

A Life-saving Match.

How a Flickering Flame Saved from Destruction the Scotch Express.

"Well, sir," he begins, "there's not much in it. It's nigh fifteen years ago. There wor one o' them block telegraphs and Westin' house breaks, and Pullman cars on the out then. It wor just such a dirty night as this, when the wind wor up and wouldna be said. We had a pitch in just at the edge of a viaduct at the Junction. The ahuntin' singin' wor a collectin' her wagons, and she got astride on the facin' p'int's just as the down slow passenger train came a knockin' into her and blockin' both roads. Some said it wor all on account of the signals. Others made it out as it wor cos the lockin'-bar wor out of order. Anyhow the Government inspector could not clear it up, although there were any amount of engineers and officials down wi' plans and sections. We wor all in confusion. Luckily none was much the worse. Some was shook a bit, and an old woman died of the fright. I live close to the line, and, hearing the crash, runned up to see what was amiss. I wor just a goin' to help to clear up one of the roads, when something quite sudden like occurred to my mind.

"I asked Job Croft, 'Is the 'Scotchman' gone up yet?'"
"No," said somebody in the dark.
"I think it was the station-master. I had a red lamp in my hands, and off I started to stop her. Have you ever seen her go across the viaduct, sir? She comes down the bank at sixty miles an hour every night of her life. The incline falls one in seventy, so you may guess she's not wastin' time. She just slips down with her fifteen coaches like well-oiled lightning. Well, as I wor a sayin', I runs over the viaduct like a madman, makes my way through the tunnel, and when I got into the cuttin' the wind brought me the roar of the 'Scotchman' goin' like a red-hot rocket through Drabble Dale Station, a mile or more off. The wind it came through the cuttin' till I had fairly to howl mysen on the rails to keep mysen from bein' a blown away.

"It wor then my lamp went out. It wor blown clean out, and in no time the 'Scotchman' would be a whippin' down the hill like a havalanche of flame. I searched my pockets for a match. In my coat-pockets never a one, although I generally carries a box, and have done ever since that fearful night. At last in my waistcoat pocket I found one match. One match, and the wind a blowin' through the cuttin' as though a funnel. I'm not a saint, sir, but I knowed that the lives in that thunderin' express depended upon that one match. If she went into the fouled line she'd drop over the viaduct into the river. The perspiration covered me with cold sweat. I could hear my heart a thumpin'. For a moment I felt a dizzy like. Then I pulled mysen together and throwed my whole life into one short prayer.

"It wor all done in a moment. I felt then in the cuttin' for a crevice, and thank God I there wor a small opening where the fogmen shelter when they are signalin' the trains on thick nights. I crept in this 'ere place. I opens my lamp and put the match inside the frame. I trembled lest it should fall. But somehow I wor strangely cool and steady about the hands. I struck and huddled around the match. The wick caught the fire, and I wor just in time to jump from the hole into the six foot and wave the red signal to the driver of the 'Scotchman,' as she rushed past faster than the wind. She wor a goin'! But the driver wor on the look-out, and had seen the red light. All I could see wor the tail lamps on the rear guard's van; but I could 'ear the danger whistle for all the brakes to be clapped on, and I 'eard 'em a grindin' on the metals, and there wor a gratin' that told me he wor a reversin' the engine."

"Stopped?"
"Yes, sir, just as she got on the edge of the viaduct. He had her buffer-plank not three yards from where the line wor a' fouled."
"The sweat poured down my face as I made for the junction again; but I knowed I'd saved the train, and I panted again, not in words, but with a sort of choking gratitude that came up in big burning lumps in my throat. Some of my mates gave me this 'ere watch and chain, and I was shifted up by the Superintendent to a ganger's job; but I dunna take so much credit to mysen, for Providence lit the match that night in the storm."

Religious Sentiment.

SAYING "HATEFUL" THINGS.—What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say "hateful" things for the mere pleasure of saying them. You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly, and pleasantly, not will pop some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend—a sneer which is

masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at your person, your mental failing, your foolish habit of thought, or some little secret of faith or opinion confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how secret it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; nay, since the wish is to make you suffer, he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush and an eye lose its brightness; only spoken because he is afraid you are too conceited. Yet they are worse than as many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted men. How after them one wakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech that probed the very centre of your soul.

