

## NEWS NOTES.

## Items Gathered from Various Sources.

Grass Valley, July 15.—J. G. Hartwell, of Nevada City, Cal., civil engineer, fell down a shaft at the New Burma mine this afternoon and was killed. He fell 238 feet. He was coming up the shaft, and measuring the distances as he was hoisted up, and his tape line tangled around his body, when, near the surface, and pulled him out of the tub. He was a highly esteemed citizen. He leaves a wife and two children. Pat Brock was in the tub and was thrown out, but caught on a round of a ladder and was not hurt.

Yuma, (A. T.), July 15.—Pedro Yanes, a Mexican, aged about 15, was today arrested at the Paymaster Mine on suspicion of having killed George Stevenson at Glamis yesterday. Fifty-five dollars in gold dust and forty-five dollars in cash, taken by him from Stevenson, were recovered. Yanes claims that his revolver exploded accidentally while he was loading at Stevenson's request. He subsequently stated that Stevenson either accidentally or deliberately shot himself. He is held under guard awaiting the coroner from Lugonia for the inquest. Yanes, on leaving Glamis, went to the Paymaster and reported that Stevenson had committed suicide, and immediately after started for the mountains. Sheriff Nugent overtook and arrested him, and secured his confession of the dastardly murder, and of the place where the stolen money was buried.

Utah Agency, Utah, July 10.—"Bull of the Woods," captain of Indian police, shot three times and instantly killed an old Snake Indian at the agency at noon to-day. The full particulars of the causes are not known. The murdered man has been here several months, and is said to have been a fugitive from his own tribe, having killed an Indian there a good while back. He was a "medicine man," and most of our Indians were afraid of him, their superstition leading them to believe that he could bring disease and even death upon them. He had a number of friends here, and they are considerably stirred up over the matter and trouble may result. It is thought that as soon as the dead Indian's relatives and friends learn of his death they will organize a raid for revenge. It seems that United States troops stationed within twelve or fifteen miles of here do not serve to prevent bloodshed and lawlessness. The strangest feature is, the agent says there is no way to punish or bring to justice the guilty parties.—*Denver News.*

Helena, Mont., July 16.—Helena was treated to a sensation in the shape of a jail break, whereby George Godas, a halfbreed under sentence to hang Aug. 10 for murder, and two prisoners serving terms for burglary, named Davis and Wilson, gained freedom. Their escape was discovered at 3 o'clock. Sheriff Hathaway organized in pursuit of the fugitives. Whether they left town at once or not is not known, but every precaution has been taken to effect their re-capture. The manner of their escape was daring and incredible. They cut a hole through the iron floor of the cell next to the east wall of the jail on the south side of the cage, dug away the dirt underneath until they had a tunnel under the jail wall and emerged into the jail yard. Thence they easily made their escape into the streets. They were in jail when breakfast was served yesterday morning at 8 o'clock and were gone at 9 o'clock. It is supposed they took advantage of the preaching that was going on in the jail between 12 and 1 o'clock when the guard and prisoners were attending services, to make their flight. The work had evidently been done the night or the day before. Sheriff Hathaway has telegraphed a description of the prisoners in every direction and has sent out twenty mounted deputies to guard the country roads and mountain passes. In addition he offers a reward of \$300 for Godas and \$100 each for the other two. The governor also offers a reward of \$500 each.

## Kerosene and Diphtheria.

A well known doctor says that the fumes of kerosene, when a lamp is turned low, are likely to cause diphtheria. The New York board of health a few years ago decided that to this, more than any other cause, the prevalence of this disease was to be attributed. This is given as accounting for the fact that diphtheria generally begins to spread with the advent of short days and long nights. Children dislike to go to bed in the dark, and the kind mother lets the lamp remain in the bed room, usually turning down the flame, so that the light shall not keep the child awake. Many bed rooms are thus semi-lighted all night, and the windows being closed, or raised but slightly, the atmospheric condition is simply deadly. A turned-down kerosene lamp is a magazine of deadly gas that the healthiest lungs cannot safely be exposed to.—*Pennsylvania Transcript.*

The warmer the milk when set, the more complete will be the separation of the cream from the milk. Cream rises best when the temperature is falling; very slowly when the temperature is stationary, and little or not at all when the temperature is rising.

## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

It is generally acknowledged that winter dairying pays best, and for this reason farmers should give more attention to this part of the business. To attempt this next winter suitable feed must be raised this summer, and good warm stabling provided.

The tomato is commonly grown in gardens on soils made much too rich. The vine attains remarkable vigor, but the fruit ripens slowly. If only moderately fertile soil were used for growing tomatoes the crop would ripen earlier and be less subject to the rot, though this disease is apt to take the first ripening fruit of some kinds of tomatoes on any soil.

The folly of pasturing the meadows soon becomes apparent when we compare the difference in yield with those that have not been pastured. The grass on the pastured meadows gets a late start, and the dry weather catches it before it has made near its growth. The soil is packed and robbed of its rightful and natural mulching and fertilizer, and consequently the meadow is impoverished and the grass only makes a half crop.

It is stated that since the sunflower has been cultivated on certain swamps of the Potomac malaria fever has decreased. At the month of the Scpelid in Holland, it is stated that similar results have obtained. The sunflower emits large volumes of water in the form of vapor; and its aromatic odor, as well as the oxygen it exhales, may have to do with the sanitary influence in question.

The tendency among the best farmers is toward an earlier harvesting of the hay crop. The old idea that grass when dried is too light and in nutritious is disproven by the gains of milk in cows, and of beef in other cattle, when pastured upon it. The early cut hay does dry away in weight considerably, but what weight remains is nutriment. In grass that has been left to ripen and dry up, the nutriment is too much like cordwood. What was nutritious has turned to fibre, and in the animal serves mainly the purpose that cordwood does in the stove, to maintain warmth.

Much money is wasted annually for want of care of harness. It is so easy to hang them up in the stable, where the fumes of ammonia and dust from the horses readily reach them, that few carry them to a separate and clean room. Oiling should be done about twice each year. Take apart, soak well in warm water, scrape with a brush, and leave until dry on the outside, but yet soft and pliable. Rub in thoroughly a heavy coat of genuine neatfoot oil, with a little beeswax and glycerine melted in it, and enough lampblack to color it. Let it dry in a cool, shady place until the oil is all soaked in. Three days are better than one. Then rub off with a rag or sponge dampened with thick castile soapuds. Never oil without having the harness damp, and never hang in the sun or by the stove to soak the oil in.

## A Mighty Problem.

"Aw, Chawley, me boy, how goes it?"  
"Fine, old chappie. Had any tennis yet?"  
"Naw, deah boy. Had a weally urgent invitation to a game at Mrs. Breezy's today, but was weally obliged to decline because, bang me, old boy, if I can make up my mind what to get for a tennis suit."  
"Haw, old chappie, deuced if that isn't me own fix! And hauled if my tallah seem able to help me out!"  
"No! What the deuce is a fellow to do when even his tallah can't tell him what to wear? Eh, old boy?"  
"True, me boy, true! I'm weally worried about the matter. I can't find a thing in the fashion magazines I like. Hanged if I don't want something weal nobby."  
"Heah, too, deah boy. Me lawst yeah's suit nevah did please me. I've a stunner in blue and white in mind if I can only get me tallah to catch the idea."  
"That's it, old chappie; but these blasted tallahs seem stupid, weally stupid, about what a man wants sometimes."  
"Don't I know that to me sorrow, old fell! Me own tallah tries me awfully at times, be weally does."  
"Well, ta, ta, deah boy; if you heah of anything new let me know."  
"With pleasure, me boy; ta, ta."  
"Ta, ta, old chappie."—*Detroit Free Press.*

In Providence the other day they were setting some very tall poles for the telephone wires—70-footers. A countryman came along and asked the foreman what his men were doing. Now the foreman of that particular gang is a mild-mannered citizen, and means to be patient and forbearing, but he is worried a great deal with questions, and gets tired of answering them. In this particular case he told the countryman that he was building a wire fence. "Is that so?" said the farmer, looking aloft, and then added: "Well, I guess you've got it built high, but I don't believe you can make it pig tight." That foreman has been very shy of Rhode Island farmers ever since.

