The Eaton Democrat.

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The Eaton Democrat.

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WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

Don't go to the theater, grange or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yours lf of the friends that call,
And a good long letter write--
Write to the sad folks at home
Who sit when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble "excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write,"
Let their breeding thoughts go wandering back
To many a by-gone night
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer --
That God would leave their delicate babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise;
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When aged has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forgot them, quite;
That you deemed it a pleasure, when far away,
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends,
Who make your pastime go,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off;
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they look and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear from the absent one--
Write them a letter to-night.

A Wonderful Candle.

[St. Nicholas.]

Did you ever wonder who first invented or used artificial light, and what kind of light it was? To tell you the truth, I never thought about it at all; but it happened that one evening not long ago I was made very much ashamed of my stupidity.

I received an invitation to spend the evening with a learned professor and his beautiful wife, who live in a large house on Madison avenue, in New York, and to witness some electrical experiments.

After the company had assembled they were invited to go to the top of the house. We marched up the stairs in procession, the ladies having taken the arms of the learned men. We were ushered into a large room, from which all the furniture had been removed. Camp-chairs were arranged in rows, and were quickly filled. This room opened into another, which also was filled with camp-chairs. Between the rooms was a high table, on which were mysterious-looking jars, out of which came small copper wires in fine coils. The tops of these seemed to be connected together by finer wires. On the table, besides these, were a gas drop-light, a common tallow candle, a little bronze boat containing oil, with a wick at one end, a rather shabby-looking dark candlestick, or what looked like one, and some other things, the uses of which I did not know.

Fastened against the wall was a large square, made of three colors of silk, broad stripes of blue, red and green, surrounded by a wide yellow border, and I wondered to myself if it were a banner, and to what nation it belonged.

After we were seated there was a momentary silence of expectation, and I faintly heard something that sounded like the muffled beating of a steam-engine. I saw it afterward in the back room, a pretty little engine, hard at work, not boiling water to generate or make steam, but a petroleum engine, burning petroleum oil, to generate or make an electric current which was carried through a pipe to the table between the rooms. The Professor said that this cunning little engine consumed only one drop of oil a minute, and yet it was "a horse and a half power." I called it a horse and a colt power. You all know that the power of all steam engines is thus gauged or measured; that is, each one has the strength and can do the work of so many horses. The engine of an ocean steamer is of many hundred horse-power—a giant in strength and resistance against the mighty winds and waves—enabling the vessel, with almost resistless power, to

"Cleave a path majestic through the flood,
As if she were a goddess of the deep."

And now that I have quoted this elegant compliment to the steam-engine, I will tell you what the Professor said about light.

"In very old times," he began, "people went to bed with the chickens when the sun had set. When they wanted to sit up a little later, all the light they knew how to make was from the blaze of burning wood. After a while, some observing old fellow noticed that when grease fell into the fire the blaze became much brighter: so he dipped a reed or rush into oil and set one end on fire, and thus rush-lights came into fashion. Old books and songs tell about the farthing rush-lights. They were sold four for a penny, and a very dismal illumination they must have made. Then people began to put oil in cups, preparing a rind of pork to set in the oil for a wick, and burned that. The great feasts of the Romans, in the old classical heathen times, before the birth of our Savior, must have been most dingy affairs, for all they had for lighting up their tables were these lamps." And here the Professor put out all the gas-lights and applied a match to the wick at one end of the little bronze Roman boat.

It was highly classical and very elegant in shape, but the light it gave was so utterly dismal that all the company uttered a funny little groan, and a handsome old gentleman, who sat next to me, said:

"Well, after that specimen of old Roman brilliancy, I am quite reconciled to paying my big gas bills."

"After this," continued the Professor, "candles were invented. To show you what the first ones were like, I tried to get as bad a one as possible. It should evolve or unfurl the traditional 'shroud' in the light, and be otherwise disagreeable; but this one, I am afraid, will be far more respectable and well-behaved than the tallow candles of our ancestors."

Here he lit the candle, and another dismal groan saluted the forlorn yellow light. It looked as if it had lost all its friends. It sputtered and guttered; tallow tears ran down its greasy sides, and very soon it became, if not a broken-hearted, certainly a broken-backed, tallow candle.

