THE WORTHINGTON ADVANCE.

ROBERT MCCUNE, Editor and Publisher.

WORTHINGTON, Nobles Co., - MINN

A CURBSTONE SCENE.

In the shade of a tree, by the street of a city,
Lay a tired little boy, with the turf for his bed,
In rags, but no beggar appealing to pity,
A child of the lowly who toiled for his bread.
Beside him a handcart stood loaded with fuel,
Bits of board he had gleaned in the lanes where he crept,
Till the wheels o'er the pavement dragged heavy and cruel,
And spent with the strain of his burden, he slept.

Will any one care, as the many pase nigh him?
A threadbare wood-sawyer, bent, wrinkled and old,
Caught sight of the sleeper, came near and stood by him,
And read in the picture the story it told.
Hungry face, scanty raiment, with barely a button,
Hatless head, naked feet, fretted sore on the stone—
He fished out a morsel of dry bread and mutton,
And left him the dinner he'd brought for his own.

There were eyes bright and merry, eyes tearful and tender,
On the watch ere the old man had tiptoed away,
And some, in that meek loan of love and its lender,
Saw the angel that stooped where the little boy lay.
And the soul of the child, through the tatters that wound him,
Drew the souls of the clad and the fed to his side;
Young and old brought their blessings to scatter around him,
And crumbs from the table of God to divide.

A boy and a man dropped a dime and a dollar,
Women opened their purses by ones and by twos,
Willing hands from the mansions, both greater and smaller,
Brought a jacket, a hat, and a stout pair of shoes.
All stealthy and silent, with gentle conniving,
They laid down their gifts with the wood-sawyer's crust,
And lingered to see, at the sleeper's reviving,
His bashful thanksgiving smile up from the dust.

Soon the little boy woke. Was it bounty or plunder
Spread out at his feet? Then a laugh in his ears
Turned his face where a glance gave the key to the wonder,
And he clasped his new riches with blushes and tears.
And his helpers had joy that was tender and holy
When they looked then and after, full many a day,
Down the street where the toil-ridden child of the lowly
With his cart and his treasures had trotted away.

O, hearts that are human are human forever!
You may close them in caste, but they beat through the wall.
Wealth and want own a kinship no breeding can sever,
And in sorrow the lowest are brothers of all.
Bound love needs the magic of pity to free it;
Men only are selfish because they are blind;
When the poor help the poor, if the whole world could see it,
The haughty would blush, and the cruel grow kind.

—Theron Brown, in Youth's Companion.

A CRITICAL SITUATION.

The Sandwich Man Relates the Story of His Life.

As I was walking through one of the principal London streets the other day, on my way to fulfil a business engagement, my attention was attracted by one of those huge posters which plentifully besprinkle the walls of the city. In resounding tones of red, blue and bright vermillion, it called the attention of the public to the fact that the stirring sensational melodrama, of deep domestic interest, entitled: "For Life or Death; or, the Grave's Witness," was then being performed to overflowing audiences at the Royal Lorne Theater. Just above the printed announcement was a picture representing one gentleman apparently in the act of boring a hole in the floor with another gentleman's head, and which I took to bear reference to the printed notification below.

My momentary curiosity satisfied, I turned to proceed on my way, when my eyes encountered those of a man standing by my side—a man whom I had not noticed before, and who might have been the very ghost of a sandwich man instead of a sandwich man in the flesh, so suddenly and quickly had he come upon me. Yet, there he unmistakably was, his tattered old frockcoat, once the pink of fashion, frayed at the edges, worn to shreds at the seams, and bulging at the elbows; the trousers darned and patched in a dozen different places, but now gone far beyond the last stage of repair; the patent-leather boots broken and down at heel, and almost soleless; the battered white hat, with black band round it, and the brim all but gone; the bulbous red nose, the trembling mouth and the bleary eyes that told their own tale. I stood for a moment staring at this sudden appearance without any particular reason, and he, in his turn, staring at me. This pause, awkward enough in all conscience, was of that character in which one of the parties feels impelled to make an observation of some kind in order to get decently away. Before I could open my lips, however, my companion anticipated me.

