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In the Interests of the Colored People of the Country.

Able and well-known writers will contribute to its columns from different parts of the country, and it will contain the latest General News of the day.

THE MESSENGER is a first-class newspaper and will not allow personal abuse in its columns. It is not sectarian or partisan, but independent—dealing fairly by all. It reserves the right to criticize the shortcomings of all public officials—commending the worthy, and recommending for election such as in its opinion are best suited to serve the interests of the people.

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W. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C.

There is at least one "forehanded" citizen in Massachusetts. An old man of West Salem township, Mercer county, is engaged in making his own coffin and hearse, and he is building the posthumous articles regardless of expense. It is said that he conceived the idea out of pique; at a remark of a neighbor, "that when he died he wouldn't have money enough to bury him."

Who shall explain the love of women for brass buttons? The Rochester Herald asserts that army officers are not rich men, but they pick up wives very easily. Early marriages are common among officers, owing, perhaps, to the fixity of their pay and position, and many of them, immediately on being graduated, take the woman with whom they have danced the most cadet Germans to share their two rooms and \$115 a month and allowances. The class graduated at West Point in June numbered seventy-seven members. Of these eight were married before September.

The Pall Mall Gazette and the British Medical Journal are engaged in a discussion that is of interest to marksmen. The latter says that the former is exercising itself as to the best color of the eye for rifle shooting. Arguing from a general impression that the best rifle shot has blue eyes, it concludes that eyes with bluish or grayish irides are less subject to the effects of mirage than those of darker color. It is scarcely necessary to say that such conclusion has not, so far, been verified by scientific observation. Assuming it to be the fact that light-eyed people are better shots, this cannot reside in their greater immunity from refractive errors, since we may say certainly that no such immunity exists, for the blue-eyed Germans are, as is well-known, the most subject to myopia of all nations. The matter then rests for the present in doubt, unless we may assume people of Saxon and Scandinavian blood excel in rifle shooting in the same way, and for the same reasons, as in all other outdoor exercises involving skill and nerve.

If the average reader were to be asked to name that State of the Union which can show the longest railroad mileage, he would in all probability designate New York or Pennsylvania. But he would be mistaken. Of all the States, Illinois leads the list with 18,901 miles of railway, while far behind come Pennsylvania with 7,767 miles, Iowa with 7,503, New York with 7,385 miles, and Ohio with 7,327 miles. Texas comes next, with 6,687 miles. Of all others, Indiana and Michigan alone have over 5,000 miles, while Wisconsin, Missouri, Kansas and Minnesota have over 4,000, and Georgia and California have over 3,000. Illinois has a longer railroad mileage than New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland put together; New England as a unit has not more than 6,309 miles of railway. In the amount of capital stock New York is first with \$468,922,777; then follow, in the order named, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, in which States alone the capital stock exceeds \$300,000,000. In bonded debt Pennsylvania stands highest, with \$426,579,204; after her come New York, Ohio and Illinois, each with over \$300,000,000. The surplus of assets over liabilities is highest in Illinois, being \$64,841,913; then follow Maryland with \$47,867,675; California, \$32,152,850; Nebraska, \$31,658,179; Missouri, over \$10,000,000. The surplus of liabilities over assets is largest in Indiana, being \$13,969,395; New York, \$13,376,072; and Georgia, \$9,637,505.

A SONG OF REST.

Oh weary Hands! that, all the day,
Were set to labor hard and long,
New softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song,
An hour ago the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

Oh weary Feet! that many a mile
Have trudged along a stony way,
At last ye reach the trusting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gentle bending, rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest;
Oh softly sings the quiet breeze:
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!"

Oh weary Eyes! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
Oh weary Heart! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know, what Heaven shall send is best!
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!
—*Florence Tylee, in Chambers's Journal.*

A VALIANT DEFENCE.

