The Herald.

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A GREAT CAVERN.

A Cave that Runs Six Miles Underground.

A Pittsburg despatch says: For years the existence of a large opening in the hillside near Dunbar, Fayette county, was known, yet nobody ever seemed anxious to explore it, probably on account of the cold water and narrow entrance one must pass through before getting into the main entrance. Yesterday morning a party of gentlemen from this city succeeded in passing through the narrow entrance, which is about fifty yards long. They were surprised to find themselves in a spacious corner with solid limestone walls leading straight into the centre of the mountain. When they had followed this for a few hundred yards they came to a large room where the water was driping from the ceiling and trickling down the sides of the room and had formed what is known as dripping limestone. These formations were hanging from the ceiling in long pointed sticks like icicles. Some were white as snow, some brown, some as transparent as glass. The sides of this room were decorated in every conceivable shape and form. The explorers declared the sight well worth the trouble and risk of getting lost in the numerous passages with which the hill is literally honeycombed. After wandering around for some time the explorers finally came to the main passage and went on and on into the centre of the mountain. They were determined to find the end of the line, and so pushed on until the sides began to narrow and the ceiling to slope until there was just room enough for one to pass through. There they gave up the search. When they returned to the mouth of the cavern the sun was sinking in the west, and they were surprised to find that they had been in the bowels of the earth the entire day. They think they must have gone fully six miles under ground. The cave is a solid limestone rock, and the locality has been noted for the past few years as a summer resort on account of the cool refreshing water that flows from the cave in an ever-falling stream.

A PASSIONATE BARBER

Attacks a Man with a Razor and Gets Murdered.

A Calgary despatch says that Wm. Foster, formerly a barber in this town, had been murdered at End of Track, was the brief intelligence received here on Sunday last. From particulars we have since learned it appears that Foster was in the habit of moving forward with the C. P. R. men. On Friday last his outfit was being carried to the front on a train which was in charge of Finn. In unloading the effects a barber's chair was broken, which aroused Foster to almost an uncontrollable degree of excitement. After the matter had subsided Foster called Finn into his tent and commenced to abuse him shamefully. Finn retaliated, and Foster then rushed at the former with a razor. Finn receded until cornered, when he drew his revolver and fired four shots, three of which took effect. Foster died the next day. The victim was of a morose disposition, and regarded as a dangerous man. It is said that he shot a man in Montana, and that this was the fourth time he was known to have drawn a razor, in one case cutting a man seriously in the abdomen. Finn has been engaged on the C. P. R. construction some two or three years, and at the time of the shooting was foreman of the iron car. He is represented as being a quiet and inoffensive man, and was a favorite with the workmen, who believe the act was done in self-defence. Finn was arrested yesterday at Eldon by Constables Davidson and Gould, to whom he stated he was then on his way to Calgary to give himself into the hands of the police. He was brought to Calgary, but will be sent back to British Columbia, as Northwest magistrates have no jurisdiction in the matter.

A RELIGIOUS MANIAC

Becomes Like a Roaring Bull and Thirsts for Gore.

A last (Thursday) night's Drifton, Pa., despatch says: John Berle, a miner, employed by Cove Bros. & Co., was returning from a mission service at the Roman Catholic Church yesterday, in company with his wife and sister, when he suddenly dropped on his knees and began praying; then, with a yell, he sprang up, tossed his hat into the air, pursued his wife into a neighboring house, and, in his maniacal frenzy, dashed headlong at a large mirror, shivering it into fragments and cutting his hand and arm severely. Still yelling and waving his hand, with the blood pouring from it, he tore frantically up the street. Everybody supposed he had murdered some one, and was brandishing the knife, eager for more bloodshed. Catching hold of his terrified sister, he flung her to the earth and attempted to choke her to death, but being pulled off turned upon the crowd that gathered and charged it, still waving his bloody hand and putting everybody to flight, calling out that he would kill them. They pursued him, and after a long chase he came up with Theophilus Gibbons, whom he grappled, tearing all the clothes from his body. Gibbons held on to him, however, and the others, plucking up courage, seized the maniac, and after a desperate struggle bound him, and he now lies there tied hand and foot under the charge of a physician, who pronounces him suffering from a most severe attack of acute mania, probably brought on by religious excitement.

CURIOUS CASE OF BOY COTTING

An Agricultural Fair Results in a Dismal Failure.

A despatch from London says: A curious illustration of the power of boycotting in the hands of the revengeful Irish peasants has just been furnished. In county Kilkenny for the past six years an agricultural fair has annually been held at Bessborough, near Filltown, under the patronage of the gentry and nobility of the neighborhood, of whom Lord Bessborough is the head. He is a somewhat active politician, is Deputy-Lieutenant of King's county, and stands high in the favor of the Dublin Castle authorities. His recent actions, however, have embittered the peasantry of his own and neighboring estates, and they determined to boycott the fair, as a measure of revenge. They posted notices throughout the district, menacing all who contributed to or attended the exhibition, and so fast as the notices were torn down they were mysteriously replaced by others still more threatening. Lord Bessborough poohpoohed the notices, but the fair has proved a dismal failure. The tenants were frightened into non-attendance, and but few of the gentry made any entries, so that the old established institution has this year degenerated into an exhibition without exhibits and without spectators.

