

#### A FUNNY RACE.

Two dogs are fighting; cart-horse is started:  
Thinks he will trot!  
Rearing and plunging, he suddenly dashes  
Out of the lot!  
Cart follows after,—hardly can help it,  
Since it is fast!  
Rumbly-tumbly, giggle-jiggly-jumble!  
Fly they two past!  
Boy drops his shovel; strides along after,  
Giving hot chase!  
Moo-cow, whistling, and kicking, and frisking.  
Jinks in the race.  
Leaving their quarrel, dogs follow after,  
Strutting along;  
So the procession, weak at its starting,  
Ends very strong.  
On they all go!  
Plunging and dashing, shouting and clashing!  
Jiggling and jumping, creaking and bumping!  
Shaking and whisking, kicking and frisking!  
Dancing and skipping, rearing and dipping!  
Barking and chasing! All the seven racing,  
With all of their might, on, on, out of sight!  
Folks, staring after, wonder with laughter  
Where it will end.  
Then suddenly see them return as they started,  
Just rounding the bend!  
Yet, with this difference, boy now is driving,  
And seems to be mad;  
But all of the others are still just as happy  
As ever and glad.

#### THE SECRET CIPHER.

**A Detective's Memory.**  
"Dat is—Navy ne haggfurb mrtag ag  
'27 Uerte Aghting. Mew."  
There it was, in italics, half way  
down the "personal column of the  
Herald, conspicuous only for its singu-  
lar and most aggravating combination  
of letters and figures, the sole clue to  
the whereabouts of the game I had  
been after for over a week, scarcely  
resting, eating or sleeping in my anx-  
iety to secure the reward offered in a  
heavy burglary case—and something else.

That "something else." Ah! my  
heart sank within me as I flung aside  
the enigmatical puzzle before me, and  
leaning back in my chair gave myself  
up to the gloomy reveries of the past.  
Edna Dayton—how I loved her! How  
fair and beautiful as a summer's day!  
Had been the weak in which I had met  
her, had loved her, and had had told  
that my affection was returned! How  
well I remember the biting parting—a  
hopeless one, it seemed to me—when I  
learned my fate from her father's lips,  
and passed down the brown-stone steps  
of the Dayton mansion, wondering if  
the inclination of moneyed men toward  
elusive residences was not caused by the  
existence of a similar hard material in  
that part of the human anatomy known  
as the heart.

I was a poor man, he said, and the  
profession of a detective was a procrus-  
tians one. His daughter loved me—he  
could not deny that—but she was his  
only child, and her wealth and position  
demanded a match with some social  
equal. He would not break her heart  
by absolutely refusing to sanction our  
engagement; but if within a year I  
should secure a fortune of twenty-five  
thousand dollars and a lucrative busi-  
ness, and Edna was still of the same  
mind—well, he would consider it!

Twenty-five thousand dollars! I  
grow sick at heart at the thought of the  
conditions imposed upon which I was  
to purchase my future happiness.  
Friendless, the recipient of a meagre  
salary, and utterly unknown, where  
was I to raise this amount, and what  
business capacity had I, the son of  
parents who had given me every lux-  
ury, and neglected a practical educa-  
tion, until a crash came that left us  
homeless and in penury?

Day and night for over a month I  
brooded over my sorrows, and then one  
day I was aroused into renewed life by  
the reception of a formal but courteous  
note from Mr. Dayton requesting my  
immediate attendance at the mansion.  
My feet seemed winged as I hastened  
to the house of my beloved Edna.  
What did it mean? Had he relented?  
Was Edna sick, or did business await  
me at the pleasure of my hard-hearted  
father? I was ushered into the library,  
where I found the old gentleman in an  
intense state of excitement pacing the  
floor, the window broken in, papers  
and boxes scattered about the apart-  
ment, and a safe in the corner broken  
open.

I stared at him in amazement.  
"You seem agitated, Mr. Dayton,"  
I ventured to suggest.  
"Agitated! agitated, sir! I am wild.  
Late last night, or early this morning,  
burglars entered this apartment by  
means of yonder window and broke  
open the safe. When I came down this  
morning I found affairs just as they are  
now, and nearly one hundred thousand  
dollars in money, bonds, and jewels  
gone!"

