## IRISH LAND BILL.

### Its Clauses Discussed by the Lord in Session.

AMENDMENTS MADE TO THE BILL.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In the House of Lords this evening, on motion to consider the House of Commons amendments to the Land Bill, the Duke of Argyll warned the House that the Bill in its present form was an immense development of the Gladstone Land Act of 1881, and one that in the future would lead to the development of some defection. The Bill, he declared, would foster among the Irish not industry, but laziness, making tenants more unthrifty. It would give tenants the privilege of regulating rents to such an extent as to enable them, however lazy or ignorant, to remain on their holdings. The Bill was a violation of recognized truths. If political reasons forced the House to accept some of the amendments he hoped that the members would have the courage to reject others which simply proposed the robbery of land-owners.

Earl Granville admitted that the Bill was imperfect, but it was a compromise measure and the best obtainable under the circumstances, and it was therefore advisable that the House approve it. Nothing could be gained by discussing the Bill on abstract economic principles.

Lord Salisbury said he felt the justice of the Duke of Argyll's criticism. The Bill was undoubtedly a consequence of the Liberal Government's land legislation, in which a departure was made from the principle of freedom of contract. But it was only a temporary measure, preceding larger proposals, by means of which the Government would try to mitigate the evils of previous legislation. The Government had not accepted the amendments without anxious consideration as to what the result of their rejection would be. The abandonment of the Bill was the alternative, and the Government could not accept that responsibility. Therefore he urged the House to recognize the difficulties of the position and accede to the amendments.

Lord Selborne (Liberal) said he thought the Government would have been unwise to throw up the Bill. He would rather have cut off his right hand than have been a party to the passing of the Act of 1881 if he had thought for a moment that its author had entered upon a course that would lead to such a disastrous development of the Irish policy as was now troubling the peace and prosperity of the country.

Baron Howth, Liberal, said that the Government appeared to entertain the idea that they should reduce the value of land [illegible] as much as possible before pro[illegible] and purchase scheme.

The Earl of Dunraven proposed to amend the fifth clause by providing that the court revising judicial rents shall state the scale of prices of produce affecting the holding.

Lord Salisbury objected, saying that the publication of such information would multiply discontent and encourage agitation.

The amendment was withdrawn.

The Earl of Dunraven next proposed the rejection of the House of Commons amendment relating to town parks.

On Lord Salisbury's advice the proposal of Earl Dunraven was accepted.

Earl Cadogan, Lord Privy Seal, moved that revision of rents be based upon the difference in prices in 1887 as compared with prices from 1881 to 1885.

Earl Spencer and Earl Kimberley opposed the motion, but it was carried—29 to 17. The remaining House of Commons amendments were adopted.

## PLEURO-PNEUMONIA IN DETROIT.

### The Meat Inspector Reports Many Fatal Cases in the City.

A Detroit despatch says: The existence in Detroit of pleuro-pneumonia will prove a surprise to citizens generally. On Monday last George Kantzler, Meat Inspector for the Western District, was apprised of the fact that a number of milch cows in the vicinity of King's Cattle Yards, were suffering from the malady. Mr. Kantzier at once drove to the locality and says that as nearly as can be ascertained five fatal cases of the disease have occurred, and that upwards of twenty-five cattle in the first stages of the contagion have been butchered and sold to the public for food. The first fatal case, the Meat Inspector says, was in the herd of a milkman whose stables are on Twelfth street, near King's Cattle Yards, and occurred on Monday last. On Tuesday two more cows died, and one is at present in the last stages of the malady. In another herd near by, one cow died on Wednesday and one last night. A neighbor of another milk dealer asserts positively that she saw two of the latter's cows lying dead several days ago but this is denied by the owner. It is asserted by Meat Inspector Kantzier, however, that the milk dealer had a herd of nineteen head only a short time ago and had disposed of them all to a butcher near by. On Tuesday he reported the matter to Health Officer Duffield, and that official, recognizing the importance of the matter, at once hastened to make a thorough investigation. He came to the conclusion that it was the genuine Texas lung plague, which has wrought such terrible ravages in other localities and is believed to have been communicated to local stocks by Texas cattle on their way East, which have been unloaded for food and water.

