

Special Requests
1. In writing to this office on business always give your name and Post-office address.
2. Business letters and communications to be published should be written on separate sheets, and the object of each clearly indicated by necessary note when required.
3. Articles for publication should be written in a clear, legible hand, and on one side of the page.
4. In advertisements must postmaster at Duluth. Headquarters at Duluth.

THE WORLD.
A new mail route has been opened from Duluth to Allegheny via a line of passenger cars, leaving Duluth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. If you will send your name and address to Mr. Vincent Bellinger, care of the "World" office, nineteen years ago, in New York, you will find your friends and relatives in Barnwell, C. H., S. C., in my opinion I have the stock of general merchandise in this town. Attention is called to the fact that the name of Mr. Vincent Bellinger is not to be confused with a singer stood in the market-place, singing a tender lay, but no one heeded his sorrowful face, no one had time to stay. He turned away; he sang no more; how could he; he sang in vain? And then the world came to his door bidding him sing again. But he rocked not whether they came or went. He in his garret lay dead; the crow looked down from his left tree, "Tis the way of the world," he said. There sat a Queen by a cottage bed, spoke to the widow there; did she not know the same hard blow? The peasant had to bear? And she kissed that humble peasant's brow, and then she bent her knee, "God of the widow, help her now, as Thou hast helped me." "Now God be thanked," said the old, old crow, as he sped from his lofty perch; "The times are ill, but there's much good still in the way of the world, I trow."

Railway Heroes
(From the Youth's Companion.)
Coal-dust, cinders, oil and smoke usually make firemen on duty rather grimy-looking personages. Perhaps few among the thousands who ride in the railroad cars behind us would care for our acquaintance. But we are useful—as useful, perhaps, as any other class of men; and certainly we have our full share of the hard, disagreeable things in life, including frequent peril and much exposure to weather. Working up from fireman to engine-driver—or "engineer" as we are usually called in this country—is often a slow process. There are men on our line—the Hudson River railroad—who have been firing eleven years, with no promotion yet; though they are no doubt fully competent to run an engine. For promotion depends almost wholly upon vacancies occurring, or some special influence at headquarters. A man ought to become familiar with a locomotive in eleven years. I thought I knew every screw in mine after firing two years. Yet it takes a good deal of time to learn to fire well, so as to get the most steam out of the least fuel, and have the highest pressure at the grates where it is most needed. To do this a man should know the road, every rod on it, as well as the engine. Then comes the oiling. An engine requires a great deal of oil, as well as coal and water. The fireman has to keep in mind all those scores of bearings where oil has to be applied. Between oiling, shoveling in coal, shaking and stirring up his fire—to keep it steady and hot—and looking to his stock of coal and water, he is kept busy, and must needs watch sharply. But a man gets those duties well fixed in his head in time. It is while "firing" that the practical knowledge of running an engine is gained. A fireman is the groom, so to speak, of the "iron horse." He must, morning and evening, have the engine polished, "fired up," and ready for his superior, the engineer, to step into the cab and start off. Usually the engineer does not make his appearance till the moment of connecting with the train. Between the engineer and his fireman there generally exists an easy-going and manly sort of friendship, though I have known cases where the two men detested each other. When I began to fire under "Doc" Simmons, I scarcely knew enough to build a good fire in a cook-stove, and could not have found a quartet of the oil-caps. I must have been a trial to him the first week or two. But he never gave a sharp word, though he often had to tell me things over and over again. "Doc"—as the railway men all called him—was a superior engineer. I knew every pound of metal in a locomotive; just where it lay, and how much it was good for. He was one of those men who seem to feel just what there is in a locomotive the moment he takes hold of the levers and starts up. He was a good-hearted fellow, and always had a pleasant word or a joke all along the line, and it is generally the case that such men do not fail the company or the public at a critical moment. I went home and cried like a baby the day "Doc" was killed. If it had been my own father I could not have felt half as badly. I actually wished that I had gone to the bottom of the river with him. It was the night of the 6th of February, and so coldly cold. We had "No. 117" then, and look out the Pacific Express, as it was called; from New York city, up the line to Allegheny. It was a bitter night, and the line was frosty and slippery. The express was always a heavy train. That night we had three baggage and express cars and eight passenger coaches, and we were late out of New York, to begin with—about fifteen minutes, I think. Such cold weather is always demoralizing to a railroad. It is much harder

THE PEOPLE.

VOL. VII. NO. 36. BARNWELL C. H., S. C., THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1884. \$2.00 a Year.