I stared mutely. The immensity of  
the robbery petrified me.  
"You have informed the police?" I  
asked, when I could find my voice.  
"No!" he thundered, coming to a full  
stop. "I have no confidence in a police  
force which fails to protect a house  
from such an audacious burglary, and  
expects one-half the booty for its re-  
turn. Here is the room, and yonder is  
a list of the stolen property. I believe  
that you are honest, and I leave the en-  
tire affair in your hands. Call upon  
me for whatever money you require in  
an attempt to recover the property or  
to detect the thieves. If you succeed  
within a month I will give you thirty  
thousand dollars. If you fail I will pay  
your expenses for the month and place  
the case in other hands. Are you satis-  
fied?"

I gasped spasmodically. Thirty  
thousand dollars! A fortune—more  
than the price of my happiness! And  
then the pride of my profession came  
a my aid and I told him that I should  
need!  
I examined the apartment. The bur-

lary had been effected very simply ap-  
parently. Edward, the footman—a tall,  
sleek specimen of humanity—had heard  
a noise in the library during the night,  
but had paid no attention to it, as Mr.  
Dayton was in the habit of writing very  
late, and he thought it was his employ-  
er.

What puzzled me most was the means  
of entrance and egress adopted by the  
burglars. The library was fully fifteen  
feet from the ground, had a glass win-  
dow, and, except the broken glass, there  
was not the slightest sign to show how  
the window had been gained. A ladder  
would have done it; but no marks of a  
ladder, no signs of footsteps exhibited  
themselves in the damp ground, wet  
from recent rains.

I was sorely puzzled. I examined the  
servants one by one, but could find no  
clue to justify the remotest suspicion  
of complicity in the affair on their part.  
The work had evidently been done by  
scientific burglars, and they had worked  
at their leisure.

I inquired into the antecedents of Ed-  
ward, the footman; but Mr. Dayton  
averred that he would allow no in-  
sult in regard to a servant to his  
family. I resolved to inquire more  
fully in regard to him, however; but I  
could find nothing against the man,  
and I temporarily dropped him from  
my mind as having any connection with  
the case.

"You heard no noise on the night of  
the robbery?" I inquired of Mr. Day-  
ton.  
"None. I slept unusually heavy last  
night."  
I went away thoughtfully, for I had  
found in the library an empty bottle,  
which from the scent I knew to have  
contained chloroform, and I had no-  
ticed the marks of muddy boots lead-  
ing from the apartment, while around  
the window none were to be seen. The  
glass, too, had been broken by a quick  
blow—not out door. Altogether it was  
a most mysterious piece of business.

I watched all drives frequented by  
the cracksmen of the city, and worked  
like a beaver. I could not obtain a clue  
to the perpetrators of the daring bur-  
glary, and after three days of unremit-  
ting toil, I was considering if it would  
not be as well to call in professional  
assistance when the advertisement in  
the Herald at the head of this story  
attracted my attention. Instinctively  
I divined some connection with "crook-  
ed" business, and whether it referred  
to my case or not, I resolved to ascertain  
its meaning.

I went down to the Herald office that  
morning, and, introducing myself, at-  
tempted to obtain some description of  
the person who had handed in the ad-  
vertisement. The clerk stated that it  
had been received by mail, in a letter  
inclosing the amount requisite for its  
insertion in the paper. Could I see the  
original copy? He would see; and a  
message was sent to the composing-  
room. Luckily, the copy had been pre-  
served. It was written in a disguised  
hand on a little scrap of paper. I asked  
leave to retain it, and the permis-  
sion being granted to me, I returned  
to my room at once.

I pored over the cipher for a long  
time, and discouraged at my inability  
make out one word of it, was finally  
about to abandon it, when I chanced  
to look at the reverse side of the paper.  
There were figures and words on it,  
and I read "U. S. Bonds \$10,000," and  
other memoranda, indicating that it  
had been a loose wrapper for valuable  
papers.

Then I knew that the advertisement  
bore an important relation to the rob-  
bery.  
And so until the day upon which the  
story opens I was unable to make head  
or tail of the secret cipher.

So wearied was I that I fell asleep  
with my head upon my desk, and I did  
not awake until noon. It is wonder-  
ful how a brief repose will clear the  
mind. I took up the paper with re-  
newed energy, and a bright idea flash-  
ed over me.

