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VOL. XI. CARLISLE, KY., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1877. NO. 26.

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THE FOOL AND HIGHWAYMAN.

Never heard of Redmond O'Hanlon, the Irish highway robber? Well, that's surprising. Your English Turpins and French Invals couldn't hold a candle to our highwayman. But for all his shrewdness he met his match for once, and I'll tell you how it was.

There was one hard landlord whom Redmond never lost an opportunity of taxing, for that was the polite name he gave to his own robberies.

So one quarter day, when the gentleman's servants asked him about going for the rents, he swore at O'Hanlon, and said he didn't see the use of collecting money to hand it over to him.

Now this gentleman had on his estate a boy called "Jerry the Fool," who had the run of the house and made fun for the family. He had a great conceit of himself, and when he heard what the master said, he immediately asked to be allowed to go after the rents for once, and he declared he would know the way to bring them safe home.

Of course he was laughed at; but when he represented that no harm would come from trying, as he could not do worse than all who had gone before him, the master agreed to humor him. Upon that Jerry made such preparations as he thought suitable, chose the worst horse in the stable—an old hack, half blind and three-quarters lame—and started on his enterprise.

Nothing occurred on the way. He collected a considerable amount of money, carefully disposed it about his person and started homeward. Toward evening, as he was quietly jogging along on the old hack, and was just entering a long lane, with high hedges on both sides, a tall, fine-looking man rode up to him on a handsome roan mare.

"God save you, my man!" says the gentleman.

"God save your Honor," replied Jerry.

"What's your name, my man?" asked the gentleman.

"Jerry the Fool, and I ain't a bit ashamed of it. What's yours?"

The gentleman took no notice of the question. After a while he says, "That is a fine animal you are riding, Jerry."

"Faith, I'm glad your Honor likes it, but it isn't myself that'd care to take a lease of his life. But he'd serve my turn any way, for it's not in a hurry I'm traveling. I have only been to the village beyond to collect the master's rents for him."

"Surely he's not such a fool as to trust you with the job?"

"Arrah, why not?" asked Jerry, in surprise.

"Why, don't you know that Redmond O'Hanlon is on the road?"

"Redmond O'Hanlon is it?" said Jerry. "Ugh! that much for Redmond O'Hanlon," says he, snapping his fingers. "Faix, Jerry the Fool is a match for a half dozen of the likes of him, any day in the week, and Sunday into the bargain."

The stranger laughed, and then rode on in silence till they came to a very lonely part of the road, when he drew a brace of pistols and told Jerry to hand over all the money he had about him, or he'd try if he had any brains by sending a couple of bullets through his head.

"Meala murther!" roars Jerry in a tone of fright. "You don't mean to say your Honor's Redmond O'Hanlon?"

"I do indeed. So hand over, my man, and look sharp about it."

"But, faix, it's kilt entirely I'll be by the master if I go home without the rint."

"What is that to me?" said O'Hanlon.

"Anyhow," said Jerry, "I must show them that I had a murtherin' fight for it. Perhaps your Honor wouldn't mind firing a shot through my old beaver?" O'Hanlon did so, laughing at the trick.

"And now through the breast of my coat, and bless you." This was done. "Now just one in the skirt of it, and good luck to your Honor."

"But I've discharged both my pistols, and don't want the bother of loading them up again for you."

"Faix, and I should dearly like to have a shot through the skirts; it would show I fought desperate. Are you sure your Honor hasn't another pistol in your pocket that you would not mind for a poor boy's sake?"

"Confound you! to be sure I have not. Hand over the money or I'll beat your head into a jelly with my horsewhip."

"Well," says Jerry, after a good deal of fumbling, "I suppose, considering the trouble I've had in collecting these rints, your Honor won't mind the little bother of going over the hedge after them."

And then he threw over a sack, apparently well-filled with coins. Half laughing, half angry, the highwayman—first aiming at Jerry with his whip, which he avoided by ducking—jumped off his horse and sprang over the ditch to get the money-bag, and no sooner had he done so than Jerry slipped off the old hack and mounted O'Hanlon's horse.

"Bad scan to you, Mr. Redmond O'Hanlon!" he bawled. "Didn't I tell you that Jerry the Fool was a match for a dozen of you? It's a sack of brass buttons you've gone over the hedge after, you thief of the world." And touching the fine mare with the spur he galloped off, singing at the top of his voice the old melody, "Go to the mischief and shake yourself."

