

THE BOWIE KNIFE.

Its Invention and First Use—A Desperate Combat.

A feud had existed for years between two parties of the parish of Rapides, Miss., on Red River. The principals were Dr. Maddox, Major Wright and the Blanchards on the one part, the Curreys, the Welles and Bowies on the other. A challenge had passed between Dr. Maddox and Samuel Wells, a meeting was arranged to take place near Natchez, Miss., in September, 1827. It was agreed that no persons should be present but the combatants, their seconds and surgeons. The place of meeting was a large sand bar, immediately below the upper bluff, near Natchez. The sand bar at low water is of considerable width, bordered above and below with forest growth; on the opposite side of this bar were stationed the friends of each party; one of these parties was something nearer the combatants than the other. Colonel Crane was the second of Maddox. Between him and James Bowie and General Currey there had long existed a deadly feud, and some months before this affair General Currey shot Colonel Crane with a shotgun, on Bayou Rapides, disabling one of his arms.

The parties to the duel approached the spot selected for the combat from different directions. The preliminaries were soon arranged. The combatants took their positions and exchanged two shots without effect, and the difficulty was amicably adjusted.

Bowie was just in the edge of the woods with Generals Wells and Currey, armed with pistols, Bowie carrying a huge knife. As the dueling party started to leave the grounds Bowie and party started to meet them. The friends of Maddox and Crane on the opposite side of the sand-bar seeing this, and being furthest from the party, started in a run to meet them as soon as they should reach the retiring combatants. General Currey was the first on the ground, closely followed by Bowie. Currey immediately advanced upon Colonel Crane and remarked: "Colonel Crane, this is a good time to settle our difficulty," and commenced drawing his pistol. Bowie did the same. Crane was armed with a brace of dueling pistols, and standing awaited the attack of Currey. At this moment Currey was seized by his brother and begged to desist. Bowie and Crane fired at each other, it was said without effect. There were those who said Bowie was wounded. This latter statement I think most probable, for Bowie stopped, felt of his hip and then drawing his knife limped toward Crane, who was watching General Curran. Released from the hold of his brother Currey was advancing. At this moment Crane leaped across a small ravine cut through the sand by the rain-water flowing from the acclivities above and, resting his pistol upon his crippled arm, fired at Currey, wounding him fatally. He fell.

Crane was now disarmed and Bowie advanced cautiously upon him. Clubbing his pistol he struck Bowie over the head, as he avoided his knife adroitly, and felled him to the ground. Crane retreated a step, as his friend Major Wright approached. Bowie, in the meantime, had risen, and was sustaining himself by holding on to a snag which the river when at flood had left sticking firmly in the sand. Major Wright advanced upon him, and with a long, slender spear, drawn from a walking cane which he carried, attacked Bowie, who made a pass to parry the spear with his knife, in which he failed. The spear was of cold iron, and striking the breast-bone, bent and went round upon the rib. Bowie at this moment seized Wright and fell, pulling Wright down with and on top of him and holding him strongly by his person. Wright was a slender, and by no means a strong man, and was powerless in the hands of Bowie, who coolly said to him: "Now, major, you die!" and plunging the knife into his heart killed him instantly.

This knife was made by Resin P. Bowie out of a blacksmith's rasp, or large file, and was the original of the famous Bowie knife. When James Bowie received it from his brother he was told by him that it was "strong and of admirable temper. It is more trustworthy in the hands of a strong man than a pistol, for it will not snap. Crane and Wright are both your enemies; they are from Maryland, the birthplace of our ancestors, and are as brave as you are, but not so cool. They are both inferior in strength to yourself, and therefore not your equal in a close fight. They are both dangerous, but Wright the most so. Keep this knife always with you. It will be your friend in a last resort and may save your life." After this conflict Resin P. Bowie carried this knife to Philadelphia, where it was fashioned by a cutter into the form of a model made by him, and I presume the knife is yet in possession of some member of the family.