Rates of Advertising
One inch, one insertion
" " each subsequent insertion
Quarterly, one year or longer
Tracts made on liberal terms
Contract advertising is payable in advance
No communication will be published unless accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but in a guarantee of good faith.
Address: THE PEOPLE, Barnwell, S. C.

to make time; all metal works bad, and though the fire appears to burn brighter, it takes more coal to make steam. The train seems to hang to the line. Then, too, the cutting wind is enough to freeze the marrow in a man's bones. It might have been mostly fancy on my part, but I thought "Doc" had an odd look in his face that night, as he got into the cab. He was more serious than usual, for we both knew we had a hard run before us, and a cold one. Both of us were muffled up in fur caps and old overcoats. "Shove in the coal, Nick, and shake her down smart. We want every ounce of steam to-night," says Doc. "Fifteen minutes behind and eleven cars on! Those sleeping-coaches are as heavy as a whole block, too, I'm glad this is a double-track line, and all clear ahead." We pulled out, and from the way Doc handled her, I knew that he meant to pick up that fifteen minutes, if it was in the old machine to do it. I suppose we made thirty miles an hour—perhaps forty—on the level stretches. On we went, reeling off the dark, bleak miles, with the sharp wind cutting into the cab, till near New Hamburg station, where the line then crossed Wappinger creek on a trestle bridge which had a "draw" in it. It was a comfort to think that the draw would certainly be open on such a night, for the creek was frozen up. Ah, if it were only permitted to trainmen to know just what is ahead on the tracks on these black, bitter nights! But we can only see what the head-light shows us; and often the signals seem strangely obscure in fog, or in the driving rain and snow. One of those always possible "breaks," which may not occur for years, but are yet constantly liable to happen, had occurred that night. One of the South-bound night freight-trains, running down to New York, broke an axle and got one of its middle cars off the rails, before reaching the bridge. How far they dragged the car in that condition, no one knows; for it was so cold that the conductor and all the brakemen were huddled in the caboose behind. But they found it out after a time, and slowed down as the train got on to the bridge. As they came to a stand-still, two or three other cars jumped the track; and one of these, an oil-car, with a long tank on it, broke its couplings and was shoved over on to the up-line of track—our line—where it stood sideways across the rails. The accident made great confusion with the men on the freight; but they claimed that they got out their signal-lanterns as soon as they could, and that it was not a minute before we came up. As we shot along past the dark station and out toward the bridge, I saw the white steam of the freight-train. "We shall pass No. 19 right by the bridge," Doc said. Both of us were looking, Doc on his side and I on mine. Suddenly, right ahead, we saw a red lantern swinging on our track, at the head of the bridge. "God save us, Doc!" I shouted, "the draw's open!" "Spring the patent brake!" he said to me—that was what we called the air-brake, then—and in a moment we had shot off, reversed and whistled for the haul-brakes. But we were going at a great speed. In a moment more we had come alongside the freight engine, and out on the bridge we saw the oil-car right across our rails! It had a load of death in it, I sawing out on the step. "Shan't you jump, Doc?" I cried. He stood with his back to me, looking ahead, but turned when I called out. I shall never forget that last look he gave me. He did not speak, but his look seemed to say, "Yes, you may as well jump, but I must stick to my post." He barely looked round to me, but made no answer, then looked ahead again. Then I jumped—went heels over head along the side of the embankment leading to the bridge, rolled over and over, and landed down on the ice of the creek, near the abutment, which I had scarce touched when I heard the crash, as our engine struck the oil-car. With the collision came a sudden, brilliant flash of light! Everything above me, the whole bridge and the cars on it, seemed wrapped in a blaze of fire! At the same instant, too, there was a dull, long, tearing crash! The trestle had given way beneath the strain. Down came our engine, the three baggage cars, a passenger car, and I don't know how many freight cars of the other train, on to the ice. The whole wreck, as it fell down, seemed enveloped in flames; for the oil had splashed over everything, and the blazing coals from the fire-box exploded it on the instant. When the engine struck the ice, it broke through, and with a hiss went to the bottom of the deep water there; and on top of it came tumbling down all the other cars. For a moment following the crash there was an almost complete silence; then agonizing screams, and prayerful cries for help from the imprisoned passengers. We who were not disabled did what we could. The seven rear cars did not

run into the chasm, but two of them burned on the track, along with a number of freight-cars. Twenty-one of the passengers were killed outright, and a still greater number were injured. As we worked there in the noise, heat and awful confusion of that night, I cast many an anxious glance round for Doc, hoping and half expecting that he had got clear and would be at work with us trying to get out the passengers. But I saw nothing of him, and by day-break I felt sure that he had gone down with his engine. The locomotive was not hauled up out of the water till the next week. Then we found his body jammed down under the engine on the bed of the creek. His hands, face and clothes had been scorched; but whether he was drowned, or burned to death, we could not tell. He had met his death at his post of duty; gone out of the world with his hand on the lever; giving his own life that the lives of others might be saved—a man of whom any people may be proud.

