Mountain Home Bulletin.

GEO. M. PAYNE Prop. MOUNTAIN HOME, IDAHO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1889. VOL. I. NO. 36.

THE BALLOON BURSTED.

How the Most Experienced Aeronaut in the World Met His Death.

The coroner's inquiry into the death in Essex, England, of the famous aeronaut, Simmons, has brought out a singular feature of the accident by which he lost his life and his two companions were dangerously injured, and indicates a new danger in ballooning. The evidence shows the accident, which followed an attempt to land, during which the anchor was caught in a toll, was caused by the bursting of the balloon.

The silk was unusually large and correspondingly heavy, but it was not ripped with one large rent, as would have been the case had it caught on a tree, but was found torn into several distinct pieces. Besides this the burstingwas accompanied by a loud report, which was heard not only by those near by who were watching the balloon, but by persons a considerable distance away, who knew nothing of the balloon until afterward.

Mr. Simmons was an aeronaut of thirty years' experience, and this was his 495th ascension. When he landed from his last previous ascent a few days before an old lady said to him: "You men can not have much care for your lives," and he replied, "I have made 494 ascents and I don't feel very much fear now."

The balloon was the Cosmo, one of largest ever made, holding 62,000 cubic feet of gas, and capable of carrying 2,400 pounds. The basket was of iron wire network, instead of wicker. He carried a thirty-pound grapnel and ninety-one feet of rope—too light an anchor and too short a rope, some experts say. He went up about the middle of the afternoon with W. L. Field and Mr. Meyers, the latter of South Kensington Natural History Museum, both of whom had made previous voyages. It was intended to cross the channel to France, but darkness coming on the party decided to descend for the night. The country was somewhat wooded, and two or three attempts were made to land, but each time ballast had to be thrown out and the balloon sent up again. A field that seemed fairly clear was at last chosen and the grapnel let out. It dragged through a field of wheat and then caught in a large tree. In an instant the huge balloon pulled up short, swung to the ground, and began to bump up and down, straining at the end of its tether. Simmons pulled desperately on the valve rope and shouted to Field to help him. Meyers held a bag of ballast awaiting an order to throw it out. Three times in scarcely more than as many seconds the great balloon bounded up and down struggling frantically like some immense wild beast at the end of a long rope. Each time it sprang sixty feet in the air. As it rose the third time to that height there came a sudden report, the silk collapsed, and the car with the three young men in it fell to the ground. Men from the fields running up, found it battered into a shapeless wreck and its three late inmates unconscious. Simmons' skull was fractured and he had suffered other injuries. He died in three hours without gaining consciousness. Mr. Field had a simple fracture of the right thigh and a compound fracture of the left leg, besides innumerable bruises. Mr. Meyers had internal injuries, and was covered with bruises and cuts.

Aeronauts can give no satisfactory explanation of the bursting of the balloon. It was undoubtedly caused by the sudden stoppage, but why the strain of a quantity of gas should become excessive on that account has not been explained. It is said that there is one similar case on record.

Simmons, during his life as a balloonist, had made ascents in India, Egypt and the United States, as well as in all parts of Europe, and it is said that no man in the world had had more experience in aerial navigation than he. In 1875 he ascended with De Groof, the Belgian "flying man," who was to descend from a great height by means of a parachute. Something went wrong and the Belgian was dashed to pieces. In 1882, with Colonel Brine, of the Royal Engineers, he started to cross to France, but dropped into the channel, and after a perilous time was rescued by a steamer. A few months later Sir Claude de Grespigny, ascending with him, was thrown out and badly hurt. Simmons stuck to the car, and after an exciting time made a safe descent. The next year Sir Claude and he succeeded in crossing the channel, and he has repeated the feat since. —*N. Y. Sun.*

Blew Himself Up With a Bomb.

An extraordinary suicide has just occurred at a village near Angers. A peasant named Bordereau was working in a field with his wife and brother-in-law, when a trifling dispute took place. Bordereau left the field and returned to his cottage, whither his wife soon followed him. As she was about to enter the house her husband called to her to remain outside, and a moment afterwards there was a tremendous explosion, which sent all the glass flying and filled the air with smoke. The neighbors rushed to the spot and promptly extinguished the flames that were bursting out of the cottage. Then, entering Bordereau's room, they found him lying lifeless on the shattered bed, his body fearfully mutilated, while the walls were smeared with blood. He had undressed and lain himself on the bed, placing at his side a shell which he had brought home with him on his return from the military service. He had then ignited the shell and blown his body to atoms. Bordereau, though still young, was in very bad health, and when he wended his way to the cottage his wife had a presentiment of some approaching disaster.—*London Telegraph.*

WHAT A CHILD DID.