Simple as it was I had not thought of  
it before. The entire message was writ-  
ten on the system of a substitution of  
letters, based on the reversal of the al-  
phabet. Thus instead of writing a, the  
first letter of the alphabet, z, the last  
one, was substituted; instead of b, y  
was used—the alphabet reversed was  
the key to the solution of the puzzle.

I gave utterance to a shout of joy, for,  
following out the theory it read:  
"Larry! Meet me Saturday night at  
127 Fire street. NED."  
And "Ned" or Edward was the name  
of Mr. Dayton's footman. I began to  
see a very large niche. But Fire street  
—there was no such thoroughfare in  
the city and I was "floored" again.

Gradually, however, the thought oc-  
curred to me, on the basis of reversal  
and opposites adopted by the sender of  
the message, why should not "fire"  
mean "water," its direct reverse?  
I dashed down the stairs, and, hail-  
ing a cab for I did not forget that it  
was Saturday, and that that evening  
was the appointed time for the meeting  
of the two burglars, if such they were,  
I soon had reached Water street.

"Vacant! Number 27 was an empty  
lot!"  
I paused, disappointed, and dismissed  
the vehicle, again having recourse to  
the puzzling enigma! So near the solu-  
tion, and yet doomed to be balked  
at the last, and—

A sudden inspiration of renewed en-  
ergy, and I had forged the last link in  
the chain of evidence! There had been  
a reversal in the order of numbers, from  
1 to 10, as in the letters of the alphabet  
and 127 meant 1094.  
I looked at my watch; three o'clock.  
I went to the nearest local telegraph  
office, and sent the following dispatch  
to the chief of police:  
"Send to this office three efficient men  
in citizen's clothes."

I signed my name, lit a cigar, and  
awaited the arrival of evening and my  
companion officers.  
It was dark when we reached the place  
for the meeting appointed by the two  
men. It was a vile grogery kept by a  
woman, and a resort for the very lowest  
class of ruffians. I had put on a felt  
hat and a pair of false whiskers, and I  
entered the bar-room, having first placed  
my men in advantageous positions at  
the outside.

Within half an hour there entered an  
old woman, veiled, bearing some bulky  
object under her cloak. She made a  
sign to the woman behind the bar, and

went into the next room. I caught  
sight of her feet as she passed through  
the door; they were encased, not in  
shoes, but in man's boots. I went quiet-  
ly to the bar, and made a sign to the  
woman.

"Is Larry in there?" I inquired in a  
loud voice, pointing to the other apart-  
ment.  
She looked at me sharply, and then  
replied in the affirmative.

"Keep anybody that comes out," I  
said, significantly. "We are going to  
divide the swag."  
And I opened the door.

There was no one in the first room,  
but in the second, by a table, on which  
lay a large tin box, was my game—Lar-  
ry, the burglar, and a tall, spare form  
in female attire, with veil thrown back,  
and terrified face, the footman, Ed-  
ward.

"You can drop on my little dodge,  
gentlemen," I said, quietly whipping  
out a brace of revolvers. "The house  
is surrounded, and any resistance will  
only make it worse for you. Larry,  
open that door."  
He unbolted the rear door under the  
silent persuasive eloquence of my re-  
volver, and the three officers then en-  
tered.

Need I tell the rest? Edward, the  
footman, had admitted his accomplice  
into the house, and had chloroformed  
his employer. He had kept the booty  
hidden in his room, not daring to go  
out to communicate with his pal, except  
as has been seen, for fear that he was  
watched.

The property had not been distur-  
bed; but justice was cheated, for both  
the men escaped before conviction, and  
were never heard of again. As for me,  
I quietly handed five thousand dollars  
to the department, resigned, engaged  
in business, and married Edna.

**The New Pension Law.**  
It is not generally known that a law  
was passed at the last session of Con-  
gress, which, if not repealed, may prove  
very injurious to the interests of many  
thousands of soldiers and their heirs.  
This country respects and honors its  
soldiers. No nation on the globe ever  
did so well by its defenders as ours has  
done. It is to be regretted, then, all  
the more, that any steps should be taken  
tending to deprive this class of our citi-  
zens of any of their rights under the  
laws. True the law in question is  
aimed at claim agents and is professedly  
in the interest of claimants for pension  
but if its effect is to discourage honest  
claim agents from pursuing their legiti-  
mate calling, so far it must unfavorably  
affect those who have claims to be  
prospected.

