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The Mystery.

Once on my mother's breast, a child, I crept,
Holding my breath;
Then, safe and sound, lay shuddering and wept
At the dark mystery of death.

Weak and weak and worn with all unrest,
Spent with the strife—
Oh, mother, let me weep upon thy breast
At the sad mystery of life!

— W. D. Howells.

STARTING A GRAVEYARD.

The First Inquest and Funeral in the Black Hills—A Traveler's Story of Barred in the Wilderness.

Death demanded a sacrifice. A graveyard had to be started in Custer City. No one had volunteered to die and no ruffian had offered a sacrifice. Fate led Charley Holt and John Pickett across the plains from Sioux City, and hope and ambition led them to "drive their stake" upon the southern slope in the suburbs of Custer. Poor boys! they were not yet men, and their combined fortune and earthly effects would not reach \$5 in value. They selected a town lot upon a grassy knoll, close to a small grove of straight, tall pines, and being unable to chop large logs or buy lumber with which to construct a habitation, dug a cave. These boys made their deadfall eight feet square, covered it with pine brush, propped this up with eight small poles, threw on several tons of earth, and went to bed to dream of home, of mother, of father and of the fortune they, in their boyish imaginations, had already carved out of these golden realms. When morning came a sad sight was revealed to the young man who went to the dugout to borrow a shovel. The angel of death had been there in the night and had buried the sleeping boys alive. A faint, piteous voice beneath this living grave broke the icy stillness of the frosty morning, crying out: "In God's name, pull me out! I am dying." The boy who had come to borrow a shovel fell in horror from the fatal spot, calling loudly for help, which came from all directions, from fifty cabins in the gulch. A dozen yeoman arms delved down and tore away the cruel earth which had already clasped and claimed one of these boys as its own, and which had hugged and pressed in its icy embrace, for eight long hours, the struggling survivor. The story told by the mangled and mutilated youth is a brief one. He told it to me while gasping in agony and pain, stretched upon a couch of pine boughs on the hill side.

"We finished our 'dug-out,' and I went down to beg for work or flour. We had eaten up our last grub, Charlie—that my partner—stayed at home to fix up things and finish digging out the chimney. I went to the miners' meeting at Sweeney's saloon, and came home about ten o'clock, and went to bed. When I woke up I was buried, but I had one hand free, with which I scratched away the dirt and brush and got air. Then all was dark again, and after awhile I woke up. I could see the stars and the moon, and I heard Charlie calling for me to help him. I tried to move, but the dirt came tumbling in on my face, so I quit. Then Charlie said: 'Johnny, I am dying; write to my mother.' I called out: 'Charlie, I can't get out; God help you; we must die! then all got dark again. That's all I know, sir, till just now. Is Charlie dead?'

Yes, Charlie was dead! His crushed and mangled body was dragged out of the debris a few minutes afterward, and borne down the hillside to a deserted soldier's cabin, and laid out upon a plank placed upon two logs.

Then came the inquest—first held in the Black Hills. It was a queer scene. There stood the city marshal, a tall, rough, honest man, with bronzed brown face and tear stained eyes, a pair of navies on his hips, but gentle as a lamb in the face of death like this.

The coroner, a miner with grizzled beard and hard, grimy hands, stood by the body with a book in his hand. Two doctors, just arrived that morning from Platte county, Mo., looking more like tramps than professionals, stood by. A reporter, a clothing dealer, a saloon keeper, a lawyer and two miners constituted the jury, which sat itself upon a log which insisted upon rolling over every two minutes. The inquest was brief, the reporter organized the jury, swore them in, elicited the evidence, made the verdict, and founded the first official archive for the city. The verdict was "accidental death from suffocation;" that was all, and material was ready to start a graveyard in Custer.