An Anecdote Illustrating Mr. Lincoln's Great Tenderness of Heart.

Will the world ever know what depths of tenderness there were in the heart of Abraham Lincoln? An anecdote, which has never been published, brings out one more instance in which his sympathies, awakened by a little child, nobly controlled his action. In one of the first skirmishes of the civil war, a young Union soldier was so severely wounded in the leg that the limb had to be amputated. On leaving the hospital, the young soldier, by the aid of influential gentlemen, obtained a position as Government weigher of hay and grain. Not long after he had entered upon his duties, his superior officer said to him:

"See here, Mr. M——, this hay weighs so much *on these scales*; but to the Government it weighs so much more."

"I do not understand, sir, that way of doing business. I can enter but one weight and that the correct one," answered the young weigher.

His superior walked away, muttering threats. The young man from that day suffered many petty persecutions for his honesty, and it was not long before he received notice that the government had no further need of his services. The summary dismissal made him so down-hearted that when he told the story to his family, he seemed a man without hope.

"Father," replied the eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, "cheer up! I am going to see President Lincoln. I know he will make it all right."

Her father and mother tried to turn her purpose, saying that it would be useless to see the President, as he would not attend to such a petty matter as the dismissal of a weigher of grain. But her faith in the President's sense of justice was so strong that she went to the White House, and, after three days of patient waiting in the anteroom, was admitted to Mr. Lincoln's presence.

The hour for receiving visitors had nearly expired, and as she entered the room the President, throwing himself on a lounge, said, wearily: "Well, my little girl, what can I do for you?"

She told her artless story. Mr. Lincoln listened attentively, and with a smile asked: "But how, my dear, do I know that your statement is true?"

"Mr. President," answered the girl, with energy, "you must take my word for it."

"I do," replied the President, rising and taking her hand. "Come with me to Mr. Stanton."

"Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln, as they entered the office of the great War Secretary, "I wish you to hear this child's story."

"I have no time," answered the overworked man.

"But you must," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I have not a moment to spare today, Mr. President."

"Come again, my dear, to-morrow, and Mr. Stanton *will* hear you then," said the President, leading her away.

The next day she was admitted at once to the President, who took her over to Mr. Stanton's office. The Secretary listened to the child's simple story and was so moved by it that he indignantly exclaimed, before she had finished: "The infernal rascal!" He went to his desk and wrote an order for the immediate dismissal of the dishonest official, and for the appointing the little girl's father to the vacant place.

Mr. Lincoln never forgot the child; he told her story to several Congressmen, and through their influence her two brothers were enrolled among the pages of the House of Representatives. —*Youth's Companion.*

The African Elephant.

In *Petermann's Mitteilungen* Herr J. Menges raises once more the question of the possibility of utilizing the African elephant. Herr Menges points out that there is strong evidence that the elephant was used in ancient times in Africa, and asserts that no serious attempt has been made in modern times to subdue it to the uses of humanity. He maintains that it is quite as docile as the Indian elephant, and much stronger; and that, if it could be really tamed and trained to work, it would be of immense utility in the opening of Africa. But, unless some protection is accorded to the African elephant, Herr Menges believes that by the end of next century it will be quite extinct.

An Excellent Reme

They were returning from the theater.

"I am troubled with a slight sore throat, Miss Clara," he said, "and I think it would be wise if I should button my coat tightly around my neck."

"I would, indeed, Mr. Sampson," replied the girl with some concern. "At this season of the year a sore throat is apt to develop into something serious. Are you doing any thing for it?"

"Not so far," he replied. "I hardly know what to do."

"I have often heard papa say," shyly suggested the girl, "that raw oysters have a very soothing and beneficial effect upon such a trouble."—*N. Y. Sun*

A Heart-Breaking Loss.

Bobley—Wonder what makes young Perkins look so cast down. One would fancy he had lost his best friend.

