

# TELEGRAPH TALES.

(Sidney (Neb.) Letter in N. Y. Times.)

Several old telegraph operators met here recently, and in the course of a long conversation told some of their experiences on the frontier. One of them began by recalling the great bullion robbery at this place. It was at noon, and most of the depot and stage hands had gone across the yards to dinner. As the operator sat in the telegraph office alone two men presented themselves at his door and demanded admittance. Both had revolvers. He jumped up and let them in, and they quickly bound and gagged him. Believing that he was safe, they disappeared, and he saw no more of them. As soon as they were out of sight he managed to get to his instrument, and by lying down on the table found that with one of his hands he could reach the key. It was difficult work, but by degrees he improved his position until finally he raised the Cheyenne office and communicated the fact that a robbery was in progress. The operator at that point kept him posted as to the proceedings there, and in a few minutes he was gratified to hear the intelligence ticked over the wire that the superintendent and a party of detectives were en route for Sidney on a special train. The distance was 102 miles, but the run was made so rapidly that the people of the town were hardly aware of the robbery before the train dashed in. The operator had by that time been released, and it was found that the thieves, who had been sequestered under the depot, had come up through a hole in the floor made by removing a board. The bullion weighed about 500 pounds, and as it was thought that they could not have carried it far, a vigorous search was made near at hand. Before night the greater part of the gold was found in a hole under the depot, and the remainder was discovered in an adjoining coal shed, where it had been dropped. The thieves got away with only about \$13,000 in currency.

Another operator remarked that he was the man who discovered the Ogallala train robbery. He was in charge of the little office at Kearny. He had had a very stupid afternoon, and as the day was miserable without, he dozed more or less. He tried to read, but after it became necessary to light the lamps he found this occupation distasteful, and as no one came in he leaned forward, placing his arms on his table and his head upon them.

"I must have slept soundly for a while," he said, "for I lost myself entirely for an hour or two, but presently I had an indistinct impression that some one was calling for assistance. In my dream it seemed to me that I could hear the cry 'Help! Help!' and that I was powerless to render any assistance. Finally I sat bolt upright with a nervous feeling as if something terrible had happened which I ought to have prevented. I rubbed my eyes and looked around sleepily. The depot was empty. It was dark outside, and the rain was falling. I stepped to the door and looked out for a minute, but heard nothing. Then I went back to my desk, filled and lighted my pipe, and began to read. My eyes had just fallen on the page when my instrument sounded once or twice very feebly. I looked at it closely. It ticked again almost inaudibly. 'Something's the matter,' thought I. I got up, and leaned over the sounder and listened. I could just catch the faintest click, as if a child might have been playing with a key somewhere. While I listened, I began to comprehend the nature of the message that was being sent. I could not catch all the letters, but I got enough after listening to a dozen times, to make out such much: 'Ogalalla, Ogalalla. Help, help.' It flashed upon me all at once. The overland train was being robbed, or had been robbed. I grabbed the key, and let everybody have it from Cheyenne to Omaha. There was some lively telegraphing there for a time. They sent engines out from two or three points, and got to Ogalalla in time to scare the robbers off. You see I was a good deal further off than a dozen other operators, but somehow I was the first one that caught on. The way it happened was this: The robbers came into the depot at Ogalalla about an hour before train time, and bound and gagged the operator. After they got him fixed they sat around and waited. When the train drew up they left him, and he immediately got himself in a position where he could use the key a little. The boys who saw him say it was a mystery how he ever did it. His legs were tied twice, and his arms were pinned behind him, so that it was almost impossible to move even the fingers. The fact that I could not catch two consecutive letters until I had heard the message ten or twelve times shows how faint the stroke was. It was the queerest experience of my life."

A third man said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Granada, on the Santa Fe road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers. The country was then a very dangerous one, and the management was in continual fear of desperadoes. "I was in the office in the evening," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chap, and as the machine was ticking, I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little, and, seeing the key, I broke in with 'Everybody—Don't stop the express at Granada to-night, whether signalled or not. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour, and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. 'I told him that I would signal it. About 10:50 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would take on the trouble. While one of them secured me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I

couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently, and go flying by, and then those cut-throats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing all over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. In going out on the platform they had left the door open so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds, she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road a way, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchester, I was the only occupant. They released me, and I told them what had happened. A couple of them staid there with me, and the train went on. If an express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than that one did, I'd like to know it."