HOW HICKS WAS LOST.
A Singular Account of the Battle of Kash- all from French Sources.
The following account of the defeat of Hicks. Pacha is published in the Paris Journal des Debats. The latest information which has reached Cairo regarding the disaster of Hicks Pacha's army is so singular and so very tragic that it could at first be hardly believed as possible. But it is now confirmed by so large a number of trustworthy witnesses that it is no longer possible to doubt the fact. It was not the Mahdi who conquered Hicks Pacha; the latter and his men perished in an intestine struggle, victims of an error which threw Egyptians against Egyptians. The Mahdi and his bands only took a secondary part in the battle. They only arrived in time to increase the butchery and reap the fruits of victory. This is what happened. You know what a conflict had arisen between General Hicks and his Egyptian colleague, Alaidin Pacha. The first wanted to march directly on El Obeidi, the second proposed to follow the hilly route, a more difficult road, but a safer one, and which offered the best advantage of allowing the troops to rest during the day near the Mallass wells before attacking El Obeidi. The rumor was spread that in consequence of this rupture Alaidin Pacha had abandoned Gen. Hicks with part of the army, and hopes were long entertained that he had been saved. Alas! this separation was destined, on the contrary, to become the cause of the ruin of the Egyptians and of the loss of the Soudan. The two generals having found it impossible to come to an understanding, it was resolved that each should take the road he considered best, and that in the event of one of the corps being attacked by the enemy the other would hasten to its rescue. This plan was carried out. Alaidin Pacha reached the mountain, while Hicks marched straight toward El Obeidi. Both corps were passed by soldiers of the Mahdi, who, without giving battle harassed them incessantly on the flanks. The troops had left toward midday. At midnight sharp firing was heard in the direction of the mountains. Hicks Pacha at once ordered his men to advance and support Alaidin Pacha. It was pitch dark. The sharpshooters fired without knowing what they were about. After an hour's hurried-march the troops reached the middle of the mountain. The vanguard announced that all the heights were occupied by the enemy. Suddenly a shower of bullets fell on the army. A part took to flight, while the other stood firm. The fighting continued desperately until daylight appeared, when a horrible spectacle presented itself. Hicks Pacha's troops were almost annihilated, and at the top of the hill the Egyptian uniforms were in sight. Alaidin Pacha and Hicks Pacha's troops had been butchering each other ever since midnight. The central column, commanded by General Hicks, had suffered the most. A small plateau where it had halted was strewn with dead and dying. The bodies of three Europeans lay where the staff had taken position.

THE LINE-KILN CLUB.
The Trouble that Arose With the Green Bay Branch.
"It am my solemn duty to inform the club," said Brother Gardner, "that de branch club at Green Bay, known as de 'White Swan Branch, No. 22,' has been disbanded. I returned from dat place las' nite arter an offshul visit of inspeckshun axed fur by de Mayor, Common Council an' various odder passons. De results of dat inspeckshun am an 18:24 warnin' fur us to glow in de matter of gramin' charter to branch lodges. "In makin' applicashun fur a charter we was understood dat de White Swans would start off wid three lodges, two elders, six colonels, two trustees, 10 professors an' two co'n doctors. I disklivered dat out de sixteen charter members dar was only one single pesson wid a title. He claimed to be a professor, an' he am now in jail on charge of stealin'. Our constitashun says dat no fee shall be charged for initiation members. Dis branch lodge took in sixty-four members at a fee of two dollars per head, an' de money was used to play policy an' buy lottery tickets. Under pretense ob bein' a chartered society, organized fur de good ob mankind in general, it heaped up a debt of ninety dollars in three months; it stole twenty-two hams; it got away wid six hundred chickens; it gin guilts society sich a bright dat de wife of a man ain't seventy-five cents a day wanted a twenty-two-dollar bonnet or death. "When I arrove at Green Bay an' called upon de President of de White Swans he almos' convinced me dat all derogatory reports had bin started by jealous-minded white passons. I happened, however, to fall in wid a butcher who had lost six hams an' had got a trap in his smoke-house to catch stragglers. I set up wid him till midnight, at which hour we went out an' found de President of de branch lodge in de trap, wid de Secretary an' Treasurer disapparin' in de distance. "Gem'l'men, we has rushed in fast. In de fuohur, when a branch axes de club fur a charter, maffin' of de sort mins' be granted untl' arter a mos' rigid investigashun has bin made. We mus' not be satisfied wid weekly reports, but some member of dis club mus' be sent out on a scout. Our cause has received a blow in Green Bay from which it may be yars in recoverin'; an' it am all our own fault. Let us now proceed to routine business."—Detroit Free Press.

