

THE TELEPHONE.

A "MODERN" INVENTION THAT HAS BEEN IN USE IN INDIA TWO THOUSAND YEARS.

"The principle of the telephone has been known for 2,000 years in India," was the rather incredible statement made recently by Fred Amesbury, who has returned to New York after a two years' sojourn in the land of striped tigers and wonderful fakirs. "I do not assert, mark you," continued Mr. Amesbury, "that they use the telephone as we use it, or that they have any system of general communication. What I do say is that the high caste people have a method of communicating with each other by vibratory action on a diaphragm, just as we do, but it is confined entirely to their temples, and its existence has remained a secret until within a very few years.

"I was in a town called Panj, about two hundred miles from Madras, and while there became acquainted with an English officer named Harrington, who was a prime favorite with the natives, because on one occasion he had saved a priest from drowning. He was a very genial, pleasant fellow, and had that peculiar magnetism about him that made and kept friends everywhere. It was through Harrington that I was enabled to learn the existence of telephone communication and to satisfy myself of its antiquity.

"There are two temples in the village about a mile apart. In the interior and on the ground floor of each is a small circular structure which is guarded day and night from the natives as well as from strangers, and is supposed to be the abiding place of the 'governing spirit,' but in reality is the terminus of the telephone line which is laid underground from one building to the other.

"The superstitious natives regarded this little structure with the greatest awe and reverence, because they had seen demonstrated before their eyes—or rather ears—the power of this spirit to communicate with the other temple. They were required to make their offerings in one building, and make known their wishes and desires. Then immediately repairing to the second temple they would be informed of all they had said and done, although neither priest had left his post. This was regarded as a demonstration of the power of the spirit.

"We were unable to determine the composition of the wire that connected the two buildings. It was some kind of metal, but neither steel, copper, nor brass, although it closely resembled the latter. The transmitter was of wood, and about the size of the head of a flour barrel; and, to establish connection, instead of ringing a bell, the person wishing to attract attention at the other end, stood close to the curious looking thing and shouted, 'Ooey! ooey! ooey!' This was answered by a similar shout, which, while faint, was distinct, and could be heard two feet away. After Harrington and I had gained the confidence of the priests—or, rather, he had—we were given carte blanche to do as we pleased, and we talked to each other from one temple to the other for more than an hour, and were enabled to make an incomplete investigation. We learned that the telephone that we saw had been in use for thirty years. The priests were very old men, and they remembered that the line of communication had been renewed only once during their incumbency. They showed us the remains of worm-eaten transmitters and wooden conduits that must have been hundreds of years old. They claimed that the system had been in existence since the creation, and laughed at us when we told them that the same principle has only been applied in England and America, within the last dozen years. In every part of India and in Burma, this system of secret communication exists, although hundreds of travelers have never suspected it. I believe that it dates back fully two thousand years."—*New York Graphic*.

General Sherman as a Possible President.

It is not often that the soldier can write of battle as well as he fights them; but the bent of General Sherman's mind is analytic, and he explains an action as perfectly as he plans it. All his fighting was thoroughly scientific. The southern papers called him "the great Yankee flanker," which is as high praise as a soldier could ask. Nothing caused the Southern people more humiliation, as shown by their newspaper comments at the time, than that Atlanta fell without a great battle. A short flight for the possession of a railroad settled its fate. This is war on scientific principles, and the mind which can conceive the strategy necessary for such success, and the will which carries it through, make its possessor eminent in either war or peace, as opportunity offers. Not the least interesting of the incidents of the Georgia campaign is the picture of General Sherman in his tent carefully studying the county tax assessor's reports of Georgia, to ascertain from the valuation what counties would furnish most subsistence to his marching armies. As to pure party politics, General Sherman is intensely averse to them. Least of all would he be in any sense a "bloody shirt" candidate. He has never given the slightest leaning to that objectionable phase of partisanship. He is too

broad-minded to take so narrow a view of the country, and too thoroughly independent to conceal or disguise his convictions. As President the South would find in him not the ruthless soldier of 1864, but the generous victor as he appeared making terms of peace with General Johnson, once his opponent and now his old-time friend. The General himself is inclined to regard any one who speaks of him in connection with the Presidency as harboring evil designs on his peace of mind and well-being; but for all that there are those who look to him only with respect and affection, who would delight to see the honors of a long life crowned by his election as Chief Magistrate of the country he has served so well.—*North American Review* for April.

