

CHIPQUAW-KAY.

Remarkable Monuments of a Long-Lost and Intelligent Race.

Chipquaw-Kay was the name of a Miami Indian village on the banks of the Wabash river two hundred years ago. Around about it lay the remains of a city much older and of a civilization much higher than that of the Miami...

There is nothing ordinary about these mounds. From their bases they tower nearly two hundred feet above the surrounding plain.

But Chipquaw-Kay has other claims to interest than these monuments of unrecorded time. Hither, in 1688, came the French voyagers, followed in 1702 by the missionaries of the cross...

When the sword was drawn for the liberation of the American colonies the "Old Post," as Fort Knox was called, became of importance to the battling patriots, and General George Rogers Clark was sent to wrest it from England.

Before the present century was a year old the territory of Indiana, comprising an undefined area north of the Ohio river and west of the Backeye State, was erected and Vincennes became its capital.

A new industry has sprung up in Delhi. Some enterprising natives are taking advantage of the Government offer of two annas for every snake killed to trade on the old traditional tree-and-serpent worship.

PARTICULAR WORK.

All About the Intricacies and Difficulties of Glass-Cutting.

On the second story of one of our large dry-goods houses is a department that differs entirely from the others in that mammoth store. Here there is no rush and bustle; no confusion of many voices and shouting of many feet; no crowds that push and scramble for first chance at the bargain counter; no clerks that are flippant, familiar and independent at the same time.

"You have never seen the process of cutting glass?" asks the manager. "You will be surprised at the primitive way in which it is done. We cut all our glass right in the building, and if you will follow me I will show you the way it is done."

Climbing up two narrow flights of stairs, the writer was ushered into a room that very much resembled the country pottery as it exists now in some of the New England States. The room was a frame structure that had been placed on the roof of the building.

"The second process is called smoothing. The wheel used for this is made of Scotch Craig stone. Water runs freely on it as it revolves. It smooths out all the rough edges on the lines which have been dug out in the first process."

There have been very few changes in the art of glass-cutting for centuries. Except that we now use steam instead of foot-power, we have no advantage over the cutters of two hundred years ago. There are only two manufacturers of the rough metal in this country, and their glass is of inferior quality.

"There is of course some smashing of glass. I think it is safe to say that out of every five pieces, costing seven dollars and fifty cents each, one is broken. Sometimes the broken piece can be cut to advantage, but more frequently it is valueless. The broken glass is often returned to the manufacturer, because the breakage was due to a flaw in the glass.

"Colored cut-glass is very expensive. The color is put on in the same way as silver plate, and then part of it is cut away. It leaves the blended effect of color and no color. The polar star is one of the prettiest designs. Many customers bring us original designs which they wish made. Many of them are very odd, and some are impossible to make."

GRAND SIGHTS.

Picturesque and Impressive Scenes in the Rocky Mountains.

On descending the range into the lovely San Luis Park, the most southern of the four great parks of Colorado—North, Middle, South and San Luis—we pass along the flank, almost, of Sierra Blanca, the highest mountain in Colorado, which boasts forty different peaks of 14,000 feet altitude and over. Blanca exceeds them all, however, by a few feet. Pike's Peak is one of the forty, but is over-topped by several beside Blanca.

On the way to Leadville, one passes through the "Grand Canyon" of the Arkansas, which begins above Canyon City and extends for a distance of twenty miles, if one count both the canyon proper and the gorge beyond, which is almost as narrow. For six or seven miles the train seems to be sweeping through a rift in the surface of the earth, a very narrow, tortuous rift at that, from which one looks up at the ribbon of the blue sky above, between bare and rugged rocks rising abruptly for a distance of over two thousand feet on either side, with less abrupt mountain walls beyond, towering to a height of three or four thousand feet.

There is not a cottage or any other dwelling in which mosaic floors might not be laid, or in which some of the walls could not be set to advantage with such work. It is not only ornamental, but it is easily washed, and therefore conducive to cleanliness and health.

It is to be observed that broken bottle ware has several very great advantages over any other material. In the first place it costs nothing and may be found in every rubbish heap, as well as more in the pety—in most kitchens. It is more easily broken into pieces of any requisite size than stone, or even ceramic cubes. It has a strong glaze, and generally wears as well as the very expensive material of baked clay sold for such work.

The oldest newspaper in the whole world is the King-Pan or "capital sheet," published in Peking. It first appeared in 1691, but came out only at irregular intervals. Since the year 1851, however, it has been published weekly and of uniform size. Now it appears in three editions daily. The first, issued early in the morning and printed on yellow paper, is called Hsiao-Pan (business sheet) and contains trade prices and all manner of commercial intelligence.

A New York physician says "it is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty meal." And we presume if he did go in after one he wouldn't find it.

TEN O'CLOCK LINES.

An Indian Way of Fixing Boundaries of Grants to White Men.

"That's a ten o'clock line," said an old gentleman putting his finger on a delicate line on one of the Grand Pacific maps. "What in creation is a ten o'clock line?" chorused two young companions as they traced the line in question from near the mouth of the Miami river northwest through Indiana.

