

PRINTING BY TELEGRAPH.

Messages Transferred to Paper from the Wire at Any Distance.

The printing telegraph, though a device of comparatively recent development, has been the subject of ceaseless investigation, and practical workers in electricity have directed their whole attention, in some instances, to the transmission of messages and the recording of them in plain Roman characters. A very complimentary notice of a new system has recently appeared in various electrical papers as the most perfect system known.

Its advantages are simply those of an electrical typewriter, by means of which the message is printed in the presence of the transmitting operator in page form, and a duplicate of the same printed at all the receiving stations on the line, whether it be long or short circuit. The benefit of such an apparatus to the press at large can be readily seen, especially for the distribution of current news in the various news-paper offices. A single transmission prints it simultaneously, in page form, ready for the compositor's case in all the news-paper offices of many cities.

It is said to differ materially from every other known means of telegraphy in one essential particular. In it the impulses move the instruments whereas in other systems the instruments move the impulses—that is to say, the transmitter of the message is caused to run by a separate power. No combination of electrical impulses or current is employed. An even succession of dots or impulses, which operate the polarized relay armature at the receiving station places the revolving type wheel in the required position, when the local mechanism causes the letter to be printed.

The apparent impossibility of transmitting printed characters 500 or 1,000 miles over a single wire once presents itself to the mind, and it is overcome in this system, it is asserted in a very simple way. Each letter of the alphabet is represented by a certain number of impulses, which revolve the type wheel to the required position, when the letters are struck by the local mallet.

Fourteen impulses represent the entire alphabet, making a complete revolution of the type wheel, which may be turned 20 revolutions per minute, thus securing very rapid printing. Its advantage also is that of absolute secrecy as a means of communication. The advantage of the printing telegraph for the transmission of news to newspaper offices is unquestionable a subject commanding attention on the part of progressive proprietors.—Paper and Press.

Frankness.

Professor Simon Newcomb is well known as a man whose scientific studies have tended to exaggerate a natural disposition to mental abstraction. The professor's friends, who are also his strong admirers, understand his peculiarity, and overlook in him what might not be excused in a common person. A lady is very fond of telling this incident:

She was at a reception given at Professor Newcomb's house. The occasion had been made delightful by the professor and his accomplished wife and daughters. Toward the close of the evening the lady, who had enjoyed the affair greatly, touched the host and asked him, with much enthusiasm, "How often do you have these delightful reunions, professor?" No polite, prevarication delayed the reply, "Thank God, madam, but once a year.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Misapplied Benevolence.

A short time ago a "distinguished citizen" of a neighboring state celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding day, and received on that occasion, in the shape of presents from admiring friends, property to the amount of \$10,000. At least that is the sum at which he estimated the value of his presents, and the figures which he gave to the reporters. The gentleman referred to is not in impoverished circumstances, nor in any need from public or private charity, and possibly when he invited his friends to his "golden wedding" he did not expect that they would "come down" with such liberality, but he did not refuse their bounty, nor did he object to the amount of their contributions being published in the newspaper. It passes our comprehension to conceive why a well-to-do couple, with all the comforts and luxuries of life at their command, should be made the recipients of a new fortune in addition to their own ample means, simply because it has pleased heaven to prolong their lives to a ripe old age, and they have lived together, as all married people ought to live, in peace and harmony. Benevolence might be more wisely directed than in the making of such unnecessary presents, to say nothing of the shock which the self-respect of the recipients ought to receive when they pocket the cash and see the fact blazoned in the column of the press from Maine to California.—New York Ledger.

Five-year-old William was talking about his knuckles and his brother asked what he meant, "I mean the little elbows on my fingers," was the ready reply.

Waiting for Sam.

A man with eleven weeks' curly hair and a long growth of beard stepped into a barbershop in one of our cities the other day and sat down. Probably he was not in his best mood. At any rate he looked cross, even though it was his next turn.

"Next," said the barber.

"I'll wait for Sam," said the man with the hair and beard and as he said it he kicked at the dog and looked about as pleasant as the circular saw in motion.

"All right," said the barber with emphasis, "Next."

