CALDWELL TRIBUNE.

STEINNEBERG BROS., Publishers.

CALDWELL, : : IDAHO.

SCIENTISTS say there is no plant that does not serve as food for some animal, but the only article used as food from the mineral kingdom is common salt.

THE peach crop promises to be phenomenal. From eight to ten million baskets are promised from Delaware and four or five millions from New Jersey.

AN English syndicate will develop coal and iron lands near Seattle, Wyoming territory. The company has a capital of $2,000,000 and will employ 3,000 men in its works, including a big rolling-mill.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, of England, has studied the habits of ants for twenty-two years to discover that their average life is only thirty-five days. If this be true it will hardly pay the sluggard to call upon her.

IF gelatine be suspended in ordinary alcohol it will absorb the water, but as it is insoluble in alcohol that substance will remain behind, and thus nearly absolute alcohol may be obtained without distillation.

PROF. GRAY, the electrician, says that electrical science has made a greater advance in the last twenty years than in all the 6,000 historic years preceeding. More is discovered in a week now than in a thousand years of the middle ages.

ACCORDING to a reliable authority the number of newspapers and periodicals now published in the United States is a fraction over sixteen thousand—a gain of nearly nine hundred for the last year. In 1836 the number did not exceed nine hundred all told.

PORTABLE electric lights, arranged to hang on the buttons of one's coat, and with a parabolic reflector to concentrate the light, with storage batteries weighing one and one-half pounds each, are made to enable persons to read in railroad cars by night.

A NEW double-pointed nail is the invention of an ingenious woman. The points turn in opposite directions. They are especially useful for invisible nailing in woodwork. It is simply two nails joined firmly, the sides of the heads being placed together.

THE Philadelphia *Record* has discovered a falling off in the number of divorces in all parts of the country, and concludes that the god of love is ruling with a mightier power. Where's the man or woman who'd file a divorce bill with the thermometer at 95°?

IT is found that nearly every kind of glass, especially that containing manganese, is liable to change color by the action of sunlight, but can be restored to its original color by heat Stained glass in windows that has changed tint through solar action can thus be restored by heat.

ALUMINUM is coming into use as material for dental plates. It is nearly as light as rubber, but little more than one eighth the weight of gold; has neither ordor nor taste; is not affected by the elements of food or the secretions of the mouth, and costs bulk for bulk, about one sixth the price of silver.

ONE of the most curious of the safety appliances for theaters is the iron curtain which has just been put into the Theater Francais in Paris. The curtain is of sheet iron, stiffened by braces of iron and decorated by canvas attached to it. It is worked hydraulically, the valves arranged so as to be operated by electricity.

IT is pointed out by a writer in the Manufacturer's *Gazette* that all compounds for improving steel and restoring burned steel are useless. Good steel can not be improved; burned steel is good for nothing and can not be restored. The same writer also condemns all compounds for removing scale from boilers, and advises that they be let alone.

THE recent tearing down of a New Hampshire manufactory by means of dynamite demonstrates a new use for the explosive. The construction completely separated the brick and did not seem to injure them in the least. The charges were put in holes dug in the foundation under the brick walls, and the number of cartridges was graded according to the number of bricks in the wall to be demolished.

WHEN the first electric telegraph was established the speed of transmission was four to five words a minute with the five-needle instruments; in 1849 the average rate for newspaper messages was seventeen words a minute; the present pace of the electric telegraph between London and Dublin, where the Wheatstone instrument is employed, reaches 463 words; and thus what was regarded as miraculous sixty years ago has multiplied a hundred-fold in half a century.

AN interesting exhibition of an "automatic pneumatic car-lamp extinguisher" is reported from Montreal. A reservoir under the car is filled with air by the action of the brakes, and closed by a valve, connecting with pipes leading over the car and into the chimneys of the lamps. To it are attached a system of weights so arranged that on the car losing its perpendicular from any cause, accidental or otherwise, the valve is opened and a current of air liberated, which at once, through the pipes, extinguishes the lamp.

A POWDER of pine needles is now prepared in Germany, and is becoming popular for use in baths. A half pound of the powder is allowed to disolve in luke warm water for a few minutes, when the bath is ready. The principles extracted act upon the skin as a tonic and antiseptic, and the baths are prescribed for rheumatic complaints, gout, certain skin diseases and for invigorating the system generally. The powder is also used for fumigations in chest affections, &c., or as an antiseptic a little may be placed on a hot shovel and carried about the room.