"It was not so many years ago," said the Professor, "that candles were in general use, though greatly improved in quality; for the next invention—the argand burner, or astral lamp—could only be afforded by well-to-do people. The flame was fed by the oil made from the blubber of the sperm whale, which was rather expensive: but the lamp made a great improvement in artificial light. Many of us can remember the astral lamp, which gave a soft, pleasant, steady light under its glass shade, quite sufficient to render a room of ordinary size cheerful and cozy. Gas had been discovered, and utilized in places of business a long time before it was introduced into our better houses; and then it was that petroleum or kerosene took the place of candles in poorer localities, and it is still in universal use.

"You may think that there is nothing better to be desired than gas; but if the ladies present would consider how this light changes and injures many delicate colors, and how unbecoming it is, they would rejoice in that restless spirit of invention that is ever crying 'Excelsior!' and is now using all its resources to bring the exquisitely beautiful pure white electric light into common use. Let me show you the effect of light still more yellow than gaslight on those colors hanging up. It is a sodium light, and sodium is only common salt prepared for burning."

Here the Professor applied a match to one of the things on the table of which I told you I did not know the uses. A dull deep yellow flame sprang up. All the blue, red and green in what we will call the banner vanished utterly, nobody knows where, leaving three ugly gray and leaden-colored stripes, while the pale yellow border had an attack of yellow jaundice immediately, and became orange-color. The Professor held his hand against the flame, and it changed to a ghastly gray hand, and as to us, we looked like dressed-up ghosts.

"You see now," said the Professor, "how great an improvement a white light ought to be. I am told that when ladies purchase silk for an evening dress they request to have it shown by gaslight. Some of the larger stores have a little room lighted only by gas for this purpose; and it is surprising to notice how a silk, beautiful in daylight, will alter and become dingy in color the moment the gaslight flashes upon it."

And now the Professor, putting out the hateful sodium light, touched a hidden spring. In an instant—like the winking of an eye—a tiny but most glorious star, or, what it was still more like, or was really, a bit of imprisoned lightning, flashed out of the end of a coiled copper wire, with thousands of luminous silver rays emanating from it.

"A—h, how beautiful! how superb!" exclaimed everybody.

Instantly, all the colors in the banner on the wall became perfect and true; blue was blue, and green, green, and you know how these colors are often mistaken one for the other at night. The colors of the ladies' dresses, soft lavender, blue, pink, and gray, were in lovely and harmonious contrast, and diamonds flashed like little electric points. Why, everybody looked handsomer than ever they had before. The fine dark eyes of the Professor were sparkling, and his face beaming with pleasure, because he saw that he had given pleasure to others, which after all is the best, the purest happiness. Then he put a white porcelain shade over the electric light, and with the softened brightness another delighted exclamation passed like a wave over the crowd; for you know that light, like sound, travels in waves, though light beats sound by an infinite number of times in speed. I might as well tell you here that while a sound would be traveling leisurely about thirteen miles in a minute, a flash of light can go the distance of four hundred and eighty times round the whole earth!

The porcelain shade over the electric light made it seem as if a moon, brighter than a hundred moons, had floated down upon us; and yet it was all the time that mere speck of lightning—chained up, bound down hand and foot by the Professor.

Soon, by a mysterious turn of his hand, the light darted to another copper wire. This other was an English application of electricity, and has been used a good deal in England—in dock-yards, iron-works, railway stations and manufactories. It was very bright, but it flickered a little. Then he made the light dart to the candlestick I mentioned, which was invented in Paris by a man whose funny name is Jablochkoff. I had to go to the Professor's the next morning to get this name, for I wrote it first "Bobbleyjock," then "Bumpterhausen," and then "Butthurpurttles," and none of them seemed right. This candlestick made a lovely light. A large number of them were used at the Paris Exposition, which must have been magnificent at night illuminated by this imprisoned lightning.

The Professor said that he had tried to have Mr. Edison present and tell us of his amazing inventions; but he was so overwhelmed with business connected with electric light that he could not come. Let us all hope that Mr. Edison will succeed in making electricity the light that will, like the sun, "shine for all;" for, besides its being so beautiful, and so true, it will be far cheaper than any light we now have.

An Honorable Spy.

In his letter, resigning the position of Government Director of the Union Pacific railroad, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., states very clearly and forcibly the difficulties which surround that position. It is impossible, he says, for any one to discharge satisfactorily the duties of a Government Director under the present laws. These duties involve a thorough knowledge of the whole subject of railroad construction and management, the closest and most painstaking attention to detail in the annual inspections of the property in which the Government is so largely interested, and a constant humiliation of the official in the fact that he is at all times the guest of the corporation he is expected to supervise. Mr. Adams says on this point:

"To a person in any way sensitive it is far from pleasant to be the guest of a corporation; to eat and sleep and live at its expense; to accept every possible attention and hospitality from its officers, and meanwhile to keep careful note of every point open to criticism, and, when the time comes, to speak openly and truthfully, no matter how much what is said may hurt. Neither is it agreeable to do a public duty faithfully and at the same time to accept the money of one who suffers from the performance of the duty even though that one be a corporation. Yet the Government Director who does his duty must, under the law as it now stands, either do this or go wholly unpaid. As long as this system continues, it is practically inevitable that services of a purely formal character can only be looked for. The active Government Director is at best but an honorable spy."