There was no reconciliation between Crane and Bowie after the conflict, though Crane aided personally in carrying Bowie from the ground, and Bowie thanked him and said: "Colonel Crane I do not think under the circumstances you ought to have shot me." Although immediately upon the attack of Currey upon Crane the fight between their friends became general, in which there were several wounded, but Wright and Currey were the only persons killed. All the men engaged in this terrible affair were men of wealth and high social

position, and the two parties included almost every man of fortune in the extensive and wealthy parish of Rapides. All are gone save Maddox and Wells, both very old and still residing in the same parish.—Philadelphia Times

Population of the Earth.

Two eminent German scholars, Dr. Behm and Herr Wagner, have published an estimate of the population of our globe. To obtain an absolutely correct estimate is a matter of difficulty, as but few nations ever have a census taken. Until 1853 the only modern nations whose populations had been systematically counted were the United States, Great Britain, Prussia, France, Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Greece. Since 1853 many other countries have had censuses taken, so that at present we can ascertain, with considerable exactness, the number of inhabitants in each of the leading countries of Europe and America.

In estimating the population of Asia, Africa and Oceania, Messrs. Behm and Wagner have been aided by the whole literature of travel, as well as by certain known laws respecting the proportion of inhabitants to the square mile, as regulated by climate, civilization and circumstances.

Some of their conclusions are of much interest. They estimate the population of the great divisions of the globe thus: Europe, 315,929,000; Asia, 834,707,000; Africa, 205,679,000; America, 95,495,000; Australia and Polynesia, 4,031,000; Polar Regions, 82,000; Total, 1,455,923,500. Increase since their last estimate, one year and nine months ago, 16,778,200.

A few of their estimates of particular countries may interest our readers. The Dominion of Canada, they think, has now a population of 3,839,470, about one inhabitant to a square mile. The population of the United States, leaving out 300,000 Indians, they conjectured from partial returns of the census of 1880 to be about 48,500,000, which is short of the actual number by 1,500,000; Mexico, 9,485,600; Greenland, 10,000.

In Europe they assign to the German empire of Frederic William, 43,943,360; the Austrian empire, 38,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 34,517,000; France, 36,905,788; Spain, 16,625,860; Italy, 28,209,620; Sweden, 4,531,863; Norway, 1,818,853; Switzerland, 2,792,264; Russian empire, 87,959,000; Turkish empire, 25,180,000.

In Asia the empire of China presents to us the inconceivable population of 434,626,500. The British empire of India follows with a total of 240,395,500. Japan is thought to have a population of 34,338,504.

Fourteen hundred and fifty millions is a good many people to inhabit a comparatively insignificant ball of matter whirling through space; but the earth is not half peopled. The island of Australia, eight thousand miles in circumference, contains about 2,000,000 of people, which is one inhabitant to every square mile and a half of land.

Pay of Circus Performers.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald, in reporting a talk with a circus manager in New York writes:

"In the memorandum book I found that the highest salary paid to any performer was \$450 a week, and the lowest \$20. There were only two names in the entire list credited with getting the smaller amount. The biggest sum will be received by Mme. Dockrill. 'We advertise,' said the manager, 'that we pay her \$1,000 a week. I'll tell you why. In addition to the \$450, which is set down there, we pay all her traveling and hotel expenses, and place at her disposal a carriage in which she rides from hotel to train and from circus to hotel. Beside this, we pay all the expense of keeping and transporting her six horses, and we employ a man to look after them. So that she really does cost us \$100 every day of her life; and \$1,000 a week is not much of an exaggeration after all. Chang gets \$200 a week, and Tom Thumb \$325. Mme. Cordova, the rider, receives \$300 for her services. The largest number of the performers seem to run, in point of salary, from \$45 to \$75 per week apiece. The laborers with the show get from \$25 to \$50 a month and their board, and the bosses of the various departments each receive something like \$200 a month.' It will be seen from these figures that circus people are not so badly paid after all, and that the stories of their starvation salaries must, therefore, be campaign lies, gotten up with the intention of intimidating small boys who are bent upon running away from home."

The Progress of Cremation.