"Striking sort of picture that," he said, in a dry, husky voice, and with an apologetic kind of sniff.

"If coloring has any thing to do with it, I should certainly say it was striking enough," I replied.

"Ah!" he returned, "you seemed interested in it, but I'll warrant you are not half so interested in it as I am. There's not a soul in all this city that understands that picture as I do. The worst of it is, when I once start looking I'm unable to leave it for thinking of what this play once did for me. Then the police have to move me on, and that gets me into trouble. Even if I would forget the past, I may not, for—look here!"—he pointed to the two boards slung over his shoulders as he spoke, and showed me the inscription, "For Life or Death," in lightning zigzag letters.

"Many people stop to look at the posters here and elsewhere, but there is not one of them to whom it means what it does to me. To you and them it is only a picture badly designed, clumsily cut and worse colored. To me it is the story of my life's ruin. Perhaps you'll wonder what I'm driving at. If you care to listen for a few moments I will tell you." He glanced at the open doorway of one of the old city churches near at hand. "Come in here," he said; "It's quiet and shady, and when there's no one about they sometimes let me go in there for a rest. You may like to hear what I have to tell, and I shall be glad to get these infernal boards off my shoulders for a few moments."

Thoroughly interested already in spite of myself—perhaps more by the man's manner than anything else—I followed him. Entering the porch he took the boards off his shoulder and placed them against the wall, and taking his seat on the bench just inside the doorway, drew a pocket handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his forehead with it.

"To begin with," he said, after a moment's silence, "let me tell you that my name is Edward Morton. Perhaps you will not believe me if I say that I was once upon a time—what of all things in the world do you think—a dramatic critic! Yes, it's true. What is more, a dramatic criticism was the beginning and end of my downfall, and this is how it happened. It was about ten years ago, and soon after I started my journalistic career in the provinces, that I took a situation on one of our great daily papers—The Blunderer, to wit. This I succeeded in obtaining through the influence of a friend at court, and, for a youngster just entering the profession, it was looked upon as an immense piece of good fortune. However that may be, up to town I came, and not being quite a fool, turned by chances to such good account that I was spoken of on all sides as 'a promising young man.' I might have gone on this way, and ultimately attained to a bald head and a sub-editorship at fifty or so, but for doing two exceedingly foolish things. I made the acquaintance of Charlie Dashwood, and I fell desperately in love with a pretty actress, and one who was quite as clever and good as she was pretty—Lizzie Rayburn—you remember her? This Charlie Dashwood was a journalist like myself—a wild, harum-scarum fellow of the speculative sort—you've met this prototype, I dare say; always going off at a tangent, or breaking out in a fresh place when least expected; full of extravagent ideas about the undiscovered possibilities of the press; always vaporing about the reforms he intended to originate, if ever he should edit a paper of his own. I, at that time, admiring and looking up to Charlie, not only as the best of good fellows, which he really was, but as the very prince of journalists and an original genius, which only too late, I have discovered he was not, firmly believed in and held to him in spite of the ridicule and chaff of older and wiser heads.

"At last, one day Charlie came to me at the office in a perfect frenzy of excitement with the news that he had just taken the management of a new weekly paper called The Bullseye, which would make its appearance the following week, and which had, as usual, been started to fill the not particularly noticed void. 'We're all full up with the exception of the dramatics, and, Teddy, my boy, you're the very man! I know you have ideas of your own about the way that sort of thing should be done, and here's the opportunity. Between us, we will make the paper the biggest go in London.'

"What Dashwood said was true. I had long possessed secret yearnings that way, which I had at times confided to Charlie. For a moment considerations of prudence came to my aid, and I ventured the mild suggestion of a doubt as to whether I was quite fitted for that line of work.

"'Nonsense, my boy!' said Charlie; 'I know your proper capacity. You're sure to make a hit.' It was a curious fact that Charlie possessed the most remarkable intuitive faculty for discovering everybody's proper capabilities except his own.

"'Besides,' he added, 'think of Lizzie.'

