BILL NYE ON RAILROADS.

THE HUMORIST'S GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE FIRST TRAIN.

Perhaps there is nothing in the line of discovery and improvement that has shown more progress in the last century than the railway and its different auxiliaries. When we remember that much less than a century has passed since the first patent for a locomotive to move upon a track was issued, where now we have everything that heart can wish, and, in fact, live better on the road than we do at home, with but thirty-six hours between New York and Minneapolis, and a gorgeous parlor, bed-room, and a dining-room, between Maine and Oregon, with nothing missing that may go to make life a rich blessing, we are compelled to express our wonder and admiration.

To Peter Cooper is largely due the boom given to railway business, he having constructed the first locomotive ever made in this country, and put it on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The first train ever operated must have been a grand sight. First came the locomotive, a large Babcock fire-extinguisher on trucks, with a smoke-stack like a full-blown speaking-tube with a frill around the top; the engineer at his post in a pig hat, with an umbrella over his head and his hand on the throttle, borrowing a chew of tobacco now and then of the farmers who passed him on their way to town. Near him stood the fireman, now and then bringing in an armful of wood from the fields through which he passed, and turning the damper in the smoke-stack every little while so that it would draw. Now and then he would go forward and put a pork rind on a hot box or pound on the cylinder head to warn people off the track.

Next comes the tender loaded with nice, white birch wood, an economical style of fuel, because its bark may be easily burned off, while the wood itself will remain uninjured. Beside the firewood we find on the tender a barrel of rainwater and a tall, blonde jar with a wicker-work round it, which contains a small sprig of tansy immersed in four gallons of New England rum. This the engineer has brought with him for use in case of accident. He is now engaged in preparing for the accident in advance.

Next comes the front brakeman in a plug hat about two sizes too large for him. He also wears a long-waisted frock coat with a bustle to it and a tall shirt collar with a table-spread tie, the ends of which flutter gayly in the morning breeze. As the train pauses at the first station he takes a hammer out of the tool-box and nails on the tire of the fore wheel of his coach. The engineer gets down with a long oil can and puts a little sewing machine oil on the pitman. He then wipes it off with his sleeve.

It is now discovered that the rear coach containing a number of directors and the division superintendent, is missing. The conductor goes the rear of the last coach, and finds that the string by which the directors' car was attached is broken and that, the grade being pretty steep, the directors and one brakeman have gone back to the starting place.

But the conductor is cool. He removes his bell-crowned plug hat, and taking out his orders and time card, he finds that the track is clear, and looking at a large, Waterbury watch, presented to him by a widow whose husband was run over and killed by the train, he sees he can still make the next station in time for dinner. He hitches a frisky team to go back after the directors' coach, and calling "All Aboard!" he swings lightly upon the moving train.

It is now 10 o'clock, and nineteen weary miles still stretch out between him and the dinner station. To add to the horrors of the situation, the front brakeman discovers that a very thirsty boy in the emigrant car has been drinking from the water supply tank on the tender, and there is not enough left to carry the train through. Much time is consumed in filling the barrel again at a spring near the track, but the conductor finds a "spotter" on the train and gets him to do it. He also induces him to cut some more wood and clean out the ashes.

The engineer then pulls out the drawhead and begins to make up time. In twenty minutes he has made up an hour's time, though two miles of hoop-iron are torn from the track behind him. He sails into the eating station on time and while the master mechanic takes several of the coach wheels over to the machine shop to soak, he eats a hurried lunch.

The brakeman here gets his tin lanterns ready for the night run and fills two of them with red oil to be used on the rear coach.

The fireman puts a fresh bacon-rind on the eccentric, stuffs some more cotton batting around the axles, puts a new lynch pin in the hind wheels, sweeps the apple peeling out of the smoking car, and he is ready.

Then comes the conductor, with his plug hat full of excursion tickets, orders, passes and time checks; he looks at his Waterbury watch, waves his hand, and calls "All aboard" again. It comes-grade, however, and for two miles the "spotter" has to push behind with all his might before the conductor will allow him to get on and ride.

