

## A LOCOMOTIVE HERO.

Well, gentlemen, if you wish it, I'll tell you the story. When I was a youth of nineteen and lived with my parents in a Pennsylvania town, I had a taste for railroading and a boyish ambition to become a driver, although I had been educated for loftier pursuits.

During my college vacation I lounged about the station almost constantly, making friends with the trainmen, and especially with a driver named Silas Markley. I became much attached to this man, notwithstanding he was forty years old, and by no means a sociable fellow.

He was my ideal of a brave, skillful, thoroughbred driver, and I looked up to him as something of a hero. He was not a married man, but lived alone with his old mother. I was a frequent visitor at her house, and I think they both took quite a fancy to me in their quiet, undemonstrative way.

When Markley's fireman left him I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to humor my boyish whim, but he finally yielded, and I was given the reins.

The fact was that in my mindness and the overworked state of my brain I craved the excitement of a confirmed drunkard doing liquor, and besides, I had such longing dreams of the fiery ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse. So I became an expert fireman, and liked it exceedingly, for the excitement more than compensated for the rough work I was required to do.

But there came a time when I got my fill of excitement. Mrs. Markley one day formed a plan which seemed to give her a good deal of happiness. It was her son's birthday, and she wanted to go down to Philadelphia in the train without letting him know anything about it, and there purchase a present for him. She took me into her confidence and had me to assist her. I arranged the preliminaries and got her into the train without being noticed by Markley; who, of course was busy with his engine.

The old lady was in high glee over the bit of innocent deception she was playing on her son. She joined me again not to tell Silas, and then I left her and took my place.

It was a midsummer day and the weather was delightful. The train was neither express nor accommodation, but one which stopped at the principal stations on the route. On this occasion, as there were two specials on the line, it was run by telegraph, that is, the driver has simply to obey instructions which he receives at each station, so that he puts a machine in the hands of one controller, who directs all trains from a central point, and has the whole line under his eye. If the driver does not obey to the least tittle his orders, it is a violation of the law.

Well, we started without mishap and up to time, and easily reached the first station in the time allotted to us. As we stopped here a boy ran alongside with the telegram which he handed to the driver. The next moment I heard a smothered exclamation from Markley.

"Go back," he said to the boy; "tell Williams to have the message repeated; there's a mistake."

The boy dashed off, in ten minutes he came flying back. "Had it repeated," he shouted, "Williams is storming at you; says there's no mistake, and you'd best get on." He thrust the second message in as he spoke.

Markley read it and stood hesitating for half a minute. There was dismay and sheer perplexity in the expression of his face as he looked at the telegram and the long train behind him. His lips moved as if he was calculating chances, and his eyes suddenly quailed as if he saw death at the end of the calculation. I was watching him with considerable curiosity. I ventured to ask him what was the matter, and what he was going to do.

"I'm going to obey," he replied curtly. The engine gave a long shriek of horror that made me start as if it were Markley's own voice. The next instant we rushed out of the station and dashed through low-lying farms at a speed which seemed dangerous to me.

"Put in more coal," said Markley. I shovelled it in, but took time. "We are going very fast, Markley." "He did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the steam engine, his mouth closed shut.

"More coal," he said; I threw it in. The fields and houses began to fly past half seen. We were nearing Dumfries, the next station. Markley's eye went from the gauge to the face of the timepiece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little more meaning in his face. "More!" he said, without turning his eye. I took up the shovel—hesitated.

"Markley, do you know that you are going at the rate of sixty miles an hour?" "Coal!"

I was alarmed at the stern, cold rigidity of the man. His pallor was becoming frightful. I threw on the coal. At least we must stop at Dumfries. That was the next thought. A little town approached. As the first house came into view, the engine sent its shrieks of warning; it grew louder, louder.

We dashed into the street, up to the station, where a group of passengers waited, and passed it without a halt of an instant; catching a glimpse of the appalled faces and the waiting crowd. Then we were in the fields again. The speed now became literally breathless, the furnace glared red hot. The heat, the vast, the terrible nervous strain of the man beside me, seemed to weigh the air. I found myself drawing long, stertorous breaths like one drowning.

