Moorish Robbers.

"What kind of people are the Beni-Hassan?" demanded De Amicis, a member of the Italian embassy to the Moors, referring to the approaching company of wild horsemen who were to escort them through the next province.

"Thieves and murderers," replied the interpreter; "faces from the other world; the worst crew in Morocco."

And naturally the signor's curiosity was excited to the uttermost when they were expecting the arrival of their robber escort.

The faces from another world were not long in coming. We saw in advance a great cloud of dust, and in a few minutes were surrounded by a throng of 300 mounted savages in green, yellow, white, violet and scarlet, ragged, disheveled and panting, as if they had just come out of a fray. In the midst of the thick dust they raised we could discern their governor—a long-haired, black-bearded giant, who, followed by two hoary vice-governors, all armed with muskets, approached the ambassador, pressed his hand, and then disappeared. Immediately the usual firing, charging and yelling began. They seemed frantic. They fired between the legs of our mules, over our heads and close to our shoulders. Seen from a distance they must have looked like a band of assassins assailing us. They were formidable old men with long white beards, all skin and bone, but looking as if they might live for centuries; and young men with long locks of black hair flying like manes. Many had their chests more or less bare, turbans in tatters, and red rags twisted round the head; calics torn, saddles broken, bridles made of cord, old sabers and poniards of strange forms. And such faces! "It is absurd," said the commandant, "to suppose that these people will be capable of the self-sacrifice of not killing us." Every one of these faces told a story of blood. They looked at us as they passed, out of the corner of their eyes, as if to hide the impression of their glance.

The manner and morals of this unpleasant people by no means belied their villinous looks. Theft is their avowed profession, and they take rank according to their dexterity in it. The boys are put in training from their most tender ages, and the youth are told off to particular departments according to the capabilities they develop. They go to work like an organized gang of burglars, on circuits far beyond their immediate beat. They are in the habit of lying in wait in the towns to attack Jews, who are compelled by law to go unarmed, and who are generally worth plundering. Like mounted Indians, they go great distances on horseback to make sudden descents on unsuspecting duars. They will dismount, and, like some of the low-caste Hindoos, strip to the skin, soap themselves all over, and slip within the precincts of the village, for the dogs will not bark at a naked man. They glide upon the ground like snakes, covered with grass, with straw, with leaves, dressed in sheep-skins, disguised as beggars, as madmen, as saints, as soldiers. They will risk their lives for a chicken, and go ten miles for a dollar. They will even steal a bag of money from under the head of a sleeping man. They terrorize the surrounding country far and near, levying heavy contributions of blackmail on the villages that derive exemption from their depredations. It may be said, no doubt, that it is not so very long since gentlemen caterans like Rob Roy drove a flourishing business in Scotland. But, at all events, Rob Roy was described and hunted down, and he had his headquarters in the fastnesses of a remote Highland district, while these Moorish robbers thrive on their ill-gotten gains in a country open to the irregular cavalry, of which their emperor has so many in his pay; and their bands infest the roads between the coast and his capitals, which are habitually traveled by his caravans and treasure trains.

Scenes in Jerusalem.

Mrs. John Straiton, of New York, who recently paid a visit to the Holy Land, wrote to her friends in this country a series of interesting letters giving an account of her travels. Some of these are now being published, and from one of them we take the following extract:

It is sad to witness the decay of Jerusalem. Palestine is a land of ruins. We saw the church of the Holy Sepulchre. It is one of the most attractive scenes here. It has twin domes, countless pillars, and is a very massive building, and is said to contain and cover all the scenes of the Crucifixion, Entombment, and Resurrection of the Redeemer. The stone on which the Body was anointed and prepared for burial, and a block on which the angel sat to announce the Resurrection, are shown. Two hundred gold and silver lamps are kept constantly burning, surrounded by ornaments of the richest kind. We ascended to Mount Calvary—all inclosed in this mosque—and I saw the rent in the mount, and the holes where the three crosses stood, and many interesting things, the whole surrounded with rich trappings of the Greek church. Part only belongs to Catholics. The shrine of the Virgin, where she witnessed the death of her son, is inclosed in glass, and contains presents from all the kings and queens, such as rich and massive chains, rings, bracelets, earrings, diamond necklaces, etc., each stone larger than any I ever saw before. The crown and halo, studded with smaller ones, make your eyes ache, it is all so dazzling. Monks of all nations assemble here. The Latin monks, the Abyssian, Greek and Coptic, and although they worship in, they quarrel outside the church. There is a large square, filled with peddlers from all nations, all talking together.

We visited also the Mosque of Omar. It incloses the Mount Moriah, where Abraham and Isaac sacrificed. It is near the site of the Temple of Solomon. The roof or parts is suspended over an immense abyss, and it is here, through a small hole, where, it is said, Mohammed ascended to Heaven. It is 110 feet high, and is called, as the name implies, Dome of Rock. It is a magnificent and gorgeous place, all marble and inlaid with gold, malachite, stained glass, columns and pillars—it is one of the finest workmanship. Although we were there three hours the eye could not take it all in. Every inch was a study.