The "next" got into the chair and left the man who was cross sitting by the window watching for Sam. Half an hour passed. The shop was full and there seemed to be a good deal of amusement among all except the man who was waiting for Sam. One by one the customers kept coming in. The clock hands passed from 6:30 p. m. to 7:30 p. m., and then to 8:30 p. m. At about this time the door opened and a head popped in.

"Heard from Sam yet?" said the head.

"Yes," replied the barber.

"How is he; having a good time?"

"Guess he is. At any rate he says he is."

"When do you expect him home?"

"In about three weeks."

The door slammed after the questioner just as the man with the beard, who was waiting for Sam, jumped to his feet. Oh—what did you say?" shouted he. "Did you say Sam wasn't coming for three weeks?"

The barber repressed his smile, and in a voice that was low and even toned, he said: "Yes, sir, Sam is up country, and we expect him back in about two weeks and a half. But if you want to wait for him we'll make up a bed for you right here on"—but the rest was lost by the door slamming on the retiring form of the man who was waiting for Sam.—Lewiston Journal.

He Owned a Sand Bar.

A gentleman from Maine bought a dozen lots in a South Dakota river town some time ago as a speculation. He paid his taxes regularly for several years and finally went out to see his property. The agent who sold him the lots met him at the station, and after shaking hands with his client said:

"Ah, Mr. Pettibone, you came upon us at an inauspicious time."

"What do you mean, Mr. Comyshun?"

"Your lots, sir."

"Yes, what about them?"

"Well, sir, you know I suggested that you buy near the levee."

"Certainly I do. You assured me that when the Great Midland railroad built out from here it would cross the river at this point, and my lots would be in value."

"Quite true, so I did. But man proposes and God disposes. He has sent his rains and his floods and changed the course of the river so completely that the Great Midland has decided to cross twenty miles above here."

"And how does this affect my lots?"

"You see that little bush out in the middle of the river near the end of that sand bar?"

"Yes, yes; what of it?"

"That's the southwest corner stake of your block!"—Chicago Herald.

An Old Act for Compulsory Education.

It is of the year 1494 and belongs to Scottish legislation. It reads as follows: "Item. It is a statute and ordained through all the Realm that all Barrennes and Freeholders that are of substance put their eldest sonnes aires to the schules fra they be sex or nine zeires of age, and till remaine at the Grammar Schules quhill they be competentie founded and have perfect Latine. And thereafter to remaine three zeires at the schules of art and jure, swa that may have knowledge and understanding of the Lawes throw the quihills justice may remaine universally throw all the Realm.

Swa that they are Schreffes or Judges Ordinaires under the King's Hiennes may have knowledge to doe justice, that the pair people sulde have no neede to seeke our Sovereine Lordis principal Auditor for ike small injuria. And quhat Barrene or Freeholder of substance that hadis not his son at the schules as said is, havand no lauchfulle esonnis, but failzie herein, fra knowledge may gotten thereof, he sall pay to the King the summe of twentis pound.—J. N. Hollock in Christian at Work.

Protector Against Nicotine.

An electrical engineer of Carphin Springs claims the invention of a mouth-piece for pipes that will prevent any connection of the nicotine deposited in smoking with the tongue. He makes a hollow ball, with a short tubular or slotted stem attached to it which is inserted into the usual orifice in the mouth-piece of the pipe, or cigar or cigarette holder, so that the smoke shall pass out through the tube or slotted stem and upper slotted part of the ball, and the tongue shall rub against the ball in the mouth of the orifice, and thus avoid or prevent the saliva of the mouth from going or working back in the mouthpiece.—New York Telegram.

VASHTI SOMERS.

She drew up her horse at my gate.

"Mr. Landon!"

I laid down my book and went down the path to her. She was always beautiful in her riding habit, and the opal rose tint of her cheek was a little lovelier than usual, I thought that morning.

"How do you do?" she said soberly.

"Are you very busy?"

"Not very," I answered, glancing back at "Valentine Vox" turned upside down on a piazza chair. "What is wanted? Can I be of any service to you?"

"Not to me. But papa wished me to ask you if you could come up and direct Tom about trimming our poplar trees. The row by the south wall, you know. He knows nothing about it, and spoiled them five years ago."