Before the close of the war and whilst  
officers and other witnesses were acces-  
sible a fee of ten dollars was sufficient  
compensation to an attorney for the  
preparation of the papers to enable a  
claimant for pension to receive his dues.  
After the armies had been discharged  
and witnesses dispersed to their respec-  
tive homes, it seems reasonable  
that more fee should be paid, for the  
very apparent reason that additional  
work was necessary. Congress, we un-  
derstand, did recognize the justice and  
fairness of the demand for a larger  
compensation to attorneys, and did, by  
a law enacted July, A. D. 1870, author-  
ize the payment of a fee of twenty-five  
dollars. There were some checks to  
the practical operation of this law favor-  
able to pension claimants. The fee  
must be agreed upon in writing and be  
payable only in the event of success.  
This agreement was rendered inoperative  
if the Commissioner of Pensions ob-  
jected to it in any given case, a very  
wise provision, and one which enabled  
the officers of the Government to adjust  
the attorney's compensation upon a fair  
and reasonable scale, thus preventing  
extortion. In very many cases ten dol-  
lars was a sufficient fee. In other  
cases fifteen dollars, or twenty dollars,  
or twenty-five dollars was thought to be  
proper and was allowed. Under this  
law claims have been prosecuted with  
satisfaction to all parties. Although  
by the lapse of time the difficulties in  
procuring the testimony have increased,  
yet there has been little or no complaint  
that attorneys were demanding a larger  
fee. Certainly no complaint with refer-  
ence to the comparatively few claim  
firms into whose hands the principal  
business had centered and who were  
able to perform the increased labor  
without a corresponding increase of  
compensation by reason of the well-  
known fact that a large business can  
be done more cheaply than a small busi-  
ness. But now comes the act of June  
19, 1878, not only reducing the fee of  
attorneys in all classes of cases to ten  
dollars, but repealing the provision of  
the former law which gave the fee only  
in the event of success, and provided  
that it be deducted at the public offices  
that have been doing the business so  
satisfactorily, are hesitating about filing  
claims at all. Many of them are de-  
manding the fee in advance, as they  
clearly have a legal right to do. This  
works a hardship to claimants, as many  
of them are poor and unable to raise  
the money. On the other hand the re-  
duction of the fee below a fair and just  
allowance in certain classes of cases  
practically prevents the prosecution of  
such claims. No attorney can be com-  
pelled to do a piece of work for less  
than it is fairly worth. He is privileged  
to and will decline all cases in which  
the labor involved is worth more than  
the legal allowance. This works a  
positive hardship to all whose claims  
are thus refused. So far as such per-  
sons are concerned the pension laws  
might as well be repealed. It is very  
poor satisfaction to the dependent father  
or mother to be told that they are en-  
titled to a pension, on account of the  
service and death of their boy, whilst  
a law is in force preventing them from  
procuring the skilled labor necessary to  
the procurement of their just dues. We  
cannot believe this objectionable law  
will long remain upon the statute book.  
It must be stricken off and replaced by  
a law that will do exact justice to all.  
What we have said is in the interest of  
no party. It is not a party question.  
It is a question of public faith—the just  
and fair administration of the pension  
laws.—*Cleveland Voice and Post.*

**Edison as a Boy.**  
At twelve he began the world—as  
train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad  
of Canada and Central Michigan. To  
one who has noted the precocious self-  
possession, the flippant conversational  
powers and the sharp financial dealings  
of the young persons who for the most  
part abound in it, it does not seem a  
profession for the cultivation of a spirit  
of quiet research, or the most thorough  
acquisition of the sciences and arts.  
But it is fair to presume that Master  
Edison at this time had no very com-  
prehensive scheme of development pre-  
pared. It offered the most available  
means of a livelihood. He went into  
time he became an employer of labor,  
having four assistants under him for  
the disposal of his wares. He is not  
averse to recur to the humors of this  
part of his life.