Interesting Temperance Statistics.
Starting Paper Relative to Consumption of Liquor in Maine.
Hon. Thomas W. Pittman, of New York, has created a great interest in Maine by his series of lectures on intemperance and crime, and has given some startling statistics. He shows that there are 48,000 criminals in the prisons of the United States; in county jails, 184,000; in the houses of refuge, 10,000; floating criminal population, exclusive of drunkenness and disorderly conduct, 400,000; total, 592,000 criminals. From latest returns of the Police Department of New York and Brooklyn there is one arrest, including drunkenness and disorderly conduct, to every 18 of the population; in New York 10,000 liquor saloons, which, allowing 25 feet front to each, would make an avenue 26 miles long; eighteen hundred inmates of the Lunatic asylum on Ward's Island, two-thirds of whom are insane drunkards; and fifteen hundred convicts in Sing Sing State Prison, 1,300 of whom become criminals through intemperance. Thirty per cent of the prison population of Massachusetts is between twenty and twenty-five years of age. In Pennsylvania the convicts in the penitentiaries under sixteen years of age are 17 per cent; 35 per cent under twenty-one, and 20 per cent between twenty-one and twenty-five years; 80 per cent never learned any trade or occupation; 82 per cent were against property and 83 per cent were habitual drunkards. One-fifth of the criminal population lives in cities, as follows: One-eighth in cities over 100,000 inhabitants; one-twelfth in cities of over 75,000 and nearly one million in cities of over 40,000, mostly manufacturing towns. Crime and drunkenness are on the increase in manufacturing towns. Maine has a bad showing, these being in Portland last year 2,360 arrests, 1,426 of which were for drunkenness and drunken brawls. The lecturer exposed the private clubs of Portland, Bangor and other large towns in the State, and the easy manner in which liquor can be procured in Maine, both privately and publicly, and emphatically proclaimed that Prohibition does not prohibit unless it is sustained by public sentiment of the masses, who must compel the public authorities to enforce the law. He advocated moral reformation, the reformation of criminals and the abolition of prison contract labor and cruel punishments. His statements relative to the open violation of the Maine liquor law and increased drunkenness in the State have created a profound sensation among all classes, especially among Prohibitionists.

QUAKER CITY HUMOR.
A NEW JOKES FROM THE "EVENING CALL."
THE REVISION.
Jones—"That man Jinks did me a mean trick, but I have had my revenge."
Smith—"In what way?"
Jones—"By fixing things so that he will be driven crazy in three months."
Smith—"Gracious! How did you do it?"
Jones—"I got a family with twin babies to move into the house next door."
HER IDENTITY ESTABLISHED.
Little Nell—"We've got a new scholar in our school."
Papa—"What is her name?"
Little Nell—"Her name's Minnie."
Papa—"But her other name?"
Little Nell—"I don't know. I forgot to ask her."
Papa—"Is she a good scholar?"
Little Nell—"No; she missed the first question. The teacher asked her how many pounds make a ton, and she said 1,600."
Papa—"Ah! I see. She is the daughter of Mr. Blank, the coal dealer."
A GREAT COMPLIMENT.
Little Jack—"You never was in the country much, I guess, Mr. Popinjay?"
Popinjay (delighted)—"Do you think so, my little fellow? Well, I have not been in the country form any year, but I used to live there when I was a little boy. You would not believe it, I suppose."
Little Jack—"Dunno about that, but I guess sister would not. I know she thinks you never was in the country at all."
Popinjay (still more delighted)—"Ah! Indeed?"
Little Jack—"Yes, she said you did not even know beans."
AN AMBITIOUS BOY.
"No more talking," said young Tommy, "I am bound to do something to get rich when I grow up."
"I fear that you are learning to love money too well," remarked his father, sadly.
"No," said Tommy, "I don't care for money for its own sake, but for the good it can do."
"That may answer the father, but what about your ambition is very commendable."
"And will you promise to get me a place where I can become rich, oh! I awfully rich!"
"I will," responded the father.
One week afterward the old man, true to his promise, took the boy and got him a situation in a newspaper office.
LOOKING FOR A FRIEND.
"Do you know a Colonel Smith of this city?" asked a stranger of a Louisville man.
"Oh, yes," was the reply, "there he is now, standing by the opposite corner."
"No, that is not the gentleman I refer to. My friend is a taller man."
"Well, there is Colonel Smith just coming out of the post office, the gentleman with the slouch hat."
"No, neither of them is the man that I am in search of. The man I want is a smooth-faced, thick-set man, and achieved some distinction in the late war."
"The late war?" said the Louisville citizen. "I guess I am not acquainted with him. There is no Colonel Smith in this city that I know of who ever had anything to do with war."
EXCITING SCENE.
Edith—"Oh! how glad I am that summer is coming again. Soon we can go to Newport and enjoy some more grand old fox hunts just as if we were English princesses."
Mabel—"Did you go for hunting at Newport?"
Edith—"Yes, indeed, I was in every hunt. Oh! it's glorious—the prancing steeds, the baying hounds, the exhilarating air, the delightful chess over the fields and fences, and the rush to be in at the death and get the brush. Oh! how I wish you could have been along."
Mabel—"Well, I don't. The idea of a great crowd of horses and hounds and hunters all death after one poor little fox and keeping up the terrible chase until the poor thing sinks away from very weakness."
Edith—"Fox! Fox! Why, I never saw a fox!"
Mabel—"But you spoke of getting the brush."
Edith—"Oh! that is a lovely peach-cock brush given to the best lady rider."
Mabel—"But what is being in at the death?"
Edith—"Catching up with the and seeing bag."—Pitts. Eve. Call.