"That settled it. Without further ado I closed with the offer, and a fortnight later saw me installed as dramatic critic of The Bullseye, with the title of that publication inscribed on my cards underneath that of The Blunderer. The plan of operation I proceeded to act upon was this: I had long had a wholesome contempt for that class of dramatic critics forever hanging round stage doors and hotel bars, and drinking with managers and actors, so I resolved to set an example in the opposite direction by keeping religiously aloof from all association with the profession—with one exception. This was Lizzie, who insisted on receiving her little paragraph of two or three lines regularly every week, and with whom I spent each Sunday afternoon and evening at her father's place in Twickenham, whither he had retired to spend the rest of his days, free from the smoke of Aldgate and the cares of the grocery business. There had once been some talk of a Mr. Loydall, a huge, beetle-browed, hoarse-voiced tragedian, who played heavy lead to Lizzie's juveniles at the Olympian, but he soon found out that he had no chance with me, and after one or two tussels retired from the battle, leaving me to walk over the course at my leisure.

"As you will guess, matters were pretty well settled between Lizzie and me, and we obtained old Rayburn's consent to our marriage whenever the Blunderer's management should recognize my merits sufficiently to advance my salary, and to enable me to take Lizzie away from the stage. The Bullseye, contrary to everybody's expectations—everybody, that is, outside the office—showed signs of becoming a pronounced success. My dramatic criticisms were soon one of the leading features of the journal. I had always had a notion that the withering, sarcastic style of writing was best suited to me, and this was the line I took, with such effect that at times it became difficult to find out whether I had been praising or 'slating' a piece or an actor. Some people were unkind enough to say that they would prefer the latter process to the former. Needless to say that, as the power and influence of the paper increased, I soon became an object of hatred and dread to the whole profession. This only tickled my vanity the more, and I would strut along Fleet street and the Strand of a morning meeting the scowl of passing 'pros.' with a stare of supercilious indifference.

"One night, entering my club at the usual hour, just before starting for the Lorne Theater, where a new piece, entitled 'For Life or Death,' was to be produced that evening, I found a telegram lying for me in the rack. It was from Lizzie's mother, telling me that Lizzie had been seized with a dangerous illness that very morning, and begging that I would proceed to the house at once. For a moment I was in a serious dilemma. At all hazards I must see Lizzie that night, yet it was imperative that I should attend the first night's show at the Lorne, having for that special occasion undertaken The Blunderer's special notice in place of the regular man, who was absent through indisposition.

"Then an idea struck me as I caught sight of Scrubby, the dramatic critic of the Scorcher, at the other end of the room, already preparing to leave. Scrubby was a reliable man, I knew, and the best available for the purpose I had in my mind. Crossing over to where he was, I showed him the telegram, and explained my difficulty.

"'Nothing easier, my boy,' he exclaimed, clapping me on the back. 'Trust to me. I'm going down to the show, and will leave you a programme here, marked with my notes, on my way to the office. If you're back here by half-past ten, you'll find it waiting. Then you can scribble your notices for the two papers from my notes and send them in the usual way.'

"Warmly shaking him by the hand, I accepted his offer, and hastened away to Twickenham. When I reached the house I found my darling already delirious in the first stages of a high fever, and calling for me. I remained by her side, holding her hand in mine and soothing her as best I could until she had fallen off into a fitful doze. Then I stole quietly away, whispering to Mrs. Rayburn that I would return as soon as my business in town was concluded.

"When I got back to the club I found as I expected, the programme lying in the rack, inside an envelope addressed to me. Scrubby's analysis of the production, play and acting, was distinctly unfavorable, his marginal notes having such a bitterly acrid flavor that I concluded it must all have been very bad indeed; and so I followed suit with good interest, cutting up everything and everybody concerned in the most unmerciful manner. The notices written, I put them into separate envelopes, the one addressed to The Blunderer, the other to The Bullseye, and sent them to the offices by the club messenger. This done, I went back to Twickenham.