"WHAT is sweeter than a winter sunset?" asks an exchange. Really, we don't know; but if it's a very cold night, and there's a vacuum in the region of the vest, an oyster stew will lay way over the sunset.—*New York Express.*

OHIO LEGISLATIVE PROCEEDINGS

MARCH 10.—*Senate*—Mr. Forrest introduced a bill amending the Justices' Code by providing that no proceeding in attachment shall be had to garnishee the salary or wages of an employee of a railroad company by reason of his non-residence, except before a Justice in and on account of the county in which the liability was incurred. The Senate devoted the afternoon in Committee of the Whole to the consideration of the title of the codified report relating to persons. Mr. Sherrick moved to insert a clause in chaper 3 to provide that where usurious interest is charged, the whole interest may be forfeited. Lost—yeas, 10; nays, 14. Mr. Fisher offered an amendment fixing the legal rate of interest at seven per cent. Adopted by a vote of 15 yeas to 8 nays. The Committee on Judiciary reported back S. B. No. 196, relating to public executions, amended so as to provide that no other persons may be present at an execution than the penitentiary officials and the officers of the county where the crime was committed, the attorneys connected with the trial, not more than two clergymen, two physicians, two of the witnesses for the State, and two relatives of the prisoner. The amendments were agreed to, and the bill set for third reading to-morrow.....*House*—In the House the usual number of petitions for local option were presented. The morning was given to routine business.

MARCH 11.—*Senate*—A communication was presented from the Directors of Longview Asylum, asking a full investigation of the charges against them. It was referred to the Benevolent Committee. Mr. Forrest presented a petition of two thousand five hundred citizens for relief from the attachment law. Considerable time was passed in the consideration of H. B No. 715 of the codified report, relating to persons. The vote whereby seven per cent. was inserted as the legal rate of interest was reconsidered, and the old rate of eight per cent. reinserted. Mr. Seitz moved to reduce the rate from six to five per cent. on the absence of a contract. Lost. The joint resolution offered on Saturday was amended so as to instruct the Adjutant General to appoint one guard at the State Armory during the incendiary excitement, at a salary of $50 per month.....*House*—Petitions were presented for Quinby's Local Option Bill. The Select Committee appointed to inquire what legislation is necessary for the suppression of tramps, submitted a lengthy report declaring the present laws, if properly enforced, were all that were needed at present, but the time must soon come when a system of District Work-houses should be established by the State for the confinement, and employment of vagrants. The committee recommended that the State Board of Charities recommend to the next Legislature a plan for a State Work-house to contain room for four thousand persons. H. B. 619, by Mr. Quinby, providing for local option, came up on its third reading. Mr. Bohl offered an amendment to make the bill apply only to Clinton County. The remainder of the session was passed in the discussion of the proposed amendment, when the House took a recess until to-morrow morning.

MARCH 12.—*Senate*—Forrest's Senate bill to authorize cities of the first-class to establish quarantine in case of epidemic was passed, after being amended so as to include cities and villages. Mr. Benson's bill, to provide that all hangings shall take place inside the penitentiary wall, and that the Warden shall serve as hangman, was taken up. Mr. Steedman moved to amend so as to provide for appointing a State Executioner, which was disagreed to, 25 to 2. Mr. Johnson moved to amend so as to allow ten representatives of the press to witness all executions, which was also disagreed to: yeas, 5; nays, 10. Mr. Marsh spoke against the bill, saying he would not sanction this wholesale slaughter in Columbus. He did not believe in capital punishment. Steadman also took strong ground against capital punishment, arguing that society was not protected in taking the life of a murderer by way of revenge. He thought solitary confinement much a more severe and effective punishment than hanging. Richards took similar ground. Speeches favoring the bill were made by Benson, Curtiss, Lord, Jackson, of Perry, Seitz, Beer, Johnson and Howland. The bill was then passed: year 23, nays 7..... *House*—The debate on Mr. Bohl's amendment to H. B. No. 619, by Mr Quinby, was resumed, and on being put to a vote was lost—yeas, 14; nays, 64. The bill was lost on its passage by yeas, 40; nays, 43. A motion to reconsider was lost by 41 to 41.

