

THE VANISHING MAORIS.

Recollections of a Brave, Intelligent Race of People.

When I was in Australasia, twenty years ago, three of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land were in existence; but as they were pretty old and unacquainted with the laws of hygiene, I have no doubt they have passed away long since. There is also another and a nobler race in the southern hemisphere disappearing slowly but surely before the march of civilization. The Maoris of New Zealand numbered more than 100,000 in 1861. There are not more than 30,000 today. Fifty years hence they will have followed the unhappy natives of Tasmania, and some poet whose father stole their lands or sold them rum will no doubt bewail their melancholy fate with the proper degree of regret and pathos.

And more is the pity, for the Maoris are a noble race. They are unlike any other people in Oceania, or perhaps in the world, and how their ancestors settled in New Zealand, or whence they came is a problem not yet solved. A canoe is the largest vessel they knew anything of all the British came, and it is unlikely the faintest of boats could cover the 1,000 miles separating the island from New Holland. Besides, they are altogether a superior race, physically and mentally, to the wretched aborigines of the Australian continent, and hence cannot be descended from them. The Maoris themselves have a theory which, if accepted, offers a simple solution of the problem. Typo, a combination of god and demon, seated himself astride of a cloud one rainy day and fished. It was long before he got a bite, but it was heavy when it came, as it did after four hours of patience and perseverance. He pulled away at his line for four hours more, and when the object in tow came close enough for him to see it he was disgusted and angry to find that his hook had caught in the earth and it was a tall, straight mountain he had drawn up. This mountain is called Rangariri. In a great rage Typo flew along the clouds for a hundred miles and fished once more, but the same luck attended his efforts, and he pulled up another straight, tall mountain which he called Tuaranga, known to Europeans as Egmont. These two mountains can now be seen from all parts of the island, and are covered with snow the year around. Typo lives on one by day and the other at night. It is from fissures on the side of Rangariri that the male Maoris originally emerged, and the ancestors of King Tamihana, now in London begging justice for the people, was the first. The females came from Tuaranga. This theory has the merit of simplicity, at all events.

When I was at New Zealand, in 1860, the natives were in a flourishing condition. They cultivated the lands, they raised stock, dressed well, were generally educated, and the great chiefs were beginning to send their sons to Oxford and Cambridge. Intermarriages between the English and Maoris were common, and the latter did not consider themselves honored by any means with the alliances. The Maoris are a brown race, above the middle size, active, enduring and brave to rashness. Some of their women are very beautiful, and all make devoted wives when they learn what wives should be. When the Maoris have become extinct as a race the dash of blood they will have left among their conquerors, or rather exterminators, will be of use to them in their attempts at supremacy.

They were too flourishing. The eye of the land-grabber was turned upon them. Was it not too bad that white men, half pay army and navy officers, and other superior beings, should be cooped up here and there in towns and villages while the niggers were living on the fat of the land? Then began encroachments. The Maoris held their lands on the tribal system, as of old did the Scotch and Irish. This was the mode used to rob them: A settler would get hold of a poor, shiftless tribesman, and for a keg of rum and a few pounds of tobacco induce him to sign over a block of fifty or a hundred thousand acres of fine land, which, of course, the tribesman had no right to do. The next move of the land shark was to take a posse of men with him and begin surveying the property. The chief would scornfully expel those men, and as he owed no allegiance to England's Queen, would clip the ears of the shark. That was enough. The shark appealed for justice to the Government at Auckland or Wellington, and as the members of the Government were land hungry themselves, they would send a company of soldiers to build a blockhouse and occupy the territory in dispute. In this manner block after block of land of land was wrested from the Maoris; who never united against the common foe until the lands of King Potatu, father of King Tamihana, was seized. These lands of the King locked in the Bay of Kawia, one of the finest and most beautiful harbors in the world.