At Zurich, Switzerland, where the Siemens crematory furnace has been introduced, there is a distinct stipulation that the ashes of the dead must remain in separate urns at the crematory for twenty years. At the end of that time the nearest of kin to the deceased may take the urn to his dwelling and it is not done the ashes are interred. Before a body is burned every precaution is taken by the authorities to ascertain that no crime has been committed. Other furnaces of the same type are in use at Breslau, Dresden and Gotha. Indeed, throughout Germany the prejudice against disposing of the dead by burning is rapidly disappearing. The furnace named will consume a body in an hour and a half without causing any odor or sound. It costs about \$5,000. The weight of the ashes varies from three and a quarter to seven pounds.

Criminals in Germany have increased from 34,888 in 1875, to 640,949 in 1880.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The only postoffice in the world which continues to be respected by pilferers is the letter-box in the Magellan straits—a simple cask chained to the rock. A passing vessel sends a boat, takes what letters there may be, and deposits its own. The postoffice is under the protection of the navies of the civilized world, and, although it has been established for many years, it has never been robbed.

A San Francisco woman partially lost the power of speech through a stroke of paralysis. Taking advantage of her incoherent utterances and grotesque visage, her husband sent her to an asylum as a lunatic, and took possession of her property. She was kept in duration several months before the truth was discovered. A jury awarded her \$1,000 damages.

After a careful personal examination of the forest portions of Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee, Professor Thomas Melian concludes that there is much more timber in the country than people generally believe, though at present in localities not convenient, as a general thing, to a market at paying prices. He also notes the rapidity of growth of the trees of the regions examined as contrasted with the slow growth in Europe, and maintained that with proper care and culture good paying timber can be grown in from fifteen to twenty years.

The British consul of Shanghai, Mr. Davenport, says there is little doubt that the dreadful famine which has for the last three years scourged the north of China may be attributed in great measure to the spread of poppy cultivation. A very large proportion of the available ground in that region has been sown to this plant, which is found to be more remunerative than any kind of grain. Consequently, the granaries were left unfilled and no provisions made for a year of drought. The consul says that unless the growth of opium can be checked by the government the evil will increase, and of course another year of drought will cause a more terrible famine than the last.

The Norwegian poet, Bjornstjerne Bjornson, has written a pleasant letter from Boston to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*. General Grant was in Boston at the time, and the poet has words of lofty admiration for the independent and decent manners of the crowd, composed of the rich and poor, that surrounded the state house and even thronged the halls during the reception in Grant's honor. The same republican qualities impressed him at a political meeting. The intelligence and manly dignity of the audience electrified him so that "he never in his life felt stronger or so filled with the joy of life." He was surprised to find society so abundantly sprinkled with men notable for learning and ability. It seemed wonderful to him that "so many of the educated men should have a super-spiritual trait, and possess an ideal, even sentimental enthusiasm. It was the last thing I expected to find in America."

A widow, who had withdrawn \$5,000 from the safe investment of a farm mortgage, wrote to Rufus Hatch, the well-known New York financier, with whom she was not acquainted, for advice as to the most judicious speculation in which she could engage. Her letter showed an eagerness for rapid gains, considerable knowledge of the gossip of the stock market, and an expectation that the letter addressed outside the usual business channels would gain her an advantage. Hatch replied, hardly after the manner of Wall street brokers, counseling her to reinvest her \$5,000 in additional mortgages in Jefferson county cheese and butter farms. "By doing this you have the dower of your two little girls always under your own eyes." If, however, she will insist upon calling in the broker, let his instruction be to invest in governments. "Your profits will be small, but you will be sure of what you have."

George L. Angell, of Boston, has spoken before a congressional committee upon the subject of poisonously adulterated articles. Among the subjects discussed by Mr. Angell were drugs, poisonous articles of clothing, and wall paper. He offered evidence to show that from one-third to one-half of all the wall papers now sold, in a great variety of colors, contain arsenic to a degree that renders their use dangerous. He pronounced against the use of glucose and oleomargarine products, and gave numerous illustrations of the danger incurred in using canned fruits, meats and vegetables when put up in tin. In conclusion, Mr. Angell urged the importance of providing a committee or commission to thoroughly investigate the subject. Subsequently the committee adopted Mr. Beale's bill "to prevent the adulteration of articles of food and drink," and instructed Mr. Beale, on behalf of the committee, to ask a suspension of the rules at the first opportunity, for the purpose of putting the bill upon its passage in the House.