"Were you one of the kind of train-  
boys," he has been asked, "who sell  
them in boxes with bottoms half an inch  
thick?"  
"If I recollect right," he replied,  
with a merry twinkle, "the bottoms of  
my boxes were a good inch."  
There exists a daguerreotype of the  
train-boy of this epoch. It shows the  
future celebrity as a chubby-faced fel-  
low in a glazed cap and muffer, with  
papers under his arm. The face has  
an expansive smile—not to put too fine  
a point upon it, a grin. Yet there is  
something honest and a little deprecia-  
ting in it, instead of impudence. He  
was, as will be shown, an eccentricity  
among train-boys, and was no doubt  
sensible of it. He looks like a fellow  
whose glazed cap a brakeman would  
toss over his eyes in passing, while  
thinking a good deal of him all the  
same.

His peculiarity consisted in having  
established in turn, in the disused smok-  
ing section of a springless old baggage  
car which served him as headquarters  
for his papers, fruits and vegetable  
luxuries, a little station. He surrounded  
himself with a quantity of bottles and  
some retort-stands—made in the rail-  
road shops in exchange for papers—  
procured a copy of "Froesenius's Qual-  
itative Analysis," and, while the car  
bumped rudely along, conducted the  
experiments of a chemist. By hanging  
about the office of the "Detroit Free  
Press," in some spare hours, he ac-  
quired an idea of printing. At a fa-

#### A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

##### How Two Brave Girls Drove Away a British Man-of-War.

There is an interesting story connect-  
ed with Cedar Point, Scituate Harbor,  
Mass. The heroine is Miss Rebecca  
Bates, now a bright, genial old lady of  
eighty-four, whose memory continues  
remarkably clear. The story from her  
lips can be depended on as thoroughly  
reliable. Her father was Capt. Simon  
Bates, was light-keeper at the time, and  
was the first who lit the light, in April,  
1811. In the Spring of the following  
year English cruisers were numerous  
in Massachusetts bay, and on one occa-  
sion the launches of an English frigate  
were sent in to Scituate Harbor. They  
set fire to the vessels at the wharves,  
and towed out two, at the same time  
threatening to destroy the town if any  
resistance was offered. After this event  
a home guard was formed, and detach-  
ments were stationed on Crow and Cedar  
points, and in front of the village,  
with a brass piece. When no sail was  
in sight the guards were allowed to go  
home to their farms.

Nothing to occasion alarm occurred  
again until the following September.  
Rebecca, at that time eighteen years  
of age, and her sister Abigail, fourteen  
years old (still living), were sitting to-  
ward evening sewing with their mother,  
Captain Bates and the rest of his large  
family and the guards were all away.  
Mrs. Bates told Rebecca it was time to  
put on the kettle. As Rebecca went out  
into the kitchen, she for the first time  
perceived an English ship of war close  
at hand, and lowering her boats.

"I knew the ship at a glance," she  
said. "It was the La Hogue."  
"Oh, Lord!" says I, to my sister, the  
old La Hogue is off here again! What  
shall we do? Here are your barges  
coming again, and they'll burn up our  
vessels just as they did afore. You see  
there were two vessels at the wharf,  
loaded with flour, and we couldn't af-  
ford to lose that in those times, when  
the embargo made it so hard to live we  
had to bile pumpkins all day to get  
sweetenin for sugar. There were the  
muskets of the guards. I had a good  
mind to take those out beyond the light  
house, and fire them at the barges; I  
might have killed one or two, but it  
would have done no good, for they  
would have turned around and fired the  
village.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, said I to  
my sister; look here, says I, you take  
the drum, I'll take the life—was fond  
of military music, and could play four  
times on the fife, Yankee Doodle was  
my masterpiece. I learned on the fife  
which the soldiers had left at the light-  
house. They had a drum, too; so I  
said to her, You take the drum and I'll  
take the fife."  
"What good'll that do?" says she.  
"Scare them, says I. All you've got  
to do is to call the roll; I'll scream the  
life, and we will keep out of sight; if  
they see us they'll laugh us to scorn."  
I showed her how to handle the sticks  
and we ran down behind the cedar  
wood. So we put in, as the boys say,  
and pretty soon I looked, and I could  
see the men in the barges resting on  
their oars and listening. When I look-  
ed again I saw a flag flying from the  
mast-head of the ship. My sister be-  
gan to make a speech, and I said:

"Don't make a noise; you make me  
laugh and I can't pucker up my  
mouth."  
When I looked again I saw that they  
had seen the flag, and turned about so  
quick that a man fell overboard, and  
they picked him up by the back of his  
neck and hauled him in. When they  
went off, I played Yankee Doodle."  
It is not this heroine who saved two  
ships laden with flour, and perhaps other  
valuables, from destruction, entitled  
to a pension? She has five brothers  
and sisters still living, the eldest eighty-  
five and the youngest seventy-one. Her  
grandfather was one hundred years  
and one month old at the time of his  
death.