### Locked up His Boy and Starved Him.

Savino Vinceno was arrested by the Tenth Precinct police yesterday for neglect and cruelty to his child Joseph, 9 years old. The father has been in the habit of locking his boy in the room while both parents were at work without furnishing him food or water. The key was turned on the unwilling prisoner at 6 o'clock yesterday morning, and an hour and a half later the lad attempted to make his escape. He crawled from the fourth story window to the fire escape at No. 21 Spring street, and, on attempting to descend, became dizzy and fell headlong to the yard. He was so badly battered about the head and body that his recovery is doubtful. He had been deprived of food for twenty-four hours and attempted his perilous descent in search of something to eat.—*N. Y. World.*

—It is after a man has attained a ipe old age that he begins to fall off.

## CONTEMPT OF COURT.

### A Senator Ridicules the Court, is Fined, Jailed and Released by a Mob.

A Winchester (Va.) despatch says: United States Senator Riddleberger, who was sentenced on Saturday at Woodstock by Judge Newman, of the County Court, to pay a fine of $25 and be imprisoned for five days for contempt of court, was released from jail last night by a mob. The circumstances leading up to his arrest are related as follows by an eye-witness: On Thursday W. W. Jones was tried for larceny and the jury found that he was insane. Jones was a client of Senator Riddleberger's and the verdict made the Senator angry. He was accused of writing a placard and giving a boy $2 to haul Jones up and down the town, the latter displaying the placard meanwhile which had written on it: "Verdict, Bill Jones Not Guilty, But Insane, Jury Insane, Lawyers Insane, Court Insane in the Main." The noise occasioned by this display disturbed the proceedings of the court then in session and the Commonwealth's Attorney, J. C. Baker, had the Judge issue an order for Senator Riddleberger to appear before Judge Newman and show cause why he (Riddleberger) should not be fined and imprisoned for ridiculing the Judge and jury and disturbing the court. At 5 o'clock Senator Riddleberger appeared before the court and defended himself. He said that Judge Newman had no jurisdiction in the case, which the Judge denied, and asked Senator Riddleberger to sit down until the evidence could be taken to prove that he (the Senator) was the one who instigated the ridicule, and then, he said, the court could hear the argument. Senator Riddleberger would not sit down, and the court fined him $25. He then defied the court and said: "This court shall not send me to jail." Judge Newman then told the Sheriff to take the Senator to jail for five days. Senator Riddleberger said he would like to see the man who could take him to jail, and Sheriff Whitman at once arrested the Senator and locked him up. This action caused much excitement, and this morning at 2 o'clock a mob of 200 men, supposed to be from Edinburg, in this county, scaled the walls of the jail yard and took the Senator out on ladders.

## POISONED CONFECTIONERY.

### Over Twenty Pittsburg People Sick Eating Sweetmeats.

A Pittsburg (Pa.) despatch says: Yellow chrome or some other equally deadly compound seems to have become an active ingredient of Pittsburg confectionery, as no fewer than twenty-three persons living in the Seventeenth Ward are lying more or less ill from the effects of poison. A little daughter of Charles Baker, a contractor, who lives on Forty-sixth street, bought a custard cake at the grocery store of L. J. Logue, corner Centre and Forty-fifth streets yesterday. This cake was partaken of at the morning meal by the entire Baker family and one or two boarders. By noon all who had eaten of the confection were suffering violent pains, coupled with nausea. Emetics, under medical aid, were promptly administered, and, although for a while it was doubtful if any would recover, at a late hour last night the patients were supposed to be out of danger. Besides Mr. and Mrs. Baker and their three children, Lizzie McCarthy, servant, William and Robert Rice and John Craig, boarders, were the other victims. Mrs. Logan and Minnie Candeller, nurse girl, who had eaten some of the grocer's cake the night previous, were also very sick, with indications of poison. Mr. J. J. Shafer, a grocer, and family, who lives on Forty-fifth street, also bought and ate a quantity of the cake and are more or less ill. Besides the Shafers, two sisters of Mrs. Shafer and a niece constitute the family. They are all affected to a greater or less extent. A butcher named Simon, who lives in the same locality, his wife and four children ate of the deadly cake and are yet very sick. L. J. Logue, the grocer who sold the cake, alleges he purchased it at a baker shop in the East End.

