

should be willing to sacrifice everything for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God. Any man who will seek to save his life and desert the principles of the Gospel, is not worthy of eternal life. How many have laid down their lives since the creation of the world for the sake of the truth? Jesus Himself descended below all things. He descended, I believe, lower than any other man will be called to descend. Are we greater than Jesus? If we are called upon to-day to lay down our lives, what of it? Is it not as well to die for the Gospel's sake as to die for anything else? A million of men, a few years ago, sacrificed their lives for the honor of this nation. No matter what we may be called to pass through. Let us maintain our integrity to God. Where is the man whose mind has been lit up by the inspiration of God to comprehend the celestial kingdom, or the celestial law, or the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who can bear the idea of pursuing a course whereby he will be cut off from inheriting the blessings for which he has hoped in the future? No, I would rather die a thousand deaths than be deprived of these blessings. We have a long time to live when we get through here. There is all eternity before us. It will pay you, it will pay me—no matter what comes, no matter what this nation may do to oppress us—to be true and faithful to our covenants, to our wives and children, to our God and to our country; it will pay us to be faithful to the end.

I pray God that this may be our lot, that we may be true and faithful unto death, and inherit eternal life, for Jesus' sake. Amen.

CAVE AND CLIFF CITIES.

RESIDENCES OF EXTINCT RACES.

From the New York Herald.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8, 1884.

Mr. James Stevenson, of the Geological Survey, has reported to Major Powell, as one of the results of his last season's field operations, the discovery of several more ruined cave and cliff cities, differing in some respects from any he had before examined. The most remarkable was a village of sixty-five underground dwellings, situated near the summit of one of the volcanic foothills of the San Francisco Mountains, in the San Juan region of Arizona. The surface stratum of the hill had by exposure become hardened and formed the common roof for the entire community. The dwellings were excavated after a common pattern, and a description of one gives an idea of the whole. They had no inter-communication beneath the surface, and were only accessible by means of square holes leading from the surface by a vertical shaft to the floor of the main room of the dwelling. Foot rests—holes at convenient distances along the sides of the shaft—served the purposes of a stairway.

THE APARTMENTS.

Descending the shaft the explorers found themselves at the side of an oval shaped, arch roofed room, about twenty feet in its smallest diameter. At the ends and on the side opposite the entrance low doorways connected the main room with smaller rooms, the whole suit or dwelling, consisting of four apartments. One of the smaller rooms had its floor excavated to a depth of two or three feet below those of the other rooms and is supposed to have served the purpose of a storeroom or cellar for the ancient occupants. The other small rooms may have been bedrooms.

A groove eighteen inches deep by fifteen in width, extending from the floor of the main room up one side of the shaft to the surface of the hill, its bottom filled with ashes and its sides blackened by smoke, formed the fireplace and chimney of the establishment. Around the mouth of the shaft a stone wall was found, forming by its enclosure a kind of door yard to the dwelling below. The wall doubtless served the double purpose of guarding against snow slides, which might otherwise fill up the rooms and bury the occupants, and against the accidental fall of an inhabitant into his own or his neighbor's dwelling, upsetting the dinner pot and possibly breaking his neck in the operation.

CURIOS FOUND.

Considerable debris was found in these ancient dwellings, an examination of which led to the discovery of many curios illustrating some of the social and domestic customs of the extinct race. Stone mauls and axes, the implements used in excavating the dwellings; pottery bearing a great variety of ornamentation, bone awls and needles of delicate workmanship; the metate or family grinding stone for grain, its well worn surface indicating long use; shell and obsidian ornaments and implements of wood, the uses of which were undiscoverable, were among the trophies of the exploration.

Search was made for a water course or spring, but no appearance of the existence of water in the neighborhood during recent centuries was discovered. There were signs of inter-communication between this village and a cliff city some 15 miles distant—also a new discovery which indicated the contemporaneous inhabitation of the two. This city, or rather cluster of villages, occupied the side of a canon, which has recently been christened Walnut Canon. It is an immense fissure in the earth, with nothing above the general level of the country to in-

dicate its existence to the traveler until he stands upon the sides of the almost precipitous brink. The sides have been gullied by storms and torrents, leaving shallow, cave-like places of great length and different heights, along the bottoms of which, wherever the ledge furnishes a sufficient area, dwellings in groups or singly were built.

The season was well advanced when the place was reached, and only little time was spent in its exploration. All the ancient methods of approach had been long before worn away, and access to the nearest of the groups of houses was a work of difficulty.

ANOTHER VILLAGE.

