



For the International Musical Exposition to be held at Vienna, Austria, this year, a theatre with a seating capacity of 15,000 is being built.

M. Jules Simon has raised a nice hubbub in Paris, France, by his statement that he knows at least a dozen actors, artists and literary men who, if they are permitted to live a little longer, will certainly become mad.

The Interstate-State Commission says that a passenger riding continuously on a train might expect immunity from death by railway accident for 158 years, but an engineer, a brakeman, or a conductor under the same conditions must expect a fatal accident at the expiration of thirty-five years.

M. Camille Flammarion, the prose poet of the planetary spheres, has just made, what the St. Louis Star-Sayings esteems, a startling announcement. He has discovered that the sun is losing its force. He notices a gradual decline in solar power, accompanied by gigantic upheavals on its surface, which further tend to deplete the calorific resources of our great luminary. After an astronomical trile of twenty million years has elapsed, M. Flammarion thinks the sun will be a noiseless and blackened crater unfit for business. In the meantime mankind will watch the thermometer as anxiously as since the days of Reaumur and Fahrenheit and the dangers of coup de soleil will be apparent for some time to come.

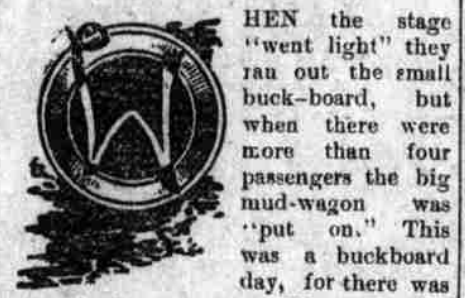
Boston merchants are expressing a desire, notes the New York Post, to have the Government print an issue of fractional scrip currency to facilitate business transactions on a small basis. They complain that they are compelled to handle at a loss great numbers of postage stamps which are received in the mails in payment for goods purchased. And they all think that the charge for money orders is exorbitant where small sums are involved. One prominent firm says that it recently had on hand \$500 worth of stamps which it could not dispose of. Mr. Lee, of the publishing firm of Lee & Shepard, says that he often receives as much as \$30 a day in postage-stamps, and it is impossible to work them off. He suggests that the Government issue the scrip on a silver basis. Other business men say that a return to the old fractional paper currency would be a great convenience to themselves and their customers.

The English Horticultural Times continues its assaults upon the American apple, and is growing bolder in its assertions. In a recent number it says that "it is admitted that the American apple-growers are compelled to depend upon the use of arsenic in solution as an insecticide in their orchards, that this insecticide is used upon the fruit itself until it is completely saturated, that it is applied to the fruit several times before it arrives at maturity, and, if the weather continues dry, the arsenic clings to the fruit, and what is not absorbed through the skin remains on it, forming a fine coating, which must evidently be detrimental to health, especially where the fruit is consumed to any extent." A little further on it remarks: "The best three sorts of apples as regards quality that are put upon the English markets are those raised at home and those consigned by the Tasmanian and American growers. Our own take the lead, and the others in the order assigned them above. Now, if we compare the three together, we find a delicate tint about the American fruit which is not to be found upon either of the others. Again, if the American apple, before it has been handled in the barrel as it comes first to hand from the vessel, is carefully rubbed with the finger, it will be seen that a fine, delicate powder in most cases is removed. This is the arsenic adhering to the skin, and, if the fruit is eaten at all, it should certainly be wiped first with a cloth. We assert that the delicate and unnatural tint referred to is produced by the arsenic which is absorbed through the skin. Medical men inform us that, when arsenic is administered in small doses, it stimulates the action of the skin and gives clearness to the complexion, and it is for these reasons, especially in America, that it has been extensively used by the fairer sex for years." The Times then proceeds to declare that these facts are published from a sense of duty and not solely in the interests of home producers.