A LOCOMOTIVE HERO.

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

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

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

When Markley's firemen left him I induced him to let me take his place during the remainder of my vacation. He hesitated for some time before he consented to humor my boyish whim, but he finally yielded and I was in great glee. The fact was that in my idleness and the overworked state of my brain I craved the excitement as a confirmed drunkard does liquor, and, besides, I had such longing dreams of the fiery ride through the hills, mounted literally on the iron horse. So I became an expert fireman, and liked it exceedingly, for the excitement more than compensated for the rough work I was required to do.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Put in more coal," said Markley. I shovelled it in, but took time.

"We are going very fast, Markley."

He did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the steam engine, his mouth close shut.

"More coal," he said; I threw it in.

The fields and houses began to fly past half seen. We were nearing Dumfreme, the next station. Markley's eye went from the gage to the face of the timepiece and back. He moved like an automaton. There was little more meaning in his face.

"More!" he said, without turning his eye. I took up the shovel—hesitated.

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

"Coal!"

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

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

I heaped in the coal at intervals as he bade me. I did it because I was oppressed by an odd sense of duty, which I never had in my ordinary brain-work. Since then I have understood how it is that dull, ignorant men, without a spark of enthusiasm, show such heroism as soldiers, firemen and captains of wrecked vessels. It is this overpowering sense of routine duty. It's a finer thing than sheer bravery, in my idea. However, I began to think that Markley was mad, laboring under some frenzy from drink, though I had never seen him touch liquor.

He did not move hand or foot, except in the mechanical control of his engine, his eyes going from gage to the timepiece with a steadiness that was more terrible and threatening than any gleam of insanity would have been. Once he glared back at the long train sweeping after the engine with a headlong speed that rocked it from side to side.

One could imagine he saw hundreds of men and women it the carriages, talking, reading, smoking, unconscious that their lives were all in the hold of one man whom I now strongly suspected to be mad. I knew by his look that he remembered their lives were in his hand. He glanced at the clock.

"Twenty miles," he muttered. "Throw on more coal, Jack, the fire is going out."

I did it. Yes, I did it. There was something in the face of that man I could not resist. Then I climbed forward and shook him by the shoulder. "Markley," I shouted, "you are running this train into the jaws of death."

"I know it," he replied, quickly.

"Your mother is aboard this train."

"Heavens!" He staggered to his feet, but even then he did not remove his eyes from the gage.

"Make up the fire," he commanded, "and push in the throttle valve."

"I will not."

"Make up the fire, Jack," very quietly.

"I will not. You may murder yourself and mother, but you shall not murder me."

He looked at me. His kindly gray eyes glared like those of a wild beast. But he controlled himself in a moment.

"I could throw you off this engine and make short work of you," he said. "But look here, do you see the station yonder?"

I saw a faint streak against the sky about five miles ahead.

"I was told to reach that station by six o'clock," he continued. "The express train meeting us is due now. I ought to have laid by for it at Dunfreme. I was told to come on. The track is a single one. Unless I can make the siding at the station in three minutes, we shall meet in yonder hollow."

"Somebody's blunder?" I said.

"Yes, I think so."

I said nothing. I threw on coal; if I had had petroleum I should have thrown it on. But I never was calmer in my life. When death actually stares a man in the face it often frightens him into the most perfect composure. Markley pushed the valve still further. The engine began to give a strange, panting sound. Far off to the south I could see the bituminous black smoke of a train. I looked at Markley inquiringly. He nodded. It was the express! I stooped to the fire.

"No more," he said.

I looked across the clear summer sky at the gray smoke of the peaceful little village, and beyond that at a black line coming closer, closer across the sky. Then I turned to the watch. In one minute more—well, I confess I sat down and buried my face in my hands. I don't think I tried to pray. I had a confused thought of mangled, dying men and women, mothers and their babies.

There was a terrific shriek from the engine against which I leaned. Another in my face. A hot, hissing tempest swept past us. I looked up. We were on the siding, and the express had gone by. It grazed our end car in passing. In a sort of delirious joy I sprang up and shouted to Markley. He did not speak. He sat there immovable and cold as a stone. I went to the train, and brought his mother to him, and when he opened his eyes and took the old lady's hand in his, I turned away.

