THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher

RED CLOUD, - NEBRASKA.

THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN.

Across the dull and brooding night
A giant flies with demon light,
And breath of wreathing smoke;
Around him whirl the reeling plains,
And with a dash of dim disdain,
He cleaves the sundered rock.

In lonely swamps the low wind stirs
The belt of black funereal firs,
That murmur to the sky,
Till, startled by his mad career,
They seem to keep a hush of fear
As if a god swept by.

Through many a dark, wild heart of heath;
O'er booming bridges, where beneath
A mighty river brawls;
By ruins, remnants of the past,
Their ivies trembling in the blast;
By singing waterfalls.

The slumb'rer on his silent bed
Turns to the light his lonely head,
Divested of its dream;
Long leagues of gloom are hurried o'er
Through tunnel sheaths, with iron roar,
And shrill night-rending scream.

Past huddling huts, past flying farms,
High furnace flames, whose crimson arms
Are grappling with the night,
He tears along receding lands,
To where the kingly city stands,
Wrapt in a robe of light.

Here, round each wide and gushing gate,
A crowd of eager faces wait,
And every smile is known,
We thank thee, O, thou Titan train,
That in the city once again
We clasp our loved, our own.

—*All the Year Round.*

NOTEWORTHY CASES OF PERSONAL INJURY.

We mentioned some months ago a Kansas case holding a company liable for injuries which a boy, while playing about a disused turn-table, sustained through its defective condition. From a recent decision it appears that the right of small boys in Kansas to play about the railroads is not without limits. Near a station was a switch track 280 feet long, and inclined four and a half feet in that distance; so that a car switched off upon it needed to be fastened, else it would run down the grade. The cars were usually fastened by means of the brakes. But the boys of the place were addicted to climbing upon the cars, loosening the brakes and taking a free ride down. This was not done by consent of the company; on the contrary, it was forbidden. One day a young boy while taking a ride in this manner, and endeavoring to get off the car before it had quite stopped, fell under the wheels and was killed. The Court held that the company was not liable, for the reason that it had not failed in any duty. Neither the track nor the cars were defective or out of repair. This boy was not a passenger or an employe; he had no right to climb upon the cars; but was a mere trespasser. As toward him the company was not bound to fasten the cars in any particular way; and it had fastened them sufficiently to prevent injury to all persons except one using them wrongfully.

Another small boy case comes from Pennsylvania. He was a newsboy and was accustomed to ride back and forth on the trains to sell papers. He had some oral permission from the conductor for riding as he did; but the rules of the company forbade any person except employes to ride without paying fare or showing a pass; the conductor had not authority to give the leave. At length the boy was killed under circumstances which would have enabled his mother, if he had been a passenger, to recover damages. And she brought suit, claiming that the leave to ride, given to her son, in effect made him a passenger, even though the conductor ought not to have given it. The Court said that when a person gets leave from a conductor to make a trip without paying fare, which leave is granted contrary to the rules of the company, the traveler is legally liable for the fare and the company can recover it from him by an action. Therefore he has the rights of a passenger while on the trip. But this boy rode back and forth not as a passenger, but to sell papers. He was only a trespasser. The company owed him no duty—except to refrain from any willful injury, etc. Damages could not be claimed for an ordinary railroad casualty by which he was hurt.

A Kansas woman put two little girls aboard a train of cars intending they should ride to Iowa Point. One of them was less than five years of age; the other older, but weak and sickly. They were not placed in any one's charge, nor was any money given them to pay fare. It was the custom to allow mere children traveling with adults to ride free. When the train reached Iowa Point it stopped long enough for passengers to leave. The little girls, however, seem not to have known, until too late, that the stopping place was Iowa Point; at any rate they did not reach the car platform to quit the car until the train was just starting. However, they tried to alight. A passenger tried to help them. The elder one succeeded; but the younger one, when her feet touched the platform of the station, fell forward and she rolled to the ground between that platform and the car. If, now, she had lain perfectly still she would not have been hurt; but she had not presence of mind for this, and her struggles brought her feet upon the track and they were badly crushed. Meantime the conductor had no information that the children were to leave the train at Iowa Point, or that they were traveling by themselves. And when the accident happened it was aggravated by the passengers giving contradictory signals to the engineer. The Court held that the company was not chargeable with any negligence which could render it liable. It was bound to carry the child safely to Iowa Point; but this was done. The company was not bound to know that the child wished to alight at Iowa Point unless that wish was manifested by giving notice to the conductor beforehand or going forward to alight when the train stopped. It was the tardiness of the children, and not any fault of the trainmen, which delayed their getting off until the train was dangerously in motion. Nor were the employes bound to know that the children were traveling without a guardian; they had a right to suppose that the passenger whom they saw assisting the little girls to alight was a person in whose charge they were. The company was not in fault because a good-natured passenger tried to help the children off, nor because hasty and excited passengers confused the engineer by injudicious signals. The affair was an accident which could not have been anticipated. A railroad company cannot be made responsible for an unforeseen accident occurring in the rightful operation of the road; its liability must always be founded on a wrong, a neglect.

A grown woman in Pennsylvania sustained a singular injury in alighting. The train was stationary. The woman was assisted by her husband. On stepping downward from the lowest step of the car she advanced her left foot foremost to the ground, keeping her right foot on the step. While she held that position, and without any apparent cause, her right knee-cap snapped and was fractured. There was no slipping or stumbling, no blow or force of any kind. She brought suit, ascribing the casualty to strain attributable to the step being extravagantly high from the ground. The company denied that the step was unusually high, and said that the injury could only be attributed to some constitutional weakness of the lady's knee; and they brought a witness or two to show that the left knee-cap had previously been broken almost as [illegible]. The Court said the jury m[illegible] as well as they could whether [illegible] attributable to any negligence on the part of the company; if it was fortuitous—if it could not have been anticipated and provided against—there was no liability. But in a case like this negligence must be affirmatively proved. There was no ground for presuming it. The cars were at a standstill; there was no jar or breaking of machinery; the lady was alighting without any interference from the company; and, if the step appeared too high, she might have demanded better facilities.