It was then, however, too late. The British had obtained too firm a hold. The struggle lasted seven years, during which time the Maoris suffered, but often inflicted disastrous defeats. They had never more than 4,000 men in the field at any one time, while opposed to them were Gen. Cameron and his 10,000 regular soldiers, a native Maori contingent, 5,000 European volunteers, and several gunboats which steamed up the river and shelled the native forts. Badly armed and equipped as were the Maoris, they never met the British in equal numbers that they didn't whip them badly. Rewi and Wiremu were the leaders in this patriotic war, his Majesty Potatu being nothing but a drunken sot whose throne was a barrel of rum. Rewi was a poet, and is so still for aught I know. It was he who composed the song beginning:

How happy were we ere the Paheka came,
Kre his rum and his Bibles we knew,
A piece of flax green formed a robe for my queen
And her beauty was made of tattoo.

Wiremu, or William Thompson, had traveled, and was acquainted with the might of the British empire. He had been educated in Oxford, and rumor said he was the son of Sir George Grey by a Maori mother. But that as it may, he threw off his fine clothes and gold watch when the war broke out, and took up the flaxen mat, the war dress of his race, and the rifle and tomahawk. The Maoris were ultimately vanquished, as much by rum and religion as by force of arms. The missionaries got in among them and preached peace, while the countrymen of the missionaries were killing and robbing them in all directions. The Maoris fought for the most part in paths or forts, but came out in the open when goaded to madness by the fanatic priests who arose among them toward the close of the war, and told them

that they were invincible. They are natural engineers. They selected their position on a mountain top, dug rows of trenches around it, and surrounded the whole with a palisading of felled trees. The space outside this they cleared, so that an enemy could not find cover while attacking them. I was among a party of 1,000 which attacked one of their positions at a place called Ostapawa at 4 o'clock one morning in January, 1866. To gain a point within musket shot of the position we had to march five miles through brush. At last we deployed upon a plateau in front of a well fortified pah. The plateau was as level as a billiard board. We could see the Maoris in the trenches, with finger on trigger and muzzle pointed upward. We could see the whites of their eyes as we advanced, and we could hear the twitter of the birds in the trees overhead. They never spoke and never fired till we got so close that every shot told. Indeed, so close were we that the powder from the Maoris' muskets flew into our eyes. We broke and fled. I think we ran seven miles, but the Maoris did not follow, and that is where they always lost the benefit of their victory. It is a fine thing to have a General who can write eloquent despatches, for we found out afterwards that we did not run away at all; we merely took ground to our right.

The British are now so completely in possession that the Society for the Protection of Aborigines think the time has arrived to protect the poor Maoris. Blessings on the philanthropists of Exeter and Shaftesbury Halls, they always do open their venerable eyes when the business is done. The Maoris are a hospitable people. When they invite you to their pah, they invite you to all it contains, barring nothing—fish, potatoes, wives, daughters, and everything. Their cooking is simple. They dig a large hole in the ground, line it with stones, build a fire, and afterwards throw in the fish and potatoes. After a few hours they have a feast fit for the gods. These hot stoves answer another purpose in war. Each tribe or village has a supply of them always on hand, and when danger approaches water is thrown upon the hot stones, and steam thus obtained, which, ascending above the trees is repeated from village to village, and warns the people that an enemy is approaching.

At festivals, after triumphs, before engaging in battle, or when a distinguished stranger honors their pah with a visit, the Maoris indulge in a war dance. They range themselves in a circle, and, taking the cue from the chief in the centre, slap their left thighs with the left hands, press the right thigh with the elbow, lift their tomahawks on high, and then spring into the air with a terrific yell. They do this until their eyes flame and flash and their hair stands on end. It is very grotesque, very exciting, and to some, very fascinating.

All the Maoris travel on horseback, and it is not uncommon to see their women riding side-saddle coming into the European towns in the height of fashion, though it must be confessed the effect is somewhat impaired by the habit they have of smoking short dhudeens under their veils. When going home in the evening they sway somewhat in the saddle, probably owing to the quantity of rum they have imbibed. Women are free in New Zealand, and it is not considered extraordinary when a buxom Maori girl makes love in the open to an Auckland swell with blonde moustache. They are Christians, too, in their own way, and certainly they should be when the hundreds of tons of Scripture literature sent to them every year from England is considered. When their villages were taken the houses were found to be half full of Bibles printed in the Maori language. They used them for wadding and lighting their fires. The Maoris have a simple language of their own, composed of about a thousand words, which can be learned in a month by the European of application and intelligence. Everything in the shape of liquor is called "wal" in the way of eatables "kai." A sow pig is called "wyanna." The Queen of England being a female is styled the "Great Wyanna," not thereby meaning the great pig but the great woman.

