

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

HOW THE SIGNAL SERVICE MEN PASS AWAY THE TIME.

Carrying the Mails Under Difficulty—Beauty of the Frost-Work—Intense Cold and Tremendous Wind—Miscellaneous of Private Cahill.

The station on Mount Washington is commanded by Sergt. Beals. He has an assistant observer Private Cahill. Besides these, there is a cook. These three men live there alone nine months of the year. In the autumn they lay in a stock of provisions which lasts until the following July. In fact, their life is similar to that led by keepers of off-shore light-houses, only the cold is much greater at Mount Washington and the wind blows there with greater velocity than at any light-house. The work of these men, though constant, is not as a rule, severe. They have, however, certain duties which are both dangerous and unpleasant, such as replacing the anemometers, carrying the mails to the base, and reading the rain gauge in cold and windy weather. The anemometer is on the top of the peaked roof, and when the temperature is low and the weather foggy, the frostwork forms so rapidly that the cups have to be taken down every two hours. To do this is sometimes almost an impossibility. To stand with the wind above seventy miles an hour is difficult, and when the velocity is over 100, to hold on to the roof and change the cup, is an operation that requires both strength and courage.

The men sometimes have hard work to carry the mails, for, with a strong wind, they often have to crawl on their hands and knees over the ice-covered trestle-work. There are two supply depots between the summit and the base of the mountain, and in these the mail-carriers can find shelter and food when overtaken by a storm. On several occasions they have been obliged to pass one or two nights under these rude coverings until relief was sent. At the upper depot the carriers in descending change their ice-creepers for snowshoes, and in ascending leave their snowshoes and substitute ice-creepers. It is usually for one of the men to go down to a cabin every fortnight, so that each one leaves the station only once in six weeks. The rest of the time they are cooped up in the little house, for the ground is so rough and the wind is so high and the cold so severe that they soon lose all desire for more exercise than they are obliged to take.

It may be asked how the signal men pass the long winter months. In the first place, they take five observations a day, three of which are telegraphed to Washington. At the end of each month and year the work has to be arranged and sent to the chief office at Washington. This last duty takes some time and great care. For amusement the men play cards for sulphur matches instead of money, and various games, such as checkers, etc. Private Cahill often enriches the house with the violin, or frightens the cats by sounding the bugle calls. The greatest dissipation is to popcorn.

The first two days we were on the mountain were foggy, but the beauty of the frostwork fully compensated us for the loss of the view. This frostwork is formed by the fog being frozen, and every object exposed to the weather becomes covered with delicate white feathers from an inch to a foot long. After long continued fog and cold these feathers sometimes grow to enormous size. The telegraph wires look like long lines of fringe, only the feathers point toward the wind. The plain little signal station has the appearance of a most beautiful frosted cake. Indeed, everything is covered with frost-work, so that the mountain, even when there is no snow, is of a dazzling whiteness.

One may sit at home and laugh at the cold of Mount Washington, or one may go up and down in a thaw and still be skeptical, but let such a person walk along the railroad, with the wind blowing seventy miles an hour and the thermometer 20 degrees below zero, and I think every doubt will be dispelled. The temperature does not go lower here than in many other places, but the wind blows with a greater velocity than at any known places in the world, and with a strong wind, the cold is unbearable. A velocity of 180 miles an hour has been attained by the wind on Mount Washington, while at Pike's Peak, 8,000 feet higher, the greatest velocity is 100 miles, and in Boston forty-five miles is a heavy gale. Of course the air has less power as the density decreases, and it has been estimated that four miles at sea level is equal to five at a level of 6,000 feet. But even with this reduction the velocity at Mount Washington is extraordinary. The cold is so intense that if one covers every part of his body, leaving only the eyes exposed, they are soon coated with frost which closes the lids and often makes it impossible to see.