Much capital and energy have been devoted to establishing the silk manufacture in the United States, and with considerable success. There has always been one drawback, however, in competing with European, Japanese or Chinese products, says the *New York Graphic*, "and that was the great disparity in the cost of the labor required in reeling the threads of the cocoons. We can raise the silk worm here without

any extraordinary cost, but the delicate operations to which the natural thread has to be subjected subsequently can be performed in France for less than one-third what they cost here and in Asia for less than one-tenth. There is only one way to overcome this drawback and this is by means of machinery. To invent machinery delicate enough for the performance of the work seemed well nigh impossible at first, but persistence, it is now reported, has had its reward at last, and an electric machine is soon to be put into operation which will place the American silk industry ahead of that of all other countries."

Betrayed by His Child's Love.

The arrest of B. Doyle Bryant, a sewing machine agent, who was taken into custody at the Erie railroad depot, in Jersey City, on a charge of embezzlement, was accomplished in a singular manner. Bryant was for years manager of the Singer sewing machine company's branch office in Albany. He had the implicit confidence of the company. He had a family, and was reputed to be of sober and steady habits. Some time ago he became acquainted with Albany, "sporting" men, and under their influence soon fell into bad habits. In a short time he had embezzled \$3,000 of the company's funds, and, being unable to replace it, he fled to New York without giving any hint of his destination, even to his wife. His prolonged absence excited suspicion, and the company ordered an investigation of the books, which resulted in the discovery of his defalcation. Detective Dwyer, of Albany, was intrusted with the case. Feeling assured that Bryant would sooner or later communicate with his wife, he watched her continually. At the end of several weeks Mrs. Bryant came to this city with her two daughters, and remained here in lodging for a week, all the time closely watched by the detective. One evening she and her two children went to Jersey City by the Pavia ferry. The detective was a passenger on the same boat. Mrs. Bryant took her children to the waiting room of the Erie railroad depot and sat down. A few minutes later a man walked into the waiting-room and commenced to pace up and down. As he turned Mrs. Bryant's youngest child saw his face, and instantly exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, there's papa!" "Hush, child! For God's sake, hush!" exclaimed the distressed mother, at the same time trying to restrain the little girl, who was endeavoring to break away. Her efforts were fruitless. The child broke from her grasp, and, running over to the man, joyfully exclaimed: "Papa! papa! here's mamma!" The man pretended not to recognize the little girl, but she was persistent. Detective Dwyer stepped up, and putting his hand on the man's shoulder, said: "I want you, Bryant." Bryant acknowledged his identity, and he was taken to a station house.

The Other Fellow's Sin.

How easy it is to see the sins of other people. Even a child can do that. A Boston Sunday-school superintendent tells of an experience of his in support of this truth. One Sunday he found in his school a class of urcleins recently gathered in from the street, without a teacher for the day; so he took them in hand. He came right down to first principles, and talked about sin and salvation. One of his pointed questions was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the answer came from one of the brightest of the boys, who pointed to another boy at the end of the seat, and said, "Yes, that fellow down there." That boy was more outspoken than he would have been if he had been longer in the school; but his mode of judging was much that of those long under Christian training. There is no sorrow like our sorrow; and no sin like—"that fellow's down there."—*Sunday-School Times*.

She Had Such Pretty Ways With Her.

"She had such pretty ways with her." That was the reason an honest, hard-working man gave for marrying a girl of whom he knew little else, but who was really a professional bigamist, traveling about the country and marrying husband after husband as a matter of speculation.

It is the "pretty ways" of woman which has ruined many a man of every age, including the greatest of general statesmen and philosophers.

If the "pretty ways" come from the heart it is all right. If they are the result of cold, selfish, calculating art woe is to him who falls their victim.

Nothing is truer than that women are both better and worse than men. A man could hardly be so bad as a woman is when she puts on the prettiest ways of her sex for mischief.

Growth of Trees.

As the results of observations and from the testimony of reliable men the following is about the average growth in twelve years of the leading desirable varieties when planted in belts or groves and cultivated. White maple, one foot in diameter and thirty feet high; ash, leaf maple or box elder, one foot in diameter and twenty feet high; white willow, one and a half feet in diameter and forty feet high; yellow willow, one and a half feet in diameter and thirty-five feet high; Lombardy poplar, ten inches in diameter and forty feet high; blue and white ash, ten inches in diameter and twenty-five feet high; black walnut and butternut, ten inches in diameter and twenty feet high.

