

appear more absurd than the real narrative itself justifies; but as I can't convey a proper idea of that, I will just tell you what was told to me. I must state first, though, that the poor fellow got a bad fall from his horse some years ago, by which his leg was broken, and he has been obliged ever since to wear some iron apparatus to assist it, for the broken leg is shorter than the other. This necessity obliges him to hobble, but he can scuttle over the ground at a wonderful pace. In other respects he is a tall, good-looking man. He was once lion shooting in Kattiwari. In some parts of the district, where it is tolerably open, the sportsmen used to follow game on horseback, ride up within range, and then dismount to get a shot, unless their beasts were steady enough to stand fire from their backs. After the shot they quickly remounted and galloped off; in fact, something in the manner that the African way of conducting the sport is described. On one occasion my friend had turned up a couple of furrowed lions, and was following them on the plain. He managed to get within range, and as his horse would not stand quiet enough for him to fire from his back, he jumped off and threw the bridle over his arm, by some chance, however, omitting to slip his hand through it. Well, he got a fair shot and hit one of the lions hard, but the noise startled the horse. As there was nothing to check it, off it galloped, leaving my friend standing. He fired his second barrel, and then had the horror of seeing the wounded lion charging down upon him, all head, tail and legs, and roaring tremendously. His rifle was now useless, and of course there was no time to load. His first impulse naturally was to bolt as hard as he could, and accordingly away he stumped for the nearest tree; but long before he reached it the roars became closer and closer behind him, and he felt that he had not a chance of reaching the tree before being overtaken by the angry brute. Still he sped on with the instinct of self-preservation, but the lion was fast closing with him. What could be done? There was no time to be lost. In a few more bounds his head might be crushed in by the blow of a paw, or his mangled limbs be quivering in the animal's relentless jaws. It suddenly occurred to him to try and startle the beast by some unusual combination of form and sounds. His resolve was immediately taken and acted upon without delay. Stopping suddenly in his pace, with his back still toward the charging lion; now drawing very close, he ducked his head and body till he looked at it reversely from between his legs, and, in that position, made some of the most hideous faces and gave utterance to some of the most appalling yells, at the same time gesticulating wildly with his arms. This was a metamorphosis for which the savage beast was unprepared. Just before there had been a runaway man legging it as hard as he could, in front; but the brute was staggered and hesitated in his headlong career, then pulled up and looked, advanced a step and looked more closely; heard a frantic yell of extraordinary power—the last despairing effort of the hunter; turned, and, with towering tail, trotted off to join his companion now disappearing in the distance. After a short space, my friend arose, almost purple in the face from the violence of his exertions, and the unpleasantly low position of his head, but much gratified, and chuckling greatly at the success of his ingenious stratagem.

#### PREPARATION OF WHITWASH.

Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Out-buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way:—Take a clean water-tight barrel or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been thoroughly effected, dissolve it in water, and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; these will cause the wash to harden, and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable, a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash, by adding three pounds of yellow ochre; or a good pearl or lead

color by the addition of lamp, vine, or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American—the latter is the cheapest—one pound of Indian red, one pound of common lampblack. For common stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lamp-black. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior both in appearance and durability to the common whitewash.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

#### NEVADA NEWS.

We clip the following items from the *Territorial Enterprise* of the 24th ult.:

Yesterday afternoon, J. H. Sperling, foreman of a gang of men at work on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad, made a most miraculous escape from an instant and horrible death. He, with his gang of men, was at work on a cut of considerable depth, near Rigby's mill, American Flat. They had put in three charges of about a keg and a half of powder, which they fired simultaneously. Two of these charges exploded, and Mr. Sperling, supposing they had all gone off together, went to the spot to note what execution had been done, and had reached a point just over the third charge, when it exploded, blowing him, as the men say, fully 20 feet into the air. He fell into the open cut, 10 feet below, making his whole fall about 30 feet. The dirt and rock fell upon and covered him to such a depth that it was necessary to dig him out. No man present expected to find him alive, yet strange to say, they not only found him alive, but could not even find a broken bone. But the doctor, after his return from his visit to the injured man, says that his only injuries are one broken rib—broken on the left side of the back, near the spine—and some bad cuts on one side of the face.

