McMinnville Telephone-Register.

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—BY—

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THAT NEW ENGINE OF WAR.

Have Americans Sold the French Extralite, N Cl 3, Bellite or Flour-Dust?

The sale to the French government of a new explosive more terrible than melinite and roburite—and, indeed, it is hinted, than any of the terrible family of "ites"—has drawn the attention of practical men more forcibly than ever to the subject of high explosives and the new discoveries constantly making in them. The Chinese knew of gunpowder four thousand years ago and more, and Jupiter's thunderbolts, that shook the world and made Olympus rock, were in all probability an early and simple form of the cannon cracker. There is no human trace, however, of the existence or discovery of high explosives before dynamite and its family, which daily grow more numerous, were discovered in the United States.

Experts, when asked their opinion of the new substance just sold to the minister of war at Versailles, according to the cable, seem to agree, with as much unanimity as can be expected of experts, that the new substance is in all probability some form or preparation of explosive gelatine.

"The high explosive of the future," said Capt. Zalinski, of the Fifth United States Artillery, one of the leading authorities on explosives in this country or in the world, "will not be dynamite; that much is certain. The nitro-glycerine is apt to exude and get into dangerous places. It will, I think, be gun-cotton or explosive gelatine. Both France and England are recently reported by cable to be experimenting with their new colorless and smokeless powders for small arms. In this new powder, so often discussed in connection with the mysterious Lebel rifle, I have not overmuch confidence. It has been the subject of experiments for some time. It has been found to deteriorate in storage.

"The English war officials have been in the same way experimenting with a new smokeless, colorless powder for small arms. It is my impression that they do not like it. It will be some years before such a powder is it common use, the feeling so far being in general against its practicability on account of deterioration by chemical and atmospheric change."

Of course, the new explosive may be some one of the "ites" in another form. It is expressly denied in the cable that it is either melinite or roburite.

In regard to the former Capt. Zalinski says:

"The French have been experimenting with melinite and are dropping it." In regard to the latter he says: "Roburite is a very good explosive, but it is found to absorb moisture."

The "ites" not expressly excluded are therefore Emmonsite, extralite, bellite and dynamite. Emmonsite, of course, is the invention of Prof. Emmons, the learned husband of the beautiful and eccentric Mrs. Emmons, who amazed the country not long ago. Each of the other "ites" had its own special private inventor, who has kept its component parts, or at least their proportions, a good deal of a secret from everybody else. There are several indications, and striking ones at that, that the new French explosive may be extralite. Indeed, from the following facts such an inference is almost unavoidable.

Not long ago Rudolph Ericsson, a native of Sweden, went to work in a drug store at New Britain, Conn. Ericsson was a bright young man and devoted his leisure moments to chemical experiments. He had worked with his uncle in Sweden in a gunpowder factory before transplanting himself to the Nutmeg state, and his studies took an explosive bent. Uncle and nephew had both avowed their ambition to discover a substance more powerful and less dangerous than dynamite. Early in the summer of 1888 Rudolph received from his uncle the announcement that he had found the object of their transoceanic researches. He inclosed a formula by which the new explosive was to be made, and shortly afterwards Rudolph had it patented under the name of "Extralite."

This new explosive is described as being as easy of manufacture, almost, as cornmeal dough, and as looking, indeed, not unlike moist cornmeal. As a result of experiments made by Mr. Ericsson on Shuttle Meadow mountain last October it was declared that the street commissioners of Hartford had decided to use extralite in the Hartford city quarries and that its manufacture should at once be begun at New Britain. And the most significant fact of the whole business, the index pointing directly to the news exclusively published in the *World*, Sunday, is the statement freely made in Great Britain on the 30th of last October:

"The French government is said to have paid 1,000,000 francs for the right to use extralite."