A Mother's Influence.

Mr. Wendell Phillips related the following in a recent address in Boston: "In a railway car once, a man about sixty years old, came to sit beside me. He had heard me lecture the evening before on temperance. 'I am master of a ship,' said he, 'sailing out of New York, and have just returned from my fiftieth voyage across the Atlantic. About thirty years ago I was a sot; shipped, while dead drunk, as one of a crew, and was carried on board like a log. When I came to, the captain sent for me. He asked me: 'Do you remember your mother?' I told him she died before I could remember anything. 'Well,' said he, 'I am a Vermont man. When I was young I was crazy to go to sea. At last my mother consented I should seek my fortune in New York.' He told how she stood on one side the garden gate and he stood on the other, when with his bundle on his arm, he was ready to walk to the next town. She said to him: 'My boy, I don't know anything about towns, and I never saw the sea, but they tell me those great towns are sinks of wickedness, and make thousands of drunkards. Now, promise me you'll never drink a drop of liquor.' He said: 'I laid my hand in hers and promised, as I looked into her eyes for the last time. She died soon after. I've been on every sea, seen the worst kinds of life and men—they laughed at me as a milk-sop, and wanted to know if I was a coward. But when they offered me liquor I saw my mother across the gate, and I never drank a drop. It has been my sheet-anchor; I owe all to that. Would you like to take that pledge?' said he. My companion took it, and he added: 'It has saved me. I have a fine ship, wife and children at home, and I have helped others.' How far that little candle threw its beams! That earnest mother saved two men to virtue and usefulness—how many more He who sees all can alone tell."

Thrilling Scene in a Lion's Cage.

An under-keeper in a menagerie was recently attacked by a lion in Birmingham, England. He entered the cage in order to clean it. To separate the animals from that part of the cage that was to be cleaned a wooden panel was used. It reached from the top to the floor of the cage, and was about two inches in thickness. The under-keeper, Harris by name, does not appear to have absolutely closed the panel as he entered. The largest lion—a powerful animal named "Wallace"—sprang toward Harris, the sliding panel gave way from the pressure, and the man stood unprotected in front of the lion, who with its mouth seized the poor fellow by the shoulder. Harris, who had a broom in his hand, pluckily defended himself for a few moments by striking the lion with the handle of the broom. But the lion, clutching him with one of its paws, dashed him to the ground and began gnawing at his body, from which the blood was freely flowing. The lion tamer, Alicomous, who was at the opposite side of the hall, hearing the commotion, ran to the cage. With the utmost courage and coolness he entered the den, and twice fired his pistol, which was loaded with blank cartridge. All the time Harris was still beneath the lion, who was tearing his flesh. The pistol-firing had no effect whatever on the animal; and seeing this the lion tamer, who had with him a loaded whip, began striking the animal with the butt-end of it on the head. He dealt the lion four or five blows, and the last, hitting the animal with terrific force between the eyes, appeared to stun it. The lion loosed Harris, who was instantly dragged out of the cage. He was bleeding profusely, but was not quite unconscious.

Words of Wisdom.

Fortune does not change men; it un-masks them.

Jealousy is the homage that inferiority pays to merit.

He who knows his incapacity knows something.

Commend a fool for his wit, or a knave for his honesty, and they will receive you into their bosom.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasure, consists of promoting the pleasure of others.

Human nature is so constituted that all see and judge better in the affairs of others than in their own.

It is with youth as with plants; from the first fruits they bear we learn what may be expected in future.

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

Preserved Potatoes.

The great drawback in the past in the way of an extended export trade of potatoes from this country has lain in the fact that in ocean voyages the vegetable is susceptible to sweat and rot, and on arrival the losses from this cause are often found to counterbalance the profit made on the intact part of the cargo. This inconvenience seems to be overcome by the recent invention of a machine for pressing and preserving potatoes in such a manner that they may be dried and kept for a number of years in any climate.

