

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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SHOOTING THE RHINOCEROS.

How the Hero of Haggard's 'King Solomon Mines' Shot the Great Beast.

Taking my eight-bore rifle and half a dozen spare cartridges in my pocket, I made a detour, and reaching the ant-heap in safety, lay down. For a moment the wind had dropped, but presently a gentle puff of air passed over me and blew on toward the rhinoceros. By the way, I wonder what it is that smells so strong about a man? Is it his body or his breath? I have never been able to make out, but I saw somewhere the other day that in the duck decoys the man who is working the ducks holds a little piece of burning-turf before his mouth, and that if he does this they cannot smell him, which looks as though it were the breath. Well, whatever it was about me that attracted the attention of the rhinoceros soon smelt me, and within half a minute after the puff of wind had passed he was up turning around to get his head up-wind. There he stood for a few seconds and sniffed, and then he began to move, first of all at a trot; then, as the scent grew stronger, at a furious gallop. On he came, snorting like a runaway engine, with his tail stuck straight up in the air; if he had seen me lie down there, he could not have made a better line. It was rather nervous work, I can tell you, lying there waiting for his onslaught, for he looked like a mountain of flesh. I determined, however, not to fire till I could plainly see his eye, for I think that rule always gives one the right distance for his game. So I rested my rifle on the ant-heap and waited for him, kneeling. At last, when he was about forty yards away, I saw that the time had come, and aiming straight for the middle of the chest, I pulled.

That went the heavy bullet, and with a tremendous snort over rolled the rhinoceros beneath its shock, just like a shot rabbit. But if I had thought that he was done for I was mistaken, for in another second he was up and coming at me as hard as ever, only with his head held low. I waited till he was within ten yards, in the hope that he would expose his chest, but he would do nothing of the sort. So I just had to fire at his head with the left barrel, and take my chance. Well, as luck would have it, of course the animal put his horn in the way of the bullet, which cut clean through it about three inches above the root, and then glanced off into space. After that things got rather serious. My gun was empty, and the rhinoceros was rapidly arriving—so rapidly, indeed, that I had better make way from him. Accordingly I jumped to my feet and ran to the right as hard as I could go. As I did so he arrived full tilt, knocked my friendly ant-heap flat, and for the second time that day went a most magnificent cropper. This gave me a few seconds' start, and I ran down wind—my word, I did run! Unfortunately, however, my modest retreat was observed, and the rhinoceros, as soon as he got his legs again, set to work to run after me. Now no man on earth can run as fast as an irritated rhinoceros can gallop, and I knew he must soon catch me up. But having some slight experience of this sort of thing, I luckily for myself, kept my head, and as I fled I managed to open my rifle, get the old cartridges out, and put two fresh ones in. To do this I had to steady my pace a little, and by the time that I had snapped the rifle to I heard him snorting and thundering away within a few paces of my back. I stopped, and as I did so rapidly cocked the rifle, and stepped and ran upon my heel. By this time the brute was within six or seven yards of me, but luckily his head was up. I lifted the rifle and fired at him. It was a snap shot, but the bullet struck him in the chest within three inches of the first, and found its way into his lungs. It did not stop him, however; so all I could do was to bound to one side, which I did with surprising activity, and as he brushed past me I fired the other barrel into his side. That did for him. The ball passed in behind the shoulder and right through his heart. He fell over on his side, gave one most awful squeal—a dozen pigs could not have made such a noise—and promptly died, keeping his wicked eyes wide open all the time.

As for me, I blew my nose, and going up to the rhinoceros, sat on his head, and reflected that I had had a capital morning's shooting.—H. Rider Haggard, in Harper's Magazine.

Making Petroleum Solid.

Experiments are still being made under the direction of the Russian government, with the view of finding a process, at once practical as well as desirable on the score of economy and cleanliness, of solidifying the petroleum used as fuel. According to the report made by Dr. Kauffmann, who has had the principal charge of these experiments, a successful method of accomplishing the desired result consists simply in heating the oil, and afterward adding from 1 to 3 per cent of soap. The latter dissolves in the oil, and the liquid on cooling forms a mass having the appearance of cement and the hardness of compact tallow. The product is hard to light, burns slowly and without smoke, but develops much heat, and leaves about 2 per cent of a hard, residuum.—New York Sun.

A CUNNING ELEPHANT.

How He Got Out of His Stable at Night to Steal Fruit.