A car on the Northern Pacific Road left the track, and, as it was bouncing along, one of the passengers endeavored to save himself by rushing to the platform and jumping off. He was badly hurt, but, as the result proved, he would probably have been safe if he had remained in the car. The company urged that the injury was clearly his own fault. But the Court said that the wisdom of jumping in such a case is not to be determined by the result. The passenger must judge of the comparative danger of remaining still or attempting to get off by the circumstances as they appear to him. He has to act upon the probabilities at the time. The jury must judge the case in the same way. If the leap was an act which a person of ordinary prudence might do under the circumstances, it does not prevent the passenger from recovering damages.

Two recent cases have occurred of injury to an employe occasioned by his being knocked from the top of a car by a bridge over the road. Both have been decided, in accordance with previous decisions, that a company is not bound toward employes to place its bridges high enough to admit of a man standing erect on a car underneath. Injury from a low bridge is one of the risks of a brakeman's employment.

An Illinois decision discusses the effect of a conductor's urging a person to a dangerous act. A long freight train ran into the city of Knoxville and was left standing on the track in such position that the middle part of the train stood opposite a street, and thus the cars obstructed any one in crossing. This street was the natural passage for persons coming to take passenger trains. The trainmen ought to have divided the freight train; but they had not done so. Mr. Sykes, approaching with intention of boarding an expected train, found himself hindered by the freight cars, and stopped on the sidewalk, hesitating how to cross. The conductor called to him, "Come on under; you will have plenty of time." Thus encouraged, Mr. Sykes tried to creep under the freight cars, but at that moment the engineer started them, and Mr. Sykes was fatally injured. The Court said that a conductor has not unlimited authority to invite persons to take risks, and a traveler or passenger is not justified in doing what is evidently foolhardy because a conductor tells him to. But, under circumstances like these, the jury might well consider the company as doubly liable: 1, for fault in not dividing the train; 2, for the conductor's invitation. The negligence, if any, attributable to Sykes, was too slight to defeat an action for damages.

The question has often been discussed what agents have authority to bind the company by calling a physician or surgeon to treat a person suddenly injured by a railroad accident. A laborer on the Atchison & Nebraska Railroad had his foot nearly cut off by some accident with the machinery in use, and the "boss" of the gang in which he was working telegraphed to the General Superintendent to know if he might "get a doctor for him." The Superintendent telegraphed in answer: "Yes; do all you can to save the foot and make him comfortable." The Court held that by this telegram from the General Superintendent the "boss" was authorized to employ a physician or surgeon, and also to engage reasonable board while the foot was being treated. Board and care while one is suffering from a wound are within the direction "to make him comfortable." And it was not necessary to wait for a formal letter signed by the Superintendent; a telegram was sufficient. When an employe goes to a telegraph office and sends a dispatch to his superior, and in a short time receives from the same operator what purports to be an answer from his superior to his dispatch, he is warranted in presuming that the dispatch received is genuine, and in acting according to it.—*Railroad Gazette.*

A New Mormon Temple in the Wilderness.

The construction of the Grand Temple of Worship now being erected by the Mormon Church at Manti, Utah, is being pushed ahead with as large a force of workmen as convenience will permit, and the walls of the building are beginning to loom up and are covered with scaffolding and derricks. We learn from Mr. D. Wilken, who has just returned from a trip out in the Manti country, that the temple is being constructed of white limestone. The building is situated on top of a mountain, a spur of the Wasatch range, that extends out into the town of Manti, and is called by the people of Utah the Mountain of the Lord. The foundation of the temple is sixty-three feet above the level of the road, and is set in solid rock; the top of the mountain having been excavated and removed, making it level, is ninety-five feet in width and 172 in length. From the ground to the square will be eighty-two feet in height. There will be two towers erected, one at the east and the other at the west corner of the building. The tower at the east corner will be 179 feet in height, while that of the west corner will be ten feet lower, or 169 feet in height. They are thirty feet square at the base. There are four terrace walls around the mountain in front of the temple, which will average about seventeen feet in height and are about 900 feet in length, and in all contain about 2,400 cords of rock as at present built, and 55,000 yards of debris has been excavated and hauled away. The stairway from the road to the upper terrace is sixty-three feet, and will contain 132 stone steps, sixteen feet in width. In back of the terrace will be filled with rich soil, to the top of the stone-work, and trees and shrubbery planted, and the tops of the terraces are to be ornamented by neatly-dressed and cut stone, and statues will be placed at various and appropriate places. The water to supply the temple will be brought in wooden pipes from a spring situated about a mile and a quarter east of the temple, back in the mountains, and has a fall of seventy feet to the reservoir, and one hundred feet from the reservoir to the lower terrace. The whole side of the mountain is to be planted with trees and flowers, and the crystal stream poured forth by the little spring, as it winds it way down the side of the mountain, will travel from root to root, quenching their thirst, thus assisting the trees to produce their foliage in spring, the flowers to bloom and the grass to grow. The building of the temple was first commenced five years ago, and has been worked on ever since, and it is expected that it will be in such condition in about three years that it can be used, but it is estimated that it will take fully five years to complete the building. The building will be fifty feet in height, and the excavation at the east end for the basement is about forty-six feet in depth. Mr. Folsom is the architect, and as to his skill and ability as the Manti Temple will speak for years after he has passed from the face of the earth. It was President Young's intention when he ordered the erection of the temple that it should be the grandest and most imposing structure erected on the American Continent, and all indications point to such being the case.—*Pioche (Nev.) Record.*

How to Care for the Sick.

Some time since we felt moved to make some suggestion on the importance of endeavoring to educate our daughters in the most important parts of skillful nursing. It is a subject we have much at heart, for we so frequently see how many suffer needlessly for lack of knowl- on the part of those who have charge of the sick. To be sure, many have not the comfortable appliances that seem almost indispensable in the sick room. In small, cramped apartments it is impossible to do quietly, or entirely out of the sick-room, much that the invalid ought not to see or hear.