At twelve he began the world—as  
train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad  
of Canada and Central Michigan. To  
one who has noted the precocious self-  
possession, the flippant conversational  
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favorable opportunity he purchased from  
the office three hundred pounds of old  
type, and to the laboratory a printing  
office was added. It seems to have  
been by a peculiar, good-natured hang-  
ing-around process of his own, with his  
eyes extremely wide open and sure of  
what they wanted to see, that his prac-  
tical information on so many useful  
subjects was obtained. He learned some  
thing of mechanics and the practical  
mastery of a locomotive in the railroad  
shops, and acquired an idea of the pow-  
ers of electricity from telegraph opera-  
tors. With his printing-office he pub-  
lished a paper—the "Grand Trunk Her-  
ald." It was a weekly, twelve by six-  
teen inches, and was noticed by the  
"London Times," to which a copy had  
been shown by some traveler, as the  
only journal in the world printed on a  
railway train. The impressions were  
taken by the most primitive of all  
means, that of pressing the sheets up on  
the type with the hands, and were on  
but one side of the paper. Baggage-  
men and brakemen contributed the lit-  
erary contents. In 1862, during the  
battle of Pittsburg Landing, the enter-  
prising managers received the idea of  
telegraphing on the head lines of his  
exciting news and having them posted  
on bulletin-boards at the small country  
stations. The result was a profitable  
venture, and the full awakening of in-  
terest on his side in the art of tele-  
graphing, in which he was destined to  
play such a remarkable part.

During this time he continued his  
reading with unabated industry. His  
train carried him into Detroit, where  
there were advantages he had never en-  
joyed before. An indication of his thirst  
for knowledge, of a never ignoring of  
enormous difficulties and of the com-  
plexities with which the shaping of his  
career was in his own hands, is found  
in a project formed by him to read  
through the whole public library. There  
was no one to tell him that all of hu-  
man knowledge may be found in a cer-  
tain moderate number of volumes, nor  
to point out to him approximately what  
they are. Each book was in his view  
a distinct part of the great domain, and  
he meant to lose none of it. He began  
with the solid treatises of a dusty law  
or shelf and actually read, in the ac-  
complishment of his heroic purpose,  
fifteen feet in line. He omitted no  
book and skipped nothing in the book.  
The list contained among others New-  
ton's "Principia," Ure's scientific dic-  
tionaries, and Burton's "Anatomy of  
Melancholy."—*Scribner for November.*

At twelve he began the world—as  
train-boy on the Grand Trunk Railroad  
of Canada and Central Michigan. To  
one who has noted the precocious self-  
possession, the flippant conversational  
powers and the sharp financial dealings  
of the young persons who for the most  
part abound in it, it does not seem a  
profession for the cultivation of a spirit  
of quiet research, or the most thorough  
acquisition of the sciences and arts.  
But it is fair to presume that Master  
Edison at this time had no very com-  
prehensive scheme of development pre-  
pared. It offered the most available  
means of a livelihood. He went into  
time he became an employer of labor,  
having four assistants under him for  
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averse to recur to the humors of this  
part of his life.

Motives are like harlequins—there is  
always a second dress beneath the  
first.

