

## TOLD BY TELEGRAPH.

**The Versatility of the Morse Alphabet.**  
Such is the adaptability of the Morse alphabet used in telegraphing that it can be communicated by the sense of hearing, taste, sight, or feeling.  
About twenty years ago Col. J. J. S. Wilson, of St. Louis, then an active telegraph superintendent, was on a tour in the southern part of Missouri. It was a season of floods. Large portions of the country adjacent to the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers were inundated, and the wreckage had included the washing away of many miles of poles and wire. It became necessary to communicate with a point on the Mississippi bank of the Missouri River by telegraph. The fertile invention of Col. Wilson directed that a locomotive be run to the Illinois bank. Mounting the foot-board, he grasped the valve, and soon the shrill screams of the locomotive whistle were heard by the listening operators on the other shore, whistling out Wilson's message in the long and short sounds of the alphabet, familiar to them as that of their primers. Communication was kept up in this way for several hours.

A rich citizen of San Francisco owes his life to his knowledge of telegraphy acquired many years ago. Wandering over Southern California as a prospector, he was captured by a band of Mexican desperadoes. They carried him to an abandoned hacienda, and with mocking cruelty set him at their table to feast, before, as they told him, they killed him. The prisoner recognized among his captors an old companion, also an operator, who had gone to the bad a little time before. The recognition was mutual, but neither dared to address the other. The captive's quick wit improvised a sounder out of his knife and fork, and while to the others he appeared playing with them, his cry for assistance was read and understood by his old-time comrade. They formed in this way a plan of escape, which was successfully carried out.

A train on a Western railroad several years ago met with a terrible accident miles from any station. Among the passengers was a young telegrapher. His ready mind took to the situation, and climbing the nearest pole it was an easy task to cut the wire, and using the two ends as a key sent a message for help. To receive the reply was a more difficult task. Here again the young man's invention stood in good stead and spurred him on to an exhibition of nerve that is rarely met with. Admonishing the distant operator to send slowly, he placed the cut ends of the wire upon his tongue, and by the strength of each shock to that delicate member made out the letters until the message was complete. That young man's sense of taste was destroyed and returned only in a weakened degree after two or three years.

There happened to be an operator on board of a small coasting schooner which was cast on a Florida reef in such a position that escape from the ship and aid from the shore were both out of the question during the night of the wreck. Throughout the long hours of suspense he kept up communication with another operator on shore by means of a lantern, and words of hope, of sympathy and encouragement passed back and forth until day dawned and made rescue possible.

The United States Government in several of its lighthouses has the lanterns arranged so as to emit long and short flashes of light, which form certain letters of the telegraph code. This is a method of distinguishing the beacon, which is easily understood by a little practice.

## Training in the Art of Teaching.

A successful school for the training of young women in the art of teaching is in operation in Des Moines. They are put into actual school-room work and required to discipline and instruct in accordance with the principles of the "new education," and under the constant criticism and control of one of the best primary workers in the State. Three rooms have been set apart for this young school, and two young teachers have been assigned to each room. While one is teaching, the other is studying the best books on the history and science of education, and during about half the time is present, pencil in hand, noting all violations of Pestalozzian principles, all faulty methods, every petulant inflection of the voice, disregard of poor deportment or anything else which would injure a teacher's influence upon the school. These criticisms are read and discussed by the training teacher and the young women at the close of the session, and prove a strong incentive to the correction of errors and the establishment of better methods. In the study of the history and science of education, a complete and appreciative mastery of a few well-chosen books is preferred to a more extensive and necessarily more hasty perusal of the many excellent works now accessible; and every member of the training class is thoroughly examined by the principal of the high school or the superintendent on the subject matter of the books required in the course.—*New York Tribune.*

## Keen Observation.

A man is never so much impressed with his wife's power of discernment as when he goes home drunk and attempts to play sober. As a rule, the man has only taken one drink. He doesn't understand why one drink should make him drunk, but after a while he acknowledges that he did take two drinks, but the last one was so small that he had forgotten it.

