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VEILCHEN

# IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

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VCL. XII.

Modern ideas of unexplored lands are Modern ideas of unexplored lands are fimited almost entirely to the north and south poles, whither costly expeditions are constantly being despatched: while in South America alone there are the in-teriors of Guiana, Brazil, Patagonia, and Tierra del Fuego, besides smaller patches of only half explored land, all calling for more attention than they have hitherto received. received. The whole of Brazil has indeed been

explored in a superficial sort of way: that is to say, there are certain narrow lines of explored land, chiefly along rivers which intersect the country; but only two people from all the civilized world have ever penetrated beyond the coast of Tierra del Fuege, though the coast itself has been well surveyed, and whalers' boats frequently land there for water.

One of these two pioneors is a Chilian lady who was ship-wrecked on the coast; and saved alive by the chief of a Fuegan tribe which murdered all her companions. She was seen alive and happy by the other pioneer, a seaman, by name Thomas Thorold, who spent nearly six months in the interior of this strange country, and came safe home to England again. It is his story that I propose to tell

Less than six years ago an English sailing ship, homeward bound from Valparaiso, founded off the west coast of Tierra del Fuego during the cruel, wintry month of July. The crew got into three boats and pulled to the shore, which was not far distant. After rounding a headland, they found themselves in comparatively smooth water, surrounded by bare, bleak hills, beneath which there was a broad, sandy beach, which would afford

them easy landing. But on this beach and about the foot of the hill they saw what above all things they dreaded-the signs of the doom they felt must sooner or later be theirthe stunted forms of Fuegan nativos, standing and lying about their rude huts and canoes.

As soon as the Fuegans espied them they crowded into their cances and rowed out toward them, while their shouts brought a multitude of natives to the beach where they clustered like a flock of vultures hovering over their prey.

The Fuegans are a small race, with a dark copper-colored skin. The men are mostly clad in old vests and trousers that they have acquired from some shipwrocked crow, or from the steamers passing through the straits of Magellan; others wear deer or guanaco skins. The women are dressed more simply in a single carment resembling a poncho, made of some skin: a simple square, with a hole in the middle for the head.

Their boats have none of the graceful gliding of the North American canoes, but are simply made of pieces of bark or wood clumsily tied together with fibres, and are awkwardly rowed with oars formed of poles with flat pieces of wood tied on to the end. The only manufacture in which these men-the lowest type of humanity-at all excel, is that of barbed spear-heads, which they make with considerable skill of an almost transparent sort of flint, very similar to some of the arrow-heads used by the wild Bugres of Brazil. These, dipped in poison and fixed on to long wooden

shafts, become dangerous weapons for poor, weaty sailors to face who have

him in awe, and lean dogs came and snarled and sniffed at him suspiciously. The tribe appeared to consist of be-tween 100 and 200, and there were several rude huts formed of trees cut down and stuck close together in the ground, while their branches and foliage were tied together and formed an inefficient roof.

Fuegans appear to be insensible to cold, for though the climate is as cold or even colder than the extreme north of Scotland, they do not attempt to make comfortable huts for themselves, and they were nothing but the light clothing which I have described. At night, however, most of them slept by the tires,

like dogs on a winter's night. All that night long Thomas Thorold lay bound upon the beach, trembling with cold and terror, and praying, "Lord, lan, from the north of Chili. now let me die!"

In the early morning he felt that his met another tribe, also on the march, and hour had come, for two or three of the the two bodies of men fell to fighting at Fuegans came towards him, and one of them had a knife in his hand. But when once, as is their invariable custom. After an hour's fighting there were only about fifty men left of the first tribe; the they cut the fiber ropes that bound him they left him alone again, standing these surrendered, and became prisoners on the beach, free to do what he liked. of war to their conquerors, who had also It was useless to think of flight, for sustained heavy losses. The prisoners, their eyes were always upon him, and however, did not appear to be regarded besides, one man could have done nothing with a boat in the sea outside as slaves at all, but simply mingled with the victorious tribe. After the battle the prisoners spoke to their captors about the bay. So after a while he obeyed the cravings of nature, and collected muscles Thorold; whom they brought forward, and clams on the shore, as he had seen the natives do; and on this cold food he apparently explaining their object in ceeping him; and he lived with the new tribe on exactly the same footing as he made a wretched breakfast. had done with the old one.