The Greely Expedition.
Besides the Alert, the steamers Thetis, Bear and Hope will take part in the Greely search. Former expeditions have shown the propriety of sending so many vessels and furnishing the expedition for two years' absence. It is proposed to send an advance ship to the Danish settlements previous to the time fixed for the assembling of the expedition at Upernivik. Should a favorable opportunity present itself, the vessel will push northward and rescue the Greely party. The relief ships will arrive at Upernivik not later than May 15, and will push northward as soon as the ice permits toward Littleton Island. The natives will be communicated with and all possible information obtained as to the whereabouts of the expedition. When the ice is reached, one of the vessels will push its way through it while the other will maintain such a position in the rear as to rescue the party on No. 1, should that ship come to grief. Should neither vessel be crushed, and should neither succeed in communicating with Lady Franklin Sound, one, it is recommended, should winter in Franklyn Pierce Bay and the other in the vicinity of Littleton Island. On the route northward various points are to be examined and depots of provisions left at certain specified quarters. The fullest equipment as to boats, sleds, clothing, tents, wooden houses and provisions has been recommended, and every precaution is to be taken to secure success. The addition of the Alert to the rescue fleet will undoubtedly greatly enhance the chances of accomplishing the objects of the expedition. It is recommended that the personnel of each vessel be kept down to a minimum, so as to give ample space should the expedition be absent two years and diminish the risk of shortness of provisions. It is calculated that the total expense will be about \$420,000.

High Life in England.
The Earl of Euston, the future Duke of Grafton, is about to begin the much talked of suit for divorce from his wife, on the plea that the lady's first husband was living at the time of her second marriage. The Countess will submit in defence that when she married her first husband she supposed him a widower, but he proved to have another wife, and when she learned this she abandoned him.—The case promises to be exceedingly interesting.
Thirteen years ago Henry Fitzroy, eldest son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, fell in love with a woman known as "Kate Cook." She was handsome and stylish in person, and her matured charms were quite sufficient to captivate the youth of twenty-three. Unknown to his father, who was Esquerry to the Queen, he married her. Most chronicles of the peerage ignored the marriage. Others described the bride as the daughter of John Walsh and the widow of "Mr. Smith." In 1882 the bridegroom's social position changed. Lord Augustus Fitzroy succeeded his brother as seventh Duke of Grafton. Henry Fitzroy became Countess Euston. The widow of "Mr. Smith" became Countess Euston and the future Duchess of Grafton. But troubles had already come between her and her husband. They separated by mutual agreement. No fault being proved against the Countess since her marriage, the Earl in vain sought an excuse for divorce. The mysterious "Mr. Smith" has now appeared and the excuse is found.

Gas from Sawdust.
The village of Deseronto, Ontario, is said to be lighted with gas made from sawdust. The lumber company, to which the settlement owes its life, cuts fifty million feet of lumber annually, and what to do with the huge heaps of sawdust has been a vexatious problem. Before introduction into the retorts, the sawdust is thoroughly dried, after which from twenty to thirty thousand feet of gas are obtained from a ton. In illuminating power it is said to be equal to that made of coal, and is entirely free from sulphur.
Dr. Otto Krumboltz, of Gottengen, who has been investigating the area of oceans, estimates the superficialities of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans at 194,787,425 square miles, and the total superficialities of all the seas on the globe at 231,915,905, while the total superficialities of the continents and islands he puts at 34,354,050 square miles.

The Texas Terror.
"The Texas Terror" is found in almost every town—the bad, bold man who spills blood, hot blood, and eats tenderloin for breakfast every morning, but he stays around the bar-room fire generally, and awaits invitations to drink from strangers for whose benefit he "shoots off his mouth." He is usually from Bitter Creek or Rattlesnake Run, where they raise bad men; the "farther up you get the was they be, and I'm from the headwaters," is his autobiography. Sometimes he is the "Red-headed Terror of Tom Green County," and sometimes "Apache Bill." He slips up to the bar when asked to "irrigate," and says to the barkeeper: "Give me suthin' powerful, pard; suthin' as will warm up the coolies of me heart; I'm the toughest man in Tom Green County, but I'm sort o' low down this mornin', an' ain't smelt blood; I'm a reckless devil when I get started, and I feed on devaluation and turmoil, but I'm kinder quiet now and mean no mischief. Times is changed since I came to Texas first, and the people is as quiet as kittens—gimme suthin' that'll make me feel as if the tornado of the prairies brought the smell o' blood. They used to call me the king of the cow-boys down on the Pease, but they've no use for fightin' men that now." And he will go on in this strain as long as anyone will listen to him, but while his words are fierce, his acts are mild, and he takes the place of the yarn-spinner who is generally found in the village saloon of the North.