When Mr. Harvey Blades, a well-known official of Arkansas, went home, he had reached that close observing stage of intoxication when a man stops and minutely examines the most unimportant objects and makes wise comments. In this state of drunkenness, a man takes notice of every household article. Every chair demands a certain amount of attention. After sitting down with studied gravity, Mr. Harvey Blades noticed a feather lying on the floor. He debated for a while whether or not it would be an illustration of sobriety to remove it, and remembering that he had often seen his wife pick feathers from the carpet after having jammed the pillows in making the bed, as arose, took up the feather, examined

it a moment, raised a window and threw it out. This performance did not entirely satisfy him, for in his mind there lurked a suspicion that his wife might fancy him to be drunk. In looking around for another test he discovered the water-bucket. He knew that to bring fresh water, beyond a doubt, would settle the question of his sobriety, so he took up the bucket and went out to the well. Feeling around and not finding the "moss-covered bucket," but deciding that it must be at the bottom of the well, he began to turn the windlass. For fifteen minutes he turned the crank. "Deepest well I ever saw," he mused, and continued to grind. After awhile his wife came out and said:

"Harvey, what in the name of common sense are you doing?"  
"Try'n to draw bucket water. Deepest well I ever saw. Grindin' for hour, bucket not up yet."  
"Why, don't you know that we had the well cleaned out, and that the bucket has been taken off? Come on away. You are as drunk as a fool."  
"Keenes' observation I ever saw," said the gentleman to himself. "Nezer saw thing like it."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## Vanderbilt's Treasure-Vault.

I stood the other day in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry on Forty-second street, where last year the richest nabob in the world locked up his \$200,000,000 in stocks, bonds, and other securities. It is one of the most redoubtable works of defense on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet. The materials used being pressed brick with brown-stone trimmings. The beams, girders, and main pillars are iron, incased in fireproof material. The doors, window-frames, and minor partitions are iron, marble, and glass. No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is 36x42 feet, of wrought iron, steel, and Franklinite iron, is imposing in strength and proportions, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8,200 pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the ironwork. The vault, which is burglar, fire, and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself. The armed watchmen who guard the building day and night are under the strictest discipline, their hourly movements being recorded by an electric clock connecting with various points on each floor of the structure, and there are also wires running to police headquarters and the offices of the district telegraph. In one corner of this great vault, behind heavy iron bars, are the heavier iron doors of the works containing the Vanderbilt securities, which can be opened only by skeleton-keys held by the owner alone. I suppose that a hundred men in this building, with Gatling guns, could easily defend it against a mob of 100,000 assailants; it could be reduced by nothing less than the continued play of heavy artillery. It may be a year since Vanderbilt, then "worth" \$200,000,000, put the larger part of his possessions in the vault. He could not, perhaps, put more than \$200,000,000 under guard here at that time, but he has added over \$12,000,000 to his fortune within a year, though it has been a poor year. Thus rapidly does the stupendous volume of his unparalleled pile enlarge. Nothing like such growth of any man's wealth was ever before known in the world. Every year, in the nature of things, the growth increases, so that the estimate of the best-informed men is that by the year 1890 he will be able to pile up not less than \$300,000,000 in his great iron vault behind walls five feet thick.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

## A Good Opportunity.

The deacon had been threatening to repair that well-curb for the last thirteen years, but something had always occurred to prevent. He was not, therefore, greatly surprised one day when the boards gave way as he was hauling up the bucket, and he found himself going for the bottom. He bumped around a spell, dodged the bucket as it followed after, and finally brought up in good shape with his feet under him, and the water up to his chin. The well was forty feet deep, and the house five rods away; but nevertheless, the deacon called his wife by name about 6,000 times before he got tired of playing on that string, and began abusing her relatives clear back for seven generations. He had dropped this and was threatening to mortgage the farm and run away with the Widow Taylor, when his wife appeared at the well and called out: "Deacon, are you down there?" "Of course I am, and have been for the last three hours!" he yelled. "Well I thought so, but I was busy and couldn't look. Say, deacon, being as you are down there, you'd better stir around and look for that table-spoon which slipped out of my hand the day Joel Skinner's barn got afire!"