A Prominent Englishman's Sad End.

A Fort-McKinny (W.T.) despatch says the mangled body of Mr. Gillie Leigh, a member of the British Parliament, was found yesterday at Baz, a precipitous cliff in the Big-Horn mountains. Mr. Leigh was here with a small English pleasure party. He left the camp on the 14th inst. for a stroll, and was not heard of till eight days' search revealed his body. His remains will be shipped to England.

A man in Hamilton, Ga., has written for a divorce to the Governor of the State because he says he doesn't wish to give a lawyer $15 for one. His letter closes as follows: "Please see about this rite off, and donut wate until after I am ded befoor you let me hear from you."

IN FRIGHTFUL PERIL.

Narrow Escape of Six Men From a Sunken Caisson—Sixty Feet Under Water—Bravely Rescued After Several Hours of Suspense and Agony.

A Havre de Grace (Md) despatch gives the following particulars of the caisson accident at that place mentioned in yesterday's Times: The outer shell or coffer dam of caisson No. 9, which is being sunk as the foundation for one of the piers of the new bridge of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, now in the process of construction, spanning the Susquehanna River at this point, gave way about 7 o'clock yesterday morning. The crib and air lock shaft were flooded and the working chamber rapidly filled. Most of the men got out safely before the accident occurred, but Patrick Killey and five of his men named Maguire, Shorodel, Dillon, Welsh and Connors were imprisoned in the submarine chamber. The caisson is larger than any of the others sunk for the bridge. It is sixty feet long and forty feet wide, and at the time of the accident the working chamber was sixty feet below the surface of the water. The entrance to the caisson proper is made through a perpendicular iron shaft about three feet in diameter, with foot and hand holds on either side. It is divided into locks, each lock having a gate. When the men descend the lock-tender withdraws the air and the gate falls and the last man down lifts the gate. When the bottom gate is opened the air rushes in, thus holding the top gate in position. The same process is repeated until they reach the working-chamber, which is lighted brilliantly by electricity. The air in the chamber, beyond being a little oppressive, is said to be not unpleasant. The work of excavating is being vigorously pushed night and day, on Sundays as well as week days. Each shift is allowed twenty men and a foreman. The men were working under a pressure of twenty-eight pounds at the time of the collapse, and when the lock flooded the only entrance or exit to and from the caisson was cut off. The air apparatus, however, fortunately continued to work, and this was the men's only salvation. They remained in their prison helpless until rescued by the superintendent, John O'Brien, who conceived an ingenious plan about 11 o'clock, and quickly put it to practice. The outer lock was five feet under water, and the next lock which was fifteen feet deep, was full of water. Mr. O'Brien made a coffer dam of boards and calked it tightly with oakum and cement. Then he bailed out the water, descended and raised the flooded lock and bailed that out. In company with John Burns he descended through their rudely constructed shaft and amid the ringing cheers of excited and anxious spectators rescued the six men who an hour before were in such a perilous situation. The men were pale, haggard, exhausted and muddy. With the exception of one, whose head was cut by a falling spike, they were uninjured. This act of Messrs. O'Brien and Burns will not soon be forgotten, at least by any of the six who were imprisoned twelve hours in a submarine cavern. General William Hoy Smith, one of the contractors, and Colonel William Patton, the company's engineer, were there, and viewed the operations with anxiety. General Smith liberally rewarded the rescuers for their gallant conduct and the rescued for their endurance.

EUROPEAN SHIP CANAL.

Proposed Connection of the Black and Baltic Seas.

A London despatch says: A very ambitious project for the improvement of the waterways of Europe is under consideration at Vienna and Berlin. The proposal is to connect the Black Sea with the Baltic by means of a canal, extending from the Danube to the Oder River. The proposed line of canal is from a point on the Danube River, near Vienna, through Moravia, and Austrian and Prussian Silesia, to a point on the Oder, not far from Breslau, which is now the head of the navigation of that river. The distance in a straight line is about 200 miles, but the length of the canal would be largely increased by the natural difficulties of the country and by the necessity of making wide detours to find practical passes through the Sedetic mountains. The estimated cost is 70,000,000 florins or about 100,000 per mile of completed canal. The canal would afford a water highway directly across the centre of Europe, thus cheapening transportation between the maritime cities of Germany and Austria. It would also, according to the statements of its promoters, traverse many districts which are rich in mineral deposits and make their developments easy and profitable.

BEARS AT DOMINION CITY.

The Scare a Northwest Farmer Got.

