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THE DUEL.

In Brentford town, of old renown,  
There lived a Mister Bray,  
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,  
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith  
By all it was allowed,  
Such fair outside as seldom seen,  
Such angels on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay:  
You choose to rival me,  
And court Miss Bell, but there your court  
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,  
You may repent your love;  
I who have shot a pigeon match,  
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,  
Consider what you do;  
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,  
I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray:  
Your threats I quite explode;  
One who has been a volunteer  
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you, unless  
Your passion quiet keeps,  
I who have shot and hit bull's-eyes  
May chance to hit a sheep.

Now gold is off for silver changed,  
And that for copper red;  
But these two went away to give  
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,  
This pleasant thought to give—  
When they were dead they thus should have  
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long  
The seconds then forbore,  
And having taken one rash step,  
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan  
Against the deadly strife,  
By putting in the prime of death  
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes;  
But when they took their stands  
Fear made them tremble, so they found  
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.:  
Here one of us may fall;  
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now  
Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach  
Misconduct to your name,  
If I withdraw the charge will then  
Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B. I do agree,  
But think of Honour's Courts!  
If we go off without a shot,  
There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,  
Though cloudy it began;  
Why can't we aim above, as if  
We had called out the sun?

So up into the harmless air  
Their bullets they did send;  
And may all other duels have  
That upshot in the end.

(Thos. Hood.)

A PHYSICIAN says that sweet oil is not only an antidote to the bite of the rattlesnake, but will cure poison of any kind, both in man and beast. The patient must take a teaspoonful of it internally, and bathe the wound for a cure. To cure a horse it takes eight times as much as for a man. One of the most extreme cases of snake bites occurred 11 years ago. It had been of 30 days' standing, and the patient had been given up by his physicians. I gave him a spoonful of the oil, which effected a cure. It will cure blots in cattle caused by fresh clover. It will cure the stings of bees, spiders or other insects, and persons who have been poisoned by a low running vine called ivy.

The scientific world is greatly interested in the statement that the United States ship-of-war Gettysburg, in a voyage from Fayal to Gibraltar, discovered an immense coral reef, located in latitude 36 deg. 30 min. north, and longitude 11 deg. 23 min. west. Until the discovery by the Gettysburg the existence of the reef had never been suspected. The reef has been thoroughly surveyed, and the dispatches show that the delicate and valuable pink coral, so highly prized by the world of fashion in all ages, will be found in immense quantities. The finer shades of this coral excel in value, by weight, that of pure gold, selling at from \$15 to \$40 per ounce.

The elastic glass, of which so little has been heard of late, though nearly two years have elapsed since its invention was publicly announced, has at last made its appearance in the American market. A factory built in Brooklyn for its production was burned down in 1875, but has been rebuilt and is now making lamp chimneys and nothing else for the present. They do not break when thrown upon the floor, nor when sprinkled while hot with cold water. The introduction of elastic glass into the common uses of domestic life will advance very rapidly after numerous furnaces can be built to supply it.

The Democrats think of calling it the Electrical Commission—the shock they received having been so severe.

DETECTIVE SCIENCE.

How an Unsuspected Forgery was Discovered.

A Singular Case at Rochester, N. Y.

[From the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat.]

During the recent noted trial of the three forgers in the Court of Sessions some very interesting facts were brought to light, which were only briefly touched upon in our report of the proceedings. Among the most important witnesses was Dr. S. A. Lattimore, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Rochester. Some idea of the nature of the learned Professor's testimony has already been given our readers, but in order better to place the importance of the matter before the public and give the information which it is necessary should be given, a reporter of the Democrat and Chronicle held a short interview with Dr. Lattimore upon the subject. The facts gleaned from the conversation will be placed before our readers in condensed form, no attempt being made to follow the interviewing style:

The case bears on the important question of identifying written documents, especially negotiable paper. In this particular case both the drawer of the check and the bank teller who cashed it, testified most positively to the genuineness of the signature. Hence the natural conclusion would be that the check had been altered by changing the face in some way from \$10 to \$460. Writing materials, a variety of pens, pencils, brushes, inks, and several mysterious solutions were found in the possession of the prisoners. They were sent to the witness (Lattimore) by the Prosecuting Attorney, with the request to make chemical examination and ascertain if they could be employed in the manner suspected.

