

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

JOB PRINTING

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Holland claims an average of eight acres per day from the sea and the salt water is no sooner crowded out than cabbage is crowded in.

In the ten years, since 1878, 376 persons have been killed or maimed or seriously hurt at crossings of the Reading railway in the city of Philadelphia.

At Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn., ground has been broken for the first gymnasium and mechanical laboratory for colored people the world has ever seen.

The merits of newspaper advertising were well estimated by a prominent soap man of Philadelphia when he said that he confined his advertising to newspapers because the man who does not read the papers does not use soap.

It is reported from Cape May that if the Government cannot be induced to build the proposed channel from Cape May to Atlantic City an effort will be made to raise the money by popular subscriptions at the two resorts during the summer.

The people of the Pacific Coast are taking considerable interest in the Melbourne Exposition, which will be opened in August, though why it should be held in winter is not clear. It is expected that there will be a very creditable exhibit of California products at the Exposition.

Europe now has twenty-two crematories, ten of them added within the past year, while no less than 600 bodies have been burned in Germany and 800 in Italy. The United States have seven crematories, with six building. Thus it seems, in favor of the New York Observer, that prejudice against cremation is fast fading.

If the Emperor Frederick should get well, the Sultan of Turkey will take no small part of the credit to himself, for he has sent the Emperor a collar consisting of nine hazel nuts with inscriptions from the Koran, over which the dervishes and sheiks of the palace had prayed, and which, as the Sultan assured the German ruler, would cure him without doubt.

A prison revolt, which was not quelled without much bloodshed, took place recently at Damahour, Egypt, about twenty miles from Alexandria. Two prisoners in the jail who were under sentence of death, aided by eighteen other convicts, managed to make their escape from the prison. The police at once started in pursuit, but before they could come up with them the prisoners took refuge in a mosque. Here a desperate fight took place, in which fifteen of the prisoners were killed and two were wounded, while the police had four killed.

The Taos Valley of Colorado and New Mexico is about to have a boom. A company will soon irrigate the entire valley, says a recent visitor. "The beauties of the valleys of Southern California are much extolled by tourists as well as by the inhabitants. Taos, however, discounts anything in the Golden State. The climate is much more delightful, and the enemies to vegetation much fewer. None of the destroyers of fruit which are common to California are found in the Taos region, and I can assure you that watermelons picked there two years ago are good and fresh, and fit for the table at the present time."

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger suggests that the court of the new City Hall in that city should be embellished with statues of eminent Philadelphians, after the manner of the Uffizi at Florence. He suggests, as appropriate subjects, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin West, Bishop White, Stephen Girard, John P. Fitch, Robert Fulton, Robert Morris, Lindley Murray, Dr. Kane, Charles Brockden Brown, Thomas Buchanan Read, Bayard Taylor, Henry C. Carey, Dr. Gallaudet, Horace Binney, Vice-President Dallas, Dr. Hayes, John Welsh, and others.

Boulanger, the fleeting idol of the volatile French, is described by the Boston Transcript as "an off-handed, rather open-hearted fellow, who likes to please, delights in rendering services to no matter whom, is charmingly gallant to women of all ages and ranks, has an elegant figure and a handsome face, a winning smile, sits on horseback like a centaur, and took when he was in the army as much enjoyment out of his fine belongings as a child does out of its Sunday clothes. He was really picturesque on his black prancing horse, surrounded by his staff. The rank and file adored him; for why? he gave them clean beds, lavatories, mess tables and plates, tumblers, knives and forks. For men who had to spend three years at least in the army this was a good deal. Before the time of Le Beau General they fed almost like hogs, each eating out of a tin can, with his fingers or penknife as best he could. The beauty of the thing was that this change cost the taxpayers nothing, it being clipped off contractors and their patrons. Wilson didn't like it; but Boulanger didn't care. Boulanger didn't care either whether influential politicians took, when he was minister, in bad part his refusal to tame colliers on strike by sending a military force to their black country to drag them. When the colliers were starving, Boulanger telegraphed to the soldiers to share their victuals with them. I don't think he did this to win popularity, but merely from a kind impulse."

WEDDED.

Some quick and bitter words were said when the wedding was over. How the sun swam through the miles mist of gray! A chill fell on the summer day, Life's best and happiest hours were done; Friendship was dead.