Mr. Ross, of Dominion City, while eating his dinner on Sunday, 21st, heard his cattle down in the woods towards the river, and by the sound of the bell concluded that they meditated a visit to the city. He ran down to head them off, and while forcing his way through the thick scrub, heard a noise behind him. Fancying it was one of the cattle that he had passed, he waited while the animal made directly for him. When it got almost to him, he reached forward as it were over the intervening scrub to see what manner of beast was coming. Imagine his feelings when a huge bear suddenly rose up, prepared to hug and be sociable, within two paces. Mr. Ross states that the brute was so close he could have touched him with his hand. Having not even as much as a pen-knife with him to defend himself, he had no other resource but to yell, and yell he did, so forcibly and so successfully, that, it is supposed, the bear came to the conclusion that the man was nothing but yell, and that berries and grubs would sit easier on his stomach than a noise like that, so he turned and fled. This bear business is getting serious. It is reported that not long ago another of our citizens saw two large specimens just across the railroad bridge. The citizens, as a measure of safety, ought to organize a bear-hunt, and try and get rid of some of those fellows. Mr. Russell is the only successful party as yet, having shot one in his back kitchen.—*Winnipeg Free Press.*

A man in Southern Arkansas wrote the following notice and tacked it on a tree: "This 'ere is to notify merchants not to 'low my wife to get nothin' at thar store on credit for me an' hur have played quite for she's a caution. I lived with hur as long as I could an' I don't believe she could get along with a saint. this is also to notify folks interested in the cause of edjucation that I am goin' to take up school at the old Bacon place next Monday."

Learning is wealth to the poor, an honor to the rich, an aid to the young, and a support and comfort to the aged.

UNLUCKY GOLD FINDERS.

The Discoverers of Famous Mines Only Pointing the Way to Fortune for Others.

A San Francisco despatch says: The movement now in progress in this State to relieve the wants of James W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold on this coast, serves as a reminder that all the successful gold and silver hunters have failed most miserably in the race for wealth. Marshall never had anything. The crowds that flocked to California as soon as his discovery was announced swindled him until he was poor, and he has been poor ever since. Because he had found gold once people have seemed to think that he might do so again if he tried. He is now old and destitute, and unless something is done for him he will soon be in abject want.

The discoverers of the Nevada silver mines made nothing by it, and most of them have died penniless. Comstock, the original owner of the far-famed lode bearing his name, sold his property for a song, and a few months thereafter, when its value was known, killed himself at Bozeman in despair. Since his death, more than $300,000,000 in silver has been taken out of the ground which was once wholly his.

Patrick McLaughlin, Peter O'Riley, E. Penrod and J. A. Osborn, other discoverers of silver in Nevada, sold their holdings at nominal figures, or were defrauded of them.

In the new gold country in the Cœur d'Alenes the jumpers have taken every inch of property from Pritchard, the discoverer, who toiled their for months alone, and the courts in session at Eagle City have confirmed their titles. Pritchard is now a wanderer, and others are getting rich out of mines which his industry and perseverance revealed.

The discoverer of the richest mine in Leadville sold it for $40,000, and in twelve months the owners had taken out more than $1,000,000, while the original owner had lost his money in dissipation, and was back again looking for a "grub stake."

From Marshall to Pritchard the record is unbroken. Not one of the men who have found the precious metals has profited by it himself.

A PRIZE FIGHT SENSATION.

Clever Capture of Some High-Toned Spectators.

A last (Thursday) night's London cablegram says: The prize-fight at Epsom to-day between Jack Massie and Joddy Middings has had some sensational results. Most of the aristocrats who witnessed the match escaped from the police in carriages or on horseback. Some, however, were less lucky, and one party of five was neatly captured. They were leading spirits in arranging the fight, and being very "fly" had taken remarkable precautions to hoodwink the police in case of a raid. They had engaged a large furniture van, and when the constables appeared upon the scene the five abettors of the manly art climbed into the van, bolted the doors on the inside and told the driver to drive with all possible speed to London. The van started off all right, but the extraordinary rate at which it went attracted the notice of the police, and a mounted squad was sent in pursuit. The constables overtook the van at Streatham, and a short conversation with the driver convinced him that he had better direct his course to a police station. The five gentlemen who had imprisoned themselves in the van heard nothing of the conversation, and knew nothing of the change of destination which had been arranged. They laughed and chatted boisterously inside the van until it stopped. Then they unbolted the door, clambered down the back steps of the van, and each gentleman found himself in the grasp of a stalwart policeman. They were escorted into a police station, and made as comfortable as possible pending their removal for examination at Bow street. The inspectors at Scotland Yard look upon this as a remarkably clever arrest. They say that if high-toned gentlemen will violate the laws of the land it is very considerate on their part to provide their own prison vans, and the example should be imitated. Detectives are scouring London to-night in search of other abettors of the fight, and the list of suspects includes at least one baronet.