The signal men have their various narrow escapes while carrying the mails to and from the base. On one occasion, Private Cahill started down the railroad on a sled of his own construction, one of the regular sledges having been left at the summit. He went as far as the place called Jacobs Ladder, and there the brakes were found insufficient to retard a velocity of almost a mile a minute, and the sled jumped the track. Cahill was shot off on to the rocks below, where he rolled over and over, breaking his leg in two places and cutting his head severely. Here he lay, almost dead from cold and loss of blood, until the sergeant, not being apprised by telegraph, of his arrival below, sent the cook down to see what had happened. Sergt. Beals had ordered the cook to cut the wire and signal to the base, and then seriously hurt. The cook did so, and then applied the wire. The sergeant knowing that a dangerous accident had taken place telegraphed to the base and to Fabian's assistance. The trackmen immediately went up the railroad with two sledges, and, with great difficulty, carried the wounded man to the base, where a wagon was procured, and he was taken to Fabian's. The unfortunate observer had lost his cap in his fall, and to keep his head warm the mail-bag had been put over it. This, of course, covered the weather-reports in the bag with blood, but notwithstanding that, they were sent on to Washington, where they are now said to be kept as evidence of the trials which the observers have to undergo.

Private Cahill, who seems to have as many lives as a cat, recovered and lived to be struck by lightning last summer while sitting at his desk in the signal station. He saw the wires flash, and thought he was to be killed, but after a few seconds, seeing that he was still of this world, not remembering his former experience, he tried to move. This he could not do, with the exception of a slight pricking to one side, which he felt a few moments, it was over.

A SMART REPORTER.

How He Learned the Secrets of a Legislative Caucus.

Eakins was only 19 years old then, but he attracted the attention of Col. Kelley, of the Louisville Commercial. When the session of the legislature began in October the colonel resolved to send him to Frankfort as that paper's correspondent. He went to Frankfort with the determination to unearth sensations, and he succeeded. Many were the devices to which he had to resort to obtain the news in spite of the hostility of the members. One of the cleverest and most amusing was the way in which he obtained the proceedings of the Democratic caucus. For the purpose of excluding him, it was resolved to admit no newspaper men. A reporter is not easily daunted however, and Eakins considered that all things were fair in the enemy's camp. The first evening thereafter he went into the upper gallery of the house and hid under a row of back seats. When the caucus was assembled, however, a search was ordered, and Joe's feet were discovered sticking out from under the bench by a sergeant at arms. The official, with a laugh, ordered him to come out, and when he emerged, covered with dust and humiliation, he was greeted with an enthusiastic chorus of de sive yells.

He walked out, but he did not give up the fight. A pipe from the stove in the house passed back into the cloak room. Securing a step-ladder he mounted, and placing his ear to the pipe, heard every word that was uttered. The voices of the members were perfectly familiar to him by this time, and his dispatch was unusually full and complete. There was great wonder the next day, and this was intensified when that evening's caucus proceedings were also reported in detail. It was at first thought that he was in the confidence of some member, but the next day the secret leaked out. The door in the cloak room was locked and the step-ladder removed. Still, this did not good. Eakins found means to be introduced into the house early the next afternoon, and secret himself behind a book-case, where, at the cost of some personal discomfort, he remained during the caucus session. He was able to do so until the time, as the person by whose conivance he had effected it was afraid to longer assist him.

Another resource was discovered, and for two more nights the faithful reports of the proceeding were kept up. The third evening after the roll had been called the Hon. Laban T. Moore arose and stated that the secretary had omitted the name of one who had always taken a deep interest in their deliberations. He desired to suggest that the secretary call the name of Joseph Eakins, member from the state at large. His words were greeted with cheers, and when the secretary called out the name a voice said "Here" from one of the windows. Looking out they found the indefatigable correspondent seated on the limb of a high tree which grew at a distance of forty or fifty feet from the window. He had climbed the tree and crawled out on a huge branch, whose extremity almost touched the shatters. It was not a comfortable position up there, but the reporter had a piece of soft paper and was writing up the proceedings as they went on. As fast as a sheet was finished he dropped it to the ground, when it was picked up by a messenger and taken to the telegraph office.

The spirit of opposition had not quite died out the next evening, and a guard was placed over the tree. The day following, however, it was resolved to hold the session with open doors, and when Eakins came in a little after 8 o'clock he was greeted with a perfect ovation of shouts, yells and cheers. His plucky light had won the hearts of all present, and he had much smoother sailing the remainder of the term.

