

EDISON'S LATEST IDEAS.

Experiments for Telegraphing Between Ships at Sea.

It was rather a weird experience, meeting him there in the great gloomy building, where there are but two men besides himself, at night. He was chiefly engaged with his new idea of telegraphing from railroad trains in motion.

"But is that possible," I asked. "How far do you think you can throw the current over the water?"

"I am afraid to say how far," was the answer. "From the data already obtained, the theoretical conclusion is that you can throw it twenty-four miles. Possibly we can throw it more than that."

Then Edison rapidly sketched on paper a map of the two continents and the Atlantic, and illustrated his plan of telegraphing from ship to ship so as to establish certain communication between the shore and any part of the frequented seas.

Perhaps the most interesting thing he had to say respecting his exploration for a "new force." At present he calls it simply x, y, z. He does not pretend to know what it is.

"Think of it! A man in this skeptical century who dares believe in a discovery beyond all discoveries. Here is a student of nature who is not afraid to have the spirit of a Galileo or a Kepler or an Isaac Newton."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?" "From some power greater than ourselves."

"Do you then believe in an intelligent Creator, a personal God?" was the next question.

"Certainly," said Mr. Edison. "The existence of such a God, in my mind, can almost be proved from chemistry."

Laetitia thought that all atoms were moved by feelings of love or hate—what we call attraction or repulsion. Edison's idea is far more subtle, since he allows the atoms only a germ of intelligence.

So there he goes, moving around, thinking and working with his hands,

in the big somber building, while the city is asleep. He is the controlling power of several large factories, a millionaire, a man of business, a marvelous inventor; yet he is as simple and happy as a child, when wrapped in an old seersucker dressing gown, he can manipulate at will and without interruption the mysterious forces and properties of nature.

Phil Daley's Chapel.

Phil Daley, whose Pennsylvania club is said to be the most gorgeous gaming table in America, writes a Long Branch correspondent to The New York Sun, has moved his family into the villa which he has added to his belongings.

The apartment which is more curious to Long Branchers than was the blue chamber to Blue Beard's wives is a chapel; but no magic key has locked its doors against intruders, and until the arrival of the dwellers, visitors have been numerous.

Those who know Daley say that he built the chapel in deference to the wishes of his wife, who is a pious woman. He means to engage Rev. Father McCoy, pastor of the Star of the Sea church, directly across the street, to celebrate a mass in the oratory every morning throughout the season, and the clergyman is willing to do so if his bishop gives permission.

Two Sorts of Courage.

Commodore Garrison was once captain of a steamboat on the Mississippi, and while selling tickets one day happened to rouse the ire of a passionate old man, who drew his pistol, and, peering at the narrow window, full in the captain's face, fired.

"The furious man stared at him a moment, then burst into a laugh, and held out his hand."

Another kind of courage is exemplified in a story told by a young New York inventor, who, about twenty years ago, spent every dollar he was worth in an experiment which, if successful, would introduce his invention to public notice and insure his fortune and what he valued more—his usefulness.

It failed. The next morning the daily papers heaped unparading ridicule on him. Hope for the future seemed vain. He looked around the stabby room, where his wife, a delicate little woman, was preparing breakfast. He was without a penny.

"It shall succeed," he said, shutting his teeth. His wife was crying over the papers when he was back. "They are very cruel," she said.

"They don't understand. I'll make them understand," he replied, cheerfully.

It was a fight for six years," he said afterward. "Poverty and sickness and contempt followed me. I had nothing left but the dogged determination that it should succeed." It did succeed. The invention was a great and useful one.

A South Carolina murderer wants the sheriff to use a wire rope at his execution, believing the time has come for hemp to take a back seat.

A New Jersey divorce was brought about by a dispute over a single chestnut—a very old one.

A Great Iron Family.

On the 26th of May, writes a Lancaster, Pa., correspondent to The Philadelphia Times, Clement Brooke Grubb repurchased the old Mount Hope furnace property in this county for the sum of \$800,000 cash.

Mr. Grubb is now, by inheritance, the patriarchal iron master of the United States, being the oldest member of the oldest iron family in this country. His great-grandfather, Peter Grubb, came from Wales, near Cornwall, to this country in 1679, and made large purchases of land in what are now Lebanon and Lancaster counties.

Oh, pshaw! exclaimed Miss Holcamp with a sneer; "she likes to show off, and she is all like that. If she wouldn't be a teacher of elocution."

"You can not see Miss Barker," remarked the preceptress. "You will have no difficulty with your piece, Miss Holcamp, unless you fail to remember certain passages. If I recollect correctly Miss Barker advised you to make sure of those points. Have you done so?"

"I presume, Madam," the gentleman observed with genuine enthusiasm, "that you have heard of Spurgeon, the great preacher. This village has the honor of being his birthplace."

She was a girl of most remarkable assurance, and she went fearlessly on until suddenly her memory failed her. It was what the teachers had feared.

She glanced helplessly toward Miss Barker, who prompted her. Again she went on. Again she stopped for want of words.

