A MODEST DAMAGE CLAIM.

Mrs. Emily Agard, of Rockford, Illinois, Sues the City for $6,000.

THE NEW FIRE LIMITS.

Taking Jewelry Out of Pawn—The Grand Jury—Beating a Landlady—The Coasting Carnival—Local Miscellany.

Mrs. Agard's Claim.

Mrs. Emily Agard, of Rockford, Illinois, commenced suit in the United States circuit to obtain $6,000 damages from the city of Omaha on account of the death of her husband, who, it is alleged, died from injuries received in falling off a defective sidewalk.

On the night of Sunday, January 7, 1884, Mr. James B. Agard, at that time stopping in Omaha, was walking along Capitol avenue eastward, returning from church. At a point between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets he fell on the sidewalk, which it is alleged, was rotten and insecure. The ground which was hard and slippery had been covered with a light fall of snow, and when Mr. Agard fell from the sidewalk, he was precipitated violently upon his leg. He sustained a severe fracture of that member. He was a strong, healthy man, though fifty years of age, but nevertheless his injuries proved fatal. Despite the fact that he received the best of medical treatment, he died in a few weeks. He left a wife and three children in Rockford, Illinois, in comfortable circumstances. The petition of the wife, Emily Agard, alleges that she has been deprived of the income of her husband, and that her consequent loss up to the present time has been $5,000. In addition, it is alleged more than $1,000 was paid out for medical treatment. So that the total of the indemnity asked for is $6,000. Why the suit was not started before does not appear.

City Attorney Connell, when asked about the case yesterday, said that he should defend on two grounds:

First: That the sidewalk was not in a dangerous condition, but that the accident was merely the result of an unfortunate mis-step on the part of Mr. Agard.

Second: That the city had never received a notice, either actual or constructive, that this sidewalk in that place was in a dangerous condition, and hence could not be held liable for accidents occasioned by such defect even if one really existed.

NO MORE FIRE TRAPS.

The Same to be Prevented by the New Fire Ordinance.

At the meeting of the council Tuesday night, Councilman Daily introduced an ordinance extending the fire limits of this city. The ordinance was passed. It includes territory not now inclosed in the fire district, and will be found to strike localities which, it was thought, would long be exempt from restriction. Commencing on Marcy 66 feet east of Ninth, it extends to Farnam, thence taking a zig-zag course to Eighth, Douglas, Ninth again, Dodge, Eleventh, Capitol avenue, Fourteenth, Davenport, to a point 66 feet east of Sixteenth, thence north to alley between California and Webster streets, thence east to Fourteenth, thence north to alley between Webster and Burt, thence west to a point sixty-six feet east of Sixteenth, thence to Nicholas, thence to a point sixty-six feet west of Sixteenth, thence south to alley between Cuming and Izard, thence west to Twenty-third, south to the north line of lot 9 block 191½, thence west to Saunders, south to south line of lot 2 block 208½, thence east to Twenty-third, thence south to alley between Burt and Cuming, thence east to a point sixty-six west of Sixteenth, thence south to Davenport, thence to Seventeenth, thence to alley between Douglas and Farnam, thence west to Twentieth, south to Farnam, east to Nineteenth, south to Harney, east to Nineteenth, south to the one-half section line on south line of block 250½, thence east to centre of block between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets, south to point 132 feet north of St. Mary's avenue, southwesterly parallel to that avenue to Twentieth, thence south to a point 132 feet south of St. Mary's avenue, thence northeasterly parallel to south line of St. Mary's avenue to Nineteenth, thence northeasterly to Eighteenth, thence to alley in block 2, Kountze & Ruth's addition, thence east to Sixteenth street, south to alley between Jackson and Jones, thence east to lot line in center of blocks between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, thence south to north line of Marcy, thence east to the point of starting.