Virginia (Nev.), July 18.—Patrick Scott fell from a narrow platform, bridging a space between two buildings, this morning and received injuries from which he died shortly afterward. The deceased was a native of Ireland 47 years of age.

## Public Health.

At a recent meeting of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, Mr. A. Marichal read a paper on the "Public Health of Cities and Towns," of which the following is an abstract:

**Water Supply.**—In many cities the water works are supplied neither with filters nor subiding reservoir, and after a heavy rain the water contains clay powder, which is decidedly injurious, especially to children, causing inflammation of the bowels and other troubles, the cause of which is generally unknown, although thousands of people are affected.

If every property owner would consider a filter as no less an essential part of a dwelling than a bath tub or a water closet, a supply of pure water would be enjoyed by the poor as well as by the rich, and without appreciable cost to any one.

**Drainage.**—The system of sewers should be such as not to allow any filthy matter to remain in them more than twelve hours. To obtain these results the sewers should have sufficient slopes and should be flushed every day. The flushing can be attended to by the police, consequently without extra cost for labor, and that by simply opening the fire plug, thus cleansing the gutters and the inlets and accelerating the flow in the sewers.

Manholes should be made air tight. Ventilation pipes should be placed at the upper part of the sewer, should be extended under the pavement to the house line and thence carried above the roof of the buildings. These pipes need not be of large diameter, but should be numerous.

Cesspools should be strictly prohibited. It is well known that the germs of cholera are transmitted through the fecal matters. In a city where cesspools are allowed, it would be impossible to control the ravages of the disease.

**Paving.**—The very first thing to be thought of in paving a street is to provide gutters with sufficient slopes. Belgian cobbles placed lengthwise will make an effective gutter. The slope should be at least 0.5 per cent.

Inlets should not be more than 400 feet apart when streets are level. They should be made of cast iron and not of bricks.

**Street Cleaning.**—It should be done between midnight and 5 a. m., as it is unsafe to inhale all the dust accompanying this operation.

**Street Cars.**—There are, perhaps, few causes contributing more to increase the death rate than the deliberate overcrowding of street cars. Municipal authorities should limit the number of passengers to be admitted on a car.

**Dwellings.**—The height of a building should never exceed the width of the street, and each story should be at least nine feet high.

In any room where persons have to spend several hours, 1,000 cubic feet of space per capita should be provided. Each room should have twenty square feet of light per 1,000 cubic feet of space, etc.

## How One's Destiny is Shaped.

How slight a circumstance may determine a man's destiny! It was Darwin's voyage in the ship *Beagle* that, without doubt, laid the foundation of his marvelous success as a naturalist, and ultimately gave to the world "The Origin of Species." Had he not had the wonderful opportunities which this trip around the world afforded him for the observation and study of natural phenomena, he would probably have been known to the world only as a somewhat heterodox clergyman of the Church of England, who had little love of theology but a kind and generous heart and a passion for the study of beetles and plants. His father's opposition at first led him to decline the proposed voyage, and when afterward he was led to reconsider the matter and make a visit to Capt. Fitz-Roy, the commander of the *Beagle*, that disciple of Lavater came very near rejecting him, as was afterward confessed, on account of the shape of his nose! The commander had grave doubts whether any one with a nose like Darwin's could possess sufficient energy for such a voyage.

According to Sir John Lubbock, the great physiologist and physicist, Helmholtz dates his start in science to an attack of typhoid fever. This illness led him to the acquisition of a microscope, which he was enabled to purchase, owing to his having spent the autumn vacation of 1841 in the hospital, prostrated with typhoid fever, being a pupil, he was nursed without expense, and on his recovery he found himself in possession of the savings of his slender resources.—*Western Druggist.*

## The "Exponent."

The current number of the *Woman's Exponent* opens with a beautiful original poem by "E. B. W." entitled "Consolation." Part III of "The Women of Utah," treating of "Women in Literature," is an interesting paper. "A Bishop's Last Sermon" is a striking selection, and a singular discourse considering its source. An interesting variety of matter completes the number.