Thus he spent all that day and all the next thirty-seven days, for he kept a careful count of the time. He ate only the misorable shell-fish that he found on the beach, drank water from a torrent that flowed down the mountain side, and slept by one of the fires, which he boldly approached the first night after they had unbound him, for he had experienced the cold of one wintry night and that

was enough. They were neither kind nor unkind to him, but took no notice of him whatever: they never attempted to speak to him, even by signs, except on one occasion when he wandered too far from them, and one of them ran after him and made signs to him to go back.

signs of cannibalism, but this was per-During the leaden-footed days he haps because no necessity for it arose. He states that the old women were necessarily observed how the natives treated with especial care; and it is passed their time, and he did so without the slightest interest, and was unable doubtful whether this affection arose from the hearts or the stomachs of their to relate many details about them. Most grandchildren. of the work, such as hewing wood and drawing water, was done by the women; tribe; in three out of the five his tribe the men did very little, but spent their was conquered, and he changed hands, time mostly in lying about their huts. Sometimes a few of them went off in their cances seal hunting, and always rethe prisoners always appearing to explain to their captors their objectiu keeping him. Among the third tribe with which he lived he saw a white turned with one or two seals; sometimes they went hunting inland, and always returned with a guanaco-a species of llama: then they all immediately fell woman; she was the Chilian lady whom have already mentioned, and Thorold upon it, tore it to pieces, and ate it raw. took the first opportunity of going up to her. The Fuegans held him back at first, If a dead seal was washed ashore, they

ate it in the same way, gorging them-selves on the putrid blubber and ficsh. After these disgusting feeds they lay on the ground in a torpor, and Thorold could easily have stabled them as they lay asleen, but that some of the weaker ones, having been unable to secure much of the food, were awake and ready to cast their spears at him. Moreover, if he had killed them all he would have been no better off.

All these weeks he was in a horrible fore him, but he saw her manner of life. She was the wife of the chief, and had state of suspense as to why he was being kept alive and what torture was preparapparently a large number of children. ing for him, so much so that he was un-The natives treated her with the greatest t, and cooked most for ble to sleep for terror, until for unconsciousness by fatigue. But on the thirty-eighth day an event

and living on guanacos, which they oo | Tobacco, however, they greatly appre-

cassionally shot. Thorold took little interest in observciate. On this occasion the passengers of the ing the nature of the country, but he re-"Aconcagua" were not disappointed in ported it to be very similar to that seen on their desire to see the natives. Several the coast-bleak mountains, with occacances were shooting out to meet them, sional copses of stunted trees, and all and in one of them they saw to their inelse absolutely barren and uncultivated, tense surprise a white man standing up, There is little doubt, however, that it is and heard him shouting to them in English to "stop for Gods sake!" Of course a treasure house of mineral wealth, for various ores, including gold, are picked they stopped. The canoes came alongup in plenty on the coast, and there is every indication of coal. If a coal mine side, and the white man was hauled up on deck without the slightest opposition from the Fuegans, and indeed by their was once got into working order here, evident desire. it would be of inestimable value for the

On reaching the deck Thorold fainted. coaling of ships alone, as well as for use in South America itself, for coal is at He was carried away and attended to by present brought from England at great the doctor: and the natives, we may be sure, got a good toll that day. Several expense all the way to Monte Video, and barrels were dropped over the ship's side, laden with all things that the savages to Sandy Point, in the straits of Magelcould desire. On the fourth day of the march they

The rescued man soon recovered sufficiently to tell his wonderful story. He was taken to Valparaiso, and thence back again to England in the steamship "Galicia," as a distressed British scaman. During the first part of the voyage his mental faculties appeared to be a good deal weakened. He would frequently hang over the bulwarks in a sort of stupor, and the doctor ordered any one who saw him in this state at once to apbroach him and touch him, and ask him what he was thinking of, until he answered them. And the answer that came at last was

always the same: "I was thinkin' of how the faces of my

mates looked when them savages was murderin' of them."-Cornhill Magazine.

Skin of a Huge African Lion.