How proud we went our separate ways, And spoke no word and made no moan! She braided up her flowing hair, That I had always called so loving.

Some fond, repenting word I said, She answered only with a sigh; But when I took her hand in mine A radiant glory, half divine,

A DRUMMER BOY HERO.

On the first day of the battle of Custozza, the twenty-fourth of July, 1848, about fifty soldiers belonging to one of the Italian infantry regiments, having been sent to occupy an isolated house on a height, were unexpectedly attacked by two companies of Austrians, who, firing on them from different points, nearly gave them time to take refuge in the house and hastily barricaded the doors, leaving several dead and wounded in the fields.

After barricading the doors the Italian soldiers hastened to the windows on the first floor and began to pour a steady fire into the assailants, who were gradually advancing in a semicircle, and replying vigorously. The sixty Italians were commanded by two subalterns and a captain, a tall, old fellow, lean and severe, with white hair and moustaches; with them was a Sardinian drummer boy, a boy not much more than fourteen years old, and who scarcely appeared to be twelve; he was small, with olive-brown face and two sparkling little deep black eyes. The captain was directing the defence from a window on the first floor, shouting his orders like pistol shots and with no sign of emotion on his hard face. The drummer boy, who was a little pale, but firm on his legs, got up on a table and was shouting and striking with his stick on the window and leaning against the wall, through the smoke he saw the white uniforms of the Austrians, who were slowly advancing through the fields. The house was situated on a summit of steep slope and on the side towards the slope had but one small window, high up, which looked out from the garret; therefore the Austrians did not threaten the house from that side and the drummer boy's fire was directed only toward the front and two sides.

It was a hail of leaden bullets, which on the outside cracked the walls and crumbled the tiles, and on the inside smashed ceilings, furniture, window frames, and door posts, filling the air with splinters, clouds of plaster and bits of pottery and glass; hissing, rebounding, crashing into everything with a noise fit to drive one mad. From time to time one of the soldiers who had been on the floor, and who fell back on the floor, and who dragged one side. Some tottered from room to room, pressing their hands on their wounds. In the kitchen there was already one man lying on the floor, his forehead. The semi-circle of the enemy kept closing up.

All at once the captain, who until then had been impassive, was seen to show signs of being frightened; he fled out of the room followed by a sergeant. About three minutes afterwards the sergeant came running back and called the drummer boy, beckoning him to follow. The boy ran, with a wooden star-ace, and went with him into an empty garret, where he saw the captain, who was writing with a pencil on a bit of paper, leaning against the window, with a well-roped on the floor at his feet.

The captain folded the paper and looking with his cold, grayish eyes, before which all the soldiers shrank, into the eyes of the boy, said abruptly: "Drummer boy!" The drummer boy saluted. The captain said: "You've got fire?" The boy's eyes lighted up. "Yes, captain," he answered. "Look down there," said the captain, rushing him to the window. "In the plain, near the houses of Villafraña, there is a glittering of bayonets. Shoot at them, friend, stand firm. Take this note, catch hold of the rope, slide down from the window, run down the hill, go through the fields and give this note to the first officer you see. Check at your own risk, understand? The boy took off his belt and knapsack and put the note in his breast pocket; the sergeant threw out the rope and grasped one end of it with both hands; the captain helped the boy to pass backwards through the little window. "Take care," he said to him, "the safety of the detachment depends on your courage and on your speed."

"Trust me, captain," replied the drummer boy, swinging himself out. "Soop as you go down," said the captain again, helping the sergeant to hold the rope. "Never fear."

In a few minutes the boy was on the ground; the sergeant drew up the rope and fastened it to the window frame; the drummer boy saw the boy sliding down the hill. He was already hoping that he had succeeded in escaping unobserved, when five or six little clouds of dust, which rose from the ground both before and behind the boy warned him that he had been seen by the Austrians, who were firing at him from the top of the hill. Those little clouds were thrown up by the bullets. But the boy continued to run at a breakneck pace. All at once he roared the captain, biting his fist. But he had scarcely said the word when he saw the boy get up. "Ah! only a fall!" he said to himself, and breathed again. In fact, the boy began to run again as fast as he could, but limped. "A sprained ankle," thought the captain.