"Yes, gentlemen, I have been in many railway accidents, but I have always considered that the closest shave I ever had.

"What was the blunder?"

"I don't know. Markley made light of it ever afterward, and kept it a secret, but no man on the line stood so high in the confidence of the company after that as he. By his coolness and nerve he had saved a hundred lives.

The Monkey and the Bell-Punch.

A dark-skinned, bushy-whiskered man, in velveteen breeches, trudged East 13th street with an organ on his back and a crowd of hooting youngsters after him. A tiny monkey in a red coat, with a stovepipe hat on his head, fastened with ribbons under his whiskered chin, sat on the organ and made faces at the crowd. When near avenue A the organist began grinding away again. The monkey knew his business, too and with a great chattering climbed a five-story tenement house, bowed his hat to the women and children in the windows. From the monkey's neck was suspended a small bell-punch, like those formerly carried by car conductors. Whenever one gave him a nickel he jerked the punch and make the bell ring. This made the people laugh and the money come.

"Where'd you get on to the idea?" the reporter asked the organ-grinder, with an Italian accent.

"Oh, bejabers, and did ye think that Paddy Mack was wan of them black devils? Sure work on the pipes is slack at prisint and I bethought meself of this little dodge, de yez mind, now," and, pulling off his false whiskers, the Hibernian gave a hearty laugh and fought his way through the crowd that had by this time dropped to the racket. Mrs. Mulligan, from the second story window, was heard to remark to her neighbor in the next window: "Faith, and didn't we all know that no Etalayan would be smart enough for that. And sure it's ould Ireland that gives the wurruld its janeusess."—New York Telegram.

How Scripture Texts are Misapplied.

Dr Robert Wilde, who died in August, 1678, bequeathed to the parish church of St. Ives, Hunts, Eng., £50, the interest of which was to be expended yearly in the purchase of six bibles to cost not exceeding 7s. 6d., each of which should be "cast for by dice" on the communion table every year by six boys and six girls of the town. There was also to be paid 10s. yearly to the vicar for preaching on this occasion a sermon "commending the excellency, the perfection, and divine authority of the holy scriptures." A piece of ground which came to be known as "Bible Orchard,', was purchased with the £50 and income from it has been ever since regularly devoted to the purposes set forth in the will. A few years ago, however, complaint was made of the practice of throwing dice on the communion table erected near the chancel steps was, by order of the bishop of the diocese, substituted. This year the highest throw, three times with three dice, was 37, made by a little girl, and the Rev. E. Tottenham from the text, "From a little child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures."

Dividing the Spoil.

The satisfaction of seeing justice meted out to a mean person is so great, that very often a man will undergo much suffering himself if by that means punishment may be brought to the guilty one. Men of this character seem to read the Golden Rule after this wise: "Do unto yourselves as ye would that men should do unto others."

The Marquis de la Seales, a very wealthy nobleman, had invited his neighbors to a grand entertainment, and proposed that the feast with which he served them should lack no delicacy that could be obtained. Some of the guests who had arrived early for the purpose of paying their respects to the Marquis were present in his chamber when his steward came in and said that a fisherman had brought some of the finest fish in all Italy, but demanded a most extraordinary price.

"No matter about the price,' said the Marquis; "buy the fish, and pay him his money."

"So I would," said the steward, "but he refuses to take money."

"Then what does he want?"

"A hundred strokes with a whip, and he says he will not throw off a single blow." The whole company hereupon ran downstairs to see what sort of a fisherman it was who demanded so singular a price for his fish.

"These are beautiful fish," said the Marquis. "Come, my man, how much money do you want for them?"

"Not a penny, my lord," said the fisherman. "I will not take money; if you wish to have the fish you must order me a hundred lashes on my bare back, otherwise I shall apply elsewhere."

"Rather than lose the fish," said the Marquis, "we must let this fellow have what he asks. Here!" he cried to one of his grooms, "pay this man his hundred lashes which he so honestly demands, but don't lay them on too hard; don't hurt him very much."

The fisherman stripped for the whipping, and the groom prepared to do his master's bidding.

