

The High Point Enterprise.

VOL. 10.

HIGH POINT, GUILFORD COUNTY, N. C., JULY 16, 1886.

NO. 12.

In the little German village of Segeberg there lives a humble shoemaker named Honelach, who has collected 2,563 different kinds of beetles, 1,330 being native and 1,173 foreign. They are all scientifically arranged and classified, and the collection is an exceedingly valuable one from a scientific point of view. Although he is now eighty years of age, Honelach is still an enthusiastic student of beetles, and he probably knows more about the insects than any man living.

The emigration to this country from Austria, Hungary, Italy, Russia and China for the five years ended in 1885 was 341,778. Nearly all of these emigrants took the places of American laborers at starvation prices. A table recently compiled shows that from 1876 to 1880, inclusive, 293,753 skilled laborers came to this country and 192,467 unskilled laborers. From 1881 to 1885 there were 941,112 of the former and 628,789 of the latter, showing an increase of the latter of more than 300 per cent. All of the unskilled laborers, as a rule, remain in the large cities.

The object of those who provide for shooting matches is to produce birds which will rise rapidly from the trap, fly erratically, and make a struggle to get out of the bounds, even if hit. In England the plan used is to pull a few feathers out of the bird's tail and apply tar to the spot or to run a pin into the flesh. These practices were stopped by the authorities, and now a new method is in use. The only water given to the birds for twelve to twenty-four hours before the tournament is salt water. This almost maddens them, and when they rise from the trap they fulfill all requirements.

Farm lands in England continue to decrease in value so much in extent as to cause serious alarm over there. The loans made on mortgages by large moneyed institutions are above the value of the estates, so that they cannot be converted into cash, and the credit of some of the institutions is in consequence gradually though steadily being impaired. Even the best property of that kind is affected by the financial depression. A very desirable estate near Castle Howard was lately offered at auction, and £7,000 was the best bid, although, seven years ago, it sold for £12,500. A singular fact, that, notwithstanding the troubles in Ireland and the depreciation of agricultural interests there, land in certain of its districts is in more demand than in the English counties. Some of the local newspapers, indeed, declare that the primary cause of all the agrarian disturbances of Ireland is due to the overbidding for land. But there are so many and so contradictory opinions concerning the present adversity in Great Britain that it is impossible to tell to what they are attributable.

It is not an uncommon thing for Congress to sit as late as August, says "Carp" in the *Cleveland Leader and Herald*. The first session of the forty-seventh Congress did not adjourn till August 8, and that of the forty-fourth was here until August 14th. In 1836 Congress sat from December till August 18, while the thirty-second and thirty-third congresses each held nine months' sessions. In 1850 Congress sat as late as September 3th, spending the whole summer at Washington, and in 1842 the regular second session of the twenty-seven Congress did not adjourn till August 31st. Running further back the Congressional sessions were shorter. The longest sessions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first Congresses ended before the first of May, and those of the ninth, tenth and thirteenth came to a close in April. Since 1816 the regular sessions of Congress have begun in December, but before this they seemed to have had no fixed time. The first Congress met March 4, 1789, the second on the 24th of October, 1791, and the third on the 17th of October, 1793.

The New York *Evening Post* presents some interesting statistics, prepared by Superintendent Martin and H. R. Van Keuren, superintendent of tolls, showing the volume of travel across the Brooklyn bridge. A detailed statement of the number of persons actually crossing the bridge in a single day has never before been made, but a plan was conceived and carried out which enabled the gentlemen named to ascertain precisely how many travelers passed over on foot, in the cars or in other vehicles. The day chosen was when seemingly the traffic was of average volume. From elaborate computations it appears that the number of foot passengers who crossed by the promenade was 4,925 from New York and 2,914 from Brooklyn, total 7,839; by the carriage-way 442 from New York and 446 from Brooklyn, total 888; by railroad 32,146 from New York and 38,991 from Brooklyn, total 70,237. The whole number coming from New York was 37,513, from Brooklyn 41,451, and the grand total for the day 78,964. The vehicles of all kinds coming from both ways numbered 3,551, and the total receipts for the day were \$2,122.74. These figures indicate the capacity of the bridge as a public convenience. If the average be sustained they show that 28,531,860 persons cross the structure in a year, and put the annual receipts at \$774,800.10.

