

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

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"ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY."

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LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

BY ALICE ROBINSON.

What did you say, dear—breakfast?
I don't know, dear—breakfast?
You are very kind, dear—breakfast?
I don't know, dear—breakfast?
You are very kind, dear—breakfast?
I don't know, dear—breakfast?

Put up the old pipe, dear,
I couldn't smoke today,
I don't know, dear—breakfast?
You are very kind, dear—breakfast?
I don't know, dear—breakfast?
You are very kind, dear—breakfast?

The best of humbugging the whole day long,
And the first thing I saw was
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first time in sixty years
You were not with me last night.

You've cut the flower, you're very kind;
I've rooted it last night,
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,
And then, sweet, I bent down,
But also, sweet, I bent down,
And I bent down, dear Lord, to-day,
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first time in sixty years
You were not with me last night.

I can't read, dear—I cannot read;
The old man has his will;
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first time in sixty years
You were not with me last night.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man;
From the moment I kissed her, young face,
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first time in sixty years
You were not with me last night.

O, will, dear Lord, I'll be patient,
But I feel sure, I'll be patient,
At eighty years it's an awfully long
I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first time in sixty years
You were not with me last night.

My little baby—so bright and fair;
So winsome and so good;
She had roses in her hair;
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
O heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first time in sixty years
You were not with me last night.

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related to which, all motion proceeds.
But, if he is a fixed point, he cannot
move; so that, as he strolls upon the
surface of the earth, it is not he that
moves within and therefore over it, but
the earth that moves hither and thither
under him; or, as he walks leisurely
away from the foot of a mountain, it is
not that the flexors and extensors of his
legs, acting upon their appropriate
bones, shove him away from the moun-
tain, but shows the mountain away from
him.

Ridiculous, however, as this may
seem, let every intelligent man, and
especially every astronomer, think be-
fore he laughs; for it is identically the
principle which is adopted in the gravest
and sublimest of sciences, when it de-
scribes the zenith, the highest point of
the visible universe, as culminating
directly above the observer's head, and
the nadir as the point directly beneath
his feet, and the horizon, the apparent
boundary between earth and sky, as a
circle of which his eye is the center.

Having thus secured our starting-
point and our unit of measure, we give
our attention first to the lesser velocities.
A man's rate of locomotion, as deduced
from the march of an army, is fairly
stated at twenty miles a day, two miles
per hour, and three feet per second.
The slow pace of the ox, and the still
slower of the tortoise and the snail,
whatsoever lessons they may teach of
the wonders to be accomplished by
perseverance, have little the aspect
of romance. We let them pass.

The slowest motion in nature, of
which the naked eye can take cognizance,
is that of a star, as it passes over a
small measure of time, while the watch-
er rests his head against a support. The
stars are rapid in comparison with others,
which are familiar enough to us all,
though few persons may have ever had
the curiosity to calculate their rate.
We find it to be three feet in diameter,
and one hundred and fifty feet in length,
from the earth to its remotest tip. On
counting its concentric rings, each one
of which required a year for its deposi-
tion, we learn that it is three hundred
and sixty years old. These figures en-
able us to determine that the growth
of the tree upward has been at the aver-
age rate of five inches a year—a low rate
of velocity, truly! But what shall we
say of that other velocity, represented
by the increase of size from the center
of the trunk outward? Eighteen inches
in the three hundred and sixty years is
at the rate of one-twentieth of an inch in
one year, or 1-7200 of an inch a day, or
1-175200 of an inch an hour.