The group or village which was most narrowly examined was about three-quarters of a mile in length and consisted of a single row of houses, the common rear wall being the lining rock, while the sides and fronts were made of large squared stones laid in clay. A narrow street or pathway extended along the entire front. Other and similar villages could be seen along the canon for a distance of five miles. Among the relics found here was a wooden spindle whirl, similar to those in use by the Pueblos of the present time, but unlike them in the apparent manner of its manufacture. Nothing indicating the use of metallic tools of any description was discovered. The surface of the wood of which the whirl was formed had apparently been charred and then ground down to the required size and shape by rubbing it upon sandstone. A shaft of reed similar to bamboo, a species entirely unknown in that region at this time, still remained in the whirl. It had been broken by the ancient workman and neatly mended by winding about it a piece of fine twine. The ends of this twine being examined under the microscope disclosed the fact that its fibre was of very fine human hair.

Articles of wood, cornucobs, and even the perfect grains of corn; walnuts, bones of elk, antelopes and wolf; portions of wearing apparel of a fabric resembling the mummy cloth of Egypt, but made from material unfamiliar to the explorers, and other perishable articles were found in abundance buried in the piles of debris which partially filled these desert homes, and would at first thought seem to indicate somewhat recent inhabitation. On the other hand, however, the preservative qualities of the atmosphere of this region are remarkable, and it is the belief of the explorers that centuries have elapsed since the last of the departed race of races occupied these old cities and villages as homes.

PRESENCE OF ALLIED RACES VINDICATED.

The absence of weapons of war, or works of defence, other than such as are constituted by the selection of almost inaccessible localities, of temples or idols, of hieroglyphics or pictures, together with the durability and solidity of the dwellings, so different from anything to be found of the handwork of existing uncivilized races of that region, and the wide extent of these ruins, which indicate the existence of allied races, covering large portions of the present territories of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah, as well as Northern Mexico, are the elements of the problems involved in the origin, history and disappearance of these races—problems which seem no nearer solution than when Coronado, nearly four hundred years ago, made a raid for the purpose of conquest among these places and through his priests gave to the world the first meagre accounts of them—then, as now, vacant and ruined.

BLACK BEARS.

SOME NARROW ESCAPES IN PENNSYLVANIA WOODS.

Hugh Clem, Barney Morgan and William Gibbs, all employees of the Williams Lumber Company, in Forest County, left the mills a few days since to walk in to their logging camp, five miles back in the woods. On their way they stopped to rest at a high ledge of rocks, over the top of which their path led. While they sat there smoking their pipes they were surprised to see a large bear walk leisurely out from a hole in the rocks almost beneath their feet.

Hugh Clem drew his revolver and fired at the bear, which quickly turned, as if to re-enter its den. The two other men drew their revolvers, and a volley of pistols met the bear. This discharge was immediately followed by the appearance on the scene of another large bear, which was followed from the hole by two half-grown cubs. These reinforcements for the first bear were more than the lumbermen had counted on, and as the bears were disposed to show fight, and the rough and rocky ground would prevent them from making much headway if the bears chose to follow up a retreat, they concluded to defend themselves.

The pistols were of small caliber and not calculated to make much impression on the tough hide of a bear. But their chambers were emptied against the two old bears, the cubs taking up positions on safer and neutral ground, from which they watched the contest. The pistols serving only to spur on the old bears the lumbermen had recourse to the small rocks with which the spot was strewn. By pelting them with these they succeeded in preventing the bears from sealing the ledge, but made small progress toward ending the fight. Finally, the three men raised a stone that it required nearly all their

strength to lift as high as their breasts. One of the bears rushed up toward them, and as he was some six feet below them, they hurled the rock upon his head. It crushed the skull and killed him. The second bear was killed in the same way. One of the cubs was killed by shooting it through the head with a pistol-ball, the weapon being held close to its body. The other one was captured alive and taken into camp.

Both deer and bear hunters have had unusually fine sport in this part of Pennsylvania this season. One old hunter, Hugh Jordan, of Kettle Creek, says he has killed nearly fifty deer in Elk, Forest, Potter and Warren counties since October. A Philadelphia sportsman named Charles Calder killed three bears in one day in the Kinzua region last week. He was chased by one of them and obliged to climb a tree to escape from it, the tree being too small to allow the bear to follow him. It was badly wounded and walked away and died in the woods a few feet from where the hunter was perched in the tree. He did not know the bear was dead and remained in the tree until the cold forced him to leave it, when he discovered the carcass lying behind a large log. The other two bears he shot dead in their tracks.

The same day an oil-well driller named Bannister shot a bear about two miles from the shanty where he was boarding. The bear turned upon him and he dropped his gun and ran for home. He reached the shanty but a few feet ahead of the bear, which was killed by others at the shanty.