THE WORLD FROM THE SIDE WALK.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
In the glare of the city lamps,
And list to the tread of the million feet
In their quivering musical tramp?
As the surging crowd goes to and fro
To mark the figures that come and go,
In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the **pride**,
And the priest in his gloomy cowl,
And Dives walks in the motley crowd
With Lazarus, cheek by jowl,
And the daughter of toil, with her **fresh**
young heart,
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her **mart**
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
In the midst of the city's throng,
As freshly pure as the daisy's grass
That grows on her native hills,
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his lean, wan face and rat-bait
Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by
As he gives him little or none.

When time has eaten the world's **tattoo**,
And in dusky armor dight
Is trading with a hobnob of **ostlers** through
The gloom of the silent night,
How many of these shall be **dimly** fed
And shall sink to **humbler** sweat,
While many will go to a **heavenly** bed
And never a crumb to eat!

Ah, me! when the hours go **joyful** by,
How little we stop to **heed**
Our brothers and sisters **deploring** cry,
In their **woe** and their **bit** of **need**!
Yet such a world is the **angel's** song,
This world of ours we **lead**
If the brotherly love that the **father** taught
Was felt by each for all.

Yet a few short years and this **motley**
throng
Will all have passed away,
And the rich and the poor and the **old** and the **young**
Will be **undistinguished** clay,
And lips that laugh and lips that **moan**
Shall in **shame** alike be **soiled**,
And some will be **unmarked** and **stone**,
And some in the **poor**'s **field**.

But the sun will be shining **just** as bright,
And so will the **silver** moon,
And just such a crowd will be **here** at **night**,
And just such a crowd at **noon**;
And men will be **wicked** and **women** will **sin**,
As ever since **Adam's** fall,
With the same **old** world to **labor** in,
And the same **God** over all.

A HEROIC DEFENSE.

NINE INDIANS KEPT AT BAY BY A MAN AND WOMAN.

If the heroes and heroines of the last fifteen years of Indian warfare in the West had their names and deeds emblazoned on the pages of current history the world could furnish no more glorious record of heroism. Here and there a name is known and a record of thrilling experience is given, but the great majority will live on unknown to the world at large, or sleep their last sleep in graves unmarked and unhonored.

One forenoon of a May morning a stockman named George Webber was riding along the south bank of the Loup Fork, in Western Nebraska, in search of stray stock, when he was fired upon from a grove by Indians who had broken away from one of the agencies in the west. Half a dozen shots were fired in a volley, and Webber was hit in the calf of the right leg, in the right side, and raked across the shoulder, and his horse was also wounded. As soon as the shots were fired nine mounted Indians dashed out, and Webber put his horse at the top of its speed and headed for the ranch of Charles Moss, about four miles up the river and on the same side. For the first mile Webber had no hope, as the Indians were close enough to use their revolvers and arrows, and his horse was a common animal. A score or more of bullets were fired at him, and fully twenty arrows zipped past him, but the wound his animal received, aided by the continued shouting of the red skins, made him pull out like a born race horse. He soon began to widen the distance, and when he dashed up to the ranch Webber was fully half a mile ahead. His shouts as he neared the place gave the alarm, but to his dismay he dashed up to be informed by Mrs. Moss that she was the only one about the place, her husband and his man having gone away an hour before.

The cabin stood on a rise of ground about twenty rods from the stream, and could be approached from any side. The Indians halted at long range to see who was about the place, and this gave Webber time to make explanations and do a little planning. He knew his pursuers were "bad" Indians, who had skulked off the reservation, and realized that if he could keep them off for an hour or two reinforcements would come to him or the enemy would withdraw for fear of their identity being discovered.

"What arms have you got?" he asked, after explaining the situation.

"A Colt's revolver."

"I have a Winchester rifle. We must hold 'em off until aid comes. Help me if I can."