COLUMBUS. Behind him lay the gray Azores, Behind the Gates of Hercules; Before him not the ghosts of shores, Before him only shoresless seas. The good mate said: "Now must we pray, For lo! the very stars are gone. Brave Adm'r'l, speak, what shall I say?" "Why say, 'Sail on! sail on!' and on!" They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow Until at last the blanched mate said: "Why, now not even God would know Should I and all my men fall dead. These very winds forget their way, For God from these drear seas is gone; Now speak, brave Adm'r'l; speak and say!" He said, "Sail on! sail on! and on!" Then, pale as I worn, he kept his deck, And peered through darkness. Ah, that night, Of all dark nights! And then a speck-- A light! A light! A light! A light! It grew, a starlit flag unfurled. It grew to be Time's burst of dawn, He gained a world; he gave that world, His grandest lesson: "On! and on!"—Joaquin Miller, in Frank Leslie's Monthly.

FOR YELLOW GOLD.

BY FRANK E. MILLARD.



HEN the stage "went light" they ran out the small buck-board, but when there were more than four passengers the big mud-wagon was "put on." This was a buckboard day, for there was not a single passenger. What was more to the point, as the Gold Butte Mining Company regarded it, was that under the driver's seat was a box with ten thousand dollars in the newest of new tens and twenties in it. The driver had looked very blue when he drove his four mustangs from the postoffice—where he took on a very flat leather bag, which spoke loudly of the incapacity or disinclination of the Thimble Spring people for letter-writing—over to the railroad station, where he was to take on the box. Things were going all wrong at home. That was why his brown face looked so haggard; that was why he held so loosely to the "lines," that was why he chewed so hard on the bit of "plug" in his mouth. "Such hard scratchin' I never seed afore" was what he had said as he had listlessly thrown the mail-bag into the wagon; "can't git no decent job nowadays. Nothin' ter be had by prospect; in—tried that time an' agin; ef I git anything it peters out inside of a week. I might make a strike over ter Sand Gulech, but it's a long way off, an' me'n Sue an' the kids hez moved so often 'at we can't raise nothin' ter move on now. Why in Sam Hill did Sue hev ter git that rheumatix jes now, when we's so hard up, an' afore she weaned the baby? It's a shame. Why can't Bill git somethin' ter do?—great big, lunk-headed cove. Ef I had a brother, poorer'n a crow, d'ye think I'd go an' live on him, an' live on him, till that warn't nuthin' ter eat in the house? Sho, Zach Springer, you're a blamed fool. Bill hasn't done that. He ain't ter blame fer gittin' his leg broke that time. Bill's all right, but he's unlucky. Been tryin' fur a month ter git a job, an' can't git in nowhere. He's willin' ter work. He'd stan' crochidin' in the creek all day long washin out tallin' ef he could make his salt at it. Tried it for six weeks an' didn't git enough to buy a pair o' gum-boots. Whoa, Buckskin!" And then the box was taken on, and the express agent had something to say. That "something" was not to Zach Springer's liking. He chewed harder than ever on the bit of plug, and sawed the hard mouths of the mustangs by an unnecessary yanking of the reins. It was a positive relief to be able at last to whack his lash down upon the sides of the nervous brutes and turn them loose for the forty mile run to Gold Butte. Why had he needed a lecture from a hireling of the express company, and why should that smooth jowled agent have looked at him with such dark suspicion? "They think 'cos I got stood up down ter Black Rocks las' time I had a big load o' gold, ter I need to be preached to every time I go out now with a full box. I'd like ter see one o' em handlin' the ribbons when thar's a 'Winchester' lookin' at 'em with an eye as big as a bar' head. Can't tell me they wouldn't give in! The sweet scoundrel, call skin bottled young ladies! Thar ain't a man among 'em." Zach Springer's indignation was now in more complete possession of him than had been his feeling of business a little earlier. What he had delivered himself of just now was not what he would have said had he voiced his true sentiments with reference to the express agent's lecture. In between the words ran the thought, that "they" had suspected him of having a hand in the Black Rocks robbery. It had come to him before in what he called a "left handed" way, and he had had other outbursts of righteous indignation, but none in which the upheaval was so great as that of the present. Had that been the reason the stage company had cut down his pay to "sixty" a month? The chances were that it was. It was too blamed mean for a lot of swine, like these people, to come to it so high handedly over a poor man who only