The trials on Shuttle Meadow mountain showed that extralite cannot be exploded in the open air. It must be confined. This was demonstrated in this way. A fire was kindled on the mountain-side and two pounds of extralite were put in it. It would neither burn nor explode. When mixed with kerosene and replaced in the flames, about half of it burned but no explosion followed. A small, dynamite cartridge, to which a fuse had been attached, was then inserted in a mass of extralite and exploded, but the extralite did not explode. Pounded with a hammer on the top of a flat rock the extralite was simply pulverized, not exploded.

But its terrific force when confined was demonstrated in this way. A hole two feet deep was drilled in a rock in a neighboring quarry. Three rolls of extralite, each containing three ounces, or nine ounces of extralite in all, were tamped down and a fuse put in. The explosion shattered the rock and filled the air with flying boulders. Two pounds, or thirty-two ounces of gunpowder would not have been so effective.

Capt. Zalinski was asked about the fearful explosions of flour and meal dust, which within a few years have been so frequent and so deadly in Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul and at the western and northwestern milling regions. He confessed the inability of science to explain them.

"We know," said he "that flour and meal dust mix with atmospheric air and produce a terrible explosive. What it is, and how produced, we do not know."

Perhaps the Americans have sold the French the secret of flour-dust! Certainly no cheaper explosive could be imagined than one made by a mixture of flour or meal and air! Three men were killed, a number injured and a building blown to pieces by oatmeal-dust in David Oliver's mill on North Halstead street, in Chicago.

The compounds of nitrogen furnish to the student of explosives, however, perhaps his most seductive and extensive field for investigation and invention. It is possible that the Americans sold a nitrogenous compound to the French. It is well known to scientific men that chloride of nitrogen (N Cl 3) is one of the most terrible explosives known to science. Dr. Gotterman, of the University of Gottengen, enrolled himself among the heroes of chemistry not long ago by risking his life to determine just what the proportions of chlorine and nitrogen are in this wonderful compound. He coated his head and body and legs in armor while making the experiments and determined N Cl 81 to be the right proportions. He also made the amazing discovery that a ray of sunlight will explode N Cl 3.—*N. Y. World.*

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

Minister Phelps sailed for the United States on January 31st.

The election of Boulanger is indeed stirring up a row in France. A revolution is imminent.

Wm. E. Gladstone is still at Naples suffering from an affliction of the ears. The Italians have cheered too loud in his honor.

Artist Whistler, of London, is not painting with much enthusiasm of late. He has not blacked anybody's eye for over a week.

Dean Wayland, of the Yale Law School, says that Minister Phelps will resume his lectures in that institution when he returns from England.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, has been in public life longer than any American now living. He entered the house of representatives thirty-four years ago.

James P. Lamdin, the celebrated portrait and landscape painter, died suddenly at 6 o'clock Thursday, while on the train bound to his home in Germantown.

The country house of Henry White, secretary of the American legation, at Ramsdale, was burglarized Thursday night, and robbed of $35,000 worth of jewelry.

President-elect Harrison is fond of bay horses. He does not take much stock in dark horses, however, according to the latest rumors regarding his cabinet.

Anthony Higgins, the coming senator from Delaware, is a member of the Scroll and Key Society of Yale. He will join the Boodle and Buncombe Club of Washington.

Miss Arnold, a niece of the late Matthew Arnold and a sister of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Robert Elsmere," is the guest of Professor and Mrs. Osborn at Princeton College, N. J.

John O'Conner and Thomas Condon, members of parliament for Tipperary, were sentenced Thursday to imprisonment for four months each, without hard labor, for inciting tenants not to pay rent.

Mary Anderson says that she did not write the recent article in the *North American* bearing her name. Does Mary permit her name to be signed to magazine articles which she does not write?

Prince Rudolph, of Austria, is dead. It is reported that he died of heart disease after a fatiguing day's hunt. It is also reported that he died by a pistol in the hands of an irate husband, whose wife had been stopping at the same chateau.

One of the largest opium consignments ever received at San Francisco arrived Thursday. Rosario & Co., of Hong Kong, consigned to Alfred Boriel & Co. 350 cases of prepared opium. Each case weighs 41 pounds, so that 14,350 pounds were received. A duty of $10 per pound has been levied, which will make the total duty $143,500.