The woman assisted him to alight, and he gave his horse a slap and sent the animal galloping off up the trail. Some of the Indians pursued, but without avail. The first white man whom the horse encountered would understand that something was wrong, and that his assistance was asked for down the trail.

The house was a primitive affair, divided into two rooms, with only a lower sash in each window. The only point from which the Indians could approach with shelter to cover them was the east side. They could approach this side within revolver shot by creeping up a ravine. Webber realized that if the nine charged together from this ravine, with only the fire from a single window directed at them, not more than two or three could be stopped. If the others reached the house the game was up. He therefore insisted on taking up his position outside the house, without even a twig to shelter him. His back was to the ravine and his front to the house. For fear some of the Indians might approach the house singly from another direction, the woman was instructed to first fasten all the doors and then pass from window to window and maintain an active observation. She was a woman of thirty-five, who had been tenderly reared in an Eastern State, and had been in the West less than two years. The sight of a snake would have made her scream out in a fright, or, that very morning, and the thought of an attack by Indians would have been sufficient to chill her blood. Yet, when brought face to face with the terrible menace, she was a heroine. With pale face and compressed lips, and stopping not to question the policy of the wounded man's plans to save their lives, she promptly obeyed.

The Indians must have known that Webber and the woman were alone, and that he was wounded, but they did not dare make a rush. Much as they desired scalps and plunder, they did not care to recklessly expose themselves. They crept up the ravine, as was expected, or started to, when Webber saw that their ponies had been left within range of his Winchester. He opened fire at once and dropped three of them to the grass before the reikins discovered what he was at. This called a halt in the proceedings until they could remove the other six to a place of safety. He counted them as they returned to the ravine and saw that three were missing. The trio had separated from the others to creep upon the house, and this fact was announced to Mrs. Moss. In the course of fifteen minutes the six had gained the position sought for opposite, and Webber gave all his attention to them, trusting to the women to watch and defend the house from the others.

From the house to the ravine was a gradual slant, the ground being covered with grass and entirely clean. Webber sat there, as plain a target as a man would desire for his pistol, the blood from his wounds soaking into the ground, and his eyes watching the ravine with the knowledge that he was one to six. No Indian could fire on him without raising his head above the bank, and the first head up got a bullet through it, and the first skin tumbled back a corpse. This was a caution to the others, and instead of raising their heads they rested their rifles on the bank and fired blindly six feet from Webber, and others only missed him by a shave. It was simply a question of time, if the firing were kept up, when a bullet would hit and finish him. Meanwhile the three bucks who had left the main body were creeping toward the house from different directions. Mrs. Moss could see two of them but the third crept along a deep furrow, and finally gained a point from which he could fire upon Webber at fair range. From this point the red fired nine times at Webber's right side, which was exposed to his view. He either had a poor gun or was much excited, for not one of his bullets counted, although some of them whistled uncomfortably close.

"I knew what was up," said Webber, in modestly telling his story, "but I had to hold it to me. He was not where I could hit him, and if he happened to hit me it would have been no worse than to be killed by the others in front. After his first bullet I did not even turn my head that way. The woman came to the window near me and said the other two were in sight, and I instructed her to open fire with the revolver. She had fired a pistol only a few times, and I did not count on anything beyond her giving the bucks something to think about. It must have been entirely by accident that at her very first she wounded one of the fellows in the hip, and he at once crawled away to take care of himself. The other one sent three bullets through a window at which she was standing, but she kept firing away at him and sending so much lead around his ears that he dared not advance.

The fight in front lasted about half an hour. Whenever there was a lull in the firing Webber looked to see the Indians spring up and make a rush, and to prevent this he fired at random along the bank, tearing up the sod and flinging dirt over the red skins in hiding. He had no idea that help was at hand, and was yet depending upon himself when the Indians suddenly ceased firing and went to retreat, and ten minutes later Moss and his man rode up, having been met on the open prairie by the ridersless horse. In retreating from the ravine the Indians carried away the dead warrior, but the one wounded by Mrs. Moss was left to take care of himself. He was found in the dry furrow and despatched. The heroism of Webber in taking and maintaining his position, severely wounded as he

was, and of the woman in obeying his orders, loquacious as the defence must have appeared to her, deserves a place on the pages of undying history.—*New York Sun*

A Glimpse of the Late King Ludwig.