## JUPITER.

The ruddy planet of war is giving place as the chief glory of the evening to the chief of all the planets, Jupiter, the Greater Good Fortune of the old system of astrology, in which Mars was the Lesser Ill Fortune.

The contrast between Mars and Jupiter, as science now discloses these orbits to our ken, is greater even than that which astrology thus recognized. Mars is a miniature of our earth; Jupiter, while much larger than the earth, cannot be regarded as merely an enlarged copy of our world. Jupiter belongs to another order of orbits altogether. He not only is not like the earth, but probably he never will in the remotest degree resemble her, regarded at least in relation to the support and nourishment of life, which we must consider the chief purpose of all the orbits peopling space. (I am obliged to explain here that when I speak of "purpose" I use the word in a non-natural sense for want of a better. I do not mean that man can understand exists in any of the operations of nature, or resides in any natural phenomena. But when we see that such and such operations and such and such phenomena do actually produce certain effects or result in certain results, we find it difficult—nay, as language is constituted, it is impossible—to speak of them otherwise than we should, if, in accordance with ancient superstitions, those effects or results had actually been produced by Mother Nature.)

Jupiter is an orb so immense, and in virtue of his mass so mighty, compared with the earth, that even had we no other reasons, we must regard him as belonging to a distinct class. But so soon as we consider the effects which must inevitably result from his enormous size and mass, we perceive that he must necessarily differ altogether from our earth in his life history. And when we note the results of observation we see that he actually does differ as to his present condition in precisely such degree as we should antecedently have expected.

Formed like all the other planets by processes of condensation and aggregation, Jupiter must at the beginning of his career have been sun-like, glowing with intense light and heat, the scene of disturbances akin to those taking place still in the glowing orb which rules the solar system, possibly subserving some useful purposes in the scheme of nature, but also quite possibly not at present subserving any; for nature is patient and can afford to wait, even, if need be, for millions of years, until sun or planet or satellite is fit for its special work.

With his immense mass, surpassing that of our earth 345 times, Jupiter could no more cool at the same rate than the glowing contents of a great furnace can cool at the same rate and in the same time as a kitchen fire. It is not a matter of speculation or a hypothesis open to doubt; it is not a matter of absolute certainty, that for the millions of years which we now know to have passed while our earth was cooling from her sun-like condition, Jupiter must have required tens of millions.

It is probable that he must always be remembered that on questions of this latter sort we can only have probability, not certainty—that Jupiter, though his mass was gathered together long before that of our earth, was not formed many tens of millions of years before the world on which we live. Supposing him to have been in existence as a sun-like orb a hundred millions of years before our earth began to be, he would still be far younger than the earth at this present time, considering ages with reference to mere duration in time, but to development. Certainly more than a hundred millions of years have elapsed since our earth was in the sunlike stage, and in that time she has done as much in the way of cooling as would correspond to five hundred millions of years' cooling in the case of Jupiter. If, then, Jupiter began his career as a sun-like orb a hundred millions of years before the earth, and our earth was in that stage a hundred millions of years ago, Jupiter has passed through no more than two hundred millions of years out of the five hundred millions which he would require to reach our earth's present condition. So that, on these very moderate assumptions in regard to Jupiter's past and our earth's—assumptions which are certainly far within the truth—three hundred millions of years must pass before that orb which is now shining as the chief glory of our midnight skies will have reached the stage of cooling through which our earth is passing now.

Will Jupiter, however, be then in the same condition as our earth? It was for many years a favorite idea of mine that he would. I pictured each planet passing through its fiery childhood, its hot youth, its temperate middle-life, its old age, decay, and death; and so far I think I was right. The old idea, according to which the problem of other worlds than ours had been for two centuries dealt with as a child's play, that all the planets are to be regarded as worlds in the fulness of world life, and all nourished (in greater or less degree) by the sun—must, I conceive, give place to the view resulting from all modern researches into the life history of our earth. The duration of the life stages of each planet's career must be so immense (judging from the evidence given by the earth as to hers), and the different planets, being so unequal in size, must have life stages so different in length, that to imagine all the planets now in the same stage of planet life would be to form an utterly artificial and fanciful conception of the past progress of events. We should have to suppose that the larger planets had all commenced their lives later, in just such degree

## JUPITER.

that the smaller planets had exactly made up by their rapid changes for the lameness of their beginnings, and in just such amount that all the planets, the chief giants Jupiter and Saturn, the inferior giants Uranus and Neptune, the chief terrestrial planets Earth and Venus, the minor terrestrial planets Mars and Mercury, and perhaps even all the satellites and all the asteroids, have reached precisely that stage of planet life which we recognize in the world on which we live. This, of course, is utterly incredible, nay, even unimaginable. The idea that all the planets are (in that sense) worlds died when the past history of our own world came to be real, and its dependence on physical processes such as we can deal with and understand, and above all, its relation to the progress of time, came to be recognized and appreciated.