The Arabs at El Teh.
It is stated in English reports of the battle of El Teh that "the Arabs charged repeatedly, under cover of a fire from their works, which killed and wounded a few of the British; but they never could get through the formation, the bullets moving them down as they advanced. The British at last reached the works and carried them with the bayonet, the Arabs resisting fiercely, and leaving 900 men dead on the ground. A brick building used as a mill was next carried, and then the cavalry swept down on the enemy, who met the charge without flinching, and struck at the horses as they passed through them. At length, after three hours' fighting, the Soudanese who had, as it was afterward ascertained, lost 2,800 men, certainly a fifth of their whole number, and probably a fourth, fled, most of them going to Dubbs, their storehouse, which was occupied on the following day. The British loss was only 22 killed and 142 wounded; but the action was, nevertheless, severe. All witnesses, including the general in command, testify to the splendid valor of the Arabs, who met death with a 'mind of pleasure, and to the steadiness of the British soldiers, who never broke their order, or flinched under the rash of the superior number."

Repopulated Ireland.
The Irish papers are discussing the recent census returns in a bitter spirit. The Dublin Nation has an article entitled "Bleeding to Death," in which it says: "The life blood of Ireland is being drained by vampires. Every one who has an interest in the country must gird his loins against this murderous union. The extermination of the Irish people has long been the traditional aim of the English rulers. The present Executive's will is set on actively promoting the murderous system which has already robbed the country of five or six millions of people."
The United Ireland devotes an article to the same subject, which it entitles "Killing a Nation by Inches." It says: "For all practical purposes Ireland is suffering a more awful drain of manhood than if engaged in a deadly conflict with a first class European power. She has lost since the Union more men than France lost in all the sanguinary wars of Napoleon. At least eight millions of people have been annihilated in eighty years to the demon of English supremacy. Three millions of people whose brawny frames supplied the physical force of the repeal meetings were missing in 1852 when the census enumerators came to count them. Two million nine hundred and thirteen thousand of the population who were spared by famine have been starved or transported since. The waste goes on faster and more furiously. Within the last year alone Ireland lost 108,000 emigrants, 71,000 of whom were single adults. She lost in mere thens and muscles more valued sons than were slain in any of the greatest battles of the world."
An Arkansas Jail.
The county jail of Hot Springs, Arkansas, is a miserable two-story log hut, about fourteen feet square. The upper story is occupied by the jailer, who will, for a consideration, yield it to a prisoner of means. A small, rickety balcony, with a sofa on it, and a creaking flight of wooden steps give access to the room. The pen below, or jail proper, is a regular "black hole"; the floor is covered with filth, straw and vermin; light filters through two glass panes below a few inches square and admittance is only gained by means of an iron grating in the floor above, through which the unhappy captives are lowered down the ladder. As many as a dozen, of all ages, sexes and colors, are sometimes confined here at once. The sickening stench rises to the room above and is strong enough to breed a fever. In case of the fever would be no possibility of escape.

The Canal.
There is, says an exchange, a likelihood that the Cape Cod Canal really will be built. The distance to be dug is eight miles and the present estimate of the cost is a million dollars a mile. The company already has expended \$450,000. The charter compels the building of a railroad bridge and there will be some expensive locks. The shortest route from Boston to New York through Vineyard Sound is 386 miles and by the outside course 390 miles. Through the canal it will be 240 miles, saving 96 miles in one case and 140 in the other. But there is another saving to be considered, and that is an occasional shipwreck which the shorter and safer passage by the canal may avoid.

Sturgeon Don't Bite.
There were four or five of us on the long wharf running out to the Gulf at Mississippi City, and we had been fishing away for half an hour without any luck when a big fat man named Blake, from Ohio, suddenly called out: "Say, boys, let's have a swim." It was too hot, and we were too lazy, but Blake declared that he'd have a swim by himself. He off with his clothes, backed down into the water, and for a quarter of an hour hung to a spile and splashed the water, not being able to swim a stroke. By and by he climbed out, but scarcely had his feet touched the plank when one of the men sang out: "By the great horn spoon! but see there!" Ten feet away from the end of the wharf were two sharks at least seven feet long, and the water was so clear that every wink of their eye could be seen. "Yes, a couple of sturgeon!" observed Blake as he waddled forward. "I saw 'em hanging around when I went down, but sturgeon don't bite!" When he came to fully realize what an escape he had had he sat down on the head of a spile and blabbered like a boy who had stubbed his toe.—M. QUAD.

Gas from Sawdust.
The village of Deseronto, Ontario, is said to be lighted with gas made from sawdust. The lumber company, to which the settlement owes its life, cuts fifty million feet of lumber annually, and what to do with the huge heaps of sawdust has been a vexatious problem. Before introduction into the retorts, the sawdust is thoroughly dried, after which from twenty to thirty thousand feet of gas are obtained from a ton. In illuminating power it is said to be equal to that made of coal, and is entirely free from sulphur.
Dr. Otto Krumboltz, of Gottengen, who has been investigating the area of oceans, estimates the superficialities of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans at 194,787,425 square miles, and the total superficialities of all the seas on the globe at 231,915,905, while the total superficialities of the continents and islands he puts at 34,354,050 square miles.