Then came humane hands and kind hearts and dressed the unfortunate stranger. One of the miners found a white shirt, the only one in the city, a sheet was converted into a shroud, and Charley Holt soon lay in a rough pine box upon a tier of logs. This was not all, a fire was built in the corner of that black, deserted cabin, the roof opened to allow the smoke to escape, and then a half dozen noble men sat and watched until daylight. They were bound to start a graveyard. With the rising of the sun came ladies—yes, ladies; kind hearted pioneers who had waded a wreath of pine twigs, winter ivy, pine cones and four little fragments of white tarlatan and pieces of the black silk strings of a bonnet. This wreath was laid reverentially upon the unpainted pine box; it was all these five noble hearted women could do, and they did it well. But still the graveyard was not inaugurated. Here was a corpse neatly shrouded, wreathed and coffined, and no port prepared for its future mistress, and also building a large steam yacht. His entertainments during the summer are looked forward to with much interest and pleasure by his friends and associates. Mr. Bennett is probably the richest young man in New York. His income from the Herald is over half a million, and he has the rent of his house at Fort Washington and a hotel which he lately bought in Paris in addition. He has a sailing and steam yacht, town and country houses, no less than twenty thoroughbred horses, packs upon packs of hounds, a dozen carriages, a four-in-hand coach, ponies and a newspaper! He is a member of the Yacht, Jockey and Union clubs, also the Newport Golf club, vice-president of the Coaching club, president of the Polo and Rink clubs, and honorary member of the chief clubs in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

of the city failed to find a professor of religion among three hundred people. Worse than that, a close search failed to find a prayer book. The mayor, honest man, appealed to one of the two lawyers in the city to "say a few words at the grave, to be Christian-like," but such pleading was not in his line; so the three doctors were applied to, but with like success. Then came a committee of judge, mayor and marshal to the reporter. Surely a "paper man" knew something about funerals; and, said the mayor, "we want to put the poor lad away a kind o' Christian like; not like a dog." Besides, a graveyard had to be started.

Then came Miss Ida Simms, like an angel of goodness, with a small, glittering Bible, the only one in the city, and the funeral cortege moved on through the main street of the city. It was a picturesque scene on this bright, sunny day. A wagon containing the unpainted coffin, upon which lay the ladies' evergreen wreath. Then the mayor, judge, councilmen and marshal, rough, blue-shirted men in miners' boots and slouch hats. A dozen or two miners and merchants and hussies brought up the rear, and the procession moved silently on.

Then a shallow grave on the hillside, sunk, as one of the amateur sextons said, clear down to the bedrock, gentleman, down where the dirt shows good color." Silently the body was taken from the wagon and tenderly laid in the golden earth upon the bedrock. Then every head was bared and every bronzed countenance bowed while one or two selections of Scripture were read. The grave was soon filled and a white pine headstone set in the earth, and thus the city of Custer inaugurated its graveyard.

The Senate Postage Bill.

The bill reported by Mr. Hamlin from the United States Senate postal committee to fix the rate of postage on third-class mail matter and for other purposes, provides in its first section: "That mailable matter of third-class shall embrace pamphlets, occasional publications, regular publications devoted primarily to advertising purposes, or for free circulation, or for circulation at nominal subscription rates, prices current, catalogues, annals, handbills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, books bound or unbound, book manuscripts, proof-sheets, maps, prints, engravings, blanks, flexible patterns, sealers, merchandise, sample cards, photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, cards, plain and ornamental paper, photographic representations, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, scions, and all other matter which may be declared mailable matter by law, and all other articles not above the weight prescribed by law, which are not from their form or nature liable to destroy, deface or otherwise injure the contents of the mail bags or the person of any one engaged in the postal service. It also provides that all liquids, poisons, glass, explosive materials and obscene books or papers shall be excluded from the mails.

The second section limits the weight of packages to four pounds, requires them to be postmarked, makes them subject to examination, and prescribes the following rates of postage: For all distances not exceeding 1,000 miles, one cent for each ounce or fractional part thereof; for all distances over 1,000 miles, two cents per ounce or fractional part thereof.

The next section provides that postage on third-class matter shall be prepaid by stamps, but if not fully prepaid the sender is known he must be notified and the amount due collected from him, and in other cases where it has not been the evident intention to underpay, the package shall be forwarded and double the deficiency collected from the party receiving it.

The fourth section allows the names and addresses of senders and the word "From" to be written or printed on each package; also the number and name of the articles inclosed, or the State to which subscriptions have been paid.

The fifth section provides that transient newspapers and magazines shall be carried in the mails at the rate of one cent for every three ounces or fractional part thereof, and one cent for each two additional ounces or fractional part of two ounces. Finally it is provided that the act shall take effect on the first day of next July.

A Publisher's Wedding.