The English commissioner at Shweyghua, Burma, recently had a young elephant given him by a native gentleman. The youngster was kept in a stable in the garden and was locked up at night by a door having a sliding wooden bar running in iron staples. Adjoining the stable was the commissioner's garden, in which he took great pride. The garden, full of fruit, was well laid out and had the walks paved with brick. Shortly after the young elephant arrived the garden was found to be systematically plundered of its best fruit. No traces were left by the thief, nor were there any foot-prints to indicate how an entrance could have been effected. The commissioner issued orders for watchmen to surround the place outside at intervals and lay in wait for the thief, and in case of discovery permission was given them to shoot the robbers, as a warning to other evil-minded persons. The morning after this order was issued the watchmen reported that no one had passed their cordon.

But the head gardener had told a different story. The damage done had exceeded that of the night previous, much fruit having been broken off and left lying on the ground. The commissioner was now thoroughly exasperated and admitted native watchmen into his cherished garden. They received strict injunctions to take the offender alive and to awaken him at once and report who the daring thief was. At a late hour in the night the commissioner was awakened by his Madrasse butler, who informed him with much gravity that the thief was discovered, but that they had not captured him, desiring the bhayah himself to come and see him. The commissioner quickly donned his garments and went out to the yard.

At the gate he met a watchman, who asked him to follow him as noiselessly as he could. They proceeded down one of the paths until the watchman stopped and whispered, "Look, thaken." There was Master Elephant regaling himself on the commissioner's fruit selecting the best and throwing down any he did not fancy. The commissioner decided to wait and follow the youngster when he had satisfied himself and see how he managed so break out of his stable. After a while the elephant thought it time to retire and returned toward his stable.

The young elephant entered the stable and pulled the door to with his trunk; then the side of the roof was seen to be lifted up and the elephant's head appeared just above the door. Out came the trunk and reached down to the heavy bar, caught hold of it, and pushed it into its place; then the roof was lowered and all was in good order. On examination of the interior of the stable it was found that the animal had untied the bamboo strips with which the rafters were fastened to the plates in the simple Burmese architectural style. The roof was thus lifted, allowing the animal to project his trunk and reach the outer bar. His "boyish" mouth had watered for a taste of stolen fruit, so sweet to youth. Then he thought of lifting the rafters, untying the fastenings, and so reaching the bar he had noticed was on the outside of the door.

England's Naval Power.

England has recently nearly reconstructed her navy. Ninety-seven of her war-ships carry 589 heavy guns, whose projectiles will pierce from twelve to twenty inches of wrought iron; fifteen more carry fifty guns whose projectiles will pierce from twenty to thirty-three inches.

Furthermore, she proposes to use the merchant steamships of the White Star and Cunard lines for cruisers and transports in case of war. In brief, England has now a navy which could not be replaced for \$200,000,000. In her actual service there are 250 vessels, while she has a reserve of 300, with 150 torpedo-boats. Moreover, England, in case of need, is prepared for prompt extension. At home and abroad—that is, within her own domain—armored defenses have been constructed and prepared with or for modern heavy ordnance, thus facing the world. And, as a rule her coasts are made reasonably secure against an assault.—Gen. O. O. Howard in the American Magazine.

Wine From Rose Leaves.

Says a lady of this city who is a good housekeeper: "I visited a friend recently and she gave me a glass of wine. It was of a pale-amber tint and had all the sparkle and delicacy of flavor of champagne, and when opened popped loudly. It was effective, though mild as a stimulant, and I thought it very fine. I asked what variety of grape it was made from and my friend told me it was made of rose leaves. 'Take the freshly picked leaves,' she said, 'and put into a jar alternately a layer of leaves and sugar and pour over all a little cold water. In four days strain, let stand a week, and then bottle for use.' The wine is a delightful beverage."—Atlanta Journal.

Summer boarder—"What's that yellow stuff you are feeding the chickens?" Farmer—"That's corn, mister." "What is this in this bin?" "That's wheat." "Humph! What are these other things?" "Rye, oats, barley—say, mister, what's your business when at home in Chicago?" "I am a grain speculator."

THEY WERE ALL FIGHTERS.

Col. Fleck's Family Fought for the Union, Saw Custer Die, and Guarded a City.

In 1861, when the war broke out, Frank Fleck of Toledo, then a vigorous young man, was chief of police in that city.

The roar of Sumner's guns was still sounding among the hills and the heart of the nation when Mr. Fleck threw up his position and donned the blue. He enlisted for the three-months' service, and returned immediately to Toledo, where he set about organizing a company.

He had considerable money and used it with no illiberal hand. He soon had a fine company of 107 young men formed and was about ready to go to the front when he received word that his mother, living in Baltimore, was dying. He got a week's leave of absence and departed for the bedside of his dying mother.

On his return he found Gen. Steedman, then organizing the 14th O. V. I., had placed new officers in command of the company. He naturally kicked, and the result was that the company to a man refused to join the 14th.