Chickens in Gardens.

By chickens we do not mean fowls generally, but the newly-hatched broods, which will flourish famously if allowed the range of your flower and vegetable beds. Shut the mother hens in roomy coops near the garden walks; see that they are shaded by trees or shrubs, both as protection from the noonday heat and the possible invasion of hawks, who are fearless if the ground is entirely exposed to view, but who are shy of the swaying limbs and fluttering leaves of trees. The chickens, eagerly searching for worms and insects, are within the mother's call, and can easily hide, at a warning note, among the leaves and grass. The exercise, the fresh air, and the sturdy independence gained at an early age in this way, are as healthful and growth-promoting as is the natural insect food which they gather for themselves; and this added to the rations furnished by the owner of the flock, they will astonish you by their rapid and healthful development. The first six weeks of a chicken's life will settle the question of early or late maturity more effectually than any after care and pampering can possibly do. Give the young ones a good start and half the battle of life is already won.—*American Poultry Yard.*

A Daring Mexican.

A Mexican, accompanied by his dog was on his way to Tempe to do some trading, when the dog treed a large California lion. The man was unarmed, save a large butcher knife, but nothing daunted, and knowing where he could sell the skin for a dollar, he whipped out his knife and started up the tree after the specimen of the king of beasts. Slipping up within reaching distance, he coolly plunged the knife into the animal just behind the shoulder, which so startled him that he leaped to the ground and was instantly bounced by the dog, when the man hastened from the tree, sprang upon the beast and planted a home thrust through his heart, without further damage to himself than having his hat torn in pieces. The lion measured about eight feet from the tip of the nose to the tip of his tail, and had he got one good blow at the man he would have mashed him into a jelly. This same Mexican killed one of these beasts about three months ago that measured over nine feet from tip to tip, using no other weapon than a small pistol and knife, and he came near losing his life in that encounter.—*Phoenix (A. T.) Expositor.*

LIGHTNING'S FREAKS.

Queer Doings of the Thunderbolt about the World.

At Fulton, Ontario, Duncan Dawson was killed by a lightning stroke, and his sister-in-law was fatally injured.

A daughter of Daniel Kelly lives, but her mind is impaired, after a lightning stroke at her home near Spring Lick, Ky., recently.

An employee of the Lochiel iron works, Harrisburg, Pa., was struck by lightning, and one side of his body is completely paralyzed.

Three men were knocked down, and a horse belonging to Elihu Wells was killed instantly by lightning at Rushville, Ind.

Leonard Falk, a farmer of Fayette county, Iowa, took a horseback ride. A storm coming up, he and his horse were killed by lightning.

Peter Leonard was instantly killed by lightning at Charles City, Iowa, and P. J. Leonard, of Floyd, in the same State, was killed on the same day.

While herding cattle, a boy named Isaacson was killed by lightning at Roland, Iowa, and at Kosta, Jefferson Simmons was killed during the same storm.

Five people were killed and several severely injured by lightning at Garrett City, Ind., in a drug store where they had taken refuge during a thunder storm.

Frank Shupert, of Johnson county, Ohio, was instantly killed by lightning while sitting in his home by the window. The whole side of his house was torn out.

It was twenty feet from where a son of D. H. Owens, of New Era, Tex., took shelter from the storm, that the lightning shattered a tree, but the boy died from the shock.

Daniel Utter's house tumbled about his head when lightning struck it recently, but he escaped uninjured. This was at Goshen, Ind. John Williams, of Lincoln, Ill., was killed by a bolt.

Mrs. Barnes of Macomb, Ill., went to bed for safety during a severe thunderstorm. Lightning struck the house and literally tore it to pieces. Although many were standing about Mrs. Barnes' bed she alone was killed.

A cyclone struck Tallett's Prairie, near Paris, Texas, and with it came severe thunder and lightning. William Rudesill was instantly killed and two young men were dangerously injured by a thunderbolt.

Lightning rods did not save the First Methodist Church, of Altoona, Pa., for a thunderbolt doubled them up like reeds, knocked a hole eighteen inches in diameter in the first knee of the bell tower, and broke off one corner of the brick walls of the church.

In a negro cabin in Warrenton, Ga., sat a woman with an infant in her arms, and six children on the floor at her feet. Lightning struck the woman in the right temple, instantly killing her, but doing no injury to the child. The mother, when discovered, sat with the babe quietly folded in her lifeless arms.

A workman was knocked off a ladder and paralyzed by a lightning stroke as he was working on the new building of the Faculty of Medicine at Lille, France. His arms and legs were found to be in a lifeless condition, and he was severely burned about the body. Pieces of his clothing and boots were burned out in many places.

When lightning entered the home of Mrs. William Young, of Hornelsville, N. Y., it was through an open door in which she was sitting. Three successive flashes passed over her head toward a stove, and rendered her incapable of muscular action. The woman suffered repeated cramps, and for three hours was not able to stand.