The witness testified that he had analyzed all of them and had proven that by their use it was possible to remove writing in ink completely and to restore the paper to its original appearance. The witness presented to the court exhibits of checks which had been paid, as shown by the bank stamp, from which a part of all of the writing had been perfectly removed by means of this fluid found in the possession of the prisoners, and the paper was in no respect injured.

The witness' evidence so far was strongly in support of the theory above given, regarding the raising of the check. But when he came to apply the appropriate chemical tests to the check itself, to ascertain whether it had been treated as suspected or not, he discovered that it had not been thus treated. This revelation led him to suspect the genuineness of the signature, which, up to this time, had not been questioned by any one. Under the microscope pencil tracings were detected; then they were followed throughout the whole signature. The witness offered in evidence a photograph of the check in which the pencil tracings were distinctly reproduced, and also pointed out to the Judge and jury the tracing on the original check—clearly seen, especially by means of a reading glass. The force of this evidence was to discredit evidence previously given as to the genuineness of the signature, and led to the conclusion that the original check given by Mr. Shedd had never been used, but that a new one had been forged on which his signature had been traced in pencil. This explains the probable use of the plate of glass fixed in an inclined frame, found among the effects of the prisoners.

The defense at this point denied the possibility of removing writing as asserted by the witness, and challenged him to repeat in the presence of the court the test, using the solutions in question, and submitted as the test the check itself, asking to have the test made on a part of the name of the paper, and also on the latter part of the signature. Witness took a seat at the table under the eyes of both Judge and jury, and proceeded with the test demanded. In a few minutes he stepped into the witness stand and submitted the check, which showed simply blank paper where the letters "Geo." had been written, while from the latter part of the signature the ink had totally vanished, revealing, however, now the letters distinctly traced in lead pencil as the witness had suspected. The experiment was perfectly successful and convincing, and left not a shadow of doubt on the minds of the court as to how the check had been manufactured.

He was pressed to give the names and chemical composition of the articles analyzed and used in these tests. He consented to hand up to the Judge, privately, the names of the articles, but refused to answer, on the ground that by his public testimony he would be placing a dangerous instrument of crime in the hands of dishonest persons. Counsel waived the question.

It is a noteworthy fact, that by a sort of retributive justice, the chemist's final and complete demonstration of the falsity of the signature, as made in open court in response to the challenge of the defense, was accomplished by the application of the identical solution which the criminals had themselves brought to Rochester to use in perpetrating their frauds on our bankers.

Moral.—Be careful how you swear to your signature.

A Venison Supper.

"What is going on in the next room, waiter?" asked a staid committee man at a leading hotel the other night. "They're havin' a little game there, Sir," responded the attendant, and just then somebody in the apartment referred to bawled, "Pass the buck," at which the good man's face cleared and he said, "Oh, I see—a venison supper; and the committee business went on.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Vanderbilt and Yankee Sullivan.

Among the stories told about Commodore Vanderbilt is the following, related by an old and well known resident of Staten Island:

During the warm and closely contested Presidential campaign of 1844, when James K. Polk and Henry Clay were running as the respective candidates of the Democratic and Whig parties, there was great enthusiasm and intense excitement on Staten Island relative to the issue. Commodore Vanderbilt, who was then in his prime, took a great interest in the fight, and was an ardent supporter of Henry Clay, for whose success he exerted himself with all the vigor for which he was so well noted. He was among the foremost in getting up meetings and processions, and organized and commanded a magnificent troop of horsemen, composed of about 500 of the finest men in the Whig party on the Island. When the grand Clay and Frelinghuysen procession took place in New York, Commodore Vanderbilt and his troop of horsemen occupied a very conspicuous position in it, drew encomiums from all who saw them, and were greatly cheered. The Commodore especially presented an imposing appearance, on account of his magnificent physique.