"Certainly. I will be at the Three Elms in an hour or two, Miss Vattie."

She gave me a dainty military salute, and galloped away. That, and all her little tricks and ways were indescribably pretty.

Before I came to Bayswater, my sage sister had warned me how beautiful Miss Vashti Somers was. She begged me not to fall in love with her, and I had promised not to, I believe. But after my house was built, and I had settled at Bayswater—for the sake of being near my manufactory—I got in the way of spending my evening very often at the place where she lived, called the Three Elms, for the trio of old trees that stood before the door. The family consisted of Mr. Somers, who was aged and infirm; Vattie, as she was called; two younger sisters of 12 and 14, and their governess, Mrs. Stowell. Mr. Somers had taken quite a fancy to me, and entertained me with the garrulousness of old age; the children were pretty pets, and Mrs. Stowell was a sensible lady. All this, to say nothing of Miss Vashti's politeness, made their sitting-room an attractive place for a solitary old bachelor.

My sister, who was plain, old-fashioned, and practical, would have suffered untold anxieties had she known it. Being one of the working bees of this world, she could see no use or virtue in such a pretty, dainty being as Vashti Somers. The bare suggestion of her becoming my wife would have shocked her as a plan fraught with the most disastrous consequences.

But I don't know that I really ever thought of such a thing until the morning that I went up to superintend the trimming of the poplars.

Vattie had returned from her ride. She had replaced her habit by a wrapper or rose-colored cambric; and was cutting flowers in the garden, attended by a gentleman. He was a stranger. He was young and handsome. I saw him lift her basket; I saw her smile in his face, and—well, I was madly jealous.

It was a revelation of my own heart that I was not prepared for, therefore I did not go forward to greet her. I turned up a side path and went around to the south door. The two little girls, who were there studying came forward to meet me.

"Mr. Landon," said Rose, "has Vattie come home from her ride?"

"I believe she is in the garden," I answered.

"Then she is with Mr. Louvois," said Lilly. "He come while she was gone. He's very handsome. Mr. Louvois is" primly, "and Sister Vattie is going to marry him."

Rose, who was younger and not romantic, laughed at her.

"Lilly thinks beaux are so nice," she said.

I smiled at the children, but my heart ached. But I was not fond of being miserable, and strove to throw off my depression. I called Tom, trimmed the trees, received Mr. Somers' thanks, and went home. I think I went about my business as usual, but everything seemed changed. I had a strong disposition to run away from Bayswater and everybody I had ever known.

I did not go near the Three Elms for more than a month. This was unusual, and I knew I would attract attention, but I could not help it. The more I thought of Vattie Somers' marriage the more deeply miserable I was. I felt that if she saw my face my looks would confess all.

So I staid at home. I spent whole evenings with a book without reading; I took long rides over the country, coming home dull and dejected. Or I invited a few guests to my house, entertained the company, and bored myself excessively.

But one night as I tossed on my pillow tormented by my disappointment a thought occurred to me, I would propose to Vattie; put myself out of my misery, or plunge myself into darkest despair.—

I am aware that I am dot a very

brave lover from the first, for I wrote my momentous question instead of delivering it by word of mouth. I shut myself up in my chamber and spent the evening writing letters to her. The one which I finally dispatched was indited with the brevity of desperation: "MISS VATTIE SOMERS: I love you. Will you marry me?"

AUREA LONDON.

Then I rested from my labors. Her reply came back next night:

"MR. AUBREY LONDON; I think you are mistaken. No!"

VATTIE SOMERS.

Then of course, there was nothing for me to do but to forget her. This I did not succeed in doing.

But time waits not for miserable lovers more than for happier men. The summer went by, and it chanced that I never once saw Vattie Somers' face until a certain day about Christmas.

During the hot weather I drove to my counting-room, but on the fine winter days I preferred to walk. The road lay along the edge of a large sheet of water called Swan's pond. This by the middle of December was frozen across.

One morning I was rather late to my business, and wishing to make a short cut, I started to go across the pond on the ice. I had proceeded but half way across when the brittle substance gave away and I was plunged into the cold flood beneath.