A New York correspondent writes: The next wedding will be that of James Gordon Bennett to Miss May. Miss May belongs to the Boston family of that name, and is a very pretty young lady—fresh, witty, and what English people call "clever." Her wedding outfit will be as grand and elaborate as any unmarried outlay of money can make it. Mr. Bennett has given his fiancée some very beautiful gifts in jewels, a pearl set costing \$7,500 to import. She will wear point lace over white satin laced up with natural orange flowers and buds. Mr. Bennett is having his house at Newport prepared for his future mistress, and is also building a large steam yacht. His entertainments during the summer are looked forward to with much interest and pleasure by his friends and associates. Mr. Bennett is probably the richest young man in New York. His income from the Herald is over half a million, and he has the rent of his house at Fort Washington and a hotel which he lately bought in Paris in addition. He has a sailing and steam yacht, town and country houses, no less than twenty thoroughbred horses, packs upon packs of hounds, a dozen carriages, a four-in-hand coach, ponies and a newspaper! He is a member of the Yacht, Jockey and Union clubs, also the Newport Golf club, vice-president of the Coaching club, president of the Polo and Rink clubs, and honorary member of the chief clubs in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna.

A MANUFACTURING NATION.

The Centennial Exposition as an Element in the Development of our Manufacturing Interests.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the United States is about to assume a new and important position as a manufacturing nation. But a few short years ago, we were known as an agricultural country, having vast mineral resources lying idle and unproductive. Our imports of the various metals and manufactured goods were something enormous; we have just emerged from a war unscathed in its expenditure of human life, money, and national substance, a war in which the whole losses of both sides fell upon one nation and people; and yet since the close of that conflict, we have made our debut as a manufacturing people and maintained a rate of progress hitherto unparalleled in the history of nations. To this fact more than to any other will the Centennial exposition point. Of the sixty acres of ground covered by the exhibition buildings, only about twelve acres are devoted to agricultural and horticultural pursuits, while there are fourteen acres devoted to the products of machinery alone. Time will probably show that the markets of the world will be opened to American manufacturers, and the Centennial exposition will do much to bring the demand for our mineral and manufactured products in direct contact with the supply. The more we examine into this view of our subject, the more impressive it becomes.

During the last decade, the prices of our raw material and labor have ruled exceedingly high; and yet we have driven foreign steel from our markets. Our imports of cotton and of nearly all other manufactured goods are largely and continuously on the decrease. At the present time, our cost of production is diminishing by cheapness of labor. We are steadily grasping the edge tool trade. Our cast iron is forcing its way as the best yet produced, and the inventive power and intelligence of our mechanics are universally recognized. We are about to repeat the experience of the older nations. During an era of high prices, we developed our mineral resources and learned to manufacture high class goods, and to spin and weave our staple fabrics; but the comparatively high price of our labor and other similar causes excluded us from entering the competitive markets of the world. Fortunately for us, there has set in, with every prospect of a continuance, an era of diminution of the values of both material and labor, which will enable us to tender our goods in markets other than our own; and more fortunately still, the Centennial exposition steps in and brings the purchaser to inspect our goods.

This is the first instance, in the history of the six great international exhibitions of the last twenty-five years, in which the question of the comparative cost of productions has been largely considered or mooted in an international sense. Never before have the representatives of national industries debated the questions of comparative cost of production, of selling to exhibited articles their prices, of the propriety of competing unless such prices were affixed, and of the questionable policy of putting on exhibition products of manufacture, lest the nation mainly interested in such should gather information and ideas rendering them still more formidable as competitors in the world's markets. These are the facts which evidence the existence of a feeling that the Centennial will become the means through which new channels of trade are to be opened up, and long established markets are to be closed; and through which, while new customers are to be found, old ones are to be certainly lost.

Among the branches of American trade to be the most largely benefited, we may doubtless mention the iron, steel, machine, edge tool, saw, agricultural implement, wood-working machinery, general and special tool, timber, and cotton manufacturing industries. Nor will the intelligent foreign visitor fail to perceive that our remarkable progress in manufactures is largely due to the comparative liberality of our patent laws, and the encouragement given to inventors through the progressive character of our people. That the number of visitors to the exhibition will be large, and the traveling propensities of Americans are probably a sufficient guarantee; that the attendance of the business community will be proportionately larger than at any previous international exhibition, there is every reason to presume, for the reason that competition is here unusually close. Every tradesman considers it his duty to be "posted" as to his competitor's goods and facilities to carry on his business; and a traveler is facetiously termed "a profuse American" inasmuch as while an American housewife scarcely makes a purchase without having priced the desired article at two or more stores.

