

Miscellaneous.

Mr. Schroeder's Air-Ship. THE INVENTOR PROPOSES TO CROSS THE OCEAN AND AFTERWARD TO ORGANIZE AN AIR-STEAMER COMPANY.

The New York Tribune, in a recent issue, says: "I am not an enthusiast, but a practical man," said Prof. F. W. Schroeder, the aerial navigator, who is building an airship in this city with which to journey to Europe in 48 hours, as he sat on one of the benches in Stuyvesant park yesterday, with drawings of his invention spread out on his knees.

"I am so firmly convinced," continued Mr. Schroeder, "of the practicability of going to Europe on a current of air that I will risk my life in the trial. Why, I have received dozens of letters from all parts of the world from persons begging to be allowed to go with me. Among others, the most celebrated aviator in Europe, Christopher Colomb, of Brussels, has asked me, but I shall take only two besides myself. I have no fear of accidents, for the material of the balloon or gas receiver is to be wonderfully strong, close knit even than silk. Here is some of it, and he exhibited a white fabric of stout texture. "They call it 'batiste,' and it should be procured in Europe. If the receiver should explode, there is above the balloon a piece of canvas so arranged as to act as a parachute, to let me down slowly. With the same arrangement when a balloon bursts with me once in Brazil I came down so slowly that I took out my pistol and fired holes into the canvas in order to hurry it. The published description of my balloon is fanciful and incorrect. The distance between the car and balloon is 2 instead of 20 feet; the length is 96 feet; it is 25 feet in diameter, with a capacity of 45,000 cubic feet of gas, the lifting power of the gas being 1 ounce to the square foot. I have made upwards of 400 ascensions, and have never met with an accident. Heretofore I have worked the machinery by hand. On my ocean trip I shall have an electric engine. On all my trips across the ocean before this I would let up from the steamer's deck small balloons, which I observed would be caught up in a current of air and carried east; higher up they were caught up by a contrary gust of wind and whirled west, which proved to me that a lower and warmer current of air blew from west to east, while the upper current blew from east to west. Now I shall get in the lower current and go straight to Europe. I cannot fly in the teeth of the wind, but, if necessary, by using the wings of my machine, I can mount to a favorable current and continue my progress.

"In two or three weeks my ship will be finished," continued Mr. Schroeder, "I shall be flying around over Brooklyn, New York and New Jersey. I shall subject my balloon to the severest test before I start on my ocean voyage. I shall pay a visit to Washington and let the officers of the Coast Survey see for themselves. Returning, I shall go to various places in the Eastern States, and then, about September, I will cross the ocean. Within a year I want to organize a company to build twenty or thirty copies of my ship, so that I can have two ships leaving New York every day and two coming in, carrying the mail between this country and Europe. They will be regular air-steamer, and are destined to supersede every other method of travel. There is only one improvement needed, and that is a French professor, whose name I must not mention, promises to procure me soon. He tells me that he has discovered a non-explosive gas, and one that possesses three times the lifting power of hydrogen gas. If this is so, then we can make balloons out of copper, and the only risk, that of explosion, is gone. I am very well protected by patents on my inventions, but Ritchell, up in Massachusetts, has infringed on my patent."

Mr. Schroeder has a pleasant countenance, and is tall, with blue eyes, dark, curling hair, and dark moustache. He is forty years old on Sunday next, and he remarked that he would like to make his start then, as it would be a glorious celebration of his birthday.

Frontier Baldozer. When I applied for the position of city editor of the Daily Scalper, a frontier paper of some pretense, the man at the helm simply asked my name, age and weight, and what I knew about the business, and he employed me. "The proprietor is not hard to suit," I said to the foreman that evening as I began business. "Why do you think so?" "Because he engaged me at once," I replied. The foreman laughed. "That's because he thinks you won't last more than a day or two. They never do."

"The editors—get cleaned out, you know; knocked in the head, shot to pieces—busted. Some of 'em leave the first day, others hang on to work or more, and then we carry 'em to that hill you see over there and plant 'em. There's a row of local editors over there built a mile long, and all died with their boots on."

"Surely this was not very encouraging, but I did not half believe it. "It's a fact, though," declared the foreman. "This town ain't like other places, and then this is a high pressure newspaper. If you wish to be popular you must pitch into people like blazes. Those fellows of the hill were popular. "And that's why they got killed, I suppose," said I. "I reckon so, at any rate they are dead," Joe Hodges killed them. "Joe Hodges?" "Yes."