At that time the notorious prize-fighter, Yankee Sullivan, who was a "Tammany worker," and frequently boasted that he could "whip any Yankee Whig on sight," kept a notorious bar-room in Chatham street, just opposite City Hall Park. He was in his bar-room with a gang of roughs as Commodore Vanderbilt's troops passed by, and hearing the applause and noting the fine appearance of the Commodore, he thought it a fine opportunity of exhibiting to his friends how he could "take the Commodore down," and rushing out he seized the reins of his horse and tried to compel him to alight. The horse reared, the Commodore cut Yankee Sullivan across the back with his whip, and leaping to the ground so badly beat him that his friends took him away in a nearly senseless condition. Commodore Vanderbilt remounted and proceeded, and was not molested again that day.

As every one knows, Clay was defeated. The result was, so far as Commodore Vanderbilt was concerned, that he went out of politics, and kept entirely clear of party strife the rest of his life.

Personal Appearance of Governor Wells.

"Gath" writes to the Graphic of a visit to Governor Wells and General Anderson:

Wells is a thick-set old man, with a face of mingled candor and cunning. He has thick, gray hair, a head of great surface on the top, hazel eyes, not large but prominent by their color and the deep shadows in them, and a skin pale with age and some temporary infirmity. He has a slight fever. He is dressed in gray clothes, plain and moderately neat. I think he uses glasses when reading; his address is always respectful and his language conciliating, although a tiger-like nature is ever just out of sight or nearly visible. There are two beds in this room, plain beds—one for Anderson, the other for Wells. At a table in the center of the room both men were reading, writing and keeping their temper. When they understood who I was, both men received me cordially.

Anderson is a man of somewhat finer type than Wells, but not of the same natural strength. Wells is a man of nerve, leadership, and some vanity of purpose. Anderson is a rich planter. The North is guiltless of the origin of either men. Such as they are, they are typical Southerners, yet, strangely, against their neighbors, and, as it appears, both men are unflinching, unselfish, rank Republicans.

Governor Wells is a curiosity. His eyes are wide apart, and of a dark hazel color, with heavy and restless meaning in them, like one pursued or run down, and with everlasting weariness as the condition of life. He may yet be the victim of the assassin, but it will not be without a struggle if he is aware of it.

A Curiosity of Numbers.

The multiplication of 987654321 by 45 gives 444444445. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 123456789 by 45 we get a result equally curious, 5,555,555,505. If we take 123456789 as a multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, we obtain another remarkable product, 6,666,666,606. Returning to the multiplicand first used, 987654321, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53,333,333,534—all three except the first and last figures, which read together 54, the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand and using 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26,666,666,667—all sixes except the first and last figures, which read together give 27, the multiplier. Next interchanging the figures in the number 27, and using 72 as the multiplier with 987654321 as the multiplicand, we obtain a product of 71,111,111,112—all ones except the first and last figures, which read together give 72, the multiplier.

The Beneficiary System of Our Colleges.

There is a practice in Harvard College of lending money to students whose circumstances require it and taking notes in return. Many of these notes are never paid. It is estimated that over \$35,000 is now due to the college from students who have never repaid what they borrowed. In his last annual report, President Eliot states that the majority of these debtors are in the ministry, and takes strong ground against the extension of the beneficiary system. He is undoubtedly right. Nearly every college in the country is crippled in the same way. When American colleges come to be regarded as educational machines, and not as denominational feeders, there will be more manhood in Christian pulpits as well as more culture in pews.

The Ground-Hog Excuse.

"Adam Crane, why did you get drunk yesterday?" blandly inquired the Court of the first man out.

His Honor's kind look gave Adam new courage, and he explained.

"It was ground-hog day, your Honor."

"So it was; but what has ground-hog to do with whisky?"

"Our family has always celebrated the day, Judge. If it is a cloudy day, we have baked goose for dinner and congratulate each other on an early spring. If it is a sunny day we always get drunk and smash windows. That is why I got drunk. It has been a regular custom for years and years, and I hope you won't hop on to me with a big sentence."

"I can't help about it being a custom, Adam Crane," softly replied the Court; "nor can the people of the State of Michigan make it cloudy or sunny for ground-hog. Our folks here found you driven into a pile of rubbish up to your shoulders, pulled you out and brought you here, and now it is my painful duty to give you the cold grip for thirty days."