BURIED TALENTS.—The man who hid his Lord's talent, instead of using it, is no phenomenal character. Such people unhappily abound in our churches. The do-nothings are in excess everywhere. That large numbers can at the best accomplish but little may be conceded, but that little is not attempted is lamentably apparent. In large churches the enigma constantly presents itself, what would come to pass were some half dozen people to be withdrawn from active effort? There is a disposition undoubtedly to speak slight of small abilities, but "one talent" if wisely used may help to render important service. It is to combined efforts that we owe the grandest works in the world. One man may make comparatively few bricks, but they can not be dispensed with in the mighty edifice. The duty of every man is to find out what he has abilities for and use them to that end. With an earnest purpose to glorify God there is a niche for every one. There may be work as a teacher, or the consecration of social influence, or the simple manifestation of the grades of Christian character. It is declared by Christ that his disciples are witnesses of Him, light, salt. Now, a witness is to testify, salt is to combine with and premeate the mass in which it is placed, light is to banish darkness. The ancient curse on Merzo for doing nothing may rest on men now. Still the Bible reads: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion."

It is to be feared that the great reason why more is not attempted for Christ is our want of faith. We are doubtful of our own power to work, and, worse than this, doubtful of our Lord's willingness to bless our efforts. If we could attain to Paul's standing; "I can do all things through Christ which strengthened me," we should not allow our power to be untried or rust. With the gracious promises which our Lord has made of blessing and success there is no excuse for inactivity.—*Weekly Baptist.*

He who knows most, grieves most for wasted time.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthful weather.

The greatest life is that which has been the most useful, and has performed its allotted tasks cheerfully and well.

Every man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.—*A. Karr.*

There is but one true, real and right life for rational beings, only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away—and that is neither more nor less than a good life; a life of good thoughts, good words, good deeds—the life of Christ.—*Kingsley.*

THE SAFEST WAY.—Thoroughness and straightforwardness in the path of duty are really easier and safer than any of the most plausible and cunningly devised middle courses. The weak compliances of those who think to show their moderation by halting and wavering near the boundaries of right and wrong, will always be used to the hurt of the wavering soul. To the invisible powers who wield the weapons of temptation, such concessions to worldliness will be as the joints of the harness through which Ahab received his mortal wound; but the bow will be drawn, not at a venture, but with cruel clearness of aim.

Henry James' Appearance.

At the Boston train when we were entering the town a person of rather robust size, wearing a bluish gray suit and with blackish side whiskers, began to speak to a lady in the most ultra awfully awful West End of London style. The first word he got out of his mouth was invariably a stutter, and he stumbled on as if biting at his sentences. When he had passed out my friend remarked to me: "Whom do you suspect that to be?" Said I: "It might be Lord Manderville, or it might be his valet." "No," said he, "that is Henry James, the author."

Health Hints.

How to Preserve and Restore Health.

Physicians say that ginger ale is a poor substitute for water, because the capicum it contains irritates the lining of the stomach and produces dangerous inflammation.

A BLOW AT SODA DRINKING.—A serious blow has been struck at the soda water fountain in an eastern city. A public analyst has examined samples of water from a dozen fountains, and found that all but one contained lead and copper—some in dangerous quantities. It has all along been suspected that danger lurked in the foaming cup of sweetened water from a dozen fountains, and found that all but one contained lead and copper—some in dangerous quantities. It has all along been suspected that danger lurked in the foaming cup of sweetened water from a dozen fountains, and found that all but one contained lead and copper—some in dangerous quantities.

OYSTERS AS FOOD.—Dr. J. H. Hanford, in the *Golden Rule*, thus combats the prevailing notion that oysters are peculiarly nutritious and easy of digestion. "That is a strange idea so prevalent in some communities, that oysters are highly nutritious and easy of digestion. It is true that the raw oyster digests in about the same time as cooked beef, while stewing adds twenty per cent. to the required time, for the reason that they are rather rich in albumen, like eggs, always rendered more indigestible by thorough cooking. In the matter of muscle food, oyster fall below all of the fish and meats, or equal that of pork, having about one-half of that of herring, halibut and trout, just one-half of chicken, one-sixth of cheese, less than one-fourth of southern corn, not one-half of that of beans and peas, being far inferior to beet. Still they have long been popular, from the fact that some noted physician, who had studied his taste more than his subject, once decided in their favor, supposing that all might be as fond of them, and that fondness is about the same as wholesomeness. As these, with all fish, become early putrescent in hot weather, they must be objectionable after having been out of the water for any considerable time."