This interesting people is passing away, and in half a century hence the world will know them no more. The traveller from New Zealand who is to sketch St. Paul's from a broken arch of London Bridge, will not be a Maori. He may not, however, be of as good a race. Rum, war, and diseases introduced by their Christian conquerors are decimating them annually. There is some excuse for exterminating the Indians who are nomads and require a continent for a hunting ground. There is none for exterminating the Maori, who are an agricultural people, able and willing to partake of the higher blessings of civilization. But then their lands are very fine and fair to see.

Whipping a Criminal.

An English correspondent writes: We entered a long, low, room, ignorant of furniture except a sort of press against one wall and a long deal table by the other. What I likened to a press was the whipping apparatus with stocks for the prisoner's feet and holdfasts for his hands. He stepped into this apparatus, and his feet were locked with imprisoned. Extending his arms he placed them in the crescent hollow of a plank before him, another plank was let down, and both his wrists were pinned in rings. These rings were lined with india rubber to prevent his hurting himself in the constriction of his agony. I walked behind the table and stood beside an elderly man. A short-handled whip, not unlike a hunting crop, with nine lashes of closely-plaited thongs and nine knots on each, lay on it.

"Is this the cat-o'-nine tails of which we hear so much?" I asked.

"That's it," said the elderly man, in a wheezy voice.

"It does not seem to me so formidable a weapon as I expected."

"Hsh! It tickles 'em all the same, as you'll presently see."

The first prisoner was brought in—a sullen, burly, thick-skinned brute with an evil forehead. His shirt was pulled over his head, and he was fastened into the whipping apparatus. The elderly man deliberately took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, lifted the cat and stepped over to a position behind the naked back of the prisoner. The elderly man was the late Mr. Calcraft. Mr. Jones, Dr. Gibson and the sheriff stood behind the hangman. Mr. Jones gave the words, "One, two, three," for the hangman to strike. Dr. Gibson watched that nature should not be subjected

to too severe a strain; the sheriff superintending the function.

I am not going to give a graphic description of the flogging here. The ruffian bore it well. He closed his teeth at first, but he had to groan and draw deep respirations eventually, and to evade the descending blow he curved in his back like a patient in an epileptic fit.

"There ain't no use a doing o' that. You'll only ketch it worse," said Calcraft. "Silence, and proceed with the sentence," gruffly exclaimed Mr. Jones.

At a flogging match, as an affair of honor, it appears no talking is permitted on the ground. Seen there was a British soldier on the skin. By gradation it was tarrowed with ridges fiery scarlet then blue, then a verdigris tint, finishing in (cozy) purple here and there in an angry purple, but still no blood was drawn in sports, and no jagged shreds of flesh sent up to the roof. Who said that! The legal butcher did his work bravely. He did not stain the criminal by consecutive lashes on one spot, but he plied the scourge airily, as a flycatcher would his line, distributing its favors discriminatingly over the entire hide.

There were other miscreants flogged, and then we came into the cold air of the morning, and I had leisure to look at Calcraft—a low sized man with a shuffling gait, a sallow complexion, a sordid expression, a face with no more emotion in it than an unpainted wall, a stumpy nose under dull, glassy eyes, and over a broken corn-nude of yellow, rotten teeth—a man with the decrepitude of age, but none of its sweet benevolent characteristics.

"Do you recollect a friend of mine with whom you had an interview one Monday morning?" the pleasant sheriff asked.

"He was in my employ and a decidedly good workman Tom O'Style."

"He a friend of yours, sir?" said the indignant hangman. "I don't believe it. Why, he was no good; he was a wilful murderer." And the auditors in that jail-yard laughed.

"Gentlemen, I presume you're peckish," said the cheery sheriff. "I've ordered them to prepare our breakfast in one of the rooms over the central criminal court, and I shall be most happy if you will all join me."

Before we left, the late Mr. Calcraft eagerly and somewhat querulously clutched at the sheriff, complaining that it was customary for those who came to his performance for the first time to give him a tip. The sheriff gave him a crown piece. Nobly followed the example.

Feathers and Flies in India.

