

Morse signals 13½ miles, balloons being used to raise the end conductors 1,000 feet in the air. The signals were thus transmitted about 70 times the base line, but Marconi, in experiments at Spezia, has sent them 500 times the length of the base line. Prof. Oliver J. Lodge has taken the first steps toward synchronizing the transmitting and receiving instruments, causing them to respond only to waves of the period to which they are tuned. Prof. Thompson believes we may develop the condition or induction methods so as to communicate between England and India or Cape Colony much more cheaply than by submarine cable, but doubts whether—on account of the earth's curvature—it would be practicable to cover such distances by any wave method.

"Promethee," devised by M. Theodore Jewler, is a new safety explosive, consisting of two portions, a solid and a liquid, both of which are stable and non-explosive, and may be transported without danger. The solid, which is filled into permeable cartridge papers, is made up of chlorate of potash, manganese dioxide and ferric oxide. When the cartridges are to be used, they are steeped for ten or twelve minutes in a mixture of petroleum, turpentine and bitter almond oils, and they may then be exploded by an ordinary detonator. On drying the unused cartridges become again non-explosive. It is claimed that the disruptive effect in mines it at least equal to that of dynamite, and that the new explosive may be used without risk of setting fire to inflammable gases. The sole active agents are the oxygen of the solids and the hydrocarbons of the oils.

A LOOK AT OURSELVES

No character is quite so interesting to thoughtful Englishmen as the Americans; it is so like our own yet so unlike, so complex and yet so simple, so intelligible and yet so full of unexpected turns. They are as difficult to depict as Englishmen seem to foreigners, and if we try to do it it is with a full consciousness that after our best efforts many facets of the store will still remain undescribed. But for two peculiarities which are universal and deep enough profoundly to modify character, we should say that the Americans, as a nation, more closely resemble the English in Ireland than any other people in the world.

The long contest with enemies, with nature, with circumstances, has bred in them the inner hardness and incapacity of yielding to opposition which that peculiar caste derives from its long habit of keeping down superior numbers and exacting from them tribute. There is dourness somewhere in every American, a "hard pan," as they say themselves, to which if you get down there is no further progress to be made. You must crush it to powder or retreat, and nine times out of ten retreat is found to be the easier course. The American character rests, in fact, on a granite substratum, which has been the origin of their success, and will give them the mastery of the Western hemisphere. It is not merely the English doggedness, though it doubtless had its root in it; it is a quality which enables its possessor to go on whatever happens, to charge, as it were, instead of merely standing to receive the assault. It is, in fact, if we are to be minute, doggedness made fiery by an infusion of hope, of a sanguineness which you would never expect from an American's face—that, owing to some climatic peculiarity, is usually careworn, especially in the East—but which colors his very blood.

We never met an American in our

lives who did not believe he should "worry through" any trouble on hand, and reach at last the point desired, however distant it might seem to be. Like the Anglo-Irishman, also, the American has a quick sense of the incongruous; he perceives the comicality alike of things and persons, and he has a habit of pointing that out with a reserve shrewdness which has always the effect of, and sometimes really is, mordant humor. Like the Anglo-Irish too, the American has a strong sense of personal dignity; he cannot bear to be belittled, and is, if anything, oversensitive on the score of his individual claims to respect. His pride is not the glacial pride of the Englishman, who at heart hold the man who offends him to be a boor for doing it, and would as soon quarrel with a cabman as with him but is a growing pride, quick, perhaps overquick to resent insult and to imagine wrong. Add to these traits an almost infinite depth of inner kindness so long as there is no provocation and no resistance from inferiors, and you have the Anglo-Irish character on its strong sides, and that is also the American, about as efficient a character as the world presents to our view.

He can fight or he can bargain; he can build or he can diplomazize; and, when doing any of these things, he generally contrives to come out at the top, with perhaps just a glance around to see that the high place out of which he emerges with unmoved countenance has been noticed by the world around. We should add, for it is characteristic, though perhaps it is of little importance, that the manner of a well-bred American is usually, and, allowing for individual idiosyncrasies, almost exactly that of a well-bred Anglo-Irishman—courteous and kindly with a touch of intended grace, and with a certain patience as of one accustomed to other men's folly—which is not English at all, that is the testimony of all mankind, to the Englishman's great perplexity—but the American's patience and that of the Anglo-Irishman leave a sensation, not always fully justified, of friendliness. There are a hundred Lord Dufferins in America.