Wiggins—So he has. His sweetheart has jilted him.

Bobley—Well, it's really a blessing in disguise. He has escaped a mother-in-law, any way.

Wiggins—Oh, you don't understand: the girl was an orphan!—*Judge.*

THE LAND OF LAKES.

An English Traveler's Impression of the Province of Finland.

Finland is, in the language of the country, Suomesimaa, "the land of lakes," and this is really the truth, as no less than one-third is under water. Much of this is, however, marsh land, though the lakes Saima, Lodoga, Enare, etc., cover some thousands of square miles. The surface of the country is flat, with a chain of low hills about the center, the highest of these being the mountain "Aavasaksa." The coasts are deeply indented and picturesque, with bold granite cliffs standing clear out against the deep blue sky, and many islands belonging to the Archipelago of Aland dot the surface of its western waters. Inland there are dense forests of pine, fir and birch, which have a strange and enthralling influence upon the imagination. Notwithstanding their usually somber aspect, there are innumerable pleasant glades in the recesses of these woods, where the tall white-stemmed birch and great boulders covered with lichen crop up from the grass and form a pleasant picture; besides this the lakes have a beauty—solemn and romantic—which can scarcely be found elsewhere. The landscape, too, dotted with numerous windmills, and the church towers, built apart from the places of worship, present strange pictures. From these towers the night watchmen sound their horns or play upon triangles as an alarm of fire. Often in the dead of night a great blaze on the horizon will tell of some forest fire. These are mainly owing to the carelessness of the peasantry, and, combined with the great exportation of timber and its lavish use for firewood and for building purposes, have caused a great rise in its value within the last few years. Traveling in the country, though cheap, is not always pleasant. Many of the roads are what would be described as "corduroy"—that is, having rough logs laid across, over which one's vehicle bumps and jumps in a manner calculated to make the bones sore for a considerable time after a journey. The velocity with which the natives send the carriage down hills is also likely to try the nerves of any not to the manner born. Most persons posting through Finland have their own vehicles—wheeled ones for the summer and sledges for the winter—and they change horses at each stage of about fifteen versts (ten English miles). Should you have to trust to the post-house for a conveyance you are more likely than not condemned to travel in a cart without springs and a hard seat with no back to it or an ordinary work sledge. The charge for posting is little enough, being ten Finnish pennies (1d English) per verst, and the driver is required by law to take you at the rate of one Sweedish or seven English miles per hour.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE HANDSOME MAN.

What Constitutes One According to Fanny Fern's Critical Mind.

Well—in the first place, there must be enough of him; or, failing in that—but, come to think of it, he musn't fail in that, because there can be no beauty without health, at least according to my way of thinking. In the second place, he must have a beard; whiskers—if the gods please, but a beard I insist upon, else one might as well look at a girl. Let his voice have a dash of Niagara, with the music of a baby's laugh in it. Let his smile be like the breaking forth of the sunshine on a spring morning. As to his figure, it should be strong enough to contend with a man, and slight enough to tremble in the presence of the woman he loves. Of course, if he is a well-made man, it follows that he must be graceful, on the principle that perfect machinery always moves harmoniously; therefore you and himself and the milk pitcher are safe elbow neighbors at the tea table.

This style of handsome man would no more think of carrying a cane than he would use a parasol to keep the sun out of his eyes. He can wear gloves, or warm his hands in his coat pockets, as he pleases. He can even commit the suicidal-beauty-act of turning his outside coat collar up over his neck of a stormy day with perfect impunity. The tailor didn't make him, and as to his hatter, if he depended on this handsome man's patronage of the "latest spring style," I fear he would die of hope deferred; and yet—by Apollo! what a bow he makes, and what an expressive adieu he can wave with his hand! For all this he is not conceited—for he hath brains.

But your conventional handsome man of the barber's window-wax-figure-head pattern; with a pet lock in the middle of his forehead, an apple-sized head, and a raspberry mustache with six hairs in it; a pink spot on its cheek, and a little dot of a goatee on its cunning little chin; with pretty blinking little studs in its shirt-bosom, and a neck-tie that looks as if he would faint were it tumbled, I'd as lief look at a poodle. I always feel a desire to nip it up with a pair of sugar-tongs, drop it gently into a bowl of cream, and strew pink rose-leaves over its little remains.