The last speaker was one who had no hair on his head, but who said in response to an inquiry that no scalping knife had ever taken it off. "It was just a shed off," he exclaimed, "down toward old Julesburg. One day I was at my desk when the man up at Hooper's siding, ten or twelve miles away, telegraphed down that he was surrounded by redskins, and that they were whittling their tomahawks on the wires. I thought it was a pretty good joke until he telegraphed that the station was in flames, and that a lot of Indians had set out for my place. Then I began to prick up my ears. There was not many of us there just then, and we were in no condition to fight Indians anyway. We threw up breastworks and got everybody who had a gun, a pistol, a club, or a knife to fall in. It was about sundown when we got all ready for them. While we were waiting nervously for the onslaught one of the citizens, a saloon-keeper, came riding up in mad haste and shouted that there were just 'millions of them coming.' 'You fellows are all as good as massacred now,' he said. 'There's only one thing to do, and that is to telegraph up and down the line for help. Put it strong, now,' he said to me. 'Beg, implore, exhort them.' Well, I could rattle a key pretty well in those days, and I everlastingly begged for help. I was thoroughly scared, and I threw my whole soul into the work. After about an hour of agony Cheyenne broke in with, 'Oh, turn yourself out, you big calf! What's the matter with you?' This cooled me off a little, and I looked outside and saw the people going and coming as usual. They had put up a gorgeous joke on me just because I was a telegraphic tenderfoot. My hair fell out soon after that, and it has never grown since."

**A Full-Grown Man.**  
(New York Sun.)  
Huxley gives the following table of what a full-grown man should weigh, and how this weight should be divided: Weight, 154 pounds. Made up thus: Muscles and their appurtenances, sixty-eight pounds; skeleton, twenty-four pounds; skin, ten and one-half pounds; fat, twenty-eight pounds; brain, three pounds; thoracic viscera, three and one-half pounds; abdominal viscera, eleven pounds; blood which would drain from body, seven pounds.

This man ought to consume per diem: Lean beefsteak, 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,900 grains. His heart should beat seventy-five times a minute, and he should breathe fifteen times a minute. In twenty-four hours he would ventilate 1,750 cubic feet of pure air to the extent of 1 per cent. A man, therefore, of the weight mentioned ought to have 300 cubic feet of well ventilated space. He would throw off by the skin eighteen ounces of water, 300 grains of solid matter, and 400 grains of carbonic acid every twenty-four hours, and his total loss during the twenty-four hours would be six pounds of water, and a little above two pounds of other matter.

**He Got Through the Crowd.**  
(Foreign Letter.)  
A good story of the Viennese carnival is current in the Austrian capital. At a ball given by the Viennese Choral society, which is always sure to be so thronged that it is the work of hours to reach the entrance, a member of a well-known financial house hit on an original but successful mode of conveyance. He arranged with four bearers to carry him through the crowd on a hospital stretcher. Of course the crowd made way, and great was their astonishment when he threw off the covering and jumped out alive and hearty.

**Signo-Telegraph.**  
(Chicago Tribune.)  
Michela in Italy has constructed a machine by which signs corresponding to various sounds can be telegraphed. Thus we have practically a name-telegraph short-hand, to which the name "signo-telegraph" is given. Michela's apparatus has now been in regular use for some period in telegraphing the debates of the Italian senate, and it is claimed that by this method 10,000 words can be transmitted per hour.

**The Future of Diplomacy.**  
(Chicago Herald.)  
Lord Dufferin is of the opinion that the diplomacy of the world will soon be in the hands of the Americans. Nearly every member of the diplomatic corps that gets to Washington, he says, tries to bring home an American wife. The wives, in most cases, become embassadresses. Result: No diplomatic secrets any more, war and peace at the will of the wives, and all wives American. Hurrah for America!