No man can accurately prophesy the events of the future, but he can make a pretty good guess at one of 'em when he sees a cat and a bulldog starting to go around the corner of a house on opposite directions.

Learning to Live.

One reason given by a German in San Francisco for committing suicide was, "My youth is over." This was at the age of forty-five, a period of life when one should realize the fullest and ripest development of maturity. The German was but one of many who make themselves old by thinking themselves old. These discouraged and hopeless views of life exert an enfeebling influence on the body. Youth is not all that ofttime callow and unfledged period from twenty to thirty. A man then may be but learning to live. Fifty years-to-day finds more men than every in every way better fitted to enjoy life than at twenty-five. The race is gradually progressing in this respect, and it is safe to predict that the man of 1981 at seventy may be a much younger man at that age than he of threescore-to-day. Bodily and mental decay may be arrested. It is not all of life to eat or to drink, but as well in what a man thinks, how much his sympathies and interest may cover and how far his spiritual eye may see. The fuller the man of all these various sides and shades of life the more of life is there in him, and the longer the better, the healthier will he live.—*New York Graphic*.

A Funeral Among the Ants.

There are ants which bury their dead—fact which was discovered by accident. A lady had been obliged to kill some ants, the bodies of which lay about on the ground. Presently a single ant found its dead companions and examined them and then went off. It soon returned with a number of others and proceeded to the dead bodies. Four ants went to each corpse, two lifting it up and the other two following, the main body, some 200 in number, following behind. The four bearers took their office in turns, one pair relieving the other when they were tired. They went straight to a sandy hillock, and there the bearers put down their burdens and the others immediately began to dig holes. A dead ant was then placed in each grave and the soil filled in. The most curious part of the proceedings was that some six or seven ants refused to assist in the grave digging, upon which the rest set on them, killed them, dug one large hole and tumbled them unceremoniously into it.

An Intelligent Canine.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts is usually accompanied by a beautiful colley dog, which is a gift from Mr. Henry Irving, and which has a little history. The actor was one day driving over the Braemar moors when he lost his Skye terrier, which had been trotting along behind his trap. He got down to look for it, directing the driver to go on with the trap. On the moor he met a shepherd with a colley, and the man, when told of the actor's loss, offered to find the terrier. At a word from him the colley darted off, and after an absence of ten minutes returned. "Where is he?" asked the shepherd, and the dog, lifting one paw, pointed in the direction of the road. "He has gone after the trap," the shepherd said, and Mr. Irving marveling, and, in truth, incredulous, returned to the road, and coming up with the trap, found his little favorite awaiting his arrival. He bought the colley at the moderate price of fifteen guineas, and on his return to town presented it to the baroness.

An Exact Reproduction.

The short-hand reporters of Sydney, N. S. W., having been found fault with for their method of reporting the speeches in the legislative council, retaliated by giving the speech of one of their adversaries exactly as delivered, as follows: "The reporters—ought not to—the reporters ought not to be the ones to judge of what is important—not to say what should be left out—but—the member can only judge of what is important—As I—as my speeches—as the reports—as what I say is reported sometimes, no one—nobody can understand from the reports—what it is—what I mean. So—it strikes me—it has struck me certain matters—things that appear of importance—are sometimes left out—omitted. The reporters—the papers—points are reported—I mean what the paper thinks of interest—is reported." This was taking a very cruel revenge, but then even a reporter is human.

Made Bald by Fright.

Terror, it seems, can take off the hair, as well as turn it. The *Gazette des Hoptaux* gave an account lately of a singular case of alopecia.

A girl, aged seventeen, who had always enjoyed good health, had one day a narrow escape from being crushed by a floor giving way beneath her. She was very much frightened, and the same night began to complain of headache and chills. The next morning she felt restless, and had itching of the scalp.

During the few following days she steadily improved, with the exception of the itching. One day, in combing her hair, she noticed that it came out in great quantities.

Three days later she was perfectly bald. Her general health was good, but her head continued bald, and was still so when seen two years later by the reporter.

The financial distress in Germany is very great. Selling prices and land rents are falling frightfully low. The result is that debtors on a mortgage cannot pay the interest of their debts and are dispossessed and their properties sold at half the value they had some time ago.