Finally, my readers when soul magnetizes soul, the question of beauty is a dead letter. The person one loves is always handsome, the world's arbitrary rules notwithstanding; therefore when you say, "what can the handsome Mr. Smith see to admire in that stick of a Miss Jones?" or "what can pretty Miss T see in that homely Mr. Johns?" you simply talk nonsense, as you generally do talk on such subjects. Still, the parson gets his fees, and the census goes on all the same.—*Fanny Fern, in the N. Y Ledger.*

A PRAIRIE STORM.

Vivid Picture of a Terrible But Entrancingly-Grand Scene.

There is one thing beyond man's control, and the grandeur of a prairie storm can only be imagined by those who have seen it or witnessed a storm at sea. Such a storm swept over the prairies in August last. The morning was warm and bright, but shortly after noon there came an indefinable change. The sun still shone, but its rays threw an altered light, and brought the prairie flowers into brighter relief, while it cast a darker shadow where shadows fell.

Away toward the horizon the wavering glimmer that curtained the meeting place of sky and plain became more tangible, and a thin black hue framed the landscape. Gradually it grew broader and higher, and as it overlapped the bright blue sky the birds flew hurriedly from before it, and such cattle as were in sight drew closer together for protection. Gusts of wind that shook the train followed each other at intervals that grew shorter and shorter, and the frame of black was once in awhile illumined with flashes of summer lightning, which, as they came nearer, threw heavy banks of sulphurous-looking clouds into bold relief. Still there was no rain, and the thunder of the train was all that broke the stillness.

For nearly two hours the clouds maintained the same slow approach, and left the spectator to run fancy-free and imagine the outstretched fingers of some great ghoul to be slowly closing in to crush him. So strong did the feeling become that the more nervous passengers drew back and shuddered at each succeeding gust, while others clustered round windows and gazed, fascinated, at the coming storm. At last it came. One huge cloud shot out from the approaching bank, and for a moment poised in mid-air.

Fleecy clouds, that looked ghastly by contrast, hung round it like fringes on a funeral pall, till with a crash that outweighed the roar of the train it seemed to be rent in two with one streak of fire that turned the entire cloud into gold. From that on and for nearly an hour it was one continuous rumble, broken occasionally with a sharper crash, and accompanied by the patter of the rain that fell in torrents. Both sheet and forked lightning played continuously, and, while the former turned the clouds from blackness into light the latter seemed to rend them in fragments and stand out in lines of fire for seconds at a time.

At last it passed away and the flickering flames that illumined the southern horizon seemed like the volley firing of a retreating army; but so great was the expanse of prairie that they were never entirely lost sight of, but again grew more and more vivid until eighty miles further west the storm again crossed the track, moving northward with diminishing force. Slowly as it appeared to move, it had in five short hours traversed the half of a circle not less than one hundred miles in diameter, which would give it a rate of upward of thirty miles an hour.—*Cor. Omaha Bee.*

FOUR DECADES AGO.

Only Sixteen Millionaires in Boston in the Early Fifties.

No longer ago than the year 1851 $50,000 made a large estate and $100,000 made its owner a rich man. Only sixteen residents of Boston in that year were millionaires. The Appleton family made three of this number—Nathan Appleton was worth $1,500,000, Samuel Appleton, his brother, the same, and William Appleton, his cousin, $500,000 more. All three began life poor, Samuel with 6¼ cents. The dry-goods business and manufactures gave them fortunes, which they used most generously, William appropriating his entire income beyond his family expenses to benevolent purposes. John Bryant made a million and a half in the Northwest coast and China trade. Ebenezer Francis, who also began life poor, made three millions in the East India trade; John L. Gardner and Thomas Wigglesworth made half that sum in the same way, and Joshua Searf as much in West India trade. These were the days of commercial prosperity in Boston. Abbot Lawrence, then Minister to the Court of St. James, had three millions, and his brother Amos half as much and their house was the heaviest American goods house in the country. Thomas H. Perkins, familiarly known as "Long Tom" Perkins, began his mercantile life in St. Domingo, and when driven away by a revolt of the slaves came back to Boston, began trading with China, and acquired a very large fortune. David Sears inherited $800,000 from his father, the largest amount ever inherited in New England up to that time by a single individual. Robert G. Shaw was called in one of the leading newspapers of that day "the oldest active merchant in his city, as he is the most opulent one." William Sturgis was another Cape Cod sailor who commenced life poor; he arose to the command of his ship, finally monopolized the northwest coast trade, and became rich. John E. Thayer is the only example of a broker who also was a millionaire, and John Welles of a land speculator. There are no lawyers in the above list. Indeed, the returns in the profession have never been so large as to make a lawyer a millionaire, though the Boston bar has held a most distinguished place, not only in our commonwealth but in the country. Several, however, were then numbered among the rich men of Boston.—*Boston Globe*