A gentleman writes to the *New York Evening Post*, describing how he once saw the late King Ludwig, the Prussian ruler who ended his eccentric reign by committing suicide. Says the writer: "A residence of several years in the vicinity of his favorite mountain retreat in the Bavarian Alps, made me intimately acquainted with his surroundings, and occasionally brought me in contact with the King himself. His wonderfully picturesque Castle of Hohenwangung—a Gothic pile teeming with associations of the most romantic kind—was that in which the gallant young Countess, the last of the Hohenschauffen Emperors, bid his widowed Empress mother his last farewell as he started, now almost 800 years ago, on the Crusade, which terminated for him under the executioner's axe. The meeting I refer to happened one dark autumn night, on my return from a few days' chamois-hunting in a not very distant part of the royal preserve. I was alone and had been walking homeward through the darkness along a very lonely but fairly good road (in this country one would call it a very excellent one), leading through vast stretches of dense pine and larch forest, and following in its windings the course of a rushing mountain stream. Feeling hungry, I sat down on the bank at a point where the road ran close beside it, and was finishing a treasured-up last bite of bread and 'speck,' when suddenly, without the slightest warning, there flashed upon my dazzled eyes a scene that well might take away the breath of one who, unlike myself, had never seen or heard of it before. A gigantic golden swan, perfect in shape and in the curve of its proud neck, the body of which was made to hold one person seated upright as in a sleigh, and running on nearly invisible wheels, the whole lighted up by ingeniously applied electric lights and drawn by four foam-flecked horses, at a full gallop, on two of which 'hard-riding' postillions were seated, was the strange-looking object that dashed into the field of my vision on that dark night and in that excessively lonely spot. It passed me and was gone out of it with the rapidity almost of a first express. It was in the early days of the electric light, and the continent few persons had heard of it, much less seen it; but King Ludwig was a great admirer of it from his earliest hours, and it naturally fell to the lot of wifery that the scene I have just attempted to describe. The King, then in the early prime of a splendid manhood, was seated in his conveyance, leaning back in an easy pose, evidently enjoying the fairy-like spectacle of the dark, silent forest, the great pines, covered with glittering hoarfrost, illuminated by the wonderfully bright light, of which he himself appeared to be the centre.

I was watching a broken-down coupling cars in the Grand Central yard the other afternoon, when my neighbor, one of the principal freight officials of the road, said: "You wouldn't believe it, to watch that expert and nervy fellow risking his life, that there is a new car-coupler invented every working day of the year, and yet no patent has so far been hit on that will replace the work of the hand in making a coupling. The couplings themselves are much better and safer than they used to be when they consisted simply of a ring and a pin, but the work of making a coupling is still one of peril. Many of the automatic couplings do very well for light cars, but the heavy strain of loaded and ponderous cars, running now slow, now fast, and shaking every bit of loose iron about them till it rings like a bell. It takes courage and intelligence to make a man an expert coupler. A first-class man is that line doesn't stay there very long. He either gets killed or 'comoted.'"

"The mortality among the second-class men must be something fearful," I suggested.

"On the contrary, they last much longer. You see, they're more careful. It's the smart men who get reckless, don't observe precautions, and so get themselves hurt."

"If he can hold a flag we make a flag-man out of him. You will find one armed and one-legged flagmen all along the railroads. There are several men without arms flagging it. If a man loses both legs or can't get around lively we put him in the store shelves and supply departments. We never let a man go who is crippled in our service, if he can possibly 'hold a flag' in carrying a living.—*New York News*.

A Dangerous Occupation.