## FIGHT FOR A CHILD.

### A Mother Charged with Kidnapping her Own Daughter.

A London despatch says: A somewhat exciting incident took place on Saturday at the Grand Trunk station. It seems that about a year ago Mr. and Mrs. George White, of Oil City, Pa., who formerly lived in London, agreed to separate, and placed their children with different parties, their girl Nettie, 10 years old, being sent to live with Mrs. Daniel Gales, of this city. Subsequently the couple became reconciled and decided to gather their children around them and start housekeeping again. Mrs. White's mother came to London for the girl Nettie, but Mrs. Gales refused to let the child go, so Mrs. White came herself, arriving yesterday morning. Driving to Mrs. Gales' house on Richmond street, the mother chanced to see her child playing in the yard, got her into the cab and drove back to the station, Nettie screaming and fighting all the way. At the station the mother procured tickets for Oil City and was about starting away on the Wabash Atlantic express, when Nettie's boisterous conduct attracted the attention of the passengers, who imagined that the child was being kidnapped. The result was that both mother and child were taken to the police station, where Mrs. Gales also appeared. A hot dispute between mother and guardian ensued, in which, however, the former finally triumphed and obtained permission to take her child home.

### Not the Place for Him.

"You'll find this a very quiet house," said Miss Poundsteak. "Most of the boarders are single ladies and members of a sewing circle."

"Any poker going on?" asked Reed.

"Good gracious, no!" exclaimed the pious landlady, horrified.

"Well," returned Reed, "if that's the case I guess it wouldn't pay me to board here."—*The Epoch.*

An Esquimaux will eat twenty pounds of meat per diem, lubricating the mass with as much oil as he can swallow; yet a Tongouse will go twenty pounds better, for he can get away with forty pounds of reindeer meat in the same space of time. Both of them blush for their feeble powers when they see three Yakutes demolish a whole reindeer at one sitting and rise apparently none the worse for the feed.

## THE SECRET OF THE SOUL.

### A Fragment by T. Gautier Giving a Glimpse of Hindoo Belief.

The following weird incident is from Gautier's "Tales Before Supper": A priest of the temple of Tirunamalay, to whom I disclosed my intentions, told me of a yogi who dwelt in one of the grottoes of the isle of Elephanta, and who had reached the highest degree of sanctity. I found him propped up against the wall of the cavern. Robed in sackcloth, his knees drawn up to his chin, his fingers clasped around his legs, he crouched there motionless. His upturned pupils left visible only the whites of his eyes; his drawn lips exposed his teeth; his skin clung to his cheek bones; his hair, thrown back, hung in stiff locks like over-hanging plants; his beard, divided in two floods, nearly touched the ground, and his nails curved inward like an eagle's claw. His skin, naturally brown, had been dried and darkened by the sun till it resembled basalt, and, thus seated, he looked both in form and color like a Canopic vase. At first I thought him dead. His arms, that were anchylosed in a cataleptic immobility, I shook in vain; in his ear I shouted the most powerful of the sacramental words which were to reveal me to him as initiate, but he heeded them not, nor did his eyelids quiver. In my despair of arousing him I was about to leave, when suddenly I heard a singular rustle; swift as a lightning spark a bluish flash passed before my eyes, hovered for a second on the half-open lips of the penitent, and disappeared. Brahma-Logum (such was the name of this holy personage) seemed to awake from a lethargy. He opened his eyes, gazed at me in a natural manner, and answered my questions. "Your wish is fulfilled," he said; "you have seen a soul. I have succeeded in freeing mine from my body whenever it so pleases me. It goes and returns like luminous bee, perceptible only to the eyes of the adept. I have fasted, I have prayed, I have meditated so long, I have dominated the flesh so rigorously, that I have been able to loosen the terrestrial bonds. Vishnu, the god of the tenfold incarnations, has revealed to me the mysterious syllable that guides the soul in its avatars. If, after making the consecrated gestures, I were to pronounce that word your soul would fly away and animate whatever man or beast I might designate. I bequeath you this secret, which of the whole world I am now the sole possessor. I am glad you have come, for I long to disappear in the bosom of the increate as does the drop of water that falls in the sea." And therewith the penitent whispered feebly but very distinctly a few syllables which made a shudder run down my back.