William Dunn and James Walker shot and killed a bear and a catamount in Brookstone swamp, Forest County, on Wednesday last. Baily Davison killed two catamounts and captured a family of three kittens. Three fourteen-year-old boys, John Grier, Jimmy Bray and Samuel Olney, were surprised in the Kinzua woods by a she bear, having with her a half-grown cub. The boys killed the bear with an army musket with which they were hunting foxes and captured the cub alive.

"Uncle Jack" Hamersly, in spite of his 70 years, camped for two weeks on Kettle Creek in company with Simon Prouts, also nearly 70. They have hunted and trapped in these woods annually since 1830. Uncle Jake has the following record of the game he has killed since he began to hunt, all killed with the same gun, a single-barrel muzzle-loading rifle. It was made in Wheeling, W. Va., over sixty years ago by a gunsmith named Lonk: Three hundred and six deer (six this season) 128 bears (1 this season), 60 catamounts, 5 elk, 25 wolves, 5 panthers and more than 500 foxes.—New York Sun.

HE WAS NO THIEF.

"Gentlemen," said an Arkansas Colonel, as he stood under the limb of a tree from which depended a rope, "I must protect my innocence. I did not steal the mule. I am above petty theft. I know that you all have the interest of the community at heart, and I do not blame you, but there are times when we are all liable to be too rash. If I had stolen the mule, my guilt would oppress me until I would beg to be put out of the world in the most summary way."

"The mule was found in your possession," said the leader of the mob. "Very true, my dear sir." "Did he jump into your lot?" "No, sir, I conducted him to the confines of my premises." "Did you buy the animal?" "No sir." "Did you trade for him?" "I did not." "Then who stole him? Let down the rope boys."

"Gentlemen, I hope you will give me a chance to explain. The mule in question was the property of one of our distinguished fellow citizens, Major Ruglesberry. Some time ago the Major and I exchanged a few words of an uncomplimentary nature. I intimated that the Major's blood would be highly satisfactory to me, and the Major said that my gore would please him mightily. Well, we separated thoroughly agreeing with each other. The next day the Major and I met. I got what is vulgarly called the drop on him, and relieved him of the top of his head. He was riding a mule at the time, and when he fell off I saw that he had no further any practical use for the animal, so I took charge of him. Now, if I had dismounted in the way he did, I should have interposed no objection to the Major's taking my horse."

"I hope, sir, that you will excuse us," replied the leader of the mob. We thought that you stole the mule. Your explanation is most satisfactory, and I hope you'll excuse us. Let us all take a drink."—From the Arkansas Traveler.

CHEERFUL COWBOYS.

The new year was ushered in with appropriate ceremonies during the day by citizens and others, says the Mandan Pioneer, and the holiday was announced to have a grand wind-up in the evening by a ball and supper at McAllister's hall. A gay company was present and "everything went merry as a marriage bell" until the hour of midnight drew near, when, without warning, some half-dozen cowboys burst into the hall, and without much persuasion induced the ladies and their courageous escorts to leave the room. The band fared less luckily, as the members thereof were ordered to play,

at the muzzle of the revolvers, fast and furious for the war dance which was shortly begun. One of the fellows obtained a bucket, on which he beat a tattoo, while another found a tin pan, with which he contributed to the heathenish discord. Two obtained some blankets, with which they personated squaws, while the remainder of the force, which had increased its numbers by new men who had tarried a little while, adjusting their white neckties, but who entered the so-called sport with much zest, joining hands, danced and yelled around the figures in the centre of the hall, flourished knives and revolvers, and shot at every conceivable object in the room that offered a favorable mark.

Deputy Sheriff Dow, who has obtained considerable notoriety from his courageous arrest of Wm. Roberts and partner, advanced on the party with drawn revolver and ordered them to throw down their weapons and quit the field of action. It is not necessary to relate how long it took Dow to reach the middle of the street, and the revelry continued with renewed zest. The doors of the hall were literally riddled with bullets, and the floor is honey-combed from the combined effects of the gang and their revolvers.

HOW TO COMPUTE INTEREST.

Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days; separate the right hand figure from the product and divide by 9.

Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72.

Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 6.

Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45.

Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 4.

Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 36.

Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 3.

Fifteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 24.

Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days, separate right hand figure and divide by 2.

Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 18.

Cut this out and paste it in your hat.

CURIOS CONCEITS.

Goes Without Saying—The Deaf and Dumb Alphabet.

"I lived with him nineteen years," says an Indiana applicant for divorce, and all the clothes he ever bought me was a bunch of hair pins and a tooth brush." You can see by this what a hard time she had to keep well dressed.

An ornithologist has discovered that to have an appetite proportional to that of a robin a man would have to devour daily a string of sausages 67 feet long and 9 inches in diameter. Make a "hob-o'-link" of himself, in fact.—Boston Courier.