No building may be erected in this district the outside of which shall not be constructed of either brick, stone, iron or other fire-proof material, under penalty of $100 for any building or addition so erected. When erected, such building shall be declared a nuisance, and torn down. In this district no wooden building shall be enlarged. Neither may a frame building within the district be removed to another place therein. No building damaged by fire to the extent of 50 per cent of its value shall be repaired. Any builder or moger aiding in violating this section shall be fined $100 for every building worked on. This ordinance repeals the old one and goes into effect as soon as signed by the mayor.

THE OTHER SIDE.

What Mr. Preissman Has to Say About the Replevin Suit.

William Preissman, representing the Tenth street pawnbrokers A. Kline & Co., called at the BEE office yesterday to give the correct version of the unpleasant affair in which he figured Tuesday.

He says that he loaned last week $26 to a woman by the name of Gould, on some jewelry. Yesterday the husband who claimed to have some lien on the jewelry, determined to get them out of pawn without going through the unpleasant process of redemption. Accordingly replevin papers were issued and placed in the hands of Constable Rustin. According to Mr. Preissman's story, Rustin came into his office, and without telling who he was or wanted, called for 10 cents worth of cartridges. They were given him, and he filled his revolver. Just at this moment another party stepped into the store and bought a pair of gloves. This distracted Mr. Priessman's attention for a moment. When he turned around the constable was at the open safe searching every drawer and apartment in it. Mr. Preissman at once thought he must be a thief, and started toward him, exclaiming, "What are you doing there?" "Don't come here," answered Rustin, "I'll blow your brains out," at the same time presenting the loaded revolver. Preissman, of course, well aware that discretion was the better part of valor, stepped back. Rustin continued to ransack the safe until he secured the bracelets and chain which Mrs. Gould had pawned. He then showed his writ of replevin and walked out of the store laughing.

Mr. Preissman says that Rustin did not show his star or his writ of replevin, but acted more like a thief. Mr. P. declares that he will criminally prosecute the constable.

Constable Rustin, in convesation with a reporter yesterpay denied emphatically that he had drawn a revolver on Preissman.

THE GRAND JURY.

County Commissioner O'Keeffe Thinks They Should Resign.

A leading citizen yesterday met a county commissioner in the Paxton hotel, and in the course of a warm conversation informed him it was the impression of many good men that money had been used in the drawing of the present grand jury. The commissioner said that so far as he knew the impression was both unjust and unfounded, and he would be willing to spend money to ascertain if it were based on fact. The citizen further stated that he was constantly meeting the best men in town and was in position to know whereof he spoke concerning public opinion. In a short time the county board was informed of the suspicion which was entertained, and each of the members protested his innocence and displayed an eagerness to have the charge substantiated. Commissioner O'Keefe said that if he had any influence with the jury he would exercise it to induce them to resign. Not because he feared investigation into the manner in which the body had been formed, but because he knew that, act as they would, the jury would be criticised and censured. There were two cases to come before the jury upon which public sentiment was strong. If the jury found an indictment in either, it would be condemned, if it didn't, it would be condemned. As at present constituted, it was, in the estimation of some of its critics, designed to indict a certain man; by the opposing clique, it had been formed to allow that man to go free. The jury was between two fires. It could not stand both, no matter how honestly it may have been drawn, nor how well it was disposed to do its duty. He had been to see one of the members of the jury and had said to him that if he (O'Keefe) were drawn as juror, he would call a meeting of the others and try induce them to resign. Mr. O'Keefe did not say what the juryman proposed to do under the circumstances. This plan would relieve the members from criticism and abuse, and invite any person or persons who knew about money being employed with the commissioners to come forward and tell what they knew.

BEATING A LANDLADY.

J. W. Smith Tries the Costly Experiment and Lands in Jail.

J. W. Smith is something of an adventurer. He has a happy-faculty of living by his wits.

A few weeks ago he landed in Omaha, with little cash but plenty of cheek. He went to boarding at the residence of Mrs. Eleanor O'Donahoe. He informed this lady that he had procured a job at Stephenson's barn and would pay for his board in a very few days. This satisfied Mrs. O'Donahoe and Smith was allowed to eat his meals for many days unmolested and undunned.