The Flavor of Meats.

M. Monclar, a noted agriculturist in France, has suggested a singular plan for varying the flavor of meat. He imagines that by feeding cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry in a particular way, or rather by flavoring their food in various ways, their flesh may be rendered much more agreeable to the palate than it often is; and there can be no doubt that he is substantially right. Thus, for instance, it is well known that poultry which have been fattened upon food containing a slight admixture of chopped truffles are far better eating than those chickens which have been stuffed or larded with truffles after they are killed. It is only natural that such should be the case, for the flavor of the truffle that is consumed by the chicken permeates the whole system, which it cannot down be simply placed in the carcass. M. Monclar instances cases in which hares killed in a wormwood field, larks shot in a cabbage field, and eggs laid by hens which had eaten diseased silk worms, had such a nauseous taste that no one could touch them; while, upon the other hand, some ducks and fieldfares which had fed upon some sorips of juniper had a delicious flavor. He has made several experiments—among others, three upon tame rabbits, which he fed with the waste of anise seed, with barley and bran containing a little essence of thyme. In each case he found that the flesh of these animals was far better than that of rabbits fattened in the ordinary way, and yet that there was no trace of anise seed or juniper in the taste. His conclusion is that cattle, sheep and pigs might be fed in the same way, and that by varying the flavoring matter, the beef, mutton and pork might be made to have several different tastes.—*Chicago Times.*

Earthquakes.

Professor Palmieri, who may be said to have been sitting on an earthquake (on Mount Vesuvius) for the last thirty or forty years, is an authority on the subject if any one is. He has recently given at Naples a public lecture at the university on the possibility of foretelling earthquakes. After mentioning earthquakes as known and remarked in ancient days, he illustrated the three signs of coming earthquake which since time immemorial have been popularly believed in, namely, the sultry oppressive state of the atmosphere, the drying up of wells, and the uneasiness shown by animals, observing that though these signs do not always, yet they undoubtedly often occur. Professor Palmieri went on to say that earthquakes have no doubt shorter or longer periods of preparation. The earth is never perfectly quiet for some time before and after a great shock, but gradually sinks into repose or increases in agitation. The professor believes that by registering the preliminary tremblings, and noting their increase or decrease, it would be possible to foretell an earthquake about three days in advance just as tempests are now foretold. If a connected system of sismographic stations were to be organized—the different stations communicating with each other by telegraph—as would be quite possible, in most cases, to issue warnings to the threatened district in time. He scarcely expected to live to see it; but he hoped that after he was gone, posterity might benefit by such a system, universally and permanently established. The sismographic stations should be erected by the different governments, in quiet places where the ground is not liable to be shaken by railway trains.

Palm-Leaf Fossils.

Mr. E. F. Johnson, the expressman, brought into the *Gazette* office some very interesting fossil remains which he had just discovered. In speaking of his discovery he said: "A year ago my son reported that he had found up on the bluffs northeast of town a petrified fish-tail, but imbedded in too large a rock for him to carry. He has often urged me to go with him and get it. I finally went, and to my astonishment found that he had discovered a very fine impression of a palm-leaf, and I soon found three other perfectly-printed leaves of the same variety. The leaves were of enormous size, the ribs diverging from the base just like palm-fans, but upon a very much larger scale. The estimated size of one leaf, calculated from reliable data furnished by the ratio of divergence, is found to be eight feet long by six feet wide." Mr. Johnson also found several sections of palm-tree trunks, one of which he brought to the *Gazette* office, together with the impressions of the leaves.—*Colorado Springs Gazette.*

The New Haven *Register* gives descriptions of various ideals, but it neglected to trot out the ideal mule. That animal is one which kicks all creation out of joint when he doesn't want to work. The real mule merely contrives to fall down and break the harness.—*Boston Post.*

"THE IDEAL NEWSPAPER."

Extracts from a Speech Delivered by Charles S. Fairman at the Annual Meeting of the New York State Press Association in Troy.

The face of a newspaper should be made bright and cheerful and it should have a distinct resemblance of its own. If you are acquainted with it you should be able to pick it out of a thousand. You should know it as you do your neighbor. This personal appearance should be a fixture. Of course the newspaper, like the man, must put on a new dress occasionally, but there should be no violent changes in attire. It should always present the same general appearance.