FOUL AIR IN HOUSES.—If the air of a room smells sweet there is apt to be no consideration of the danger which may still lurk in the atmosphere in gases and organic impurities whose natural odors are subdued by something stronger. When foul gases cannot be detected by the nose, defective drains will not be repaired, much less examined for hidden defects. The only safety from sewer gas is to bar it out of the house; and when this can be so easily and so positively done, it is fairly criminal that it should not be done. As to foul air, there need be none in a house except such as comes from the breath, and caused by the excretions of the skin; this may be, also, easily and quickly removed by a simple ventilation through a grate or stove. There need be no refuse within the four walls of a house, nor, indeed, near it, without the walls, if people would respect the plain requirements of decency. As to "fungous germs"—whatever they may be—dry walls, dry foundations and rooms will prevent their growth. As to diffusing "disinfecting agents," disinfection in the sense of destroying the germs of disease means the destruction of human as well as germ life. No vapor will destroy the germs, or poison, of small-pox, scarlet fever or diphtheria, which may be transported by sewer gas, that will not also destroy the person who breathes it.—*Chicago Sanitary News.*

One of Schenck's.

In ante-railroad times, when most of the travel between the Ohio river and the seaboard was in stage-coaches, western members of congress, in going to or returning from Washington, would make a party of six, and charter a nine-passenger coach, so as to have more ample accommodations. Every such party would be made up of personal and political friends, who would be pretty sure to have a good time. In 1845 a company of this kind was traveling eastward, consisting of Senator Johnson, of Louisiana, Crittenden and Corwin, and Representatives Vance, Vinton and Schenck, all except Vinton backwoodsmen by birth and rearing. Johnson was the oldest, having been born in 1783, in the wilds of Tennessee, from which state he went to Louisiana early in the present century. Schenck was the youngest, and is now (1883) the only survivor of the party. He is responsible for the substance of the following story, which, at seventy-three, he tells with as much animation and gusto as he would probably have shown the day the thing occurred, when he was only about half that age.

When the stage was in Fayette county, Pa., it stopped, just at the dawn of day, to change horses. All the passengers seemed to be asleep except Schenck, who put the curtain aside to

take a look at the surroundings, and seeing a man near by, asked him what place it was.

"Smithfield," answered the man. "Smithfield," said Schenck; "why, that's the place where John Rogers was burned at the stake."

Johnson had got just enough waked up to take in this dialogue, and, with a start, he exclaimed, "What's that, Schenck? [Did you say a man was burned at the stake?]"

"Yes," replied Schenck. "A live man?"

"Yes, a live man—burned—at the stake—at Smithfield," said Schenck, with pausing emphasis.

"Is it possible? Why, I never heard of it before."

"But, senator," gravely rejoined Schenck, "it's as true as that this is Smithfield. And what's more, his wife and children stood by and saw him burned; and it's a curious thing that it is to this day disputed how many children there were. The story goes that she had with her nine small children and one at her breast; and it is to this time a mooted point whether the one at the breast was one of the nine, or was number ten."

"Why, Schenck, how on earth is it that I never before heard of such an outrageous affair as that? A live man burned at the stake here! I swear I never saw a word about it in the papers."

By this time the other passengers were awake, and comprehending the situation, kept still, leaving Schenck to manage his own case.

"Nevertheless, senator," he proceeded, "that thing occurred at Smithfield, just as I have stated."

"By thunder!" exclaimed Johnson, "it's strange that I never heard of it. When did it happen?"

"Well, senator," Schenck paused a little, as if trying to recollect—"upon my word I can't on the instant recall the exact date; but as well as my memory serves me it must have been—let me see—about two hundred and ninety years ago; at any rate, it was some time in the reign of Bloody Mary of England."

Then the others could hold in no longer, and Smithfield heard such a guffaw as it had never before heard from a lot of stage passengers. Schenck says that Johnson didn't join in it, but was grum for three hours afterwards; that is, until after he got his breakfast. Whether he subsequently became acquainted with the New England primer is no known.

Personal.

The King of Greece is at Wiesbaden. Professor David Swing is fifty-two years old.

Ex-Governor Stanford, of California, is in London.

Professor Bell, is preparing a bibliography of electricity.

Dry Goods Clinfin, of New York, now seventy, is climbing the Catskills.

Anna Dickinson's manager says that she is best appreciated in the West.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, has issued 845 pardons during his administration.

General Beauregard is summing at a Wisconsin lake. He says he believed in Mississippi jetties in 1852.