Tuesday, however, Mrs. O'Donahoe, thinking it strange that Smith did not offer to settle up, again asked him for money. Smith made some excuse, but did not offer to produce the cash. Being pressed, however, he finally remarked that he had a trunk in Council Bluffs with plenty of money in it. Would Mrs. O'D. lend him the paltry sum of $1 in order that he might go over to the Bluffs to get the trunk, so that he might pay her? Certainly she would Smith took the money and started as he said for the Bluffs. A friend of Mrs. O'Donahoe agreed to accompany him to the depot, but Smith gave him the slip, and did not go to Council Bluffs. This excited Mrs. O'Donahoe's suspicions and vestesday she had her false and fickle boarder arrested and lodged in jail on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses.

A BULLET THROUGH HIS HEART.

How a Former Resident of These Parts Came to His End.

Last Saturday a mysterious case of either murder or suicide was committed on the line of the Union Pacific, a short distance east of Hardin, in Colorado. The victim was named Alex. T. Estelle. He was about fifty years of age, and had for some time previously been leading the life of a rancher in the neighborhood of his death. He is supposed to have lived in Council Bluffs, and in the vicinity of Missouri Valley at a not very distant point of time in the past. His remains were found in a sitting position backed against a telegraph pole with a hole through his heart. It is supposed that before the fatal shot was fired, the victim held an upright position against the same post, and when the bullet struck him fell to the ground. Beside him was found an old-style Smith & Wesson revolver. One chamber was empty. The bullet went upward and grazed the pole at about the height of the victim. A verdict of suicide was returned.

Ogallala's New Church.

The new Congregational church at Ogallala was dedicated the 24th inst. The exercises were conducted by Missionary Superintendent Maile of Omaha. A large audience attended morning and evening and pledged a remaining debt of 570. A cash contribution of $150 was given by friends in Omaha, also twelve dozen chairs, two chandeliers and a pulpit lamp were presented by the ladies of the place.

A neat pulpit was made by one of the skilled mechanics of the town.

A Sunday school and church has been organized here by Rev. L. E. Brown, who also is principal of the public school.

A new building for the latter will be erected the coming season, worth $3,000.

Ogallala and vicinity has an intelligent and enterprising class of citizens and an assured future before it.

John Bull Gets There.

The boarders of the South Omaha Stock Exchange were sitting about the fire the other evening, conversation lagged and the boys were looking homesick. To revive their spirits the proprietor, Johnnie Richart, offered to "set 'em up" to the man who would tell the biggest lie. The stories which followed would have made even a Baron von Munchausen envious. The last man, a late arrival from her Brittanic majesty's kingdom, told a short story but one straight to the point: "Johnnie Richart is a man who would never tell a lie." It is needless to add that he took the prize.

Trains and Weather.

The Northwestern train due here last night didn't reach town until this morning.

The C. B. & Q. from the east came in about half an hour behind time, the Rock Island about three hours and the Northwestern about the same time. All the other eastern trains were unobstructed. The temperature today was quite even after about 9:30 o'clock. At 12:30 o'clock the thermometer showed 8° above with the prospect of a still greater raise during the afternoon. The prognostication for to-morrow shows a decided warmth during the greater part of the day.

SOME PECULIAR PEOPLE.

It Takes All Kinds of People to Make a World.

The Number of Strange and Eccentric Characters Found in Every Community and Neighborhood.

It is a common expression, says the Denver News, that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world," but very few persons have any idea of the number of eccentrics, sometimes erroneously called cranks (often because their motives and purposes are not understood), that live in every community.