Thus began the history of a gigantic enterprise which has grown till it is a comfort, a convenience, a luxury, and yet a necessity. It has built up and beautified the desert. It has crept beneath the broad river, scaled the snowy mountain, and hung by iron arms from the canyon and the precipice, carrying the young to new lands, and bemiting those long separated. It has taken the hopeless to lands of new hope. It has invaded the solitude of the wilderness, spiked down valuable land grants, killed cheap cattle and then paid a high price for them, whooped through valleys, snorted over lofty peaks, crept through long, dark tunnels, turning the bright glare of day suddenly upon those who thought the tunnel was two miles long, roared through the night and glittered through the day, bringing alike the groom to his beautiful bride and the weeping prodigal to the moss-grown grave of his mother.

You are indeed a heartless, soulless corporation, and yet you are very essential to our business.—*Bill Nye, in Chicago News.*

Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt, has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

THE ETHICS OF HUGGING.

LEARNED DISQUISITION UPON A VERY POPULAR INDUSTRY.

A few days ago a young gentleman residing on Polk avenue hugged his grandmother with such fervor that three of the old lady's ribs were dislocated, and she now lies in a precarious condition. This, I may add, is an unprecedented case. Men have hugged the opposite sex with such ferocity as to endanger their lives, but then the operation was not performed upon the grandmother. About a year ago a young man in the east embraced his sweetheart, and when the hug was over he found she was dead. But she had long suffered from a disease of the heart; so he was only in part responsible for this melancholy occurrence. Hugging is a comparatively modern institution. Our ancestors never hugged; they calmly and demurely embraced. Now, here I pause to draw the line between the hug and the embrace. The hug is an earnest, quick, impetuous contraction of the muscles of the arms and chest when the object to be hugged lies within the circle bounded by the arms, while the chest is the goal or final point of the hug. The warmth of the hug is determined by the extent of muscular contraction. But the hug is not, as anatomists assert, terminated when the object is brought in contact with the chest. On the contrary, the sweeping in is but the shell of the operation. The kernel is reached when the space between the hugger and the hugee is annihilated, and the blade of a knife could scarcely be inserted between both surfaces. This is, perhaps, the most dangerous stage of the operation. A pound, say a few ounces of extra pressure may result, if not in the displacement of a rib, at least in the bursting of a corset string, with the almost inevitable destruction of bangs, montagues, and such like headgear. The release, if not skillfully managed, is also attended with danger, and should be as gradual as the elementary pressure.

Expressions of anguish on the part of the hugee may, as a rule, be regarded as hypocritical, and should have no effect in inducing the hugger to diminish the pressure. In like manner all danger signals in regard to the arrival of a third party on the scene should be investigated by the party of the first part before receiving the attention the genuine arrival of a parent or guardian might command. This may be done by a quick glance over the shoulder, and this rapid change of the direction of the head may be accomplished by a little practice without making any relaxation of pressure necessary. If the warning should prove to be without foundation the deceit may be punished by from two to three pounds additional pressure, but so gradual that none of the adornments of the person hugged may suffer. For these little accidents ruffle the temper and embitter the memory of the operation. The small affairs of the toilet are not accomplished easily, and the female mind is ruffled by the destruction of the laborious embellishments of the morning hour.

Near relatives should be embraced and not hugged. The embrace is merely the throwing out and partial contraction of the arms, without any special attention to an objective point as especially young and pretty aunt may be excepted, and I have known cases where an extremely juvenile and good-looking step-mother has been the occasion of the merging of the embrace into the hug. But this is rarely done, and is attended with much danger, particularly if the embracer is dependent on the purse of the old man for the necessities, as well as the luxuries of life. To embrace a mother-in-law is a hollow mockery, and should be attempted only when some important object has to be attained and even then we doubt if it is excusable. A cousin may be either hugged or embraced, as the fancy of the operator may dictate, the choice depending solely on the age and good looks of this most convenient and delightful relation.—*Sacramento Bee.*

"Mamma, papa says you weren't pretty last week, but you are to-day." "Ah! my child, last week I had neuralgia, to-day I have Salvation Oil."

All in Knowing "How."

"Saw a new trick out in Iowa the other day," said a traveling man. "I was stopping at a little station on the Northwestern and the hotel was close to the railroad track. The through trains don't stop there. In the party sitting on the porch after dinner was a man who had a fine gold watch, with a case of extraordinary weight. He said it was the heaviest watchcase and the strongest.

"There is a funny thing about this watch of mine,' he said, 'it is so strong that I can put it on the railroad track and let a train run over it and it will not be damaged in the least.'

"'Right on the rail?' queried one in the party.

"'Yes, I will place it right on top of the rails where the wheels run, and it won't be hurt a particle.'