In such cases, patience, endurance on the part of the sick and skill on the part of the nurse, to keep all preparations as far as possible out of sight, are all that can be done.

But in comfortable homes, with the sick-room at a distance from the kitchen, there is no excuse for many things that are very annoying. We have known nurses to put a sauce-pan over the grate in the sick-room to make or warm over what they intended to be choice dainties for their patient. But nothing should be ever warmed up, much less cooked, in the room of the invalid. The sight or smell of the most delicate dish will be wearisome to the exhausted nerves, and when made is repulsive to the weakened stomach.

Make small messes. Better the patient should crave a spoonful more than revolt at the abundance. Prepare it far away from the sick room, without a word of consultation with any one except the physician, and bring it the moment it is done. Don't linger till it cools or grows stale and insipid, and the little that is brought should be prepared in the neatest, most attractive manner. Select the daintiest china and silver, and if possible bring with it a tiny vase with one choice rose or flower whose fragrance will not be too pungent; spread a pretty, white, glossily-smooth napkin over the small waiter; have the glass like crystal and the silver bright as a ray from the sun. Anything to be taken hot should be as hot as possible. Anything needed cold should be like ice.

No high seasoning should be given to an invalid; but what is allowed should be the choicest and mingled like Eve's repast for the angel in Eden. Remember that salt, pepper or sugar can be easily added, but if too much is used it cannot be remedied and the food be acceptable. A very small proportion of the sick care for sweet things; broths and well-seasoned meat, when allowed, fruit and acid jellies are usually more sought after.

While endeavoring to surprise the patient with something that one feels sure will be relished, if the sick turn from it, not yet able to relish it, be patient. Do not urge or expostulate. Remove the dish, and when out of sight reflect if you have not taken in too large a quantity. If your judgment assents, try something else in a very small quantity, and an hour or two after prepare the same thing that was before rejected, but only a spoonful or two, offer it without comment, and in nine cases out of ten, if really daintily prepared and presented, it will be taken with a good relish.

Of one thing, a nurse, or one who has anything to do with the care of an invalid, cannot be too cautious. In preparing broth, beef teas, or soups, let no mote of fat be seen floating on the surface. Nothing is so repulsive as those *eyes* of fat on the top of a cup of broth or soup. If well-made, few articles continue so long to be acceptable as good beef tea; only be cautious not to give it too constantly, lest it grow wearisome.

We have seen but few who make beef tea in the way we imagine best secures the whole of the juice of the meat, without any addition of water. We will give a rule that is not troublesome to follow, and, once tried, we think will be more generally used. If near a butcher, get him to chop a pound of lean beef very fine (if you prefer, chop it at home), take a thoroughly-cleaned glass or stone jar, put the beef thus chopped into it without any water. Screw down the cover and set in a kettle of cold water. We have always screwed the cover almost as tight as for preserves, or put in a large cork quite firmly, and never had one cracked or broken. The water should not reach the top of the jar, even when boiling. Some set a brick or some other weight on top to keep the jar from tipping over; but if broad at the bottom the weight of the meat will prevent that. Let it heat very slowly till it comes to a quiet boil. Keep it in that state full six hours. That is the best; but if in haste it can be made quite good in one hour. When possible, beef tea should be made the day before using. Set the kettle off the stove, when done, into a cool place, and let jar and contents become perfectly cold before taking it out. When opened, turn into a bowl, let it stand a short time to settle, and see if any particle of fat rises to the top. If so, remove with great care. Squeeze the meat hard, a little at a time, through a lemon-squeezer, to secure all the juice. Then salt and pepper—if allowed—heat quickly in a very clean sauce-pan, strain through a clean cloth, and give to the patient either very hot or icy cold, as best relished.

We close now, lest we become tedious. But we have suffered so much from poor nursing, and been at other times so comfortable and happy by the best of care, that we greatly desire mothers should see the great importance of having their daughters know how to take good care of those who are sick and suffering.—*Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, in Christian Union.*

A Remarkable Wound.

An instance of singular tolerance of a severe wound of the brain was recently communicated by M. Dubrisay to the Societie de Medicine de Paris. A man, aged forty-four, in an attempt at suicide, sent a small dagger through his skull into the brain. The weapon was ten centimeters long and one wide. He had held the dagger in his left hand and given it with his right several blows with the mallet, believing that he would fall dead at the first blow. To his profound surprise he felt no pain and observed no particular phenomenon. He struck the dagger in all about a dozen times. The man was a drunkard, but was sober at the moment of the attempt. When seen about two hours later the handle of the dagger was projecting from the skull at the junction of the posterior, and middle third, a little to the right of the middle line, and in a transverse position. The whole blade was imbedded, except a part one centimeter in length. For half an hour unsuccessful attempts were made to get the dagger out. The patient was placed on the ground, two vigorous persons fixed his shoulders, and aided by a strong pair of carpenters' pincers, repeated attempts were made, but without success. The patient and assistants were raised off the ground, but the dagger was immovable. These attempts caused no pain. More powerful mechanical instruments were then employed. The patient, who walked well, and complained of no headache, was taken to a coppersmith's, and by strong pincers, the handle of the dagger was fastened to a chain which was passed over a cylinder turned by steam power. The pincers, used for drawing out tubes of copper, were so made that the more they were pulled the tighter they grasped. The man was then fastened to rings fixed in the ground, and the cylinder was gently set in motion. At the second turn the dagger came out. The blade measured ten centimeters in length, of which nine had entered the interior of the skull. The patient, who had submitted with the greatest coolness to these manœuvers, suffered no pain or inconvenience. Some drops of blood escaped, and in a few minutes afterward the man was able to walk away to a hospital, where he remained in bed for ten days, but without fever or pain. He then returned to his work, and the wound gradually healed. M. Dubrisay endeavored by a post mortem experiment to ascertain what parts of the brain had been injured. He drove the dagger into the head of a cadaver in the same situation, and to the same depth, and found that, without injuring the superior longitudinal sinus, it had passed into the cerebral substance just behind the ascending parietal convolution, and thus behind the motor zone; the point had not reached the base. The difficulty in extraction had been due solely to the fixation of the instrument by the edges of the wound in the bone. —*London Lancet.*

Told by a Horse Trader.