I say you should know your newspaper. It is difficult, doubtless, for the unpracticed eye to tell one paper from another by merely looking at the face of the type. But the printer will do it. Of a hundred papers that he knows he will pick out any one he wants simply by a glance at its general contour, without looking at its head, or stopping to read a word it says. He will almost hand it to you in the dark. He will do more than that. You may cut out a piece not more than two inches long, anywhere from the body of the paper upon which there shall be nothing whatever to distinguish it from any other similar piece of paper, and he will tell you from what paper you cut it. It is no guess work. He knows to a certainty. He will swear to it in a court of justice with no more doubt or hesitation than you would have in saying that you saw a train of cars standing at the depot yesterday. A bank teller will denounce a counterfeit as far as his eyes can see the paper. A shoemaker will pick out a pair of boots which he has made from a thousand others, all of which you would say were precisely alike. You can't deceive the tailor as to who made the coat which is on your back. The small boy about the railroad depot, when he hears the whistle afar off, will tell you that is No. 6 Northern Central. There is an intuition about all these things which I do not pretend to fathom or explain. I state the fact, because what I said about the certainty of knowing one newspaper from another, by simply seeing its countenance, might seem improbable, if I did not also call your attention to other similar things. Now the face of a newspaper may have a pleasant and cheerful look, or it may be dull and forbidding. When beautifully printed, the most commonplace things will be read with pleasure, while the genius of Shakespeare and Dickens could not illumine the pages of miserable mechanical work. A handsomely printed and carefully arranged paper with an indifferent editor, will increase in circulation and surpass in reputation a botched job in the press, with the most brilliant of writers. There cannot be a good newspaper without mechanical excellence. There may be poor ones with mechanical excellence, but there cannot be a good one without it. It is an infallible test. There may be good taste without newspaper ability, but there cannot be newspaper ability without good taste. A beautiful thing, in beautiful print, is a joy forever. The fascination which belongs to the face of a handsome type, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. Even children in a primary school will hang eagerly over the bright pages of the toy book, when neither argument nor coaxing will fix their eyes on a dull, dead black wall of letters. We are only children of a larger growth, and are quite as exacting as they in demanding beautiful things for our comfort and convenience.

We are educated to believe in the power of the press. Its influence can scarcely be rated at too high a standard. It is the lever which in modern times moves the world. That which the ancient philosopher declared he could do if he had something to stand upon, the press does by its own intrinsic force. It is raise the old philosophy and reference to physical substance, and the power which he sought was mechanical. But it is not in human strength, either mental or physical, to add to or take from one jot or tittle of the unseen yet mighty and omnipotent power which holds this earth in its orbit. The influence of the press is not with substance. It has not moved mountains. They are all here still. Yet the enterprise of man under the enlightening influence of the press has tunneled mountains and bridged them with iron ways, that the newspaper might go on the wings of the wind to the uttermost parts of the earth. It has spanned the sea with the electric spark, that the newspaper might gather the news on the instant at home and abroad. It has made all human knowledge simultaneous in all parts of the globe. It has annihilated space and abolished time. The newspaper is ubiquitous. It is everywhere, in every man's home, for a man has no home who has no newspaper. He may have a place to stay, and so do the Digger Indians, but there can be no home without a newspaper. There can be no general diffusion of knowledge without it. It is light and life in the world. It moves the world in all its enterprises, in all its great Christian philanthropies, in all its mastery of wealth and power. In ancient times, in the days when our Revolutionary fathers were laying down their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor for the establishment of that free system of government which their sons have been patriotic enough to maintain, the press, as it now exists, was an almost unknown institution. It was a factor then, as it is now in rousing the people to noble and patriotic purposes, but in a far different and less effective way. There were no great revolving presses throwing out their printed sheets by the thousand, as snowflakes flutter from the clouds. There was no spider-web net-work of railroads taking them up damp from the press, and scattering them through every city and hamlet at the breakfast hour. There were no lines of telegraph penetrating to every nook and corner in the land, gathering every scrap of information, and concentrating it daily and nightly in the lap of the newspaper. Things went slower, but they went just as sure. They got it all, but it took them more time. There were fewer people, there were less and simpler wants, there were less jostling and there was less hurry. But there was just as much intelligence and just as much virtue. It was not diffused as it is now. The people were not universally intelligent as they are now. Education was not common as it is now. The position of an editor is one of the greatest responsibility. His audience is confined to no sect or creed. It is not cramped up in any public hall, or hemmed within the pews of cathedral or church. His voice is not stayed by county lines. He cannot see his people. He cannot feel their responsive touch. He must write the truth and trust to the power of truth. He sits in his sanctum and sends forth his thought on the wings of the wind. He speaks to the people, to the pulpit, to the bar, to the congress and to the president. He is greater than these, for all these look to him for information and counsel. The editor who respects himself, who knows his profession, and is equal to it, stands on a higher eminence than the prince or pope. He is the leader, and, if his conception is large enough, may become the ruler of public conception.