"Now, my friend," said the fisherman, "keep the account correctly, I beg of you; for I don't want a stroke more than is my due."

The whole company were astonished at the bravery with which the man bore the infliction, until he had received the fiftieth lash.

Then he cried out:

"Hold, my friend; I have my full share of the price now."

"Your share," exclaimed the Marquis; "what do you mean?"

"I have a partner, my lord, to whom I promised a full half of whatever I got for my fish; and I think your lordship would say that it would be a shame to deprive him of a single stroke."

"Who is your partner?"

"Your porter, my lord, who keeps the outer gate; he refused to admit me to the grounds until I had promised him half of what I should get for the fish."

"Ho, ho!" said the Marquis, "that is the sort of business, is it? Well, you have had your pay, and now, indeed, your partner shall have the other half."

The dishonest porter received the payment in full measure, and the Marquis sent the fisherman away with a handful of money.

An Anecdote of Daniel Webster.

One of the very best anecdotes of Daniel Webster as illustrative of that exalted and exalting character which his mind pre-eminently possessed was told, says the Philadelphia Call, by the late St. George Tucker Campbell of Philadelphia, himself a lawyer of great and deserved distinction.

Mr. Tucker said that having been retained in a somewhat famous case at the time with Mr. Webster, who was detained by his senatorial duties at Washington, the conduct of the case through all the preliminaries devolved upon him, it being agreed that Mr. Webster should deliver the closing argument. "But," said Mr. Tucker, "day after day went by without bringing the great expounder, until the very last day before that on which the closing argument was to be delivered, and I was in dispair. I was sitting in my room at the hotel, debating with myself what to do, when Mr. Webster was announced. After the little civilities had passed he asked me to tell him about the case.

'Why, Mr. Webster,' said I, is it possible you know nothing of the case?'

"Nothing whatever," said he. 'Tell me about it.'

"I was utterly dumfounded, and, pointing to a pile of testimony a foot deep on the table, I said:

"How am I to convey all that to you in the little time that is left us?"

He said: "O, never mind details. Give me the case generally and the salient points.'

"He sat down at the table opposite me and I gave him a rapid synopsis of the case, which took two hours and more. One point I especially called to his attention. The opposing counsel were bent on securing a continuance of the case, while our interests demanded an immediate decision. As a reason against granting the continuance I cited the fact that the other side had protracted the cross-examination excessively, occupying six days in the case of one witness.

"Mr. Webster bade me good night after I had concluded, and went to bed. The next morning he came into court as serene and majestic as Jove himself, while I was nervous and apprehensive to the last degree. He began his address to the court with slow, ponderous gravity that was so characteristic of him in the outset of his forensic offorts, then gradually warmed and quickened. I listened spellbound, for in essence it was nothing but what I had pumped into him in the two hours and a half talk of the day before. But how transmuted and transformed! To give you an idea of the transformation. I will take the point to which I have alluded. He rendered it thus:

"They ask for a continuance! Why, may it please the court, they have taken at this hearing as much time in the cross-examination as it took the Almighty to create the universe!'

"That represents the difference between his speech and my talk; my simple six days grew to the colossal figure I have described under the magic touch of his genius, and this instance was characteristic of the whole."

How a Pig Caused a War

St. Nicholas.

It all happened in this wise: Two citizens of Providence, R. I., fell into a most unseemly discussion on account of the lawless trespassings of a pig owned by one of them. The aggrieved party possessed a very fine garden, in which it was his custom to spend his hours of leisure, weeding, grafting and transplanting the flowers and vegetables in which he delighted. But often, as he entered his garden in the evening, his ears would be saluted with a grunt and rustle, and the fat form of his neighbor's pig might be seen making a hasty flight from the garden in which it had been placidly rooting all day.

In high dudgeon the gardener sought his neighbor and complained of the pig's frequent visits, declaring that a little time spent in repairing the pig-sty would restrain the animal's roving propensities. But to this the owner of the pig responded that if his neighbor would keep his rickety fences in proper repair the pig might take its daily airing without temptation, and the garden would not be endangered.