I have had rare opportunities of collecting feathers, and I have many times begun a collection—only to abandon it, however, owing to the plague of insects and other causes. In the Straits of Malacca I collected the feathers of the Argus pheasant, of several birds of paradise, (sold by Malays from Celebes and other islands), of the imperial pigeon, the toucan, and many other strange birds, such as would rejoice the heart of a fisherman on a wet day with a heavy spate in the river, and nothing to do but overhaul his fly-book. But a plague on white ants, carpenter wasps, and such like creatures—my beautiful feathers of all the colors in the rainbow went into their omnivorous stomachs, and in many cases not even the bare quills remained to me. That some of them ought to have proved killing in a Scotch or Irish stream is indicated by the fact of a mere bunch of these gaudy feathers tied with a bit of twine to a hook, having caught a big yellow nondescript fish in one of the many rivers in the Malay Peninsula. An Indian collection shared the same fate, for there is nothing that Indian *pooches*—hateful word—seem so fond of as feathers. It is next to impossible to keep tied flies in India. To say nothing of the climatic influences separating the gut from the hook, *pooches*,—Anquies insects—revel on the wings and bodies; nothing coming amiss to them—pig's wool or resin. I was once fool enough to purchase a dazzling collection of so-called "mahseer flies." They were as big as the argus moth, and much resembled a collection of tropical butterflies in a glass-case. What they cost I am ashamed to say. Suffice it to say that, if I could sell at the prices I bought at I would instantly take to feather-collecting as one of the most profitable occupations in the world. But what was my dismay to find that all the mahseer I ever saw would not look at, much less take a fly. There may be eccentricities among that fish—indeed in some places they will take the Indian fly and bits of plain—but as the rule, they disdain the fly-maker's art, preferring spoons and phantoms. Well all that dazzling assortment of lures for the unsophisticated "mahseer" went to the *pooches*, and along with it went bundles of the glorious golden and black feathers of the lorikaa, the blues of the roller and the king-fisher, the yellow of the oriole, the rich grays of demoiselle crane, the harl of the peacock, the dapple of the jungle cock and the blue-winged teal, the crest of the hoopoe, the pink of the flamingo, the green of the parrot, the scarlet tail feathers of the little Andaman "polly," and many others proved in fly-trying, or only fanciful. The finer the feather the greater the destruction. But it would be possible, I dare say, with the help of friendly sportsmen on the Himalayas and in Burmah, to make such a collection of Indian feathers as would astonish the trade at home. The feathers would have to be soldered down in tin cases, and should be carefully cleaned and dusted with camphor before being placed in the cases.—*The London Field*.

Weaving Nettles.

The common stinging nettle was formerly used largely in Germany as a material for the making of woven fabrics, as is proved by the name of *nesseltuch*, or nettle cloth, still applied to muslin. Prof. Reuleaux, the representative of the German manufacturers at the Philadelphia Exhibition, advised experiments with the nettle with a view to the production of native yarn. The matter was taken up by a lady, who planted nettles for the purpose upon a barren part of her estate, and in 1877 was able to exhibit nettle fibres in all stages of preparation. Thereupon hundreds of people in Germany, Belgium, Hungary, Poland, Sweden, Switzerland, and Austria commenced the cultivation of the nettle, and two years later the first German manufactory devoted to this industry was opened at Dresden. A yarn has now been produced which fulfils all requirements; but the Chinese nettle gives the best results, yielding a fine, glossy yarn of greater strength than that made from the common nettle. The fibre is therefore known as China grass.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

In the *Zeitschrift für Analytische Chemie* Dr. H. Schwarz draws attention to the curious fact that a pale phosphorescent glow often occurs in the drying of gunpowder.

A tube containing a mixture of triethylamine and water exhibits turbidity at a temperature of 26° C. Noting this fact, Prof. J. H. Poynting considers that such tubes may prove useful in indicating the temperature of fever patients.

The Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth, England, has been corresponding with Lloyds and the Trinity House regarding the feasibility of forming a telegraphic connection between the Eddystone Lighthouse and the mainland by means of a cable.

New South Wales has made rapid progress in electric telegraphy. In 1873 there were but 6,521 miles of wire, 100 telegraph stations, and 365,360 messages sent. In 1882 the mileage had increased to 15,901, the stations to 345, and the number of messages sent to 1,965,931.