A defence in which were combined pluck, endurance, suffering and desperation was that of Captain Swift and his five companions, near the forks of the Big Chyenne. They were all citizens, and all on their way into the Black Hills country on foot. Swift had been a Captain in a border company raised to fight Indians in Northern Nebraska, and was the only one in the lot who had ever met a hostile. Swift and two companions found the other three prospectors near the forks, and it was agreed that all should push further west in company. Every man was armed with a Winchester and two revolvers, and each carried several hundred rounds of ammunition. The men had broken camp five miles below the forks, and were on the south bank of the main stream, when they were attacked by thirty-five mounted Indians. The whites were on foot and had the shelter of timber along the banks, and although they were harassed for a couple of hours, no one was hurt, and the march was not greatly retarded. However, as they reached the forks the force of Indians suddenly increased to over 100, and, as they not only barred the way but had cut off retreat, Swift realized that the little band must go into camp and prepare for a siege. They drove the Indians down the south fork about half a mile until getting possession of a bluff which was well covered with timber, and here they entrenched. A natural sink was deepened with hatchets and knives, a few rocks and limbs were piled around the edges, and the men got into the rifle pit, knowing that the odds were twenty to one, and that there could not be the faintest hope of re-enforcements.

The Indians could not approach the bluff except under fire. After they had maintained a fusillade for upward of an hour without harm to the party, they sent forward a flag of truce by a half breed who could speak English tolerably well. Swift went forward to the edge of the timber to meet him, and the men in the pit were warned to be on their guard against treachery, and to shoot down any other Indian who sought to approach while a parley was being held. The half breed came forward without fear. It was evidently his object to get near enough to see what sort of a defense the men had erected, and to be certain of their number; but Swift baffled him in this by meeting him outside the timber. The two were in rifle shot of both forces, and as the half breed rode up he demanded the immediate surrender of the party. He said that one hundred and twenty Indians were on the ground, and that it was folly for the white men to think of holding out against such a force. In case of surrender, they would be disarmed and set at liberty to make their way out of the country, but if the Indians were compelled to fight them to a surrender they could expect no mercy.

Swift replied that his party did not seek war with the red men. They were going into the Black Hills with hundreds of others to prospect for gold, and only asked to be let alone. They had been attacked without provocation, and they should fight to the bitter end. The half breed had his rifle lying across his saddle while he talked, while Swift leaned on his. The Captain suspected that would follow his refusal to surrender. The half breed once more put his demand, and as it was refused he suddenly raised his weapon and fired at Swift, and then wheeled his pony. The men were not over ten feet apart, and the bullet passed between Swift's left arm and his side, cutting through his coat. Had he raised his rifle to fire a return shot he would have been a dead man, for the action of the half breed was the signal for fifty Indian rifles to ring out. Swift dropped in his tracks and crept back to the rifle pit unharmed; but he was avenged before he reached it. One of the men had kept the half breed covered with his Winchester, and as he turned to gallop away he received a bullet in the back which flung him from the saddle and left him dead on the ground. The redskins had been beaten at their own game, and they gave vent to their chagrin and anger in shouts and yells and individual demonstrations. In ten minutes they were firing all along the line, and some of them took advantage of the ground to approach within pistol shot of the rifle pit.

Swift's instructions to the men were not to waste a bullet. The Indians had to expose themselves more or less, and by watching for opportunities and keeping cool the men in the pit made some telling shots. Before sundown they had killed or wounded a dozen savages and forced the others to exercise far greater

caution. Not over thirty shots were fired from the pit during the afternoon. As night approached the want of water began to be felt. No one had had a drop since morning. One of the men crept back to the bank of the river to see what the prospects were for getting down to the water, and he was instantly killed by a bullet fired from the other side of the stream. His fate was not known until darkness came and a second man went to look for him. The bank was very steep, twelve or fourteen feet high, and it would have been extremely difficult to get down to the stream had there been no danger. The attempt to secure water was abandoned for the time. All the provisions in the party were in a raw state, and, of course, no fire could be lighted. Soon after dark the fire of the Indians ceased entirely. They probably reasoned that it was only a question of a few hours more when the white men would fall into their hands, and they had maintained such a hot fire through the day that their ammunition must have been running low.