"I was tradin' with a fellow one day," the wiry man with the keen eyes remarked, "and a young fellow he lipped in and spoiled the trade. He wanted the hoss I was tradin' himself. So I traded with him. 'Now,' says I, after we made the trade, 'if this hyar hoss of yourn don't suit me I want to come back in the mornin' and pay you ten dollars and get my hoss back.' 'All right,' he says, 'and I want the same privilege.' 'It's yours,' I tells him, an' he rode away. Well, sir, next mornin', just as I was puttin' on the saddle to go an' pay ten dollars an' git my own hoss, he rode into the barn and paid me ten dollars to git his'n. That was a good hoss to trade. I only paid ten dollars for him in the first place, an' I made twenty-eight on him by them forfeit trades in less'n six weeks.

"I had a powerful big cream hoss that was a stavin' good hoss to trade. One day a couple of fellows met me in town, grocers they were, and they was drivin' a right smart four-year-old colt for a delivery hoss. They stopped me and says:

"'How'll you swap that big cream hoss of yourn for this colt?'

"'Oh,' I says, 'I never trade hosses.'

"'Well,' they said, 'give us a trade on this colt, anyhow, can't ye?'

"'Well, no,' I said, 'I never trade hosses. But the cream is up at the barn; you can go look at him, if you want, and if you think you can make a trade, go ahead; I reckon I'll be satisfied.'

"Well, they drove up to the house and I went on down town. I never went nigh the house; jest let 'em go up and make their own trade, all alone, fur both sides. About noon I see 'em drivin' about town with the cream; splendid lookin' brute he was.

"Well," I says, 'how d'ye swop?"

'Oh,' says they, 'we left the colt an' fetched away the cream hoss.'

"Well, I was satisfied, but the next day I met one of the boys. 'How do you like the colt?' he says.

"Fustrate,' I told him, 'he's a good colt. How do you like the cream hoss?'

"We-ell,' he said, 'we're willin' to trade back if you are.'

"It kind o' graveled the boys, 'cause you see I'd let 'em do their own tradin'; hadn't gone around to urge the cream hoss onto 'em at all."

"I had a mighty fine ridin' mare," the hoss man with the twinkling eyes went on, "and old Seth Stringer had a splendid-looking dapple gray mare. 'How'll you trade for your dapple gray?' I asked him. He wanted fifteen dollars and I gave it. I took that mare home an' I singed her mane until it curled and crinked like moss. It was handsome. Then I trimmed her feet and put on light shoes. An' I fixed her up one way an' another till she looked like another hoss, and when I put a saddle on her no livin' man would have guessed she was the same mare with a weak back. When I rode by the barn Seth hollered out:

'Where you going with that mare?'

"I told him I was going to take her down to St. Louis to sell her to Bob Staples. 'Hold on,' says Seth, 'I believe I kin give you as much for that mare as Bob Staples can.'

"'Well,' says I 'what'll you give me betwixt her and that bay ridin' mare I traded you the other day?'

"'Oh, well,' he said, 'I'll give you twenty dollars,' and I said, 'Make it forty dollars, and you kin have this mare.' 'Well, he give it, and I took the saddle off the gray an' put it on my own old bay mare, an' Seth hitched the new mare up to a buggy. As we was drivin' out of the gate, the sill was pretty high, caught the wheel an' the mare shrunk back a little. Seth tetched her pretty smart with the whip, she jumped, an' away her hind legs went under an' down she went. Well, sir, he just give one look at the mare, then he saw it was his own old mare; he looked at me, 'All right,' he says, 'that's all right; just help me git her on her feet agin.' She was jist a splendid lookin' mare, but if she made the least quick start, her hind legs wouldn't come. They say if a hoss has good fore parts, his hind parts is sure to come, but hern wouldn't.

"It was hard work gettin' ahead o' him," the bright-eyed "hoss man" went on, reflectively, and with an intonation of admiration in his voice. "He was just the best man at tradin' hosses I ever see. He had a hoss in his barn that he got off onto me. Good lookin' hoss. Well, when I started out from the barn, that hoss was fat, and before I'd gone five miles, I hope to die if that hoss wasn't lean! You wouldn't think there was a bone in him. He was a blowed-up hoss. That man beat any man I ever see fixin' up a hoss. You could put the leanest hoss you ever see saw into his stable, an' I hope to die if in forty-eight hours that hoss wouldn't be fat. And then he'd trade him off to you, an' in six hours that hoss 'd be so lean you couldn't girt a saddle tight enough to stay on him."—*Burdette, in the Hawkeye.*

Better Than a Title.

A Detroiter who was on a visit to a bright little town in Missouri last fall was invited to attend a select party, and he was hesitating whether to go when one of the committee on invitations urged him:

"Why, of course you must come. Let's see. Shall I introduce you as General ——?"

"Oh, no—I'm no General."

"How'll Judge —— do?"

"But I'm no Judge."

"Um. Well, we can get over that by calling you the Hon. Mr. ——, of Michigan."

"But I've no business with the prefix."

"Haven't you written a popular poem?"

"Never."

"But you are the author of a book?"

"No."

"Um. Let's see! Would you object to 'Professor' before your name?"

"Well, I have no right to it."

"Let's see? Then you are only plain Mr. ——?"

"That's all, and at home I'm a grocer."

"Y-e-s—plain ——. Keep a grocery—y-e-s. Have you ever failed?"

"Yes; I went down during the panic.

"Good enough—just the idea! Come right along to the party. I'm to introduce you as a Detroit merchant who has failed and is keeping shy for a compromise of ten cents on the dollar! We've struck it solid, and I'll warrant you a good time! Sharp eight—good day."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Most Americans arriving in France take Paris green.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—John W. Forney, Jr., will continue the publication of his father's paper, *Progress*

—Mrs. E. A. Freeman, it is said, revises all the manuscripts of her husband, the historian.

