

# DAILY NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1880.

The latest advices from Hawaii give information of one of the most extensive and grand eruptions of lava from Mauna Loa known in modern times. The new eruption broke out at about 7 o'clock P. M. on Friday, Nov. 5, about six miles north of the summit crater of Mokuaweo on Mauna Loa, and flowed down to the elevated plateau lying between Mauna Loa and Kea, sending out two branches—one from near its source toward the old crater of Kilauea and another branch further down, tending toward the east.

It is understood that the information received from Supervisor Butterfield, of Vermont, now engaged in verifying the census returns in South Carolina, shows that the census taken last June and re-canvassed in September was correct. While Mr. Butterfield is not supposed to know what the returns were last June—and he was directed to act independently of all knowledge of the reported results—the officials here have received enough to authorize the statement that the census, as taken under the supervisors last June in South Carolina, was carefully and honestly done.

## A CYCLONE.

It is usually supposed that summer is the time for cyclones. Joplin, Missouri, had one, however last week, and it traveled over the country uprooting trees, tearing down houses and barns, and acting in all respects like the traditional Illinois ze-phy.

## THE BERNHARDT.

Sara Bernhardt has gone to Boston, where her reception has not been what was hoped. The Boston people are not apt to take up with a novelty on account of the dictum of any other city under the sun, and they received Sara but coldly.

## STRONG ARGUMENT.

There is now going on a lively fight, in Indiana, over the next senatorship. Judge Gresham has formally withdrawn. This leaves the fight between Harrison and New. In all fairness the office ought to be conceded to Harrison. He took the Republican nomination for governor, after Orth had been forced off the track, and made the race against "Blue Jeans" Williams under every possible discouragement. True, he was defeated, but at the time it looked as if no man could be elected.—*Peoria Journal*.

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

There is a variety of opinions about the President's Message. In glancing over our exchanges there is a general opinion over the country that the message is a rather weak document. What he did say he said at wearisome length. The South is mad at his broad insinuations about their elections down there. A portion of the West is disgusted at the position he took on the silver question, and the present office-holders are furious at his weak argument in favor of the civil service reform. He took strong ground against polygamy on the theory, it is supposed, that the Mormons, having no friends, it is safe to abuse them. They seem to get fat on it, however, and from reports, are flourishing more than at any time in their history.

## RAILROAD TROUBLES.

It is stated in momentary circles that many of the western railroads will not declare any dividends until after the adjournment of the legislatures in their states. They appear to be afraid that there will be inquiry into the methods which they have adopted during the last few months, and some legislation looking towards checking their arbitrary and many times lawless proceedings. The action of Jerry Black, in drafting a law designed to give the government some supervision over them, and not allow them to be, as they have been heretofore, a law unto themselves, has given some of the roads a lively apprehension of trouble in the near future, and they are waking up about it.

## The Sun Made of Metal.

In a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. J. Norman Lockyer, the writer very strongly objects to Dr. Draper's discovery of oxygen in the sun. Mr. Lockyer says he has gone carefully over the whole ground and finds: First, that the photograph on which Dr. Draper bases the discovery is not one competent to settle such an important question; second, that he does not find the coincidence between bright solar lines and oxygen lines in the part of the spectrum with which he is most familiar; and, third, that comparing Dr. Draper's photograph with the fine photograph of the spectrum obtained by Mr. Rutherford, he "fails to find any true bright line in the sun whatever coincident with any line of oxygen whatever." Mr. Lockyer sums up the evidence as to the sun's composition in these words: "So far as our uncontested knowledge goes, the sun is chiefly made of metal, and on this account is strangely different from the crust of our earth, in which the metals are in large minority."

—*London Times* writes to the editor of a newspaper on both sides of the border.