We are convinced that the honors in the shape of awards will be eagerly sought, and that their possession will largely influence many branches of trade; while the benefits to be bestowed upon us by this peaceful industrial monument are at present almost incalculable.—*Scientific American.*

A Man's Life.

According to a French statistician, taking the mean of many accounts, a man of fifty years of age has slept 6,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800 days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating 1,500, was sick 500 days, etc. He has eaten 17,000 pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat, 4,000 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and drank 7,000 gallons of liquid, viz: water, coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc., altogether. This would make a respectable lake of 300 square feet surface and three feet deep, on which small steamboats could navigate. And all this makes up the routine of an average man's life.

Circus Riders and Horses.

James Robinson, who is generally believed to be the most dashing and finished bareback rider now in the ring, says an article on the circus ring, has six finely trained horses, and Charlie Fish, who ranks next to him in this line, has four or five. The Melville brothers, three of them, have six horses for their acts. Frank is a very fine pad and George a bareback rider. So the list might be extended almost indefinitely. But the performers themselves grumble that their salaries have not increased in proportion with this added expense to them and lightening of the burdens of the manager. They are only employed less than half the year, on an average, but during all the other portion must maintain their horses and keep them in training at their own cost.

Still they get very comfortable pay. James Robinson gets \$200 per week for himself alone, and last season he got \$450 for himself and two boys. Charlie Fish gets about \$150; the Melville brothers, \$350; Dockrell and wife, \$300. These are, of course, the largest salaries for equestrians, who are the best paid persons about a circus below the grade of proprietor, but it may be said that the general pay of pad riders runs from \$90 to \$100 per week each, and of bareback riders from \$100 to \$200, according to their individual excellence and popularity, and the necessities of the management.

The pad riders generally accepted as the best in the country at the present time are, in addition to those mentioned, C. F. Reed, Wm. Dutton, Romeo Sebastian, Bob Shickney, Mille Viola (Rivers), Mrs. Burdett, Mrs. Cook, Mme. De Berg, and Mollie Brown. The latter is a daughter of Mme. Tournaire, the finest menage equestrienne who ever was in this country, and who will travel this season with Montgomery Queen's circus. It would be ungalant to say, or even to insinuate, how many years Mme. Tournaire has been one of the queens of the ring, but if anybody has any doubts about circus life promoting longevity and maintaining a perennial youth, let him hunt up that lady in the ring, gaze upon Frank Whittaker's brown locks, and then ask some well-posted old-timer how they both date to the nation's birthday.

Some horses can never be broken or trained so as to be reliable for service in the ring, while others evince a natural aptitude, or perhaps talent for it, and learn very easily all that is required of them. Generally it takes from eighteen months to two years to get a horse so well trained for pad riding that he will not shy, or bolt, or break his gait in the ring, but will keep steadily on his round, indifferent to what is going on upon his back, or beside him, or even under his feet, if the luckless rider happens to tumble there, where he has no business to be. In some instances, however, horses have been known to act well before an audience, the very first time they have been put in the ring.

Generally a horse is educated for but a single service. If for pad riding he is kept to that; if one of two or four trained together for the comparatively rare double and quadruple acts, he is not allowed to muddle his equine brains by striving with a knowledge of horse leaping or tricks and so on. Generally old horses are best, because they have settled into a steady gait, and if they have no ingrained vices, are most reliably phlegmatic under extraordinary but possible circumstances.

The hallucination pervades many minds that circus men have secret and ingenious ways of freeing their remarkable calico horses, using walnut juice and other compounds to dye patches of milk-white steeds until the parti-colored effects are obtained. This is an error, however. They buy up horses which are "not colored," but which produce these freaks of color, but the finest bloods, it is said, seldom see the light. "We recruit from dung-hill stock," says an old circus man.

The Mothers of the Revolution.

The mothers of the Revolutionary war placed their own heroic stamp upon the actors of that mighty drama. A Connecticut matron sent forth her sons to battle, the youngest but fourteen years of age. Presently he returned, as he could find no musket. "Go back, my son!" cried the American mother; "go into battle and take a gun from the enemy." "Alick," said Mrs. Haynes, of North Carolina, as she equipped her son, a mere boy, for the battle of Rocky Mount; "Alick, now fight like a man. Don't be a coward!"