MARCH 13.—*Senate*—Mr. Marsh presented a resolution of the Directors of Longview Asylum, asking for an investigation, and then offered a resolution appointing three Senators to make such investigation, which was adopted, and Marsh, Wilson and Johnson were appointed said committee. Bills were introduced amending the Civil Code so that Mutual Life Insurance Companies may be sued in any county where they do business; to increase the penalty for house-breaking to ten years for the first, twenty for the second, and for life for the third offense.....*House*—Mr. Klimper presented a remonstrance against the passage of any bill seeking to change the number of Trustees of the Southern Railroad. They claim that any change now will cause delay and uncertainty in completing the road. Bills were introduced: To incorporate the State Archeological Society; to appropriate one million and a half dollars for the support of common schools; to appropriate money for the support of asylums; to authorize employers to make special contracts for wages or supplies with employees.

MARCH 14.—After a short session, both branches of the Legislature adjourned till Tuesday afternoon.

Remedy for Intemperance.

Mr. Napier, the English scientist, recently tested the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor-drinking is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet.

The experiment was tried upon twenty-seven liquor-drinking persons, with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the more striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of 60, who had been addicted to intemperate habits for thirty-five years, his outbursts averaging once a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we were assured, cured him completely in seven months.

He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but at the close of the period named had gained twenty-eight pounds, being then about the normal weight for a person of his height.

AN editor's life is full of sunny spots—sunny as the south side of a straw stack in May—and one of them is when, in the gratitude of his heart, he stands treat to a man who praised his paper, announced himself a supporter and a constant reader of it and promised to advise all of his friends to support it in the same way, only to discover the enthusiastic man's support consists in regularly borrowing the paper from a friend.—*Toronto National.*

THE man whose lame back prevents him from splitting a stick of wood or kindling a fire is the one who leads an attack on a pile of ten cords of wood to help uncover and kill a frightened rabbit.

The Greenback Vote of 1878.

We have carefully compiled from the *Tribune Almanac* for 1879, which gives returns from all State and Congressional elections held in 1878, the following tables showing the complete Greenback vote of that year. In the States where a Greenback State ticket was nominated we give the vote of the head of that ticket; where a State ticket was not run we give the Greenback vote for Congress:

State.	*Office.*	*Vote.*
Arkansas	Two Congressional dists	13,207
Alabama	Two Congressional dists	9,446
Colorado	Governor	2,785
Connecticut	Governor	3,314
Delaware	Governor	2,838
Illinois	State Treasurer	65,073
Indiana	Secretary of State	39,418
Iowa*	Secretary of State	125,067
Kansas	Governor	27,037
Kentucky	Seven Congressional dists	11,535
Maine	Governor	41,404
Massachusetts*	Lieutenant Governor	99,620
Michigan	Governor	73,313
Mississippi	Two Congressional dists	12,671
Missouri	Judge Supreme Court	61,167
Nebraska	Congressman	110
New Hampshire	Governor	6,807
New Jersey	Congress	29,331
New York	Judge Supreme Court	61,167
North Carolina	Two Congressional dists	15,261
Ohio	Secretary of State	38,333
Oregon	Secretary of State	1,447
Pennsylvania	Governor	81,758
Rhode Island	Governor	590
Tennessee	Governor	15,196
Texas	Four Congressional dists	49,475
Vermont	Governor	2,635
West Virginia	Congress	25,521
Wisconsin	Four Congressional dists	12,852
Total		947,416

*Also supported by Democrats.

No Greenback nominations, either State or Congressional, were made in Florida, Georgia, Nevada, South Carolina, or Virginia. In California no general election was held. In the Third Minnesota district, Donnelly, Democrat, was also nominated by the Greenbackers. In the First and Second districts of Louisiana, and the Fourth and Sixth of Maryland, Greenback candidates were nominated, but we have no returns as to their vote.—*Detroit Tribune.*

The Desolation of Babylon.