"Returning to the town the following morning, almost the first person I met was Charlie Dashwood. I made to speak to him when, to my utter bewilderment he stopped me short with a motion of his hand, looked me full in the face, and slowly drew a copy of that morning's Bullseye from his pocket. Opening it, he pointed to my criticism of the production of 'For Life or Death,' at the Lorne Theater, and held it up close to my eyes, then, deliberately turning his back upon me, passed on without uttering a syllable. I stared after him in a kind of daze as he rapidly disappeared. What on earth could he mean? What could he be driving at? In all my experience of him I had never known him to act so strangely. Could he be going off his head, or was I going off mine, or what?

"If I wanted an explanation I had not long to wait for one. As I entered the office, the hall-keeper handed me a letter, the superscription of which I recognized as that of the editor. I opened the letter with an unaccountable trembling at the finger-tips. What I found inside was a check for three months salary, with the notification to the effect that in consequence of my great success in having that morning made The Blunderer the laughing stock of all London, the proprietors considered it due recognition of my talents that I should not enter the office again. For explanation I was referred to the enclosed cuttings from that day's daily newspapers. I lifted one of the slips from out of the envelope, and what then met my eyes caused me to stagger back speechless and breathless against the wall, for there in that brief announcement of the postponement at the last moment of 'For Life or Death,' I saw the evidence of the horrible treachery of which I had been a victim. The evidence of my own ruin, utter and irremediable, stared me in the face. I had actually written a detailed report and criticism of an audience which had never assembled, of actors who had never appeared, of a piece which had never been produced.

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"What need is there for me to tell you more, when you can guess the rest for yourself? You don't want to hear that I and the papers with which I had been connected came the by-word and scoff of England, and that the Bullseye in particular never survived the shock. Nor do you need to be told that the few hundred enemies whom I had contrived to raise around me by exceeding smartness turned the story in all ways so as to tell to my disadvantage, or that my journalistic career, which meant my livelihood, was practically at an end, if you can understand the charitable eyes with which an editor would be apt to look upon that kind of mistake. Whatever I tried, wherever I went, to London or the provinces, it was always the same—the black shadow pursued me and closed every door in my face. Lizzie, of all the world, was the only one who clung to me in my trouble, and insisted on carrying out her promise and marrying me in the teeth of her parents, who threw her off when they found her bent on allying herself to a pauper. She struggled on my side for two years, comforting and sustaining me in our bitterest adversity with her love and faith, until one day she died in my arms, and the light of my life went out. Then, having nothing else in the world to cling to, I clung to the drink the while it dragged me down, down, down to what I am.

"One thing more I have to mention," said the sandwich man, as he rose from his seat and proceeded to hang the boards over his shoulders again; "it was one day some months after the events described that I met Scrubby. 'I can't for the life of me understand how you came to fall into that terrible blunder,' he said, 'especially after the note I left for you, telling how we had all gone down to the theater on a wild-goose chase, only to find that the piece was postponed until the following week.'"

"Note! Left for me by you?" I ejaculated.

"Yes!—No! now I come to think of it, I didn't leave the note. I wanted to go down to the Parthenon to see the new burlesque, but I gave it to a man who said he would be passing the club and would hand it in. Let me see. Ah! I have it now—you know him Loydall, the Olympian heavy lead."—S. Smith, in Outing.

OUTWARD MOURNING.

The Custom of Wearing Crape for Long Periods Falling Into Disuse.

We go through a great deal of false sentiment and false politeness in the matter of our funeral ceremonies and our mourning attire. In the youthful days of our present sexagenarians the mark of mourning—a piece of black crape around the sleeve of a colored coat—was reserved for the army only. Army and navy officers alone might make this modest manifestation stand in lieu of the glossy sables and deep hat-bands of civilians. There was a howl, as well as a sneer, when these civilians adopted the military custom, and on the sleeve of a colored coat stitched a black band to denote the death of a dear friend or near relation. Howls and sneers notwithstanding, the custom gained ground, and is now recognized, adopted and approved of.