wanted his own. Wouldn't it serve them just right, if— The white dust of the desert rolled up from the mustangs' hoofs in little puffs, and sprays of it, powdery fine, followed the turn of the wheels half-way up, there to be caught by the breeze and drifted behind in a long cloud that followed the buckboard like a haunting spirit. Sometimes, as the light breeze shifted, it came back upon the buckboard and its driver like heavy thoughts on the conscience of a guilty man. It would serve them just right! Besides that, only think—ten thousand! What would the people down in Mexico or Guatemala, where he would fly, know or care if somebody up in far-off Nevada had dumped a box off his buckboard and gone back and got it after a few days—maybe a week? It would have to be a dark night, wouldn't it? You couldn't go and get a box like that in the daytime and take it anywhere, for the whole country would be out looking for the man who had it. Maybe a month. That would be better. It would all blow over by that time. Let's see, would it? Ten thousand was a good deal. Those stage-stoppers were always striking the box on the wrong day. They never got so much as that at one haul. In two months, then—perhaps two months. But it would have to be well-hidden. And the thought struck to him, despite all attempts to keep it off, though by the time he had driven the mustangs into Red Canyon, his indignation at having been suspected by the company had died down. The box at his feet had taken on a new meaning for him. It meant smart goods for his wife. It meant a good schooling for the children. Those five little ones had had a hard "rustle" of it to get what few scraps of learning they had thus far managed to clutch; and, as for clothes, they were dressed like juvenile scarecrows. Yes, all the hard scratching would be over, he dared to do what many another hard-pushed man had done. Resolving the whole matter down to a plain, clear-cut proposition, it was, after all, simply a question of "nerve." Here was the place to do it. Right here, where the high, scraggly rocks, with the patches of sage-brush atop, came so near to the buckboard. It could be thrown over there—anywhere—into the sage-brush. It would be as far as the eye could see. The buckboard had reached the top of a long down-grade. Zach put on the brake and twisted the reins about the brake-handle. As if about to take a plunge into ice-cold water, he reached down for the box. But wait a bit. He took off his big sombrero and hung it on a projecting rock. Then flashing out his six-shooter, he sent a bullet through the brim of the hat, which he then replaced on his head. Though it had been hot enough when he started out from Thimble Spring there seemed to be a chill in the air just now. Would they believe the story that he would have to concoct, even though he showed them the hole in the hat-brim? What would he care whether they did or not? They already suspected him. If he had the name, he might as well have the game. He looked at the spot where the sage-brush clustered thickest, and made a mental thrust or two in a tentative way, in order to "get the distance." Then he laid two nervous hands on the box. He gave a little tug. How heavy it was! Could it be tossed over there, after all? It might have to be carried. He lifted it upon the seat. "Via Thimble Spring Stage Line." What was the sense in putting on such a direction as that? It was the only way it could go. The only way. And that way was now closed, for he was about to— "God, kaint' ye trust you—you, Zach Springer. Kaint' ye trust Old Zach?" he burst out, hoarsely. "Yes, but why don't they do as any other decent minin' company does—turn their stuff into the bank at 'Frisco, arter it's mined! What do they want on it up thar?" Well, after all, that was their business. But he couldn't be trusted. What would Bill say? Bill was an honest man. He would blush with shame every time his brother's name was mentioned after that—for, of course, he would know. Sue would never suspect. Any kind of a story would bamboozle her. Bill was smart. He could put two and two together as quickly as any man in the country. And yet Bill himself was a little reckless sometimes. He had been acting very queer of late, and had been over to Johnson's a good deal, drinking and playing cards with the boys. That would not do. Bill must be looked after. He was only a young fellow—a mere boy, even if he had been trying to raise a mustache lately. Yes, Bill was a good deal younger than he was. Why, he remembered well the day he was born, when they took him in to show him his new baby brother. He used to carry Bill all around, and he was the first one to stand him on his legs and try to make him walk. He remembered how it used to hurt his own head when Bill got a knock by falling out of his high-chair. Bill was just as much to him now as ever, and those knocks which fate and the weaknesses of his nature were giving him now hurt him just as badly—worse, perhaps, than they did Brother Bill. What would Bill say? He laid his hands upon the box again. It would be safe enough behind the rocks there under the sage-brush—so safe as if— "Git up thar! Git, Buckskin! Git, old Gabe! Ye lazy critters. G'lang!" And down came the long lash upon the dust-covered backs of the mustangs, and off down the long grade they ran, mak-