**The Ward Pull.**  
(Norristown Herald.)  
A millionaire says that "the hard pull comes in making the first \$50,000." Whew! If the "pull" is as hard in making the other \$40,000 as it is in accumulating the first 10,000, we might as well stop pulling.

**Lime-Kill Club.** De man who seeks a graveyard to post himself on de virtues of humanity, will discover dat no pouson wid a sin or fault has ever been laid away to rest. Dar am no hipocrisy on de face of a dozen gravestones dau in de characters of a thousand libbin' men.

# DAUGHTERS OF JOHN BULL.

By Max O'Rell's New Book About Love Affairs in England.

Flirting is a purely English pastime. In France we do not flirt; we take our love affairs more seriously. It is a very innocent little amusement. I have read in "confession books" belonging to very well brought up girls: "Q. What is your favorite amusement? A. Flirting." The answer is not in very exquisite taste, I admit—even from the English point of view; but no one would dream of taking it in any bad sense, particularly (I ought to add) as these confessions are not meant too seriously. Young girls who have drawn upon themselves a few compliments from their partners at a ball will tell you that they have been flirting. Flirting is, in fact, to let a young man understand that he has been remarked and distinguished (as the grand duchess of Gerolstein says), to draw him on by a few pleasant smiles and pretty little ways to quit his reserve and push his gallantry almost to the point of a declaration of love. This little game would be very dangerous with a young Frenchman. It is of no consequence with a young Englishman, for flirting means attention paid to a woman without intention.

"Sweethearts" is the name for two young people who have declared their love and have mutually accepted each as betrothed, with or without the consent of their relations. The English word has a kind of rustic perfume in it and corresponds to our expressions bon ami and bonne amie. Sweethearting could not exist in France, where the best-engaged lovers may only release their vows of love in the presence of a future mother-in-law. To sweetheart in England means to pay court openly, to take one's betrothed among one's friends, to concerts, to balls, to go sentimental walks, more or less solitary in her company, to take many little becoming liberties with her—in a word, it means playing all the comedy of love, only leaving out the fifth act.

It is a very strange sight in a country where reserve, prudery and decency are driven to desperation, to see the couples of lovers walking at nightfall, holding each other's hands, waist, or neck—and, in some little-frequented roads, forming veritable processions. The couples walk along slowly, looking languishingly at one another and without speaking a word. As you pass by and look at them, they seem to say: "You know what we are and what we are doing; you have gone through the same thing, sir, haven't you? We really need not embarrass each other."

I have never much admired the way in which declarations of love are made in France. With us the foolish animal has to go on his knees at a woman's feet. With her eyes modestly drooped on us this little demon of observation makes an inventory of all our smallest defects—of our hair, growing sparser; of our languishing eyes, turned up and showing their whites; of a little wart which we thought concealed. I put it squarely that in this little scene it seems to me we have to play a supremely ridiculous part. If any one of my readers is not of this opinion let him put this question to himself: "Should I ever think of being photographed in the attitude above described?" I await his answer. They manage these things differently in England. You sit down comfortably, very much at your ease. You have the adored object of your dreams at your side or at your feet and you can murmur your sweet whispers of love into her ear without ever dislocating your vertebral column. You may even smoke your cigar without any fear of giving offense all the time you tell your love and build your castles in Spain. "Then you are something of a pasha," I can imagine some emancipated woman exclaiming. Not at all, madam; it is no question of master and slave; it is a matter "not of slavery but of exalted duty."

Her (the wife's) mission is to cheer her husband in the comfort of his home and make him forget the worry, annoyance and heart-burnings that beset him out of doors in his professional or public life: to provide for him a retreat, in the soothing atmosphere of which he can find rest and renovated strength; to do the honors of his house with that liberality that provident and large-headed hospitality, which is only to be found in England—such is the mission of the English women. The companions and helpmates of John Bull are beautiful girls, perhaps a trifle too bold; virtuous wives, a trifle too much respected; excellent mothers, a trifle too much neglected—above all, women whose ingenious attention to all the minor comforts of existence can turn the humblest cottage into a little palace of order, cleanliness and well-being.