At first I went under the ice, but though I could not swim I struggled back to the aperture and laid hold of the edge of the ice. It was thin however, and kept breaking in my grasp, and a numbness began to come over me. I felt myself grow pale and my heart sank as I struggled.

Meanwhile I was half conscious of shouts and confused voices. I did not realize they had any connection with me however, until a slender figure in scarlet bounded like a roebuck on the ice above and beside me, and at the same moment a rope splashed into the water.

My brilliant preserver was away like the wind, but I had the means of escape in my hands and I clung to the rope, breaking the ice before me until I was drawn by unseen friends upon the bank. Then a dozen hands reached to my assistance, and I found myself surrounded by a crowd of men.

I was in a very exhausted condition. They put me into a carriage, and I believe it was Mr. Somers' Tom who drove home with me.

At any rate it was Tom who assisted in putting me to bed, and dose me with hot compounds until I felt that I should explode.

"That will do, my good fellow, that will do," I said at last. "I can't drink any more of anything. Just put away that glass, if you please, and tell me who it was threw me the rope."

"Who should it be but Vattie Somers?" demanded Tom, who was but six years from Cerk.

"What other skater is there in Bayswater like her? Sure, no man could have ventured on that thin ice, and it was as much as her life was worth to go; but she did it—bless her purty flying feet!"

The hot tears came into my eyes. I went to sleep very happy.

They kept me in bed two days, but I got out of their hands on the third, and drove to the Three Elms.

Vattie faltered and turned a little pale as she gave me her hand. But I took both little hands and drew her aside, though Rose and Lilly were looking on wonderingly.

"Darling it is very noble in you to risk your dear life for a man you despise."

"But I do not despise you."

"For a man you dislike."

"But I do not dislike you."

"For a man you do not love."

"But I do love you!" sobbed Vattie, yielding to my embrace.

Then she tried to release herself and talk of other things, but I had been denied too long to permit this, and I held her close, kissing lips and hands and bonny hair.

"Vattie, why did you refuse me?"

"Because I thought you were crazy to ask me in such a strange way, after shunning me for six weeks. Why did you do so, Aubrey?"

"I was troubled about Mr. Louvois Lilly said you were to marry him."

"That was only a child's story. Mr. Louvois has married my cousin, Margaret."

The rest of my happiness I shall keep to myself.—N.Y. Weekly.

Going in Two Styles.

"Yes, William," remarked the Boston girl, "under the circumstances and owing to the indisputable fact of our existing betrothal, I deem it eminently fitting and proper that we should allow our souls to float away in an ecstasy of occupation."

"Well, let's get to work without any more chinnin'," responded William; for it must be remembered that he was born and reared in Kansas City.

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Leadville's Nobility.

Chicago Tribune: "In the by-gone days of Leadville," the visitor went on to relate, "there was a long line of nobility. Ten years ago Lord George Campbell worked in the mines at Leadville and received no more remuneration or consideration than he would had he not possessed a title. Baron Rosencrauz came to Leadville from Denmark, and in spite of his noble name Leadville's citizens declare that he was as poor as a mouse. Count Roup, a Russian nobleman, was at one time a common ore digger, but afterward rose to a higher place—that of manager of a smelter. Count Roup, now resides at Butte, Mont., and honors that city with his titled name. It was even possible to have assaying done by a nobleman ten years ago, as a Hungarian lord had an assay office perched upon one of Leadville's hills.

"One of the widest characters that graced the Leadville mining camp was the nephew of Lord Coke and Lady Leslie. This young man wished to be considered bold and bad, and the airs he assumed outcuboyed the cowboys. His costumes were considered remarkable even for Leadville of ten years ago, but were not of such character as would be permitted to grace the home of his lordly relatives.

"The visitor to Leadville today would never dream that the nobility from the other side of the Atlantic had sent its representatives to the Cloud City, yet such is the case, and the citizens of Leadville, strange to say, do not feel at all proud over the determination of so many lords, barons and counts to seek their booming camp. It is not with pride that Leadville's citizens point to the nobility that have honored their city, but rather with amusement and just a trace of pity."

A New Work for Women.