## SPURGEON AND THE BAPTISTS.

### The Great Preacher on the Broadening of Dissent.

A London cable says: Mr. Spurgeon is reported to be at variance with the Baptist Union, and it is said will consider himself in nowise bound by the decision of the coming conference between the Baptists and the Congregationalists. In a remarkable article on "The Broadening of Dissent," Mr. Spurgeon writes: "A new religion has been initiated which is no more like Christianity than chalk is like cheese. A religion, destitute of moral honesty, palms itself off as the old faith with slight improvements, and on this plea usurps pulpits erected for the purpose of preaching the Gospel. At the back of this doctrinal falsehood comes the natural doctrine of spiritual life, which, while it is wanting among certain Dissenters, is becoming fuller of zeal and force in the Episcopal Churh, where the Gospel is fully preached. With the Holy Ghost sent down from Heaven, our churches not only hold their own but win converts, but their strength is gone when the Gospel is concealed and the life of prayers slighted, the whole thing becoming a mere form and fiction and for this our heart is sorely grieved." The article is aimed at the preaching of the Congregationalists, and not at their character, which, in the main, Mr. Spurgeon approves. The fact that it makes no mention of Dr Parker, of the City Temple, is somewhat commented upon.

### Culinary Mysteries.

How true it is that few of us know what we are really eating. The manner in which a cultured appetite can be deceived with a plebeian morsel is thus related: A bet was recently made by two French gourmands, one of which asserted that he could detect the component parts of any dish that was set before him, the other betting at great odds that he would not be able to tell the material wherewith his cook would prepare a "savory dish" for them. The cook, a Frenchman, of course, exerted all his talents and surpassed all praise. The dish was placed before the knowing epicure. He tastes, smacks his lips, tastes again, smells it, tastes again. Alas! it is redolent of all rich odors; such gravy, such solids—so soft, so tender! What can it be? A wondrous prepared tripe? No! Calf's head in a new shape? No, no, no, a thousand noes. Our epicure gives it up. "It is old white kid gloves!" is the cool explanation when the bet is resigned as lost.—*Boston Traveller.*

### Asking Too Much.

The party from the Buccaneer House started at 3 a.m. to go to a peak from which a $10 view of the sunrise could be obtained. They wandered around until 12.30 trying to find the peak; then they wandered around until 5 p.m. trying to find the hotel. Then they became hungry and weary and impatient, as summer boarders will sometimes become, and the boldest of them—a dark-browed, silent man, who seemed to be perfectly devoid of fear, and who, it was reported, had once committed a murder, and, as some said, had even asked the waiter not to change his seat at the table during the meal—now asked the guide timidly: "Do you know in which direction is the hotel?" The indignant guide turned on him like a lion at bay: "Gaul slam it, no! I dun't know nawthin about wher we be; I ain't never guided in these parts till this summer. Dew ye 'xpect a man to learn the hull State of Maine in one trip."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

It has been conjectured that the extraordinary heat this summer may be due to these laced-in tailor-made gowns, as they raise a wearer's temperature about ten degrees. It is an idea.

## NEW YORK EXPECTATIONS

### Of Catching up to London in the Race for Population.

On the basis of the number of names in the new city directory, the population of New York, from the Southern boundary of Yonkers to the Battery, is not less than 1,600,000. The population of Brooklyn is probably over 750,000, and, taking into account other communities immediately dependent on, and geographically united to, the port of New York, the present population of the Metropolitan district is more than 2,500,000. At the present moment the population of the area known as the Registration District of London is about 4,250,000, so that there is a long interval to be covered before we can begin to rival the populousness of the great English "province in brick and mortar." But if New York keeps up its accelerated rate of growth the difference before another generation is over may be wiped out. London is growing at the rate of about 66,000 a year, while New York's growth is about 60,000. But in the ten years between 1870 and 1880 the average annual addition to our city population was less than 27,000, so that we have already more than doubled the annual increment of the decade preceding last censue, and have for the last six years established an average of 58,000. This kind of geometrical progression has only to be maintained to make the size of New York as unexampled as its growth.—*New York Epoch.*