**A Chinese Orchestra.**  
(Chicago Herald.)  
For discordancy the concert of the Chinese band which came over to London to the exhibition puts Wagner quite in the shade. First one hears wild shrieks, then the thrummings and throbbings as of 1,000 negro minstrels, changing to an army of bagpipers, the whistling of locomotives, the fog horns of a steamer, the clashing of cymbals, the beating of drums. There is a vast assortment of Chinese musical instruments, from the two-stringed fiddle to the great horn. There are three sorts of guitars—the hepa, balloon-shaped, three feet in length and much used for festive rites of a religious character; then comes the sanben, or three-stringed guitar, and the full moon guitar, quo kieh. Then come drums, cymbals, etc., and the organ, the embryo of our own, with several tubes of varying length inserted in a bowl.

**Affected His Feet.**  
(His Honor and Bijah.)  
Bijah was limping about in a painful manner as his honor entered the court, and in answer to the query of what ailed him he replied: "Weather affects my feet, sir." "Well," observed his honor, after looking at the appendages for a long minute, "I wouldn't have believed it." "What?" "Why, that we had weather enough in Detroit to affect one of 'em." Bijah reddened, opened his mouth as if to say something, and began walloping the various articles about in a manner which threatened damage and destruction.

**A Terrible Shell.**  
(Chicago Herald.)  
An Italian admiral has invented a shrapnel shell for the 100-ton guns; at thirty yards from the cannon's mouth it bursts, throwing forward seventy-five smaller projectiles, which in turn burst, striking in fan-shape a thick shower of balls and fragments with terrible destructive effect.

# Electricity Will Not Always Kill.

(Interview with Dr. Ottmar Kern.)

"May not the greater use of electricity introduce new elements of danger to human life?" "Perhaps so. But it is, after all, difficult to say what amount of tension is actually sufficient to destroy life. Last year I witnessed some experiments at Surenberg, which were conducted by Schukert for the Bavarian government, in response to the suggestions of philanthropists, for the purpose of devising a speedy and painless method of executing criminals. A current with the high tension of 4,000 volts, which is probably a greater power than any likely to be brought into practical use, merely burnt the skin of the animal slightly at the points of contact, and the sheep skipped away as though nothing had happened to it, the reason being that the current merely passed over the skin, which proved a better conductor than the nerve system of the animal. With rabbits and other animals, some were killed and others were not.

"Now as to human beings. Last year, during their discussion, members of the institute deprecated the practice of experimenting with these high tensions as dangerous to life, and in reply M. Corbu, a member of the institute, stated that shortly before that time, while measuring a tension of over 3,000 volts, he picked up the two ends of the wire with naked fingers, inadvertently omitting to protect himself with the rubber gloves for that purpose. He was thrown back by the shock and dropped the wires, but immediately recovered himself and went on with his work, the only inconvenience being a slight burn on the tips of his fingers, caused by the spark produced by the forming of the arc as he broke the current by dropping the wires.

"In this case again the current must have used the skin as a conductor; so that while there is no doubt that under some conditions death might be produced by a powerful electric shock, electricity as a means of inflicting capital punishment must be regarded as unreliable. As to an underground system of telegraphy for your large cities, you have great difficulties to contend with. In Paris our system enables us to carry our wires underground while they are suspended practically in the same manner as if they were in the air, but if you attempt to carry the wires bunched in masses in trenches or tubes I doubt much whether any method of insulation yet discovered will prevent an induction which will be so great as to render the wires wholly useless."

**Black Eyes and the Future.**  
(Science.)

As the outcome of sexual selection, blue eyes are to disappear, at least from Europe. So predicts Mr. Alphonse de Candolle, in his paper on hereditary color of the eyes in the human species, recently published in the Archives des Sciences. In investigating the subject of heredity, it occurred to de Candolle that the color of the iris offered the best outward and visible sign. It is conspicuous; it cannot be masked by artifice, after early childhood it does not vary with age, as does the color of the hair; and the character is, on the whole, distinct. For, according to him, there are only two sorts—black, or rather brown eyes, and blue; gray eyes being reckoned as mere varieties of the blue.