## Zephyr Cloth.

Mrs. Blank—Well, my dear, I have bought the material for another new dress.  
Mr. Blank—Humph! Had to have another new dress, did you?  
Mrs. Blank—Of course. I only have seventeen that are fit to be seen.  
Mr. Blank—Well, I hope you didn't buy anything very expensive.  
Mrs. Blank—I bought zephyr cloth.  
Mr. Blank—Zephyr cloth! What is it called that for?  
Mrs. Blank—I don't know, unless it is because it is pretty sure to raise a breeze when the bill comes in.—*Exchange.*

A MR. MULHALL thus enumerates the items constituting the wealth of the United States:  
Railways.....\$5,020,000,000  
Farms.....9,615,000,000  
Cattle.....1,520,000,000  
Manufactures.....9,655,000,000  
Houses.....20,360,000,000  
Furniture.....5,220,000,000  
Forests, mines, canals.....2,785,000,000  
Billion.....720,000,000  
Shipping.....315,000,000  
Public works, etc.....6,522,000,000  
Total.....\$49,770,000,000

## A Detective's Good Job.

A detective sat on a railing on Madison street and watched the crowds of people passing to and fro. The detective appeared to be in a thoughtful mood. He devoted his attention to a cigar, on which he chewed vigorously. A few minutes before a young fellow passed and had recognized the detective by a very slight nod and a sudden dropping of the eye. He was a bright, honest-looking fellow.

"I first met that young fellow under peculiar circumstances," said the detective, after a little, "and I am glad I acted as I did, although I am a bit doubtful at the time. It was about a year ago that I was standing in a pawnshop, when a young fellow entered. He wore a little skull cap and talked in a very loud, fresh sort of a way. 'I have some goods here I don't want, and I'll sell cheap,' he said; 'I just come from New York.' The pawnbroker looked at the goods, and, glancing at me, said he didn't believe he wanted to buy."

"You are just from New York," I said to the young fellow, looking at the goods he had brought in.

"Yes; three days here," he answered, readily; "but I don't see what business it is of yours."

"Perhaps it isn't," I replied; "but I'll tell you what I think, nevertheless. It's the noon hour now. You work in some wholesale house around here. You have stolen these goods, and have skipped out to make a little extra money. Let's see your letters." Well, he bluffed around and talked big, but finally he handed out a big pile of letters. I soon found he was working for a large wholesale house, which deals in goods similar to those he had with him. I told him I would have to arrest him. With that he caved in all of a sudden, and began to cry and beg to be let off. He said he had an old mother and a couple of sisters. He seemed so broken up that for once I kind of weakened. I hesitated a long while and thought it over carefully. I ran the risk of getting the bounce, but I decided to do it.

"Look here, young fellow," I said, gruffly as could be, "it all depends with yourself whether you go to the penitentiary or not. I can send you up now if I want to. Now, you do as I tell you. Take these goods back and 'sneak' them into the store as slick as you got 'em out. Now give me your name, and here's my card. It's your mother that saves you this time. Now get, and remember I'm keeping an eye on you."

"If the men at his place knew about it they would probably discharge him and lodge a complaint against me. Nevertheless, his salary was raised the first of this year, and he now holds a responsible position. I think I did a good job, after all."—*Chicago News.*

## She Never Cooked.

A handsome, young, and wealthy married woman was visiting at a Newport lady's residence, where was also visiting an elderly married woman, who endeavored to put on an elephant-load of style. "Indeed, and I must go home," said the young visitor; "I must get supper this evening." "And can you cook?" surprisedly asked the old woman. "Oh, yes; mother taught us all 'un to cook." "Why, you don't tell me! Do you believe it, I never cooked a meal's victuals in my life." Just then the old servant-woman came into the room from the kitchen, and, seeing the elderly married woman, ran to her, grasped her by the hand, and cried out: "Well, I declare to gracious! Molly, is this you? Faith, and I haven't laid me eyes on ye since me and you used to work at the hotel in Cincinnati! An' I hear it's married ye are! Arrah, an' ye used to be the best cook in the country! Have ye any children?"

## On the Safe Side.

First Western Desperado—Well, did you kill old Col. Rich?

Second Desperado—Yes, I fished him.

"How did you do it?"

"I found him riding on his horse along a lonely road and had plenty of time to aim."

"But where is his horse?"

"I did not touch that."

"Did not take the horse?"