So far, then, the views which I advanced first in My Other Worlds than Ours may be regarded as supported, or rather demonstrated, by known facts. But I supposed further that while the smaller planets—how old, decayed, or even dead—had been like our earth, and that while our earth and Jupiter, at still greater distances back in the abysses of past time, had been like the sun, the larger planets would one day be like our earth.

I now see that even as one star differs from another in all the details of its life history, I see in the dead face of the moon that though she has passed through stages of vulcanian history akin to those passed through by the earth, her life history has not been the same as the earth's; nor will our earth, though she endures for tens of millions of years to come, ever present a face akin to the crater-covered face of our dead companion-world. And in like manner, though we have no traces left on our earth of the time when she was in the part of her life corresponding to that through which Jupiter is passing, I cannot doubt that there were many characteristic differences between our earth's condition then and Jupiter's condition now, although in certain general respects there may have been a very striking resemblance. The two chief reasons for such differences are, first, the difference in the conditions of atmospheric or vaporous matter on the surfaces of planets very unequal in mass; and secondly, the immense difference in the durations of the proceeding periods of time through which particular stages of planet life have been attained.

To show the effect of the former cause, suppose Jupiter, with his mass 345 times as great as the earth, to be in the same stage of planetary life as our earth, having the same atmosphere, and consisting of the same gases, whatever these may be at the particular stage of our earth's history in question, a point left purposely unconsidered. Then, his mass being 345 times the earth's, Jupiter's diameter would be seven times, his surface forty-nine times, the earth's and the total amount of Jupiter's atmosphere being 345 times as great as the earth's while the surface times of Jupiter is only forty-nine times the earth's, the amount of atmosphere above each square mile of Jupiter's surface would be seven times as great as the earth's. Moreover, that much greater mass of atmosphere would be drawn downward with seven times the force of terrestrial gravity. (The reader must not turn to tables of elements and compare my statements here with theirs. I am dealing with a hypothetical state of things.)

It follows, or would follow if ever this state of things could have existed, that the atmosphere of Jupiter at the same stage of the common lives of the planets would be drawn forty-nine times as heavily on the surface as our earth's, and was therefore forty-nine times as dense.

This of course would make the state of things in Jupiter and the earth entirely different. In other words, by supposing certain conditions alike, we arrive at others entirely unlike. Consequently the two planets have never been and can never be alike. The effect of multiplying six or seven fold, as we must, all the probabilities in our favor in order to obtain the durations for the corresponding periods of Jupiter's history, would be of course to intensify all the differences which would arise from the differences in the forces at work and the structure of the materials acted upon during those several stages of the histories of the two planets. In fine, I take it that while the lives of two planets of different orders (even perhaps of any two planets in the universe) are probably alike in that each passes through sunlike childhood, a fiery youth, a middle life of moderate temperature, a cold old age, till finally it passes to the death-like stage—there is no resemblance in the actual details of life any more than there is between the details of the lives of two animals of different orders—reptile and mammal or insect and vertebrate—even perhaps than there is between the life of an animal and the life of a planet.—Richard A. Proctor.

## Pelicans Devour Their Fish.

Washoe lake is covered with pelicans and seagulls. Hy Downs was in town and informed us that he had been watching the pelicans through a powerful field glass and saw them start along the edge of the tules and catch thousands of catfish and perch. Edward Harris was down to the little lake and killed five in one shot. He opened them and found the sack under the bill full of fish, the bones of some of the catfish being fourteen inches long. The seagulls catch the small fish along the eastern shore. The pelicans live in the tules from the old windmill to Franktown and can be easily got. A person can crawl up nearly close enough to kill them with a fishing pole. He says that there are about five thousand of them, and that they feed about five times a day and catch from five to eight every time they feed. At this rate it won't be long before the lake will have no fish in it.—Carson City Tribune.

