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The Triumph of Art in Railroad Travel.

The Triumph of Art in Railroad Travel. Near by year we note the footstep of foot is progress more palpable than in the facilities offered the railroad traveler of the present day. Looking back but a few ways we can see the toiling small-like ways and any by day by the emigrant's wayon, as it was slowly but surely drawn toward sundown by the patient ox, or the old fashioned stage coact following closely, we had the canal packet : then the steamer on the lakes and rivers ; then the locomo-n the lakes and rivers ; then the boomo-the engine and the stage like car. Now it the engine and the stage like car. Now it the engine and the stage like car. Now it the shattal coach, and more than patatal drawing room and sleeping car. Yet, not shattal for elegance, usefulness and read for weeks ago, has developed hotel cars hat will, for elegance, usefulness same tead the takes been hitherco placed in service of hat has been hitherco placed in service of the some doubts about the merits of hotel draw some the of our friends, as he had been ready. "I am not so sure about the she tending our first article about these but coaches that are to be run on the that," said one of our friends, as he had finished reading our first article about these hotel coaches that are to be run on the Omaha and California line of the Chicago & North-Western Railway, "I am not so sure I would care to take my dinner in any car, no matter how much like a palace, while it was rubning at the rate of forty miles an hour." It is a saying, "that the faster you run the safer." Why, last June it will be remembered, that this road vault-ed from Chicago to Council Bluffs, in less it will be remembered, that this road vault-ed from Chicago to Council Bluffs, in less than ten hours, the now celebrated "Jarrett and Palmer Train." On that train was a hotel car, not as large, with less wheels under it, poorer springs, and in no way as strong and easy for riding in as these new cars are to be, and yet, Mr. Jarrett said "while on the Chicago & North-Western line, running at an average rate of fifty miles an hour, we took our breakfast as comfortably as we would at Delmonico's in comfortably as we would at Delmonico's, in New York,"

It is well known that the Chicago & North-Western Railway is built over the most favorable line as to grades that could be found between Chicago and the Missonri River, with but few curves; its track is mostly of heavy steel rail, gravel ballasted, with wide roadway, giving it permanence and solidty—it is as smooth as a floor, all its cars strong, with plenty of wheels under them, and with springs so adjusted that the usual "bouncing" and oscillation is re-duced to the minimum. We observed last week that in an ordinary car the side mo-tion and side and fully of the side moweek that in an ordinary car the side mo-tion and rising and falling of the car was less than half an inch, and sometimes scarcely perceptible. We believe it will be found that a person will sit in these hotel cars and cat or write as comfortably as he could at his desk or table at home; this we choose to call the triumph of art in producer to the triumph of art in railway travel. We learn that this new line of hotel cars

we learn that this new line of notel cars is being pushed to completion as fast as the full force of workmen in the Paliman shops can do it. We shall be certain to see them in a few weeks.—Cedar Rapids Re-publican Feb. 1877.

MR. DIOGENES.

This singular man lived in Greece. He was distinguished for his eccentricities, bad manners, and bad disposition. It was his chief business to find fault. For exam-ple, he took a lantern one day when the sun was shining brightly and went out to sun was shining brightly and went out to search for an honest man, thereby insinuat-ing that such - persons were exceedingly locarce. When Alexander, a distinguished military gentleman, paid him a visit, and inquired what he could do for him, he had the impudence to tell him to "get out of his sunshine." To cap the climax of his oddities, he dressed like a beggar and lived in a tub ! He was a sour, crabbed, crusty old bachelor. We infer that he had no wife, first, because history does not no wife, first, because history does not mention her; second, because no woman would take kindly to one of his habits, mention her, second, because no woman would take kindly to one of his habits, dress, or manners, or aspire to become mistress of his mansion. "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," it is true, but the woman who would live in a tub, and especially with such a companion, has not been heard from. The misanthropic spirit which possessed this man was doubt-less due to disordered digestion and a billousness, one of the prominent symptoms of which is a morose, fault-finding disposi-tion. The tongue is heavily coated, giving rise to a bad taste, the appetite is not good, and the patient feels dull, sleepy, or dizzy, and is apt to be fretful. Unfortunately, Mr. Diogenes lived several centuries before Dr. Diore's Pleasant Purgative Pellets were invented, a few doses of which would have relieved him of his "bile," and enabled him to find scores of "honest men" without the aid of his lantern. Under their magic influence, combined with that of the Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse his blood, he might have been led to take a mera cheerful view of line to be to cleanse his blood, he might have been led to take a more cheerful view of life, to exchange his tub for a decent habitation, to "spruce up" in personal appearance, and at last have taken a wife to mend his clothes and his manners, both of which were in evident need of repairs, and be-come the happy sire of little Diogeneses who would have handed down to prosterity the name, not of a cynic philosopher. but of a charged, in the second s of a cheerful, healthy, happy, virtuous man !!



A Strange Case.

The London correspondent of the N. Y. Times, says :- "Miss Annie Goodale, the actress, died three weeks ago. Up to yes-terday she was not buried. The corpse was warm and limp, and the features as soft and mobile as when in life. Several physicians have examined her, and have ordered that the body shall be watched night and day. The poor lady is evidently in a trance, but whether she is destined to come to life it is impossible to say.

This is a Frog Story.

A Mobile, Ala., paper says -"One of the curiosities of our coast is a mammoth frog, which was lately exhibited at the New Orleans and Mobile depot. Several river men declared that it is the largest frog ever known to exist anywhere in our country. It weighed over 200 pounds. It was found under the wharf, at the foot of Government street,"

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