An Absent-Minded Listener. At a cafe, one of the guests is telling a long windy story to a companion, who is paying it the least possible attention. "And so," says he, "and so, just as I came out of the wood, whom should I come upon but a cavalryman."

"Oh, indeed?" "A big, powerful fellow—as big and powerful a fellow as I have ever seen." "Well, and so I say, 'Surrender, or you are a dead man!' he made no answer, but drew his saber and made a dash at me. I parried the cut, and drove my bayonet right through his heart, and he fell stone dead."

"And what did he say to that?" says his companion, absently. "And what did he say to that?" echoes the infuriated narrator. "Why, he said 'Himma a match! My cigar is out.'"

"Certainly! Here, waiter, bring this gentleman the matches."

A Whole Temperance Lecture. Mr. Henry Clews, a well known Wall street man, says that the men who drink whisky are sure to go to the wall on the street. Men in the stock business have excitement enough without alcohol. A glass of wine at dinner may be well enough, but to drink to celebrate success or to drown chagrin at losses is to destroy one's chances.

When a man has lost, he needs to keep himself in the best of spirits—not alcoholic—to eat good dinners, amuse himself and look carefully after his health; but above all things let whisky alone. He can always win if the whisky is in his competitor instead of himself. This applies to all business, where competition is sharp. Indeed in what business now days is it not sharp? There is a whole temperance lecture in a few words.

A Tail-Casting Legend. This lizard belongs to a large family called Geckos. They are principally found in the east and northern countries of Africa, and are remarkable for many peculiarities. Nearly all of them resemble the bark of trees, but this has the remarkable faculty of throwing off its stumpy tail when attacked, the cast-off member leaping about twisting and contracting, thus attracting the attention of the pursuer until the owner makes good his escape. If you examine the anatomy of the tail the why and wherefore of this is easily understood. The joints of the backbone are very delicately put together, and snap at the slightest warning; and almost immediately a new tail begins to grow out, and in some cases no less than two or three tails have appeared, presenting a most remarkable spectacle.

Chocolate. The consumption of chocolate is this country is largely on the increase, one manufacturer stating that last year he made 1,500,000 pounds and used a ton of sugar per day. The best cocoa beans come from Venezuela and Mexico, and the cheapest from San Domingo. The two great chocolate consuming countries are France and the United States. Brooklyn Times: When the contractor is fast the mechanic's lien.

An Advocate's Strategy.

Maitre Lachand, the famous advocate, was perhaps the greatest master of composure in France, and not a few eminent actors envied him his marvelous mimic powers. He was once employed to defend a murderer, against whom the facts were hopelessly clear. When his pathetic appeals and his tears—which were always at call when he pleaded before a country jury—failed to touch his stolid audience, he resorted to the most impudent piece of broad farce. Thrusting his moistened white handkerchief into his pocket, he demanded if the jurors were men, if they had human hearts, if they could bring themselves to condemn a fellowman like the accused, whom he had credited with all sorts of chivalrous, if not saintly, merits. His eloquence was not merely fruitless, but the jury responded to it at first with uneasy shifting, then with biting lips, and, finally, with loud and uncontrolled bursts of laughter. Lachand, while flinging his fingers in the great ink-pot in front of him, and as he drew his right hand across his forehead, as if in an agony of despair at the certain fate of the accused, he left upon his brow an enormous black mark like a crescent moon, and drew forth black traces down his cheeks as he put his fingers to his eyes to dash away the tears. Felting his moral indignation at their conduct, he continued: "You are about to decide whether one of your fellow-men shall be thrust by you out of the ranks of the living, and you choose such a moment for indulging in cruel and thoughtless laughter. Is this extravagant with a fitting mood in which to decide whether a man shall or shall not die?" The argument actually induced upon the jury. The man was acquitted.

What He Got By It.