ing the dust fly in the canon as it never flew before. For Zach had grasped the reins in a grip of iron, and both his big cowhide boots were planted firmly on the box. "This 'ere is what I call goin' like sin!" he said, ten minutes later, as they were still flying down the grade. "But I lost some time with a blamed-fool notion that I order a ben licker for ever thinkin' on a minit. Wal, the mustangs got a good rest. Makin' up fer it now, though. They'll soon be in a lather. I'll git to the half-way house in a quarter of an hour, and then I'll take a good horn. I feel kinder nervous yit. The 'ere box is a heavy load on a man's mind. Is 'pose the sup'intendent up to Gold Butte is worryin' about it, too. Never mind, ol' feller, you'll see that stuff stowed away in yer safe afore sundown. "What's thist? A hold-up, sure as shootin'!" Out from behind a tall rock, a man, with a piece of dark calico over his face and a very large Winchester in his hand, had suddenly sprung, and the muzzle of the rifle looked right into Zach's big, round eyes. The brake scraped the wheels and made the sparks fly. The mustangs came to a sudden stand. There was no getting by that Winchester. "I reckon you've got ter drop on me, stranger." the driver coolly made the remark. "Stick up my hands! In course I will, ef you insist on it; but I tell yer 'ere mustangs is mighty skittish, an' it's on their down-grade. So yer needn't shoot if they start up, fur it'll be yer own fault. I s'pose yer arter this 'ere box. Throw it out! It's too blamed heavy fer that. Ye'll hev ter give us a lift." The man with the gun had said nothing; but the subtleties of the holding-up process were not so fine but that Zach understood every wave of the stranger's hand and every shrug of his shoulders, when the waves and shrugs meant anything. Zach had been held-up before. He of the calico mask did not step forward at once. In this suggestion that he should assist in taking off the box he seemed to suspect some trick. But one of Zach's hands was held aloft and the other, with the four reins in it, was on the level of his shoulder. The man edged up to the buckboard, exchanging the weapon which he presented at Zach's head for a six-shot revolver. "Thanks, stranger," said Zach, with forced merriment. "I never liked to see one o' them air long-barreled things p'inted at me. They shoot too straight. Now, here ye are." With his foot he shoved the box along until it was near the edge of the wagon. "Thar it is, help yourself; but ye'll find it a blamed heavy load ter pack, ef yer goin' far—over forty pound." The robber's fingers grasped the box nervously. "A green un at the big," thought Zach; "mebbe thar'll be an openin' here yit." The robber pulled and hauled at the box but it would not budge, for it was caught on a nail-head in the bottom of the wagon. In his feverish anxiety to secure the gold, he lowered the revolver a little and grasped the box with both hands. Swiftly Zach's right hand fell to his hip and he whipped his bright-barreled pistol. "Got the dead drop, stranger! It's no go!" he shouted. "Put that weepin' daown, you fool!"—for the man was raising his pistol. "You won't! Then take that." A flash, a report, and back fell the robber without a moan. His fingers clawed the dust for a moment, as if he were grasping for a hold on life. But the hold was not to be had, and he gave it up, and lay there quietly in the dust. The driver shoved his pistol into its holster, and wiped the sweat from his brow. It had been a close shave for the box and a closer shave for him. "Takes a purty keen un ter git er way with Ol' Zach, arter all," he chuckled, springing lightly from the buckboard, while a broad smile lit up his brown face. "This 'ere means a big raise from the company an' a hundred er two from the Gold Butte folks. I guess they'll think the ol' man's 'bout right arter this. Hooray fur hooray! my stock's riz! It's 'way up ter a hundred an' fifty. Whoop-e-e! Haw-haw-haw!" He stooped down over the dead man and lifted the bit of cloth from his face. "Almighty God! It's Bill!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

LIFE OF A WELL-SHOOTER.

IT IS ALWAYS FULL OF EXCITEMENT AND DANGER.

Dropping Powerful Explosives Into the Bowels of the Earth and Then Running for Life.