The death of Wolcott cast a gloom over the party, but no one weakened. Along toward midnight, when everything had grown very quiet, Capt. Swift tried for water. A cottonwood leaned over the bank until one in its top would be over the water. A canteen was lowered by a rope after Swift got into position, but some slight noise was made, which caused the Indians on the opposite bank to open fire, and before Swift could descend from the tree a bullet wounded him in the calf of the leg. He crept back to the rifle pit and bandaged the wound, and in fifteen minutes would have given a year of his life for a pint of water. Various methods for obtaining what all now really desired for were suggested and rejected. There was only one way. It must be got from the tree if at all. An hour or two after Swift was shot a man named Cooper crept out on the tree and lowered the canteen. He succeeded in drawing up a few swallows of water, and at once hastened to Swift. The Captain's wound had of course set him in a fever, and while he could have gulped down a quart he had only a gill. Cooper returned to the tree, and in lowering the canteen lost it. Another rope was extemporized and a coffee pot lowered, but the Indians in some manner got a hint of what was going on and again opened fire. While Cooper was not wounded, he was driven to the pit, and all further hope of securing water was abandoned. Not a man slept a wink during the night, it being generally understood that the Indians might make a rush any moment. As early dawn came a shot was fired from the top of a tree in the edge of the grove,

which struck a man named Abbott in the head and killed him instantly. A second shot immediately followed, but hit no one. It was at once discovered that two Indian sharpshooters had climbed into the tree during the night, and from their elevation could look down into the rifle pit. They could not be seen, but two of the men opened a rapid fire on the tree, and after about twenty-five shots had been fired both redskins were tumbled to the ground. Their fall was the signal for the ball to open all along the line, and again the bullets whizzed over the pit like legions of angry bees. The Indians were pretty cautious about exposing themselves, but during the forenoon three of them were seen to drop, either hard hit or killed outright.

From noon to 5 o'clock not a shot was fired on either side, and from 5 to sundown the Indians fired only about a dozen times—sufficient to warn the white men that the siege was still on. Hunger now compelled the men to eat raw bacon and flour, and the torments of thirst were increased. Swift suffered far more than the others, being wounded, but not a complaint passed his lips. He was too stiff and sore to leave the pit, but about 10 o'clock one of the men volunteered to try for water. Some of the Indians had swam across, and were located under the bank. While they could not climb it, or at least did not, they were at hand to prevent the men from getting water.

It was Foster who went out on the tree this time, and he had not yet lowered the vessel when a bullet knocked his cap off, a second struck the stock of his rifle, and a third went through the coffee pot. He reached the pit unharmed, however, and Swift advised that no one else should expose himself. They dug up the roots around them and got slight consolation from chewing them, and again the morning broke. It soon became evident that the Indians intended to finish their work. They were whooping and shouting all along the line, and seemed in good spirits.

An hour after daylight the whole line advanced on the pit, each redskin working along under the best shelter he could find. There were only four men to defend the pit, but armed as they were, and desperate as they had become, the odds were not so great. They fired coolly yet rapidly, and they not only halted the line, but at one point where three bucks were killed within ten seconds of each other a panic occurred. Thirty or more Indians rose up in a body for a rush, but the fire broke them before they had made a jump. The four men had the six rifles, and their revolvers were lying beside them for the emergency which all expected. The peril of the morning did not last twenty minutes. The baffled Indians retreated back to their old position, and about 9 o'clock withdrew so quietly that their going was not suspected for another hour. They went en masse, leaving not even a scout behind. When the four men had secured water and something to eat they took a look over the battle ground. The carcasses of seven ponies had been left behind, and there were plenty of blood-stains to prove that their Winchester had not thrown away all their lead. A Dog Sioux, who was afterward employed as a scout at Fort Sully, told the military authorities that thirteen Indians were killed and twenty-one wounded in the fight, and

that they felt themselves fairly whipped. Other Indians reported the number killed at nineteen, and the wounded at thirty, but they asserted that the number of white men was fourteen.—*New York Sun.*

Sensitive Animals.

A gentleman who recently made a trip on horseback through the mountain region of the West, evidently made an observation which was to him a discovery. In writing an account of his journey, he says: "The behavior of our saddle horses was very amusing, and showed the prairie life plainly. The moment they felt the cold storm they turned their backs around toward it and dropped their heads, and took no little urging to induce them to proceed, as at each gust they would whirl their tails toward it as if turned by a crank."