"That what Indian know," he said, drawing a small circle on the ground with a stick, "that what white man know," he continued, drawing a larger circle around the first. "Th' white man know that," pointing to the instruments; "Indian no know it. Indian know the sun. Him never cheat. Him always same. Him throw shadow. Indian give white man land one side shadow and keep other side." After a big pow-wow it was decided that a line drawn in the direction of the sun which would cast a shadow from an agreed point at ten o'clock should be made the boundary of concession, the white man taking the land on the one side and the Indian keeping that on the other.

Of the orthodox bird, as Sidney Smith called the pheasant, it is in some places a very common victim. I think I could pick out one stretch of railway which, at certain seasons of the year, produces for the sportsman who goes along it in early morning a never-failing supply of wounded and dead birds.

There are quite a number of men in New York who make a living at catching meal-worms and selling them to our trade, said the proprietor of a bird store to a reporter.

These boxes, said the proprietor, "hold about a thousand worms and cost one dollar per box. Most of the meal worms are caught in the big grain warehouses on the river front, in flour mills and old feed stores. A good man at the business can make ten dollars per week. They catch them with their hands or use a sieve. A great many worms are consumed in the course of a year. Mocking birds and nearly all birds with soft bills are very partial to them. Besides, they are healthy. It is said that meal-worms are good eating and taste like shrimp, but I have never tried them."

"Something to eat?" echoed the woman as she faced the tramp on the doorstep; "Yes, if you will earn it." "I shall be glad to, ma'am." "Well, there's the wood pile, and I'll bring out the saw and ax."

Scene in Chicago.—Two long-separated friends meet: "Where is Uncle John living, my dear fellow?" "He isn't living." "What! Why, when did he die?" "He isn't dead!" "Too gracious! You said he isn't living, and I infer that he is dead." "Well, it's about the same thing." "Well, it's about the same thing." "Newman Independent."

LINCOLN'S ALMANAC.

The True Inwardness of a Story Which Has Been Told Time and Again.

Duff Armstrong, the defendant in the celebrated murder trial in which Mr. Lincoln scored a great legal triumph at Beardstown, is one of the notable characters at Petersburg. The fatal affray occurred at a camp-meeting. Press Metzger became involved in a quarrel, and received a beating from the effects of which he died. One of the assailants was sent to the penitentiary for eight years. Duff was under indictment, and feeling was quite strong against him. He was a son of Jack Armstrong, who had been Lincoln's great enemy in early times. Jack was dead, but "old Hannah," his wife, on her affliction, wrote to Mr. Lincoln, who had then been living in Springfield many years. In reply came prompt instructions to take the case on a change of venue to Beardstown, and to rely on him for the defense. In 1858 the trial occurred. That was a year and a half or so after the trouble at the camp-meeting. Mr. Lincoln conducted the case with great care, cross-examining the witnesses closely. There were one or two men who claimed to have seen the fight, and they described most minutely all the circumstances. They said that Armstrong gave the fatal blow, and that he used a slung-shot. Mr. Lincoln pressed them to know how they could testify so positively, and they said that there was nearly a full moon, and that it was as high as the sun is at ten o'clock in the morning; this moon shining down upon the combatants made every movement plain.

When it came Mr. Lincoln's turn to present the defense, he put into the hands of the jury an almanac, and asked them to see for themselves what kind of a night it was. The jurors looked and saw that there was no moon at all. Court, lawyers, witnesses, and all except Mr. Lincoln were thunderstruck. This evidence was followed by a speech, in which Mr. Lincoln made the most of the almanac. The prosecution couldn't rally from the impeachment of its witnesses. Armstrong was acquitted.

After the trial there was a good deal of talk. The defendant's friends were not the least puzzled, for some of them remembered positively that there was a moon that night. There was a consultation of old almanacs, and it was found that the general recollection was correct; the affray had taken place on a moon-light night. Then the almanac which Mr. Lincoln had used was in request; it could not be found. There's no doubt in the minds of Petersburg people that Mr. Lincoln's almanac was not genuine. Some hold that it was gotten up for the occasion. Others think that for the proper almanac Mr. Lincoln substituted one of the previous year, and that the error in date was overlooked in the confusion caused by such startling evidence. Now and then a warm admirer of Mr. Lincoln has urged that the lawyer himself was not aware that he was palming off on the court the wrong almanac.

Duff Armstrong said to the writer quite warmly: "It's all nonsense to talk about Mr. Lincoln having had that almanac made for the occasion. I recollect he called for an almanac, and there was none in the court-room. Then he sent my cousin Jake out to get one, and he went out and got the book that was shown to the jury. The almanac was all right."

Lincoln made a speech to the jury. "Duff, in which he told them how he had held me when I was a baby while mother got his meals for him. He told mother he wouldn't charge a cent for defending me, and he never did. He was a mighty smart man, and a good one, too."

There are quite a number of men in New York who make a living at catching meal-worms and selling them to our trade, said the proprietor of a bird store to a reporter.