At last he consented to go with the regiment, and so he did. A series of brave deeds at Mill Springs and Stone River raised Fleck to the position of sergeant, and at the famous charge of Jonesboro he had the honor of leading his company over the breastworks.

In the cyclorama of the battle of Jonesboro at Chicago, a soldier is seen waving the stars and stripes from the breastworks. That man was Frank Fleck and that flag hangs in G. A. R. hall, Toledo.

"The ground through which we passed was very rough and covered with trees, whose branches almost reached the ground," said the old veteran. "So we broke line, and it was every man for himself. Just as we reached the works 'C' who bore our number, fell with a bullet through the brain. I picked up the flag and carried it up—up. What a hot place it was! How the canister rattled! Well, somehow I got in advance of my company, but I ran on. 'Surrender!' shouted a brigadier-general as I topped the works.

"My answer was a lunge of my sword, which went right through him. By the way, that same sword was presented to me here in Toledo by a number of ladies. I saw a fine revolver peeping out of the pocket of the dead man, and I don't know what induced me to do it, but I stooped and took it from his pocket, and I have it yet.

"I caught up the flag," continued Col. Fleck, "and placed it on a piece of artillery that topped the works. This was the signal for our boys, and they rushed pell-mell over the breastworks.

"This is my boy," said the old man, proudly, turning to a young man who sat at the table. "He fought under Custer and was present at the famous or infamous massacre. My eldest, now at Sturgeon, Mich., was wounded at Chattanooga and my youngest is a soldier in the regular army."

"So you were with Custer?" said the reporter to the young man referred to, who, by the way, is named after his father and is a worthy son of a worthy sire.

"Yes, fourteen of us left Toledo in '74 to join Custer. Remember the massacre? Well, I should say so. I was sergeant-orderly of the day, and my horse falling lame, I was sent back to take charge of the pack train. I was wounded. See here and here," and he pointed to red scars on arms and breast.

"Yes, I was the only one of the fourteen who left Toledo a year before who escaped," Frank Fleck, Jr., lives at Ottawa Lake, and he, too, has never applied for a pension, though his wounds entitle him to one.

The third brother already referred to was the hero who saved so many lives when the passenger steamer Alpena went down on Lake Huron a few years ago. Among the passengers saved on the occasion were several Toledo people, one of whose friends promised the brave rescuer \$100, but he has forgotten to keep his word. "He didn't even get a word of thanks," said Frank in relating the incident to a reporter, "and he doesn't care, but it just shows what an estimate some people place upon their lives."—Toledo Blade.

Berry Names.

"Strawberry."—A fruit. The word is made up of "straw" and "berry." The Aryan root of straw is star, which means to strew—the star being a strever of light. By the time the Aryan root has passed through several changes in passing from Asia to the Anglo-Saxon land it has become strae.

Straw is a corruption of strae, which means to stray. The strawberry is a straying plant—is a stray-berry in reality, but owing to the corruption noted is known as strawberry. So star and straw-berry are both from the same Aryan word. Both are beautiful.

"Berry" comes from the Sanskrit bhas, to eat. In Anglo-Saxon it is berra, and in Gothic, bhas, the same as in the older tongue, the Sanskrit. The sense of bhas seems to be "edible fruit."

"Raspberry."—In fact, as may be noted in Bacon's Essay, the fruit was called raspas, without the berry. In Italian it is raspas, a rasp, a rough implement, which quality this fruit is supposed to resemble—hence its name—rasp-berry.

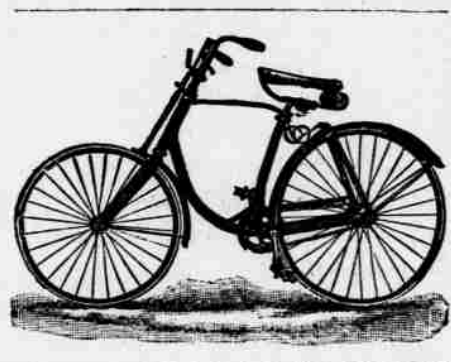
"Gooseberry."—The word has nothing to do with goose. The proper name is groise-berry. The word is krois, or kroos, crisp, curling, or frizzled—which relates to the condition of the surface of the rougher kinds of the wild gooseberry.

"Huckleberry."—The same as whortleberry, both variants of hurtleberry, which is but a corruption of the old English heort, a hart (a male deer) and berige, berry.—Davenport Democrat.

Miss Leoline Daniels, of Athens, La., while preparing for her wedding, became suddenly ill and died about the hour she was to have been married.

The man who only has one arm, and that a left one knows how essential it is that he should get on the right side of his best girl.—Yonkers Statesman.

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