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The London *Economist* publishes from the report of the British mint a comparison of the coinage of nearly all countries for 1885, showing that \$65,344,150 gold and \$75,804,005 silver were added to the world's stock of coins in that year. Of the new silver coinage \$28,950,000 was in India, and \$28,848,960 came from four mints in the United States, leaving only about \$18,000,000 for all other countries, and of this the Japan mint produced \$5,800,000.

ALONG THE NILE.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION BY AN AMERICAN OFFICIAL.

What United States Minister Cor Saw on an Excursion—Picturesque Views of Oriental Life and Character.

In a Constantinople letter to the *New York World* Hon. S. S. Cox, United States Minister to Turkey, writes about an excursion in Egypt made by him recently. We quote from his letter:

We had been in Egypt before, but never beyond Cairo or the Pyramids of Ghiza, so that the scenes on the railroad travel were novel, diverting and interesting. Having an apartment or carriage to ourselves, we placed our portmanteaus on the seat and mounted thereon as a vantage situation, and for eight hours, from 9 A. M. till evening, we gazed out of the windows at the strangeness of the panorama, with its constantly shifting colors and forms. Remember, it is winter—mid-February. The grain harvest is nearly ripe. The cotton is picked; only a few bolls remain in the fields. The sugar cane is being cut and carried on donkeys, camels and cars to the sugar factories. The long stalks are seen every where. The little Arab boys, in their nakedness, are grinding the succulent saccharine stalks between their glistening upper and nether teeth. Everyone on the route has a long sugar cane, carrying one end in the mouth. The flies are settling thick around the juicy orifices. The sugar factories are at work. The fumes not only add their fragrance, but the long iron chimneys give their peculiar business look to the landscape.

There were other peculiarities for which the car was a point of observation. Not the costumes of the people, for they seemed uniformly a dark or blue bournous. The sexes are hardly distinguishable from each other, except by the mustache, beard or turban. After an eager glance toward the pyramids of Sakarral, near old Memphis, the multitudinous mud huts and villages appear. Palms in abundance everywhere plume themselves in their stately beauty. The soil is being ploughed in places for the new crop. The people are said to be industrious, but everywhere we see them sitting under walls, in the shade, and covered with flies—eyes, ears, face, hands, feet covered with flies. The animal life seems to move as slowly as if it had ages to do a lifetime of work. The buffalo is very unlike our almost obsolete big-headed species. It is seen in the fields ploughing with the old one handled plough of the time of Setis, or turning the water-wheel. At a distance, and especially when cooling in the water, it looks like a pachyderm. In fact, its brown-black tough hide, ungainly form and hideous face, to which the horn gives a sinister expression, make him an object of curious interest. Here and there we observe shepherd, generally their children, with shepherd dogs. Some are Bedouins, with tents of camel-hair, black and dirty. They have flocks of sheep and goats and often mixed flocks. There are generally a donkey and a yellow dog and plenty of naked children. Yellow and white flowers are already peeping from the meadows. At various times on the railroad we obtained glimpses of the white and yellow sands; and the peculiar masts of the dahabieh at an odd angle, with their still more quaint sails. Ridges and plains of sand soon give way to villages, which are the sign and site of palm groves. On both sides of the valley of the Nile lone, arid and twyn mountains appear. They are picture not unlike the Desert of Moab—out of whose wilderness the Baptist came. They are the shaggy barriers of the fruitful valley. For such fences as are needed to separate the fields, the cane, interwoven, makes a tolerable pretext of protection. It would not 'turn' a resolute rabbit. Everywhere are seen stakes, indicating metes and bounds and proprietorship, which have to be renewed when the Nile flood disappears. Old well sweeps are seen, such as were common in Ohio in my boyhood. They lift the water out of the soft soil to the surface. The bottom of the well is, of course, on a level with the river; and, as I said, the river is everything in Egypt. It is now quite low; still, the fields have ponds in them, but the pond water does not seem stagnant. Indeed the people use the water for every purpose—cooking, washing, bathing, &c.

After the buffalo, for number and utility, come the donkey and camel. I had no idea that the donkey was such a 'daisy' in Egypt. Bridled and saddleless, he will amble gayly with a family on his vertebrae. He is as patient and as meek as if his burden were nothing. Sometimes you do not see his legs and only parts of his ears when he is loaded down with sugar cane or grasses.