Noting the present of a silver cup to a brother journalist, a Western editor says: "He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a pickle jar, the spile of a keg, or bung of a barrel."

"Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered the young lawyer. "No, boss, de jury am all right, but I wants you to challenge de judge. I has been victed twice before under him, and may be he is 'ginnin' to hab a prejudice against me."

John Henry had a guest to dinner the other day, and during a pause in the conversation the *enfant terrible* spoke up: "I wish I was you!" "Do you, my little boy, and why do you wish you were me?" "Cos you don't get your ears pinched when you eat vittles with you knife."

"Job printing?" exclaimed an old lady, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! They've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I learnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how!"

It will be pretty hard to convince some persons that the world is growing better when they are informed that the dolls brought out this yearling, "Wait till the Clouds Roll by, Jennie." A Western mob of masked men are now on their way East, looking for the inventor of this doll. They want to reason with him before he invents a doll that will cry for paregoric at midnight.—Norristown Herald.

"What has become of the movement to rid the streets of telegraph poles?" a countryman asked of a storekeeper in Union Square the other day. "Well," said the storekeeper, "that movement is like the little orphan boy employed here to run errands. I have sent him down town to get a dollar's worth of postage stamps, a waste-paper basket, a railroad time-table and some tennypenny nails, and he has taken my skye terrier with him, although I warned him that the dog was too valuable to be trusted loose in the streets." "Good gracious!" said the countryman; "why is that boy anything like what I asked you about?" "Because neither of 'em's got any fa(r)ther," said the wag-gish tradesman.—Harper's Bazar.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

A Freebooter—Theirate Parent.

The proper way to warm the house is to keep the cellar cooled.

A pistol is not half so dangerous when the owner is not loaded.

Many a self-made man would have done better had he let the contract out to somebody else.

To the Ladies—Marriage is ever a mister-y; but anything is better than perpetual miss-ery.—Life.

Judging from the excessive prices charged in America, Egypt is not the only country suffering from false profits.

Our ancestors, the monkeys could not have been so ignorant, after all. They were all educated in the higher branches.

Stanley has discovered a river in Central Africa called Kissimelonga. It cannot be very far from Lake Nyum-Nyum.—Life.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggestion of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

A Burlington boy sent for a fifty cent watch and received a sun-dial. He has named it "Faith," because faith without works is dead.—Burlington Hawkeye.

"Do you buy your music by the roll?" inquired a young lady of the deacon's daughter. "Oh, no," she replied, "I always wait until Sunday, and then I get by the choir."

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively now, break the bones in Mr. Samson's chops; and put Mr. Smith's ribs in his basket." "All right, sir, just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

When a wild Western editor advises the girls not to chew gum, but to have a little gumshun about them, the art of punning reaches a point where it becomes useful as well as ornamental.—Buffalo Express.

Clerk—"Anything else? Here's a 'Guide to Holiness.' Perhaps you would like a copy." Customer—"Published this year?" Clerk—"Last year, I believe." Customer—"No, I guess I won't take it. There have been so many changes, you know. There'll be another edition, probably. I'll wait for it!"

"Yes," said the Widow Brown, "Deacon Blank is one of the pillows of our church."

"Well," snapped Miss Lilly Turtle, "I'm glad I don't belong to a church that has to be bolstered up by such a man as he is."

"He hasn't a feather's weight of influence," observed Sister Harding, threading the point of her needle.

"I have always regarded him as a sham," said the other deacon's wife.

"I know he's always a wet blanket at our parties," pouted Miss Lilly.

The deacon coming in just then, all the ladies said in a chorus:

"Oh, Deacon, you're just the one we want to select texts."

Curtain!—Detroit Free Press.

NAST AND THE HARPERS.—Speaking of Josh Billings reminds me that his old chum, "Th. Nast," is in the dumps. The true inwardness of Nast's trouble with George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has never come to light, but certain it is that the world's greatest cartoonist finds no place for his sketches in the paper his genius made famous. His contract with the Harpers is for \$10,000 a year for life, and he draws \$2,500 every quarter with unflinching regularity. I understand that he sends his sketches to Harpers promptly every Monday afternoon, and they are as promptly put in a dark pigeon-hole. The Harpers will not use them, nor will they give up the contract, and hence Artist Nast is in a queer position. He is now acting as secretary of the Mann Boudoir Car Company, with an office on Cortland Street, near Broadway. His friends say he is unhappy and aging very fast. Funny, isn't it, that a man with \$10,000 a year for life should be unhappy? If some people had the earth, and it fenced in with barbed wire, they would still be unhappy.—New York Letter.

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