There are many who set their faces against the excessive mourning of bygone attire. No longer do all widows even think it necessary to clothe themselves in crape, and the life-long obligation of the widow's cap, like the life-long obligation of the widow's black, is at an end. Those who like to cling to the ancient methods have their will and do their pleasure, but those who do not—those who carry death in their hearts and do not care to show it to the world—or those who really are not deeply afflicted—may dispense with mourning altogether, if they have the mind. Simple black answers all the purpose, and the term for this is greatly curtailed. We no longer feel that we owe it to the memory of the dear dead to make ourselves uncomfortable, and to spend money on mere show—on mere signs and symbols—to gratify the watching world. Deep in our hearts we bear the sacred image—we keep alive the holy flame. We have loved that noble man, that pure-souled woman—the father, the husband, the glorious brother, the mother who bore us, and the sister who was our cradle playmate. We have loved for all our life; we shall love to the hour of death. But need we then clothe ourselves in crape and woolen, and mark ourselves "Bereaved" as by a placard pinned to our breast? Far better and more suitable—aye, and sometimes far more sincere, too—the undemonstrative acceptance of the inevitable—the quiet cherishing of secret sorrow—the close concealment of the sacred love. The sorrow lies there, and we do not wish to show it to the world as a beggar unfolds his sore. We do not wish to be questioned nor condoled with. Who can comfort us? No one! What good does it do us or the world to flaunt our grief in crape and weepers in the face of the curious, the unsympathetic, the critical? "Too much" or "too little"—"too soon left off" or "too long kept on"—"the fashion too smart for mourning" or "the depth ridiculous for the occasion." Do we want to run the gauntlet of all our dead friends' criticisms? Far better the slightest indication that is possible—so slight as to escape general notice—than this which attracts general attention?—Duchess of Rutland, in London Queen.

MAKING GOLD THREAD.

An Interesting and Exceedingly Profitable English Industry.

The silver is brought from the Bank of England in cakes weighing about one thousand ounces. To secure the necessary degree of tenacity a certain proportion of copper is added, and the alloyed metal, in the form of cylindrical bars, is next thoroughly heated. The hammering process follows, and the bars, originally about two feet in length and two inches in diameter, but now half as long again and proportionately thinner, are in the next place filed and rubbed until their surfaces are perfectly even. What we may call the second part of the process begins with the laying on of leaf after leaf of gold in the proportion of two per cent. Afterward each bar is wrapped in paper and well heated in a charcoal fire. A sort of vice stands ready, and in it, bar after bar as it comes from the fire, is fixed and thoroughly burnished. All trace of its silver original has now disappeared, and the bar is ready for conversion into wire. This is accomplished by drawing it from one hundred to one hundred and fifty times through ever-diminishing holes in steel plates; and finally, when the capabilities of this metal have been exhausted, through apertures in diamonds, rubies, or sapphires. The delicate wire thus obtained must now be passed through the steel rollers of one of Herr Krupp's little "flatting mills." This brings us to the final process—the spinning of the flattened wire round silk, to form the golden thread of commerce. These spinning machines are worked by water, although two steam engines are to be found in the factory; for water power is considered to be more regular and even in its action. There is a small home demand for the round wire for the adornment of epaulets, etc.; but the bulk of the manufactured article finds its way in the shape of silky gold thread to India and the far East generally, where it is converted by skilled native labor into those gorgeous cloths and tissues in which the heart of the Oriental delights. What a wonderful property does gold possess in its malleability! It is asserted that every ounce of the bars whose fortunes we have followed with no little interest, each containing only two per cent. of gold, will run to the length of from 500 yards to 2,500 yards, and the amazing figure of 5,000 yards is on record. This latter thread would be finer than human hair, but the extreme limit is not even yet reached.—Chambers' Journal.

HOW HE CURED CYRUS.

Old Man Hayseed Enters the Ring to Maintain Paternal Authority.

"This 'ere athletics and gymnasiums is all wrong," said the old man, as he laid down his paper and began to shuck a three-ply peanut. "I've had a sample of it in my own family, and I know how it works."

"Don't you believe in such exercise for a young man?"