"Certainly not. In this section they will hang a man for stealing a horse."—*Philadelphia Call.*

## An Unwise Suggestion.

A young man who believes in self-improvement, having married, suggested to his wife that they should argue some questions frankly and fully every morning, in order to learn more of each other. The first question happened to be "Whether a woman could be expected to get along without a hat," and he took the affirmative, and when he had last seen he had climbed up into the hayloft and was pulling the ladder after him.—*Auburn News and Bulletin.*

## Great Place for Game.

"So you have just returned from the West, have you, Mr. D.?" said a man meeting an old crony on the street.

"Yes, sir, been all through the Territories."

"Game abundant there?"

"Game is very abundant, sir, very." "What kind predominates?"

"Well, faro takes the lead, with poker a good second."

"Oh, good day."

## A Weaver's Life.

A spider lives several years, and besides their domestic life, their building, and spinning, and weaving, which are beautifully carried on, there are births and deaths to be chronicled, and curious characteristic traits which only the close observer discovers.—*Mrs. Mary Treat.*

## Blue Grass Breeders.

Mr. R. S. Withers, of Fairview Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., writes: "I have such confidence in St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure, that I use it on everything; myself, my horses, my negroes. Everybody and every horse, for all kinds of aches and pains, believe in its sovereignty as a cure."

## A Thrilling Episode.

**A Locomotive Engineer's Instinct—How He Saved a Train and How He Saved Himself.**

On one of the darkest and stormiest nights of the recent unusual winter, the express on one of the leading New York railroads was moving westward from Albany. The engine's headlight threw a strong reflection in advance, but the storm was so blinding it was impossible to distinguish anything even at a short distance. Under such circumstances instinct necessarily takes the place of sight. All seemed to be going well, when, in an instant, the engineer reversed his engine, applied the locomotive brakes, and came to a full stop. Why he did so he could not tell any more than any of us can account for the dread of coming disaster and death, and to the wondering inquiry of his fireman he simply replied: "I feel that something's wrong."

Seizing a lantern he swung himself down from the cab and went forward to investigate. Everything appeared to be right, and he was about to return to his engine when his eye caught sight of a peculiar appearance at the joint of the rail next to him. Brushing the accumulated snow away, he looked a moment, and then uttered an exclamation of horror. The rails on both sides had been snapped and would have turned over the instant the engine touched them. What inspired this attempt at train-wrecking is unknown, but it was presumed the confederates of some prisoners who were in the train hoped that their question of an accident, to deliver their friends.

Engineer John Donohoe, of Albany, to whose wonderful instinct was due the salvation of the train, when asked by the writer why he stopped his engine, said:

"I can't tell why. I only know I felt something was wrong."

"Do you have those feelings often when upon these roads?" continued the writer.

"No, very seldom, although for the past twenty years I have been in a condition to feel apprehension at almost anything."

"How is that?"

"Why, I have been a victim of one of the worst cases of dyspepsia ever known. I have not been confined to my bed, as, like thousands of others, I am compelled to work whether able or not. Indeed, when it first began I had a loss of appetite, a bad feeling that would not go away, and a bad taste in the mouth, but I finally got those terrible cravings and gnawing feelings that make life so unbearable, and are known as general debility."

"What did you do?"

"I tried physicians until I became discouraged. I gave eight different ones fair tests, but none of them benefited me. I then tried proprietary medicines, but they failed, likewise. It looked pretty dark for me so far as any more peace or enjoyment in this world were concerned, and I became terribly discouraged."

"You certainly do not look that way now."

"Oh, no, indeed, I am in perfect health now," was the reply, "and I propose to continue so. My nervousness is entirely gone; I can sleep nights; the aching numbness has disappeared; the pale, sickly appearance has given place to the color of health, and I have readily put on flesh. This is what I have accomplished by means of Warner's Peppermint Cure. I can be cured after a chronic illness of nearly a quarter of a century, and I have all suffering in a similar manner can be restored by using the same great remedy."

"Such is the testimony of a man who could not even remove the danger from within his own system until brought face to face with the great preparation above named which did so much for him and can do as much for all those who require it."

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FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits, and general debility in their various forms; also, as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calceaya," made by Cassell, Hazard & Co., of New York, and sold by all druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Thousands, yes, millions, of bottles of Garboline have been sold, and the sale still goes on. If there were no merit in this great natural hair restorer you suppose that the people would still buy, as they continue to do.

Write for a Copy. This original D'Arcy horse is supposed to have been that which Joan first rode.—*Somerville Journal.*

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