The Rev. Dr. Burchard, whose three "R's" at a crisis made him famous, is staying at the same hotel in Washington which shelters James G. Blaine. This is not the first time since 1884 that Blaine and Burchard have lodged beneath the same roof. During Mr. Blaine's sojourn in Europe he was, more than once, a fellow-guest with Burchard at hotels in England and on the continent. There is something weird and grotesque about the fate which throws these men together.

Ex-Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, who has just been circumnavigating the globe, will re-enter politics at once. The interesting feature of his return to public life lies in the fact that he will pose as a reformer. The citizens of Chicago who believe in pure politics will meet and, *mirabile dictu*, nominate Carter Harrison as their candidate for mayor. The "reform" republicans and democrats will unite to elevate that righteous outcome of Chicago politics to the mayoralty. Who says there is nothing funny about Chicago.

AMITY

Quarantined by Sheridan.

February 2, 1889.

We have been casting about to find out why that quarantine about seven years ago. A citizen of Amity precinct being belated and fearing that night might overtake him risked wading through that mudhole and passed that way home. They say that incidents duplicate themselves, in time it is possible that some belated traveler might pass that way again, between now and 1900, but I think before that time the smallpox scare will be over. We will have to hunt for some other cause for the quarantine, since thinking it over, if they have quarantined against the Grand Ronde we have it; the Siwashes of Grand Ronde beat the Sheridan boys badly in a base ball game, Sheridan may have some antipathy against their brethern above them on account of their superior skill. Or, it may be possible that they have emptied all their purses and with that grand total were able to buy two pint flasks of blue ruin, the tanglefoot, and while under its influence quarantined.

SKOOKUM CHUCK.

MARVELS IN STEAM.

Speedy Yachts Designed by a Blind Man.

At the time the famous Burgess yacht Volunteer outsailed her rival, the British cutter Thistle, over the inner course of the New York Yacht Club, eighteen months ago, a strange-looking little craft rigged with two lofty spars darted around like a flash of lightning in the midst of the large fleet of yachts and excursion-boats attending the international races, and created no little excitement. She steamed around the fastest of the steamers and sail yachts and passed them as though they were at anchor. She rushed by like a race-horse, and it was difficult to make her out, so great was her speed. This strange scraft was the Now Then, built by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company in Bristol, R. I., for Norman L. Munro, of New York. Everybody who saw this wonder of marine architecture at that time looked at her in astonishment. Nobody dreamed that her record could be beaten. But since that time another steam yacht, the Say When, has been launched from the same stocks which saw the Now Then glide from her ways, and which has outsteamed her rival.

Although two years have passed since the last challenge for the America Cup was issued and the building of the Volunteer, still the great interest which Americans take in racing with steam and sail yachts has not died out. On the contrary, such marine architects as Burgess and Herreshoff have been busily employed ever since making improvements on their original designs. Mr. Burgess has plans ready for a number of sloop and schooner yachts which are superior to any of his former achievements, while Mr. Herreshoff, the blind engineer, is now building two large steam yachts which, although not superior in speed to the Now Then and Say When, must be considered wonders of marine architecture. They will be superior to any steam yacht ever launched for their beauty the great comfort which they will afford to their passengers and crew.

Another vessel is to be launched this summer which, when completed, will be the speediest craft of her class in the world. This wonder is now in construction in Bristol at the Herreshoff shipyards, and is intended for the United States Government. She is not a yacht, however; her mission will not be a peaceable one, for she has been destined to find a place on the register of American warships, and is now known as torpedo-boat No. 1, the first ever built in this country. She will be superior in speed to the dynamite cruiser Vesuvius, which accomplished a speed of over twenty-one knots during her recent trial trip in the Delaware river, and it is expected will beat the record of the famous torpedo-boat Ariete, which was built in England last year for the Spanish Government, and obtained a speed of nearly twenty-six knots an hour while steaming down the English Channel.