Some ten years ago there lived in Syracuse, N. Y., a young gentleman of fortune and education named White. Mr. White had a hobby of a peculiar kind, which earned for him the title of "crank," and was of great service in his native town. White's peculiar mania was the extinguishment of fires, and to this end from his own private purse he built an engine house, procured the most improved chemical engines, with magnificent horses to draw them, employed a sufficient force of men, and actually caused to be erected throughout the city a private telegraph-alarm system, by which an alarm could be sent to him in the shortest possible time. He slept in the engine-house, in fact lived there, and, although there was a regularly organized fire department in the city, White and his volunteer aparatus were nearly always the first at the fires, and not only did good service but stimulated the regular department to extra exertions, to the great advantage of the public. Mr. White, who was of a decidedly scientific and ingenious turn of mind, was the inventor of many of the devices now used by fire departments throughout the country for quickly harnessing horses, it being his aim to annihilate time so far as possible in getting to a fire. He adhered to his hobby for some years, and then married an estimable lady of good family, built himself a dwelling immediately opposite his beloved engine-house, and placed directly over the head of his bed an enormous alarm gong. To this, however, his wife, after a short experience, made strenuous objections, whereupon, with a very proper respect for her wishes, he one day concluded to abandon the pet hobby of his life and donate the whole outfit, which had cost him so much time and money, to the city of his birth.

In Detroit, Mich., there lived some years ago an old gentleman named Cass, who, having plenty of means, gratified some idiosyncrasies which would entitle him, in the minds of some, be to considered a crank. Mr. Cass' peculiarities consisted in making collections, not only of pictures, books and works of art, but of clothing for his personal use, and he is credited with having been the owner of several hundred complete suits, including hats and shoes, which were arranged around a large dressing room adjoining his bedroom, each suit having its own hat and pair of shoes or boots. The clothing was brushed every day, the shoes kept polished, and everything in perfect order for wearing, and each day he appeared on the streets clad in a different suit. There resides in Philadelphia a young man named Moore, the son of a wealthy distiller, but who, notwithstanding his father's business, never in his life drank a drop of any kind of liquor. Young Mr. Moore, who is a married man, had several hobbies or conceits that he indulged as a means of spending the very liberal allowance of $1,000 per month made him by his father, which would seem to entitle him to belong to the great army of cranks. When he was married his father gave him a beautiful residence in a fashionable portion of the city, worth perhaps $20,000. The house was furnished in fitting style, and from that time all Moore's ingenuity and the allowance made him by his father were devoted to alterations and changes of the dwelling and filling it with bric-a-brac and costly and curious articles. After a couple of years the interior resembled a museum, for which it would seem that all the countries of the earth have been ransacked. The different rooms of the dwelling, some fifteen in number, were unique in all their appointments, and contained everything of luxury that human ingenuity could devise. The owner was so proud of the collection, for that is the best designation of it, that he employed a relative to exhibit the interior to any one curious enough to examine it. The collection included over one hundred pairs of cups and saucers of the finest manufacture, which had cost him from $50 to $100 per pair. Furniture of odd and costly design, window-shades of the most expensive character made of spun glass, a large number of ingenious clocks, paintings representing a small fortune, and Turkish divans and smoking appliances, all of them imported, and placed in a room expressly set apart as a smoking-room, are only a small part of the curious things gathered by this eccentric gentleman. Having remodeled the interior several times, and filled the rooms until it was almost impossible to move around in them, his vagaries assumed a new form in the shape of a mania for dogs. Purchasing five acres in the suburbs of the city, he caused to be erected extensive kennels, which are the home of a large number of finely-bred and expensive dogs of different species, requiring the services and watchful care of two attendants. Mr. Moore has been rewarded for his expense and trouble in this regard by receiving a number of prizes at the different bench shows in the east for his pets. So much store does he place on his dogs that he caused the body of them which had died to be buried in his garden, and is credited with having expended $5,000 on a handsome monument which marks his canine friend's tomb.

The country abounds with men of eccentric tastes which are gratified in various ways. A few years ago a gentleman evidently of wealth and certainly of culture and refinement, organized a minstrel troup in an eastern city. He gave his name as Charles de Vere, evidently an assumed one, and was tall and handsome, a good singer and dancer, and performed on several musical instruments. His house, which was a small dingy-looking brick, in an obscure street and where he evidently lived alone, was filled with paintings, statuary, engravings, and works of art, costing him, doubtless, many thousands of dollars, and yet this man not over 25 years of age was an utter stranger not only to his neighbors but to the men he engaged to travel with him, and after an unsuccessful tour of six months through the country, during which he paid every liability promptly, there was not one of his company knew him, or where he really was any better than at the start. After the disastrous trip he and his effects disappeared from the city as mysteriously as he had come, and the whole thing became a nine days wonder to those who had met him.

