoscopic effect. Libration changed the moon's face sufficiently to give this effect, as will be observed by consulting the photographs. Of the views of the first quarter, one was obtained March 6, 1865. He then waited six years for libration and a suitable opportunity to get another view that would give the proper effect. Between the two views of the last quarter there is an interval of nearly six months.

An effort has been made to draw the color line at the communion table of the Marlborough M. E. Church, near Newburg, N. Y. On communion Sundays the colored brethren have waited until the white brethren partook of the Lord's Supper. For some time a feeling has existed in reference to the matter, several of the colored members refusing to partake of the sacrament unless they could do so along with the whites. The mooted point has been talked about privately for months among the members, white and black. On September 7th a stranger occupied the pulpit, the regular preacher, the Rev. A. M. Osborn, D.D., being absent on a vacation. Before the regular services began the congregation was startled to hear the preacher state that a vote would be taken then and there on the color line question. The votes were cast by the uplifting of the right hand. Six or seven hands were raised in favor of the colored people being allowed the same privileges as the whites. No vote was cast in the negative. A number of the church members have stated that they will never enter the church again unless the action taken is rescinded.

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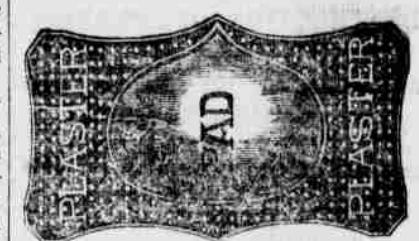
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