Slow as these motions are, however,
they are rapid in comparison with others,
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fully suggestive of accident, to another
which is far greater, yet gentle and
pleasant. Any one who will watch the
play of a woodman's ax, at the distance
of a quarter of a mile, will be amused,
no matter how often it has been wit-
nessed, to note the difference in time
between the fall of the ax and the sound
of the blow reported to the ear. At
that distance the stroke is heard while
the ax is lifted in the air, ready for the
succeeding blow. A careful measure-
ment of the velocity of sound shows that,
through the time over which varying
circumstances, it travels usually at the
rate of about five miles a minute. This
speed is oftentimes made visible in the
flight of a cannon-ball; for, although the
initial velocity of the ball is so much
greater than of sound that persons killed
within the range of a mile are usually
struck before the report could be heard,
yet so greatly is its flight retarded by
atmospheric resistance that it soon
slackens to less than the velocity of
sound. The two rates are therefore so
nearly alike that either may be taken as
a pretty fair representative of the other.
Should the time ever arrive—and there
is no telling what may or may not be ex-
pected—when railway speed shall equal
that of sound, then several rather queer-
looking phenomena will be within the
bounds of possibility; e. g., were signal
cannon to be planted at each mile-post
along the road, and fired at the instant
of the cars passing at this rate, no report
would be heard by any of the passengers
aboard, until the train had slackened
speed at the next station, five, ten, or
twenty miles ahead, at which time all
the reports would come thundering to-
gether! Again, were a cannon-ball fired
after the train, from a point directly in
the rear, at the distance of a quarter of
a mile, it is doubtful whether it would
overtake the train at all, unless swifter
than some cannon-balls of our day; or,
if it should succeed in entering the open
back door, it would move with such
seemingly laziness that a passenger might
easily capture it in his hat!

This brings us to consider two high-
ly interesting velocities in which all dwell-
ers upon earth are vitally concerned, yet
to which few people have deigned more
than a passing thought. The descrip-
tion just now given of the maximum
rate of travel attained, and possibly at-
tainable, on railways, was penned by the
writer with bated breath, for he had a
vivid recollection of the thunder and
rush of forty miles the hour over a rail-
road not so smooth and safe as it is now.
More than one reader, probably, will
sympathize in the feeling. Now, were
the highest rate already attained, of
sixty, eighty, or a hundred miles the
hour, increased tenfold, who would
willingly trust himself aboard any train
of cars, on any railroad built by human
hands? Or who, being aboard, would
think of lying down to sleep, except un-
der the full meaning of his childhood's
prayer, "If I should die before I wake?"
Yet there is not a mother's son or
daughter of us who has not been rid-
ing at this tenfold rate all our lives, and
been going to sleep, too, every night
of our journey, as quietly and trustful-
ly as little children do within reach of a
parent's arm. It is true, our road is
very smooth and very safe, never having
experienced, during the last six thou-
sand years, the first jolt or jar, much
less the first "run-off" or collision. But
the fact that our so-called car is the
earth, and its great superintendant the
Almighty Creator, does not in the least
diminish the velocity with which we
travel; nor need it diminish our won-
der, though we must admit that it adds
vastly to our sense of security.

The motion of the earth has been
spoken of as if it were one only; but, of
course, no one can forget that it is two-
fold. In its daily whirl upon its axis,
all who live at the equator are swept at
the rate of twenty-five thousand miles in
twenty-four hours, or upward of one
thousand miles an hour. Those who
live in latitude 60 degrees, move at ex-
actly half the speed. The average rate
at different points of the United States
may therefore be set down at about sev-
enty miles the hour—more than
double the velocity of sound or of a can-
non ball.

And now what language shall we
use in speaking of that other motion of
the earth in which we all participate? We
make a yearly circuit round the sun of
about five hundred and fifty million
miles. To do this requires a velocity
of one million five hundred thousand
miles a day, or sixty-two thousand miles
an hour, which is upward of one thou-
sand miles every minute! This is a
speed which is actually inconceivable.
Yet at this rate, as was just now said,
we travel without jolt, without collision,
and even without fear of evil. We sit
comfortably in our easy-going car, look
complacently at the stars past which we
so madly rush, then go to bed and sleep
and dream, and awake in the morning,
and seldom think of the grand equipage
in which we are traveling at the rate of
sixteen miles a second.