Editors are born, not made. You cannot grind them out in heaps as you do doctors, or lawyers, or clergymen. There is no college where they are taught. There is no curriculum for them to study. There are no professors of newspapers. There are no diplomas and there are no degrees for an editor. Perhaps I should say that none of the ordinary schools in which other professions are taught, answer for the newspaper. The best school is the printing office. The best teacher is the click of the type and the atmosphere of the composing room. The tact of an editor cannot be taught at an academy. There are no books or masters to follow. Like the artist, the editor must have genius, and genius is not borrowed or taught. But though you cannot teach editors in schools or academies, you can teach boys. And after you have taught the boy in school, you may teach the editor in a printing office. But be careful not to insert him at the wrong end of the shop. Start him down among the rollers and the lye brushes, and he will work his way out to the sanctum. When he gets there he will know how to stay there. But if you start him at the sanctum, the probabilities are that he will soon find himself in the cellar. It is one of the evils of our times that not only with regard to this, but equally with regard to all trades and professions, the young men are unwilling to begin at the bottom. The grades of a printing office should be inexorable as the grades of an army. There should be no removals except for cause, and no promotions except for merits. The history of the newspaper press proves the position I here take. The best, the ablest and most successful editors this land has produced came up from the rule and the composing stick. I have known scores of tramping jour printers who had every qualification for brilliant success in journalism, except the one of steady habits, men of wide learning, of sparkling genius, and commanding intellect. And I never yet saw a strictly educated man who was fit for an editor. They are too starchy and stiff. They are too nice and precise. They are too learned and profound. A profound newspaper would die in a week. Two things are certainly and equally fatal to a newspaper, ignorance and profundity. But I think of the two it can stand ignorance the better, for there are a great many people who are ignorant, and very few who are profound. Daniel Webster once undertook to write an editorial for a newspaper. It was seven columns long and solid with statesmanship and wisdom. But the editor advised him to deliver it in Congress and let the newspaper off. It sometimes happens that a schoolmaster out of a job, or ambitious of fame, seeks laurels and cash in the editorial sanctum. These are the worst failures in the whole lot. They invariably run out their tongues when they write, use ruled paper, dot all their i's, cross all their t's, and parse every sentence before it goes to press. They are designed to succeed better on monthly or quarterly publications, or those which come out once a year, than on the daily press. If anything is calculated to worry the patience of an editor, it is to see a schoolmaster laboring over a paragraph. The erasures and interlineations, the stopping and starting, the tearings up and beginnings again, the consultations of the dictionary, the wise look at the wall, the doubt about grammar, and the greater doubt about ideas, are fearful to behold. I state an exact truth when I say that I have seen some of these educated gentlemen spend two precious hours in trying to put a simple statement in a paragraph of ten lines, and fail. A surplus of grammar kills them. And yet the editor must not fail in grammar. His sentences must be clear cut, precise and perfect. But he must do it without exertion, and with the same ease and freedom that he would engage in conversation. This faculty he gets when he goes through the grades. He cannot bring it with him from any other profession. There are possible exceptions, but they are rare, exceedingly rare, and only prove the rule. The shoemaker had better stick to his last, the schoolmaster to his school and the editor to his sanctum. No man can be an editor who does not understand all the details of his business. He must be competent to fill any gap in any place at any moment. He must know how to do all that is needed to be done on a newspaper. He must be able to write a leader or a paragraph at a moment's notice, or without any notice at all. He must be a quick and ready compositor, of prompt decision and force of character. He must be a leader. He must command the ship.

Tom Corwin's Reply to Crary.

Congress had its comedies as well as its tragedies, and the leading comedian was Thomas Corwin, a representative from Ohio, who was a type of early Western culture and a born humorist. He was a middle-sized, somewhat stout man, with pleasing manners, a fine head, sparkling hazel eyes and a complexion so dark that on several occasions—as he used to relate with great glee—he was supposed to be of African descent. "There is no need of my working," said he, "for whenever I cannot support myself in Ohio, all I should have to do would be to cross the river and give myself up as a runaway negro trader, be taken south and sold for a field hand." He always had a story ready to illustrate the subject of a conversation, and the dry manner in which he enlivened his speeches by pungent witticisms, without a smile on his own stolid countenance, was irresistible.

His greatest effort was a reply which he made to Mr. Crary, of Kentucky, who had undertaken to criticise the military ability of General Harrison. John Quincy Adams went over to Mr. Corwin's desk and advised him to reply; without success, at first, Corwin saying that he was "something like Balaam's ass—he could never speak until he kicked into it." The next afternoon, however, he did reply and his speech, as a model of humorous retort has never since been equaled at the capitol. His description of Mr. Crary as he appeared on parade as a militia general, and after the fatigues of a muster, when treating his brigade to watermelons and whiskey at a country grocery store, as the ancient heroes assuaged their thirst from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies, was a delicious piece of satire. Then, turning to the history of General Harrison, Mr. Corwin gave an eloquent picture of his patriotic services with convincing force. No member of Congress ever received such personal discomfiture from a speech, and Mr. Crary never recovered from Corwin's onslaught. Even at his home the farmers always offered him watermelons in their season, accompanied by quotations from Corwin's speech. He retired from public life an extinguished orator.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Lightning and Oil Tanks.