The tanned skin of a huge African lion, said to be the largest animal of its kind ever killed by a white man, has just been made into a rug for a gentleman in New York city. The owner was one of a hunting party that captured the animal last August on a mountain precipice near the Sand river, east Africa, about 180 miles back from the coast line at Delagoa bay. The lion killed a native Zamala, who was trying to beat him out of the bush so that the hunter could get a shot at him, and the owner of skin brought home the skull of the poor follow as another souvenir of the exciting chase. From the nostrils to the tip of the tail the skin measured ton feet three inches. It is beautifully colored, and all the claws and teeth are preserved perfeetly. Two of the teeth are four inches ong. The head measured two feet eight inches across the forehead, with all the muscles strongly brought out.

There is a big hole in the skin that pierced the animal's heart. The owner of the skin left Africa with it before the hot season came on. It was packed in lime to preserve it until the traveler reached London, and was covered with arsenic soap for further transportation The lion skin has been surto this city. rounded with twenty-one bear skins, the whole forming a rug twenty-one feet long and thirteen feet wide, enough to carpet a large room. The skin has been the object of a good deal of interest and curiosity to men in the trade .- New Orsans Times-Democrat.

#### Paganini's Usparalled Feat.

proach the Chilian woman, who appeared to be rather ashamed of her situation be-Paganini happened to play before the Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon I, when his chanterelle (the E string) snapped. Whether accident or not a pretty waxwork, but a part of a his own design, the A broke after this, helpful someone, who would be sweetly and he r yed so wonderfully on the two willing to do something for some ganini, with two strings, that I am almost sorry that the D string didn't give way too, so as to leave you only one string. I should like to see what it is ossible even for a sorcerer like you to to on the G alone. "Qu'a cela ne tienne." said Paganini with the greatest equanimity, and he coolly took the D off and began his famous variations on the Prayer of Moseon the G alone. It is useless to try and give a description of the amazament, not to say stupefaction, of his hearers at this unpuralleled feat, and of the admiration which followed the first surprise, when they saw what a man's hand could do with one string. True, it was that man's hand.-Temple Bar. Brutality of Napoleon Bousparte. In the "souvenirs" of Victor de Broglie ome striking stories are told of the First Napoleon. Gen. Bertrand was ordered to examine the defensive means of a small town. He called the emperor's attention to the fact that in order to place it in a proper state of defense it would be ecessary to destroy a number of small dwellings, which he considered a useless sacrifice, as the point was of alight strategic importance. The emperor listened without interrupting and then calmly remarked: "An engineer ought to be only an engineer;" then, pacing up and down, "it is useless to be an engineer without fulfilling the duties of an engineer." Then, going to the door, added. engineer must ignore mercy or pity," and hereon slammed the door violently After the Russian campaign Napoleon inversing with M. de Narbonne, stated: After all, what have I lost? Not more than 800,000 men, and oven at that there were a lot of Germans among them! This last seatence is truly Napoleonic .-Detroit Free Press.

### CHARACTER IN THE HANDS.

Suggestive Ideas from a Leading English

Magazine-A Brief List. Our oriental friends, who are of a more slow and dignified character, disapprove of the western custom of taking hold of the precious person of an acquaintance and shaking him for welcome. It may be more dignified to bow, but if frank ness and activity be our characteristics, we like the trustful mystery of a handclasp. It is an index in itself. The formal and cold character offers straight fingers for an instant; the dull and apathetic let us take hold of a hand like a dead fish; the energetic business man meets an old friend with a grip that brings the water into his eyes; the warmhearted takes our hand and holds it. The nervous hand, with an affectionate swiftness, comes out most readily and longingly. And is there anything more natural to a reverent love than the kissing of the hand that has been bountiful in love to us? See how far we have gone among mysteries!