NEW FIRST READER.

Human Nature as Displayed on Street Cars and Street Corners.

LESSON I.—"Shall we make a trip on the street car and study human nature?"

"Yes, let us go. They run so swiftly that it is like flying through the air. How exhilarating! What a moving panorama of human life is here represented! Ah! but why do we stop?"

"For that woman a block and a half away who is waving both arms at the driver. Now that she has stopped the car she isn't in so much of a hurry. She feels for her purse, rearranges her cloak, draws on one of her gloves, and detains twenty passengers for two minutes."

"She must have very important business?"

"She has. Her neighbor got a cloak which she says cost $36, but this woman thinks she saw one like it for $19. She is on her way down town to make sure. There—she is on—and we will now fly again."

LESSON II.—"Street-car conductors are great students of human nature, are they not?"

"They are. They can pick out a man who will take a three-cent piece for a ten almost at a glance."

"Are they often annoyed?"

"Very often, but the company pays 'em for it. It is very annoying when a conductor helps a woman and seven children on and off to find that she is only a wash-woman and can never leave him a legacy."

"Is a conductor expected to be a gentleman?"

"Certainly. He is supposed to lift his hat to every lady, wish every passenger good-day, and to indulge in tall linen collars, kid gloves and swallow-tailed coats."

"Why does he have to ring up a fare for each passenger?"

"To prevent his changing places with the owners of the line. But for this wise provision of nature he would soon be seated at the cashier's desk, and the cashier would be on the rear platform of a car."

LESSON III.—"Why does the passenger put his hands in his pockets and stretch his legs across the car?"

"Because he passes for a genius."

"But it looks loaferish."

"It might, in case of a poor man, but this one is worth $75,000 and any thing he does is credited to eccentricities of genius."

"He seems half-drunk."

"So he does. In the case of a man earning two dollars a day he would seem all drunk, and the conductor would give him the collar, but money and genius are big excuses, my boy."

LESSON IV.—"Why did the lady give such a sudden start?"

"Because she realized the fact that the conductor had been holding out his hand for two long minutes for her fare."

"But didn't she notice him collecting?"

"Oh, no. It wouldn't be fashionable to notice any such thing. Her mind has been far, far away, and now that it has returned she feels in different places for her purse—rises up, sits down three times, shakes out her skirts and unbuttons her cloak, and finally produces a car ticket from her glove?"

"Didn't she know it was there all the time?"

"She did, but if she hadn't gone through her performance the rest of us might not have noticed her new hat and sealskin."

LESSON V.—"Is the man mad?"

"He is."

"Why is he mad?"

"Because he says he whistled for the car last evening and it didn't stop."

"Didn't the driver hear him?"

"That's a question. The man says he couldn't have been over half a mile away, and the night was very still, and he wants it understood that if it happens again he will go to headquarters with his complaint."

"But he got the next car?"

"No, he didn't, and that's what hurts him. He was standing on the curbstone, kicking the heedless driver of the other car in imagination, and was so deeply interested that he let two cars and a good-looking seamstress pass him without seeing them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TRAIN MANAGEMENT.

Lantern Signals, Taken from the American "Standard Code."

A train while running must display two green flags by day and two green lights by night, one on each side of the rear of the train.

After sunset, or when obscured by fog or other cause, must display headlight in front and two red lights in rear.

Two green flags by day and two green lights by night, displayed in the places provided for that purpose on the front of an engine, denote that the train is followed by another train running on the same schedule and entitled to the same time-table rights as the train carrying the signals.

Two white flags by day and two white lights by night, carried in the same manner, denote that the train is an extra.