Repeated misdeeds on the part of the pig fanned the smoldering fires of dissension into the flames of open hostility. At last the crisis came. The owner of the garden, rising unusally early one morning, discovered the pig contentedly munching the last of a fine bed of tulip bulbs. Flesh and blood could stand it no longer. Seizing a pitchfork which lay near at hand, the outraged gardner plunged its sharp tines into the hapless pig, and bore the body, thus fatally impaled, to the sty, where it met the gaze of its owner an hour or two later. There-after it was war to the knife between the two neighbors.

Now what had all this to do with the war of 1812? The answer is simple. The two neighbors belonged to the political party known as the Federalists.

Through all the outrages that Great Britain inflicted upon the United States; while seamen were being impressed, American vessels stopped on the high seas, and while every possible indignity was being committed against the flags of the United States, the Federalists remained friendly to Great Britain and contested every proposition for the declaration of war.

But the Democratic party was eager for war, and as British oppresssion because more unbearable the strength of the Democrats increased. It so happened that the election district in which the two neighbors lived had been about equally divided between Democratic and Federalists, but the latter party had always succeeded in carrying the election. But in 1811 the owner of the garden was a candidate for the Legislature on the Federalist ticket; but now, with his mind filled with the bitter recollection of the death of his pig, he cast his ballot for the Democrat. When the ballots were counted the Democrat was found to be elected by a majority of one.

When the newly-elected legislator took his seat his first duty was to vote for a United States Senator. He cast his vote for the candidate of the Democrats, who was also elected by a majority of one. When this Senator took his place in the United States Senate he found the question of war with Great Britain pending, and after a long and bitter discussion it came to a vote. The Democrats voted for war and the Federalists against it. As a result of the voting war was declared—again by a majority of one vote.

A Railroad in Ireland Stolen.

An extraordinary performance is reported from Ireland. A whole railroad, more than 10 miles long, with a neat station house, a corrugated iron freight house, several iron shelter sheds for cars, all the iron rails, and everything portable has been torn up and carried away pieacemel by the "Irish farmers" between Portumna and Parsonstown! A veracious correspondent writes: "A few days ago I was driving from Potrumna to Parsonstown, and when we came to where the station stood, I exclaimed to the driver, 'Hullo! what's become of the station and building?" Oh, your honor, they're all stolen, and every iron rail from this to Birr'—the local name for Parsonstown. And did not the police interfere?' said I. 'O, yes; the police took up three or four fellows, but then the magistrate asked where's the prosecutor, and nobody answering, he ordered them to be discharged, and there was great plunder, and some of the rail, I hear, went off by the Shannon on the steamer. 'What on earth could the farmers do with the rails?' 'Oh, bedad, they make the finest of rafting for lean to outhouses, which he said no doubt came from the railway. I asked a gentleman in the train about it, and he said he believed everybody was afraid to claim ownership lest he might be liable for the debts of the company! Now, sir, this may be a traveler's story, for I know nothing of this railway, except that old Sir Thomas Burke told me that he had lost $10,000 by it, and that the late Lord Clanricarde had lost $125,000 by it; but I can vouch that the railway station, etc., and rails are all gone!" Perhaps similar stories will soon come from Iowa.

Why He Looked Bad.

From the New York Sun.

The other day a prosperous-looking granger, with money in both pockets and hay seed in his hair, got on a street car going to the capitol, and took his seat. Next him sat a patient man, wearing a patch over one eye and a thoughtful expression in the other eye. After a while the granger, who was nearly bursting with curiosity, said to the patient man:

" Say, Mister, I reckon you're a Congressman, or su'thin of the sort, ain't yer?"

"No, I ain't no Congressman," the patient man replied, sadly. "I've been sick, and that's why I look so bad."

Widow—"Yes, the direct cause of my poor husband's death was a quantity of baker's cake that he ate." Minister (on a visit of condolence)—"It must be a source of great consolation to you, my dear Mrs. Hendricks, that you didn't make the cake yourself."—Epoch.

Sunstroke.

In view of the presence of the heated term, special precautions are needed to guard against sunstroke. This is more properly termed heatstroke, since it may be produced, not merely by exposure to the direct rays of the sun, but by a high temperature of the atmosphere indirectly heated by the sun, and also by artificial heat.