It is usual for travelers to dwell upon the utter desolation of Babylon, and to paint its site as a strip of desert, especially woe-begone and unfertile. But the eloquent gentlemen who dwell upon this aspect of the place could not have seen it in the middle of April. The date groves and gardens along the banks of the Euphrates are then things of beauty in their fresh spring verdure, and the plain itself is laid down with crops. Irrigation canals cross it here and there and give trouble to the horseman. No grass grows upon the mounds, and there are patches of the level white with the niter which is to be found here as in other parts of Mesopotamia; but the surface of the soil is, on the whole, green and pleasant to the eye. The glad waters of the river flow on in the bright morning sunshine, with palm and mulberry hanging over its banks, drinking in sap and life. The great city which counted its population by millions, and filled the world with renown not yet forgotten, has disappeared under the dust of twenty centuries, but nature is as fresh and jocund as when Babylon was still unbuilt. Birds sing overhead in the pleasant spring air; butterflies flutter about in search of flowers; balmy odors regale the sense. It is difficult under the circumstances to feel as one perhaps ought to feel for the great capital which once cumbered this ground. Nature does not mourn for it, and it is hard to be sad at the bidding of sentiment when the bright spring hides its grave.—*Through Asiatic Turkey.*

Parlor Pastime.

The players sit in a row, and the first says: "I am going on a journey to Albany," or any place beginning with an A. The one seated next to her says: "What shall you do there?" The verbs and nouns in the answer must begin with the same letter, and so on through the alphabet; the one who asks the question "What will you do there?" continuing the game. But, as an example is better than any directions, we will relate to you how a party of children played it:

Ellen—I am going on a journey to Albany.
Louisa—What shall you do there?
Ellen—Ask for apples and apricots.
Louisa—(To her next neighbor) I am going to Boston.
Frank—What will you do there?
Louisa—Buy bonnets and buns.
Frank—I am going to college.
Susan—What will you do there?
Frank—Cut capers.
Susan—I am going to Dover.
Sarah—What will you do there?
Susan—Dress dolls.
Sarah—I am going to Erie
Russel—What will you do there?
Sarah—Eat eggs.
Russel—I am going to Fairhaven.
Grace—What will you do there?
Russel—Feed fawns with frogs.
Grace—I am going to Greenbush.
Howard—What will you do there?
Grace—Give gold to girls.
Howard—I am going to Hanover.
Sarah—What will you do there?
Howard—Hunt with hounds and horses.

The party goes through the alphabet in the above manner. Whoever cannot answer readily, after due time is allowed, must suffer some penalty.

An Old Story Retold.

It is hinted that Madame Anderson accomplishes her prodigious walking feats without any signs of exhaustion by a simple stratagem. Somebody looking and dressed like her takes her place while she rests and sleeps. A man in Cincinnati walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours by means of a "double," who finally "undid" him, for he betrayed him just at the close of the walk. The trick is a very old one. It is found among Hindoo legends of the hedge-hog and the fox, a version of the hare and the tortoise. The fox challenged the hedge-hog to a race, and the hedge-hog agreed. The fox started, but when he arrived at the end of the path through the woods, there was the hedge-hog. Then he proposed running it right over again to the starting-point. The hedge-hog agreed and the fox found him ahead of him as before. This contest was continued until the fox could go no more, and paid the forfeit. The hedge-hog merely stationed his wife, who looked so like her husband the fox did not know them apart, at one end of the route while he stayed at the other. Neither of them moved, and the fox ran back and forth from one to the other until he drooped from fatigue.—*Detroit Free Press.*

DURING a dense fog a Mississippi steamboat took landing. A traveler, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel and asked why they stopped. "Too much fog; can't see the river." "But you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but until the biler bust we ain't going that way." The passenger went to bed.

AN unprecedented amount of lumber is being cut in the Michigan pineries this winter.

PERSONAL TOPICS.

CAMERON is eighty years old.

THE report that Mr. Gough has said he has done lecturing is interpreted by the Chicago *Tribune:* "Done a good deal of it.

MR. GLADSTONE is sixty-nine years old, and can cut a cord of wood a day, and Beaconsfield is seventy-three and never smokes.

A GERMAN socialist in Chicago publicly asserts that the shell which is to explode the despotism of Bismarck has already been cast, and during the present year will fulfill its beneficent mission.

IT is quite time that the cross-examining insolence which displays the combined qualities of the clown, bully and coward should cease to disgrace our tribunals of justice and to reflect upon our civilization.—*New York Herald.*

THE Scotch, though only numbering some four million spend seventy-five million a year on drink, which proves how unfounded are the charges of niggardliness so often brought up against them.

SENATOR BAYARD, of Delaware, is six feet two, and has nine children. His oldest son, about nineteen, is a student in the University of Virginia. His wife has very little inclination for society life, and passes her time with her children.

