

ARCTIC SAMSONS.

EXTRAORDINARY FEATS AMONG THE ESKIMO ATHLETES.

Holding a Big Walrus During His Death Struggles—Carrying Two Reindeer Three Miles—Splendidly Formed Giants.

Though there is little doubt, perhaps, that the skill of a highly trained athlete will always prevail over the uncultivated strength and endurance of a savage, still, says H. W. Gilder in the New York Sun, there is something in the quality of pure brute force that commands admiration. I have often felt this to be particularly true in its application to the denizens of the Arctic zone. The popular idea of an Eskimo is that he is a little fat man, and most people will be surprised to learn that he and his ethnological cousin, the Tchoukcheis of Siberia, are probably the largest and most powerful of any people in the world.

Such was my impression of the Eskimo after nearly three years' residence with them, and I so expressed myself among my shipmates in the wardroom of the Rodgers when, in 1881, she sailed from San Francisco to search for the Jeanette. So, too, I found, later on, the Tchoukcheis to be not far behind them in strength and endurance. While at dinner on shipboard the evening of the day of our first meeting with these people one of the officers of the Rodgers, himself a splendidly developed specimen of muscular manhood and the athletic champion of his class when at Annapolis, said to me, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice:

"I thought, from what you said of these people, that they were very strong."
"You are mistaken," I replied, "in supposing that I said anything of the kind concerning these people, for I never saw them until you did, but I did say the Eskimo, whom I know, are very strong. At the same time I believe these people to be strong. Have you any reason to suppose they are not?"

He then told me that there was a big man on the quarter deck that afternoon and he could not put up a seventy-five pound dumb bell, though the officer had put him an example. I replied that I did not handle dumb bells, which he seemed to regard as a test, for many strong men could not handle dumb bells, which admitted the truth. He then admitted the truth that he had been very much surprised to find that the man was so strong.

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flesh, so that the whale came up, as the Captain afterward expressed it, "stone dead."

Eskesik's great strength proved very handy on one occasion, at least, that I remember very well. During the winter of 1879-80, while our party was traveling between Buck's River and Hudson's Bay, the wolves, driven to desperation by hunger, hung around our column on the march and prowled about our snow huts at night with great persistency. We were dependent entirely for food upon the game we killed en route, and it was the smell of meat upon our sleds that attracted the wolves to our vicinity. One day Tooloosh, our chief hunter, was administering a severe chastisement to his team, giving each dog a dose of the whip whether deserving it or not. Meantime a pack of five or six wolves sat down on a hilltop just ahead, waiting for us to come on, and seemingly very much interested in what was happening with the team until the frightened yells emitted by the dogs as the whipping became general so alarmed them that they dashed off as if they could scarcely get out of the way fast enough. They regained their courage later on, and that night gathered around the snow huts as usual, and killed four of Eskesik's dogs. Eskesik heard the rumpus among the dogs and hurried out of the hut to see what was the matter. As soon as he made his appearance a large wolf jumped upon him, striking him on the shoulders with his forepaws to knock him over, which is their usual mode of attacking a man, and is the method employed by all large dogs in attacking human beings. They try first to knock the person down, and then, when prostrated, he is entirely at the brute's mercy.

But Eskesik had sufficient strength to resist the attack and to turn the tables upon his enemy. Seizing the wolf with his hands, he held it a moment above his head, then dashed it upon the frozen snow with such force as to kill it. He grasped another by the throat and tail and broke its back by bringing his hands together. The remainder of the pack fled, but Eskesik's revenge was not yet satisfied. First fastening all his dogs into a snow hut, he sharpened two knives and buried them in the snow so that only a inch apart, protruded. He then sprinkled some blood around, and the wolves, licking at the blood, cut their tongues, so that the fresh blood kept flowing from the wounds as fast as they lapped it up, until their tongues were so lacerated that they soon perished. The bodies of two were found next morning that had died in this way, and two others were killed by swallowing pieces of meat in which were concealed strips of whalebone coiled up and held thus in the throat. The whalebone, uncoiling, cut through the walls of the stomach, and was inevitable.

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MAKING MONEY.

HOW A GREAT MINT TURNS OUT THE DOLLARS.

Processes by Which the Precious Metals Are Prepared for Minting—Punching Out the Coins—Milling and Stamping.

One can see any amount of cash exhibited any day at the Treasury Department, but the fascinating thing is to see the money in process of manufacture, as a Star man saw it in Philadelphia the other day.

The representative of the Star was shown a little book-case arrangement behind a sort of cage, in which was stored \$17,000,000 worth of gold bricks. It was astonishing how little room so enormous an accumulation of value took up. One got a notion from the sight of how it is that all the gold that has ever been dug out of the earth would not more than fill a room twenty-five feet cube.

A gold brick of something the shape of an ordinary brick for building purposes and about the same size, is worth not far from \$8500. You could not carry very many of them, because gold is heavier than lead, and the weight of one such brick is astonishing. It would not pay to rob the mint, unless you had a cart. Only one attempt has been made to steal from this institution within the last twenty-five years. A lot of silver bars of considerable magnitude were exposed in the entry-way, for the benefit of sight-seers, and one of them was scooped into a barrel of refuse by a porter, the barrel being subsequently sent down the elevator and tossed into a cart that was ready waiting. Unfortunately, the thief, upon reaching New York with his ill-acquired prize, found it an incubus impossible to dispose of. Consequently he was caught and the ingot recovered.

The mint derives its supplies of gold and silver mainly from the mines. Such precious metals as it gets in this way come direct from the mines through the United States assay offices. Upon their receipt at the mint the silver or the gold is separated, refined, melted and molded into bricks. A good deal of gold and silver is all the time coming in from private sources, jewelers, pawnbrokers and others selling their stock of such sort in this way, the rule being that not less than \$100 worth will be purchased. Three days after deposits of this sort have been made payment is returned to the depositors.