At this point of our survey it might
seem the dictate of reason to stop, since
we are already beyond the boundary of
the conceivable. We are far from having
reached the limits of the calculable.
The electric fluid, shot along our tele-
graph-wires, so far outstrips the daily
motion of the sun that a cable dispatch
dated London, five o'clock p. m., of any
day, is delivered in Washington City
about twelve o'clock m. of the same day.
The rapidity of its transmission, though
seemingly indefinite, or, as we ordinarily
say, instantaneous, is not actually so.
There is an appreciable portion of time
in its transit, and that time has been
measured. The distance by wire be-
tween Cambridge, Massachusetts, and
San Francisco, California, is about thirty-
six hundred miles. In an experiment
undertaken for the purpose of testing its
practical velocity, the electric spark
was sent and returned over this distance
in three-fourths of a second; a rate
sufficient to carry it round the earth in
two seconds and a half, or to complete
the circuit of the earth's orbit in two
hours and forty minutes, instead of
three hundred and sixty-five days.

We have but one more velocity to no-
tice. It is that of light. Until the year
1675, the passage of light was supposed
to be instantaneous, and the discovery of
the truth was the result almost of acci-
dent. The celebrated Romer had calcu-

lated with great precision the eclipses of
Jupiter's satellites when that planet and
the earth were on the same side of the
sun. To his surprise and perplexity,
however, the eclipses took place sixteen
minutes too late, when Jupiter was on
the side of the sun opposite to the earth.
Every observation and reappearance of
these satellites took place exactly in the
order predicted, and at nearly the calcu-
lated intervals, but they were regularly
sixteen minutes behind time. The only
solution of the phenomenon was to be
found in supposing that light requires six-
teen minutes to pass through the diam-
eter of the earth's orbit, i. e., one hun-
dred and eighty-four million miles. This
astounding fact was soon corroborated
by other testimony, until now there is
scarcely any fact in physical science
more firmly established than that light
travels with the enormous velocity of
one hundred and ninety-two thousand
miles a second.

To form a conception, as near as pos-
sible, of this degree of speed, let us put
two things together. Were the earth
grilled with a speaking-tube capable of
conveying sound all its length, or at the
rate of five miles a minute, a message
around would occupy five thousand min-
utes, or eighty-three and two-third
hours, or nearly three and a half days
for its passage; whereas light, if it
could be sent around on the same track,
would encircle the earth eight times be-
tween each beat of a second-measuring
clock!

Here, now, we are compelled to stop.
There is no greater velocity in nature
known to man. The transmission of
gravitative force is known to be greater,
but it is given up that that must be in-
stantaneous; for, if not absolutely so,
it must be, (as Laplace calculated from
reliable data) at least fifty million times
greater than that of light.—*Appolo's*
Journal.

Miscellaneous.
New York doctors recommend pills for
dyspepsia.
Six young ladies acted as fill-bearers
at a funeral in New York, recently.
Soot is said to be one of the best fer-
tilizers, and quite as valuable as guano.
Storks' relatives are discouraged, and
they have plainly told him he must hang.
See in another column the advertise-
ment headed "I Will Help My Man."