"'Bet you the cigars you dassent do it.'

"The proposition was accepted and the whole crowd included in the payment of the wager, no matter who lost. In a few minutes a train was seen approaching, when the owner of the watch went to the track, put his timepiece on the rail and walked back to the hotel porch and resumed his chair as cool as a cucumber. The train came thundering on and the crowd got excited. They stood with open mouths and thinking what a shame it was that an infernal fool should put such a fine watch on the rails to be smashed into smithereens. When the locomotive struck the spot where the watch had been placed the crowd groaned and fancied they could see bits of gold flying along with the dust. But the owner of the watch sat quietly smoking his cigar, and as soon as the long train had passed he walked out, reached down and picked his watch up from the side of the rail, as perfect as if it had been in his pocket all the time.

"'You see,' he said, as we all lighted fresh cigars at the other fellow's expense, there is no danger in this trick providing you place your watch near the edge of the rail. The watch case is oval, and that leaves an opening for the air to get under. If the jar of the rail did not cause the watch to fall off the pressure of the air from the approaching train surely would. I have performed that little trick hundreds of times and never met with an accident. One day a fresh traveling man from St. Louis saw me do it and he declared at once that it was nothing—anybody could do that. So he went out in front of another train and put his watch on the rail. After the train had passed he found his watch about forty rods up the track. It was about as big as a saucer and as thin as a piece of light cardboard. He had made the fatal mistake of putting the watch near the end of the rail and so nicely balanced upon the top of the rail that it didn't fall off. This trick is just like anyother—you want to know how to do it."

When a man becomes a slave to opium he cannot give up the habit. It may have been acquired by giving him opiates when sick, and this is why Red Star Cough Cure commends itself for its purity, freedom from narcotics, and prompt efficacy. Only 25 cents.

A Bad Church Mouse.

A church mouse, although proverbially poor, has never had its character for meekness questioned. It has never been even hinted that there were any unrighteous frivolities about him. He has been pitied for his poverty, facetiously alluded to as having a brave appetite, and some have even spoken in contempt of his judgment in hanging around a church anywhere. But the mouse has born it all in silence.

During the services, when the congregation slept and the good minister went on in the even tenor of his sermon, the church mouse has come out and made friendly calls at the pews and down the main aisle, as if looking for charity from the well fed people. Nobody ever supposed that the lonely mouse would be so vicious as to break up a Methodist prayer meeting. These meetings are usually noted for their spirited charges upon the devil and his hosts, and the noise of this engagement is generally more than a poor church mouse can conscientiously face.

But the White Plains mouse, in the Methodist church, was not that kind of a mouse.

When Brother Platt was praying in E sharp, and Brothers Romer and Cox and Jackman were encouraging him by frequent exclamations of approval, away down in G flat, the mouse came out to see what was going on. What he saw and heard no doubt affected his nerves and caused him to loose his head and his reckoning.

As the battle went on the mouse concluded that he must get under cover. Taking the correct bearings for Brother Jackman's right trouser's leg, which gapped a welcome, the poor church mouse ran in. It was a fearful mistake, for it cost him his life, frightened Brother Jackman so badly that he imagined the old enemy had him, and temporarily broke up Brother Platt's supplication.

When the mouse had turned the bend of Brother Jackman's knee he exclaimed, "Oh Lord!" In such a peculiar tone that it arrested the proceedings for an instant. When he supplemented this exclamation with the earthly remark, "Ouch?" and then "Oh Heaven!" there was a faint suspicions that Brother Jackman was not giving his undivided attention to the remarks which Brother Platt was uttering. When the eyes of the astonished brothers and sisters were rivited upon Brother Jackman, they beheld an excited young man standing before him in a stooping condition, holding on to some real or imaginary substance, they were not certain which, on the inside of his trousers leg, just above his knee. His face grew livid, and his breathing was quick and hard. His eyes were standing out like those of a snail, and although he seemed perturbed.

Those of the more thoughtful and experienced brothers, who had seen the athletic performances introduced by the "Brooklyn boys," vaguely suggested to themselves that this might be a rehearsal but when Brother Jackman straightened up his manly form and shook his leg like a tiny cat when she gets her dainty foot wet, and the poor church mouse dropped out of the trouser's leg limp and dabby on the Axminster carpet, the sisters shrieked and the more mature brothers remarked, "Well, I swow."

The poor little church mouse was dead.