### Connected With the Road.

"I have met with queer characters in my day," remarked a conductor on one of the city roads last evening. "All sorts of excuses are given and all old fakes are worked to get a ride. One of the nerviest men it has been my luck to meet was a well-to-do old skinflint that used to ride frequently when I first came on the line. The first time I attempted to collect his fare he smiled knowingly and in an off-hand manner said: 'Oh, that's all right.' I was young in the 'biz' and passed him by. He worked the 'way' to death. Not only did he ride himself but frequently invited some friends to accompany him. At last I tumbled and made some inquiries at headquarters touching his right to ride free. The very next morning, which was one of the hottest of a hot July day, he boarded the car. 'Fare!' I yelled in his ear. 'Oh, that's all right,' he placidly replied. 'No, it isn't all right; you can't play me any longer,' was my answer. Assuming an air of injured dignity the old fraud said: 'Connected with the road.' 'In what capacity?' 'My son drove the snow-plough on your road last winter.' That man never rode with me again unless he had the dust."—*Syracuse Courier.*

### How to Grow Plump.

The famous Mr. Banting, who reduced his weight by more than fifty pounds in one year, found that sugar was the most fattening thing he could eat. Hence, to increase your weight eat cakes, puddings, syrup, honey, candy and pastry, always taking care that it be crisp and digestible, for indigestible food is a chief cause of leanness. New England pie-crust is probably responsible for the appearance of the typical gaunt Yankee. Other fattening articles of food are tender lamb, salmon and eels, milk and cream, corn bread and butter, and those vegetables which grow underground and of which sugar is made—beets, turnips, etc. Boiled or baked potatoes, mashed on the plate and seasoned with salt and fresh butter, make a delicious dish, rapidly fattening. Eat often and very slowly, for it is not the quantity that is eaten but the amount that is thoroughly digested that nourishes the system and rounds the bodily contour.—*The Epoch.*

### In an Off-hand Way.

"Dan," said a contractor to one of his trusted employees, "when you are down seeing about that line this morning, I wish you would mention to Dempsey that I would like to have that little bill paid. You needn't press it, you know, but just mention it to him in an off-hand manner."

"Yes, sorr."

"I got the money from Dempsey, sorr," said Dan on his return.

"I'm very glad; you merely alluded to it in an off-hand way I suppose."

"Yes, sorr, I handed him the bill and towld him if he didn't pay it, I would let off me hand and give him a wipe in the jaw that he wouldn't forgot for a while, and he paid it at wanst."

### Superstition Dies Hard.

The following note appears in the agricultural department of the New York *Tribune* without a word of comment, or anything to show that the editor is aware that the age of astrology has passed: "I always build my fence when the horns of the moon point up, and stake and rider it when the horns point down; the two draw together, and my fence never falls. The moon should govern us in all our operations. Our school house, contrary to my advice, was roofed in the light of the moon, and last winter nearly all the children had the measles, and now the roof is leaking badly."

### Squeezed Up Froo' Her Dress.

A London paper tells a good story of a lady who, all dressed for a ball, went to the nursery to kiss her little daughter good night. The child looked at her mother in astonishment, and a moment after the tears came into her big, blue eyes, and she sobbed out, "Poo' mamma! Poo' Nellie's mamma!" "What's the matter with your mamma?" asked her father, who was standing by. "Poo' mamma's all squeezed up froo' e top of her dress!"—*Albany Journal.*

In cutting a new street at Buffalo all of one man's land except a nine-inch strip was taken, and on this amount he has to pay taxes. The law is so strict that no more land can be taken in such a case than the notice of intention calls for.

During the recent visit of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings to Scotland, two Skye crofters were discussing the political situation. Quoth one—"Weel, Angus, and what do you think of this Maister Chamberlain that's to be here the morn?" To which the other replied—"Weel, Donald, he maun be a very bad man, travelling about wi' a woman wi' a different name!" "Wi' a woman! Eh, mon, some one has been foolin' ye." "Na, na! its true. They telled me she's one Jessie Collings."