"Wall, the exercise may be all right, but the fellers git false ideas in their heads. Take my son Cyrus, f'r instance. Cy was a leetle inclined to consumption, and I raythar encouraged gymnastics. It wasn't three weeks afore he begun to git sassy. I gave him a lickin' one day, and I could see that he didn't take it kindly. He began to put on airs over his mother, and when I cum to inquire around a leetle I found that Cy was on the box. He was a-holdin' up his dukes and knockin' the boys right and left. I overheard him talkin' to our Bill about 'position,' 'guard,' break away,' 'knock-out' and sich, and every day he got sassier and sassier. He was eighteen years old, but I allus lick my boys till they are past twenty. I saw that Cy was goin' to buck. Thar was Bill and Tom and Jerry to be affected by his example, and I felt that sunthin' orter be done. One day we was hoin' corn, and Cy was off. I didn't mind it fur awhile, but bine-by I got riled and said:

"'Seems to me you ar' achin' fur a lickin.'

"'Mebbe I am, father,' he replies, as cool as ice, 'but I shan't git it. I've bin licked fur the last time.'

"'Cause why?' I asked.

"'Cause I won't allow it.'

"Then I knew that the time had come when he'd got to have sunthin' stronger than hoss medicine. He'd got the big head on him tremenjus, and it was then or never.

"'Suppose we walk over to the barn, Cy?' I keerlessly remarked as I finished a row.

"He said he was my huckleberry, and we dropped our hoes and went. When we got inside we both begun to peel by mutual consent, and Cy carried a grin all over his face. He'd been put on to a new upper-cut two or three days before and he was calkelatin' on spilin' my chawin' machine at the fust blow. He looked the jim-dandy as he squared off, and I raythur anticipated the wust. I never fit in my life, but when we squared off I was bound to down Cyrus. Says I:

"'Cy, will ye quit yer sass and knuckle if I don't lick ye?'

"And he said: 'Father, raise yer dukes a leetle higher, and look out fur me!'

"With that he tapped me on the store-room with one hand and cuffed my ear with the other, and I sailed in. He gave me one on the tooth-box as I closed in, but arter that the gate money was mine. I throwed him into the manger, over the fannin' mill, and behind the granary, and I was goin' to run him through the cornsheller, when he hollered 'Enough!' and begged me to let up on him. It worked a mighty sudden cure on him. Swellin' all went out his head that night, and when I licked him with a cornstalk next day he was as humble as a calf. Gymnastics is all right up to a certain pint, but when you git beyond it it's dangerous. S'posen I hadn't come out on top of Cy! Why, sir, he'd have bin bluffin' me outer the house by this time, and probably had a match on with Sullivan!"—N. Y. Sun.

Newspaper Criticism.

It is a privilege every newspaper reserves to itself to criticise, adversely if needs be, for the public's benefit, any thing in which the public is deeply interested.

It is the custom of H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of the renowned Kidney and Liver Cure, better known as "Warner's Safe Cure," to flood the country, and especially the post-offices, with medical pamphlets. The writer has taken the liberty to examine one of these marvellous little books, and finds food for criticism, but before indulging in it, will give our readers some quotations therefrom, from the highest medical authorities, which we believe worthy of consideration. Under the head of "No Distinctive Symptons Apparent," we find:

First—More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption.—Thompson.

Second—Death from such diseases are increasing at the rate of 250 per cent. a decade.—Edwards.

Third—Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, and may long exist without the knowledge of the patient or practitioner, as no pain will be felt in the kidneys or their vicinity.—Roberts.

Fourth—In the fatal cases—and most cases have hitherto been fatal—the symptoms of diseased kidneys will first appear in extremely different organs of the body as stated above.—Thompson.

Fifth—Only when the disease has reached its final and fatal stages may the usual symptoms of albumen and tube casts appear in the water, and will great pain rack the diseased organs.—Thompson.

Sixth—Bright's Disease, which usually has three stages of development, is a universal disease in England and America.—Roberts and Edwards.

Thompson is authority for saying that more adults are carried off in this country by kidney disease than any other malady except consumption. Under Warner's "Safe Cure" article on Consumption we find a paragraph claiming to be a quotation from a publication issued by Brompton Hospital for Consumptives, London, England, which states that 52 per cent. of the patients of that institution have unsuspected kidney disorder. Dr. Herman Brehmer, an eminent German authority, also says that Consumption is always due to deficient nutrition of the lungs, because of bad blood.