A blue flag by day and a blue light by night, placed on the end of a car, denotes that car inspectors are at work under or about the car or train and must not be coupled to or removed until the blue signal is removed.

—Short accounts make long friends. Use not credit too frequently without filling with currency.

THE WOMAN TO MARRY.

Bob Burdette Takes a Hand in the Discussion of the Marriage Question.

"You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never takes in washing, goes out housecleaning, and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track walker, is her style of a man. Let us examine into your qualifications as a model husband after your matrimonial ideas, my boy. Can you shoulder a barrel of flour and carry it down cellar? Can you saw and split ten cords of hickory wood in the fall so as to have ready fuel all winter? Can you spade up a half acre of ground for a kitchen garden? Do you know what will take the lime taste out of the new cistern, and can you patch the little leak in the kitchen roof? Can you bring home a pane of glass and a wad of putty and repair damages in the little sitting room window? Can you hang some cheap paper on the kitchen? Can you fix the front gate so it will not swag? Can you do any thing about the house that Con Reagan can? My dear, dear boy, you see Nora Mulligan wants a higher type of true manhood. You expect to hire men to do all the man's work about the house, but you want your wife to do any thing any woman can do. Believe me, my son, that nine-tenths of the girls who play the piano and sing so charmingly, whom you in your limited knowledge set down as mere butterflies of fashion, are better fitted for wives than you are for a husband. If you want to marry a first-class cook and experienced housekeeper, do your courting in the intelligence office. But if you want a wife, marry the girl you love, with dimpled hands and face like the sunlight, and her love will teach her all these things, my boy, long before you have learned one-half of your own lesson.—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

RAISING A BLOCKADE.

A Good Story Told at the Expense of an Argus-Eyed Lady Teacher.

A certain educational institution not a hundred miles from Albany has a series of very rigid rules relative to the conduct of its students outside of school hours. One of these rules is to the effect that no young lady student must go out after dark in the company of a man, be he of high or low degree. This rule is enforced very strictly, and the young ladies are much in terror of the penalties alleged to be inflicted upon any unfortunate creature caught violating the rule. Recently, however, a young lady student attended an entertainment upon the invitation of a gentleman of her acquaintance and was unfortunate enough to be discovered by a grim-faced teacher of the institution in question. The teacher was evidently not sure of the girl's identity, but decided that on her way home she would wait for a while in front of the girl's boarding-house, which was directly on her route, and confront the culprit in the very act of disobeying the cast-iron law of the school. The young people were just behind her, however, and saw her pause before the boarding-house. They retired to the shadow of the trees and waited. The grim teacher never stirred. It was growing late, but she evidently intended to secure her victim. The young people were just beginning to grow uneasy, when a brilliant thought struck the young man. With the fair student upon his arm, he did what is usually deemed impossible—he found the officer on that beat. A short explanation and a glance from the bright eyes of the perplexed maiden settled the matter, and the stalwart "copper" walked back to where the lone watch stood and said roughly: "Come, now, you've been here long enough; move on, or I'll pull you in." Thoroughly frightened, the poor woman stood for a moment, and then walked on as rapidly as offended dignity would permit. When she was out of sight the smiling youngsters made their appearance, and with a demure countenance the young lady bade her friend good-night and entered the house. The teacher, somehow, never reported the case.—*Albany Express.*

The Effects of Opium.

Opium-eaters take the drug in every variety of form. In the crude state the gum is eaten or smoked. In the liquid preparations the tincture is the most popular; but paregoric is a favorite form, especially with women, while the elixirs are also largely used. Morphia holds sway over a large proportion of consumers, either by the stomach or hypodermically. The amount of the sulphate of morphia that can be tolerated by a confirmed subject is enormous, sometimes reaching as high as sixty grains in twenty-four hours. Every physician has seen in opium habitues cases illustrating, to a greater or less extent, the stimulant action upon the intellectual centers. There are cases of society women who, having spent most of the day in bed, will flash most brilliantly in the evening under the influence of the drug. And the fascination of literary and æsthetic conversation, so captivating to the habitues of salons, is not unfrequently the inspiration of the potent stimulant. When the habit is given up, the mind usually is restored to its normal activity; but when indulged in for years, opium may produce a permanent enervation of the mental and moral faculties, and this deterioration is no doubt due to organic degeneration of the cerebral centers.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A MERITED REBUKE.