Character, habits, and age are the three things that are told by the hands. When we draw the character of Heep, the hypocrite-and, as schoolboys would say, the "sneak"-Dickens did not neglect this tell-tale; "O what a clammy hand he was! as ghastly to the touch as to the sight; I rubbed mine afterward to warm it, and to rub his off. It was such an uncomfortable hand that when I went to my room it was still cold and wet upon my memory." Even if it be not that of Heep, the hypocritically humble hand is apt to writhe and squeeze its bending finger together. The hand that little Jack Horner

made sticky with his own ple in his own corner undoubtedly became with big Jack Horner, a thick-fingered, puffy index of his partiality for pies and plums. Little does the swaggerer who chinks his small change and cocks his thumbs out of his pockets imagine that thumbs and hands are as much his condemnation as the bragging seals and the

chain that would anchor a ship." The stingy man has a tight hand; his fingers keep fast hold of a sixpence, and his palm makes a careful hollow out of which it cannot roll, until he is quito sure he is obliged to part with it. The rough and the refined hand are different with a difference like that of education in the man. The lowest extremity of roughness is the hand of brute violence -a colossal paw, of iron strength, huge with muscle, vein, and sinew, but lacking all sensitiveness and flexibility-defant in its attitudes-a human tool that has been turned into a weapon.

There are refined hands that are criminal also, but their character is the more hateful because no trace is made upon outward perfection, and their beauty is a lie. One reads in the well-cared for, or, as we might say, the educated hand, not only its own refinement, but that of other generations-the ancestors who lived at leisure from bodily toil, whose muscles were not stretched by labor, whose fingers, little used, went slender to the tips, whose very finger-nails revealed easy times, by their oval shape, not pressed and worn into hard-worked diminutive half-circles.

Yet one likes the strong hand-morally strong even if it has never been tasked with physical labor; the man's hand that is not effeminate, the girl's hand that is modically, but very effectively at times;

#### THEIR LAST RESTING-PLACE.

A Visit to Hollywood Cemetery, Nes Richmond-Confederate Doad. Among the many beautiful places about the capital of the old dominion none is so lovely in the spring time as Hollywood Cemetery. Some of the greatest men Virginia or America ever produced are buried here, and the wind as its sighs through the beautiful trees aings ceaselesaly their requiem.

The grounds cover about ninety acre and there are nearly 50,000 graves. The sexton is a character in his way, and many a little tale of romance did he tell me during my walk, many a tale of a broken heart or of forgetfulness. But we need not dwell upon these. Human nature is the same under every sky, and the same stories can be heard in every grave yard in the land. There is a story worth telling connected with every little mound in the wide world.

One of the first spots the stranger wants to see is President's hill, where lie buried within twenty feet of each other two presidents of the United States, Monroe and Tyler. Over the former is a arge cast-iron monument, but the other has not even a board to mark his last resting-place, not as much as a pauper in a potter's field, only a magnolia grows near, fit emblem of the south he loved so well. diet requires no recommendation of the medical faculty, for a more stalwart race it would be difficult to find. In this cor-

Near these two graves, Gen. A. P. Hill, of the Confederate army, is buried. It is a strange coincidence that his name was in both the lips of Lee and Jackson when they died. Scattered about in various sections of the place are the graves of John Randolph, of Roanoke; J. E. B. Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Army of Northern Virginia; Commodore M, F. Maury, "the Pathfinder of the Sens;" James A. Seddon, Confederate minister of war; Governor Henry A. Wise; John R. Thomson, the poet; Gens. Ashby, Steven, Picket, Moore, and many another of Virginia's sons, whose names are written high on the scroll of

In another part of the cemetery, the "New Part," is the Confederate section, where under the sod sleep 12,000 soldiers, waiting the sound of the last reveille. In the center of the army of the unknown and unrecorded dead rises a splendid monument, a pyramid of rough Virginia granite, erected to the memory of the southern soldier by the ladies of the south. Ah, those ladies of the south, fit mothers and sisters of brave sons and brothers. How many of their best beloved lie to-day under the soil of the Old Dominion. And how many brave northern soldiers lie by their sides. Truly Virginia is the burial place of the nation, and our hearts should soften when we think of her. Speaking of the monument Joaquin Miller, who visited it says: This grand tribute of cold gray stone is taking to itself the softening and subdu-ing mantle of verdure. Up the four steep sides of stone the ivy is climbing, nearing the summit. It will meet there on the topmost pinnacle some day soon, and joining hands, bend down in 

To Awaken the Chinese People. There are only three influences which can be successfully exerted upon the Chinese people to awaken them to their real condition as compared with the people of other countries; first, war and diplomacy, which work slowly and spas-

Did ever the sound of a smatch of song. Whistled in careless tune, Float in your mind the whole day long, Taking you back to June? Did ever the scent of a good cignr, Blown on the breath of the evening air, Bring to you memories different by far-Not of tobacco at all, ma chere? What do you think a voilet said In this same magical way! Nothing at all of the garden bed Where it bloomed until to-day. A walk in the moonlight, with

mark, The clasp of the hand that is dear to me; passionate thrill, a kiss in the dark, The violet's scent brought near to me.