The largest steam yacht now in construction at the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company's docks is the Augusta. Her keel was laid in the new construction-house a few days ago, but she will be ready for her owner, I. H. Elwood, of Chicago, in the early part of next June. She has been designed with a view to comfort more than for speed, but will plough the seas at the same rate of fifteen miles an hour. She will be 130 feet long, 10 feet deep, with 17½ feet beam. She will have a composition frame, steel timbers of angle steel and will be planked with Southern hard pine. She is not only intended to be a speedy but also a comfortable craft and has been designed so as to carry a large supply of coal. The Augusta is to be a regular cruising yacht, and for this reason is to have unusually large cabin accommodations. The new steam yacht is to be schooner-rigged and carry two headsails, a foretopmast staysail and a jib.

The other steam yacht now in construction at Herreshoff's is a forty-eight-foot cruising launch, ordered by T. H. Newbury, of Detroit. She will be ready for launching within a few months, and is expected to make over nineteen miles an hour. Mr. Newbury has not named his new boat. Mr Herreshoff says that this yacht will be the fastest boat of her length ever built, and expects her to be speedier than her sister boats, the Henrietta, Madge and Lotus Seeker, which were designed by Nathaniel G. Herreshoff in Bristol, R. I. The new yachts are to be supplied with engines lately designed by Mr. Herreshoff, and the boilers will be of the safety-coil pattern, so constructed that they not only make steam astonishingly quick and are capable of sustaining a very high pressure, but at the same time afford all safety in case of an explosion. The Now Then is now owned by the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company. At the time Mr. Munro ordered the Say When to be built Mr. Herreshoff agreed to take the Now Then as part payment for the new steam yacht. She is now laid up for the winter, but is expected to be sold before the coming yachting season has opened. There are a number of smaller steam launches being built in Bristol and all will be ready for service by the 1st of May.

Congressman LeFevre's Bath.

Once upon a time Congressman LeFevre was taking a bath in the senate bathrooms. While he was in the height of his tepid enjoyment and the perfumed soapsuds were redolent around his rotunda a messenger announced that there were some people who wanted urgently to see him at once.

"Who are they?" called the general.

"I don't know, sah," was the answer. "I think they is some constitoents of yours from Ohio, sah."

"Good heavens," exclaimed the general excitedly, "don't let them come near here; keep them away. If they find out in my district that I bathe in a marble tub and am rubbed down by a nigger instead of going down to the creek to wash and drying myself with my shirt, I'll lose a thousand votes."

The general has never denied this story.—*Washington Post.*

The Tippecanoe Club, of Marion county, Indiana, will soon present to President-elect Harrison a handsomely bound copy of the Bible. It will contain the names and ages of the members of the Tippecanoe Club and will hold a place of honor at the White House.

GAMBLING DENS.

The Way our National Law Makers Spend their Extra Time.

The police here claim that there is not a single gambling den in the city of Washington. This is probably a statement of fact, for when the Washingtonian wishes to "dally with the tiger" nowadays he takes the ferry-boat and hies him away to Alexandria, just across the Potomac, on the Virginia shore, where he will find gamblers and gambling in all forms. All of the noted gambling places of the capital are closed and probably will be for some time to come; but those who are fond of cards are not deprived of their favorite game. Poker has taken the place of faro, and if the walls of some rooms in the fashionable hotels could tell a story, there would be a series of sensations which would shake up more than one community outside of Washington. I hear that not more than a week ago there was a poker game going on in a hotel on Fifteenth street which dazzled even those who were in the habit of risking a few thousands in the course of an evening. At the close of this particular game an ex-senator from a Southern state buttoned his overcoat over $23,000 in cash and some checks and promissory notes for a lesser amount. In all his winnings represented about $35,000.