LET THE BOY BE A PIRATE.

GIVE HIM A KNIFE AND A PLUG OF TOBACCO AND LET HIM GO.

I can look back down the lane of the past and see where my father failed to hit the nail on the head in managing his boys, albeit no one can doubt he did what he thought for the best. There comes a day in every boy's life when he wants to be a pirate. It looks silly to us grown folks, but that boy is in dead earnest. It is no way to grab him by the collar and rush him to the woodshed and bang him around and growl: "Want to be a pirate, do you? Want to go around cutting throats and scuttling ships, eh? Want to have a rendezvous up some lagoon and boss a band of Spanish cutthroats? Now, boy, I'm going to lick you within an inch of your life!"

If my boy caught the pirate fever I should call him in and kindly say:

"Now, James, I did want to make a lawyer of you, but pirating is the next thing to it, and I am not going to scold. If you bend your energies to the task you will climb to the top and become a boss pirate. I should like to buy you a Cuttender and start you off in first-class shape, but, unfortunately for us both, I am poor. The best I can do is to give you a dollar in cash, and you may take along the butcher knife, my old pistol and most anything else you think will come handy. Write to us as often as you can, boy, letting us know how many treasure galleons you have captured to date and how the general crops promise in your section, and when adversity overtakes you, and when you want \$5 or \$7 to pay your fare back to the old roof tree, don't hesitate to telegraph to me."

If the boy attempted to back out after this talk I should rather insist upon his going. If he could be induced to travel off about ten miles, and to put in a night in a fence corner or a haystack, he would return next day so changed that you would have to look at him twice to know him. He'd find such a difference between commanding a pirate ship in his mind and crowding up to a rail fence to keep the silvers off that a new page in the book of life would be open to him.

If I had a boy who had read of green islands and wrecked sailors until he could shut his eyes and see parrots and monkeys and coconuts and waving palms—if he had firmly made up his mind that he never could be happy until cast away on an island and reduced to a goatskin overcoat, I should take him out behind the barn and say:

"My son, I see you are not happy; you evidently hunger for something which my limited means will not permit me to tote home. I think you want to be wrecked. Very well. There's the river and an old skiff, and you can find an island a few miles down. Get two or three pieces of tarred rope, a plug of navy tobacco and a fish hook and go on with the wrecked end of the business. If you like it come home at the end of a week and I'll send you to the Pacific, where the mosquitoes are bigger and the cannibals more numerous."

If the boy went I should expect him back next morning—certainly at the end of two days, and when he got back the subject should be tabooed forever.

No father should be surprised if his boy develops a yearning to become a mighty Nimrod. There is something highly fascinating in the idea of knocking over buffaloes, lions, tigers, elephants and giraffes, and of successful encounters with alligators and boa constrictors. It makes one's mouth water to think of juicy antelope steaks and buffalo sirloin, and the boy who doesn't want to be a hunter must be lame and blind. When signs begin to crop out the father should be ready. Take the boy out and sit down on a log with him and say:

"James, it's a burning shame for me to keep you around home here and spoil your whole future. I came across a bar of lead, half a pound of salt and a loaf of bread which you secreted in the oat bin as a starter for going west. There's no need of any slyness, my son. I want you to go. I shall be proud of you if you become a great hunter. I'll lend you the shotgun and two horse blankets and a frying pan and help you carry 'em to the nearest piece of woods. If you'll stay there three days and nights then I'll fit you out and send you to the Black Hills."

How long would he stay? He'd be almost certain to come sneaking in to the back door before bed time, but if he put it off until morning, so much the better. He'd have the whole night in which to turn pale, look about with wildjeys, shiver at every sound, hold his breath at the hoot of an owl, and

to promise himself over and over again—"Just let me live till morning, and I hope to die if I ever leave home again!"