#### NEBRASKA INDIANS.

##### Anxious to Become Citizens and Own Property in Their Own Name.

The Indian commissioners arrived in  
this city Thursday evening, returning  
from a visit to the Omaha and Winne-  
bag reservations. They went over the  
Omaha and Northwestern railroad in a  
special car, furnished by Mr. Harbach.  
Examinations were made of the head  
men and chiefs of the tribe, traders,  
Indian agents, and farmers generally.  
The people were found to be in the  
main contented, industrious and sober.  
Several of the teachers in the schools  
of the Omaha tribe were found to be  
young women of the tribe, educated at  
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

The Winnebago agency was also  
visited, the Commission driving four-  
teen miles through a cold wind to get  
there. Mr. White, the agent, had as-  
sembled the chiefs of the tribe, and a  
council was held. The principal wishes  
expressed were for farms in their own  
names, so that the land could descend  
to their children; and a wish to sell  
all their spare land. They expressed a  
desire to become citizens of the United  
States, and in all respects like white  
people. The Commission also learned  
from unthatched stacks of hay in the  
fields that they were very much in need  
of a few steam threshing machines.  
They were found with good schools,  
and more intelligent than the Omahas.  
On the matter of the transfer of the  
Indian Bureau to the military they  
were indifferent; the Omahas were op-  
posed to the transfer.

Each tribe complained that its ponies  
were stolen by the other, and wanted  
the Indian commission to interfere in  
the matter and oblige the thieves to pay  
roundly for the stolen property.

The Omahas held a council and re-  
ported they needed agricultural imple-  
ments and an annuity. They thought  
they ought to receive an annuity equal  
to that of the Winnebagos. They were  
satisfied to remain under the control of  
the Indian bureau.—*Omaha Herald, Oct  
19.*

#### The Buzzing Insects—Some Interesting Investigations into Its Causes—Two Distinct Sounds.

The old naturalists thought, general-  
ly, that the buzzing of insects was pro-  
duced by the vibrations of the wing, but  
they had scarcely attempted to analyze  
this phenomenon, and their opinion  
was abandoned, when Reaumur showed  
that when the wings are cut a blow fly  
continues to buzz. Other explanations  
of the phenomenon have been advanced  
by various naturalists, but none of them  
are satisfactory. M. Jousset, de Bel-  
lesme, has been making some investi-  
gations on the subject, and, after proving  
that previous theories are unsatisfac-  
tory, he describes the result of his own  
researches. To avoid confusion, it  
should be distinctly understood what is  
meant by buzzing. In the scientific ac-  
ceptation it means to imitate the sound  
of the bumble bee, which is the type of  
buzzing insects. But the bumble-bee  
gives out two very different sounds,  
which are an octave of each other—a  
grave sound when it flies and a sharp  
sound when it alights.

We say, then, that buzzing is the fac-  
ulty of insects to produce two sounds at  
an octave. This definition limits the  
phenomenon to the hymenoptera and  
the diptera. The coleoptera often pro-  
duce in flying a grave and dull sound,  
but they are powerless to emit the sharp  
sound, and consequently do not buzz.  
There are two or three ascertained facts  
which will serve as guides in the inter-  
pretation of the phenomenon. First it  
is indisputable that the grave sound al-  
ways accompanies the great vibrations  
of the wings which serve for the trans-  
lation of the insect. It is easily seen  
that this sound commences as soon as  
the wings begin to move, and that if  
the wings be cut off it disappears en-  
tirely. The sharp sound is, never, on  
the contrary, produced during flight; it  
is only observed apart from the great  
vibrations of the wings when the insect  
alights, or when it is held so as to hin-  
der its movement, and in that case the  
wing is seen to be animated by a rapid  
trembling. It is also produced when  
the wings are entirely taken away.

From these two remarks we may  
draw the conclusion that the grave  
sound belongs properly to the wings,  
that it is caused by their movements of  
great amplitude. There is here no dif-  
ficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is  
certainly not produced by the wings,  
since it survives the absence of these.  
Yet the wings participate in it and un-  
dergo a particular trembling during the  
production of this sound. To discover  
the cause it is necessary to go back to  
the mechanism of the movement of the  
wing. It is known that among nearly  
all insects the muscles that serve for  
flight are not inserted in the wing itself,  
but in the parts of the thorax which  
support it, and that it is the movement  
of these which acts on the wing and  
makes it vibrate. The form of the tho-  
rax changes with each movement of the  
wing under the influence of the con-  
traction of the thoracic muscles. The  
muscular masses intended for flight  
being very powerful, this vibratory  
movement of the thorax is very intense,  
as may be proved by holding one of  
these insects between the fingers. But  
as the vibrations are produced two or  
three hundred times per second, they  
give rise to a musical sound, which is  
the sharp note.—*London Times.*

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