FEW more hazardous occupations can be named than that of well-shooter in the oil and gas regions. A well-shooter is always in the employ of some company that manufactures high explosives, and his business is to load long tubes with nitroglycerine or other similar substance, lower them to the bottom of the gas or oil well and there explode them. The shock loosens the Trenton limestone, the porous strata in which the oil or gas is found in these fields, and causes an increased flow. Sometimes a well that is worthless and almost dry becomes productive and profitable after being shot, and the stimulus usually lasts for weeks. In the Ohio and Indiana field, which comprises, all told, an area of probably 10,000 square miles, there are about a score of men who follow this dangerous business, besides the manufacturers and the men who are employed to haul the explosives to the out-of-the-way places where the magazines are erected and where a small supply, rarely more than 300 quarts of nitro-glycerine in one place at most, is stored. A shot is sometimes as little as eight quarts, but more often it is from sixty to eighty, and in some cases as much as 160 quarts are used. Imagine, if you can, what a terrific shock that would cause if exploded at the surface. Even 1400 or 2000 feet below, it makes the earth tremble and throws a tremendous burst of gravel and debris out of the well, and not infrequently high above the derrick. In hauling these terrible explosives to the wells, or magazines, odd-looking covered wagons are used, and the State laws provide that each shall be marked on the sides in large letters, "Nitro-glycerine! Dangerous!" Within the warning cover are carefully-fitted compartments, lined with heavy felt, and into these the square zinc cans fit as snugly as is possible. A shake or jar going over the roads that are never any too smooth might easily mean death to the driver and destruction to surrounding property, and the deadly stuff is packed as solidly as it can be. Once at the well, the nitro-glycerine is poured into tin tubes or shells five feet long and two inches or more in diameter, pointed at the lower end and with bail handles at the top. A sudden jar or a slip of the hand means destruction, and softly, with steady hand, the oily liquid is poured into the long tin. As each shell is filled it is lowered to the bottom of the well, and another is let down on top of it, and still another, till the desired quantity has been put down. Then the "go-devil," a five-pound pointed iron, ten or a dozen inches long, is dropped, point down, on the mass below and the shooter runs for his life. Sometimes rock fragments are thrown out so quickly and so far that he does not get beyond their reach, but usually he is at a safe distance by the time the eruption occurs. The men engaged in this hazardous work seem utterly oblivious to the danger. They have become accustomed to the continual risk and only think enough about it to be careful. It may be said that they seldom feel the apprehension their business excites in strangers, and if they do, it usually results in their nervousness costing them their lives. So true is this that these men have a superstition that the fearless man is perfectly safe and the fearful one certain of death. One terrible accident a year or more ago, near Findlay, illustrates this belief. An employe of the High Explosive Company, George Struble by name, who was engaged in hauling the stuff to magazines and shooters in different sections, had grown apprehensive and made all arrangements for his burial, in case of death, if burial was possible, and for the disposition of his little property. Very soon after he lost his life, probably by the explosion of the glycerine sticking to the empty cans, for he had not emptied his cans at a well, and was on his way back to Findlay from Prairie Depot when the accident occurred. He was torn to pieces, and the wagon was literally reduced to splinters. It is one of the incidents of the business that when an accident happens nobody is left to tell how it came about. The hairbreadth escapes are many, and nerve and presence of mind are the first requisites of a shooter. In one case a shooter was lowering the first tin into the well when the rope suddenly slackened. There could be but one explanation. The well had unexpectedly begun to flow again. It would be but a few minutes till the six quarts of nitro-glycerine would be hurled out of the well. That meant death and destruction. He had not time to reach safety by running. There was only one expedient and he took it. Standing directly over the well, he grasped the deadly shell by the handles as it came up, almost with the force of a cannon shot, and though the force of it threw him across the derrick and dislocated his shoulder, he was saved! A story is told of a savage bull that attacked the team attached to a wagon containing empty cans, to which very frequently enough of the stuff sticks to cause an explosion if jarred. The driver leaped from the wagon as the horses started to run and was saved, and the bull was probably the most surprised