A few more little clouds of dust rose here and there around the boy, but they were always farther off. The captain gave an exclamation of triumph. But he continued to follow him anxiously with his eyes, because it was a question of minutes; if he did not get down there as quickly as possible with the note, which requested immediate relief, either all his soldiers would be killed or he would have to surrender and become a prisoner with them. The boy ran swiftly for a while and then limped and slackened his pace, and then

WEDDED.

broke into a run again, but he seemed to become more and more fatigued, and every little while stumbled and paused for a moment. "Perhaps he has been hit by a glancing bullet," thought the captain, and he shudderingly watched all his movements, and encouraged him and spoke to him as if the boy could hear him; he measured incessantly with keen eyes the distance intervening between the running boy and the glittering of arms which he saw below there in the plain in the midst of the wheat fields, gilded by the sun. And meanwhile he heard the whistling and the noise of the bullets in the rooms below, the imperious and angry cries of the officers and sergeants, the groans of the wounded and the crashing of the furniture and plaster.

"Pi courage!" he cried, following with his gaze the distant boy, "forward! run! he has stopped, curse him! Ah! he is running again."

An officer came, out of breath, to say that the enemy, without ceasing their fire, were firing a white flag as a summons to surrender. "Don't answer!" he cried, without removing his eyes from the boy, who was already in the plain, but who was no longer running, and who appeared to be dragging himself along with difficulty. "But get on! run!" said the captain, grinding his teeth and clenching his fists. "Kill yourself, die, scoundrel, but get on!" Then a horrible crash burst from him. "Ah! the infamous coward! he has sat down!"

In fact, the boy, whose head till now had been projecting above a wheat field, had disappeared as if he had fallen. But in a moment his head came into view again; finally he was lost behind the hedges, and the captain saw him no more.

He then flew down stairs; it was raining bullets, the rooms were encumbered with the wounded, some of whom recd like drunken men, catching at the furniture, walls and floors were spattered with blood; corpses were lying across the doors; the lieutenant's arm had been broken by a ball; everything was in a whirl of smoke and dust.

"Courage!" yelled the captain. Stick to your post! Relief is coming! Courage for a little longer!" The Austrians had drawn nearer yet, their contorted faces loomed through the smoke; above the rattle of the firing came the noise of the assaulting, demanding surrender, threatening slaughter. Occasionally a soldier, terror-stricken, retreated from the window; the sergeant drove him back, but the drummer boy was slacking the pace, his faces showed discouragement; it was impossible to prolong the resistance. Suddenly the firing of the Austrians slackened and a thundering voice shouted, first in German, then in Italian: "Surrender!"

"No!" howled the captain from a window. And the firing began again steadily on both sides. The drummer boy fell. Already more than one window was without defenders. The fatal moment was close at hand. The captain was muttering between his teeth in a hoarse voice: "They're not coming! They're not coming!" and he ran furiously about, twisting his sabre in his clenched hand, resolving to die, when a Sergeant, coming down from the garret, cried: "They're coming!"

"They're coming," the captain repeated with a shout of joy. At this all about, unhurt, wounded, Sergeants and privates, rushed to the windows, and once more the resistance grew fiercer. A few moments after a sort of uncertainty and beginning of disorder were remarked in the enemy. Immediately, in great haste, they abandoned a small company of down stairs, with fixed bayonets, ready to make a sally. Then he flew up stairs again. He had scarcely got up there when they heard a heavy tread, accompanied by a formidable burrah, and from the windows they saw advancing through the smoke the two-colored hats of the Italian carabinieri, a squadron dashing along with fixed bayonets, and the flashing of their sabres brandished in the air, descending on the heads, shoulders and backs of the enemy. Then the little troop rushed out of the door with low cries, and the enemy were scattered, became disordered and took flight; the ground remained clear, the house was free, and a short time after the height was occupied by two battalions of infantry.

The captain, with his remaining soldiers, rejoiced his regiment, fought again and was slightly wounded in the left hand by a glancing ball, in the last, a mortal charge. The day ended in victory for us.

But the day after, the fight having begun again, the Italians were overwhelmed, in spite of a brave resistance, by a superior number of Austrians. The captain, on the morning of the 26th they were compelled to retreat sorrowfully toward the Mincio.