MRS. FOLZ, San Francisco's female lawyer, is a bright, fair-haired, rosy, cheerful, matronly, woman. She says: "I originated from the cradle, the washtub, the sewing machine, and the cooking stove I have educated myself, and am now trying to earn a living for myself and my little ones."

A YOUNG man who has tried everything else and failed, writes the Vicksburg *Herald* to inquire the requisites for a good reporter, and gets for answer: "A bottle of whisky, a lead pencil, a cast-iron constitution and a rhinoceros hide." One quality ought to be added—two handfuls of cheek.

THE Emperor of Brazil keeps up a regular correspondence with the savants, artists, and literary men of of the principal European centers. He compliments any notable work by asking for a copy of it, and in this way he has secured at Rio quite a collection of books and pictures, compensating the donors, in return, with jewels and orders.

"WOMAN'S Words" has this paragraph on skilled labor: "After all, it does'nt so much signify what you do, as that you do it well. The value of skilled labor is estimated on a democratic basis nowadays. President Eliot, of Harvard University, the cook in the Parker House restaurant, and Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, each receives four thousand dollars.

THE late Joseph Gillot, the steel-pen manufacturer, after he became rich, had a mania for collecting old Italian instruments, and although he knew nothing whatever about music, became the owner of over five hundred violins and violoncellos, many of them valuable. After his death they were found lying in dusty heaps or thrust away in boxes.

CONGRESSMAN WATSON, of Pennsylvania, owns twenty-five thousand acres of Northern Pacific lands in Dakota, and Senator Spencer has a fifty-thousand acre farm, and will make Deadwood his home. His Aurora mines in the Black Hills, in which Senator Conkling owns a share, yield nine thousand dollars a month. President Hayes also owns a farm of many thousand acres of Northern Pacific land near Bismarck.

IT is related of Talleyrand that his pulse, which rolled a stream of tremendous volume, would intermit and pause at every sixth beat. This he pointed out triumphantly as a rest of nature, giving him a superiority over other men. "Thus," he said, "all the missing pulsations are added to the sum total of my life," and his longevity and strength appear to support this theory.

A CURIOUS illustration of the sarcasm of time's revenges is found in the condition of John G. Saxe, now confined to his room in Brooklyn by chronic melancholy. He is well known to the public as a humorous poet and lecturer, and to personal acquaintances as a man of genial, joyous disposition, ever looking at the bright side of things, and advocating cheerfulness as the sum of all philosophy. He is, in fact, about the last man in the world who would be selected as a likely victim of melancholy.—*Boston Post.*

His Private Band.

A friend of ours, having determined to give a musical party, looked about amongst his acquaintances for suitable guests, and after considerable cogitation and inquiry made up his mind to invite the following:

Jones, because he was so clever in blowing his own trumpet.

Brown, because he possesses the ability to harp on one string.

Smith, because, even if you stopped him in the street for a moment, he began to fiddle with his collar.

Thompson, because the sight of a thirteenth card of a suit filled him with an irresistable wish to "trump it."

Robinson, because, if rumor was true, he was undoubtedly a "base-vile" man.

Johnson, because, according to all accounts, he played second-fiddle to his wife.

Simpson, because, as a newspaper proprietor, he had an organ of his own.

Richardson, because he is so good at the long-bow, and

Samuelson, because he and his wife are celebrated for their kettle-drums.

Fried in Lard.

The London *World* recites how revenge was had by one of the most eminent pianists in that city. He had suffered much from the irrepressible conversation of drawing-room audiences, and devised the other day a means of giving a little lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the piece, at a given signal from him. It was done. The bawling and shouting voices were left, in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence. Joyous, clear, and distinct, above them all rose a voice from the foremost seats, the voice of Lady ——. These words of hers were ringing upon the startled air: "We always fry ours in lard!"

Where the Missing Men Go To.

A New York exchange tells "How men Suddenly Disappear from Our Streets." We haven't read the article but we suppose they suddenly dart up an alley in order to enter the saloon from the rear. We have seen scores of men suddenly disappear from the streets in the same manner.—*Norristown Herald.*

Jonathan Niles and his Fife.

In 1778, while the American army was encamped at Tappan, on the Hudson, General Lafayette had command of the advance, his particular duty being to guard the water front; and, in order that any attempt on the part of the enemy at surprise might be guarded against, Lafayette issued orders that there should be no noise of any kind by the troops between the hours of tattoo and reveille.

Jonathan Niles was one of Lafayette's musicians, and his instrument the fife. He was a son of Connecticut, and he had a maimed and disabled brother who was a cunning artificer, and who, among other quaint things, had made the fife on which Jonathan played.