"Who is that lady dressed in black, mamma?" asked Bobby, as he sat with his mother on a ferryboat.

"That is a Sister of Charity, my boy," replied his mother.

Bobby pondered deeply for a moment, and then he said:

"Which is she, mamma, Faith or Hope?"

## A Tramp Makes Complaint.

It is a more facile undertaking to secure old clothes for one's own wear from the women nowadays than to get square meals from them. I attribute this to the rise and power of women's charity societies largely. But a few years ago men of my calling were feasted from house to house, not on letters of introduction, of course, but simply upon our own application for substantial courses to feed the fuel box of the hungering inner man. We were interrupted in the midst of our tale about walking and fasting by the smoking victuals set on a snow white cloth and the plate put out first. Things and ways in the households have sadly changed. The first question a woman asks me at the side door of late is if I need any old clothes. Of course I don't, because I can't wear more than one good suit at a time, and she is not apt to give them to me to carry away under my arm, for fear I might pawn them.

I could change clothes once a day if I could adjust myself to all sizes of unds hung in the women's way by their husbands. But I'd have to go into the woodshed and wear away the newly received suit, with my old clothes done up in a newspaper. I'm too much worn out studying how to make a living to change my clothes once a day just to gratify women in their whims. If they can't give me a square meal without referring to women's organized charity and the place where itinerant pedestrians tuck wood for a ten cent stop meal, they're not on my list of friends to call upon, that's all. A wayfaring gentleman like me, who has to turn his collar to present a decent surface to the world, is bound to stand on principles of fair treatment, even if evil-born associated charity flourishes in every community. The word of a tired gentleman that he is in need of a good dinner and a few dimes ought to be a law against the saw-buck style of charity, an abomination bred in the minds of a few uncharitable cranks who call themselves the associated charities. To rebuke them we will boycott them.—*Tramp in Globe Democrat.*

## The Work Novel Writers Do.

The writing of novels is, in England, more nearly a profession than any other work in literature. The novelists, though incidentally they may write poems or papers, find their life work and their livelihood in fiction writing, and most of them rule their lives to that end. The reader who skims "the latest new novel" in the swift hours of a few days forgets by reason of its naturalness, the toil that has gone to make it. The mere writing out of a long novel, perhaps two or three times over, is a mechanical labor that would sorely try the patience of most patient people, and this is only the final and outward expression of months of toil and years of study and experience that must go to the making of the book.

Anthony Trollope, the most business like of novelists, who once confirmed to me the statement that he kept one or two completed novels ahead of current demand in his desk, accomplished his extraordinary productiveness as a by-calling, being for most of his life a busy postoffice official; but he was an exception to the rule that novel writing is the most absorbing of callings. Charles Reade collected incidents as Herbert Spencer collected sociological data, and his study was almost like the counting room of a man of affairs, with its pigeon holed papers and scrap books. What heart's blood is put into a real novel, what nervous exhaustion comes with its climax and ending, no man can fully tell. Dickens has confided something of this inward tragedy to the reader in his pathetic record of his wanderings about the streets of Paris after the death of Little Paul. It is this which gives to the novelist a "contemporaneous human interest" beyond that of his books, and makes readers eager to know of the personality and methods, and look into the faces of their favorite story tellers.

**TWO OF THE CHILDREN.**—A little girl who had spent the five years of her life in a very retired place in the country had never happened to see a colored person. She loved to be out of doors; indeed, spent the most of her time playing in the yard, but she never would keep a hat or bonnet on her head, and her mother often told her she would grow black with sunburn. A cousin who visited them about that time had some photographs with her, and among them was one of a little colored child. Gracie, looking them over, paused at this one, was silent for a little and then softly whispered to herself: "So that is what comes of playing bareheaded in the sun."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**THE GOLD MINES OF MANCHURIA.**—The attention of the Chinese government having been directed to the gold fields in the Amour region by recent disorders there, a commission was appointed to examine and report on the best means of working these deposits. An official who was sent to the spot gives a doleful account of the desolation of the region in question and the difficulty of procuring food. The country, he says, is covered with snow in winter to the depth of 10 or 12 feet, and "in summer and autumn there is a species of insect which fills up people's noses, making life unbearable." There are no roads, and to supply military protection for the miners would be a serious matter.