Denver contains a number of men who might be classed as eccentrics were their peculiarities as well known as some of those mentioned. The late Tony Delaney was noted for wearing a white flannel suit on all occasions on the street, followed by one or more dogs. It was always a marvel to his acquaintances how he could keep this kind of attire so spotlessly white, and it was not until his death that the mystery was solved by the discovery in his rooms of a number of suits of the same material and make.

A new country like this necessarily contains many characters whose manners and habits are odd and eccentric, because so different from those of their fellows, those in Colorado alone being enough to fill many chapters.

LITERARY DUDES AND DUDINES.

Who Imagine Themselves Blessed With Genius and Play the Part of Apes.

F. E. Huddle.

There is no other class of people that stand as high in popular estimation as literary people. As a natural outcome of this fact, there is no other class of people whom dudes and idiots ape to such a violent extent. A fool with money is quite likely to buy a lot of books and put them in a nicely finished book-case, and after fitting up a room in his house to accommodate them and naming it "library," and strewing its floor with papers and magazines and covering his center table with a mess of writing materials which would make a real literary man sick at the stomach, he sits down and runs his fingers through his hair to make him look studious and waits for company, which he receives in his alleged library and bores with a lot of small talk on large subjects.

A real literary man never wants his working hours imposed upon with soft-headed company. If there is one thing in the world of which he wants less than any other thing in the world, it is company. He would be more willing to be struck by lightning than by some rattle-brained dunce who wishes advice that will enable him to become a celebrated writer. He would rather take a good mauling than be called upon by a young man of undoubted genius. A real literary man knows just what genius is. He knows that the worse case of it can be cured by the application of a shingle in broken doses at the seat of the disease. He knows by his own experience that all there is of genius in a man, is the backbone that would induce him to eat a supper of scrap-iron and wash it down with castor oil, if he could not get anything better, coupled with a foundation of good, horse sense and a will that would not be bent by a hydraulic jack-screw or broken with a crow-bar. Any young man who has these qualities, is as much of a genius as he would be if he had been born in the light of the moon with $40 in his pocket and a half completed novel under his arm.

Men are not born authors or anything else great. A man does not come into the world with a box of genius strapped on his back like a soldier's knapsack any more than chickens are born with spurs, and no man was ever charged with genius, until, by hard work he managed to dig up treasures that others were too lazy too mine. When a man, after starving himself for half his life and working until his back aches and his eyes get dim and sunken, does some cherished piece of work so well that other people are surprised at its perfection and beauty, the lazy folks that have been sleeping away the hours when he was at work, awake, rub their eyes and look at his work, and then go among their friends to tell them the great lie that he is a genius.

I have never seen any such thing as genius in my life. I have no faith in the idea that great literary men and women are born like frogs, and that even while they are mere tadpoles, they wiggle themselves into prominence by the use of this tail which falls off when their forelegs appear. There are men and women dying in our great country unknown and unhonored every day, who possessed at their birth all the geniuses that came into existence when Dickens gave his first order for breakfast and Herbert Spencer demanded a dry diaper. Great men and women are being born and living and dying every day without having risen to renown, only because they lacked the indomitable self-reliance and strength of purpose that enables a man to rise fighting after he has been knocked down for the hundredth time.

These people who fix up everything nice and pretend to be literary, are only literary dudes and dudines. They would make good statutes perhaps, but they will never do anything to make the world proud of them, and I wish in this connection to assure them that unless they take a strong physic and work off some of their genius, they will be perfectly safe when old Father Time comes along and cuts an arm-full of literary men with his sickle. Literary work never makes anybody famous who is born with genius. A man afflicted with genius has too many aches and pains to allow him to do the hard work that meets the approbation of a critical world. By the time he cures himself, he is not strong enough for literary work.