The writer seems to have thought the conduct of his horses peculiar to those bred upon the prairies. It was, however, just what any horses would do under the circumstances, no matter from what part of the world they were brought. It should be known to all drivers of horses with what reluctance these animals face a storm or even a chilling wind. It may be quite reasonable to drive before the wind on a stormy day, when it would be positively cruel to go over the road in the opposite direction.

It is convenient to know this habit of the horse in case an animal has strayed away during a storm or a high wind. It will be found to have gone in the direction of the wind.

The habit of the sheep is just the contrary. This animal steadily faces the storm, holds its head well up, and is inclined to move forward. No domestic animals give their keepers so much trouble by wandering off in stormy and boisterous weather as do sheep; but the shepherds are saved much of the trouble they might have in finding their flocks by making search in a direction against the wind.

This instinctive action of horses and sheep is common to all breeds, and is inherited from their undomesticated progenitors. Whatever may have been the origin of these habits, we can turn a knowledge of the facts to good account in giving our horses more rational care and treatment.—*Youth's Companion.*

Destructive Sand Drifts.

On the south shore of the Baltic the sins of reckless forefathers are being cruelly visited upon their descendants. Two hundred years ago the coasts of Prussia were defended by a bulwark of magnificent beech forests that resisted the inroads of floods and dunes; but about the time of the great elector the work of devastation began and continued until some 10,000 square miles of woodlands had been turned into naked sandhills. Now nature is getting her revenge. Year after year the rains and strong floods have washed out the remaining vegetable film of those hills, leaving nothing but sand and gravel, which gradually accumulated in towering dunes, and at last invaded the landward settlements with a perfect avalanche of drift sand.

Seen from the village of Schwarzort, fifty miles northeast of Koenigsberg, the destruction dealing sand ridge looms up to a height of 120 feet, naked and steep, ever rising by additional deposits brought in by the sand laden sea storms, and ever threatening to discharge those deposits upon the southern valleys. The fisher hamlets of Altnegel and Karwaiten were literally submerged by a single storm, and the little town of Pilkuppen had twice to be moved, with all its buildings and fences. The remaining vestiges of the ancient woodlands are unable to stay the mischief. A fine forest near Schwarzort has been turned into a sand bank, crowned by the withered tops of beech trees, which a year's work of the entire coast population would fail to rescue from their sand grave.—*Felix L. Oswald.*

Married by Proxy.

Mrs. Antoinette Puppo, a Castilian widow living in Galveston, Texas, was married to Juan B. Marsan. On account of ill health he went to live in Monterey, Mexico, she accompanying him. She became well acquainted there with Senor Piazini, and when her husband died, after his return to Galveston, she notified the senor that she was a widow. He then authorized Senor Calosia of Galveston to marry him (Piazini) to the widow and to sign the contract before the authorized judge, as he could not leave Mexico. Accordingly the license was procured, and Luciana Calosia, for Calio Piazini, and Mrs. Antoinette Puppo, widow of Juan Martan, appeared before Justice Spain, Calosia acting as agent and attorney in fact for Piazini, and were married. Immediately after the ceremony the bride left to join her husband, Piazini. L. Calosia, the proxy in this instance, was married to Miss Marie Campos Nivas of Riveo, province of Lugo, Spain, in August, 1884. F. B. Calosia appearing as proxy under power of attorney and by certificate of the Spanish consul of that city. A sister of Mr. Calosia, a resident of Spain, was married in a similar manner to a gentleman in South America. The law covering the case is said to be included in the United States statutes.

Her Answer.

I asked for her hand and
She murmured "Oh, my!"
And gave me a smile from
Her love-swimming eye

She gave me her hand, with
Caresing her poode,
And said, I am yours, sir,
If you've got the bodie.
—*Boston Courier.*

The average cost of a contested English election is \$3,000.

A CITY'S ACTIVE FIREMEN.

CELERITY WITH WHICH FIRES ARE HANDLED IN NEW YORK.

Firemen Ready a Few Seconds After the Alarm Gong Strikes—Machinery and Methods.

Alluding to the quick time made by city firemen in starting for fires when the alarm gong strikes in the engine houses, a writer says in the New York Sun: When Patrol 3 went to the fire on Friday night, Lieut. Hewson and Patrol Sergeant Smith jumped into their clothes so fast that the Sun reporter couldn't time them.