HONOR TO FALLEN HEROES.

Extract from an Address by General John W. Finnell, Delivered at Louisville on Decoration Day.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: We are told that on the reading of the manifesto of war, at Kischeneff, a few days since, in the presence of the grand army of Russia and the thousands there assembled, the long lines of soldiers stood silent and immovable as death, and the crowds, looking upon the serried ranks so silent, and gazed with wonder and with awe while the Bishop read the declaration—a paper big with the fate of their people and their country—and probably of mankind! And it is said that before the reading had been half concluded the deep silence was broken by the sobs of the great Emperor, and the soldiers and people were alike affected to tears and wept in sympathy with their illustrious sovereign.

Coming to the throne at the close of the Crimean war, with the fearful sacrifices of which he had been familiar, it had been the pride and glory of the Emperor that his reign was one of peace, and it had been his boast and his hope that he would soon conclude it, but the dread hour had come, and the war was to be proclaimed, the end of which none but God could foresee.

It seems but yesterday that this great people of ours, rich in all the blessings that peace and prosperity can bring to a nation, were startled from their dream of gladness by this horrid specter—war!

We were at peace with all the world. For nearly half a century, with the exception of a brief struggle with our neighbor, Mexico, our people had known nothing of war. Our mission had been and was peculiarly a mission of peace. Our progress had been uninterruptedly onward and upward in all the arts that lead to power and empire and that point to a higher and nobler destiny!

From eight millions of people, confined to the eastern slope of the Alleghenies, and the few scattered settlements of our own beloved Kentucky—then a wilderness and the extreme western boundary of civilization—population had moved steadily toward the West, capturing plains and subduing mountains—arrested only by the boundless Pacific—until forty millions of freemen, spreading from sea to sea, clasped the continent in the arms of a great nation! From ocean to ocean, and from the lakes to the Rio Grande, the land was teeming with riches. Our harvests were unfailingly abundant, and from our mines the precious metals were poured in unmeasured volume. Vast areas of wild lands were brought into subjection; the rushing waters of our rivers were harnessed for work; towering mountains were disemboweled of their long-secreted treasure, and, as if by magic, hamlets grew into villages, and villages grew into great cities all over the land.

Measured by the blessings with which the God of the Universe favors His people, we should have been the most thankful and the most contented, as we were the most favored and prosperous nation on the face of the earth. With resources unlimited, with a progress unexampled, with national and individual wealth and prosperity unparalleled, we had become the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world.

All this we were and more, when, in the mysterious providence of God, we were brought face to face with the fearful realities of an internecine war.

Great commonwealths, rich and prosperous, were broken up; fertile fields, blooming as the rose, were laid waste; bright and sunny homes were made desolate; wives were widowed, children orphaned, and passion ruled the hour, until from the Sault to the Balize, and from the Atlantic across our mountain ranges even to the Pacific, there went up from almost every hearthstone in the land a cry of anguish—a wail of unutterable woe!

But victory came at last. The nation was saved and peace was proclaimed. And what gladness and joy unspeakable it brought. The roar of great battles had hardly died away before the soldiers of the contending armies were clasped in each other's arms, and tears of joy and sorrow were shed as they recounted to each other their deeds of daring and their days of suffering. Terms, the most generous and magnanimous, were freely accorded to the vanquished, and to the country everywhere there was the welcomed outlook of hope and peace. Friends long separated were united. Loved ones, torn from each other by the relentless laws of war, came together again—husband to wife, father to children, brother to brother—and the very air seemed redolent to sad and wounded hearts.

But amid all this rejoicing, how many a wife mourned an absent husband—looking day by day and through the still watches of the night for his coming—watching and waiting, with faint heart and tearless eyes, gathering her little ones around her, hoping against hope, until in despair she cried out: "Ah! God, will he not come? Am I indeed widowed? Are these, my children, fatherless?" And the noble mother—she who gave her first born to the service of the country—that boy who was the idol of her heart and the hope of her declining years! The war is over, and yet he comes not! It is the same sad story—watching and waiting.