Medical science can no longer dispute the fact that the kidneys are the principal blood purifying organs of the human system, and if they are diseased and thus fail to expel the uric acid poison or the waste matter of the blood, as the blood passes through these two great organs, the "Safe Cure" claim is correct, and the reasoning of its proprietor holds good.

There is no doubt but that in too many instances the medical fraternity doctor for symptoms, instead of striking at the root of the disease, and that under this form of treatment many patients die.

We can not, however, see the necessity of continually flooding the country with these advertising medical books, when their story once well told is enough for the time being. People as a rule, now-a-days, go to their newspaper for information, and we believe such truths as we have instanced could be proclaimed therein more advantageously to the public and much more beneficially to the proprietors.—*Ex.*

—A florist in England claims that a rose bush, which has been bearing white roses for more than thirty years, has suddenly changed, and now puts out only red roses. The only cause assigned for this is the enrichment of the surrounding earth.

Reforms Need More Than a Day

To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

THE last month of the old and the first two months of the new year make up the limited period when intelligent folk are supposed to let lobsters alone. At all other times they are "seasonable."

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHY.

The Wheatstone System and Its Ingenious and Practical Inventor.

Prof. Wheatstone, of King's College, London, was one of the several persons who in 1837 claimed the honor of having invented the electric telegraph. He first applied for a patent for making the electro-magnet act at long distances. In July, 1837, wires were laid down from Euston Square to Camden Town Station, in London, and Prof. Wheatstone sent the first message to Mr. Cooke, his coadjutor in the work, between the two stations. The invention was immediately patented, both in England and America, and it is stated as a curious fact that the American patent granted to Wheatstone & Cooke is earlier in date by just ten days than the first patent obtained by Morse. Prof. Wheatstone has made many inventions and improvements in electrical machines. In 1830 he constructed the first electrical machine for sending several messages at once. The telegraph apparatus now used throughout Great Britain was invented by Prof. Wheatstone. We can not give the full details of its construction, but may briefly outline it thus: It includes a punching machine for producing the perforated strips of paper, a transmitting apparatus through which these strips are rapidly passed, and a receiving device which marks on another strip dots and dashes in ink. The punching machine will make the holes in three or even four strips at a time, and in the hands of an experienced operator will punch at the rate of forty words a minute. When the paper is prepared, it is run through the transmitter, which operates to establish a current whenever certain moving rods can pass through the holes and establish a contact, the currents being alternately positive and negative. If a succession of currents in reverse directions are caused to pass upon the line, the receiver at the opposite end will record a series of dots. To make a dash, one reversal of the current is missed; and, in brief, the function of the paper is to regulate the motion of the transmitter so as to produce reversal or missing of reversal, of the current at the proper moments, and thus cause the current to form, in its movement, dots and dashes. The speed is determined by the rate at which the receiver can receive, because the apparatus contains a controlling electro-magnet, which takes time to be magnetized and demagnetized, and hence, if the current reverses too quickly, the marks will run together instead of being separate and distinct. The maximum useful speed is about 130 words a minute on a short line. One strip of punched ribbon will do for any number of circuits, so that from a central station a single strip disseminates news to many places.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Through Sleeping Car from Chicago

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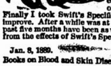

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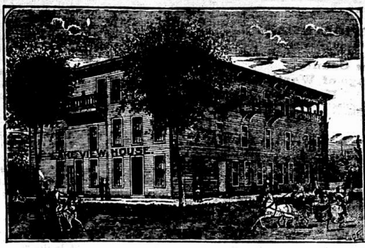

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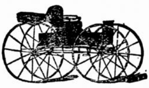

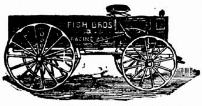

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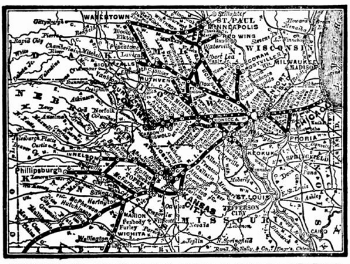

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