The *Scientific American* thus comments on the attraction of oil tanks for lightning, as evidenced in the recent fire at Titusville:

The peculiar attraction for lightning which these iron oil tanks appear to possess has been several times referred to in our columns. Whenever a thunder-storm passes fairly over one of them it seems to be devoted to destruction. Millions of dollars worth of property have thus been destroyed. No practical safeguard has yet been suggested. Ordinary buildings, when properly provided with rods that are well grounded in the earth, are comparatively safe from lightning. Structures made of iron and simply resting upon the earth, without rod, are also exempt from electrical damage. Such structures always present a continuous body of conducting material for the free passage of electricity to earth. Why is it then, that oil tanks form such conspicuous exceptions to our common experience with lightning? Rods put on other structures save them; but rods have been put on oil tanks, but the tanks were exploded by lightning all the same. We will repeat a possible explanation which we have heretofore given. From every oil tank, according to our theory, there is a constant escape of light hydrocarbon vapor, which forms a permanent cloud or column, rising to a general height above the tanks, far above any rod that could be erected. This vapor rod is a conductor, which the lightning naturally follows, sets on fire the vapor, and explodes the tank. A column of heated air vapor rising from a chimney is well known to be a conductor for lightning; the rise of hydrocarbon vapors is illustrated by the balloon. If the theory we have outlined is correct, the remedy for the electrical explosion of oil tanks is to be found in such treatment of the oil, or such a construction of tank, as shall prevent any escape of the light vapors.

Sunstroke.

The cause of sunstroke is, says the *Practical American*, an overheating of the blood, which usually is the result, not so much of exposure to the sun as an insufficient perspiration; many cases of sunstroke happen among laborers not exposed to the sun. If a man, whether in the sun or in the shade, is exposed to a temperature of say ninety degrees, and does not prespire freely, his blood becomes overheated, and he is in great danger of being attacked by that kind of prostration which is called sunstroke; because perspiration is, as it were, a safety-valve, which carries off superfluous heat; in fact, the amount of heat which, as it were, disappears in the act of perspiration, is something startling when calculated in figures, according to the theory of latent heat of vapors. When a man who feels oppressed by heat does not drink moderately cold water, but takes recourse to beer or something worse, he does not promote perspiration, but checks it; water is always the very best drink for men working in hot surroundings; a little oatmeal mixed in it has become very popular, and we advise to acidulate it slightly, not with the sulphuric or other mineral acids, as we have seen recommended—such acids check prespiration, while vegetable acids promote it. Best of all is lemon juice, citric or tartaric acids, and, if these are not obtainable, vinegar, for want of better.

A WEEK'S EVENTS.

Eastern and Middle States.

The New York mercantile agency of Dun, Barlow & Co. has issued a circular showing that the number of failures in the United States during the first six months of 1880 was 2,497, with liabilities amounting to $32,888,763. During the same period in 1879 the number of failures was 4,058, and the liabilities $65,779,390.

At a meeting in New York of the Democratic national committee W. H. Barnum, of Connecticut, was elected permanent chairman, and F. A. Prince was chosen secretary.

The committee appointed by the national Democratic convention at Cincinnati to inform General Hancock and Mr. English of their nomination for President and Vice-President performed their duty the other day at General Hancock's headquarters on Governor's Island. The committee proceeded in a body to his residence, and after Governor Stevenson, chairman of the Cincinnati convention, had been introduced, a letter was read signed by the full committee and tendering the nomination to General Hancock, who replied as follows: "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Committee—I appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the national Democratic convention lately assembled in Cincinnati, and I thank you for your courtesy in making known that honor to me. As soon as time permits to give the subject that careful attention belonging to it, I shall prepare and will send you a reply of a formal character, accepting the nomination by the Democratic party to the office of President of the United States." The members of the committee were then introduced to General Hancock, who was in mourning for his fourteen-old grandson and namesake, whose death had taken place a few hours previous. William H. English, who was also present, having come on from Indiana, was then formally informed of his nomination for Vice-President, and he briefly thanked the committee, saying that he would at an early day formally and in writing make the acceptance usual on such occasions.

The Democratic national committee and the Congressional campaign committee paid a visit to the residence of Mr. Tilden, in New York, and presented him with a copy of the resolution of respect passed by the Cincinnati convention. Mr. Tilden cordially returned thanks.

A curious accident took place on a train of the Long Island railroad at East Rockaway the other day. Twenty-seven Italian laborers were swept from one of the platform cars by a heavy wire rope attached to a derrick at the side of the track and which sagged as the train swept by. Two or three of the men were fatally injured, and nearly all the rest were hurt more or less seriously.

M. K. Waite & Co. have filed notice with the New York secretary of state that they have discovered a mine of gold ore in the town of Northampton, Fulton county, N. Y.

Three 25,000-barrel oil-tanks near Bradford, Pa., were struck by lightning and destroyed.

Lightning struck and instantly killed Derbin Rudderow, aged nineteen years, and dangerously injured three other men at Philadelphia.

Two New York iron molders settled an old grudge which they had against each other by a brutal fight on a pier in presence of a large crowd. The fight took place under the approved methods of the prize ring, thirteen rounds being fought in fifty-seven minutes, at the end of which one of the men was knocked insensible by a blow which broke his jaw and had to be taken to a hospital.