A smouldering fire still continues burning in the east ledge of the Kentucky, near the Yellow Jacket line, but it appears to be merely among the charred remains of the timbers buried under the waste dirt which covers them. This is shown to be the case by the fact that no smoke escapes from either of the shafts, but instead, such a gas as would naturally be produced by the burning of charcoal. Energetic measures are still in use for the extinguishment of the fire, and every effort is now made to reach those points where it seems hottest. \* \* \* The Crown Point and Kentucky people are working together, fighting the fire, and the waste rock and other caved matter removed in order to get at it is taken out through the Kentucky shaft. Nothing is or can be done at present in the Yellow Jacket mine, owing to the strong gases prevailing there. The plan is, where work is being done, to drift through the heaps of waste rock, putting up temporary timbers and throwing water forward to cool the rock as the work progresses. This is now thought to be the only practicable plan for reaching and extinguishing the fire. Progress by these means is slow, as whenever the water strikes the heated rock there at once issues from it, and from the pyrites, sulphur, and lime it contains, a gas or gases so suffocating, that the workmen are forced to beat a hasty retreat.

Last Thursday night five men, masked closely, attempted to rob Burkhalter's store at Truckee (Wells, Fargo & Co's express office), at an hour when people were constantly passing on the sidewalk. Three men went into the front door and two at the back, presenting pistols to the clerk, cashier and another man, but the clerk seized a chair and struck Mr. Robber a blow across the head. A shot followed (going through the bottom of the chair), then another at the clerk, narrowly missing him, and then another and another, at which the desperadoes ran from the store, without any booty, and without doing any damage to any of the persons shot at. A short time after a person went into Winnie Wright's saloon, and said the robbers shot him, exhibiting his leg shot quite severely below the knee. It is supposed by many that this person was one of the gang making the attempt, which for boldness and lack of skill surpasses all credence.

Speaking of the driving of the last spike of the Pacific Railroad the *Enterprise* says:

At the point where the ends of the rails will connect, the telegraph will be brought close. From this, wire connection will be made with Salt Lake, Omaha, Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Memphis, Washington, New York, Boston and all the large cities East, and with Virginia, Sacramento and San Francisco. About twenty minutes before the time arrives for driving the "last spike," the operator will commence a time-signal, and all over the continent will be heard the tick, tick, tick of the battery which will, as Superintendent Charles Crocker drives to its place the last spike, echo the word, "Done." Done the Pacific Railroad, the most gigantic enterprise of the nineteenth century! Completed the iron band that binds New York and San Francisco in closer embrace, and which brings England and the Orient near together!

All the negro regiments but two have been "consolidated" out of the United States army.

#### BREVITIES.

Jerusalem is to have a weekly newspaper.

In the United States there are 57,000 churches.

The new Boston postoffice is to cost \$1,872,000.

There are said to be 12,000 groggeries in the United States.

During the Fortieth Congress 3,180 bills were introduced.

Quebec is to have a velocipede masquerade. This is the latest.

The last Revolutionary pensioner has again died, at the age of 111.

A Justice in the town of Phillips, Mo., recently fined a juvenile nine cents for being profane.

Anna Swan, the Nova Scotia giantess, is exhibiting her fair proportions at the London Crystal Palace.

A couple were recently married in Kansas City, Missouri, in less than one hour after being introduced.

Madame Olympe Adoard, who lately lectured in this country, has been arrested in Paris for seditious language.

An Australian author asserts that Napoleon the First had twenty-one illegitimate children, of whom five are still living.

There is a candidate for office in Covington, Ind., who copies names from tombstones in the churchyard to annex to his petition.

"Come back, sir, that's not the road," said Lord Eglinton to a trespasser in his park. "Do ye ken," says the offender, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo the de'il do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

No less than fourteen railway locomotives have exploded within the past seven months in the United States, killing 29 persons outright, and severely wounding a much larger number.

The Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, is to be married on the 27th of July next to the Prince Royal of Denmark. This will leave the Queen only one unmarried daughter, the Princess Beatrice.

The current Australian papers announce the occurrence of extraordinary weather in some parts of the colony. At Wagga Wagga, at the close of December, flowers and shrubs were literally roasted and fruit trees burnt up. Plums approaching ripeness fermented under the powerful heat. The heads of many trees presented the appearance of having been subjected to the action of a stream of flame. Yet in the Tumut district, three days before, there was actually ice in the wash-hand basins of a morning! Wild horses were being destroyed in large numbers on the "Levels country," near Wagga Wagga, where perishing from thirst. At Eahuca, on the 24th of December, bees were destroyed by the heat. Mr. John Shackelford found, on his return from Melbourne, that the contents of two of his largest and best hives had been totally destroyed by the melting of the combs and honey into one mass, by which the whole of the bees were smothered.

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