—The Royal Museum of Brussels paid £6,800 for Rubens' picture, "The Miracles of St. Benedict."

—The Princess Beatrice has given $2,000, the proceeds of her birthday-book, to a children's hospital.

—Colonel Forney said a few weeks before he died to a journalistic friend: "I feel as though I had twenty years of life before me yet."

—Lord Ebrington, who is only twenty-seven years of age, will be one of the youngest members in the present House of Commons.

—Clara Louise Kellogg is still one year on the sunny side of forty. Her blonde wig, worn in Margaret, cost $700, and is a yard long.

—Mark Twain failed in his efforts to obtain a Canadian copyright on the strength of a domicile in Montreal for two weeks.

—For his services in connection with the Electrical Exhibition, the son of Hon. George Walker, our Consul-General at Paris, has been decorated as Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

—Launt Thompson is engaged in a medallion of Bayard Taylor, which is intended to adorn his monument. The sculptor avers that Mr. Taylor was the handsomest American author since the days of Irving.

—It is said that the abstracted Professor who is one of the characters in Mrs. Burnett's novel, "Through One Administration," now running as a serial in the *Century*, is drawn from Prof. Simon Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory.

—Charlotte Bronte thought it was wrong for her sisters to make their heroines, as a matter of course, beautiful. They differed with her, and said it was impossible to make them interesting if plain. Her opinion not coinciding with theirs, she offered to prove that she was right—that she could make a heroine, as small and plain as herself, as interesting as any of their own, and thus began the novel of "Jane Eyre."

—Castelar, ex-President of Spain, is only fifty years of age. He wrote two novels before he was eighteen, which induced his relatives to club together and gave him an education. While at the Madrid University he was busily engaged in all kinds of journalism. At the age of twenty-two he was present at a political meeting as a spectator. It was during the revolution of 1857. He became excited, sprang to the tribune, and made an oration which gave him immediate favor and honor.

HUMOROUS.

—As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches.—*Boston Transcript.*

—We are inclined to believe that Darwin was right when he said that man sprang from an ape: some men don't seem to have sprung very far either.—*Yonker's Gazette.*

—Here we have a Clothespin. It is made of White Pine, and has a grip on it Like a poor Cousin. It would be Nice to put the Clothespin on the Baby's Nose. The Baby could not Help itself, and the Clothespin would get in its Work on the Nose for All it was Worth. —*Denver Tribune Primer.*

—Some fellow has discovered that the coldest place on earth is Verkoyansk, in Siberia; but for double concentrated Articness he should drop in a New York Fifth avenue mansion about an hour after the arrival of an unfashionable country cousin and his wife and four children.—*Norristown Herald.*

—In a recent suit before a Justice in this city a lady reluctantly testified that she thought that another Newark lady might be a good enough neighbor if she lived in a locality where the houses were twenty-five miles apart and was so crippled that she couldn't come over to gossip or borrow.—*Newark Call.*

—Style for Winter—Without pretending to be an authority in the matter of street etiquette, we would suggest that during the prevailing cold spell, baldheaded gentlemen be excused from lifting their hats to their lady friends. Let them cultivate a sweet smile and a graceful wave of the right hand in the air and pass on.—*New Haven Register.*

—A West End man caught a butcher telling the truth the other day. He was looking at some poultry in the butcher's shop and asked: "Do you call that a chicken?" "No," said the butcher, "that's a hen that was with Noah in the ark. She died of old age and is as tough as the record of a Philadelphia alderman." And as the man had always been lied to by the butcher, he bought the fowl and thought he'd got a nice spring chicken. But he found the butcher had told him the truth, and he wasn't pleased at the display of honesty, either.—*Boston Post.*

—A matter-of-fact young man from New York during a recent visit in Boston received an invitation from a lady—an old acquaintance—who has just blossomed out into a typical specimen of the Boston esthete, requesting his presence at her house on a certain evening "to meet two minds." It happened that he had just accepted an invitation to dine elsewhere on the same evening, and so he replied, expressing his regrets that he could not avail himself of the opportunity "to meet two minds" owing to a previous engagement "to meet four stomachs."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Ownership of Watermelons.

Who ever heard of any one being punished for stealing a watermelon? It was tried once in Tennessee, three or four years ago. Good old Judge Frazier, of the Davidson and Rutherford Circuit, was presiding; an unlucky negro was the prisoner; a very young lawyer was defending him; twelve good men and true were in the box. There was no doubt that the prisoner had stolen the melon; the proof against him was as clear as noonday. The attorney called no witnesses whatever, but simply arose and said: "May it please your Honor and gentlemen of the jury, my client is charged with stealing a watermelon. He does not deny it. But this is a new crime for our courts. I have stolen watermelons myself; the chances are that your Honor has stolen watermelons; and, gentlemen, I'll agree to set 'em up if there is a man on that jury who hasn't stolen a watermelon!" The Judge jerked up his head, took off his spectacles, and looked with a startled but smiling stare upon the young scamp; the jurors nudged each other and snickered, the spectators guffawed; but it is needless to say that the brief argument for the defendant was a successful one with the honest jurymen.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—The Dyak marriage ceremony in Borneo is as follows: The bride and bridegroom are made to sit on two bars of iron. The priest waves two fowls over them and then knocks their heads together. The bridegroom puts a cheroot and some betel leaf in the bride's mouth. The fowls are then killed, which closes the ceremony.

—A wholesale grocery firm at Erie, Pa., has steadily missed bank bills from its cash drawer. A few days ago workmen discovered a large mouse-nest made entirely of paper money, immediately back of the cash receptacle. Many of the notes were uninjured.

Our Young Readers.

GOOD FRIENDS.

"I'll Try" is a soldier,
"I Will" is a King;
Be sure they are near
When the school-bells ring.

When school-days are over
And boys are men,
"I'll Try" and "I Will"
Are good friends then.
—*Harper's Young People.*

EARTH, SUN AND STARS.