There are several forms or grades of the affection. In simple heat exhaustion, the characteristic symptoms are sudden exhaustion, and fainting, with prostration, cold extremities and feeble pulse. In heat fever there is an extremely high temperature, sometimes reaching, 108° or 110° F,, with hot skin and congested brain, and pulse full and labored or quick and jerking. In sunstroke proper, there is a condition like shock, with failure of the respiration, feeble circulation and unconsciousness.

The attack is usually preceded by certain premonitary symptoms in the shape of feelings of uneasiness, depression and irratibility, headache and intolerance of light, and a feverish condition of the system without sweating.

A point of special importance to be remembered is that heatstroke may be produced by a much lower temperature when a person is at rest than when he is in motion. Other predisposing causes are physical exhaustion, mental worry, bad ventilation, crowded and filthy qutarters, intemperance, gluttony and dissipation. Newcomers in a hot climate are more likely to suffer from it than those who have become acclimated. Attacks are more liable to occur after a full meal.

The immediate objects of treatment are to reduce the heat of the body, and in case of collapse, to stimulate the nerve-centres. The person should be at once removed to a cool and shady place, where there is a free circulation of air. A stream of cool water may then be poured gently upon the head-back of the neck and spine, or the clothing may be removed, and body partially immersed in a bath, or wrapped in a sheet which is kept moist by frequent sprinkling. If the feet are cold, they should be warmed by hot applications. A phisician should at once be summoned, and the subsequent treatment will be under his direction and supervision.

Taking mild and graver cases together, nearly one-half prove fatal, and those who revive, remain for a long time extremely sensitive to the effects of heat, and are sometimes rendered invalids for life.

In order to prevent an attack, one should observe great care to avoid exposure to high temperatures, and during the hot weather should live temperately, abstain from all stimulants, wear thin flannel underclothing and light and loose clothing, bathe frequrntly, and when necessarily exposed to the direct rays of the hot sun, wear a light and porous hat with a wide brim. A wet handkerchief placed in the hat will also, by producing evaporation, reduce the temperature.—Portland Transcript.

Noted Hunchbacks.

Hunchbacks form a tolerably numerous list, says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for June. There is that brilliant soldier, the Marechal de Luxemberg, of whom Macauley writes in one of his most finished passages: "Highly descended and gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he suffered still more from their spite. His features were frightfully harsh; his statue was diminutive; a huge and pointed lump rose on his back." The reader knows the hunchbacked Richard of Shakespeare's powerfull drama; but historical research seems to have delivered the king from his burden, and to have sworn that he was only high shouldered.

Lord Lytton, in his "Last of the Barrons," has adopted the modern view. "Though the back was not curved," he says, "yet one shoulder was slightly higher than the other, which was the more observable from the evident pains that he took to disguise it, and the gorgeous splendor, savoring of personal coxcombry—from which no Plantagenet was ever free—that he exhibited in his dress." The great minister of Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil' Lord Burleigh; the German theologian, Eber; our glorious deliverer," William III.; the famous general of Spain, the Duke fo Parma, these were all "crook-back." The poet Pope had a protuberance both on the back and in front, and one of his sides was contracted.

Longest Bridge in the World.

Washington Post: Gustave Lindenthal, the designer of the projected bridge across the Hudson River at New York City, is in Washington looking after the legislation asked of Congress.

"The Brooklyn bridge," said Mr. Lindenthal, "will be of small consequence in comparison with the structure we propose. The latter will be the largest bridge in the world. The middle span will be 2,850 feet long and the end spans 1,500 feet. We propose to start at the high ground on the Jersey side, Castle Point, and land in New York about Fourteenth street. We will have six railway tracks, and passengers from any part of the country will be brought to a comfortable station in the heart of the city within reach of the elevated and surface roads. This will obviate the necessity of ferrying passengers across the river, frequently at great risk from fog and ice, and landing them in a most unattractive part of New York."

"What is the etimated cost of the structure?"

"The bridge can be built for $16,000,000, and we shall have no trouble in raising the money. The investment will necessarily yield a handsome profit, for the business transacted will be something enormous. The whole matter has been thoroughly thought out, and by men fully competent to the task. Among the incorporators are James Andrews and Henry Fladd, experienced engineers, both of whom enjoyed the intimacy and confidence of Capt. James B. Eads during the latter years of his life. So you see it is not the scheme of irresponsible visionaries. The surveys have been made, and the plans adopted meet with hearty approval of all the parties interested."