Seeking Thrifty Wives.

Castle Garden in New York, where immigrants are landed, is visited every day by men who are seeking wives, says the Philadelphia *Times*. Some of these men, strange as it may appear, find young women willing to marry them, although in some instances they scarcely know each other's language. Anybody might suppose that men in this country would not have to seek wives in that way. Everywhere there are marriageable young women. They are in such numbers that many of them hardly hope ever to get married. They cannot be ignorant of the reason—the men who seek wives do not seek them. Men who go to Castle Garden are not poor men and tramps whom no one wants to marry. They are in nearly every instance well-to-do farmers, who want wives to be of some assistance to them. They have no fancy for the merely ornamental girl. They want women who can make bread and perhaps look after the dairy. They therefore do well to seek them among the thrifty people who come from abroad. We raise cooks and dairy maids in this country in very rare instances. There are not enough of the domestic kind to supply wives to all those avaricious people who insist that a wife she'll by no der head in the family enterprise. American girls make excellent wives in general and are not incapable of intelligent management, but they do not make good servants.

The following is a brief resume of the reports concerning the crops in the districts lying alongside the Intercolonial Railway, from Levis to St. Flavie: Levis—The principal crops are oats, yielding 35 bushels to the acre, and potatoes, yielding 300 bushels to the acre; very little wheat grown. Chaudiere—Potatoes, crop small; oats, more prolific than usual, but buckwheat has proved a failure. St. Henri—Potatoes, below the average; oats and hay yielded largely. St. Valier—Wheat, 85 per cent. better than last year; barley, 50 per cent. better; oats, 75 per cent. better; rye, 50 per cent. better; potatoes, 75 per cent. less, and hay 20 per cent. less than last year. St. Pierre—Potatoes inferior to crop of last year, averaging 115 bushels to the acre; wheat 15, rye 25, oats 22, peas 30. L'Islet—Potatoes poor, wheat, oats and barley fair. St. Anne—Wheat yielded 16 bushels per acre; barley, 20; oats, 25; potatoes, poor. River Ouelle—Crops reported good all round, much better than last year. River du Loup—Hay, very light; roots turned out well; grain, good. St. Flavie—An average crop all round.

THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

Popularity of Liberal Papers—Ways of Suppressing Them.

It is a patent fact that our press is almost altogether Liberal and anti-governmental, writes a Russian correspondent to the London *Times*. This M. Katkov himself does not attempt to deny. The organs of reaction may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Most Russian papers are either frankly Liberal or shrewdly artful, alternating between servility to escape the censure and opposition to please their readers. For it is a significant fact that reactionary journals do not sell; even the Moscow *Gazette*, M. Katkov's organ, notwithstanding the value conferred upon it by its semi-official character, has not a third of the circulation of the Liberal *Courier* and the *Vedomosti*. The opportunist tendencies of the Russian press on the one hand, and bureaucratic obscurantism on the other, are leading rapidly to a collision which can hardly fail to be fatal to the weaker of the two forces. The history of the struggle between them—if that may be called a struggle in which one party can offer hardly a show of resistance—presents three distinct phases. The Provincial press was the first to suffer. Being under the preventive censure the administration had only to draw the bonds a little tighter in order to crush it utterly. Less known, having less influence and fewer readers, country papers may be treated with less ceremony than their contemporaries of the two capitals. Then, again, their conductors, having less finesse, and, perhaps, greater honesty than city journalists, are more outspoken in their language, more sincere in their liberalism, and consequently more liable to fall under the lash of the censure. Altogether, it may be averred without exaggeration that, notwithstanding its lack of literary polish, the part of our press the most sympathetic, the most devoted to the public weal and capable of promoting national well being, were our country papers. But the tchinovniks of St. Petersburg neither considered their usefulness nor respected their honesty. The spectre of separatism was summoned against them and they became the first victims of the reaction. The holocaust went on easily and quietly, without too much scandal, and was all but completed before the death of Alexander II. It required only a word to the censors, and the work was begun. One by one the best country papers, weary of the annoyance, the chicanery, and the oppression to which they were continually exposed, gave up the struggle. Suppression by decree was unnecessary, as they were worried out of existence by ministerial ordinances, each more injurious and absurd than the other. The Odessa *Listok*, a purely political paper, was ordered strictly to avoid domestic subjects. The *Telegraph*, a journal founded for the express purpose of defending Jewish interests, and promoting a fusion of the two races, was forbidden to make any allusion to the Jewish question. The expedients of the department were sometimes marked by a grim humor all its own. One was to appoint as special censor of an obnoxious print an official living at the other extremity of the empire. This involved the sending to him of every proof, both of comment and news, before publication. Hence the paper on which this practical joke was played could not appear until ten or fifteen days after its contemporaries of the same town or district. No journal giving news a fortnight out of date could possibly go on, and journals so treated rarely attempted to reappear. But as nobody could say that the Government had suppressed them, there was neither scandal nor "agitation of spirits." One more unfortunate died—natural death—that was all. Dealt with in this way were the Novotcherkass *Don*, the Kama *Gazette*, and the Tiflis *Obsor*. They were ordered to send their proofs, not as usual to the local censors, but to the censor of Moscow, which is distant in time (including the return journey) from Novotcherkask seven days, from Kama ten to twelve, and from Tiflis twenty. The two first made no attempt either to comply with the order or to continue their issue, but Mr. Nicoladze, proprietor of the *Obsor*, in order to preserve the right of publication (which lapses if not used during a year), brings out his paper every January. The *Obsor* is probably the only daily paper in the world which appears once a year.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that the department holds to the letter of the law, loose as that is. The expedients I have described seem to be adopted out of a spirit of pure mischief, pretty much as a cat torments a mouse before giving it the *coup de grace*, for when the humor takes them the authorities do not hesitate to suppress by a stroke of the pen a paper which has been submitted to the preventive censure, and is, therefore, in a sense, edited by the administration. Thus were suppressed the Kieff *Telegraph*, the Odessa *Pravda* and the Smolensk *Messenger*. I believe, too, that the Kieff *Troma* has lately shared the same fate. All these were under the preventive regime, which means of course that they were not allowed to publish a line unseen by the censor. In 1881 the Government, utterly regardless of the law, and without assigning a reason, suppressed an entire literature—that of the Ukraine. Except novels, it was forbidden to publish anything whatever in the language of that country—a proceeding absolutely without precedent even in Russia. Nearly all these measures were taken in the time of Alexander II. By throwing every possible impediment in the way of starting new journals, by having censors only in a few of the principal towns (which rendered it well-nigh impossible to conduct papers in any other town), the Government found no difficulty in practically extinguishing the provincial press. Hence Alexander III. had only to do with the press of the two capitals, and it must be admitted that in this contest Count Ignatieff and, above all, Count Tolstoi showed more discernment than was displayed by our generals in the war against Turkey—they attacked the enemy where he was weakest.