The captain, although wounded, marched on foot with his soldiers, who were tired and silent, and toward sunset reached Goito on the Mincio and immediately sought out his lieutenant, who had been picked up, with a broken arm, by a sergeant, and who had arrived there first. He was directed to a church, where a field hospital had hastily been installed. He went there. The church was full of wounded, reclining on two rows of beds, and mattresses stretched on the floor; two doctors and various assistants were going and coming, and stifled cries and groans were heard. On entering, the captain stopped and looked about him, in search of his officer. Just then he heard a faint voice close by bailing him: "Captain!"

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Jaw-Breaking Nomenclature—Just About—A Doubtful Compliment—Experimenting—Of a Financial Nature.

There was a Russian came over the sea Just when the war was growing hot; And he wanted to be a Kavalakaro-Karindostroikakuhakuro-Shubadivirova-Besaron-kigonatugotro-Gettipin-Gilgokodilji-Blivido-Jenkodok!"

So they stood like brave men long and well; And they called each other with their proper name. Till the lockjaw seized them, and where they They buried them both by the Irishman's Katalakustak Katalakustak-Bulgary-Dulinary-Sagharinism.—Detroit Free Press.

Just About. "How much can you make this year?" inquired one farmer of another who had offered a specimen for trial. "Fifteen barrels," was the answer. Another said: "If you had another apple you might have had another barrel."—Leisure Hours.

A Doubtful Compliment. First Lady—"Fred is getting positively spongy; he called me a flower just before I came upstairs." Fivall Belle (with much sweetness)—"You had been sitting against the wall for an hour, but I wasn't nice of him to allude to it."—Providence Journal.

Experimenting. Mr. Somborn—"I'm very glad you concluded to come again this season, Miss Elson." Miss Elson—"Is there any special reason for your joy after your experience of last year?" Mr. Somborn—"Yes, I've joined an amateur dramatic society, and I want you to help me rehearse that refusal scene of our again. I'm going to play a crushed lover."—Judge.

Of a Financial Nature. Bobby (thoughtfully)—"Pa, do men in business worry about money matters?" Father—"Sometimes, Bobby. For instance, when a man whose credit is not first-class owes me money, I worry more or less until I get it. Do you understand?" Bobby—"Yes, pa, and when you owe money to other people I suppose they worry until they get it."—Epoch.

The Progress of Evolution. Visitor (to lunatic asylum a century hence)—"I am glad to be present, and superintending."—Yes, poorthing. She was a great society belle once—the pride of one of the most fashionable circles in the city. Her parents' hearts are almost broken at the thought of her being so lovely a creature should contain such a diseased mind. She is not dangerous; only a monomaniac; but the case seems hopeless." "Is she hermanian?" "She wants to marry for love."—Omaha World.

An Apology. Scene: The supreme court room, six judges being seated on the bench. Mr. K. at Judge P. (contemptuously)—"I thought I was addressing a gentleman." Mr. K. (severely)—"What do you mean, sir?" The Chief Justice (sternly)—"Mr. K., you must retract what you have said; you must apologize." "I will retract, your honor, if I have said anything wrong; but what I said was, that I thought you was addressing a gentleman, and I still think so."—Commercial Advertiser.

His Majesty Excepted. The celebrated court preacher, Kober, once preached a very powerful sermon against intemperance. The Grand Duke looked very severely at the eloquent court preacher, who, catching the Grand Duke's eye, modified his remarks by saying: "Drunkness is undoubtedly a great and heinous sin, against which every true Christian should be warned, excepting, of course, our beloved Grand Duke, whom God preserve to us many years yet."—Fleeting Blatler.

Not His Leg. They stopped the horse on Second street just as the driver was pitched out on the grass. He was laid on the cushions, the horse tied to a post, and the ambulance telephoned for. The crowd of fifty were waiting to see the end of it, when a citizen came running up, looked from the trembling horse to the wrecked vehicle and then to the man with the broken leg, and pushing his way further he exclaimed: "Why, dear me, something has happened! Say, did your horse run away?" "I'm not sure, but I have broken a leg and my arm, and I'm in a bad way, and I'm a victim as he looked around, "but it is my helplessness to take this fellow and drive him head first into the ground three or four feet." Have I any real friends here who will do it for me?"—Detroit Free Press.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

The Care of Lamps.