A Memphis printer has fallen heir to
a third of a \$15,000,000 estate in En-
gland.
One thousand Chinese arrived at San
Francisco, last week, on the steamer Al-
toona.
Three men were crushed to death by
the falling of a hay loft, in New York,
last week.
A Minnesota hen has got into the
newspaper by laying thirty-six eggs in
sixteen days.
There are strong movements in differ-
ent States in favor of abolishing the
grand jury system.
The sale of oysters during the sum-
mer months is prohibited in Pennsylv-
ania by legislative enactment.
The cotton seed of the South, which
were once thrown away as worthless, are
now worth \$3,000,000 per year.
A vessel was recently loaded with
50,000 bushels of corn, from a Chicago
dealer, in less than two hours.
The first Chinaman ever arrested in
San Francisco for drunkenness turned
up in the police court the other day.
BRANDY made of figs is the latest Cal-
ifornia novelty. It is said to be very
cheap, and to have excellent drunk-
making qualities.
The *Scientific American* says "that
in less than twenty years most of the
heating and cooking will be done by
combustible gas."
The death of Hon. Mr. Orr is attrib-
uted to the severity of the climate at St.
Petersburg. Hon. Anson Burlingame
died from the same cause.
ENGLAND spends annually nearly ten
millions sterling upon her navy. France
less than five, the United States under
four, and Italy scarcely one and a half.
MORE immigrants have reached
America during the last three months
than during all the year 1872, and not a
third who intend to come this year are
yet here.
The *Tarranton* (Mass.) *Gazette* says
that "if Ben Butler runs for Governor
of Massachusetts he will be flattened
out so thin that his shadow will disap-
pear from the earth."
EX-SECRETARY WELLES declares that
neither Mr. Seward nor any other mem-
ber of the cabinet ever influenced or
controlled President Lincoln to any such
extent as Mr. Adams implies in his oration.
JUSTICE DOWLING wants \$10,000 from
the New York *Sun* for saying that he
opened court, the other day, by asking
a prisoner for a "chaw," and would up
by adjourning to the front room to take
a drink.
The Omaha Bridge Company, which
is a lesser Credit Mobilier ring in the
Union Pacific railroad, and which levies
tolls of its own on all railroad freight
which crosses the Missouri at Omaha,
is said to make \$1,000 a day by its ex-
tortion.
In 1872 there were sealed in the six
Minnesota lumber districts about 400,
000,000 feet of logs, and in the Clif-
fords, Black and Wisconsin river dis-
tricts about the same quantity. The
production of the season of 1873 will be
even greater.
A NEW era in the history of American
horse-racing is to be inaugurated at
Long Branch this season. Admission
to the field is to be free to the general
public, and an admission fee is to be
charged only to the grand stand and
quarter-stretch.
UNTIL recently it was supposed that
water had little motion below fifty fath-
oms. It is now known, however, that
in certain localities there is motion in
the water at the depth of five hundred
fathoms; and this motion has proved a
serious source of injury to submarine
cables.

THE KANSAS HORROR.

By the Hutterites by the Hutter Family—A Tale of Horror Surpassing the Conjectures of the Most Fervid Imagination.

It has been left for American frontier
life to develop a story of crime more
horrible and more mysterious than any
told in the fiction of which Mr. Thacker-
ay's "Catherine" was a paraphrase.
The adventures told in this traffic in human
lives, must have been small, as no one of
the murdered travelers are known to
have had any considerable money with
them. It is supposed, however, that the
Benders had confederates posted
along the road to inform them of favor-
able opportunities, and many arrests
have already been made. The Bender
family, the two women and two men,
escaped, and have not yet been appre-
hended. The detective, Beers, had
traced them to St. Louis at last ac-
counts, and it is not probable that they
will be harbored in any quarter of the
globe.

The devil's kitchen, otherwise the
Bender house, is a small, rude frame
shanty, without lath or plaster or inter-
vening substance between its floor and
the rafters of the pointed roof. In size
it is 16x24 feet. Small uprights 2x4
inches are set to mark the house into
two compartments, but no wall had been
made other than a white cotton
cloth hung in the rear apartment and
against these uprights. The front
apartment had in it a counter, over
which the butchers once pretended to
sell groceries. In the rear room was a
rude bed, a table, a stove, and three
chairs.

The table, to which the guests of the
fiends were seated, was placed directly
over the trap-door, so that the guest's
back was to and against the white curtain.
In this position it was an easy thing for
the male villain in the front apartment
to strike the form clearly lined and rest-
ing against the white cloth, and when
the blows of the sledge and the hammer
had broken the victim, with a crushed
and broken skull, senseless and help-
less to the floor, for the female fiends in
the back room to cut the throat. The ex-
ecution was as simple as it was dreadful,
but, though it would seem resistance to
such well-planned murder of the trust-
ing and unsuspecting was impossible,
the walls gave silent evidence that some
of the murdered ones had not been sent
to their doom without an effort to defend
their lives. No less than a dozen bul-
let holes in the sides and roof of the
house attest that armed men, when
struck down so reluctantly, had attempt-
ed to shoot their murderers, but, un-
fortunately, the aims had been wild,
and the murderers are reserved for the
hempen halter.