There was no heart in the services after this awful discovery, and when Brother Platt had run out a good section of his prayer and Brother Lull had pronounced the benediction, prayer meeting dissolved. And the poor little dead mouse was thrown out into the cold, cruel snow.

If you have a friend with a cough or cold tell him to try Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.

One of Emory Storr's Stories.

I remember a story Emory Storrs used to love to tell when he desired to get a thing just down to suit him. "We must mind the little customs of life," he would say.

"We can do about as we wish if we only conform to the ordinary looks of things. Once, in a quiet New Hampshire town, a new-comer made his appearance. Now, a new-comer was something that had not been heard of there for forty years. It may be imagined with what interest this new-comer was observed. On the first Sunday the new-comer drove up to meeting with his horses hitched one before the other. That was a rash thing to do. A good old deacon waited on the new-comer the next day and explained to him that the town was badly used up over his performance.

"'Why,' said the newcomer, 'I did not know that it was a new thing here to drive tandem. Will they object if I drive one horse before and the other behind?'

"The deacon thought they would not, for then they would believe the new-comer had expected to take some one home on horseback. 'But my friend,' said the old deacon, 'it isn't the two horses that offend here, but the odd way you drive them. Now, when I pray, I hold my hands thus—palm to palm, thumbs up. No one objects to that. But what right have I, when I pray, to put the thumb of my right hand on my nose and the thumb of my left hand on the little finger of my right? Do you suppose the town would stand that sort of thing?'"—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

ARE you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

If everybody would mind his own business we wonder how a lawyer would live.

WHY will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price, 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The proposition to substitute an electric shock for the gallows doesn't seem to Ketch on.

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
At Druggists and Dealers. Manufactured by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
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This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold at competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

Wet De Lessoye' Norman Balsam for coughs and colds. C. N. Boyd, sole agent.

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE
HAS PROVED TO BE THE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.
Mr. Jones, Dover, Ont., Apr. 1886.
My wife was so afflicted with Rheumatism in her shoulder and arm that she could do nothing for herself, but could not sleep in bed, but had to be propped up in a rocking chair. I had several prescribed, many patent medicines were used, but the pain still grew worse. I send for the Russian Rheumatism Cure, under a cloud of doubt. It was used according to directions for one week, and my wife was cured. It was one of those arrests of disease that you may well call a lifetime. It is now over four months since the cure was effected, and she can touch her face to the operation, and do all kinds of work as well as ever, and has not the remotest sign of the disease. We know it is necessary in recommending the cure to all similarly afflicted, as Mr. Sayers does. Truly yours, H. J. FISHELL.
Thousands of others have been cured.
PRICE $2.50.
For complete information, Descriptive Pamphlet, with testimonials, free.
For sale by all druggists. If one or the other is not in position to furnish it to you, do not be persuaded to take anything else, but apply direct to the General Agents, PFAULZER BROS. & CO. 819 & 821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HER PRETTY FEET.

One of our fair damsels (whose name we dare not publish) is in the habit of sleeping by an open window during the summer, and early one morning about the 1st of September one of our young men noticed her pretty foot hanging out of the window. This was too much for him, and he found great comfort in dousing the fair damsels with cold water, whereupon she suddenly withdrew them and upon arising an hour or so afterwards she had occasion to put on her overshoes but found no difficulty in getting it with Wei De Lessoye' Norman Balsam, the greatest remedy known for consumption, coughs, colds, croup, asthma, and all pulmonary diseases. Sold on a positive guarantee by C. N. Boyd, sole agent.

SECOND TO NONE IN CROP VALUE.
VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIAL.
DAVIS GROVE, MONTGOMERY CO., PA., May 19th, 1886.
MESSRS. SAYERS & SONS, Philadelphia.
Gents: This to certify that I have been using BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE for a number of years, and have found it to be a very good article. Grass etc. bought of Wm. Hallowell, Jr., Hatboro, Pa., proved very good. I have also used BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE with good results on my farm. Yours truly, JOHN CROCKETT.
Mr. Jones Cheyney, Davis Grove, Pa.
Dear Sir: I have used your BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE for the above voluntary testimonial for the last four years on corn, potatoes, etc., and find it to be a very good article. Yours truly, HAYES A. HALLOWELL.
Office, No. 1 S. Delaware Ave., Philadelphia.
Gentlemen: I have used your BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE with good results on my farm. Yours truly, JOHN S. MONTGOMERY