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Palmistry is once more having a vogue. Glass is now used as a filling for teeth. A Rio Grande engineer recently shot a wildcat near New Castle, Col., from the cab of his engine. A Pennsylvania insane-asylum superintendent reports that eight out of every ten of his inmates write verses. Sheet iron kites, to enable a vessel when in distress during a storm to communicate with the shore, have been suggested. A Lynn (Mass.) man is the owner of the drum which beat time for the Massachusetts Sixth on its famous march through Baltimore, Md. The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great took a personal part in its editorial composition and in correcting proofs. It is the custom in Brooklyn, N. Y., for physicians to render services to priests and to attend them professionally without making any charge. The town of Dedham, Mass., was established in 1636, and a house built there that year is still occupied by descendants of the original owners. An electrical pool table has been made in which contact buttons are so arranged in front of the pockets that when a ball rolls in it strikes them, and the point made is recorded on an enunciator. The size and growth of the city of London is shown by the mileage of the streets. Should they be placed together they would measure about 2500 miles, or nearly the distance across the Atlantic Ocean. The public schools in Dundee, Scotland, have decided to make the highland fling and the strathspey of Tullochgorum and other forms of dancing part of the curriculum. Education in dancing, however, will require an extra fee, and will therefore be optional. There is grim humor in one clause in the will of the late Solomon Abrams, of Boston, Mass. After making a number of charitable bequests the testator remarks: "I remember all my cousins, aunts, uncles and grandfathers, but I give them nothing." There is a new wind instrument, the "pedal clarinet." It is an octave below the bass clarinet, and produces the lowest note obtained by any instrument except the organ. With a range of three octaves it has a much pleasanter tone than the double bassoon. It is announced that a Welshman has perfected a sewing machine, by which the thread is supplied directly from two ordinary spools, and sews through the assistance of a rotary looper. By means of this arrangement the old style shuttle or bobbin is done away with. It was an odd coincidence that Cardinals Manning and Simeoni were elevated to their highest rank in the Church the same day and died on the same day. What is more, the last official letter penned by the English Cardinal was by chance addressed to his Vatican confrere, the late Prefect of the Propaganda. An inquisitive man walked into the Oakland, Me., ax factory not long ago, and when passing a steam punch, asked suddenly, "What's that hole for?" At the same time he stuck his finger into the hole. The punch wasn't exactly planned for cutting off fingers, but it rose to the occasion and the finger dropped. Will New York Be Engulfed? According to the figures of Professor W. J. McGee, it is only a question of time when the slow but never-ceasing inroads of the ocean will engulf many populous cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and perhaps whole States. He says: "There is a broad lowland stretching from Sandy Hook to Cape Henry, and another washed by Mississippi Sound, upon which the sea is gradually but slowly and surely encroaching. They are waste-fashioned plains, but recently wrested from the ocean, and now old Ocean again reclaims its own. Already its octopus arms have seized the lowlands in their horrid embrace, and day by day, month by month, year by year, generation by generation, the grasp is tightening, the monster creeping further and further inland. Each average year the watermark advances a rod. The seaside cottage, with a broad lawn before it, has an 'expectation of life' of a decade or a generation, but the cottage at the verge of the cliff may go in a year, and must go in a lustrum, unless human devices outwit and overpower the waves. On most other Eastern and Southern coasts the waves are also encroaching, but their progress is slower. But the ocean's power is too great for puny man to oppose successfully. What, then, is he to do? In my opinion, he can only temporarily provide against it, and then slowly retreat before the invasion."—St. Louis Republic.

Our National Statue of Liberty.

The bronze Statue of Liberty which has crowned the dome of the Capitol Building at Washington for the past twenty-nine years is nineteen feet six inches high and weighs 14,985 pounds. The figure was cast in five sections, the heaviest being 4740 pounds weight. The statue was all completed except the headpiece prior to December 2, 1883, the finishing being reserved for that day. Crawford, who designed the figure, submitted his model adorned with a "liberty cap," but Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, objected to such a head-covering, saying that the old Phrygian emblem was a relic of a degraded people. The Secretary's objections were sustained and the well-known Indian head-dress was substituted for the cap. Crawford got \$3000 for the plaster model of Liberty; Clark Mills got \$9800 for casting her in bronze; money expended for labor and metal ran the total cost up to \$23,796.82.—St. Louis Republic. Dom Pedro de Valdivia, the first Governor of Chile, founded Santiago, its capital, February 12, 1541.