The Arabs at El Teh.
It is stated in English reports of the battle of El Teh that "the Arabs charged repeatedly, under cover of a fire from their works, which killed and wounded a few of the British; but they never could get through the formation, the bullets moving them down as they advanced. The British at last reached the works and carried them with the bayonet, the Arabs resisting fiercely, and leaving 900 men dead on the ground. A brick building used as a mill was next carried, and then the cavalry swept down on the enemy, who met the charge without flinching, and struck at the horses as they passed through them. At length, after three hours' fighting, the Soudanese who had, as it was afterward ascertained, lost 2,800 men, certainly a fifth of their whole number, and probably a fourth, fled, most of them going to Dubbs, their storehouse, which was occupied on the following day. The British loss was only 22 killed and 142 wounded; but the action was, nevertheless, severe. All witnesses, including the general in command, testify to the splendid valor of the Arabs, who met death with a 'mind of pleasure, and to the steadiness of the British soldiers, who never broke their order, or flinched under the rash of the superior number."

Repopulated Ireland.
The Irish papers are discussing the recent census returns in a bitter spirit. The Dublin Nation has an article entitled "Bleeding to Death," in which it says: "The life blood of Ireland is being drained by vampires. Every one who has an interest in the country must gird his loins against this murderous union. The extermination of the Irish people has long been the traditional aim of the English rulers. The present Executive's will is set on actively promoting the murderous system which has already robbed the country of five or six millions of people."
The United Ireland devotes an article to the same subject, which it entitles "Killing a Nation by Inches." It says: "For all practical purposes Ireland is suffering a more awful drain of manhood than if engaged in a deadly conflict with a first class European power. She has lost since the Union more men than France lost in all the sanguinary wars of Napoleon. At least eight millions of people have been annihilated in eighty years to the demon of English supremacy. Three millions of people whose brawny frames supplied the physical force of the repeal meetings were missing in 1852 when the census enumerators came to count them. Two million nine hundred and thirteen thousand of the population who were spared by famine have been starved or transported since. The waste goes on faster and more furiously. Within the last year alone Ireland lost 108,000 emigrants, 71,000 of whom were single adults. She lost in mere thens and muscles more valued sons than were slain in any of the greatest battles of the world."
An Arkansas Jail.
The county jail of Hot Springs, Arkansas, is a miserable two-story log hut, about fourteen feet square. The upper story is occupied by the jailer, who will, for a consideration, yield it to a prisoner of means. A small, rickety balcony, with a sofa on it, and a creaking flight of wooden steps give access to the room. The pen below, or jail proper, is a regular "black hole"; the floor is covered with filth, straw and vermin; light filters through two glass panes below a few inches square and admittance is only gained by means of an iron grating in the floor above, through which the unhappy captives are lowered down the ladder. As many as a dozen, of all ages, sexes and colors, are sometimes confined here at once. The sickening stench rises to the room above and is strong enough to breed a fever. In case of the fever would be no possibility of escape.

LOOKING FOR A FRIEND.
"Do you know a Colonel Smith of this city?" asked a stranger of a Louisville man.
"Oh, yes," was the reply, "there he is now, standing by the opposite corner."
"No, that is not the gentleman I refer to. My friend is a taller man."
"Well, there is Colonel Smith just coming out of the post office, the gentleman with the slouch hat."
"No, neither of them is the man that I am in search of. The man I want is a smooth-faced, thick-set man, and achieved some distinction in the late war."
"The late war?" said the Louisville citizen. "I guess I am not acquainted with him. There is no Colonel Smith in this city that I know of who ever had anything to do with war."
EXCITING SCENE.
Edith—"Oh! how glad I am that summer is coming again. Soon we can go to Newport and enjoy some more grand old fox hunts just as if we were English princesses."
Mabel—"Did you go for hunting at Newport?"
Edith—"Yes, indeed, I was in every hunt. Oh! it's glorious—the prancing steeds, the baying hounds, the exhilarating air, the delightful chess over the fields and fences, and the rush to be in at the death and get the brush. Oh! how I wish you could have been along."
Mabel—"Well, I don't. The idea of a great crowd of horses and hounds and hunters all death after one poor little fox and keeping up the terrible chase until the poor thing sinks away from very weakness."
Edith—"Fox! Fox! Why, I never saw a fox!"
Mabel—"But you spoke of getting the brush."
Edith—"Oh! that is a lovely peach-cock brush given to the best lady rider."
Mabel—"But what is being in at the death?"
Edith—"Catching up with the and seeing bag."—Pitts. Eve. Call.

The Canal.
There is, says an exchange, a likelihood that the Cape Cod Canal really will be built. The distance to be dug is eight miles and the present estimate of the cost is a million dollars a mile. The company already has expended \$450,000. The charter compels the building of a railroad bridge and there will be some expensive locks. The shortest route from Boston to New York through Vineyard Sound is 386 miles and by the outside course 390 miles. Through the canal it will be 240 miles, saving 96 miles in one case and 140 in the other. But there is another saving to be considered, and that is an occasional shipwreck which the shorter and safer passage by the canal may avoid.