Just after the bloody fight at Hanging Rock, the venerable Mrs. Gaston was told that three of her sons were dead upon the field. "I grieve for their loss," she calmly replied, "but they could not have died in a better cause." Her grandsons were about her knees, and she would not shed a tear. The battle of the mountain caused Cornwallis to retreat toward Camden. On the march he stopped a night on Williams plantation near Steel creek. The earl and Tarleton entered the house; and, finding Mrs. Wilson alone, asked for her family. Husband and sons were with Sumter. Cornwallis endeavored, by brilliant promises, to win the good woman's influence for the king. He told her he had just captured her husband and eldest son (which was too true), and that if she would bring her family to the royal service her loved ones should be liberated, and every man promoted to rank and power. "Sir," said the "mother of a mighty race," "I have seven sons now bearing arms; my seventh son, who is only fifteen years of age, yesterday sent to join his brothers in Sumter's army. Now, sir, sooner than see one of my family turn back from the glorious work, I would take these boys"—and she pointed to three or four little sons—"and enlist with them myself under Sumter's banner, and show my husband and sons how to fight, and, if necessary, to die for their country!" "Bring him in," said another, as her only son was brought dead from the battlefield to her door. The shattered form was laid before her. "I see no wound"—and she looked steadily into the noble, still face—"I see only a glorified soul."

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

What a Visitor at the Grounds Writes to the Newspapers about the Affairs.

The grounds are five miles out of town, across the Schuylkill river, on a hundred-acre tract stretching up from Fairmount Park. A few years ago the neighborhood adjacent to the grounds was a quiet country place. Now it seems almost a huddled together. In the city proper everything seems to be tinged with Centennial. Every department of trade has prepared itself by doubling its capacity, and if the expectations of these people are not realized, you will hear the crash all the way to New York. Philadelphia has a funny way of doing many things. The visitor to the great exhibition must come armed exactly with a fifty-cent note. Two quarters won't do. The applicant for admission must have a fifty-cent note, or he will not get in. This note is to be dropped into a locked box, the visitor edges his way in through the arms of a turnstile, a number is registered, and thus the record of visitors is to be kept, and no chances given for subordinates to do any stealing at all.

Few people can fully realize the great extent of the exhibition buildings. The departments occupy a tract of fifty acres. There are five gigantic and beautiful edifices. The main structure is 1,800 feet in length, running east and west, and 464 feet in width. It covers over twenty acres. The weight of iron in the roof, trusses, etc., is 5,000,000 pounds. From the north of the main building is the art gallery; thence the walk leads to machinery and agricultural halls. Machinery hall is about 500 feet long, 360 feet wide, with additions, and it covers nearly thirteen acres, not counting upper floors. Sixteen lines of shafting will be turned by a pair of Corliss engines of 1,400-horse power. There are twenty boilers. Steam power and water will be furnished free. The agricultural building covers ten acres; the art gallery is 360 feet in length, 210 feet wide, and fifty-nine feet in height. The dome is 150 feet from the ground. It is of glass and iron, unique in design, and terminates in a colossal bell. The horticultural building is the most beautiful. It is in the Moresque style of architecture of the twelfth century. It is 388 feet long, and 193 feet wide.

The above are the five buildings proper, erected by the Centennial commission at a cost of several millions. Scattered all about these immense structures are the buildings of the United States government, the several States and foreign countries, including Turkey and Japan. The latter building is large and unique, made of wood put up by Japs, and there is not a nail in it. America's greatest collection will be in the government building, which is to represent the United States in peace and in war. The different departments in Washington have charge of this. The amount appropriated is \$505,000. The winding ways and foot walks stretch out about seven miles. The daily capacity of water supply will be over ten millions of gallons. Over five thousand trees have been planted. All the space in machinery hall is taken up. There will be about 1,000 American exhibitors, 150 English, and 150 from other countries—250 more than were at Vienna. America is claiming for twice the space that was first assigned in the main building.

A striking feature to the foreigner will be the names of business men displayed on the signs of the Centennial grounds. Nearly all the restaurateurs, caterers, refreshment dealers, and the like have distinctive foreign names. The exposition will not be American in this respect.