"Blast the ground-hog!" muttered the prisoner.

"No swearing, unless you raise your right hand," replied the Court. "The fact is, Mr. Crane, there is too much fooling with the weather, and there are too many signs and too many prophets. One day the goose-bone predicts a regular old silver-plated nor'easter, and the next day General Meyers brings on a thaw. This having to use a wheelbarrow in the morning and a hand-sled at night has disgusted me."

"I don't control the weather," growled Adam.

"Can't help that; you will have to take your little ground-hog under your arm and go up."

—Detroit Free Press.

Mysterious Departure of a Young Lady About to be Married.

During the past two years there has been living at No. 44 Clinton street, Detroit, a young lady named Lizzie Steinman, who, having no other friends or relatives in this city, was looked upon by Mr. and Mrs. Leggett, with whom she lived, almost as a relative. About one year ago she began receiving the attentions of a young man—a prominent merchant on Gratiot avenue—and about three months ago she informed her friends that she had plighted her troth to the young merchant, and expected to be married in April next. Tuesday last she was about the house all day, while at work sang merrily and talked of the trip out West which she and her husband had decided to take after marriage. She retired about 10 o'clock at night in an apparently happy state of mind. Since that time she has not been seen or heard from. Wednesday morning Mrs. Leggett called Miss Steinman several times, and, receiving no answer, visited her room. The girl was not there. The bed gave evidence of having been occupied, and Mrs. Leggett was considerably alarmed, until opening a note which she found on the table, she read a message from Miss Steinman saying that she had changed her mind regarding the marriage, and closed by bidding all friends good-bye. There was not a word as to what she intended doing, or where she expected to go. Whatever she has done, not one of her friends knows any reason for her sudden and mysterious disappearance.—New York Mercury.

Mother Earth as a Doctor.

Some very extraordinary properties have been discovered in the earth in New Jersey. It seems to be an infallible cure for chronic diseases, for rheumatism, wounds, bruises and corrupting sores. The earth application is very simple. The earth is bound on to the limb and changed once a day. Some very extraordinary cures have been performed, and people carry off quantities of the earth and apply it at home. It can be found, not only by the acre, but by the mile. It is as good for animals as it is for men. A farmer had a hog that was fearfully lacerated. Inflammation set in and the hog was turned out to die. He crawled to a hollow filled with swash. He laid himself down and continued to wallow; in three days the inflammation was gone; the animal began to eat, and in less than a week was perfectly cured. Whether the medical properties are chemical or mineral, no one can tell as yet. The farm on which this remarkable earth is found is owned by a New York merchant. His friends already distinguish him as the "Mud Doctor."—Burleigh, in the Boston Journal.

A Black Man Gradually Turning White.

[From the Keokuk (Ia.) Constitution.]

Last Saturday afternoon we saw quite a curiosity on the streets in the shape of a human being, who, fifteen years ago, was a well developed negro, black as the ace of spades, but who is fast becoming a white man, as far as the color of the skin goes. The person we speak of was in Keokuk about three years ago, and at that time began to show evidence of changing color, his arms and part of his body being white in spots. Since that time the transformation has been gradually going on, and his appearance now is more white than black. His cheeks, chin, ears, hands, and part of the neck are now white. The black skin peels off in scales, and in another three years he will, with the exception of his wool, which is as kinky as an African's, be all white. He was talking of locating here, his present residence being Warsaw.

The old gentleman came into the hotel dining-room, and seated himself at the table. A servant came to wait upon him, and he "waited on" them, as the Westerners use the word. Still he waited till his temper slipped away from him. Then the table waiter approached him, and asked what he would have for breakfast. With cannibalistic emphasis he jerked out, "Well, I want a servant girl first."

Wonders of Telephony.

[From the Boston Advertiser.]