72,000 MADE EVERY DAY.

FAST WORK IN A CLOTHESPIN FACTORY—HOW THESE USEFUL ARTICLES ARE TURNED OUT.

"One cent a box?" "Yes, sir. We are paid one cent for packing a box of five gross of clothespins," said one of the packers to a reporter of the *N. Y. Mail and Express*, recently.

"An expert can pack 100 boxes in a day of ten hours. Sharp work, that, handling 72,000 pins a day."

Clothespins are made in the lumber regions. They are usually made of white ash, sometimes of beach, black and white birch and maple. The wood is taken to the factory in logs and cut into lengths of thirty-one inches, by circular saws. These lengths are then cut into blocks and the blocks again cut into sticks. The sticks are placed under another saw and cut into the required lengths. Next the turner takes a hand at them and from there they go to the slotting machine. They are placed in troughs by the operator, the machine picking them up and slotting them. They are then placed in a revolving pipe drier going thence to the polishing cylinder and then the packer. Each pin passes through eight hands. A single plant consists of board saw, gang splitter, gang chucker, turning lathe, drying house and polisher, and costs from \$7,000 to \$12,000. The machines working are very interesting. The little blocks of wood five and a half inches long are placed on an endless belt, which feeds the blocks automatically into the lathe. As the lathe is turned, the pin is taken automatically from the spindle and placed on a turn-table and carried to a circular saw, which whittles out the slot in the pin. It is then finished and thrown out of the turn-table by the same appliance that puts the pins on the table. Falling, they are caught in a basket or barrel and are then taken to the drying house for ten to twenty-four hours, or until dry. The polishing cylinder or tumbler holds twenty to forty bushels; this is run at a low speed, about thirty turns a minute, and by simple friction and contact they become polished.

Unions Seem the Same, Whether of Employes or Employers.

Notice the identity of the new programme of the Boss Brewers with the principles of action practiced by the labor organizations.

The United States Brewer's Association has declared against further contracts with labor unions. And the members have bound themselves by this bond:

Recognizing the great importance of mutual protection against attempts of unjustifiable encroachments upon our rights as employers by organized labor and further recognizing the fact that the competition among brewers can be made to furnish the strongest weapon against us, we hereby promise and agree to bind ourselves by our signatures to a faithful performance of the covenant, that we shall not take advantage of the misfortune of any competing brewer who is a party to this agreement and whose business is suffering by reason of a strike, boycott, lockout, or similar consequences of labor troubles; but shall, on notification by the secretary of the United States Brewers' Association, refuse to furnish beer, ale or porter to the customers of such brewer and shall request our respective agents to act in harmony with this agreement.

Here is a boycott proposed, of great size and power. It describes precisely the same action as when the labor unions refused to deal with or help a firm whose employes are on strike.

That is a style of warfare which the bosses would condemn with unqualified energy when applied to them. And now they have agreed upon it for their own sake.

It is contrary to all sound social principles. The boss brewers ought to call it off.

SNAPPING CAPS AT A PANTHER.

THE EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF YOUNG HUNTERS IN THE INDIAN RIVER COUNTRY.

Will Dixon, of Cocoa, Indian River, Fla., a young amateur hunter, while prospecting with a colored boy, by the name of John, in the hummocks near here, had a taste of real frontier life. John gives the following ludicrous version of the affair:

"We were in one of the thickest places I ever saw. It was grown up in palmettos, bamboos, cat-briars, supple-jacks and all kinds of brush, which were so matted together that a man could not make much headway. Mr. Dixon was ahead of me some 50 yards. He had the gun and I had the axe. Suddenly I heard a loud break in the bushes ahead of me, and looking up I saw Mr. Dixon come tearing through the thicket, looking very wild. He said very excitedly that something had chased him for several yards, and he thought it was a bear. We listened and plainly heard the coarse growl of

some wild beast. I felt very brave, and asked Mr. Dixon to let me have the gun, which he was not reluctant to give up if I would go in first. So I started, telling Mr. Dixon to keep right up with me with the axe.