The Indian girl, as a rule, is not pretty, say those who have seen her at the Government schools. She is coarse-featured, large-boned and ill-formed, though her hair is glossy and abundant, her eyes bright, and her color no darker than that of an Italian. She is also likely to be predisposed to consumption or scrofula, her people are so ignorant of hygienic laws. In manner she dignified and graceful, but shy.

Sabine Pass, Tex., is the great alligator market of the South. Last week 1,500 hides were sold at that place.

The most saline hot spring in the world has been discovered at Idaho Springs, Col. The boiling water contains from 34 to 40 per cent. of sodic sulphate, carbonate and other salts. It is so alkaline that it dissolves skin.

"THE VOUDOO DOCTOR."

A Genius Whose Opportunity to Swindle the Negro is Fast Decreasing.

The arrest of Joseph Carroll, a "voudoo doctor," the other day, for swindling an old colored woman, calls to mind some interesting facts about a superstition which has had a strong hold upon the negro. With the advance of education among the colored people, the business of the voudoo doctors became less lucrative. They find enough dupes, however, to make their nefarious practice yield them a pretty good living. The voudoo doctor is generally an old white-haired negro, who walks with a crooked cane and carries something resembling an old army haversack slung across his shoulders. As he walks along he occasionally stops, looks upward, waves his stick in a peculiar way and seems to hold mysterious converse with the invisible spirits of the air if such there be. All these antics have their effect upon the superstitious negro, especially those of the female sex, who are the largest patrons of the bogus doctor. In his bag or haversack he carries a queer assortment, the toenails of dead men, roots and herbs, curious pieces of iron, bits of wool, etc., with which he pretends to make marvellous cures. It was during slave time the voudoo doctor flourished. He did a thriving business among runaway negroes, who were promised immunity from punishment in case of recapture for a small sum. One of the voudoo doctor's methods of operating is to secure a black chicken and two pieces of silver from a dupe. He then procures a skillet, which he half fills with water, placing the pieces of silver in the skillet opposite each other. He then requests his dupe to mentally name one of the pieces after the enemy whom he desires to circumvent. When the water begins to boil he drops an occasional feather from the black chicken into the skillet, mumbling something which is unintelligible. As soon as the water boils the pieces of money begin to rise and fall, as they naturally would do, and by a skilful manipulation of the skillet he brings one of the pieces on top of the other—the one beneath always being the one named after the enemy of the dupe. For this the dupe is expected to pay according to his means—from $1 up to $10. Another voudoo trick is to pretend to sew a $1 or $5 bill in the upper band of the pants to insure good luck, but actually secreting the money and sewing a piece of folded paper in the pants instead. Still another voudoo trick is to bury a small package wrapped in red flannel and get a dupe to dig it up. When the package is found it is said by the voudoo doctor to be a good omen, for which he charges the dupe a handsome fee. An old voudoo doctor in West Washington recently acquired quite a reputation by his alleged cure of a colored girl afflicted with rheumatism, his recipe being a decoction of sassafras, red pepper, fine and coarse salt, and soap. For a small vial of this he charged $1.50 and for a personal visit $5. The more mysterious the voudoo doctor is, the more patients he obtains. They are seldom arrested, as they enjoin secrecy on their patrons, who generally observe their requests. If a patient survives their treatment, the cure is attributed to the voudoist, and if he dies his friends are ashamed to confess that they have been victimized.—*Washington Post.*

About Feeding Tramps.