All of the \$100,000,000 in gold and silver bricks which the Star man saw at the mint had gone through most surprising transmigrations. To begin with, the silver, dissolved with nitric acid, appeared in an enormous tank that was stirred about by a huge ladle. Precipitated from this mixture, the silver appeared in a great trough, looking like nothing else in the world but so much plaster of paris. This was shoveled into another trough filled with a zinc solution, and the silver, thus exposed to the action of a baser metal, became like so much lumpy gravel in appearance. From this it was taken and pressed through a rubber squeezer into thick sheets, which were ready to go into the mill to be melted.

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machines, which strike them off and automatically dispose of one while they receive another, dropping the completed dollars or halves or quarters or dimes into boxes beneath. All that remains to be done is the counting of the coins, which is performed by a celerity simply marvelous by a girl who thanks nothing of counting \$1500 in thirty seconds.

Gold coins are turned out in pretty much the same way.—Washington Star.

War's Awful Carriage.

General Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, when in Washington a short while ago, told quite an interesting story about the greatest fatality of the war in proportion to the number of troops engaged. He was talking about Congressman Carlton as an artist in the war.

"When General Sedgwick's corps," he said, "surprised our troops by crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, as I captured a regiment and a half of General Banksdale's Mississippi brigade and a portion of the Washington artillery stationed on Marie's Heights, this cut off from our main line that small portion of our troops stationed between Fredericksburg and Hamilton's crossing, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad. Among these troops so cut off was a battery of artillery in position just opposite Deep Bottom Run, on the Rappahannock River, and far in advance of the balance of that portion of our line."

"A brigade of Sedgwick's corps, which had crossed the river at Deep Bottom Run, discovering the position of this battery and seeing that it was unsupported by and cut off from the main line of our troops, marched upon it preparatory to charging and capturing it."

"The Captain commanding this battery, who is now Congressman Carlton, of Georgia, discovering the movement of the enemy, at once realized the situation, and knowing full well that to attempt to retreat in face of the enemy would result in the capture and loss of his battery, promptly, although entirely unsupported, moved his guns forward, meeting the advancing brigade, and when in easy cannon range poured a volley into the enemy's ranks, which staggered and drove them back."

"Reforming, they advanced again, when Carlton repeated the dose with the same success."

"Attempting a third time to charge the battery, and seeing the resolute determination of Carlton and his men not to yield the field, they rushed pell mell into an adjoining ravine, when the artilleryman turned his guns upon them in their hiding place, and scarcely a man was left to tell the tale."

"The official report made a few days afterward by the Federal officer in command of the brigade, as to the loss in this engagement, was about 1000 killed and wounded. The loss sustained by Carlton's battery was remarkably slight. Atlanta Constitution.

Some Extraordinary Frescoes.

The walls of the former palace of the Bey of Constantine are adorned with extraordinary frescoes of the rudest and most artistic designs. The story of their origin is curious enough. Ahmed, the last Bey of Constantine was anxious to have the walls of his palace decorated with oil-paintings, but, notwithstanding the most diligent search in the city and neighborhood, no native artist could be found who was capable of carrying out his wishes. In this dilemma he resorted to him to intrust the execution of the task to a French prisoner, a painter by trade, who was employed in the palace. He promised him his liberty. The poor fellow had no other way to ply his trade, but had not the colors or the brushes necessary.

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WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinions on an Important Subject.

What is the force that cures disease, and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to us because we believe in him, and how far are his pills and powders an aid to the material representatives of his personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homoeopathic doctors cure; the Libanomanian cure; and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian scientists, and the four-dollar-and-a-half advertisement Libanomanian, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—in the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grieves, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process. And the Commercial's contention is that it is the part of rational kings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can aid nature and how they can best avoid obstructing her.—Buffalo Commercial.

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the conditions of the human system. Of course "no doctor knows it all."—Rochester Morning Herald.

I have used Warner's Safe-Cure and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shurton, senior Editor, Toledo Gazette, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

Double Men.

There are people in the world who seem to live, if we may so express it, a double life, and to have, each one of them, two distinct and often antagonistic characters. Some of these double men premeditatedly carry two faces under one hood; others do so unconsciously. We know individuals of lamb-like countenance and demeanor, who are essentially ruffians, or worse. Behind their lamb visages lurk the features of beasts of prey. Outwardly, they seem to belong to the herbivora; inwardly, they are ravening wolves."

On the other hand, there are thousands of double men who have no suspicion of their own duality. Look at Mr. Botany Bond, for instance, of the great shipping house of Bond & Charter. Money-making Bond, the man of habit, in his counting-house, is not a bit like Bond, the hospitable, whole-souled fellow you meet in his own house up-town. The former is a short-spoken peremptory, despotic personage, who inspires his employees with fear and dread; whose talk is of freight, manifests, bills of lading, marine insurance, and the like. But when business hours are over, that Bond disappears, and a very different sort of a man jumps into the Bond carriage and drives home. Arrived there, he kisses Mrs. B., tickles the children, and cheers the whole household with his jovial voice and beaming smile.

His wife never having been in the great, gloomy warehouse of the firm down-town, knows nothing of the curly Bond that makes it gloomier with his grimaces from 10 to 5. The saturnine, long-headed, vigilant chemist, with all his uncouth habits, is not east, and his amiable double at the counting house door the next morning, and blots him out as a thunder-cloud might blot out, for the time being, the pleasant sunlight.

This double nature—or rather double character, resulting from the alternate supremacy of nature and habit—is a curious anomaly. We leave the metaphysicians to account for it. New York Ledger.

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Instead of the absolute necessity of a...

One Thousand Dollars.

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