Now and then we approach a bear the river. There we observe the shadoofs or water-lifters. It is the old bucket on the wheel, which is turned by a buffalo, and empties the water from the river to the level above and makes a horrid creaking as if all the 'wee-wee-wees' of the centuries were in pain. At some of the places, notably at Drouth, we perceive immense Government works, where the

river is divided for irrigation. They consist of slack-water dams and fine stone bridges, etc. The work is of the most elegant style and engineering skill. Many birds, such as the wild gray goose, storks, duck and others of aquatic species, are seen on the ponds and river banks and on the sand isles of the river. We perceive frequently the heron, with his dignified strides into deep water after his evening meal, and another bird with a bill as long as a river and harbor bill in Congress and with an equal capacity for shallows and swallows.

How Etna Looks in Eruption.

A London *Times* correspondent who has recently witnessed Mount Etna, the great Sicilian volcano, in eruption, describes the scene as follows:

It is perfectly impossible to describe it, as no one can have any conception of what it is like until he sees it, and also until he sees it from where we did, which was on high ground overlooking nearly the whole of it. At the top is this enormous crater throwing out flames and throwing up stones some hundreds of yards, with a continual roar like any number of rattles going on, and just below is another mouth, from which the lava comes, traveling at a tremendous pace. It divides into several streams and follows the valleys.

Now imagine from where we were that night, with our backs to Catania, what we saw. On our right this enormous flame going hundreds of feet into the air, making the whole sky bright red, and all down past us from our right and extending down miles to the left stream of red hot lava moving downward in a mass for miles, and looking like an enormous sea of red hot coke. The width across the lava, where we were, was, perhaps, three or four miles, and it started about two miles above us and flowed some four miles or so below us, so you must imagine a sea of angry, red hot lava five or six miles long, and three or four wide, and about thirty or forty feet deep, but all of it bright red.

The lava is not liquid, as most people suppose, but consists of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky-looking stuff rolling onward. We saw one huge rock of old lava, standing in the middle of the stream of lava, which was divided by it and ran around it; the rock was about the size of (say) Quiddham Church, and the rock suddenly split into two parts, the smaller half crumbled up, and the other half was carried bodily down with the stream slowly and steadily. We watched it until we left, and it moved about three-quarters of a mile in about three-quarters of an hour. We waited there until nearly midnight, as we could not venture down until the moon got up, and then we reluctantly left this magnificent sight, which, as I tell you, no description can give you any idea of.

As we went up we had all gone into a little house to see it, and walked round it and thought it was unpleasantly close to the lava. Well, as we came down this house was in flames and caught by the stream. In many places we had to take different paths, so quickly had the lava spread as it came down; and from below it is awful (quite close to it) to see this mass, thirty or forty feet, coming slowly toward you. I brought a piece of red-hot lava down for me, which the guide got hold of for me, as I could not get it myself, it was so fearfully hot I could not get close enough. We put our hands on it, and I carried it down on the end of my stick. In fact we each brought a bit down, and also some ashes or cinders which rained down on us whenever the wind was our way.

Expensive Clothes.

"The average swell in New York society (I quote from a fashionable tailor for authority) is spending now from \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year on his tailor if he is cutting any figure at all. Men do not know much about the cost of clothing, and expenses of manufacture (so this clothesmaker says). Show a man a coat that costs \$20 and another that costs \$70, and he will seldom hesitate to pay the \$50 difference to get the higher-priced garment."

A physician who is known up town as the attendant upon some well-known families, was presented some time ago by an English manufacturer with a piece of cloth for a pair of trousers. He took the cloth to his tailor and ordered it made up. When the pantaloons were sent him a bill came with them for \$30. He dropped in to pay the bill, and with a smile that seemed based on the well-grounded belief that his tailor had blundered he pointed out the figures and suggested that somebody had made a mistake. The tailor looked the bill over, and said he guessed not; the bill was all right. Trousers of that sort were worth \$30.