We could hear the low growl, but could not locate the spot, so we followed the opening Mr. Dixon had made, when suddenly looking to one side through the dense growth, I saw a pair of glaring eyes and a set of shining teeth which seemed sharpened up for the occasion. I was terribly scared and would have given anything to have been out on open ground so that I could have done some clean running. I looked around at Mr. Dixon, and his eyes still had a wild flash in them. It was no time to think, for we could see the dark, crouching form of a savage beast, and we did not know whether our combined strength could cope with the animal if it came to a hand-to-hand battle for life. I quickly leveled the gun between his eyes and pulled the trigger. Great Scott! The cap popped, and the ferocious growls became louder. I tried the other barrel, and lo! another failure. This was getting desperate. My knees quaked, and I felt that my time had almost come. The beast was standing erect and making the ground tremble with its savage roar. Mr. Dixon was trying to give me fresh caps, but I felt as though I did not have strength enough left to pull the trigger. Mr. Dixon still looked wild, and I never was so scared in all my life, but I managed to get the caps on the gun and tried to point it once more at the panther, for we now knew what we were dealing with; in my nervous fear and excitement I discharged the gun prematurely, and I thought we were gone. For the animal uttered a most unearthly yell, and crouched in a position to spring upon us. I knew if I did not do fatal work with the other barrel of the gun we would have a desperate fight, so I made a last attempt to draw a bead on our adversary. The gun fired. A wild cry, a long leap and the large panther lay prostrate.

"We peered into the bushes from whence the animal had sprung and saw two of its young. We gathered these up as quickly as we could and made for the open woods, fearing that we would be chased by the dead panther's mate. We ran until we were nearly exhausted before we came down to a walk. We listened and could hear the cry of another panther, evidently the mate of the one with which we had had such a fight, as the cries, which were about a mile south, seemed to be moving in the direction of the lair. So we hurried away from there, and I never did feel easy, nor did Mr. Dixon's eyes resume their natural expression until we got home. The young panthers scarcely had their eyes opened, and lived but a few days."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

MR. BENNETT REPLIES TO GOULD.

"IT IS THE OLD STORY OF FAUST AND HIS BARGAIN WITH MEPHISTOPHELES."

Jay Gould's personal attack on the proprietor of the *Herald*, embodied in an open letter, and printed in *The World* yesterday morning, was the talk of the town. In the hotel lobbies, the clubs, the restaurants, and in every place where men congregate, opinions on the letter, on the propriety and wisdom of making it public and on the situation generally, were widely and numerously expressed. Everybody had something to say more or less sensible and to the point. The *Herald*, in reply to the attack, will this morning print the following editorial:

"Poor Gould! His debut as an April fool was a notable success. A dealer in second-hand reminiscences, the whimpering victim of a newspaper, a cable company and a woman, he seeks to divert public attention from the main issue—certain alleged rascalities—and to evade that justice which he has every reason to fear.

"Thus do all traitors; if their perdition did consist in words, they are as innocent as grace itself.

"It is the old story of Faust and his bargain with Mephistopheles all over again—history repeating itself once more. The dupe whom Goethe has covered with immortal infamy supposed himself invincible, since he had the devil for a steadfast friend, but the time came when his majesty claimed his own, and then the game was up. The parallel has been perfect in every particular for twenty years and is likely to be equally perfect in the denouement.

"Gould's last weapon is the weapon of a coward. Lacking the moral courage to face the contempt of an outraged community, he takes refuge in personal malignity. Drenched to the skin with financial intrigue, this speculative trickster stands dripping before the world, and prates about the cardinal virtues.

"When the *Herald* chooses to enter the lists it equips itself from the arsenal of honorable warfare. We invade the sanctity of no man's home. Not a word has passed our lips about this man's private life. When he closes the door of his house a truce is instantly sounded; when he enters the field again the war is renewed. As an element of our business life he becomes public property, and independent journalism is bound by its duty and obligations to the public to comment on his methods, to examine his

transactions and to denounce them in whatever terms the occasion may suggest.