LOCKS WHICH ALMOST SPOKE.

A Correspondence With Hair Carried on Between a Convict and His Friends.

A correspondence with hair was once attempted by a notorious Parisian thief in durance vile and his comrades outside. A letter was sent to the prisoner from his sweetheart containing merely a lock of hair wrapped in the leaf of a book. The jailer did not consider the souvenir important enough to be delivered, but in a few days there came a similar inclosure and yet another.

This aroused suspicion, and the governor took the matter in hand. He examined the leaf of the book; it was that of a common novel, twenty-six lines on a page. Then he studied the hair and noticed the small quantity of the gift. Counting the hairs he found them of unequal length and twenty-six in number, the same as the lines on the page. Struck with the coincidence he laid the hairs along the lines on the page which they respectively reached, beginning at the top with the smallest hair.

After some trouble he found that the end of each hair pointed to a different letter, and that these letters combined formed a slang sentence which informed the prisoner that his friends were on the watch and that the next time he left the prison to be examined an attempt would be made to rescue him. The governor made his plans accordingly. The attempt was made, but the rescuers fell into their own trap.

An Arizona Obituary.

The Total Wreck (Ariz.) correspondent of the Albuquerque (N. Mex.) Democrat mentions the death of Jim Evans, and says: Death loves a shining mark, and she hit a dandy when she turned loose on Jim. He never played a short card or overlooked a bet, a fact that is recorded on the unsullied pages of the book of life above. He was square and open in all his dealings, and never weakened on a bluff as long as he had a chip to back it up. Our camp is in mourning to-day, the somber emblems of death being displayed on every hand. All is black and gloomy, and nearly all the boys drink black port wine in honor of his memory. We have sent to the railroad for a nigger to come out and black our boots during the usual thirty days' period of mourning. Dock Davis, who got a pair of black eyes at the grand opening of Slattery's gin bazar last week, is the proudest man in the camp.

Alas, poor Jim! But why should we mourn, for he is happier now. Away beyond yonder shining, star-studded battlements of glory Jim is standing to day with his breeches in his boots, listening to the music and trying to catch on to the points of the game. We lost, and heaven took down the bet, and why should we kick? If the cards run agin us it isn't on account of any funny business of the dealer's.

A TERRIBLE CONFESSION.

A Physician Presents Some Startling Facts.

Can It be that the Danger Indicated is Universal.

The following story—which is attracting wide attention from the press—is so remarkable that we cannot excuse ourselves if we do not lay it before our readers entire:

To the Editor of the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat:

SIR:—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, and 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 they are unusually tired and cannot account for it. They feel dull pains in various parts of the body and do not understand why. 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 nothing of it; that probably I had taken a cold which would soon pass away. Shortly after this I noticed a heavy, and at times neuralgic, pain in one side of my head, but as it would come one day and be gone the next, I paid little attention to it. Then my stomach would get out of order and my food often failed to digest, causing at times great inconvenience. Yet, even as a physician, I did not think that these things meant anything serious. I fancied I was suffering from malaria and 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. 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!

I consulted the best medical skill in the land. I visited all the famed mineral springs in America and traveled from Maine to California. Still I grew worse. No two physicians agreed to my malady. One said I was troubled with spinal irritation, another dyspepsia; another, heart disease; another, general debility; another congestion of the base of the brain, and so on through a list of common diseases, the symptoms of many of which I really had. In this way several years passed, during 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. My weight had been reduced from 207 to 130 pounds. My life was a burden to myself and friends. I could retain no food on my stomach, and lived wholly by injections. I was a living mass of pain. My pulse was uncontrollable. In my agony I frequently fell to the floor and 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 water 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, at that time rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church, of this city. I felt that it was our last interview, but in the course of conversation Dr. Foote detailed to me the many remarkable cures of cases like my own which had come under his observation. As a practicing physician and a graduate of the schools, I derided the idea of any medicine outside the regular channels being in the least beneficial. So solicitous, however, was Dr. Foote, that I finally promised I would waive my prejudice. I began its use on the first day of June, 1881, 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 finally 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, and this letter is in fulfillment of that vow. 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 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 verify it fully. Bright's disease has no distinctive features 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 common complaint. Hundreds of people die daily, whose burials are authorized by a physicians certificate as occurring from "Heart Disease," "Apoplexy," "Paralysis," "Spinal Complaint," "Rheumatism," "Pneumonia," and the other common complaints, when in reality it is from 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 if at all by the commonest symptoms and fastens itself in the constitution before the victim is aware of it. 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, from convulsions, apoplexy or 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. No one can afford to hazard such chances.