## The Man who Never Smiles.

Governor Rice was asked to pardon one O'Donnell, of Millbury, from Charles-ton, and a gentleman who recently visited the state prison thus tells his story: "Gentlemen," said the warden, "I want to bring before you one of the most remarkable cases we have in prison. We call him 'the man who never smiles,' and I wish before he comes in to tell you his story. He seems to be a man of more than ordinary ability, one of the better class of substantial, frugal Irish citizens, who owned a small place in a manufacturing village, where he resided with his family of grown up sons and daughters, all permanently employed and in comfortable circumstances. The old man had a fine garden on which he bestowed his leisure hours, in a part of which was a fine lot of cabbages. It seems that the boys in the neighborhood had a habit of trespassing on the old man's garden, until he had determined of getting rid of them by firing his gun to frighten them away. One night hearing some one in his garden, he took down his gun, and, getting behind the hedge, fired into the garden, as he claims, without aim, or seeing anyone to aim at, but the report of the gun alarmed the neighbors, who, on rushing into the garden, found the lifeless body of a young girl shot through the heart. The old man, when told what he had done was struck dumb. He was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment for life. He has now been here for ten years, and his face has become as marble; there is no hope; nothing but the remembrance of that dreadful night. In Ireland they have a superstition among the young girls that whoever on Hallowe'en shall place a cabbage over the door will marry the first young man that enters the door afterwards. And this, it was proved, was the errand of the young girl in the old man's garden. But instead of a wedding she found a grave."

## Man's Age.

Four men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes, very suddenly.

The common expression choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it, for even though no suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to turn the weak to burn out. The inferior animals which live, in general, regular, and temperate lives, live generally their subscribed term of years.

The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig six or seven years. These number all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred, but instead of that he scarcely reaches, on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and the most intemperate, but most laborious and hard worked of all animals. He is the most irritable of animals; and there is reason to believe, though he cannot tell what animals secretly feel, that more than any other animal man cherishes wrath to keep it warm and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

## What Plaster Will Do.

A farmer in Wisconsin who has used gypsum in his farming operations for a long time, gives his experience to the Farmers' Club of the New York Institute, and here is a part of what he says:

I have lived here twenty years and used plaster, about seventy-five pounds to the acre. I make at least one-third more clover to the acre than can be got without plaster. You can see the difference in the growth as far as you can see the clover. One application will do for two years. Our land is bur oak openings; was new when I came here, and not considered good for grass, but splendid wheat land. There is no sand; some call it clay. I raise clover, keep 300 sheep, four cows and eight horses and colts, all on a farm of 200 acres. I have about sixty acres under the plow, and twenty-five of timber; make all the manure I can, and think my land richer than when I bought it. I can raise more grass than when it was new, and more corn on a clover soil when I sowed plaster on the clover than when it was new. Perhaps it will ruin it in time, but as long as I can raise big crops of corn and clover, and feed to stock and hogs, I think I will risk it. Last year I raised 441 bushels of wheat on nineteen acres, and 650 bushels of wheat and oats mixed, on twenty-three acres. The latter will clean out about one-half wheat, which will sell at No. 2, as a few small oats will be left in it. On sixteen acres of clover soil I had 1,500 bushels of corn, of the yellow Dent variety; stalks left on the field. You will think this is poor farming, but we think it will not pay to cut them, because there is so much to handle for so little feed.

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In 873 Europe underwent a visitation of grasshoppers far worse than that experienced in the States. They are referred to in Spanish and German archives, and are described as having hidden the sun and devoured crops on 100 acres in one hour. After devastating France they were supposed to have perished in the Atlantic.

A gentleman, while picking himself up from behind a horse, was asked the question, "What is the matter with you?" when the reply was, "I'll be darned if I didn't think I was struck by lightning," but immediately after the question had meandered, you might have seen him trying to doctor the animal with a pitchfork handle.

## Nature's Sluice-Way.

The kidneys are nature's sluice way to wash out the debris of our constantly changing bodies. If they do not work properly the trouble is felt everywhere. Then be wise and as soon as you see signs of disorder get a package of Kidney-Wort and take it faithfully. It will clean the sluice-way of sand, gravel or slime and purify the whole system. Druggists will know where to get it, and the seller is equally efficient either way.—*Independent*.

## NOTES FROM THE DRAMATIC WORLD.

Hoey & Hardies played "A Child of the State" in Philadelphia this week.

"The Comets" are being polished in Evansville, and will soon start out on a second tour.

A new company in "Alladin and His Wonderful Lamp" is "much talked of" by the eastern press.

Kiralfy's Spectacular Combination is playing to crowded houses in Philadelphia this week.

Gus Williams is traveling through the eastern cities, and is meeting large audiences everywhere.

The receipts of the four week's engagement of Mlle. Bernhardt in New York were \$98,942, or an average of \$6,122.50 per night.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is being played by several different companies in the United States. One day last week it was played in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and Indianapolis.

## LITERARY NEWS.

Col. John Hay's new life of Abraham Lincoln of which much has been said, will not appear for a year or two.