The local philanthropists who are advocating the establishment of a public stone or wood yard, where a tramp can break stone or saw wood for a meal or lodging, should remember that the thing has been tried on a small scale several times, and the result proved anything but satisfactory. Any private wood yard in the city will give a tramp work enough to earn a meal, but the first thing in order is to get the gentleman of leisure to the spot. This might be accomplished by tying him hand and foot and loading him on a waggon, but it is doubtful if milder measures would succeed. In point of fact a tramp is a good-for-nothing. He is an idler; he is a loafer; he is a criminal. If there was any industry in him it is not one time in a thousand that he would have to leave his own town for work. He deliberately sets out on his travels with the idea that the world owes him a living. If he can't get it by begging he will secure it by stealing. He stands ready to cheat, lie, steal, rob, commit arson, and no less than six of the scoundrels have committed rape in this State within the past eight months. The idea that a beggar should be made to pay for his meals is all right, but if Detroit had twenty places where he could get his dinner by an hour's work with hammer or saw he would still find a thousand soft-hearted wives who would feed him at the kitchen door. The women are more to blame for tramps than all other causes. So long as they will feed and clothe these vagabonds under the name of charity so long will the country be overrun with the fellows. If it were a punishable offence to give one of them food or old clothes one year's time would see the last of them. If we had the same law as Ohio and Texas it would not be six months before the State would be entirely clear of them. The tramp deserves arrest on sight and a sentence to prison on general principles. Not one in a hundred can claim pecuniary loss as a foundation for setting out on their tours. They are fellows who never had anything to lose. Their idea is to get an easy living, and as for reformation, it would be wasting sugar to sweeten a bad egg.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Life in Arkansas.

A man from the outside world of realities describes the life of Arkansas as follows: Long days of doing nothing beget little energy. Little food is needed, and less new clothing. In the fall and winter the crops are gathered and turned over to the merchant, who holds a mortgage. To sum up the labor of years: I was on the place yesterday and found an old double log-house so nearly rotted down that it is propped up all around; the windows were without glass, the door-frames without doors; the children could pass out between the logs in any direction; the lady and friend were sitting in the "gallery," a space between the two cabins, on split chairs, contentedly "dipping" snuff, while the lord and master, in dirty, begrimed clothes, sat under a tree, doing nothing, but looking happy as the day is long. Fences rotted down, and lean pigs with "pikes" on them, two sorry-looking horses trying to pick a living from short grass, and little children, half a dozen or more, with but a single garment on, were listlessly playing in the shade. The lands originally poor, with but two or three inches of soil on the prairies, were worn out and abandoned.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

A HAIR'S THICKNESS.

A Delicate Machine in the Post-office Department and its Use.

A curious little machine in the office of the chief of the stamp bureau of the post-office department is the cause of the cancellation of the contract of the New England firm with the Government for furnishing envelopes to the Post-office Department. It is a queer-looking contrivance—a cross between a set of butchers' scales and ordinary grocers' scales, or rather a combination of the two. There is a larger dial, like the face of a clock, with the little hand that flies around the face pointing to the figures at the side, which are arranged like the figures on the clock face, with little dots between. "You see three dots?" said the gentleman in charge, inquiringly. "Well, the space between these indicates one-sixteen-thousandth of an inch. Getting it down pretty fine, isn't it? You see this movable piece of iron here which comes down with a smooth surface upon this other solid surface? Well, the raising or lowering of that moves the pointer which runs round the dial. To test the thickness of a sheet of paper we simply place it between this movable piece and the solid surface below, and then the movable piece of iron comes down upon the paper the hand registers the true thickness of the paper. Delicate instrument? Well, I should think so. Just give me a hair from your head, will you?" Then he took a hair and slipped it deftly between the movable pieces. The hand on the dial followed the motions of the screw until it stopped at the figures 20. "Just 20 16-1,000ths of an inch in diameter," he said. "Now let me try a hair from your mustache. They are generally much larger, especially if you have been in the habit of shaving." He took up a pair scissors and clipped off a hair from the mustache and placed it in position. The hand stopped at 50. "50 16-1,000ths of an inch thick," he said. "That shows the effect of shaving. I measured a hair from the hand of a gentleman a few minutes ago which was 40 16-1,000ths thick, but those in his mustache were precisely the same thickness, the reason being that he had not shaved. Yes, that is the machine that proved that the firm making our envelopes was not fulfilling its contract," he said, as he fell back admiringly.