In good government arriving here from all parts of the world early in the present year, and they are all expected to be in by the nineteenth of April. After April 25, unoccupied space is forfeited. The exhibition commences May 10, and keeps open till November 10; all goods to be removed by December 31. Admission, fifty cents.

If required several hours to drive around the buildings, take a look in here and there and gain the desired information. When the exhibition is in full blast a person can spend two weeks in getting through.

From appearances the Centennial will come off just as it was announced. It is believed that everything will be in perfect readiness when the time comes. If this be so the commissioners will deserve credit.

"The Meanest Woman."

The *Christian Observer* describes as follows what it calls the "meanest woman in New York." She lives in a fashionable quarter of the town. In possession of the name of charity she gave out some dressmaking to the inmates of one of the institutions for reforming and saving women supposed to be lost. When the work was done, and well done, the fashionable and charitable lady was ready to pay the bill, which amounted to \$12. The same work, if it had been done at a fashionable dressmaker's, would have cost \$25, perhaps \$50. She had done it for charity, she said, and she had begged about the price, and, as she gave out the work in charity, she thought, probably, that the charity should be extended to her and not to the poor sewing women.

Newspaper Patronage.

There seem to be a great many different ways of defining and understanding the phrase "newspaper patronage," and, as a party interested in a correct definition of the same, we give the following disquisition on the subject by one who knows whereof he speaks. It may serve, perhaps, as a mirror, in which certain parties may be able to "see themselves as others see them."

Many long and dreary years in the publishing business has forced the conviction upon us that newspaper patronage is a word of many definitions, and that a great majority of mankind are either ignorant of the correct definition, or are dishonest in a strict, Biblical sense of the word. Newspaper patronage has as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as a chameleon.

One man comes in, subscribes for a paper, pays for it in advance, and goes home and reads it with a proud satisfaction that it is his. He hands in his advertisement, and the advantages thereof. This is patronage.

Another man asks you to send him the paper, and goes off without saying a word about the pay. Time flies on; you are in need of money, and ask him to pay the sum he owes you. He flies into a passion, perhaps says, perhaps not, and orders his paper stopped. This is called patronage.

One man brings in a fifty-cent advertisement and wants a two-dollar puff thrown in, and when you decline, he goes off mad. Even this is called patronage.

One man don't take your paper. It is too high priced; but he borrows and reads it regularly. And that could be called newspaper patronage; he takes a copy, pays for it, and gets his friends to do the same; he is not always grumbling to you or others, but has a friendly word. If an accident occurs in his section he informs the editor. This is newspaper patronage.

One hands you a marriage or other notice, and asks for extra copies containing it; and when you ask him for pay for the papers, he looks surprised. "You surely don't take any pay for such small matters!" This is called newspaper patronage.

One (it is good to see such) comes in and says, "The year for which I paid is about to expire; I want to pay for another." He does so and retires. This is newspaper patronage.

It will be seen from the above that while certain kinds of patronage are the very life of the newspaper, there are other kinds more fatal to its health and circulation than the coils of a boa constrictor are to the luckless prey he patronizes.

The Hell Gate Excavations.

As very much misconception has laid hold of the popular mind in relation to the manner of exploding the charges in the excavations under the water at Hell Gate, in New York harbor, and the result of such explosion to riparian houses, General Newton gave the writer a detailed account of both, in the hope of allaying fears which have been needlessly and foolishly aroused. In the first place people imagine that the explosive material will be fired at one time in bulk. This is not the case. No single charge will be larger than three inches diameter, tapering off gradually to two inches and a half. No boring will contain more than three pounds of the explosive. The charges will not be fired simultaneously; but there will be, between each explosion, an interval of the fractional part of a second, small indeed, but quite appreciable, enough to make every explosion laterally counteract the earth-wave creating effect of every other explosion.

Items of Interest.

The little ironclad which the Chinese government has added to its navy is named the "Terror to Western Nations."

A St. Louis girl, who was married lately, made her husband give her, previous to the ceremony, a written promise that he would take her to Philadelphia and reside there with her during the Centennial.

A Wisconsin editor illustrates the prevailing extravagance of the people of the present day by calling attention to the costly baby carriages in use now, while, when he was a baby, they hauled him around by the hair of the head.