Far away from here, in distant parts of our land, how many a widowed wife mourning a husband lost, how many a mother sorrowing for her boy, would weep for joy if she could stand beside the grave of the lost loved one this day! How many are there who, sitting silently and sad, ask: "Are there any to scatter flowers on the grave so dear to me to-day?"

Let the spirits of the dead lying in yonder bivouac bear back the response.

You, noble-hearted women of Louisville, have well performed this sacred duty for the bereaved mother, the widowed wife and fatherless children who are absent to-day. And if there be spirits in the air to bear to them the story of your loving kindness, they will bless you; and may their prayers preserve you from sorrows such as afflict them.

Let us put behind us all the past, save only the lessons of wisdom and of patriotism it has taught us. Let us bury in absolute forgetfulness all the events of that dreadful strife, save only such as illustrate the courage, the manhood, and the magnanimity of both sections of the country. Looking to the future, let us remember that, though alienated for a time, we are now bound together by every tie of interest and consanguinity; that we are members of the same great family, that we have a common country, a common interest and a common destiny.

Let us with one will and with one accord strive earnestly for peace; remembering for the while that "there can be no enduring peace if the constitutional rights of any portion of the people are habitually disregarded." Let all men of all parties and of all sections stand immovably for the "supremacy of the law." Let us inculcate at all times and everywhere the great truth that the moral and national prosperity of the whole people can only be "effectually advanced by a hearty and generous recognition of the rights of all by all—without reserve or exception."

Relying upon these principles, and seeking only these ends, the day of complete reconciliation is at hand! And we may not hope that the day is not far distant when, in the decoration of the graves of the gallant men who lie buried there in commemoration of their sacrifice in the defense of their country, we may also scatter flowers upon the graves of the Confederate dead who are buried side by side with them, and thus give expression to the respect we bear to the courage and the fidelity of the heroic men who, though arrayed against us, freely gave their lives of their convictions?

An Elephant Gives Birth to a Little Baby Elephant.

[St. Louis Republican.]

One of the great attractions of Adam Forepaugh's Great Combination is a recently born baby elephant. This wonderful curiosity is the first of the sort ever known here. It is a cute, fat, lubberly, baby, whose antics are exceedingly droll, and whose safety is watched over by a mother of huge proportions. There is no record in history of a baby elephant having been born in captivity, and this fact makes such a case exceedingly interesting.

On the 1st day of last February, at the winter quarters of Mr. Adam Forepaugh's menagerie, in Germantown, Pennsylvania, his elephant Minerva, one of his six performing elephants, who is fifty years of age, gave birth to a bouncing baby elephant, which was thirty-seven inches high and weighed over one hundred pounds. Not only is this the first instance of any elephant having in captivity became a mother, but this is the first case known since the glacial era of an elephant being born outside the tropics. A native born American elephant is a wonderful animal. This "little cuss" nurses with its mouth. The mother elephant's bosom is between its forelegs, and the "baby" elephant stands in front of its mammoth mamma and takes the nipple in its mouth, then it uses its trunk to press the milk from the breast, just as women often use their hands when nursing to press their bosoms and facilitate the flow of milk. The idea of a mother weighing seven thousand two hundred pounds is alone sufficent to excite intense interest. She was only a few hours in her confinement, but previously had occupied herself for days in making arrangements for the comfort of the expected stranger. She gathered all the straw and other material that was acceptable for the couch, even appropriating a coat belonging to one of the showmen, and showing a displeasure when an attempt was made to take it away. When the baby arrived she was unceasing in her attention to it and care for its comfort. She lavished caresses on it, patting it with her trunk and rubbing her head against it. When it responded to her manifestations of regard she was overjoyed.

She evidently thought it very small, but no mother could have more lovingly admired the beauty of her infant. When the showman handled it she watched carefully that they did not hurt it. To have done so would have brought on a rage that would have made things extremely lively; but she seemed gratified when strangers came about to look at and pat the baby.

The mother is still devotedly attached to it, taking care that it is cleaned and fed, and petted and humored in its willful, babyish pranks.

Dundreary, who went to Canada to fish, is now struggling through vast plains of caterpillars. What's the good of trout amid such an avalanche of grub?

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

Mountainous Scenery and Antiquated Caverns—Interesting to the Scientist.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., June 1, 1877.