## A Cuban Tribute to Beauty.

A Cuban letter in the Philadelphia Times relates the following incident as happening upon a train: "A young fellow passing a mother and radiantly beautiful daughter on his way out of the car, doffed his hat, stood straight up and tall before the couple he had never before seen, and with the dignity of a veritable Don Quixote said in Spanish: 'My lady, keep that daughter of heavenly beauty for the worthy one before you!' Then he strode away. The aged senora responded pleasantly: 'I will faithfully keep her!' Nobody thought amiss of the episode. That sort of thing is of common occurrence upon the street and in all public places in Cuba. The sociological excuse for it is that beauty everywhere compels and is worthy of adoration."

## Another of Fortune's Favorites.

Each of the last two drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery has left a large slice of the capital prize in this city, viz., \$15,000 in May and \$15,000 in June. The fortunate winner of the last \$15,000 was Mr. George W. Seibert, a resident of Galveston and employed as bookkeeper in the auditor's office of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe railway. Mr. Seibert held one-twentieth of ticket No. 90,445 which won the capital prize of \$500,000. A News reporter encountered Mr. Seibert yesterday, and asked him how he was enjoying his recently acquired fortune. "I admit," remarked he, "that the suddenness with which the unexpected good luck came somewhat unmoved me, but I think I have now fully recovered from the shock, which, by the way, is a very pleasant sort of experience, which has to be felt to be appreciated, as it cannot be properly described."

## The Campaign in Nebraska.

Two-thirds of the people of Nebraska are republicans. It is safe to say that the majority will carry the state by from twenty-five to thirty thousand majority. This majority is assured even if every republican supporter who is not a campaign orator remains mute on the national issues from now until the 3d of November. But there are many republicans in the auditor's office of the state who are not campaign orators. They are the people of Nebraska who are not afraid of the people. Nebraska is one of the most favored states in America. State taxes are higher in Nebraska than in any other state in the union. Nebraska has a state debt of nearly twelve million dollars. A state debt of less than half a million dollars, which over four hundred thousand dollars is held by the permanent school fund, is a very small thing in the history of Nebraska.

## She Couldn't Understand It.

"What in the world has happened to you since the last time I saw you?" I asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day. "I can't understand it. Then you were pale, haggard and low-spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. Today you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and shall I tell you what drove them away? It was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was a martyr to functional derangement until I began taking the 'Prescription.' Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. No woman who suffers as I did, ought to let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy."

## How to Reduce Your Expenses.

You can do it easily, and you will not have to deprive yourself of a single comfort, for the contrary; you will enjoy life more than ever. How can you accomplish this result? Easily: cut down your doctor's bills. Before you lose your appetite, and become bilious and constipated, and therefore low-spirited, don't rush off to the family physician for a prescription, or on the other hand, wait until you are sick and bed before doing anything at all, but just go to the druggist's and for twenty-five cents get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Take them as directed, and our word for it your unpleasant symptoms will disappear as if by magic, you will have no big doctor's bill to pay, and everybody interested (except the doctor), will feel happy."

## A Prize of \$100,000.

There is a good thing to get, and the man who wins it by superior skill, or by an unexpected turn of Fortune's wheel, is to be congratulated. But he who escapes from the clutches of that dread monster, Consumption, and wins back his health and happiness, is far more fortunate. The chances of winning \$100,000 are small, but every consumptive may be absolutely sure of recovery if he takes Dr. F. W. Jones' Medical Discovery in time. For all atrocious diseases (consumption is one of them), it is an unfailing remedy. All drug stores.

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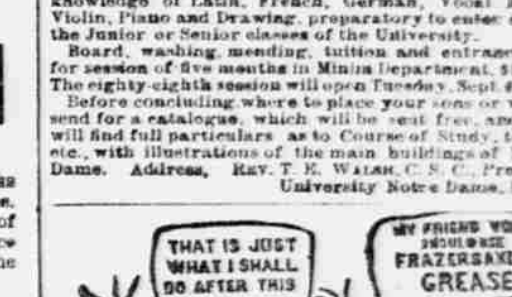
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