The American has, however, as we said, two peculiarities which differentiate him from all mankind. We should not call him a happy man exactly, but he is an incurably cheerful one. The weight of the dozen atmospheres which press down the Englishman is off the American's spirit. He does not expect to find anywhere persons superior to himself; he thinks he can make, instead of obeying, etiquettes; he sees no reason, unless, indeed, he is a candidate for his municipality or for Congress, for professing to be anything but what he is. He is quite contented as to his past, and quite satisfied that the future will go his way. He lives mainly in the present, but as the past was good and the future will be better, the present will do very well for the time being. If no one has affronted him he has no quarrel with any one, but is disposed to look on all men with an appreciative smile, as being all equally creatures of Allah, poor creatures some of them, no doubt, but still creatures. He takes life as it comes, in fact, with little concern whether any body takes it differently, and with a complete admission, not only from the lips but from the heart, that it takes a good many sorts of men to make up a world. The conviction of equality with all men has taken the social digget out of him, and given him an inner sense of ease and tranquility never quite absent even when his external manner seems awkward or constrained.

It follows that he is always ready to try anything, and that the English idea of living in a groove seems to him confined and small, a waste of the faculties that God has given. And it fol-

lows, also, that being inwardly content to work with himself, and having a whole continent to work in, he is seldom so thorough as the Englishman, is satisfied with knowing many things less completely than the Englishman knows one, and has for intellectual temptation, always provided that the task before him is not machine making, a certain shallowness.

The kind of man who is least like an American is the kind of man about the British museum, who knows upon some one subject nearly all there is to know, and can tell you almost to a foot where all that remains to be known will ultimately be found. We doubt if the American is fuller of resource than the Englishman, who generally has his plan at least; but he is much quicker in bringing his wits to bear, and much less disposed to let any habitude of mind stand for a moment in his way. In fact, though the American, like every other of his sons of Eve, is clothed in habits, he wears them with singular lightness, and if his sense of propriety would permit, would on the smallest provocation cast them all away. There are only two exceptions to that with an American, his religion and the Constitution of the United States. Those two are not habits at all in the Carlylean sense, but outer and inner skins.

There remains the strongest and strangest peculiarity of all, which already differentiates the American completely from the Englishman and a hundred years hence will make of him an entirely separate being. The American is a nervous man in the sense in which doctors who study constitution use that word. He is not neurotic, no man less so, and is probably as brave as any man living, but his nerves respond more quickly to his brain than those of any other human being. He feels strongly and he feels everything. We are inclined to suspect that the condition of so many Americans resembles the condition of over-trained men or horses, and that activity of brain continued for generations is injurious in a dry climate to bodily health. Be the cause what it may, the American is liable to be excited, and his excitement, which sometimes shows itself in bursts of tremendous energy, sometimes in fits of gayety and sometimes in almost incurable melancholia, constantly wears him out. It is the greatest distinction between him and the more stolid Englishman, or rather between him and the oldest of English colonists, the Anglo-Irishman.

Evanston, Wyo., Press: A row that might have proved disastrous to several patriotic citizens of this city, was narrowly averted last night by the timely interference of Martin Cleary, the bartender at the Rocky Mountain hotel. As far as could be learned, a man by the name of Lopaz (not Lopez) had registered himself as a guest of that hostelry, and after the usual crowd had congregated in the bar room late last evening, Frank Easton accosted Lopaz in a slurring manner, intimating that he was not a countryman or his linking, etc. Lopaz seemed to think that Easton was implying that he was a Spaniard and not a Mexican, and immediately took them up, and in a forcible manner, pulling a long, black looking dirk from his boot leg he made for Easton and threatened to carve his wizen. After an unsuccessful lunge with his knife, Martin Cleary caught him, and, holding him fast, the other occupants of the bar room disarmed him and no damage was done. But the Mexican succeeded in impressing upon the minds of the participants that even a Mexican would resent such an insult as being called a Spaniard.