"Come mighty nigh killin a fine buck 'is mawin'" said an old negro. "Lomin' long through de woods an' er ole buck he jump up an' bookery, bookery he run off a few yards an' stop still. Come in one fer a shootin him sah!" "Why didn't you shoot?" "I didn't hab my gun wid me, sah." "Then how did you come in one of shootin him?" "Case, sah, I come in one o' takin' my gun wid me." "Why didn't you take your gun?" "Didn't hab none, sah." "You are an old fool." "Look heah, don't buse er man dat way when yer ald got no cause. I ain't got no gun fer a feller dat I wuz erbout fer buy one frum, axed me jes' et me'n I could pay. So I come in one o' gettin' de gun. Ef I had er got it, I would er tuck it 'long wid me, an' ef I der had it, I could er shot de buck easy, sah. So doan come 'roun' busin' er man when de facks are all ergin yer. I hab knowed folks ter fetch trouble on dar selves dat way. Er purson oughter be keeful in dis heah wuz' o' science an' speckleration. Good mawin', sah. Since yer acted dis way, I wouder ter gin yer none o' de meat if I had er killed it. Efore yer talked dat way I wouder make yer present o' some o' de buck. See what yer got by it, sah."

Jewish Diet and Cholera.

The comparative immunity of Jews from the worst results of epidemics is still occupying the attention of European journals. The London Echo has the following: "A noticeable feature about Jewish cemeteries in the south of Europe is the scarcity of newly made graves after an epidemic of cholera or yellow fever. Statistics show that fewer of them die than any other race from these or kindred diseases. During the late cholera scourge in Toulon only two orthodox Jews died of it, while in numbers they equaled fully 50 per cent of the population. Their immunity from the disease, and the certainty with which they recover when attacked by it, is accounted for by the simplicity of their diet.

"Our friends of the 'advanced' school, who think that dietary laws are all nonsense, and 'kitchen Judaism' a superstition, will not feel so comfortable when they review their sins of commission and omission by the light of the advancing cholera. Now is the time for them to return to the olden fables of 'to eat shell-fish, those who venture to do so are sure to see the proper preparation of the animal food generally admitted to their tables. Errors of diet are the most prolific causes of cholera attacks in the times of epidemic."

An Auger to Bore a Square Hole.

The first and only auger ever manufactured that will bore a square hole is now in the shops of the Cleveland Machine Company. This auger bores a true square hole, the size used in ordinary frame buildings and barns, but they can be made on the same principle to bore square holes of any size. Its application is ordinary and works on the same principle as round hole augers. Its end, instead of having a screw or bit, has a cam motion which causes a cutter mounted on a steel rocking knife which cuts on both sides.

In order to prevent the splintering of the wood the ends of the cutter are provided with small semi-circular shaped saws which help in cutting out perfectly square corners. It is estimated that this new process will save the labor of three men who work with chisels, as one man can conveniently cut a two-inch mortise in the same length of time he can bore a round hole. The inventor is a work of a Wooster man who has given the subject years of patient thought.

The "Explorers' Trip."

Several members of a boat club at Frankfort-on-the-Main recently resolved to row Mayence by night. It was just 12 o'clock when they started, and they in their boat, grasped their oars, and bade their friends on shore farewell. They pulled vigorously all night, greatly enjoying the healthful exercise, the gloom and quiet, and the weird beauty of the river. Their own chagrin and the wild delight of their friends may be imagined when they found at sunrise they had for gotten to weigh anchor, and were still fast to the ferry from which they had embarked. They were, however, well known to all Frankfort as the "explorers."

Under the Postage Stamp.

It is asserted by some wicked person that it is now the custom for lovers to write peculiarly affectionate remarks on the outside of envelopes, and to cover such remarks with a postage stamp. Thus a young man may write a note which any young girl could show to her mother, while at the same time he could use the most affectionate language under cover of a stamp. All the young lady has to do is to secretly remove the stamp without destroying the writing underneath.

Twenty-two of the great sugar plantations of the island of Cuba are farmed by the Jesuit order.

Railroads.

Table with columns for Railroad Name, Direction, and Time. Includes B & O Valley R.R., Baltimore & Annapolis, etc.

Table with columns for Railroad Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Eastward, Westward, and Mixed services.

Table with columns for Railroad Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Bellefonte & Snow Shoe R.R., Lewisburg & Tyrone R.R., etc.

Table with columns for Railroad Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Pennsylvania Railroad, Erie Mail, Niagara Express, etc.

Table with columns for Railroad Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Erie Mail, Niagara Express, Lock Haven Express, etc.

Table with columns for Railroad Name, Direction, and Time. Includes Erie Mail, Niagara Express, Day Express, etc.

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