The intercollegiate four-oared boat race on Lake George between the Cornell, Columbia and University of Pennsylvania crews was won by the first-named. The Columbia crew were regarded as sure winners, but came in last.

During a violent storm at Chester, Pa., thirty-five houses were unroofed, several buildings partly completed were blown down and two men severely injured.

A tornado which passed over the country near Hanover, N. H., destroyed a large amount of property and severely injured several persons who were in the fields.

A Philadelphia paper makes a further exposure of the so-called medical colleges in that city. It estimates that 11,000 bogus diplomas have been sold to persons in all of parts the world at five dollars each.

General Chester A. Arthur's letter of acceptance of his nomination by the Republican national convention as Vice-President has been published. In it he declares his adherence to the principles set forth by the Chicago convention; declares that "the authority of the national government to preserve from fraud and force elections at which its own officers are chosen is a chief point on which the two parties are plainly and intensely opposed;" that the election laws have done much to "curb the violence and wrong to which the ballot and the count have been again and again subjected;" that "the Democratic party since gaining possession of the two houses of Congress has made those just laws the object of bitter ceaseless assault;" that all American citizens should be protected everywhere in the full enjoyment of their civil and political rights; that the resolution of the Chicago platform referring to the civil service is deserving of approval; that "the resumption of specie payments—one of the fruits of Republican policy—has brought the return of abundant prosperity;" that there must be no debased coin, no depreciated paper; that the advantages of a common school education should be brought within reach of every citizen; that such changes should be made in the present tariff and system of taxation as will relieve any overburdened industry or class, and enable our manufacturers and artisans to compete successfully with those of other lands; that the government should aid works of internal improvement national in their character, and that the Republican party has every claim to confidence.

The population of Pennsylvania, according to the new census, is about 4,226,000, an increase of twenty per centum in ten years.

Henry W. Shoun, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Easton, Pa., cashier of the Merchants' bank, was killed in Honesdale, Pa., by Benjamin J. Bartee, his brother-in-law. In company with James W. Wilson, the lawyer of the late Judge John Shouse's estate, in Wayne and adjoining counties, Pa., Mr. Shoun went to Honesdale to transact business. He had almost completed this, and early in the evening he and Mr. Wilson called at the office of Justice of the Peace Eldred, an old and warm friend of Shouse. They had been conversing for some time and were about to separate, when Bartree, who is a farmer at Ledgedale, a few miles distant from Honesdale, hurriedly entered the front office. Without stopping to say a word he reached his right hand down into the hip pocket of his trousers, and, drawing a revolver, rushed in front of Shouse, placed the muzzle at his temple, and discharged the weapon twice. Mr. Shouse's head fell back in the chair in which he was sitting, and, without speaking a word, he expired. Justice Eldred grappled with the murderer, and vainly endeavored to wrest the pistol from his grasp, but Bartree threatened to shoot him and he fled. Bartree then fired another bullet into Shouse's body and surrendered. He was locked up.

The steamer Dessong—Lieutenant-Commander H. H. Gorringe, U. S. N., master—having for freight "Cleopatra's Needle," the obelisk presented to the city of New York by the Khedive of Egypt, has arrived at New York.

Mrs. Nesmith, wife of Lieutenant Nesmith, U. S. A., accompanied by Bessie Fanshawe, twelve years old, and another little girl named Helen Deakon, were drowned while bathing at Atlantic City, N. J.

The harvest in France has begun and promises to be satisfactory.

The destruction by fire of twenty stores in the business part of Arnprior, Ontario, caused a loss of $50,000.

A Montenegrin advance post has been surprised by the Turks and cut to pieces. Ten men out of sixteen were beheaded.

Henry Rochefort, the well-known French editor and agitator, has established a new paper in Paris, in opposition to M. Gambetta. In the first day nearly 200,000 copies were sold.

It is announced that Peru and Bolivia are about to enter into a confederation and become one country under the name of the United States of Peru and Bolivia.

Great forest fires are raging in New Brunswick.

The British house of commons has d'approved of placing a memorial to Eugenie's son, the late French pretender, in Westminster abbey, by a vote of 161 to 147.

Prince Gunther II., of Schwarsburg-Souders, has abdicated.

A dispatch from Rio de Janeiro says that election riots have occurred at Victoria, in the province of Pernambuco. The military fired on the people and killed twenty, including Baron Escada. Many were wounded.

The Austrian iron ship Hydaspes, 2,093 tons, from London bound for Melbourne, was run into off the English coast by the British steamer Centurion and sunk. The passengers and crew were all saved.

Quite a sensation has been created in English social circles by the announcement that Lady Burdett-Coutts, who is sixty-six years old, the richest woman in all Great Britain and noted for her generosity, is about to marry.

Madame Skobeleff, wife of the noted Russian general, was recently murdered by a Russian army officer, who when arrested committed suicide.

Cardinal Nina, the papal secretary of state, has resigned.

A dispatch from Calcutta, India, says that the great embankment in Scinde, known as the Kusmore Bund, has given away. The embankment extends from Kusmore to the mouth of the Bejari canal, a distance of forty miles, and was constructed to protect a large tract of country from floods.