To the Editors of the Mercury:

Having been absent from your lovely little city and her noble people for so long a time, pent up amid the rugged hills and lofty mountains of East Tennessee—the "Switzerland of America"—permit me to give your many intelligent readers, through your interesting journal, a hastily-written topographical and geological description of this land of wonders, interspersed with some varied scenes of gorgeous splendor and unsurpassed sublimity.

This section of the State is noted for its grotesque mountains and picturesque scenery, with their laughing cascades and roaring cataracts; for its rock-ribbed hills and undulating plains, with their diversified mineral springs and crystal fountains; for its fertile valleys and verdurous meadows, through which flow in unceasing and majestic splendor bubbling brooks, lovely rivulets and broad and rapid rivers of pure limpid waters, ever coursing their way to the "Great Father of Waters." Oft have I stood upon some projecting bluff and watched with delight the numerous varieties of fishes sporting over the shining pebbles and glittering sands.

"How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Their golden mirrors, spreading wide,
And see the mists of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side."

As before stated, this section is very mountainous, having many branches of the Alleghanies, the most elevated of which are the Cumberland and Lawrel. On the eastern boundary is a continuous chain of mountains, denominated in its different parts Unka, Iron, Smoky and Bald, none of which are over two thousand feet high. Between these are many other mountains of smaller import, such as House, Log, Lane and Look-out, the latter of which receives the Chattanooga and Nashville railroad, cut in the side of a solid precipitous rock two hundred feet above and overlooking the Tennessee River. While the train is winding around this terrible precipice, the passengers, as if looking from the clouds, can see nothing but the white foam and angry waves of the Tennessee curling, seething and dashing over and among the rugged rocks below.

These mountains contain numerous caves of vast extent, which contain human skeletons and the bones of the mastodon and many other extinct species of animals. Among these human bones are beads, pipes, flint arrow-heads, tomahawks, stone plates and many other evidences of the crude workmanship of the ancient race of men that once roamed over these hills and mountains, sharing alike the tempest and the storm amid the forest's wild chase and the cavern's deep gloom. Many of the skeletons give characteristic evidence that they belonged to a race much larger than the ancient "mound builders," or even the North American Indian. But who they were, or where they came from, or what particular sphere they filled in the great drama of life, none can tell. All that we ever have learned, or perhaps ever will learn, as regards their general history, is written in the dust of their "last, sad sleep"—entombed with their pipes of peace and instruments of death, and surrounded and covered o'er with the bones of extinct animals and petrified plants.

"One cave," says the renowned historian, Prescott, "has been explored to the distance of ten miles, and contains many vaulted compartments glittering with stalectites, and when viewed by torchlight the scene is most wonderful."

Many stories have been traditionally told regarding vast hidden treasures in these caverns. Many searches have been made, but none resulting successfully. About two months since, a citizen discovered in one of these caves a secret vault containing twenty thousand dollars of gold and silver. This was luck for a poor man!

Petrifications of various kinds are found in numerous places. Petrified trees and animals are abundant. Among these are the bones of the mammoth or mastodon, and the organic remains of various animals and of plants long since extinct. In these mountains are some very singular impressions of the feet of men, horses and other animals as distinctly marked in the solid limestone rock as if made in moist clay.

I wish next to state that the geological history of East Tennessee begins with Paleozoic and runs successively through the Silurian, Devonian and Carboniferous ages; and that all the limestone of these ages was lifted and broken up and displaced by the great Appalachian upheaval, thereby revealing to the eye of the geologist thousands upon thousands of petrified species of mollusca, articulata and radiata. Among the mollusks are many beautiful species of the orthis occidentialis, atryper aspera, spirifer mucranatus, spirifer cancertus, etc. Among the crustacians, the trilabites appear to have been the largest and highest of life, but the cephalopoa, among the articulates, exceeds the trilobites in regard to length, size and strength, having yielded a shell from twelve to fifteen feet long.

The greatest feature of the Devonian age was the first introduction of life among plants Articulates, including insects and vertebrates. These early vertebrates were fishes of a very high order, ianoids and selachians, including the cephalespie lyellii and the beautiful and symmetrical depterus macrolejidotus, etc.

In the next, or carboniferous age, we have an extended and increased number of beautiful mulluaks, crustacians, articulates, radiates and vertebrates; and also of the luxuriant vegetations clothing the land with forests and jungles, constituting the true "coal measure." During the coal formation, many perfect specimens of ferny, cycopodiums, equisitums, canifers, sigillani, etc., were preserved in all their original perfection.