Peter Lorillard and Roland P. Jephthah Davis are traveling through New England with a retinue of wagons and servants, and a marquee tent which once belonged to the Prince of Wales.

Among prominent English people coming to America are the Earl of Cork and Hardwicke, master of the buck-hounds; the Earl and Countess of Carnarvon, the Earl of Lathom, Lord Douglas Gordon, Mr. Bryce and Horace Davey, M. P. for Christ church.

Mr. Millais' painting of Henry Irving, which he will present to the Garrick Club of London, is described as a most admirable portrait. It is half-length and represents the actor in profile clad in ordinary morning dress, looking toward the left of the spectator.

The Duke of Norfolk, with all his immense wealth, is obliged to retrench. He has given so much money for religious purposes and spent so much at Arundel and other places, that he has been obliged to dismiss 300 work-people and cut down his household expenses. He is a very insignificant-looking man for a premier duke.

Mr. St. John, the ex-governor of Kansas, is thought to be the worst fisherman in the country. He went trolling for pickerel at Silver Lake N. Y., the other day, but talked with a companion constantly until their return to the shore. He was leaving the lake when a boy said: "Look-a-here, Mister Man, there's a pickerel on your line ye forgot to pull in." The pickerel weighed four pounds.

A. B. Fox, of Gowanda, N. Y., is six feet two inches high, and weighs 250 pounds. His wife is six feet tall and weighs 200 pounds. He has five brothers and six sisters, not one of them being less than six feet tall, and the lightest one weighs 200 pounds.

Scientific.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS.—An incredible story is seriously given in some of the journals about the discovery of a sword which was found in an aerolite. A certain physician in the State of New York was attracted by a very brilliant shooting star which fell in the bed of the creek near where he was riding. Subsequent investigation on the spot where it fell discovered a sword of peculiar shape, which had evidently been wielded in battle, and which must have been used by one who would have been deemed "a giant among the sons of men" in this world. Of course the presumption would be that this sword had fallen into the clay of a river, which was subsequently metamorphosed by heat into solid rock. In the course of ages a volcano developed under this rock, which projected the imprisoned sword into space beyond the attraction of the planet from which it came. In the course of time the wandering aerolite in the interstellar space became entangled in the atmosphere of the earth, and fell into the creek, the impact breaking and setting free the sword. This reads like another Cardiff giant story, but it is very ingenious; and it is barely possible that some day or other we may have positive proof of the existence of life and intelligence of some of the myriads of planets which inhabit space. A microscopic examination of meteoric stones at Berlin revealed the fact that they contained some sixty varieties of the outer shells of coral insects, which, of course, establishes the fact that they were attached to coral insects which lived in warm oceans of salt water. The water must have contained lime, and islands must have been built up above the ocean as they are on our globe. But that is, so far, the only trustworthy indication that there is anything on the other worlds approaching to the same kind of life we have on this.

Felt or thick paper, coal tar and gravel make a good covering for flat roofs. It is tolerably fire-proof as to fire applied from outside, but much remains to be done to avoid the present rapidity of destruction of the roofs of large buildings by fire within. The Manhattan market building seemed to melt down instantly. The Crystal Palace roof fell about ten minutes after the fire was discovered. The wooden mansard roofs on the top of the otherwise fireproof buildings conducted greatly to the destruction in the great Boston fire. The Boston Custom House has a roof of heavy granite blocks. The Girard College is roofed with thick marble, supported on brick arches.

A favorite antidote for rattlesnake poison in Mexico is a strong solution of iodine in potassium iodide. Mr. H. H. Croft has tested some of the poison itself with this solution and finds that a light brown amorphous precipitate is formed, the insolubility of which explains the beneficial action of the antidote. When iodine cannot be readily obtained a solution of potassium iodide, to which a few drops of ferric chloride has been added can perhaps be used as an antidote to snake poison.

M. Regnard, a French savant, has been lately trying the effect of "blood diet" on lambs. Three lambs, which for some unexplained cause had been abandoned by their mothers, were fed on "powdered blood" with the most gratifying results. The lambs increased in size in the most marvelous fashion, and attained unusual proportions for their age. The coats of wool also became double in thickness. Encouraged by his success with the lambs, M. Regnard is now feeding some calves on blood.