"Who is he, pray?" "The town bully; the master of the village, a genuine double-back-acton rigger. He'll not say anything about Joe, or he'll wait in here and mash you into a jelly in no time. Very particular is Joe about newspaper notices. "There he shall have none in this paper," I said determinedly. "Oh, but that won't do," exclaimed the foreman. "Joe is that sort of a fellow that he won't be slighted—nothing he hates so as neglect; and then he's mixed up in every row, so you'll have to mention him. In fact Joe Hodges is on a fight worse than any man I ever knew. "Copy yelled one of the compositors. The foreman cleaned the hook and rushed into the composing room.

"I'll fit Joe Hodges," I said to myself when the foreman was gone. "The first blow is the best, so here goes." I seized my pencil and wrote a little notice, comparing Joe Hodges with a mule, and saying that, according to all accounts, he was a drunken rascal, unfit for human association. The notice was put in type at once and appeared in the paper next morning along with the other locals, and that afternoon Joe Hodges called.

"I was busy writing when he came in, but I looked up, and a hurried glance told me who he was. A short, heavy-set, swarthy, low-browed rascal, with black hair and eyes, and red shirt—that was Joe Hodges. "Take a seat," I said, and went on writing. "What is your name?" I said, glancing at him. "Joe Hodges." I dashed it down on a broad piece of blank paper on the table. "How old are you?" "Forty-two," with a surprised look. I dashed it down in the same way. "Your birth-place?" "Missouri," with still more surprise. "I put it down and then reached for a heavy revolver, which I cocked and laid on the table. "Are you married?" I asked, with a quiet look at the astonished man. "No," he replied, with a shrug. "I put the answer down. "What is your business?" "A blacksmith."

I made a record of the fact, and looked to account the question, when I saw the bully had risen and stood glaring at me, his hand on the door. "What in thunder are you writing?" he yelled, his face almost purple. "An obituary." "You?" "Yes." "He may have had urgent business down on the street; I do not know; at any rate he suddenly withdrew from my presence and never appeared again."

Condition of American Agriculture. The reports that reach us from all parts of the Union represent the agricultural interests to be so generally prosperous, flourishing and in good condition that the return of active trade seems to be unavoidable. The truth is that while, under the influence of the epidemic insolvency, the trading classes have been ruining each other and preventing any possible recovery in the prices of merchandise, the farmers, gardeners and planters have done business for cash, have made sure of their profits, and have not suffered from the bankruptcy market. It is beyond question, that the immense increase of the national exports is mainly due to the drift of the social current that has flowed so large a proportion of the tone and sense of the Republic into agriculture as the chief resource of the nation. So prodigious have the crops become that it seems ridiculous to find railroad managers talking about the insufficiency of the national products to supply a paying business to a few trunk lines. If the farmers and planters can obtain adequate facilities for transportation to market, the country can furnish produce enough to amaze the commerce of the world. The latest foreign demand before us in this way is for livestock to be shipped alive to Europe to be there bred for use, and this includes horses, beefs, sheep and swine. The field opening before American agriculture is, in fact, practically limitless, and now we have got to the upper hand fairly and fully, it will be our own fault if we do not keep it. We can feed and clothe the civilized races of all the world. This is something worth thinking about and boasting of.

He Meant Business. "Where are you going, with the puppets, my little man?" asked a gentleman of a small boy yesterday whom he met with three pups in a basket. "Going to drown them," was the reply. "I want a pup for my little boy to play with; what do you say to letting me take one of them?" "I'll sell you one," spoke up the boy, with true American enterprise. "I'll sell you this yaller one for half a dollar, the black one for seventy-five cents, and the spotted one is worth a dollar." "I think my boy would like the spotted one best, but you ask too much for it. You had intended drowning all of them, but I'll give you twenty-five cents and save you the trouble of drowning the spotted one." "Twenty-five cents for that spotted pup?" exclaimed the boy; "can't stand it; taxes are high; rent is high; groceries are high; oil is down and going lower—oh, no; I can't take less than a dollar." "But you intend to drown—" "Take the black one at seventy-five cents." "My little boy wouldn't like the black one." "He'd dog-die."

"I don't like his color. "Well, then you'd better tell your little boy to play with the river," and he continued on his way to the river, remarking that "no party can dead-bait his way on me these hard times."—Oil City Derrick.

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