## A SUN DANCE.

The editor of the Fort Macleod *Gazette* has been attending a sun dance at the Blood Reserve near that town, and has come back to his sanctum considerably disgusted. He says "it was the same old thing, the same old song and the same old tune." The worst feature connected with this heathenish ceremony is the "making of braves." On this occasion there did not appear to have been any candidates; but the whites present, greatly to their discredit be it said, got a victim for the torture by the payment of $3. Lying on his back on the ground, three or four Indians got about this man, and the operating began. Pinching the flesh between two fingers, it was pulled out, and the knife run through it. A small stick, about two inches long, was run into the incision, and that was done. The same operation was repeated on the back. To the latter a shield was fastened. A raw hide lariat, doubled, hung from the top of the centre pole, and one of these ends was fastened to the stick in each breast. Taking one in each hand, the candidate for honors yanked at them all his might. Then leaning backwards, he threw his full weight on the ropes, and suspending by the sticks in his breast, danced backward and forward around the pole. Finally the flesh gave way, and he fell on the ground and lay there, a full-fledged brave. Before the operation began, an old party got out and counted the young man's coups. The list was not a very long one. He stole a gun, and he stole some horses, and he stole some arrows and probably regretted that he had not stolen more while he was about it. The old party did not relate how many clothes-lines or hen-roosts he had robbed. The young man then blessed the old fellow, threw his arms around the medicine pole and prayed to the sun. This evidently put him in better spirits and the show related above proceeded. Then, tired out, every one rushed for the waggons and said good-bye to the sun dance of 1887, each one vowing secretly that it was the last one they would ever go to. But they all said the same last year." Such an exhibition was certainly pitiable enough, so far as the poor Indians were concerned, but it was utterly disgraceful in view of the fact that it was prompted by whites.

### How to Eat Corn.

The head of one of the biggest restaurants in Chicago came very near losing a customer the other day by asking him if he knew how to eat corn in the ear. The customer, Yankee-like, spunked up with this query: "Do you take me for a hog?" After a reconciliation the restaurant man talked as follows: "No one man in fifty knows how to eat corn in the ear so as to get at the good of it. In the first place, I admit that no man or woman looks very pretty with an ear of corn in his or her mouth. The fact is there is no artistic way to eat it. Take your ear of corn and lay it across your plate, or leave it on the side dish. Hold it with your fork in your left hand. Take your knife and run it over the row of kernels, cutting them or lancing them. Take the next row, and so on until you cut all the rows. Put on your salt and pepper and butter and then eat. My word for it, if the corn is not too old, you will relish the corn as you never did before. The husks remain on the cob. And you can then see what sort of indigestible stuff has escaped your stomach."

### Affectionate Relations of Three Royal Sisters.

It is well known how attached the three daughters of the King of Denmark are to each other. His Majesty is fond of relating an instance of this attachment. While the Princess Thyra was still unmarried, the Princess of Wales and the Czarina with their children came on a visit to Fredensborg. One morning the King was going out on a very early expedition and determined to go to his daughters' rooms to bid them "good-bye." When the father tapped at the Princess of Wales' bedroom door he got no answer, and opening it found her room empty, and on going to the Czarina's he knocked with the same result. On arriving at Princess Thyra's simple bedchamber he found his two elder married daughters had each taken a mattrass from her own splendid guest chamber and established herself thereon in the young girl's room. They were all chatting merrily, but were girlishly anxious to conceal the escapade from their ladies-in-waiting.—*Modern Society.*

### European Dress in Japan.

The Court of the Mikado is being gradually stripped of every vestige of its Oriental coloring. It was only the other day that the Empress made the European fashion of female attire obligatory on the Japanese ladies admitted to the Court receptions, and the domestics of the palace are now to be rigged out in liveries imitated from those worn by the servants of the Imperial household in Austria. Prince Komatsu, who has spent the last few months in Vienna, was so taken with the appearance of the Court servants that he asked permission to have copies made of the different liveries. This was, of course, readily granted, and the models are now on their way to Japan, where powdered periwigs and silk stockings will no doubt before long be as regular a feature in the economy not only of the Court, but of every household which respects itself, as they are in our own part of the world.—*Japanese Herald.*

### At Fotheringay.

The Mary Queen of Scots tercentenary, besides the exhibition of relics more or less connected with her at Peterborough, has had a quaint dramatic recognition. At the little North Hants village of Fotheringay, the scene of her execution, the other day many hundred visitors witnessed a series of tableaux vivants done by ladies of the neighborhood, under the direction of London experts, depicting the chief scenes in the Queen's life, from her marriage with the dauphin to her execution. One of the results of the Peterborough Exhibition will be the erection of a home memorial of her in the cathedral there, where she was buried originally.

A man weighing 154 pounds contains 97 pounds of oxygen, the volume of which, at ordinary temperature, would exceed 980 cubic feet. The hydrogen is much less in quantity, there being less than 15 pounds, but which, in a free state, would occupy a volume of 2,800 cubic feet. The three other gases are nitrogen, nearly 4 pounds; chloride, about 26 ounces, and fluorine 3¼ ounces.