"Twelve seconds is the average time it takes a fireman to dress when an alarm starts him out of bed at night," Sergeant Smith said, "and I'll bet \$100 to \$1 as many times as anybody wants to take the odds that we have men here who can dress in six seconds every time they want to."

The essential thing in putting fires out in a hurry is to get the machinery there, as well as the men who handle it. And it is in this essential thing about the science of handling fires that our Fire Commissioners think the department comes as near perfection as it is possible for human ingenuity to reach. Improvement after improvement has been made, until now the loss of time in hitching has been reduced apparently absolutely to the minimum. There are only two things about it that aren't automatic. These are the movement of the horses from the stalls to their places beside the engine shaft, and the snapping of the collars over their necks by the watchman. And both these are done in such a perfect way that they are as good as automatic anyhow. Automatic machinery does all of the rest of the work quick enough to make your head swim if you try to time the details. The instant the operator at Fire Headquarters opens the circuit to send an alarm the current drops a metal ball right beside the gong. The ball strikes, presses down a bar of brass, and pulls a steel wire that automatically unhitches the springs at the sides of the stalls that hold the halters of the horses. The hammer of the gong, simultaneously with the first alarm stroke, stops the little "record" clock that is perched on a shelf beside the gong, and thus automatically keeps a record of the time consumed in going to a fire, putting it out, and returning.

By comparing the little clock with the big clock on the wall that is kept going all the time, the Captain of the company can tell at a glance just how long it took to do any given piece of work. The harness is always suspended over the shaft by an automatic iron "hanger." It is held in position there by strings. When the driver grabs the reins the tension loosens the springs, the harnesses drop down upon the horses, the watchman snaps the collars around the horse's necks, and automatic weights attached to little pulleys in the ceiling carry the framework of the "hanger" up over head out of the way. Improvements are steadily being made in the collars that the fire horses wear. They are made in two sections, fastened with a hinge at the top, and snap together with an automatic steel spring lock. Collars made of cast iron have recently been introduced in some of the engine houses. They are sixteen pounds lighter than the leather collars, which weigh thirty-six pounds each, and they are considered more durable and serviceable. These collars can be fastened around the horses' necks in a fraction of a second.

No time whatever is now lost in finding out where a fire alarm is originally sent from. Placards upon which are the number of every regular alarm box in town, with its location, are hung up on the walls of the engine house on the ground floor, behind the Captain's desk. The Captain glances at the placard while the men are getting ready, and shouts the location of the fire to the driver the moment the last stroke of the alarm is struck. Many big buildings in town have within the last few months introduced a new automatic special alarm, which saves the time lost in transmitting an alarm from a regular street box. It consists of an electrical contrivance hitched on to the ceiling of each floor of the building and attached to a very sensitive wire. A certain dangerous degree of heat in any particular floor, no matter how generated, will cause the wire to expand and start a current that drops a disk in the engine houses of the district in which the building is located, and on this disk is inscribed not only the exact location of the building, but also the exact part of the building in which the fire, or the heat

that is great enough to produce fire if not checked, has broken out.

There is a perennial competition among the various fire companies in the department for the honor of being known as the company that gets there first whenever an alarm comes in. Engine 33, which belongs in Great Jones street, has been the cock of the walk for a long time. She won the prize at the horse show for swiftness in getting ready. The men can get her in shape to start in less than two seconds in an exhibition test, and the hum-drum every-day work of hitching up and getting away is never more than five or six seconds.

Great as is the efficiency of the apparatus for extinguishing fires, still further improvements are contemplated. Commissioner Purroy is trying to have an electric lantern perfected that will enable the firemen to see into buildings through thick smoke, and that won't go out and leave them in darkness, as the present oil lanterns do. The Commissioner's brother wants to rig up a double stage arrangement in every engine house, that will enable two engines to be kept in each house and thus double the capacity of the department to fight fires. When one engine has gone to a fire, the other, by the proposed plan, can be hoisted out of the cellar and be kept in instant readiness to answer a call for re-

enforcements. Proud Gothamites think that the department beats all creation now as it is. If it should get the electric lantern and the double stage they are certain that it would be far ahead of anything ever dreamed of anywhere by anybody in creation.

How Animals are Slaughtered.