This incident calls to mind the peculiar antics of an aged lady living in the fashionable West End, whose house is the resort of some of the wealthiest of the young sports here, as well as that of some others. Poker is played here nightly and the "old party" invariably takes a hand. There has never been any suspicion that the hostess resorts to any but fair means to get the advantage, but it is quite noticeable that her winnings have been considerable and are not due to her superior playing. Her method is a very simple one. She does not pay her gambling debts and her guests have never troubled her for them. She never invites the different sets of gentlemen to her house on the same evening. Those who can afford to play for high stakes come on one evening, those who want a medium game come another, and the remainder of her friends, who only lightly indulge, are to be found there on another occasion. There are some queer people in this world and every one doesn't have to work hard for a living.—*Boston Traveller, Washington Letter.*

ON FORTUNE'S FLOOD TIDE.

The Large Sums Earned by Mrs. Burnett from her Books and Plays.

Mrs. Frances Hodjson Burnett is just moving into an elegant new house she has recently purchased on Massachusetts avenue, in Washington, and is fitting it up in the most sumptuous manner, as she can well afford to do. Mrs. Burnett probably earns more money than any woman in the world, and gets a higher price for her work. Her income this year will be from $50,000 to $60,000. In the first place she receives a percentage of the receipts from the play of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which is now being presented by four companies in England and one in the United States, and two more are being organized to travel in this country. Her weekly revenues from the play in England vary from $800 to $1200, and from the managers of the Broadway theater, in New York, she gets about $500 a week. Fifteen hundred dollars a week is not an exaggerated estimate of her receipts from this play alone, while her revenues from the sale of the book are large. Seventy-five thousand copies of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" have already been sold, and the publishers say they cannot print them fast enough to supply the demand. An edition of 10,000 copies was placed in press the 1st of December, and all were sold before they left the binder's hands. From this she receives 20 cents a copy, which leaves the aggregate not a small sum. Then Mrs. Burnett has been paid $15,000 in advance by the McClure syndicate for a serial story that is just about half finished, and has received a retainer of $5000 from the New York *Ledger* for another serial, to be delivered before the 1st of July, when she will receive $10,000 more in full payment. Thirty thousand dollars for stories unwritten and $30,000 from her plays during the coming year is not an exaggerated estimate of Mrs. Burnett's income. She is receiving propositions from publishers constantly which she is compelled to reject, and has also applications from lecture bureaus to take the platform, but she is too timid for this sort of work and has no taste for it. Last week she received an offer of $1000 a week for eight weeks from a prominent lecture bureau to read extracts from her works. Mrs. Burnett has just signed a contract to edit a children's department for a syndicate of newspapers, for which she is to receive $7500 a year.

A SUGGESTIVE DREAM.

A friend of mine had a dream the other night, and he was telling it to a prohi the next day. He said he dreamed he died and went to hades, and he saw a great many of his acquaintances there.

"Did you see any republicans there?" asked the prohi.

"Yes," answered the friend, "there were plenty of republicans."

"And were there any democrats?"

"Plenty of democrats," was the answer.

"Well, did you see any prohis?" inquired the prohi.

"Yes, there were a great many prohis. What may seem strange to you, every republican had a prohi."

"Every republican had a prohi. How was that?"

"Why every republican had a prohi holding between himself and the fire."

Preston, the Haytian minister, has informed the secretary of state that several vessels were being fitted out at New York for an expedition against Hayti, and the matter was referred to the treasury department, with the result that the collector of customs at New York was specially instructed to see that no violations of the neutrality laws were committed at that point.

NEW YORK RECEIVES A BIG TIP.

It was in the Shape of an Elephant Presented by Adam Forepaugh.

New York and Philadelphia are joyous over a fine present each. It all came about in this way: Mr. Adam Forepaugh, of Philadelphia, who has a little circus that is sometimes heard of as travelling around the United States in the summer time, was recently confined to his bed by a severe illness. During his illness he had a dream. He dreamed that he was lying on a mossy bank, in a beautiful valley, and that a stream of limpid crystal water ran with a musical murmur in the shadow of a line of overhanging elms but a short distance away. His throat was parched, and he was almost famished for a draught from the cool stream, but his limbs seemed paralyzed and he was powerless to move.