One of the most marvelous stories
ever heard, but which is vouched for
by reliable men, is the following: One
evening about three months ago, a poor
woman, footsore and weary, traveling to
Independence, without money, stopped
at the Bender den and asked for some
supper, and for the privilege of resting
while. She was invited in, and being
nearly exhausted she took her shoes and
scarvy wrappings off and lay down on
the bed in the back room. She soon fell
into a troubled doze, from which she was
awakened by the touch of the old hag of
the den, who, pointing to an array of
pistols and double-edged knives, of vari-
ous sizes, lying on the table, said in the
spirit of hellish malignity: "There,
your supper is ready." The woman was
motionless and breathless with terror,
and as she sank back on the bed, the
devil dame picked up the knives one by
one and drew her finger along the sharp-
ened blades, at the same time glancing
fendishly at her intended victim. How
long this terror lasted the woman could
not tell, but at last she, in the very dis-
position of fear arose as though not
alarmed, and made a private excuse for
going out. She was permitted to do so,
and moving around to the shelter of the
stable, barefooted and scarce half-dressed,
she darted off on the wings of fear, and
ran two miles to the house of one who
protected her and gave her shelter. As
she was running away, she turned fre-
quently to see if she was pursued, but
no one followed her, though she saw the
light from the opened doorway several
times, as though the devils inside were
awaiting her return.

A Shameful Exhibition.
A shameful exhibition has very re-
cently taken place in London under the
close oversight of the Marquis of
Queensberry. The entertainment was a
prize-fight of the most brutal descrip-
tion. The arena selected was a disused
chapel, now known as Grafton Hall, in
Soho. The lessee of the building had
understood that it was to be a sparring
match, and did not know the real char-
acter of the performance until he en-
tered the hall a short time before the
opening. He says: "I was told there
was a noble Marquis, two noble Lords,
and three Colonels of her Majesty's
army in the crowd. The persons form-
ing the meeting all appeared to be well-
dressed, well-fed men, with the animal
strongly marked in their features." The
prize to the winner was given by the
Marquis of Queensberry, and an addi-
tional sum of £100 was raised by sub-
scription. This young nobleman is an
officer in the navy. The pugilists wore
gloves, but of a very different kind from
the ordinary boxing-gloves. The agony
caused is greater than with the maked
fist, and a man may be killed quite as
easily. One of the men was hammered
until insensible, after which, by the use
of stimulants, he revived enough to fight
several rounds more. The backers of
the loser tried to crowd in and break up
the fight when they saw their money
would be lost. Nothing seems to have
been wanting to make the fight brutal.
We are told these contests are now of
almost daily occurrence in London.
Only a short time ago a man was killed
in one of these glove-fights after it had
lasted about seventy minutes.

The worst penman in the world
is Geo. M. D. Bloss, of the Cincinnati
Enquirer. It is necessary to employ
special printers to set his copy; they
previously undergo a long training to
acquire a mastery over his biographical
Bloss' autograph looks like "Good Mif-
flin for sale, and be ——— to you."
Graphic.

THE WOODMAN.
BY JAMES H. WRIGHT.
All day long the stalwart woodman
Swings his glittering ax amid
And the stricken mountain monarch
Moans with heart-rending pain.
Each successive stroke he follows
By a clean and deep-cut slash—
Tough enough to pierce through
Some Alaskan bear-struck aldy.
Thrum! a sound his feet collecting,
Reaching even to the knee—
Two white hoops down from the bosom
Of that stout and stately tree.
And at length a limber tremor
Steads upon each limb and foot;
And a groan so very human,
Now a wail so very grim.
Mark! a sound as if of thunder
Shakes the hill and shakes the sky,
And the echoes catch each other
As among the rocks they fly.
Now the woodman stands a moment
To regain his falling