"You laugh, but it is a fact. There is a man who has furnished me with these worms for the past five years. Step this way and I'll show you how they come to us."

"All the Same to Her." "Something to eat?" echoed the woman as she faced the tramp on the doorstep; "Yes, if you will earn it." "I shall be glad to, ma'am." "Well, there's the wood pile, and I'll bring out the saw and ax."

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

It is estimated that eighteen million pairs of boots and shoes are annually manufactured in prisons.

The Connecticut river and its tributaries furnish power to 2,298 mills, which represent 118,026 horse power.

A St. Louis pop-corn man is going to England to introduce the great American luxury, and will take over five thousand bushels of corn in the spring.

It is claimed that the new Mannlicher repeating rifle, now being manufactured for the Austrian army, is the most perfect perfect rifle ever invented. It fires forty rounds a minute.

Two Pittsburgh manufacturing firms have bought land on which to erect two or three hundred houses which their workmen will be encouraged to purchase on easy payments.

There are 555,855 persons in Great Britain outside of those having agricultural holdings who have from one-fourth of an acre to one thousand acres. Of these 135,736 have from one to five acres, and 148,805 from five to twenty acres. Only 663 have over one thousand acres.

The New Jersey silk industry is growing rapidly. Plans are completed for a new silk mill at Paterson and for several extensions. A number of companies have decided to increase their capital stock. In several European silk centers the demand is chiefly for low grades, which manufacturers do not care to make.

Oil from pine wood is now manufactured on a considerable scale in the South. The material is subjected to intense heat in sealed retorts, and one cord of it is said to yield fifteen gallons of turpentine, eighty gallons of pine-wood oil, fifty bushels of charcoal, 150 gallons of wood vinegar and a quantity of inflammable gas and asphaltum.

In one of the Hudson River railroad shops there is a toothless steel circular saw thirty-eight inches in diameter, three-eighths inch thick at the edge, which is run at high speed with a stream of water pouring over it to keep it from cracking, and will cut off a bar of railroad iron in a short time. Three thousand can be cut before a saw is worn out. The ends get battered by use before the body of the rail, and when sawed the remainder can be used on side tracks.

Andrew Carnegie is building on the summit of the Alleghenies, near Croton Springs, a house, or castle, which will cost \$1,000,000. The entire walls will be built up altogether of the undressed surface stone which is to be found on the place, and they are not to show in any place a single mark of the chisel or hammer. Mr. Carnegie's orders are positive on this point, he having expressed a wish to have as far as possible even the moss on the rocks used in the walls undisturbed.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The water in Lake Haron has risen eighteen inches during the past year.

A poor young man out at the elbows does not feel like laughing in his sleeves. —New Orleans Picayune.

It is safe enough to say that earthquakes originate under the sea. No one can crawl under there to find out.

An exchange says salt is a remarkable remedial agent. So it is, indeed. It has been known to even cure a ham. —Luce's Courier.

An old lady in Holland scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through it into the cellar. Excess in all things is wrong.

Wife—"Why, aren't you going to wear your dress suit, my dear?" Husband—"Not much. The last time I wore my dress suit at a party a young woman ordered me to bring her a cup of coffee and be quick about it." —N. Y. Sun.

Charles Mathews, being one evening in the front of the house and seeing a gentleman putting on his coat, preparatory to leaving, exclaimed: "Ho, my parson, sir, but there is still another act." "Which is precisely the reason," replied the other, why I am going.

Husband—"You know that pretty Mrs. F." Wife—"For goodness sake, John, don't talk about that pretty Mrs. F. I can't go anywhere without hearing her praises sounded, until I am sick to death of the sound of her name." Husband—"I was only going to tell you of a rumor I heard about her to-day." Wife—"A rumor? O, John, tell me all about it; that's a good soul." —N. Y. Sun.

Manager—"You have not got a proper appreciation of art, and I can not give you more than twenty-five dollars a week." Pretty Actress—"But I was getting one hundred dollars just after I was divorced, you must remember." Manager—"Oh! you are the actress who was divorced?" Actress—"Yes." Manager—"And eloped with the French Count?" Actress—"Yes." Manager—"Three hundred dollars a week." —N. Y. Graphic.

Angry citizen (who has just dropped a coin in the hat)—"I'm a good mind to thrash you. Why, you're an impostor; you're not blind. What do you mean by having that sign on you reading: 'Help the Blind?'" Beggar—"By gum! your right, boss. Don't blame me. It's de ole woman's fault. You see, I can't read, and she has put de wrong sign on by mistake. This is my lame day; to-morrow is my blind day." —Tit-Bits.

Werker—"Hallo, Harold! I'm surprised to see you at this hour. I heard you had gone to work." Harold (offended)—"Now, old chappie, you—aw—don't mean that now." Werker—"Indeed, I heard so." Harold—"Well, aw—you didn't believe it, did you?" Werker—"No; I knew you too well." Harold—"Thanks, dear boy, thank! I'm aw-glad the base slanders warranted the treatment it deserved." —Lumber.