The writer asked Mr. F. W. Luley, of St. Paul, Minn., who was recently in Cincinnati in attendance upon the National Butchers' Association, if butchers made it an object to kill their meat animals with as little pain as possible?

"We certainly do," quickly responded the skilled cleaver wielder, "and more than that, I can almost safely say that it is done without a particle of pain. This latter is especially true of cattle."

"What is the new process for killing cattle?"

"There are two ways that can be done without suffering. In this country, where they have the appliances, a number of bullocks are fastened in a row of small box stalls just large enough for them to stand in, with dimensions of about two and a half by eight feet. Then the butcher, who knows exactly where to cut, goes through with a knife the shape of a dagger, only much larger, and with one stab severs the spinal cord just back of the head on the neck. The animal is instantly killed, and never knows what struck it."

"Is one animal allowed to see another killed?"

"Under no circumstances. These stalls that I speak of are six feet high and are perfectly tight, so all that kind of cruelty is avoided."

"In this manner how rapidly are cattle butchered?"

"At the rate of about one per minute for each man; sixty in an hour if you wished."

"How about the hogs?"

"They are killed and dressed more rapidly than anything else. In first-class slaughter houses they are stretched up by the hind leg and fastened to a pulley that runs the length of the room, and are run along on that, the workmen being stationed a certain distance apart, and only by the time a hog gets to the end, which only takes about a minute, it is butchered, scalded, scraped, cleaned and cut up. The man that sticks them handles about six every minute, 360 an hour, or 8,640 a day. In this way, you see, but little time for suffering is given."

"How are fowls killed?"

"Turkeys have to be dressed with their heads on, but an expert can cut their throats from the inside so that they will die in a very short time. Chickens are beheaded by machinery as fast as you could count. There is less improvement in the butchering of fowls than any other that I know of."

"What kind of animals are killed with the least pain?"

"Well, I should think that cattle are. They are killed instantly, and I can't see that there can ever be much improvement on the present process. In Germany they are killed in a different way, but about as rapidly and with as little pain. There they are fastened in a stall, open in front, and the butcher goes along to their heads with a mall and a sharp steel instrument that he drives through their frontal bone and the brain with a single blow, causing instant death. Then, of course, they are bled by cutting the throat."

The Natural Bridge.

A correspondent of the New York Star who has been visiting the Natural Bridge in Virginia thus describes this great piece of Nature's handiwork:

A sudden turn to the right, and directly ahead loomed up the Natural Bridge in bold and rugged outline against the Western sky, lightened with all the glories of a southern sunset. Imagine an immense mass of solid rock, some forty feet thick and fifty feet broad, spanning a chasm seventy-five feet in width at a height of 210 feet. On the eastern side is a jagged place where an immense mass of rock has fallen. When it fell it is impossible to say, but it must have been centuries ago, as not a particle of debris remains in the chasm below. The rock is a bluish limestone, streaked with faint lines of white. The grain is very fine and firm, and one loses at first the impressiveness and majestic grandeur of the bridge in speculating on the tremendous force that scooped out, as it were, the immense mass of rock and earth that at some time filled the glen. On the under side of the bridge, and almost in the centre, the lichens and mosses have so grown as to almost represent the American eagle, with outstretched wings, clasping the shield in its talons. Well-authenticated records state that this peculiar growth existed in the middle of the eighteenth century. Standing about a hundred feet west of the bridge, and looking back under it, a well-defined profile likeness of a young woman may be seen. From the road above, the bridge cannot be seen, nor is there any indication of its existence, unless one leaves the roadway and goes about twenty feet to the west. From this point the small stream rushing through the glen and under the bridge may be seen some 250 feet below.

Cremation in France.

Four crematory furnaces are in course of erection at the far-famed Parisian cemetery, Pere-la-Chaise, and will be ready for operation in a short time. These furnaces, which have the outward appearance of ornamental ovens, are built on the model of those in use at Rome and Milan. The cost of cremation will be fifteen francs only—to rich and poor alike. It is said that already sculptors and metal workers are busy in designing and producing cinerary urns for the preservation of the ashes from these furnaces. These vessels will, at the option of the relatives of the dead, be removed to family vaults, or will be deposited in a building which is to be erected by the city of Paris for their reception.