From carefully-studied records of the occurrence of certain diseases in the past, an English physician infers that epidemics sweep over the country in quite regular periods, the cycles being of about the following length: Whooping cough, four years; smallpox, four to five years; measles, seven years; scarlet fever, fifteen to twenty years.

While S. Rickley, president of the Capital City bank, of Columbus, Ohio, was sitting at his desk he was shot in the forehead and probably fatally wounded by Andrew Eichenberg, a dyer, who then shot himself, dying almost instantly. Mr. Rickley's refusal to loan Eichenberg money was the cause of the deed.

Memphis, Tenn., has been visited by a slight shock of earthquake.

The official census returns of Detroit, Mich., show the population to be 116,027.

Colorado has been visited by a damaging storm. The river at Pueblo rose eight feet in less than an hour, and the emigrants camped along its bottom lost nearly everything. Ten miles of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad were washed away between Pueblo and Colorado Springs, and every bridge, culvert and cattle-guard for a distance of twenty-one miles was more or less damaged. Hailstones fell to the depth of from two to three feet.

Prentiss Nelms and Tom Konkey, both colored, while being conveyed to the jail at Hernando, Miss., charged with murder, were taken from the officers by a band of men and killed.

An Irish Republican national convention has been held at Indianapolis. A national executive committee, consisting of one member from each State and Territory, was appointed and an address was issued giving reasons why the Irishmen of the United States should swear allegiance to the Republican party.

The boiler of a steam sawmill near Barnesville, Va., exploded, killing one colored man, fatally wounding a man named Bryant and severely wounding five others. The engine, weighing 5,000 pounds, was blown twenty yards away.

An excursion train jumped the track near Knox Siding, Ohio, causing the death of one man and injuring about forty other persons.

A destructive cyclone visited Adrian, called Monroe county, Mich., cutting a swath seven miles long and a mile wide, and damaging crops and other property to the extent of over $25,000.

From Washington.

The President has appointed Orange Judd, of New York, and of the *American Agriculturist*, to be a member of the board of Indian commissioners, vice Barstow, resigned.

The treasury department has prepared a statement showing in detail the operations connected with the retirement and refunding of the United States bonds and the amount of interest saved by the transaction. The entire amount saved by the refunding from December 1, 1871, to July 1, 1880, is stated to be $58,289,168. The total amount of bonds refunded is $1,395,347,800.

At a cabinet meeting it was determined to investigate the recent Narragansett disaster on Long Island Sound, in order to determine if the steamboat inspectors were in any way responsible.

According to the report of Colonel Worthington, statistician of the agricultural department, the wages of farm laborers throughout the United States have increased during the last fiscal year. The report says that in the Pacific and mining States and Territories the range of monthly wages for farm laborers without board is between $30.75 in Montana and $22.50 in Washington Territory. Of the States east of the Mississippi, Minnesota pays her farm laborers better than any other Northern State, the monthly wages with board being $16.33, while Vermont pays $12.02. In the Southern States the prices paid range from $12.26 in Louisiana to $7.32 in South Carolina, the average being $9.60.

The Hon. John Alexander Campbell, late third assistant secretary of state, died at his residence in Washington, a few days ago, aged forty-five years.

The official register of the United States, better known as the blue book, recently issued from the interior department, contains the names of 131,660 government officials, including officers of the army and navy. Sixty-six thousand of them are employees in the postoffice department.

The report of the agricultural department shows that during the last fiscal year the value of farms and farm implements throughout the United States has increased about eight per cent.

The department of agriculture reports the prospects for cotton, corn and wheat crops as more favorable than for several years past.

Foreign News.

The weather throughout Spain is intensely hot, and many cases of sunstroke are reported.

A timber raft with forty persons on board was dashed to pieces in the rapids of the river Dnieper, and all perished.

Tom Taylor, a well-known English dramatist, and at one time editor of London *Punch*, died in London a few days ago, aged sixty-three years.

The capture of Arica by the Chilians is considered a death blow to the hopes of Peru, but President Pierola still urges war to the bitter end, and is taking the most energetic measures.

Great damage to the standing crops has been sustained in the western counties of Ontario by the recent storms.

Two thousand Turkish soldiers, whose time of service had expired, threw down their arms and demanded their pay, but were overpowered and confined to their barracks. This occurrence induced the sultan to dismiss Osman Pasha, minister of war.

The Russian wheat harvest is reported to be a failure.

Lima, the capital of Peru, is to be besieged by the Chilian army if the terms of peace proposed by Chili are not accepted. Bolivia, being satisfied with the offers of peace made by Chili, has withdrawn from the contest as Peru's ally.

Six factory were seriously injured by leaping from a burning theater at Perpignan, France.

A London dispatch says that at the annual dinner of the Cobden club J. W. Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, related a hitherto unpublished anecdote which excited great interest. He stated that on the breaking out of the civil war in the United States Mr. Richard Cobden wr