## What are Shooting Stars?

What do we know as certain facts with regard to shooting stars?

1. They are vastly more numerous than any one has an idea of who has not watched them continuously for many nights. Astronomers who have kept a record for many years assure us that the average number seen by one observer at one place on a clear, moonless night is fourteen per hour, which is shown by calculation to be equivalent to 20,000,000 daily for the whole earth.

2. They are not terrestrial phenomena, moving in the lower atmosphere, but celestial bodies moving in orbits, and with velocities comparable to those of planets and comets. Their velocities are seldom under ten miles a second or over fifty, and average about thirty, the velocity of the earth in its orbit round the sun being eighteen.

3. They are of various compositions, comprising both a large majority of smaller particles which are set on fire by the resistance of the earth's atmosphere, and are entirely burned up and resolved into vapor long before they reach its surface, and a few larger ones known as meteors, which are only partly fused or glazed by heat, and reach the earth in the form of stony masses.

4. They are not uniformly distributed through space, but collected in meteoric swarms or streams, two at least of which revolve around the sun in closed rings, which are intersected by the earth's orbit, causing the magnificent displays of shooting stars which are seen in August and November.

5. They are connected with comets, it having been demonstrated by Schiapparelli that the orbit of the comet of 1066 is identical with the August swarm of meteors known as the Perseids, and connection between comet and meteor streams have been found in at least three other cases. The fact is generally believed that comets are nothing but a condensation of meteorites rendered incandescent by the heat generated by their mutual collision when brought into close proximity.

6. Their composition, as inferred from the larger meteors which reach the earth, is identical, or nearly so, with that of matter brought up from great depths of volcanic eruptions. In each case they consist of two classes, one composed mainly of native iron alloyed with nickel, the other of stony matter, consisting mainly of compounds of silicon and magnetism. Most meteorites consist of compounds of two classes, in which the stony parts seem to have broken into fragments by violent collision, and became imbedded in iron which had been fused by heat into a plastic or pasty condition.

## The Two Dollar Broker's Joys.

A big operator down to Wall street, who was getting rather worried the other day because the market, to use his picturesque expression, "did not act just right," gazed with an expression of envious regret in his rather faded eyes after a youthful and debonaire two dollar broker who had just gone whistling out of the room.

"A two dollar broker," he said with a sigh, "on the floor of this exchange, who attends to his business and doesn't speculate, is certainly one of the happiest men I know." He has no care and no responsibilities. He jumps in, buys or sells, turns over the transaction to his principal, gets \$2 for every hundred shares he does, and when he goes uptown in the afternoon promptly at 3 o'clock, he has no business to think about or to harass him until the next morning at 10 o'clock when he comes down on the street. In dull times his income may not be a magnificent one, but there are at least three or four active periods in every Wallstreet year, and at this time he is able to average up with great success. I suppose the income of a fairly good two dollar broker is somewhere between \$7,000 and \$12,000 a year. Not only has he no care from day to day, but he should have no particular worry about the future. His membership carries a life insurance with it, and when he dies his family comes in for a handsome sum. When things go wrong with me I absolutely yearn for the moderate competency and the placid existence of a two dollar broker."

**A DUST ITEM.**—"Pa," asked a speculative youngster, "was I made of dust?"

"Certainly, my son; we all were."

"Just common road dust like that ragged boy out there?"

"Y-e-s," admitted the puzzled father; "just the same. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I thought maybe I was such a nice little boy I might be made of diamond dust."

**NOT ON THE MAP.**—A gentleman of this city observed his little son attentively studying a map of the world.

"What place are you looking for, Willie?" he inquired.

The small boy knit his brow and traveled a circuitous route with his forefinger before he answered earnestly:

"Twyn' to find Christendom."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**LONDON, July 26.**—It is stated in Berlin and Rome that Emperor William will visit the Pope as well as King Humbert.