"By this dial we can see just the thickness. By this lever, which is very much like a pair of grocer's scales, we can tell just what pressure the paper will stand. You see, we have two other movable pieces of iron here, with a hole entirely through both, and a plunger which passes through that hole. Well, we put the paper between those pieces, which, when they are pressed tightly together by this lever, hold it firmly. The plunger, which passes through the opening in the two pieces of iron, encounters this paper thus firmly held. To know what the pressure is, we have the plunger attached to a scale lever with a weight attached like an ordinary pair of scales, and by moving this weight out along the lever until the paper breaks, of course we can see just what the weight is that made it break. So Very simple after you understand it. Well, that is what the paper-makers thought after they had lost an $80,000 contract by it. It was a new thing to them, but they acknowledged that they were beaten when they saw it."

This delicate instrument, only recently invented, is a companion piece to the scales in the Assayer's office of the Treasury, by which the weight of a hair is accurately tested.—*Washington Post.*

On the Philadelphia Plan.

There are a great many young men in New York who manage to live well, enjoy frequent excursions and keep well in the amusement swing by conducting all of their entertainments on what is commonly known as the Philadelphia plan. They are the well-dressed, good-natured and jolly-looking men who are seen together in a box at the theatre, dining at a good restaurant, going to the races on a coach, or running off for two or three days' fishing on a yacht. Their bills are paid unobtrusively and quietly, but when the crowd is alone, a prompt settlement is had, and each man pays his own share. When a number of men "whack up" for a dinner it reduces the cost very much. They can eat a much better dinner, have more wine and a greater variety than when dining alone, and for less money. As a rule, the young men who go about town habitually are not overburdened with funds, and if any one of them attempted to entertain all his friends he would find it a serious drain on his purse. That is why the Philadelphia plan is resorted to. During the races at Jerome Park the hotel coaches are continually employed by crowds of men who go on this principle. The coaches have movable seats which can be arranged on top so that they look like veritable coaching-club drags, and when drawn by four spanking bays they make quite a presentable appearance. With a crowd of ten or fifteen men aboard, such a coach usually forms a very lively sort of a procession. The young men usually chip in from $8 to $10 apiece and make the solid sum with which they buy a horse for a winner and a horse for a place in every race. This keeps them interested all through the day, and when they go home they divide the winnings—if there are any. In the same way they arrange yachting trips and excursions to the country. It may not be a particularly aristocratic mode of procedure, but it certainly is much fairer to all concerned than the indiscriminate habit of treating, by which the poorest man in the crowd is usually impoverished—through the proverbial generosity of poor men—and the mean man has no end of fun without paying for it.—*New York Sun.*

Classifying Profanity.

Young Theologue—Yes, we think you might class "gosh-dum" and "dad bing" as profane swearing. "Gaul ding" may also be considered a swear word. "I'm swizzled" is another. All these words are the outgrowth of a terrible struggle, a theological compromise arranged by our Puritan ancestors, who recognized with faultless spiritual vision and worldly acumen the necessity of a pure life and a sinless vocabulary, and at the same time the utter impossibility of ploughing a New England stone patch without a class of words designed to relieve the overburdened mind and astonished feelings every time the plough-handles broke a man's ribs and extorted every last drop of vital breath from his panting body.—*Bob Burdette.*

A pet bear broke his chain at Gainesville, Fla., and attacked a number of bathers in the water, so seriously squeezing one that he drowned before he could be rescued.

Water is so incredibly scarce in Texas that it is reported of two young men in returning from San Antonio with a bottle of whiskey that they were glad to exchange it for an equal amount of water.

ON THE PRAIRIES.

The Glories of the Plain and the Awfulness of the Mountains Poetically Contrasted.