At play around him were thousands of poorly-clad children. In vain he called upon them to bring him a cupful of water. They mocked his cries and continued to play. Finally one little fellow, more compassionate than the rest, drew near to the prostrate showman and said: "Say, you's de bloke what owns all dem big elephants, ain't you? You,s de fellow what kin see elephants every day in the week and Sundays too. You's de chap what has more elephants than you knows what to do wid, but you don't give us kids no show to see no elephants widout we's put up de price. You kin just lie dere and die, you kin. Why dod't you give us poor boys an elephant to look at for nothin'? You's got plenty of 'em and we ain't got none."

Mr. Forepaugh awoke in in a cold sweat and immediately gave orders that two of his largest elephants should be forthwith bequeathed to the public, for the edification, free of cost, of the children of Philadelphia and New York. Bolivar, the biggest elephant in America, was at once donated to the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, and Tip, the next largest, was presented to the city of New York.

Tip arrived in New York by the way of the ferry-boat Passaic and was landed at the foot of West Twenty-third street. Followed by an admiring crowd of street urchins he was marched to Central Park, where Andy Forepaugh delivered the animal as the gift of his father and himself to the Central Park authorities. Commissioner Robb received the elephant in behalf of the city with a few word of thanks and assured the blushing Forepaugh, junior, that the park board would forward its formal acceptance of the handsome present at an early date.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND FAMILY

A *Post* reporter was standing on the rear platform of a Fourteenth street car. Inside sat Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan, making one of the strongest contrasts it is possible to conceive of between two men. One is small, gray-haired and rather distinguished-looking. He breaks over all unwritten rules of the supreme court in wearing a heavy mustache upon a smooth face. Harlan is as big as two of him. Standing on the rear platform with the chief justice on the left side of the big justice, you have to look around the robustuous personality of Harlan to see the little chief justice on the other side. Opposite the gentleman sat a comely, gentle-faced lady and a pretty young girl with peachy complexion, bright gray eyes, dark hair and vivacious manner. She reached across to the chief justice, pulled his gloves on more snugly and buttoned them, remarking: "Papa, you musn't wear your gloves that way. You must be more careful about your dress," while big Justice Harlan laughed and the chief justice apologized to the bright-faced young lady. The elderly lady was Mrs. Fuller and the young lady was number four or five of the eight daughters. Said the conductor, in a burst of confidence: "This is the nicest family of people I ever knew. They travel on our cars day after day, and they are just as pleasant as they can be. They have no frills and don't put on any airs. The chief justice stands on the platform with me and talks about matters and asks me all sorts of questions about Washington and our business, and so on, and chats just as familiarly as he would with Mr. Harlan there. And the young ladies are just the same. They all patronize the street car, and when they want to know anything that I am liable to know about they ask me. Sometimes four or five of them come aboard together and they are full of fun and spirits and keep everybody laughing at their bright remarks. I tell you they are nice people."—*Washington Post.*

BURNED TO DEATH.

A Woman's Terrible Death Caused by a Kerosene Lamp's Explosion.

The rear room on the second floor of the tenement-house at No. 242 West Tenth street, New York, presented a pitiful spectacle at midnight Monday. A half-dozen people were huddled in the little room, while in the doorway leading to the adjoining bedroom a woman, burned to death, was outstretched with her arms extended towards the bed, as if her last struggle had been to reach for a blanket with which to smother the flames which had encircled her. On the table a small oil lamp gave out a light about equal to that of a parlor match.

The dead woman was Mary Cronin, aged twenty three, wife of John Cronin, a longshoreman. At 6 o'clock Monday evening her husband left her and went upstairs to visit friends on the fourth floor. Four hours later the housekeeper detected a smell of smoke, and on investigation found the young wife as above stated. The lamp on the table had exploded some time during the interval, just when nobody knew, for no sound had been heard, and, strangely enough, on one had heard any cries for help, although a dozen people were on the same floor all the evening.

Evidently she had been sitting beside the table, close enough for her clothing to catch fire from the burning oil. The tablecloth was destroyed, and the woman's clothing was almost entirely burned from her body. No fire had started in the room, and when the accident was discovered her clothing was smouldering, but all traces of flames had disappeared.