It was so constructed that it could be blown to the shrill and ear-piercing notes that belong with the drum, or it could be so softly and sweetly breathed upon as to give forth notes like the gentle dulcimer.

One evening Jonathan wandered down by the water's edge, and, seated upon a rock, gazed off upon the darkly flowing, star-gemmed flood.

His thoughts were of his home and of the loved ones; and anon came memories of the old songs that had been wont to gladden the fireside.

Unconsciously he drew his flute from his bosom and placed it to his lips. In his mind, at the moment, was a sweet song, adapted from Mozart, which had been his mother's favorite.

He knew not what he did. To him all things of the present were shut out, and he was again at home, sitting at his mother's feet; and the charm was not broken until a rough blow upon the back recalled him to his senses.

"Man, what are you doing? The general may be awake. If he should hear you—ah!"

It was a sentinel; and even this guardian of the night afterward confessed that he had listened, entranced, to the ravishing music for a long time before he had thought it his duty to stop it.

On the following morning an orderly came to the spot where Jonathan had been eating his breakfast, and informed him that the general wanted to see him at headquarters.

Poor Jonathan turned pale and trembled. He knew that Lafayette was very strict, and that in those perilous times even slight infractions of military orders were punished severely.

As he arose to his feet, the sentinel of the previous evening came up and whispered into his ear:

"If it should be about the music, Jonathan, don't you be alarmed. Not a soul save you and me knows anything about it; I can swear to that. So do you just say it wasn't you. Stick to it, and you'll come out all right."

Jonathan looked at the man pityingly.

"What! My mother's son tell a lie like that? It would be the heaviest load I ever carried—heavier than I ever mean to carry, if I have my senses."

He then went to the general's quarters, a tent pitched in a commanding site, overlooking the whole line he had to guard.

Lafayette was pacing to and fro, sad and moody, as though his thoughts were unhappy.

"Comrade, who are you?"

"Jonathan Niles, general."

"Last evening I heard music down by the river's bank. Were you the musician?"

"It was I, general; but I knew not what I did. I meant not to disobey your order. I sat and thought of home, and of my mother, and——"

The general started at the sound of that word, and the shadow upon his face grew soft and ethereal.

"Of your mother? And I thought of mine. It was a theme of Mozart's, and was my mother's favorite. If you will be so kind, go bring your instrument, and play for me that strain here in my tent. It will do me good."

In the after years—even to his dying hour—the man loved to tell that story. Though he would never urge the truth upon any man in consideration of so mean a thing as the benefit that might result, yet he could not put away the thought that the sweetest and most blessed memory of all his soldier's experience might have been lost to him had he grasped at the opportunity to tell a lie on the one occasion of all his life when a lie might, to some, have seemed most opportune and profitable.

Senatorial Changes.

The full list of incoming and retiring Senators is as follows:

STATES.	SENATORS.	IN PLACE OF
Alabama	Geo S Houston, D	Geo E Spencer, R
Arkansas	J D Walker, D	S W Dorsey, R
California	Jas T Farley, D	A A Sargent, R
Colorado	N P Hill, R	J B Chaffee, R
Connecticut	O H Platt, R	W H Barnum, D
Florida	Wilk'son Call, D	S B Conover, R
Georgia	Jno B Gordon, D	Jno B Gordon, D
Illinois	John A Logan, R	R J Oglesby, R
Indiana	D W Voorhees, D	D W Voorhees, D
Iowa	W B Allison, R	W B Allison, R
Kansas	John J Ingalls, R	John J Ingalls, R
Kentucky	J S Williams D	T C McCreary, D
Louisiana	S F Jones, D	Jas R Eustis, D
Maryland	Jas B Groome, D	Geo R Dennis, D
Missouri	George G Vest, D	James Shields, D
Nevada	John P Jones, R	John P Jones, R
N. Hampshire	A Republican	B Wadleigh, R
New York	R Conkling, R	R Conkling, R
N. Carolina	Z B Vance, D	A S Merrimon, D
Ohio	Geo H Pendleton, D	S Matthews, R
Oregon	Jas D slater, D	J H Mitchell, R
Pennsylvania	J Don Cameron R	J Don Cameron, R
S. Carolina	W Hampton D	J J Patterson, R
Vermont	J S Morrill, R	J S Morrill, R
Wisconsin	M H Carpenter, R	Tim O Howe, R

No, You Can't Go In.