-Providence Journal. NATIVES OF COUNTY CORK.

Potatoes Twenty-One Times a Week-In Typical Attire-An Interview.

The diet of the Irishman in this part of the country is, of course, potatoes and milk. As he himself puts it, he has potatoes twenty-one times a week. In the event of a blight, such as the historic one, the result in certain parts of Ireland could scarcely be less disastrous than at any former period. If one may judge from the physique of his consumers, the

ner of the country so long "preserved," we should expect to find the natural Irishman, and we certainly found him, The native Irish is almost universally spoken; but at the same time the majority of the younger generation speak English with a brogue of the most exquisite flavor.

Here, also, we have the lrishman the typical attire to which caricaturists have accustomed us. To the visitor from the other island, it is a ludicrous picture. to see him in tall hat, blue tailed coat, and knee-breeches at work in his wretched plot, like a philosopher out for a little recreation. It is not so much the style of his garments, however, that makes their picturesqueness; it is their positively miraculous raggedness. We feel that this raggedness has quite passed the stage of disreputability, and has actually become ornamentation. But it is above all the hat that fixes the attention. We have often closely inspected it, and our wonder never ceased how, in the course of a single life, any hat, however weather-beaten and however brutally used, could attain that pre-Adamite look.

It is the great charm of travel in Ireland that one can become acquainted with its people in so short a time and on such easy terms. The Irishman is the most approachable of human beings, and as the very Irishman the stranger wishes to know is in most cases his own lord and master, intercourse is thus made doubly easy. If in the course of a solitary walk you should desire the solace of a little conversation you have but to take your scat on one of the turf walls that form the fences in these parts of the country. If you are a smoker and produce your pipe, you will present an ad-ditional inducement. Before you are well seated you will be saluted with: "A fine day sir, God be praisea!" and a careless figure will be seen approaching with a spade or pickax over his shoulder.

Sharing your tobacco with him it will remain with yourself to conclude the interview. Before ten minutes have passed you will have had the outlines of his family history, and his views on things in general, not even excepting his priest. At the end of as many hours' conversation as you please he will speed you on your way with a fervent "God preserve you long!" and part with you as if you had been his life-long friend.-Chambers' Journal.

nothing to end u oars and stretchers.

Before the three doorned boats were within half a mile of the shore, they were surrounded by seven or eight canoes crammed with these gibbering aborigines, before whom the sailors were perfectly helpless, for from a considerable distance the unerring spears came hurling toward them. The miserable men tried in uain to parry them. One by one they dropped into the bottom of the boat and died in agony, as the fiery venomy from the spear heads ed through their veins

Suddenly, when there were only two or three left untouched in each of the boats, one of the Fuegans, who seemed to be a chief among them, gave a shout that made all the others stand motion-less, with spears poised in their hands; and he spoke to them in their loud, cracked language for a minute or more: it seemed years to the helpless men waiting to be killed.

At the heim of one of the boats sat mate, Thomas Thorold, a tall, strong man of about 80, toward whom the chief pointed several times as he was speaking. Soon he stopped shouting and gesticulating, and again the spears came whizzing from the strong, savage arms. But a change had taken place; the

weapons were aimed at all the sailors except Thomas Thorold. He sat there untouched, expecting every moment to receive his death wound, and recelving it not. Only he saw his companions dropping one by one, meet-ing their deaths bravely, as Englishmen are wont to do, but with features tortured into that rigid glare which indi-cates the height of suppressed terror and extreme suspense. When at last the mate was the only

living one left, to his horror they surrounded him, bound his hands and feet and lifted him into one of their canoes. Then they turned towards shore, towing the three boats behind them.