"But I furnished the cloth," persisted the doctor.

"Oh, the cloth. That is a matter of small consequence," said the tailor. "We never charge for the cloth. Our fit and our reputation are what makes pantaloons cost in this establishment."—*New York Times*.

Japan, according to the new census has a population of 33,500,000, or about the same as that of the United States in 1870. In area Japan is about three times the size of Pennsylvania.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

There is no patch of the moon's visible surface half a mile square that is not accurately mapped, according to Professor Young, while the earth contains immense tracts, as in Central Africa, which have never been surveyed.

Little is known of the effect of solar eclipses on our atmosphere. To add to your knowledge, Norwegian seamen happening to be in favorable localities have been requested to make barometric and thermometric observations during the next total eclipse of August 29th next.

The great Mexican volcano, Popocatepetl, has been remeasured, and found to be 17,800 feet above the sea. The crater, which is completely obscured within by sulphurous vapor, is about two feet and a half miles in circuit and 1,000 feet deep. The entire centre of the top of the mountain seems to be solid sulphur, which is deposited at the rate of a ton a day.

The general idea that wheat is fertilized by means of the anthers protruding from the spikelets of the ears while the wheat is in flower has been proved to be erroneous by recent experiments made by Dr. Paley, an Englishman, and others. The fact is, the anthers, when protruding from the glumes, have already performed the office of fertilization, which takes place within the closed glumes, plying conclusively that each glume of a wheat ear is self-sexual and self-fertilizing.

The prevention of decay in wood is said to be effectively accomplished by exhausting the air from the pores and filling them with a gutta percha solution, a substance which preserves the wood alike from moisture, water and the action of the sun. The solution is made by mixing two-thirds of gutta percha to one-third paraffine, this mixture being then heated to liquefy the gutta percha, when it is readily introduced into the pores of the wood, the effect of the gutta percha being, when it becomes cool, to harden the pores.

An account has just been given of some remarkable phenomena observed at Tschernab, in Siberia, on a night of last January. A meteor suddenly rushed across the town, accompanied by gusts of wind, and burst with a great roar, killing a horse on the highway. Ten minutes later a loud report as of an explosion was heard, and was followed directly by a still more terrific report, which shook the ground, overthrew several houses, and broke the thick ice of an adjacent lake. At the same time a shock and report were observed at a dozen miles away.

The whalebone whales differ from others in their absence of teeth. At an early stage of their development they are present, but disappear and are replaced in the baleen or whalebone of commerce. This whalebone—that is the right whale—often weighs from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds—is a strainer or trap by which the animal obtains its food, which consists of minute pelagic animals, jelly fishes, etc. The whale opens its mouth as it moves along, and when it is filled closes it, the water finding its way out between the plates of whalebone that serves as a complete trap or sieve.

The engineers who made the survey of a new railroad at Niagara, which will run along the bank at the edge of the river, claim to have discovered some facts which will surprise scientists. When the survey was made in 1851 for the suspension bridge that was claimed from the surveys that the river was higher at the suspension bridge than at the foot of the falls, and this theory was accepted it being claimed that "the immense reservoir from the falls carried the water up hill." The present survey, which gives the first levels ever taken through the water level, explodes the uphill theory, and shows that from the foot of the inclined road to the cantilever bridge, two miles, the incline is six feet, and from the cantilever bridge to the whirlpool, a little less than a mile, is 34.18 feet, thus giving the water the terrible force it attains on going through the whirlpool.

Vegetables Better Than Drugs.

Spinach has a direct effect upon complaints of the kidneys.

The common dandelion, used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble.

Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia.

Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers.

Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system.

Onions, garlic, leeks, olives and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medical virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion.

Red onions are an excellent diuretic and the white ones are recommended eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are a tonic and nutritious. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative of the digestive organs.

As to the native merits of hard and soft steel rails, the investigation in Germany seem to leave the matter of wear indeterminate, with the conclusion that the wear of rails depends more upon the impurity of the steel than upon its hardness and softness.