White House Worries.

The Presidency not Always a Bed of Roses.

Just as the race for the White house is at white heat, it is profitable, if not pleasant, to see what the different occupants of that house think of it after having resided in it. Washington's terms were of a nature not to breed in him a sincere regret that he occupied the position. He was so pre-eminently the choice and love of the united nation that no friction of a serious sort occurred during his administration, yet we know Washington would have been glad could he have retired to his Mount Vernon home and spent his old age in his favorite occupation of farming.

But with Adams began the sharp party clangor; and from his time down no president has had peace or rest; most of them have lived in an atmosphere little milder than a tempest. I do not care to recount the story of Adams' trials and wrongs, as well as faults and errors. But let us see how he went out of office. He sat signing appointments to office till his last administrative hour waned. Then, on the morning of Jefferson's inauguration, instead of remaining to receive and honor his successor, he ordered his horses at daylight, and left Washington. He had been mercilessly tricked and bitterly opposed, so that he had lost what he so much desired, a second term. His administration had been loyal, strong and successful; now he felt that he was driven from office disgraced. That was the word he used. He was retiring full of years, but not full of honors. Men whom he had turned out of office as unworthy had been used to damage him. What was worse, Hamilton was professing to be his supporter. Adams felt that he was dishonored and humiliated. He lacked dignity and reserve to conceal his feelings, and so he spitefully drove off and left Jefferson to take possession of Washington as if he were a conquering enemy.

Jefferson in temperament was precisely the opposite of Adams. They were equally ambitious, and equally haters of tyranny. In theology they agreed, but in nothing else. Adams liked form, but Jefferson liked better the theatrical display of simplicity. He had his two terms in the presidential chair; but, if we are to believe him, he always longed for the peace and retirement of a farm. When it came to a third term, he positively declined. He had had his fill. Toward the close of his second term he wrote: "Five weeks more will relieve me from a drudgery to which I am no longer equal." Those familiar with our history need not be told what Jefferson meant. It was a time of great events. The president had not a moment of rest. He was chagrined, mortified, tortured again and again. He never spoke of his plantation without regret.

If any American of the present day were to select which one of the earlier administrations he would have preferred as his own, it would certainly not be that of Madison. Yet I am not sure but Madison, if now alive, would select his own to be repeated, if by himself. His abilities were of the solid, not brilliant. sort. He was sober, able, honest, but not of an executive temperament. He was not a man of prejudice or violence, but it was his lot to administer in a season of bitter passion. New England threatened secession. A ridiculious war was fought, contrary to Madison's best judgment, and men cried for joy when the folly was ended by a treaty of peace. Probably he was not seriously disturbed by the machinations and confusions of his time.

Monroe's relation to the presidency was peculiar. In some respects it recalls the administration of Washington. Although he made some enemies, he was re-elected with but one electoral vote against him; in "order that one may be elected as unanimously as was Washington. Monroe was a man of averages and intensely American. His special place in history is in connection with the Monroe doctrine, which asserts our right to control this continent as against the interference of any European power. Washington's doctrine was, let the United States on no account meddle in European affairs. Monroe supplemented this, and we will on no account allow European states to meddle on this continent; "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

An administration of this character was likely to breed little evil and ill will; and Mr. Monroe probably had as pleasant an official term as any president before or since. It was known as "the era of good feeling."

But now comes the presidential cyclone. Gen. Jackson was a born military commander. He was never anything else. He ruled the country on the same principles as he commanded an army. He brought in more corruption than had ever been devised before; and he made it a part of his system. His cabinet officers were his generals. His foreign ministers were next in rank, and every postmaster was captain. He held them in personal obedience, Of course such a man had his hands full. "My friends," he said, "I presume you think it a mighty fine thing to live in this White house. I assure you however, that I find it a perfect —,"