The disagreeable flickering of a stunted lamp is sometimes caused by tiny particles of the wick dropping into the inside tube of the cylinder surrounding the wick, thus preventing the oil from flowing freely from the barrel. Before inserting a new wick, remove the oil barrel and empty the lamp entirely of oil, pour into the opening, down the wick cylinder and wherever fluid will touch inside, boiling water to which has been added a spoonful of spirits of ammonia.

Lamps are now so universally used that the care of them has become one of the daily and most important of domestic duties, not only of the country, but of the luxurious city home. If not attended to every day, the perforations of the burners become clogged with carbon and dust in a short time, refuse to move easily, the light is dimmed, and a most unpleasant odor ensues.

Whenever the lamps are filled with a clean soft piece of flannel polish the burners and mountings of the lamps. It is but a moment's work and keeps them bright and shining. Smoked kerosene and ill-kempt lamps are trying alike to eyesight and temper.

A clear, bright light adds so much to the comfort and enjoyment of the evening occupations, the one is well repaid for the daily disagreeable task of keeping the lamps in perfect order. Kerosene oil and lamps are now so cheap that, even in the country, it is no longer regarded as a luxury, but a necessity to have an abundance of light for home cheer and use.

The lamps used for sewing and reading should be provided with shades, not only for the comfort they impart, but for the positive saving they are for the eyesight. A chimney frequently breaks from having been too tightly screwed on the glass, expands from the heat of the flame. The wick is more evenly snuffed by rubbing the charred edge with a piece of paper or soft rag, then by trimming with a pair of scissors. The glass chimney wicks soak them in vinegar, and dry thoroughly to prevent their smoking.

Turning the wicks lightly into the tube, and removing the chimney before blowing out the flame, is a simple and cleanly method of putting out a lamp. Not only is the odor from a lamp partially turned down, but the chimney is disengaged, and the wick is cleaned by breathing upon it and into it, and wiping and polishing it with newspaper. A piece of red flannel is the best material for cleaning, giving a dash of color, gathers the impurities of the oil.

Burners sometimes get clogged and refuse to turn up. This may be remedied by putting them into an iron kettle containing a quart of water and a double handful of wood-ashes. After boiling a little while take out, and with the fingers, clean the burner. Or they may be put into a bath composed of equal parts of milk and vinegar, and boiled.

After putting the wick into the bowl of the lamp, and before pouring in any oil, the bowl is crammed with sponge, the wick and sponge then saturated with the oil to the full capacity of the bowl. The oil is then poured in, and the lamp is ready for use. This safety lamp, so that there is no danger to life from accidental upsetting or breakage of the lamp, or fear of spots on the wall or carpet. Add more sponge as the wick burns away; keep the bowl full of oil. The lamp will continue to burn until the oil in the wick and sponge is exhausted.—Judge.

RECIPE. THICKENING FOR SOUP.—Put into a saucepan half a pound of butter; when hot, stir into it half a pound of very dry flour; stir this over the fire till a delicate brown, taking care that it does not burn. In the bottom of a buttered pudding dish, cover with bread or cracker crumbs, season with pepper and salt, dot it with bits of butter, and bake it in the oven to a nice brown.

POVERTY PIE. Put and slice as many potatoes as you think you will need; put them in a baking-pan; pour in water so you can just see it. Place slices of fresh pork, bacon, or beefsteak there and there over the potatoes. Sprinkle with flour, pepper, and salt. Roast in oven for one hour.

THE OLD-FASHIONED HAIR.

Oh, the old-fashioned hair of the sweet long ago! In the land I shall always love best, And the faces it framed with its beautiful grace. Of the dear one long since gone to rest. There were tresses, and ringlets, and long braided locks. There were beautiful, bonnie bright curls, And high combs and side combs, and fair shining bows. That were worn by the old-fashioned girls. I remember the roach that my grandfather wore. Brushed back from his broad, honest brow, With an elegant, easy simplicity, which, Though I look for, I never see now. And my grandmother's hair—moody white—hid away. 'Neath a bow-drum of dainty white lace, Curving down from her brow in a smooth silver band. Framed a quietly and beautiful face.