Very few young readers really know how large this round world is on which we live. Suppose we make a few figures to help them. A cubic mile of earth would require one thousand men working briskly day and night for one hundred years to shovel it over. And how many are there of such blocks of earth in our globe? If a man had begun to count the cubic miles in the days when Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden, and had counted day and night, one a second, ever since, through all the rise, fall and decay of kingdom and empires, he would not yet have completed the task. Such is the magnitude of the globe.

How does it compare in size with other heavenly bodies? Take the sun, for example, which is more than a million times as large as the earth. It would require the swiftest lightning express train three years, day and night, to cross the face of the sun. The man who commenced counting the cubic miles of the sun in the days of Adam would not yet have performed a millionth part of his task.

How is it about the fixed stars? The distances of several of the nearest have been determined, and if they are as bright as the sun, we may estimate the size. We have reason to believe they are about as bright as the sun, because the spectroscope shows that their light is produced by nearly the same substances. Taking this, therefore, as granted, Sirius, one of the nearer ones, is three thousand times as large as the sun; and the North Star (Polaris) is a thousand times as large. Let us make, therefore, another attempt at figures. If every inhabitant at present on the face of the earth should begin to count the cubic miles in Sirius, each one counting one a second, and going on day and night ten thousand years, a large portion of the job would remain unfinished! This is not mere fiction—it is substantial fact. What is there to prevent the existence of such large bodies? There is plenty of room in space.

The writer remembers when a boy an eloquent discourse, in which the speaker used this comparison to show the great distances of the stars: "If the dove which returned no more to Noah had been then commissioned on an errand to the nearest fixed star, it would still be on its journey; after traveling for forty successive centuries through the heights of space, it would not have yet reached the middle of its destined way." This was a very safe and moderate estimate, made before the real distances of the stars had been determined. Let us take another since their remoteness has been ascertained. We look up any clear evening and see the North Star in the blue sky. If a cannon ball could have been shot towards it from the Garden of Eden, and had been flying with its swiftest velocity ever since, it would have passed over only one thousandth part of its course, several million years being required to complete the journey.

No one who knows how these distances were determined will doubt for a moment their approximate accuracy. As the earth swings around yearly in its orbit, and in each half year moves away 180,000,000 miles from its place six months before, a remote object seen from both points would appear in a different direction from the two places. But for a long series of years astronomers could see no difference, from the two points, in the position of any of the fixed stars. They did not appear to change their places an atom. Powerful telescopes were employed with no better results. But modern improvements in making instruments of extreme accuracy have shown an actual change in position, corresponding with the mighty circuit made by the earth around the sun. The following are some of the results thus determined, the sun being 91,000,000 of miles from us:

Star	61 Cygni	is 396,000	times as far	as the sun.
do	Alpha Lyrae	1,337,000	do	do
do	Sirius,	1,375,000	do	do
do	Arcturus,	1,624,000	do	do
do	Polaris,	3,078,000	do	do
do	Capella,	4,484,000	do	do

Multiply any of these numbers by 91,000,000, the distance of the sun, and their real remoteness in miles is at once determined. There is nothing to prevent such distances—there is an infinite amount of room. And, being so far off, we may well understand how great must be their magnitude to be seen through such an immensity of space.

The light of the sun (and doubtless of these stars) is about sixty times as bright as an oxyhydrogen or Drummond light, or a magnesium light of equal size; and three times as bright as the most intense electric light. Bearing this fact in mind, let us look up at the North Star and remember that it is so large that it would require a swift express train thirty days, day and night, to cross its face—and then we may well understand at what an incomprehensible distance such a vast and dazzling globe must be placed to become a minute, twinkling point, seen only in the darkness of night.

Sirius is not half so far away as the North Star, but there is another fact connected with it of an interesting character. The spectroscope shows that it is moving away from us *at the rate of sixteen miles a second!* One might suppose that it would certainly be out of sight in a few years, at this rate. If Adam and Eve had looked up at Sirius as they sat beneath the trees of Eden, they would have seen it nearly as we see it now. And if it continues to shoot away from us at the same rate for ten thousand years, we should then scarcely see a perceptible diminution of its brilliancy. Taking the distances we have given, any mathematical student may easily prove the truth of this statement.

There is a little star known to astronomers as Number 1830, Groombridge. It has been found to have a rapid apparent motion among the stars, and knowing its distance (nearly a million times as far as the sun) they have proved that its real motion onward is about a million miles a day, or nearly as great as that of the earth in its orbit; yet such is its remoteness that it will require 500 years for it to move one degree in the sky!

Many other interesting and demonstrative facts might be given to show the distances of the stars. But we pass to another consideration of the subject, of a very striking character, which we have never seen presented in any book or by any astronomer, namely, that full evidence exists that however remote the stars are from us, they are evidently as far from each other, with perhaps the exception of some nebulæ. The groups and constellations which we see are doubtless made up of luminous bodies many billions of miles from each other. This is ascertained by counting the stars and calculating their distances, as determined approximately by their varying degrees of light.

"But," exclaims some one, "how is it possible that masses of stars which appear almost blended in each others' light, can be so distant from each other?" This objection is just what we desire to answer, and to fully explain the reason. Could we see the stars in their real magnitude they would appear very much smaller than they now do, because all very brilliant objects seen from a distance have a glare of light raying out from them, greatly increasing their apparent size. Even a kerosene or gas light half a mile off in the dark appears much larger than its real size. A Drummond light many miles away is greatly increased in apparent size by this glare which surrounds it. A portion of the sun viewed through a gimlet hole from a dark room will exhibit these rays. The planets have much less of this increased size than the fixed stars, because their brilliance is more than a thousand times inferior. When Venus is seen after sunset or before sunrise, this increased apparent size is ten times the diameter of its disc. But the increased apparent size of the fixed stars, if equally bright as the sun, is ten thousand times their real diameter. These stars, as we see them, appear as much larger than their real magnitude as a *common two-story dwelling is larger than a pin's head.* Immense as the star Sirius really is, no telescope ever made has been able to discover its disc. It would require a telescope twenty feet in diameter to throw on the eye enough light to show its globular form. These facts are easily proved by calculation, by their real distances and probable size, and comparing the subtended angle with the apparent size as seen in the sky. Hence the blended glare of the stars in the sky gives us no conception whatever of the immense spaces which lie between them. These spaces are so great there can be no danger of collision in their sweeping journeys through the depths of space.