Thorold, naturally supposing that they were keeping him for torture, and pre-ferring immediate death to stdeferred but more horrible fate, attempted to jump into the sea, or dash out his brains against the sides of the cance; but they carefully prevented him from doing him-self any harm. Arrived at the shore, they retired to their huts, leaving him bound hand and foot upon the

beach. This was late in the afternoon, and all that night he lay there helpless, expect-ing every moment to be carried to the firs or some other torture. But they went about their business, gathering classs and muscles and eating them raw, collecting fuel and heaping up the fires, and never touched their prisoner at all; only they kept looking towards him, and crowds of the half-naked, hideous chilod a few yards off and gazed at

occurred which, although in itself processions and terrifying, put into his neart a hope that he might some day reurn to the outer world again, and gave him a clue as to what was his captors' only conceivable object in preserving him alive.

It was about noon, on a fine cold day, when Thorold, standing on the beach and looking out to sea, saw two whalers' boats pull round the headland to a dis-tant part of the shore, where they pro-ceeded to land and get fresh water. The huts of the Fuegans were between Thorold and the new-comers, who apparently did not perceive the natives, and were filling their water casks at a quietly

As Thorold was following his natural impulse to run to them, get into one of their boats, and make them row away, he was pinioned by three or four strong natives. Then a few canoes put out to cut off the boats, should they attempt to escape, and all the rest of the fighting men, and many of the women, caught up their long spears and ran towards

their victims. To Thorold's surprise, he was made to run along with them. The whalers' men were intercepted before they got off, and then it was the old ghastly tale repeated: they were shot down to a man with the poisoned spears. All the while the Fuegans who were holding Thorold made him understand that they wished him to watch what was going on, by gesticulating and pointing towards the slaughter. After it was over they pillaged the dead bodies and the boats of everything they had, and then threw the

corpecs into the sea. While Thorold was lying awake that night, and broading over the harrible event, a sudden inspiration came to him that the object of the Fuegans in keeping him alive was to send him back to his people that he might tell them how would be treated if they came to the land of the Fuegans-to declare un-ending war between themselves and the white world; and though, of course, he never knew for a certainty, yet the way which they made him watch the nighter of the whalers' men, and everything that happened before and after, pointed to this explanation of their conuct. From that night his great fear

and suspense were mingled with this grain of hope. The next morning the Fuegans co-locted their belongings, which consisted of nothing but spears and knives, a few akins, and some utenails for holding water, and marched inland, taking their prisoner with them. They spent about six hours a day on the march, over difficult mountain passes and down into deep valleys, making fires to sleep by at night. in this way, among others, showing how they stand in the scale of humanity.

made her a more elaborate but than they made for themselves. Her dress was a mixture of civilization and barbarism. On the whole she appeared satisfied with her strange life.

Nearly six months Thorold spent in

this way, the tribe in which he lived

sometime marching for five or six days,

and then settling down for soveral weeks;

sometimes they were on the sea shore,

and then he lived as they did, chiefly on

raw mussels and other shell fish; when

they were inland he lived on pieces of

raw guanaco, which he grabbed along

There is a story current in Chili that

the Fuegans, when driven to necessity,

first eat their dogs, the only domestic

animal which they keep, and, when

these are all gone, proceed to devour the

old women of the tribe. Thorold saw no

Five times he saw a fight with another

for they regarded her as a goddess; but

at her command they let him approach

her. They were unable to converse, for

she spoke only Spanish, and he only Eng-

lish; but from that time Thorold was

treated by the natives with more defer-

ence than before. He was never allowed again to ap-

with the others.

About four weeks after Thorold joined this tribe another tribe came upon them; there was a fight, and he changed hands, Just before the fight began the Chilian woman went away with a few companions, and he saw her no more. Toward the end of the sixth month the

tribe which possessed Thorold reached a place on the sea shore which consisted of a bay almost shut in by land. He had often reached a similar place, for there are many bays on that coast with an island facing them.

On the morning of the third day after they had reached this spot he was on the beach gathering his usual breakfast of shell-fish, when he heard a sound that sent the blood rushing toward his heart. It was the familiar sound of a steamer, and looking up he saw the black smoke floating away in the wind.