As the proud, noble face of my great Uncle George. Looks down from the canvas at me. With the "old timey" stock and the fine powdered wig.—"Ladies' World." "Tis as handsome and grand as can be! But the dearest and loveliest hair in the world Is my mother's soft, beautiful brown. With a touch of the gold, and glint of the sun. And away to her knees falling down. And it tells its own story of womanly grace. And the old-fashioned womanly, too. Of the sweet, indelible beauty of soul, And the mother's love, tender and true.

For the angel that painted the rainbow could Not a tint so exquisite and rare! Oh the wealth of luxurious, rippling waves, Of my mother's brown, beautiful hair. So I honor the hair of the sweet long ago, Whether silver, or dusky, or fair. For it brings back dear faces, and good, honest hearts.—"The Old-Fashioned Hair!"—Margaret Andrews O'Brien.

PITH AND POINT.

Lost at sea.—The sight of land. A game of cards.—Formal visits. Unbidden guests are welcome when they are gone. The choir organ should always be distinguished by its high moral tone. Milk has little to do with the milk cow that a distinction is made in the spelling.—"Ladies' Journal." What an immense town must be Paris! Unknown, Ontario, Canada. People keep going there.—"Economic Post-Exposition." In the public schools they do not have to keep up the interest of the scholars in order to pay the principal.—"New York News."

That Ethel is an artist. All must be a great success. How could one ever doubt it? Would ever seem her face?—"New York Observer." "Was Rome founded by Titus?" inquired the pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was a Julius who was found dead by Titus."—"Once a Week."

At a Traveling Agency.—To Clerk: "Did you ever realize anything in the German lottery?" "Yes, sir," "I tried one five times, and realized that I was an idiot." There was a young doctor of Skye, Whose patients seemed destined to die, But he let them alone one day, And he got falling in love.—"Once a Week."

What a beautiful child! "What an extremely handsome fellow!" says the gushing visitor to the lady of the house. "Yes, he is a handsome boy, I think," "Oh, indeed, sir. He is the perfect image of his father, the perfect image. Don't you think so?" "Well, I don't know. I never saw his father. We adopted him."

The charming dandy had no appetite. Her health was delicate, her mother said; But at the table she would eat to sight. As much as she could have two longbonesmen fed. "I eat no more than would a bird," laughed she, when she rose from the table went. The landlord frowned and bit his lips; said he. "I guess an ostrich was the bird she meant."—"Narrative of Herk."

Cranks Who Haunt a City Park. "The crank season" has arrived," said the sergeant of the Central Park Arsenal to a New York Telegram reporter. "It is so every season; they're a lot of harmless lunatics living up town, whose relatives and guardians turn them loose in the park as soon as the warm weather sets in." "They are a nuisance. One young man, about twenty years of age, loiters about the Seventy-second street entrance under the impression that he is a policeman. When children come romping along he orders them to 'keep of the grass' and 'be careful not to pick the flowers' or he will arrest them."

"Every morning about ten o'clock an old gentleman finely dressed and accompanied by a nurse approaches some one of our officers and declares he has not stolen Mr. Crowley. He begs to be searched. Ever since Mr. Crowley arrested this old gentleman imagines that the police are going to arrest him for stealing the chimpanzee. As he is not generally the obedient humor him he pretends to search his pockets for Mr. C., and tell him that he is innocent and ought to see the city for deamiation of character. The crank then goes off satisfied. The sergeant declares that he has no trouble with him for the rest of the day. But he returns again the next morning. "We have only one female crank and she is under the impression that she is to be abducted. As she is over seventy and not wealthy there is no danger of any one running away with her. An officer escorts her to the gate and she goes home content. There are dozens of other cranks who haunt our beautiful Park."

THE BIGGEST GEYSER AT WORK.

The Excelsior geyser in the Yellowstone Park is in operation. This geyser is in the great middle geyser basin, close to the Fire Hole geyser. It is in the form of an immense pit 250 feet in length and 200 feet wide, and the aperture through which it discharges its volume of water is nearly 200 feet in diameter. Its general appearance is that of a huge boiling cauldron, and for many years it has been a reputation of that of 1880. It is throwing its volume of water 300 feet into the air, and Fire Hole river is reported to have risen two feet from its rushing flows. This is now conceded to be the most powerful geyser in existence.—Chicago Tribune.

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