The five hundred or more people gathered in Lyceum Hall, Salem, last night, to hear Professor A. Graham Bell's lecture on the telephone, were not more surprised and delighted than were the few persons in the workshop of Professor Bell, on Exeter Place, in this city, who were, to a certain extent, participants in the proceedings. To illustrate his lecture, Mr. Bell had effected communication between the two places by means of a wire of the Atlantic & Pacific Telegraph Company, and had left Mr. Thomas A. Watson, his associate inventor, in charge at this end. At one time Mr. Watson brought an organ into use, and "Should Auld Acquaintance" and "Yankee Doodle" were heard and heartily applauded in Lyceum Hall. Then a speech was called for, and the Salem people heard Mr. Watson say he was glad of the privilege of addressing them, although he was eighteen miles away. A song was sung, and the applause that could be heard coming over the wire to Boston showed that it had been recognized and appreciated in Salem. Indeed, the signs of approval were so clearly heard here that Mr. Watson asked if any demonstration other than the clapping of hands had been made. The answer was that nothing else had been done. Then "Hold the Fort" was sung by Mr. Fletcher, and a series of questions propounded in Salem. Information was sought as to the condition of affairs on the Boston & Maine Railroad, and the weather, a number of well known Salem gentlemen taking part in this desultory discussion. Taken altogether the first public experiments with the telephone must be regarded as unqualifiedly successful.

Courting in Russia.

Russian girls frequently amuse themselves at this time of the year (Christmas) by attempting to discover what sort of a husband will eventually lead them to the altar. A favorite manner of doing this is by so-called divination. The amorous female who is tired of a celibate life sits, in the mystic hours of the night, between two large mirrors. On each side she places a candle, and then eagerly watches until she can see twelve reflected lights.

If the fates are propitious she ought to discern the husband she desires portrayed in the glass before her. Another method of divination is to have supper laid for two. If the young lady is still in luck, the apparition of the future husband will come and sit down beside her; but in order to secure success the girl must not divulge to any one her intention of thus attempting to dive into futurity.

There is a story told in Russia to the effect that the daughter of a rich farmer was in love with a young lieutenant, and he, suspecting that she would have supper laid for two, climbed the wall of the garden, and, sitting down by her side, partook of the prepared banquet, the girl being under the impression that it was his apparition and not the real simon pure. On leaving the room the officer forgot his sword, which he had unbuckled before he sat down to supper. The girl finding the weapon after his departure, hid it in the cupboard as a memento of the visit.

Later on she married another suitor, and he, fancying that there was some rival who supplanted him in his wife's affection, and one day discovering the sword, was confirmed in his suspicions and killed her in a fit of passion.

Sometimes the inquisitive husband-seeker will take a candle, and, melting the wax, pour it on the snow, after which she strives to discern in the hardened substance the likeness of him she seeks.—Capt. Bunaby's Ride to Kiev.

Fluent Verbosity.

Almost every quality of conceit and weakness is combined in the impulse which makes men speak when there is no occasion, and go on speaking long after they have said all they had to say. Even if business is going on just as a man would wish it, yet he feels that he has it in him to clench the nail already driven in by a telling remark, or to illustrate what is being done in a way that will secure for him the affection and respect of the audience. He never reflects that even as he is the reverse of grateful to speakers who waste time with talk that is not essential, so his neighbors can scarcely endure his own gentle platitudes.—London News.

This will be the Boss Railroad.

San Francisco has a tremendous railroad scheme on the brain. It is proposed to build a railroad from that city through Southern California, Mexico, the Central American States and South America, to Valparaiso or Concepcion, and so on through Brazil to Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine Republic. The entire length of the main line would be about 7,220 miles by the way of Concepcion, or by way of Valparaiso 6,940 miles. The connecting lines through Mexico, Central and South America would aggregate about 3,245 miles. The entire expense per mile is estimated at \$50,000, which would amount to some \$373,250,000 in all.—Chicago Leader.

A man living in the suburbs of Boston, wended his way home to dinner the other day, and, arriving at the house, was surprised to find all the doors locked. Fearing that some serious mishap had befallen the partner of his joys and sorrows, and none of the neighbors being able to give him any information, he procured a hatchet and broke an entire window-sash to fragments. Upon crawling into the room, he found the following note lying on a table: "Dear Hubby, I have gone to hear Moody and Sankey. You will find the key to the front door on the left-hand corner of the porch, and some cold ham in the pantry. I will pray for you."