Sturgeon Don't Bite.
There were four or five of us on the long wharf running out to the Gulf at Mississippi City, and we had been fishing away for half an hour without any luck when a big fat man named Blake, from Ohio, suddenly called out: "Say, boys, let's have a swim." It was too hot, and we were too lazy, but Blake declared that he'd have a swim by himself. He off with his clothes, backed down into the water, and for a quarter of an hour hung to a spile and splashed the water, not being able to swim a stroke. By and by he climbed out, but scarcely had his feet touched the plank when one of the men sang out: "By the great horn spoon! but see there!" Ten feet away from the end of the wharf were two sharks at least seven feet long, and the water was so clear that every wink of their eye could be seen. "Yes, a couple of sturgeon!" observed Blake as he waddled forward. "I saw 'em hanging around when I went down, but sturgeon don't bite!" When he came to fully realize what an escape he had had he sat down on the head of a spile and blabbered like a boy who had stubbed his toe.—M. QUAD.

Gas from Sawdust.
The village of Deseronto, Ontario, is said to be lighted with gas made from sawdust. The lumber company, to which the settlement owes its life, cuts fifty million feet of lumber annually, and what to do with the huge heaps of sawdust has been a vexatious problem. Before introduction into the retorts, the sawdust is thoroughly dried, after which from twenty to thirty thousand feet of gas are obtained from a ton. In illuminating power it is said to be equal to that made of coal, and is entirely free from sulphur.
Dr. Otto Krumboltz, of Gottengen, who has been investigating the area of oceans, estimates the superficialities of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans at 194,787,425 square miles, and the total superficialities of all the seas on the globe at 231,915,905, while the total superficialities of the continents and islands he puts at 34,354,050 square miles.

The Arabs at El Teh.
It is stated in English reports of the battle of El Teh that "the Arabs charged repeatedly, under cover of a fire from their works, which killed and wounded a few of the British; but they never could get through the formation, the bullets moving them down as they advanced. The British at last reached the works and carried them with the bayonet, the Arabs resisting fiercely, and leaving 900 men dead on the ground. A brick building used as a mill was next carried, and then the cavalry swept down on the enemy, who met the charge without flinching, and struck at the horses as they passed through them. At length, after three hours' fighting, the Soudanese who had, as it was afterward ascertained, lost 2,800 men, certainly a fifth of their whole number, and probably a fourth, fled, most of them going to Dubbs, their storehouse, which was occupied on the following day. The British loss was only 22 killed and 142 wounded; but the action was, nevertheless, severe. All witnesses, including the general in command, testify to the splendid valor of the Arabs, who met death with a 'mind of pleasure, and to the steadiness of the British soldiers, who never broke their order, or flinched under the rash of the superior number."

Repopulated Ireland.
The Irish papers are discussing the recent census returns in a bitter spirit. The Dublin Nation has an article entitled "Bleeding to Death," in which it says: "The life blood of Ireland is being drained by vampires. Every one who has an interest in the country must gird his loins against this murderous union. The extermination of the Irish people has long been the traditional aim of the English rulers. The present Executive's will is set on actively promoting the murderous system which has already robbed the country of five or six millions of people."
The United Ireland devotes an article to the same subject, which it entitles "Killing a Nation by Inches." It says: "For all practical purposes Ireland is suffering a more awful drain of manhood than if engaged in a deadly conflict with a first class European power. She has lost since the Union more men than France lost in all the sanguinary wars of Napoleon. At least eight millions of people have been annihilated in eighty years to the demon of English supremacy. Three millions of people whose brawny frames supplied the physical force of the repeal meetings were missing in 1852 when the census enumerators came to count them. Two million nine hundred and thirteen thousand of the population who were spared by famine have been starved or transported since. The waste goes on faster and more furiously. Within the last year alone Ireland lost 108,000 emigrants, 71,000 of whom were single adults. She lost in mere thens and muscles more valued sons than were slain in any of the greatest battles of the world."
An Arkansas Jail.
The county jail of Hot Springs, Arkansas, is a miserable two-story log hut, about fourteen feet square. The upper story is occupied by the jailer, who will, for a consideration, yield it to a prisoner of means. A small, rickety balcony, with a sofa on it, and a creaking flight of wooden steps give access to the room. The pen below, or jail proper, is a regular "black hole"; the floor is covered with filth, straw and vermin; light filters through two glass panes below a few inches square and admittance is only gained by means of an iron grating in the floor above, through which the unhappy captives are lowered down the ladder. As many as a dozen, of all ages, sexes and colors, are sometimes confined here at once. The sickening stench rises to the room above and is strong enough to breed a fever. In case of the fever would be no possibility of escape.

LOOKING FOR A FRIEND.
"Do you know a Colonel Smith of this city?" asked a stranger of a Louisville man.
"Oh, yes," was the reply, "there he is now, standing by the opposite corner."
"No, that is not the gentleman I refer to. My friend is a taller man."
"Well, there is Colonel Smith just coming out of the post office, the gentleman with the slouch hat."
"No, neither of them is the