"This we have done and this we propose to do. Gould, the wrecker of railroads in which the people's money is invested, an arch-fiend who clutches the securities of the country by the throat until we suffer the convulsions of a panic, who shakes commercial confidence, which, but for him, would be as firm as Gibraltar—that man is more than a private citizen; he is the enemy of our common welfare, the despoiler of widows and orphans.

"He has no right to complain of the universal detestation in which he is held. He is the sole author of that retribution before which he now trembles. The logic of life follows him and it is inexorable. He is neither persecuted nor a victim. He simply awaits even-handed justice—a terrible outlook.

"There are ghosts in his path which would frighten sleep from the eyelids of any one who had the remnants of a conscience. That reign of terror well named Black Friday is not yet forgotten. It was a devilish, needless cataclysm which brought business to a standstill and left in its track bankruptcies and ruins innumerable. The story of Eric shall not be repeated, but it was as damning a tragedy as was ever written—its prominent incidents the arrest of Gould, his compulsory restitution of about ten millions and the deposit of the plundered road in the hands of a receiver. Then follows the procession of ghostly accusers—Wabashes which brought disgrace on our credit at home and abroad, and Texas Pacific, and the Kansas Pacific and Manhattan and the Missouri Pacific. It has been ruin, ruin, everywhere, and on the ruin he has built a colossal fortune. No living man has wrought such disaster or made so much money out of it. Friends and enemies alike have been deluded by his promises, and it is related that some, driven beyond the verge of despair by their poverty, have sought release from his cruelty in suicide.

"It is Macbeth's hand that Gould looks at, and he trembles at what he sees. The civil suits of the past have only teased him; they are nothing, they involve the payment of money only. But a criminal suit, with the possibility of finding himself behind the bars, makes him writhe with frantic fear and beat the air with impotent passion.

"If he dare face facts, let him do it. But reminiscences, bah! they are the last resort of a whimpering knave."

E. L. Andrews, one of the attorneys who claims to represent the Kansas Pacific, yesterday sent out a long open letter to Jay Gould in answer to the paragraph referring to himself which Mr. Gould put at the end of his letter to J. G. Bennett. He says in effect that Mr. Gould is trying to direct attention from the real issue by going into personal attacks on his opponents. He ends as follows:

"Proceed with your defamation of cabinet officers, editors of great journals, and attorneys; the result will show that you cannot escape by those methods of defense to a criminal charge."—*The World*.

Arthur B. Chase, the manager of the Booth and Barrett combination, now gathering in the shakels and plaudits at the opera house, tells a funny story of the robbery of a train in Texas while his company was traveling through the state. The robbers, who like good, modern "Red-handed Mikes," died with their boots on, were undecided whether to tap the train on which the tragedians were traveling or the regular express train. They finally selected the express train, netted about \$20,000, and made off with it. They were pursued by the sheriff's posse into Texas, and during an engagement all of them were killed. Just before the boss highwayman died he said that he and his companions did not hold up the tragedians' train on principle. They did not like the tragedians' terms, "90 per cent. after the first two thousand." "It wouldn't be right," said the boss highwayman, "they are in the same [business that we are]."—*Denver News*.

Young Woman—I think journalism is a grand calling, Mr. Verbose. Are you the editor of the paper?

Young Man—No, not exactly. I'm a writer on space.

Young Woman (with fine enthusiasm)—On space! I can imagine that it must be very ennobling to the mind, Mr. Verbose, to know all about astronomy.—*Puck*.

Dumley—You don't look as if you had enjoyed a very good night's rest, Brown.

Brown—I didn't. A cracker kept me awake most of the night.

Dumley—I shouldn't think eating a cracker would interfere seriously with your sleep.

Brown—Oh, I didn't eat the cracker. The baby ate it in bed.—*New York Sun*.

Mr. Cleveland has received the pope's blessing. Mr. Blaine will have to get along with that of the Rev. Dr. Burchard.

The author of "Big Wages and How to Earn Them" is reported to make less than \$1,000 a year. Probably he never read his own book.