From the working up of the statistics, in part from series of observations made for the purpose, it appears that when both parents have eyes of the same color, 88.4 per cent. of the children follow their parents in this feature; and of the 11.6 per cent. of children born with eyes of other than the parental color, a part must be attributed to atavism, that is, to intermittent heredity. But the curious fact comes out that more females than males have black or brown eyes, in the proportion, say of 49 to 45 or 41 to 39. Next it appears that with different colored eyes in the two parents, 53.99 per cent. of the progeny follow the fathers in being dark-eyed, and 55.99 per cent. follow their mothers in being dark-eyed. An increase of 5 per cent. of dark-eyed in each generation of discolored unions must tell heavily in the course of time. It would seem that, unless specially bred by color-conscious marriages, blue-eyed bellies will be scarce in the millennium.

**Diamond Experts.**  
(Detroit Post.)

"Are there many expert judges of diamonds outside of men who make it a business?" a leading diamond dealer was asked. "Not in reality, although there are many who flatter themselves that they know a great deal about it, but it is simply ridiculous to expect to become an expert in diamonds without careful study, and a great deal of experience is necessary to pursue such study."

"What is the first thing, an expert looks for in a diamond?" "The snap and peculiar fire, an effect of light and sparkle to be found in no other article. Next we study the color, and finally we look for the flaws. An amateur expert reverses things. He looks for flaws first, color next and fire last. It is a faculty—this judgment on diamonds—acquired much as a bank teller comes to know instantly, a counterfeit bank note or coin."

**Having Opened A NEW COACH REPAIR SHOP ON LOGAN STREET.**  
We would respectfully invite the public to give us a call when in want of any work in our line. We are prepared to do ALL kinds of TRIMMING, REPAIRING, REMODELING. Also make a specialty of UPHOLSTERING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES. All work will receive prompt attention. Our terms are reasonable, and all work guaranteed. Respectfully, BIDWELL & McSULY, Bellevue, Pa.

**Duff College!**  
The oldest and best appointed institution for obtaining a Business Education. For circular address, P. DUFF & SONS, 215 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**GREAT INDUCEMENTS AT THE Bellefonte Marble Works**  
Italian, Rutland, Sutherland Falls, French Blue and Dorset Monuments, Tombstones and Burial Vaults.

**Grave Guards, Iron Settees, Chairs and Vases.**  
Also, ENAMELED SLATE MANTELS, MARBLEIZED AND DECORATED FURNITURE AND WASH-STAND TOPS, HEARTHES, FIRE GRATES, Etc.

All Work Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction and at the Lowest Price.  
**S. A. STOVER,** Proprietor, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa. 6-29-1y.

**DO YOU WANT A NICE, COMFORTABLE BOOT or SHOE!**  
IF SO, CALL AT MICHAEL COONEY'S Well known Boot and Shoe Stand, McCafferty's Building, opp. Depot. BELLEFONTE, PENNA.

**CURRY INSTITUTE AND Union Business College.**  
S. W. Cor. Penn Ave. and Sixth St.

**The Leading Normal School and Business College of Pittsburgh.**  
21 INSTRUCTORS, OVER 650 STUDENTS LAST YEAR.

Course of Study includes all the Common School Studies, Modern Languages, Higher Mathematics, Penmanship, Bookkeeping, Drawing and Conservatory of Music. 100 Full Lessons for \$18.00. Send for Circular, containing Specimen of Penmanship and full information to HARMON D. WILLIAMS, Business Manager, or JAS. CLARK WILLIAMS, A. M., Principal.

**Remember, we will not be undersold by any firm in town. We guarantee all our Prices.**  
**C. U. HOFFER & CO.**  
Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

# LOOK To Your Interest.

Immense Bargains Are being offered from our New Stock

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, Groceries, &c

Lowest Figures, The advantage of which we want to give to all who buy from us.

VELVETS, LADIES CLOTH, CASHMERES, WOOLEN and CANTON FLANNEL, CASSIMER, &c.

In Notions: LADIES' UNDERWEAR, HOSE, &c.

**Clothing.** A Clean and New Stock of Mens and Boys' Clothing and Overcoats.

**Groceries.** A Pure and newly selected line of Sugars, Coffees, Teas, Etc.