In Paris, that great city where all one's needs and caprices are catered to, there are professions for women entirely unknown in this country, says the Ladies' Home Journal. And one is the professional packer. When you think of going away, is not one of your sighs as to how you shall get all your belongings in your trunk? When you reach your destination don't you find them creased, mused, and, if possible, what a tiny woman near me calls "in smithereens?"

Well, the packer comes in, you tell her what you want to take away, and then let her do her work. Skirts are skillfully folded, bodices have sheets of tissue paper laid between them, and the sleeves are stuffed to shape with it; slippers have their toes filled with raw cotton so they do not reach their destination flattened out; and hats and bonnets have tapes attached to them so that they may be pinned to the box or tray and will not move until you are ready to lift them out. This a work for which a busy or rich woman will pay well, and a woman who becomes expert at it, can in the going-away time make that mysterious amount known as "a tidy little sum" very easily. The packer comes to the house, takes off her bodice and assumes a loose jacket, and then she is ready for her work. Who, among the many who are asking for some thing for a woman to do, will start in this profession? It is a work easy; learned, and offers a variety that appeals to every woman. Neither is it irksome; hence, a profession which offers more than the usual advantages of a woman's skill.

Curious Tornado Effects.

One of the occupants of the Good cottage, near Lake Gervais, an elderly lady was very fond of taking care of fowls, and had raised nearly a hundred chickens and ducks. These were all killed by the storm. The lady had also made a nice lot of soft soap, of which she was very proud. The soap had been left on a board by the side of the house, and of course was carried away by the wind. The occupants of the house took refuge in the cellar when the storm was seen coming. All were more or less injured and their clothing torn from their bodies. It was nearly half an hour before all were released, more dead than alive. The lady spoken of was half unconscious, and the moment she was taken from the cellar she took one glance at the work of the tornado, threw up her hands and exclaimed, "Oh! where are my ducks and my chickens, and where is my nice soft soap.

Her soft soap has probably dissolved in Lake Gervais, but the remains of her ducks and chickens were found here and there within a radius of a mile or more from the house. The idea that a tornado could pluck the feathers from a fowl as clean as could the most accomplished chef has been laughed at.

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put some of the chickens and ducks belonging to the Good family were stripped of every feather. But that was not the only remarkable thing about them. Some of the chickens found nearly a mile from the house had their necks stretched to a remarkable length, the necks of some, it is said by those who saw them, being at least a foot long. Another incident of the storm is that one of the ladies who took refuge in the cellar was almost covered with oats, the sharp needles of which penetrated her clothing and stuck to the skin. The husband of the lady vouches for this occurrence, and says that it took nearly half an hour to remove the oats.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Did not set a Good Example. NORTHBORO, Mass., Sept. 16.—The Rev. Eldredge, pastor of the Unitarian society for six years, has resigned in consequence of having received from several of his parishioners letters in which he was charged with not setting a good example to the young by attending horse races, visiting pool rooms and smoking. Mr. Eldredge is popular and his supporters claim his actions have been respectable.

Great Loss Sustained by Fire. One Town Narrowly Escaped. HARRISON, NEB., Sept. 16.—Prairie fires have been burning near here nearly all the past week. One having started from a spark emitted by a locomotive, which burned a considerable amount of hay, besides all of the grass on what is known as the divide, north of the railroad between Harrison and Soldier creek, a distance of twenty miles. One man was compelled to leave his mower and wagon to the fire in order to escape. This severe on the people some of whom had come a distance of ten or twenty miles to obtain their hay. The estimated damage done by this fire is from \$800 to \$900.

Again this morning another fire broke out about a mile west of town and was with the assistance of a stiff breeze, making good headway, when the citizens of the town turned out, and after about two hours' hard work the fire was extinguished. It did not do very much damage, but had it slipped through the hands of those who fought it the loss could not have been estimated.

Double Tragedy. DENVER, Sept. 20.—O. L. Barnes, a butcher last night assaulted his wife whom he accused of infidelity. Officer Wanless who went to the woman's assistance, was fired upon by Barnes and killed. While falling the officer shot Barnes through the abdomen, fatally wounding him. Barnes was drunk.

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