In 1832 the first complete translation of the Bible in English appeared. It was sold in 1838 for \$1,750 per copy.

The Loudon *Times* paid \$5,000 for the privilege of publishing chapters of "Edimion" before its appearance in full.

Mr. Tennyson's new volume, entitled "Ballads and Other Poems," consists mostly of reprints of pieces that have already appeared in magazines.

Ralph Waldo Emerson has in lecturing, but one gesture. When he utters some impressive sentence he makes a grasping gesture, as though seizing some imaginary object in front of him.

Mr. M. Laird Simons, who wrote the continuation of the *Duyckinck's Cyclopaedia of American Literature*, died in Philadelphia, Nov. 17. He had nearly ready for publication, at the time of his death, a "History of the World," in several volumes.

Mr. W. G. Marshall's new English work, "Through America," contains a full account of Mormon life as witnessed by him during his visits to Salt Lake City in 1878 and 1879. The work is embellished by nearly one hundred wood-cuts illustrative of scenes in the Utah country, and in the famous Yosemite Valley, the Giant Trees, etc.

The December number of *St. Nicholas* contains a story of child-life in Athens, during the reign of Pericles, when the city was at the height of its power, with seven illustrations by Albert Brennen. Among the subjects represented in these pictures are a foot-race of Spartan girls, the colossal statue of Pallas with Victory, and a portico showing Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns.

## Wolves and Coyotes.

The coyote is much smaller than his gray brother. The latter is nearly as large as a Newfoundland dog, the former about twice the size of a cat. The coyote fancies a camp fire, and sits on a hillock within sight of its place, barking for hours.

The gray wolf bays the moon like a dog. Graham says he has seen them sitting on the highest rocks gazing at the bright orb with their heads thrown back uttering unearthly howls.

The wolf scorns the coyote. When the large wolves drag down an old buffalo bull, the coyotes huddle in the vicinity, licking their chops and barking, as though begging a share of the prey. Should these venture too near the big fellows utter ominous growls, and the coyotes slink away, tails between their legs, and heads turned over their shoulders. The coyote quickly determines the status of a hunter. If he finds him killing wolves he keeps at a respectful distance; but if he is only hunting bears, antelope or buffalo, the little fellow becomes quite social. While a bear hunter was butchering game coyotes patiently watched his operation, and a gray wolf layed hungrily on an otter circle. The trapper threw a piece of meat to the small fellows, who ran off and were waylaid by the big wolf. They dropped the meat and returned, but seemed to learn nothing by experience, for they fed the robber as long as the hunter cracked them the meat.

Many coyotes pick up their supplies in the prairie-dog colonies. If one is lurking in the streets and sees a dog away from his hole, he steals upon him with the utmost secrecy, striving to cut off his retreat. An old dog, however, is rarely caught napping. Some of the fraternity are sure to spy the wolf, and a warning bark sends the dog into his hole, with a tantalizing shake of the tail. The coyote despondently peers into the hole, takes away the dirt with a paw, and sniffs at the lost meal. He gets his eye on another dog, and crawls toward the hole like a cat upon the mouse. The warning bark is again heard, and a second meal disappears. Infuriated by his disappointment, the wolf frequently turns upon the little sentry, and for a few seconds makes the sand fly from the entrance of his residence. Worn out by his futile efforts, he flattens himself upon the sand behind the hole, and, motionless as a statue, watches it for hours. If the dog pops out his head he is gone. The wolf springs upon him, the jaws come together like the snap of a trap, and the helpless little canine is turned into a succulent supper. One Meier, a well known buffalo hunter, was riding across a dog town some years ago, when he saw what he supposed to be a dead coyote stretched out at one of the holes. He dismounted and lifted it by the tail, intending to take the body to camp and skin it. The coyote made a snap at his leg, wriggled from his grasp and sped over the prairie more surprised than the trapper. He was in a sound sleep when caught. But the coyote's greatest harvest is in the spring of the year, when they fatten themselves at the expense of the inexperienced young dogs caught wandering from home. Whole families enjoying the cool evening breezes on the mountains above their burrows are taken unawares, and the tender young snapped up before their parents can force them under the ground.

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A gentleman, while picking himself up from behind a horse, was asked the question, "What is the matter with you?" when the reply was, "I'll be darned if I didn't think I was struck by lightning," but immediately after the question had meandered, you might have seen him trying to doctor the animal with a pitchfork handle.

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