We have so far mentioned the distances of some of the nearest of the fixed stars. These are mostly the brightest; showing that remoteness increases, and is indicated by diminished size. Still, beyond any that the unassisted eye can see, are the millions revealed by the telescope. Yet, after all that we can determine by the most powerful instruments, throughout the milky way and other nebulæ, we have seen only a limited or finite space. We have obtained no conception of infinity. We have no faculties of the mind to comprehend the infinite, and it would be well if every one knew and understood this, and refrained from judging what he is utterly incapable of knowing. The fable of the critic fly on the marble palace, who complained of the minute asperities of the surface, but could see nothing of the beauty, grandeur and symmetry of the structure, will apply to some

Who dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but some little part incongruous seem.

It is well to examine all these facts so far as science will enable us, as well as the perfection of the innumerable minute forms of creation revealed by the use of the microscope, and to remember who created them all, "who was in the world, and the world was made by Him," (John 1: 10); "for by Him were all things created that are in Heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible." (Col. 1: 16.)

The revelations of the spectroscope, and the determined laws of gravitation, show that this great retinue of suns and worlds all came from one creative power, and are all under the complete control of one government, and cannot be the result of chance and accidental coincidences.—*Country Gentleman.*

An Editor Who Was a Poor Financier.

Colonel Forney was supremely and curiously indifferent in money matters. One instance that strongly illustrates this trait has caused many a hearty laugh among his acquaintances. Despite the advice of many friends, among them Pierce Butler, the husband of Fanny Kemble, he determined to invest a large sum of money in a new enterprise—a rice-cleaning machine, or something of that sort. He felt financially able to do this by reason of having made a sale of some Lake Superior property. He filled out a check on the Girard Bank for a very large amount, and intrusted it to a friend for collection. When the piece of paper was presented to the paying teller, that official first scratched his chin and then went to see the President of the bank, who at that time was Mr. Boker, father of Hon. George H. Boker. Mr. Boker came foward smilingly and said that while Colonel Forney had quite a large sum of money on deposit in the bank the amount to his credit was not equal to that called for by the check, but still if Colonel Forney would step down to the bank himself the check would be honored. The friend returned to the *Press* office in an indignant frame of mind, and told Colonel Forney that he had made him the bearer of a check that had been dishonored, for the reason that there was not sufficient funds in the bank.

"Some mistake, sir, some mistake," replied the big-hearted editor. "I have much more than that on deposit in the —— Bank," and he uttered the name of a familiar depository other than the Girard.

"But I did not go there," replied the friend in amazement. "The check is drawn on the Girard Bank."

"My! my!" said Colonel Forney, "did I make such a silly mistake? Why, I have not a penny in the Girard Bank. I did not intend to send there."

"Oh, yes, you have a large deposit in the Girard Bank," answered the friend, "but it was not sufficient to meet this check."

"A mistake, sir; a mistake," replied the Colonel. "I have not a penny there." A visit was made to the Girard Bank, however, and Colonel Forney found to his amazement that he was much richer than he thought. In the same way, when the Longacres' Bank of Lancaster failed, Colonel Forney found that he had a long-time deposit there that he had known nothing of. It was this indifference in money matters that exemplified probably as well as any other trait the lavish disposition of the man now mourned; lavish not only with his wealth, but with the more precious treasures of his heart.—*Philadelphia Press.*

* * *

—Within a bow-shot of the great town gate of Morat, in Switzerland, stand a venerable oak more than five hundred years old. It was a full-grown tree on the eve of the famous battle of Morat, when Charles the Bold held conference with his Generals under the shade of its wide-spreading branches. Twenty-four hours later the leaders of the Swiss gathered round this self-same tree, and there offered up thanks to Heaven for their signal victory. They dispatched a messenger to Freiburg with the tidings, and, in conformity with a foregone arrangement, confided him a token by which the Federalists of that city might recognize him as a duly accredited envoy. This token was a leafy branch, cut from the oak in question. Its bearer put forth such speed in executing his mission that when he reached Freiburg he had but just strength enough left to gasp out his message and then dropped dead on the ground, grasping his oak branch to the last. He was buried where he fell and the branch, planted on his grave, is at the present moment one of the largest and stateliest trees in Europe, having completed its four hundred and fifth year.

* * *

—A leading merchant of Louisville refused to buy a sealskin sacque for his daughter. The next day she left the house, and when night came she did not return. For two weeks all efforts to discover her were unavailing, but the detectives employed in the case at length learned that she was employed as a domestic servant, under an assumed name. She refused to return home until her parents promised to get her the sacque.

A REMARKABLE STATEMENT.

The Unusual Experience of a Prominent Man Made Public.

The following article from the *Democrat and Chronicle* of Rochester, N. Y., is of so striking a nature, and emanates from so reliable a source, that it is herewith re-published entire. In addition to the valuable matter it contains, it will be found exceedingly interesting.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR:—My motives for the publication of the most unusual statements which follow are, first, gratitude for the fact that I have been saved from a most horrible death, and, secondly, a desire to warn all who read this statement against some of the most deceptive influences by which they have ever been surrounded. It is a fact that to-day thousands of people are within a foot of the grave and they do not know it. To tell how I was caught away from just this position and to warn others against nearing it, are my objects in this communication.