But at last came the decision of the Eternal One that all these long ages of comparative quiet, with all their species and systems of life, should come to a close; and an epoch of rupturing metamorphyism and mountain-making set in along the eastern shores of America, from Newfoundland to Alabama; and that portion of the great Appalachian upheaval in East Tennessee is a part of the result. And during these upheavals, moving waters in the form of rivers, brooks and cataracts began chiseling the heights and valleys, which have been slowly but surely progressing through the Mesozoice, Cenozoice and Time of Man. On this point, Murchisan says "that the coal stratas and their antecedent formations were very generally broken up and thrown, by great upheavals, into separate basins, which were fractured by powerful dislocations." Prof. Dana, of Yale College, in speaking of the carboniferous period, says that "the epoch of the Appalachian revolution was then a grand epoch for the world. The complete extermination of life, which took place at the time, was probably a consequence of those great physical changes progressing over the earth's surface. And that the Appalachian mountains stand up as boldly between Paleozoic and Mesozoice time as between the ocean and interior continental basin."

East Tennessee has also some of the ridges of the Appalachian formation, with their "bald" summits and ancient Paleozoic rocks containing myriad remains of extinct animals and plants. It has well represented the singular parallel valleys and ridges of Middle Virginia; the highlands, the barrens and the rich limestone of Kentucky; the orange colored sandhills and cotton soil of North Carolina and Georgia; and it yields all the vegetable productions of the Middle and Southern States. But its vast mineral wealth and splendid water powers pre-eminently fit it for a great and prosperous manufacturing country.

With what has been said, it must not be inferred that East Tennessee is a land only of rugged hills and precipitous mountains with their bald summits and lofty peaks reaching to the clouds, for between these are broad valleys and undulating plains of unsurpassed fertility. Beautiful little cities crowd here and there; cheerful villages and delightful residences greet the traveler along his journey. Magnificent forests of poplar, pine, walnut, cherry and other varieties of valuable timber stand majestically along these valleys and mountains, inviting alike the woodsman and mechanic.

We have the most agreeable climate of any State in the South. These lofty mountains running east and west break off the cold winter's blasts, and their dense forests moisten the sun's intense heat, rendering our summers almost as pleasant as those of New Jersey and our winters like those of Florida. With these and many other untold advantages, we can see nothing to prevent East Tennessee from becoming, at no distant day, the grand center of Southern and even Western developments and industry.

N. F. McN.

"Feelings."

The following "feelings" are better imagined than experienced:

The feelings of a near-sighted man who finds he has kissed his hand to the wrong lady.

The finding your pocket-book gone just as you are about to leave a strange hotel, with no time to spare to reach the cars.

The rapidity with which the fancy stocks decline when you go in, and rise when you sell out.

The sensation from a lady's boot-heel, present style, when she steps on your toot accidentally.

The prices charged at some of the "the European style."

The amount of gas and plumming bills.

The being asked by a person at an evening party, with whom you are acquainted, but whose name you can not recollect, to introduce him to your friend, Mr. Struggins, who is coming toward you.

The Chinese.

The Chinese are said to have no Sunday, nor even such a division as a week; their temples are open, however, every day for the visits of devotees. In their temple there are many images; the people generally are superstitious, and in every house there is an altar and several deities. The Chinese profess to be a very ancient nation—according to some of their records, China was flourishing 276,000 years ago; and one of their historians says that it existed as far back as 96,861,740 years! The "great wall," which separates China from Tartary, has stood more than two thousand years; and though built of brick and mortar, it is so well put together that it is but little decayed even now. Schlegel, in his Philosophy of History, speaking of this famous wall, says:

"Such is its height and thickness, that it has been calculated that its cubic contents exceed all the buildings in England and Scotland; or again, that the same materials would serve to construct a wall a ordinary height and moderate thickness around the earth."

THERE are 2,750 languages.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[Special to the Mercury.]

NEW YORK, June 7, 1877.

THE POOL-SELLERS.

Driven from New York and Jersey City, and disliking the atmosphere of Brooklyn, "the city of churches," they have taken to the water. Like the amphibious animal, when attacked on shore he makes for the stream.