Manganese in appreciable quantity has been found by M. E. J. Mamme in thirty-four samples of wine. Tests also revealed its presence in various cereals. As it can be detected also in nearly every description of rock the above facts go to prove the wide diffusion of this metal throughout nature.

The Compagnie Belge and Hollandaise de l'Electricite have been trying street cars provided with 103 Faure accumulators, weighing less than two tons, the total weight of the car being under five tons. Although the grades were very sharp the expectations of the company were fully answered.

Sawdust when used as a substitute for sand in house plastering is alleged to impart very desirable properties to the plaster. It makes the covering for walls light, warm, and porous. By its non-conducting qualities it causes the inner surface to retain the heat, which sand plaster allows to escape.

Mr. Crisp showed at a recent meeting of the Microscopical Society, London, a very curious microscope bearing the date 1772. Besides possessing other peculiarities, it had three objectives attached to a sliding plate at the end of a nose-piece in a manner similar to that adopted in the construction of the modern Harbey and other microscopes.

Dry pocket-glue is made of 12 parts of good glue and 5 parts of sugar. The glue is boiled until it is entirely dissolved, the sugar is then put into the glue and the mass is evaporated until it hardens on cooling. Lukewarm water melts it very readily, and it is excellent in use in causing paper to adhere firmly, cleanly, and without producing any disagreeable odor.

A simple way to ascertain whether a sample of petroleum is dangerous or not has been recommended by a chemist of considerable standing. An ordinary tumbler is filled two-thirds full with the oil. While filling up the remaining one-third with boiling water a flame is held over the vessel. If the vapor which rises takes fire the test indicates that the petroleum is not safe to be exposed to the atmosphere.

At a meeting of the Berlin Medical Society lately photographs were shown by Prof. Virchow of the gigantic plane trees in the Island of Cos, under the shade of which Hippocrates is said by tradition to have held medical examinations. The tree stands in the market-place of the town of Cos, on the east side of the island, and the branches, which spread over nearly the whole area of the market-place, are supported by marble pillars.

German experimenters report that Caucasian petroleum is not a good lubricant for machinery. Its properties as an illuminant however, are of a high order, and with a suitable burner excellent results should be obtained. The point of ignition is high, and this oil is therefore much less liable to give rise to explosions than most kinds of petroleum. During combustion the Caucasian variety only slightly carbonizes the wick of a lamp.

Prof. Scheibler, of Berlin, has invented a process for the production of phosphoric acid from the slag made in the Thomas-Gilchrist method. The slag, having been roasted in an oxidizing flame, is pulverized and sifted. The powder is dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and the solution saturated with lime-water. The resulting product contains from 35 to 37 per cent. of phosphoric acid in the form of bibasic phosphate of lime, and a second roasting yields a substance in which the content of phosphoric acid is as high as 45 per cent.

A description is given in the *English Mechanic* of what appears to be a novel electric bell. The battery is contained in a cylinder of brass, inside which the line wire can be coiled by turning a little winch handle, and the goag is carried at one end of the brass case, serving as a cover for the magnet, &c. The case is provided with legs, so that the arrangement can be placed in a horizontal position, and there is also a ring, which enables it to be suspended wherever it may be desired. The outside dimensions of the whole apparatus are 6 inches by 4 inches.

MM. de Meuron and Crenod, of Genoa, have fitted up the appliances for transmitting 30 horse-power by electrical agency to a distance of nearly 4,000 feet through a copper wire .276 inch in diameter. (No. 2 new gauge,) at the works of MM. Bloesch Neuhaus, Biel, Switzerland. The Turry dynamo-electric machines are used and run at 590 revolutions per minute. These machines are multipolar in the form of a hexagonal prism, the armatures resembling those of the Siemens machines, but differing in the method of coupling the wires.

One of the best electric light systems was recently introduced into the Court Theatre at Stuttgart. Quite unexpectedly the orchestra immediately showed signs that they disapproved of the new means of illumination, and they have petitioned the management to restore the old oil lamps. The orchestra state that the brilliancy of the electric lights has an unpleasant effect upon the nerves, and that it has become difficult to follow the baton of the conductor. To ascertain whether there may not be something substantial in these alleged grievances a committee of oculists and disinterested musicians has been officially appointed.