"I am dying," he said on another occasion, "as fast as I can; and they all know it, but they keep swarming around me in crowds seeking for office, intriguing for office," This was precisely what might have been expected. "To the victors belong the spoils," and the president had become a dispenser of the spoils. Behind Jackson was the infamous but able Amos Kendall, the father of political rings. With him were others of the same sort. Jackson, no doubt, on his election, had some notion of civil service reform, but it lasted till his first burst of passion. Then followed a wholesale discharge of all public office-holders. Every place was filled with retainers and partisans. The country was expanding commercially with immense rapidity. All sorts of new questions, involving finance and internal policy as well as nullification, came up during Jackson's executive terms. He was harried, no doubt, but it was mostly his own fault. The attempt on his life was the first effort to destroy the life of a president. In his last days he was tricked shamefully by those who sought to trade on his popularity. He idolized; but he well knew what it all meant. He had lived as a commander; he had given offices as bribes. He had fought a good earthly fight. There was nothing to do but to forgive his enemies in a lump, join the church and look out for his soul. This he did in due order, and yet the office-seekers hounded him into his grave.

I do not think Martin Van Buren ever looked on the White house with ennui, and a desire to escape; however, we know that he detested the very arts of which he was master. He hated to pull wires with his nicely gloved hands, but he did it marvelously and won the title of "little magician." He was a politician of perfect make-up—that is, he was thoroughly politic. "Nothing ruffled him. He was thick skinned, elastic and tough." He was never a statesman. He could cutely work up to the presidency, but he could not control his party or administer the government.

Poor Harrison did not live long enough to weary of the White house. But it is possible the terribly exciting campaign killed him, for he lived just one month after inauguration; and we had nothing left but Tyler. The "log cabin candidate" was a clever, honest old gentleman from what was then the far west, It was beyond all precedent a noisy campaign. and fought on a decidedly low political level.

Mr. Tyler was the first instance of a vice president by the death of his chief. The pro-slavery fight was now well begun, and Texas was admitted to enlarge slave territory and secure the permanency of the institution. So far as known Mr. Tyler, having broken with his party, and having no friends or faction to speak of, dropped out of office contentedly.

He was in the White house just long enough to leave the Mexican war as a legacy to his successor, James K. Polk. Mr. Polk very nearly raised this mediæval era of the American government above the mediocrity into which it dropped with Van Buren; but not quite. Our presidents from 1840 to 1860 represented mediocre talents; no great principles, and abundance of compromise.

Taylor died at the close of his year, and we know from his own words that he far preferred the saddle to the executive chair. Fillmore, so far as we can judge, enjoyed himself in spite of the rough battling about him. He had a temperament that shed trouble as a duck's back sheds water. I should liken him to a vessel riding peacefully in a storm by means of the oil thrown out from its deck. President Pierce was glad to get free from the White House. Buchanan had more than a just measure of trouble, traitors and consequent obloquy. It would be difficult to find a politician of the present day who, able to look at it in the light of history, would be willing to take the presidency during that era of political hurricanes and hatred. I have taken no pains to look up any expressed opinions of the executives of this era. So far as they had ability they were to be pitied; it was only their mediocrity that made their fate tolerable.

In 1860 all was changed. Only giants were of any use, and only giants were at the front. Lincoln and Douglas were intellectual equals, but in moral conviction and tenacious adherence to principles Lincoln was eminently superior. From first to last his life at the white house was sad and burdensome. He carried a weight that millions would have been glad to share with him, but they could not. I do not know anything in history so charged with pain as the state papers of Lincoln. "With malice, toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans—so do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations." Endeared to the nation next to Washington, he left the White house a victim.

Poor Johnson! Truly an accidental president! He would have suffered no more had he fallen into the hands of the inquisitors of Torquemada. He was harassed almost out of his reason. His impeachment barely failed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Fashionable Envelope.

From the New York Sun.

Even in a business way it seems to be profitable to practice the very latest feminine fancies. One of the second sized hotels at one of the summer resorts is filling up faster than usual, and with a higher grade of social pretentiousness. Three or four swell families have already arrived, and the landlord says that more are to follow.

"And I can tell you why," said an expert. "His clerk caught on to the fact that the very newest notion in stationary was an envelope with a flap so arranged that it fastened just under the corner upon which the postage stamp was placed, and thus it closed the letter without any gumming or sealing. The use of these envelopes had not extended beyond Fifth avenue, where they had only been in vogue a month or so. The clerk suggested that the season's circular for the hotel be sent out in such envelopes. That was done, and it is a fact that not less than eight or ten rich families, who were undecided which hotel to go to, were brought to a decision by that trivial device."

Pelicans Devour Their Fish.

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