On the first day of June, 1881, I lay at my residence in this city surrounded by my friends and waiting for death. Heaven only knows the agony I then endured, for words can never describe it. And yet, if a few years previous any one had told me that I was to be brought so low, and by so terrible a disease, I should have scoffed at the idea. I had always been uncommonly strong and healthy, had weighed over 200 pounds and hardly knew, in my own experience, what pain or sickness were. Very many people who will read this statement realize at times that they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel indefinite pains in various parts of the body and do not understand it. Or they are exceedingly hungry one day and entirely without appetite the next. This was just the way I felt when the relentless malady which had fastened itself upon me first began. Still I thought it was nothing; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a dull, and at times neuralgic, pain in my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid but little attention to it. However, my stomach was out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet I had no idea, even as a physician, that these things meant anything serious or that a monstrous disease was becoming fixed upon me. Candidly, I thought I was suffering from Malaria and so doctored myself accordingly. But I got no better. I next noticed a peculiar color and odor about the fluids I was passing—also that there were large quantities one day and very little the next, and that a persistent froth and scum appeared upon the surface, and a sediment settled in the bottom. And yet I did not realize my danger, for, indeed, seeing these symptoms continually, I finally became accustomed to them, and my suspicion was wholly disarmed by the fact that I had no pain in the affected organs or in their vicinity. Why I should have been so blind I cannot understand.

There is a terrible future for all physical neglect, and impending danger usually brings a person to his senses even though it may then be too late. I realized, at last, my critical condition and aroused myself to overcome it. And, oh! how hard I tried! I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the prominent mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed as to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation; another, nervous prostration; another, malaria; another, dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another, congestion of the base of the brain; and so on through a long list of common diseases, the symptoms of all of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during all of which time I was steadily growing worse. My condition had really become pitiable. The slight symptoms I at first experienced were developed into terrible and constant disorders—the little twigs of pain had grown to oaks of agony. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a torture to myself and friends. I could retain no food upon my stomach and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell upon the floor convulsively clutched the carpet, and prayed for death. Morphine had little or no effect in deadening the pain. For six days and nights I had the death premonitory hiccoughs constantly. My urine was filled with tube casts and albumen. I was struggling with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys in its last stages.

While suffering thus I received a call from my pastor, the Rev. Dr. Foote, rector of St. Paul's Church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation he mentioned a remedy of which I had heard much but had never used. Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures which had come under his observation, by means of this remedy, and urged me to try it. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I cherished the prejudice both natural and common with all regular practitioners, and derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice and try the remedy he so highly recommended. I began its use on the first day of June and took it according to directions. At first it sickened me; but this I thought was a good sign for one in my debilitated condition. I continued to take it; the sickening sensation departed and I was able to retain food upon my stomach. In a few days I noticed a decided change for the better, as also did my wife and friends. My hiccoughs ceased and I experienced less pain than formerly. I was so rejoiced at this improved condition that, upon what I had believed but a few days before was my dying bed, I vowed, in the presence of my family and friends, should I recover I would both publicly and privately make known this remedy for the good of humanity, wherever and whenever I had an opportunity. I also determined that I would give a course of lectures in the Corinthian Academy of Music of this city, stating in full the symptoms and almost hopelessness of my disease and the remarkable means by which I have been saved. My improvement was constant from that time, and in less than three months I had gained 26 pounds in flesh, became entirely free from pain and I believe I owe my life and present condition wholly to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the remedy which I used.

Since my recovery I have thoroughly re-investigated the subject of kidney difficulties and Bright's disease, and the truths developed are astounding. I therefore state, deliberately, and as a physician, that I believe MORE THAN ONE-HALF THE DEATHS WHICH OCCUR IN AMERICA ARE CAUSED BY BRIGHT'S DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. This may sound like a rash statement, but I am prepared to fully verify it. Bright's Disease has no distinctive symptoms of its own, (indeed, it often develops without any pain whatever in the kidneys or their vicinity), but has the symptoms of nearly every other known complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physician's certificate of "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and other common complaints, when in reality it was Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Few physicians, and fewer people, realize the extent of this disease or its dangerous and insidious nature. It steals into the system like a thief, manifests its presence by the commonest symptoms, and fastens itself upon the constitution before the victim is aware. It is nearly as hereditary as consumption, quite as common and fully as fatal. Entire families, inheriting it from their ancestors, have died, and yet none of the number knew or realized the mysterious power which was removing them. Instead of common symptoms it often shows none whatever, but brings death suddenly, and as such is usually supposed to be heart disease. As one who has suffered, and knows by bitter experience what he says, I implore every one who reads these words not to neglect the slightest symptoms of Kidney difficulty. Certain agony and possible death will be the sure result of such neglect, and no one can afford to hazard such chances.

I am aware that such an unqualified statement as this, coming from me, known as I am throughout the entire land as a practitioner and lecturer, will arouse the surprise and possible animosity of the medical profession and astonish all with whom I am acquainted, but I make the foregoing statements based upon facts which I am prepared to produce and truths which I can substantiate to the letter. The welfare of those who may possibly be sufferers such as I was, is an ample inducement for me to take the step I have, and if I can successfully warn others from the dangerous path in which I once walked, I am willing to endure all professional and personal consequences.

J. B. HENION, M. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1881.

* * *

A FEW days ago a little Oil City girl was taken sick, and her parents called a doctor whom she did not like. "Are you sick, Gracie?" asked the M. D., as he bent over his little patient. The little lady looked at him a moment in the utmost disdain, and then, in a tone of the deepest sarcasm, replied, as she turned her face from him: "Well, I should think you ought to know. Do you suppose I am lying here in bed and taking your horrid old medicine for the fun of it?" The doctor wilted.—*Oil City Derrick.*

* * *

HE had been the boy of the office, the lowest one in rank about the concern, and when he was promoted a notch, he was as pleased as an actress with a bouquet she didn't pay for herself. They asked him about the change. "No," said he, "my work isn't easier. It's meaner, too, and the salary isn't raised any to speak of. But, by hokey, now I've got some one under me that I can kick around. It's a heap of comfort."

* * *

LANDLADY, entirely innocent of grammatical knowledge, advertises that she has "a fine, airy, well-furnished bed-room for a gentleman twelve foot square;" another has "a cheap and desirable suite of rooms for a respectable family in good repair;" and another has "a hall bedroom for a woman eight by twelve."