Fashionable Women and Their Victims, the Innocent Birds.

It was hoped some time ago that the fashion of wearing the dead bodies of birds as trimmings for bonnets and hats was going out. Such a hope, apparently, is doomed to disappointment. Perhaps the day may come when people who have a little regard for such helpless creatures as birds will give them up to their fate. It really seems to be of no use to try to protect them. The loafer from the east end of London goes forth with his cages and his lime, and catches them. He, however, mostly retains the males. The other bird-murderer also goes forth on his cruel errand, and, by preference, catches and retains the female. He takes her in the nesting season, because the feathers are soft and beautiful then. What matters it to him that his victim is often the mother of a nestful of helpless young, and that they are left in the nest to die of starvation, to die while piteously crying out hour after hour for the mother that never comes? The mother birds are killed, and the young left to die of starvation, because certain women insist that it shall be so. Yet how gentle, and sympathetic, and tender those very women can pretend to be be when it suits their convenience! How correct and nice is their taste in every thing that relates to good manners! How shocked they are by vulgarity, how horrified by coarseness! If they could see themselves exactly as some men see them, they might for one moment pause and reflect upon their worthlessness. Is it really, then, come to this, that a nineteenth-century woman is so utterly selfish, so hopelessly without brains or feeling, and so incapable of learning even the very elements of humanity, that she must and will have birds to adorn herself with at whatever cost? At bottom it really is want of intellect. The idle modern woman of the wealthier classes is so self-indulgent, so pampered, and so spoilt, that she can no longer be counted upon to exercise a reasoning faculty. No man can contemplate without the deepest anxiety the gradually increasing mental weakness among the prosperous. If the stern necessities of the poorer class of ladies develop in them true strength of mind and sternness of moral fibre, most people will think poverty and necessity are blessings, though in disguise. Hardly any price is too great to pay for brains and a moral faculty.—*London Hospital.*

NEW DISTRESS SIGNAL.

An Invention Which Will Probably Save the Lives of Many Seafarers.

A description is given below of a new distress signal which has recently been brought out. The distinguishing features of this invention are that no stick is required, and there is no back fire. The rocket takes the form of a metal cylinder, in the base of which is the propelling charge. Above this is a charge of tonite, and above this again a star composition.

The rocket is placed in a phosphor-bronze socket, which may be screwed or let into the rail of the ship. When it is required to fire it, a firing tube is placed in the center of the rocket, and to the top of this a lanyard is hooked. The propelling charge is fired by simply pulling the lanyard, and the signal is propelled upward at one impulse. The wire fuse by which the detonating charge is exploded is at the same time ignited, and this burns until the rocket has reached the maximum height, which is six hundred feet.

The stars are thrown out giving a brilliant illumination, and the tonite charge then explodes. The noise of the explosion is equal to the firing of a six-pound gun, but being high, is heard at a great distance; indeed, in one instance a disabled vessel brought another to her assistance from a distance of twelve miles.

These rockets are so portable and easy to fire, no match or port fire being required, that they are very suitable for boats, and doubtless many lives would have been saved had they been in use in cases where shipwrecked crews have had to take to the boats. The Board of Trade has authorized its surveyors to pass these socket distress signals in lieu of both guns and rockets, so that many lines of steamships have landed their guns and use these signals instead.

The National Life-boat Institution is also introducing them with red stars, which is the distinctive signal to summon a life-boat crew. A further advantage in this form of rocket is that a combination of colors and number of stars can be so arranged as to form a code on the principle of the Morse alphabet, a feature which may prove of great importance in naval maneuvers, and for topedo boat operations.

The full-sized rockets are seven inches long and two inches in diameter. A smaller size, which is called the "socket light signal," is also made. This has no explosive charge. Another modification of the idea consists of a sound signal, which has no stars. This takes the place of a gun.—*Engineering.*

—Rothschild said one day he always knew when people were talk about his fellow Hebrews, whether the latter were rich or poor. Upon being asked to explain how he knew that, he replied: "Why, you see, when people are talking about a wealthy man of my creed they call him an Israelite, but if he is poor they call him a Jew."

—"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, and now I am in the mucilage"—then it stuck.