I was just thinking I would like to be sent out west just about now on some commission for an able and enterprising journal, at a large salary, railroad passes, nothing to do, and two or three of the boys to help me do it, says Bob Burdette, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. I just feel a little bit prairie hungry. The western man never loses his love for the prairies. They call them "prurries" in Indiana, "perries" in Illinois, "praire" in Nebraska, "pararies" in Kentucky and "pararies" in Boston, but whatever you call them they are all the same. I would like to hear the wind blowing across the great plains in Kansas, over the beautiful treeless bluffs at Manhattan, or along the great reaches out at Larned. You know the wind never blows anywhere else as it does across the prairies. And there it blows all the time, 365 days a year. It roars in your ears now and then like the rush of many waters; it sighs and whispers through the tall, swaying grasses; its song is never monotonous; it varies all day long; and, as it sings and whistles, it breathes into you such a sense of perfect freedom, such as you can experience nowhere else. A mountain is a prison compared with the prairie. The mountain threatens you; it is not loving and tender; it frowns upon you with great gray rocks; it never smiles; it scowls with dark ravines and treacherous precipices; it terrifies you with blinding fogs and drifting mists; it swathes the gray gorgon head in black clouds and speaks to you in muttering syllables of thunder. You cannot breathe in the narrow passes; you cannot run on the steep, rough, winding paths; you bend your head back until your neck aches to see a little strip of blue sky. But the prairie—boundless, immense, a billowy sea of emerald, dotted with the rank, bright-colored flowers that play with the singing, whistling, whispering winds; the prairie that seems bounded only by the bending sky and stars; the resin weed gives you the compass and the compass gives you the path; go where you will and as you please, at a foot pace or a heading gallop, free as the free winds that make the prairie their only home. There is no room for them anywhere else. I don't suppose I will get the commission I am hinting at, but I would like to go out to the prairies and cool off for about ten minutes. True, the walking is good, too—yes, oh, yes, I can walk. I can walk. I can walk. Oh, yes, I can walk. I don't say I won't. But I will say I hate to. I want to see the prairies. Yes; but under the peculiar circumstances attending this campaign, I believe I will wait until the prairies come to Ardmore. That's the way the mountain did with William H. Mohammed.

PETS OF RAILROAD MEN.

Pigeons and Sparrows Perching on the Elevated Road for two Meals a Day.

A jolly-faced man darted out from the starter's box at the city hall elevated station yesterday and heaped some sweet bread crumbs on the top of a coal box at the end of the station. Then he poured some fresh water into a large tin cup near the crumbs and hurried back to his box.

Half a dozen pigeons that had been watching him from the roof of a house opposite the station flew one after another to the bread crumbs, ate what they wanted, took a drink of the water, and sailed away again. A dozen sparrows that had been uneasily fluttering about the telegraph wires flew to the crumb box in a flock the moment the pigeons departed and quickly devoured what was left of the bread.

"There," said the starter, "you have seen something that goes on here every day as regular as clockwork. The pigeons come in the morning and about this time in the afternoon every day and enjoy their meal. The pigeons always eat their share one at a time, as you have seen. They had a regular battle last month to settle which should be the leader at the meal, and the biggest and handsomest male of the lot won, and has ever since been first at table. The sparrows feed last of all. All the birds are pets of the trainmen. They send down lots of bread and cake to be fed to the flock, and the birds are seemingly getting to know them."

Sparrows build nests in a great many of the station roofs on all the elevated lines, and are fed by the porters. In one downtown station there is a pet mouse that has been fed till it has got so fat it can hardly run. Several ticket agents have fitted up cages in their stations, and canaries sing in them.—*New York Sun.*

Monotony of American Men.

A visitor from the New World cannot but be struck with the absolute independence with which Englishmen live up to their own ideas, whether they coincide with the general current of opinion or not. On the other side of the Atlantic public sentiment rules with almost irresistible force; no eccentric departures from the general law are tolerated; every man must conform to the rules of the majority. If you know one young man in the United States you know them all. They resemble each other with curious fidelity in dress, manner and appearance. Their very thoughts, racy and original as they are, run in the same groove, and they give expression to them in the same crystallized forms of speech. This iron rule does not prevail to nearly an great an extent in Canada, but it exists with sufficient force to make the independence of the individual Englishman marked even to a Canadian. The old Indian generals who affect eastern modes of life in misty England, the retired sea captains whose talk is ever in nautical phrases of nautical matters, and other riders of hobbies innumerable, who have furnished materials to many authors, and amusement to many generations of readers, abound in England and help to confer the land picturesque and attractive. All these harmless and amusing eccentricities are almost ruled down into a dead level of monotonous uniformity in the New World. Perhaps I should except New York from this general statement. This, the greatest city in America, is the most cosmopolitan in its character. Men of all nationalities go to make up its vast population; it is less distinctly American than Philadelphia or Boston. Its young men, whether intentionally or not, closely resemble young Englishmen; indeed, all classes exhibit their own peculiarities uninfluenced by the repressing tyranny of general habits or opinions.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Eating Pigs' Food.

A painful instance of the dire distress experienced by some families in Sunderland has just been discovered. A lady who kept a pig in the west part of the town, having her suspicions aroused, kept watch upon her stye, and was surprised at dusk to see a man and woman approach the trough and scoop out the bread, etc., which had been put in for the animal's meal. The lady followed the couple to their home, and after allowing a few minutes to elapse followed them into the house, and was surprised to discover five little children sitting round a table and readily devouring the food taken from her pig's trough.

A new kind of entertainment has sprung up in New York society, which promises to afford considerable amusement and pleasure to those who take part in it. It is phrenology. Some people I know of, says a writer, intend this coming winter to give "phrenological" parties; that is, to have a phrenologist come to their houses and amuse their friends by feeling the protuberances on the craniums of those who will submit to it.