The small shop men, says the *Scientific American*, are valuable in any shop, where mechanics rather than operatives are required, because they are generally "men at a pinch," "expedient men," and for the most part excellent workmen. The proprie-

tor of a large manufacturing establishment building fine tools of a particular character claims that his best men come from small shops, where makeshifts and contrivances are the rule. "Such men," he says, "can make the shop" by their methods. It is very convenient to have a shop full of adapted tools, but is also convenient to have at the shop graduates from "the little shop," who can contrive as well as tend a machine.

The Money Value of a Kiss.

At the Lambeth County court on Tuesday a curious action was tried before Mr. J. R. Taylor, the Judge, in which a porter named Henry William Pitt sued Dr. Gledhill, a surgeon, for the sum of £50. 6s. 1d., £5 being for an I O U and 6s. 1d. for one month's interest. Mr. Groom, the counsel for the plaintiff stated that the defendant, on the 29th of April, kissed the plaintiff's wife, and on the 1st of May he signed a document as follows: "I O U £5 for having kissed Jane Pitt, James Gledhill, May 1, 1884," and on the reverse side his signature appeared to the following statement: "I hereby acknowledge I have entered into a fair agreement between Henry Pitt, Jane Pitt, and myself, James Gledhill." An I O U simply was given for this document.

The defendant said he repudiated his liability to pay this money, on the ground that the I O U was given as the result of the intimidation of the plaintiff, who had threatened him with a criminal prosecution if he did not compensate him for the assault. His Honor—and you gave him £5 for a kiss? [Laughter.] The defendant—I gave the I O U on the second of May. His Honor said he doubted if there had been any consideration for the I O U. Mr. Groom said the consideration was the solatium for Mr. Pitt's wounded feelings, for which the plaintiff could have brought an action. His Honor, however, said there was no consideration, and gave a verdict for defendant. The defendant hurriedly left the court, evidently gratified with the result of the proceedings. Mr. Groom asked for the documents put in evidence. His Honor—No; they will be kept in court, and can be produced, if required, in any proper way. Mr. Groom said other proceedings would be taken.

How Globes are Built.

This heading has no astronomical meaning; it refers to mechanical manipulation. Our library and school educational globes have perhaps been a puzzle to many an inquisitive mind—they being so light, so easily turned on their axis, and so smooth as to appear more like natural exact productions than mechanical constructions.

The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gores, or radial pieces, from center to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press with hemispherical mould and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rapped down to a surface by coarse sand paper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coating of paint or enamel that will take a clean smooth finish.

The instructive portion is a map of the world printed in twelve sections, each of lozenge shape, the points extending from pole to pole, exactly as though the peel of an orange was cut through from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland generally, although there are two or three establishments elsewhere which produce them. The paper of these maps is very thin but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along one edge to the north or other pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface.

As there are no laps to these lozenge sections the edges must absolutely meet, else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe making, and yet it appears to be easy because the operator is so expert in coaxing down fullnesses and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metallic work—the equators, meridians, and stands—are finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.

Vertical Flight of Bullets.

Experiments have been made in Hartford, Conn., with the vertical firing Gatling gun, in the presence of a number of mechanics, military men and others interested in gunnery. The inclination of the piece was determined by a combined spirit level and quadrant. At an inclination of fifteen degrees, the time between the discharge and the return of the bullets into the river on the banks of which the experiments were made, was fifty-nine seconds. On an exact vertical fire, the time of return was fifty-four seconds. The force of the return of the bullets—44 calibre rifles—was sufficient to drive them through four inches of pine boards, enough to render any defenses not bombproof untenable against such a shower.

They Were in Doubt.

A long striped snake crawled into a basement saloon yesterday, and was in the middle of the room before anybody saw it. The inmates stood aghast and speechless for several seconds, when one of them, pointing his finger at the object, managed to articulate: "Do any of the rest of you see that?" They responded in a chorus: "Yes, we all do." "It's a great relief to me to know it," said the first, "for I thought I was going to have another attack of malaria." "Me too," responded the chorus, and then they fell on the snake with billiard cues and killed it.