The steamer City of Peking, arrived at San Francisco, brought 1,017 Chinese passengers. It is stated that the whole steamer accommodation of all the steamers sailing from China for the next six months has been contracted for by importers of coolies.

A. L. Robinson, of Evansville, Ind., held an office as customs appraiser, the expenses of which were \$2,000 more than his receipts. He wrote to the secretary of the treasury that his office was a sinecure and should be abolished, thus giving up a \$3,000 position.

The Reading (Pa.) Eagle says that a Philadelphia firm is sending lithographed letters to village girls inviting them to leave home quietly and accept a position in the Centennial. The meaning of this villainous invitation will be apparent to people of the world.

The \$10,000 silver bullion which Flood & O'Brien intend to exhibit at the Centennial would make a solid block ten feet long, ten feet thick, and eight cubic feet in height, containing 810 cubic feet, and would weigh nearly 500 hundred and ninety-four and one-half tons.

Between the years of 1865 and 1874, 183,859 men enlisted in the United States regular army. Of these 97,066 were born in the United States, 88,649 in Ireland, 23,127 in Germany, 9,037 in England, 4,703 in Canada, 2,456 in Scotland, 1,593 in France, 1,652 in Sweden, 716 in Denmark, 581 in Austria, five in Africa, three in Arabia, and seventy-five at sea.

Two drunken hunters in Nevada saw a Chinaman washing gold dust in a creek, and made a target of him with their rifles. One fired and missed. "You always ought to aim above the mark when it's so far off," said the other. "See how I do it." He was correct in his theory, and succeeded in his illustration. The Chinaman was struck and wounded.

A couple were recently married at Waynesboro, Pa., the bride being seventy-five and the groom seventy-one. The latter had never been married before, and he was so overcome that he fainted at the conclusion of the ceremony which incident led the newly married wife to exclaim: "Poor fellow, I have feared all along that he couldn't stand it."

A New Orleans merchant was induced by a woman, who told a pitiful story of poverty, to give her \$14 with which to bury her dead husband. Before giving the money he went to the house and saw a discolored corpse that he thought ought to have been buried days before. In his hurry to get away from the place he forgot his umbrella. When he returned for it he found the corpse sitting up and counting the \$14.

The *sedate Journal des Debats* tells a wonderful story from Andennes, Belgium, where an express train struck a wagon laden with powder and exploded it. The shock was tremendous, lifting the whole train up into the air, but it fortunately fell back on the rails and sped on toward its destination. Not a single passenger was injured, but all the windows were smashed and the curtains singed; the cars were also seriously damaged.

Finney, the great revivalist, was passing an iron foundry when the works were in full blast, and heard a workman swearing terribly. "Young man," said the revivalist, addressing the swearer, "how hot do you suppose hell is?" The workman recognized his questioner, and placing his arms akimbo, and looking him square in the face, said: "Well, Mr. Finney, I suppose it's so hot that if somebody brought you a spoonful of melted iron you'd swear 'twas ice cream."

Too Small to be Whipped.

A few days since a lady teacher in one of the primary schools of Boston was waited on by a couple of members of the school committee and requested to explain why she had expelled a little boy from the school under her charge, as the child's parents had lodged a complaint against her for doing so. She stated that the boy was one of those restless, mischievous little fellows upon whom neither threats or persuasion had any effect, and that in consequence of his freaks and jokes the rest of her pupils were kept in a constant state of reprehensible hilarity. He was too small to whip, and altogether too annoyingly impish to control by any other means, and, therefore, in order that the studies of the other children should not be interrupted, she had expelled the boy from the school. The members of the committee then had an interview with the unruly little elf's father, who reluctantly admitted that there was a good deal of truth in what the teacher had said—"for," he continued, "when I first sent him to school there was nothing he admired so much as the big warts on the faces of the boys and their hands. He was constantly talking about those warts and wishing that he had some, and before a great while, he had inoculated every knuckle on both of his hands, and now he has more warts than any other two boys in the school and is proud of it." "But," the father continued, "that is not the worst of it. After the warts had commenced to grow on his hands he came home from school one day, and while the mother was not actually inoculated the baby's nose, and what we are to do about it we really don't know." Under these circumstances the committee thought it best not to interfere, with the teacher's action, and so they let the matter drop.