The Legislature, last winter, passed a very strict law, for the special benefit of this city, against pool-selling, and it has been rigidly enforced. Morrissey moved to Jersey City, just across the river, and opened out there, and the other pool-sellers followed suit, much to the delight of the ferries; for that portion of the gambling fraternity whose business is betting on base-ball and horses have gone over every night. And now, that the Jerseyites have brought out their statutes and are about to bring *their* laws in force, the pool-sellers are fitting up barges, which they will anchor out in the middle of the stream, beyond the jurisdiction of both States, as they claim, and in which they will carry on their pool-selling as well as indulge in faro and similar pursuits.

OPPOSITION TO FIRE-CRACKERS.

The fire insurance companies of New York are making a very sensible move just now in an effort to have an ordinance passed making it a punishable offense to sell or use fire-crackers, or others of the small fire-works. The large number of fires brought about by their use is the cause of this opposition by the insurance companies. They present a startling array of figures in their statement. The invoice value of all the fire-crackers imported since July 1, 1864, is less than $1,500,000, while the loss by two fires directly caused by them was $15,000,000! Every dollar's worth of fire-crackers imported has occasioned a direct loss by fire of upwards of one hundred dollars. The Centennial-Fourth-of-July fires cost the insurance companies alone $154,574, while the value of the fire-crackers imported during the whole year was $166,095. The fire-works of American manufacture during the ten years succeeding 1865 cost $1,556,000.

It is to be hoped that all cities and towns will break up the use of fire-crackers. There are many better ways to celebrate which are much pleasanter and more sensible, and do not end in burnt hands and faces, eyes put out and houses burned down.

THE LATEST FROM FRANCE.

There is not much change in the situation in France. The Assembly is prorogued till the 16th, and the new Ministry, of whom a majority are Bonapartists, is busily occupied in making preparations for the coming election. The Republicans are in good spirits because they feel confident of success in the end. The first surprise over, they see that the acts of the De Broglie Ministry can turn only to their advantage.

In the elections to come the Republicans will have greater majorities, and in all probability MacMahon will resign; for, after all, he will not prove to be an Extremist. In fact, he will see it is utter madness to oppose the current of events. This is the face of affairs now at any rate.

J. B. P.

Sleep Disturbers.

Sleep is a thing that has been approved of in all ages. The inventor, we believe, is unknown; but whoever he was we accord him, with Sancho Panza, our heartiest blessing. With Young it is "great nature's second course," the "balm of hurt minds," "sore labor's bath," chief nourisher in life's feast," and so forth. With the melancholy Johnson it is "the patenthesis of human woe." In short, it is a thing which everybody admires and has a liking for. Seeing it is appreciated by mankind, how great is the blame due those who, by any kind of act or omission on their part, tend to disturb their fellow-creatures in the enjoyment of it. We wish to speak delicately; yet it must be told that there is such a thing as snoring. It is a base vice (qu. base voice?), and would degrade the greatest, the loveliest and the wisest. If Cæsar was addicted to it he was unfit for the people; if Cleopatra was notorious for it, she was eminently unworthy of the honor of ruining the third sharer of the world. Had Richard snored in his tent, the ghosts of his victims would have been scared away. Only glance at a human being in this predicament. The form that by day looked like a winged Mercury alighting on a Heaven-kissing hill, it is now prostrate with a ridiculous looking limb kicked out beyond the bed-clothes. The face unusually seen full of animation and intelligence, is now distorted with a senseless gape, while through the throat and nose pours an intermittent stream of the most unmusical and burlesque sound.

Why, the man has become a broken pair of bellows—an insane bag pipe—a grunting pig—anything but a respectable human being. The only wonder is, that one who can take this shape should ever be able to resume his ordinary daylight form, and be a man again. Is there anything under the sun more annoying, and one that will more provoke a man to call (irreverently) on his Maker, than finding one's self in close proximity to one of those great breathing engines? Some make a noise with the most relentless preseverance. Sleep in such a neighborhood is impossible, and the epithets bestowed on the snorer are not desirable—surely not sought after. A regular snorer will make more enemies in one night than he can secure corresponding friends in ten years of broad daylight.—[Detroit Free Press.

A RIFLE ball travels at the rate of one thousand miles an hour.