I make the foregoing statements based upon facts 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 the professional and personal consequences. J. B. HENION, M. D.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 30.

STREET RAILROADS ABROAD.

Wonderful Results From George Francis Train's Experimental Mile.

London Railway Times: It is something less than thirty years since George Francis Train obtained power to lay down an experimental tramway from Kensington Common to Westminister road, a distance of about a mile, and although the work was most unsatisfactory to the promoter, as it had to be taken up at his own expense after a very short existence, in it we must recognize the germ of a great industry from which the public is perhaps deriving greater advantage than those whose money has brought about its developments. The experimental mile has now grown to 656 miles in England and Wales alone, representing a total expended capital of £9,813,070 out of an authorized £14,051,846. These miles and money are divided between 136 undertakings, which gives an average length of a little under five miles for each, with an average capital of £72,155. This is made up, of course, of small lines in remote provincial towns and undertakings of greater magnitude, by which the metropolis and large cities are served, from Blackpool, with its mile and a quarter of road, constructed at a cost of £7,000, to Liverpool, London and Manchester, where the capital is counted by hundreds of thousands.

It appears that the growth of tramway enterprise during the past ten years has been steady, although not altogether satisfactory in a financial point of view. In 1876 the total amount of capital invested in this kind of security was £2,667,300, representing ninety-four miles of road. Two years afterwards the capital had grown to £4,657,633, and the miles to 194, and in 1880 £6,750,000 of capital invested, representing 269 miles of road. So, year by year, the enterprise has grown until we find recorded for the twelve months ending the 30th of June, 1885, a total length of line amounting to 656 miles, constructed at a cost of £9,500,000 of money.

The advance in construction has undoubtedly been rapid, even more so than the commercial results would seem to warrant, as profits have, upon the whole, certainly not been in a fair proportion to the risk of such trading concerns. On the English and Welsh lines it appears that the total gross income from all sources earned during the past year was £2,094,276, of which £1,601,270 was absorbed in working cost, leaving net £493,006 as a return upon a paid-up capital of £9,682,116. Taking the income and expenditure in round figures, we may set the former at £500,000 and the latter at £10,000,000, which shows in the aggregate a return of 5 per cent all round among the 136 lines, of which nine serve the metropolitan area.

With tramways, as with railways, success necessarily depends upon the locality to which their operations are confined and thus we find substantial profits earned in some places, smaller returns in others, and absolute losses in others. The nine London lines figure for an expenditure of capital to the amount of £2,795,112; but from this we must deduct £123,000, the amount which the Croydon and Norwood represents, as only six months' returns are given in that case, and then we have left eight lines, stand at a cost of £2,612,182.

The Congo Free State.

The Congo Free State has entered the postal union. A list of postal rates ranging from five to fifty centimes adopted, and five different postage stamps has been issued, all bearing the profile of King Leopold and the words "Etat Independant du Congo." The business of the new state is transacted at Brussels by four ministers who preside over the departments of justice, finance, foreign affairs and commerce, and the interior and police. The state is divided into four administrative districts, each having a governor, and all being under the charge of Col. de Winton, the administrator-general. The four governors have had several years' experience on the Congo, and were among the most trusted and enthusiastic of Stanley's lieutenants