The editor of the New Genesee Farmer lately witnessed an experiment of driving nails into hard seasoned timber fairly dried. He says that the first two nails, after passing through a pine board, entered about one inch and then double down under the hammer; but on dipping the points of the other six or eight nails into lard, every one was driven home without the least difficulty. Carpenters who are engaged in repairing old buildings sometimes carry a small lump of lard or tallow for this purpose on one of their boots or shoes.

Dr. Skinner, of the Academy of Natural Science, referring to the circumstance that butterflies are in the habit of depositing their eggs upon such plants as affords the proper nourishment to the larvae, i. e., the plants upon which the caterpillars of a given species feed, stated that he had observed the female of a certain species drop her eggs while in flight, a singular performance which the speaker verified through repeated observation. The eggs thus distributed from a considerable distance above ground fell upon a mass of grass and violet leaves.

A Treasury official at San Francisco states that \$6,000,000 worth of opium has within ten years been smuggled into ports, Government officials receiving 30 per cent. of the amount. He says \$1,000,000 worth of the drug can be brought in at a time.

Copper, at present prices, only costs twice as much as tin, while, unlike tin,

it does not need painting and is not worn out in twenty years, being practically indestructible, circumstances which ought to lead to its free use for roofing, the *American Architect* says.

Jottings.

THE new postal note made its debut last Monday.

THE public debt was reduced in August \$6,671,851.

THE last statement of the Philadelphia banks shows a slight decrease in the reserves but generally a very favorable condition.

THE Yellowstone Park is in the N. W. corner of Wyoming Territory, but embraces small portions of Montana and Idaho. It is 62 miles from north to south, and 54 from east to west. The act of congress sets it apart "as a public park or pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people." A branch line will soon connect the park with the Northern Pacific Railroad.

THE New York Sun has favored us with a reprint (of that now prosperous journal) of fifty years ago—September 3d, 1833. The pride of journalism may well vaunt itself at the issues of the Sun of September 1833 are compared with its prototype of '33—then a few hundred copies—now 150,000. The diminutive little original is printed on a sheet only 12 by 18 inches; and singularly enough, a prominent article in the little three-column daily, has the caption "Wonders of Littleness;" not referring to itself, of course, but drawn with self-complacent classicism from Pliny. Looking at the two *Suns* as they lay on the table before us, and glancing at the contents of the two we exclaim incontinently "the world moves." Think of a New York daily of to-day folded up on your table before you, 9 by 12 inch s!—*Ez.*

WHILE the business outlook has not at any time this year been as bad as the alarmists would have us believe, there has nevertheless been some spots on the financial sun, which have lately been fading out and are now followed with gradually increasing brightness, so that to-day the horizon is almost undimmed with a spec forbooding trouble. It is certain we shall not be drawn upon for gold, the European harvest being such that our breadstuffs will take the place of gold shipments, saving the withdrawal of foreign capital, and forced sales of American securities to restore the commercial equilibrium that lately had been setting against us. India has not yet become, if she ever will, the granary for Europe, and our large wheat crop, and the very enormous prospects for corn, come in most opportunely to brush away all probabilities of financial trouble in the near future. We may therefore congratulate ourselves upon having escaped whatever disaster the prophets of evil have been holding up before us.

A Famous Escape.

The most famous of all the escapes of New England captives was that of Hannah Duston, Mary Neff and a boy, Samuel Leonardson. These three were carried off, and many others in 1697, in the attack on Haverhill. Mrs. Duston's infant child having been killed by the Indians. When the captors had separated, the party to whom the two women and the boy were assigned encamped on an island in the Merrimac river. At midnight, the captives secured hatchets and killed ten Indians—two men, two women and six children—one favorite boy, whom they meant to spare, and one badly wounded woman escaping.

After they had left camp the fugitives remembered that nobody in the settlement would believe, without evidence, that they had performed so redoubtable an action; they therefore returned and scalped the Indians, after which they scuttled all the canoes on the island but one, and in this escaped down the Merrimac, and finally reached Haverhill. This was such an exploit as made the actors immediately famous in that bloody time. The Massachusetts General Court gave Mrs. Duston twenty-five pounds and granted half that amount to each of her companions. The story of their daring deed was carried far to the Southward, and Governor Nicholson, of Maryland, sent a valuable present to the escaped prisoners.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of the West is to send a petition to the Queen of England and Empress of India petitioning her to abolish child marriage in India. The petitions will have many thousand signatures.

Charles Dudley Warner is busily preparing a series of lectures on literature, to be delivered before the senior class of Princeton College.