"Whither away, gentle youth?" said the gentleman in waiting at one of Princess Louise's receptions to an airy young Kanuck, who tried to insert himself amid the favored throng. "I would do honor as a loyal subject to the beauteous scion of royalty, the daughter of an Empress whose power extends from tropic to torrid zone, and whose morning drum-beat circles the globe, for the perpetuation of whose empire millions of swords would leap flashing from their scabbards, and—" "Yes, yes, but your necktie isn't the proper color, and inquiry has developed the fact that your grandfather kept a grocery store. You can't go in!" "Can't! I can't go in and shake hands with Louise?" Exit youth in a rage.—*Traveller.*

NEW YORK *World:* "It will probably be found that the principal stockholders in the companies for introducing the electric light are also heavily interested in gas stocks, so that it is not likely that any change which may be made will be of a ruinously revolutionary character."

"YES," said a young lady, who was possessed of a fine voice, "I am often asked to appear in public, but—" "But what?" observed a friend. "Well," she replied, "I should never be able to sustain my part. I am so easily decomposed."

The Man Who Had Dyspepsia.

There came to the dinner-table at the Lawrence House, the other day, two strangers, one a lean and hungry-looking customer, the other a decent-appearing young fellow. As they reached the table the older man clutched frantically at the bill of fare, and remarked as follows:

"Let's see what they got. You know I can't eat anything. Been nearly dead for ten weeks with the dyspepsia. Ah! 'oyster soup'—guess that won't hurt me." To waiter: "Bring me some oyster soup, and, let's see, boiled white fish; yes, I'll have some o' that."

The soup and fish were rapidly eaten.

"Now, let's see what else they've got; you know I can't eat everything. 'Roast turkey'—that ought not to hurt me. I'll have some o' that. 'Roast beef'—yes, I'll have some 'o' that. 'Chicken pot-pie'—yes, that's easily digested; I'll have some. Let's see, I can't eat everything, I'll take a bit of the boiled ham, some macaroni, and—ah! some chicken livers and vegetables."

The waiter had taken the order, and the man with a weak stomach reached this way for crackers, that way for butter, here took a piece of bread, there a pickle and a stalk of celery, and, frequently remarking that he couldn't eat everything, stayed his stomach until his dinner was brought. He looked it over, sent the waiter back for some roast veal and another onion, remarking that his stomach was weak, he had been suffering terribly from dyspepsia, and couldn't eat everything, but at last got to work and cleared the dishes.

The matter of dessert troubled him some because his stomach was so weak, but he finally called for some mince pie, plum pudding, and ice-cream, with a cup of coffee. They were brought and devoured, and then he called the waiter and made her a confidential communication to the effect that he had been sick with dyspepsia, that his stomach was weak, he couldn't eat everything, and would she bring him a bowl of milk?

The milk was brought, he crumbled some bread therein, and, as his younger companion had departed, the man with the weak stomach remarked to the gentleman across the table from him that it was darned rough to have to come down to bread and milk, but he had been sick, he couldn't eat everything, and he had to be careful.

And now the landlord is anxious for that man to come around when he is well. He needn't come but once.—*Adrian (Mich.) Times.*

Effects of Railway Accidents.

Accounts of railroad accidents frequently state that, although the engine and cars were badly damaged, the passengers escaped without serious injury. Yet many persons can recollect instances of men whose health steadily declined after they had passed apparently unharmed through some mishap to a train, and whose sufferings were terminated by death more or less sudden. Some light has been cast on cases of this kind by a paper read last month, before the Medical Society of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Dublin, by Dr. McSwiney. In a railroad collision there may result to a passenger (1) shock merely, or (2) concussion, or (3) contusion of the cerebro-spinal system. In shock the functions of the nerves are impaired, and the action of the nervous system is thus lowered. It has been found that great confusion and injury, either temporary or permanent, to the nervous functions sometimes follow from a shock to the cerebro-spinal system, when the soft cerebral and spinal mass is struck violently against the bony case in which it is inclosed. That slight blows often cause serious results is now well established. An apparently trifling injury to the back or sacrum may give rise to an inflammatory process, which may, after the lapse of years even, end fatally. And, often, a slowly creeping-on paralysis will ensue upon a shock to the cerebro-spinal center, when at first no ill result was apparent. In such cases, the seeming contradiction may sometimes be noticed that, whereas the more severe and dangerous phenomena often result in the very cases in which injury appears to be trifling, on the other hand, it occasionally occurs that the severest primary lesions present to observation only slight and unimportant sympto