Then he knew that he was on the shore of the straits of Magellan, and before he had time to consider how to secure his safety he had dropped on the beach in a dead faint, for six months' living in horrible suspense, without shelter, and with the poorest apology for food, had left him very little of his old strength.

On that day the steamer "Aconcagua, of the Pacific Steam Navigation company, bound from Liverpool to Valpar so, left Sandy Point and was proceeding westward through the straits. The bulwarks were crowded with passengers and officers and crew looking out for native canoes, for it is the custom of steam ers passing through these straits to slow down, unless they are in a great hurry, and interview the natives in their canoes, ending by dropping over the ship's side a barrel filled with old clothes and tobacco and other things calculated to please the savage mind. Once or twice couple of nativos have been hoisted on board and shown round the steamer. With awe they gazed at the long saloon, and in horror they fled when they were taken down to the fire-room and a furn-

ace door was suddenly opened at them. reminding them of a crater of one of the volcanoes that gave their land its name of Fire. Before the awful adventure of Thor old, all that was known about these strange people was learnt in this way, and thus the curious fact was discovered that although their near neighbors the Patagonians will drink all the rum and other fire-water they can lay their hands on, the Fuegans will take no alcohol of any kind, but, when offered it, turn away with the same appearance of disgust that a dog shows under similar circumstances,

#### A Pre-Edison Phonograph on Record.

A writer in China claims to have discovered a record of the existence of a speaking phonograph in that country as ar back as the seventeenth century. The instrument is mentioned as "the thous-and-li speaker," and the description is as follows: "It was a hamboo tube covered with a disk of glass and opened by a key. After speaking into it several thousand words, it was closed and carried to a distance not exceeding a thousried to a distance not exceeding a thous-and-li. On opening it and applying the ear, a voice was distinctly heard. If carried a greater distance the voice be-came indistinct." Dr. Macgowan sug-gested that indistinctness might result from injury sustained by the apparatus in a long trip over the rough roads.-Arkansaw Traveler.

Two million dollars a year is spent by Chicagoans for collars and cuffs.

remaining strings a duet between two else. Unless it be the weak hand of lovers that the princess said to him: "You do such incredible things M. Pa-" the hand of the weak character is not what anyone cares to clasp. More and more in this world we want the hands that can do something. As Carlyle says, the first doing would be for many a revelation .--- Cassell's Family Magazine.

#### Prayers for a Needy Preacher.

A distinguished Boston divine preached few Sundays ago for a cousin who is pastor of a church forty miles out in the entry. His relative was somewhat flurried by the presence of the city minister and in the opening prayer with which he prefaced the other's sermon he prayed:

"Help thy servant who is to speak to us to-day. Without Thee-help him-for..." He stopped, tried to collect him-self, and finished, "for, O Lord, he can't do much, anyway!"-Boston Record.

#### The Pottery Kilns of America.

There are now about 275 pottery kilns in operation in this country, not includthe large number employed by decorated pottery makers.' The total capital employed in the industry is about \$9,000,-000, two-thirds of which is absorbed in plant. The amount of wages paid to the thousands of pottery hands is placed at from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 per annum. Finally, the annual value of the American pottery product is over \$8,000,000. -Chicago Herald.

#### Hailroad Train Checked by Wind.

It is an interesting fact that the speed of a railway train is more retarded by wind which blows against it from the side than if it comes "dead ahead." The reason is in the increased friction of the flanges of the wheels upon the rails caused by the side blow .-- Pioneer Press.

Mr. Gladstone's Rather Quaint Dress. Mr. Gladstone dresses in a quaint and rather peculiar manner. He wears a black frock-coat, a vest opened low and displaying a broad shirt front, a high standing collar, with a black cravat carelesaly knotted, and dark, baggy trousers. -- Chicago Herald.

#### Is Two-Thirds Plaited Silk.

A writer, speaking of the Chinese, mays that while the men appear to have a great deal of hair, examination of fheir pigtails reveals that nearly two-thirds of at appendage is plaited silk thread .--Exch

The palmy days of the famous carni-

It would take a man 3,000 years to

The French have taken the American

and is doing much along the sea coast; and thirdly, the missionaries, who push out into the interior armed with dogmatic religion, and good works are slowly making their way, though not nearly so much by the former as the latter. They are truly the advanced guard of civilization; and while they carry its highest and most abstract principles to those who are but little fitted by

imbit or education to receive or under stand them, they are surely and steadily caining the confidence and regard of those among whom they are laboring. The more practical their work becomes, the more rapidly will good results flow from it .- Peking Cor. New York Sun.

The Proprietorship of Love-Letters The proprietorship of love letters has been forever set at rest in England, three of the lords-justice deciding that the let-ters belong to the writer, who in case of estrangement may demand and receive hem back, provided they have not been destroyed. Ladies may write in them whatever nonsense they may see fit, with the full assurance that they can not be published without their consent, nor can they be sold or disposed of contrary to the author's wishes.-Chicago Journal.

Largest Diamond in the World. Tho king's treasury is within the ark or citadel, and the crown jewels are kept there. The most famous of the diamonds is that called Dareae Nur, or Sea of Light. It was obtained in India, and is said to be the largest first-class diamond in the world. It is thought, however, to be somewhat inferior in quality to that of the Kune Nur, or Mountain of

Light, now in possession of the British crown.-Land of the Imams, Set on Fire by a Meteor. The captain of an Australian schooner, Mr. F. H. Griffiths, reports the setting fire of his vessel by a meteorite. No shock yeas felt, but two or more hot metallic pieces as large as a man's hand were pieced up.-Exchange.

#### Flax Straw for Fuel.

In some sections of Dakota where fuel is expensive farmers this year will grow an acre or two of flax for fuel. It claimed that a ton of flax straw is worth more for fuel than a ton of soft coal .-Philadelphia Call

The Average Lenght of Life.

The Popular Science News asserts that the average length of life is constantly increasing, and the time may yet come when persons 100 years old will excite no more curiosity than one of 80 years at the present time.

> "Cyclone Cellar" for a Hotel. A Pukwana (D.T.) hotel advertises as among its attractions a "cyclone cellar," with an easy slide into it in tase of danger.-Inter Ocean.

A Valuable Fish for Trade.

Not a particle of the porpoise is wasted in preparing it for the market. First, the skin is taken off, which is superior even to alligator hide for carriage leather and for shoes. The skin is nearly an inch thick, but it is planed down until it becomes nearly translucent. The blubber is tried out, yielding an oil equal to the best sperm oil for inbricating, and two other grades are made from the head and jaw, both being superior to that from the blubber. The jaw oil is used by jewelers and watch-makers, who pay at the rate of \$15 a gallon for it. There is a tradition that anciently it was so highly one teemed that it was in demand for the table of royalty. In the times of Queen Elizabeth it was served to the nobles of England with bread crumbs and vinegar. It is a chief dainty of the Greenlanders. It is dark-colored and bloody. The carcass of the porpoise is thrown in with menhaden, and a little more oil is tried out of it, after which it becomes a fertilizer. An average porpoise is worth in all about \$40.-Chicago Times.

The English Fond of Postscripts.

The English people are very fond of postscripts. The young man who wants his father or mother to send him a 5-pound note, this being the real object of his letter, always covers the four sides of his note-paper with generalities about mutual friends and his intense zeal at his desk, and then slips the request in as a postscript. So if he wants to borrow money from a friend. So if it isn't convenient to repay borrowed money borrowed money or reclaim an I. O. U. So with the young lady who writes a confidential letter to a friend. The pith of the whole communication is sure to be in the postscript.-London Cor. Baltimore Herald.

Australia's Natural Bird Tran

The ornamental Pisonia grandis of Australia has seeds like an elongated barley corn, which are covered with a sticky gum. This adheres to the legs and feathers of winged creatures coming in contact with it, and makes the plant a natural bird catcher, no less than 100 hirds having been known to be captured by one tree in Victoria.—Arkansaw Trav-

A Toy Steamer for the Empres The Viceroy Li has had a com steamer made for the empress of China, so that she may work it herself and us the importance of steam locom Philadelphia Call.

val at Rome are past, and the custom is falling rapidly into decay.

all the standard works.-New Haven News.

verb "to interview" into their language.