At last, after several promptings, she came to the end of her selection. Miss Barker had retreated behind the draperies, sore and disappointed that one of her most promising pupils had thus failed.

She was slim, and young, and pretty, this teacher, and a great student and worker. All the teachers respected and liked her.

Just outside of the draperies stood a handsome young man. He heard the abuse lavished upon the young teacher, and his lip curled.

Not one word came from Miss Barker's lips now, but he heard teachers and scholars exclaiming that it was a shame after the attention she had lavished upon Miss Holcamp during the past term.

Mr. Harry Quintard (for he it was who had overheard Miss Holcamp) made his way to the preceptress when the exercises were over, and asked her for an introduction to Miss Barker.

Scott got seat free into Canada with \$160,000. He is one of the "Scotts who has" the boodles

LIFE'S DAY.

Into the field of life we pass At early morn. The jeweled grass With sunbeams kissed spreads at our feet: And youth, like morn, all pure and sweet And bright is filled with rosy dreams;

What have we then for all our pains?— For all our prayers! Are there no graces Of good to show? Has all been lost In that our cherished plans are crossed, And disputed each fond dream As snowflakes melt within the stream?

Ab, no! See how our souls are filled With wealth of harvests we have tilled; With meekness, patience, love and truth; With spruces of everlasting youth; Bright jewels of the crown of life; With fruit of life's sharp discipline; Of which there dawns the twilight gray Of day that dies not with the day.

—George W. Crofts, in The Current.

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

It was the evening of the commencement exercises at Mrs. Weston's large boarding school.

"What have you done with my flowers, Nell? There, how provoking! You have tipped over my powder! Your elbows are always in the wrong place!"

"Dear me, Lydia, you have had more instructions on your recitation than any of the rest have had on theirs. I should think it would be better to study by yourself, and let Miss Barker have a little rest. The poor thing is overworked."

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Nevertheless, Mr. Harry Quintard was presently seated by the side of "pretty Miss Barker," as nearly all called her in the school.

She looked a little pale and wearied, and Harry noticed that her hands trembled.

"No wonder," he thought. "It must be very exhausting work, teaching all those great girls," he said. "I should be very glad to hear you recite something yourself."

"The eyes which looked into "pretty Miss Barker's," were frank and admiring.

"At this moment, his sister came up to them. She looked cold, and drew her brother aside. She had left Lydia, who had recently joined her, and wanted her brother to come to them."

"Tell me, where will you spend your vacation?" he asked at parting. She colored as she replied: "I'm going to a very lonely place in the country, and shall spend the time in working very hard."

"But why not rest?" he added; "you need rest, surely. Tell me then, I may hope to see you again?"

"There is a lady who was once very kind to me," she said, who lives very humbly among the mountains of Cumberland, and I am going to spend my summer with her. In the autumn I hope to begin a new phase of my art. You see I am poor, Mr. Quintard, and depend upon my exertions for a living."

She looked straight into her companion's eyes as she spoke, and Harry Quintard read there both determination and pride. The expression included something else, too. It said, "You know now my circumstance, and also that I wish you to know them."

"Will you give me the name of the place?" he asked gravely, and yet in a pleading voice. She wrote the address upon a small card and gave it to him.

It was a month later that Harry Quintard entered the parlor of one of the most fashionable hotels in Keswick.

Music and recitations were to be followed by dancing in the ballroom. Someone was singing as he went in, and presently a murmur ran through the throng as a lady, young, fair as the morn and graceful as a willow, was led forward and received with a greeting of warm applause.

"What was there about this charming vision that sent Harry's blood tingling through his veins with a wild pleasurable thrill?"

Yet—what could this mean? This brilliant entree among people of wealth and position? He had thought again and again of their meeting. He had fancied all kinds of rural scenes—places isolated and beautiful, yet wild withal, with none but himself to admire the charming face and form that had so bewitched him; but to meet her thus, surrounded by an eulogic crowd—this indeed he had never thought of.

The rosy face with its spirituelle light, was lifted to his, above her raiment of pale blue, and Harry knew that the excitement of her success made her radiant, yet under all that the young man felt, there lurked a deeper pleasure at their meeting.

"I gave some recitations in the town near where I was stopping," said Linda Barker, in explanation; "I saw the minister there, and he arranged to give me the church." The form of the young artist grew dignified and grave as she thus recorded her business proceedings. "The people who heard me were so kind as to invite me to recite for them, and so it happens I am here. I shall be kept very busy, I trust, this summer."

"Then I am to be cheated out of those coveted woodland rambles. I have been counting upon them ever since we parted."

"If you knew my history, Mr. Quintard, you would say that I was not, indeed, born for my present surroundings."

"They become you so well that I could never think that," he replied. They were now away from the crowd.

"Linda," he said, "before I leave you to-night I want you to promise me something. I want you to promise you will marry me in the autumn."

He had heard his sister say that Miss Holcamp was sojourning in the mountains, but he had not troubled himself to enquire where.

"Do you deny this, too?" and she coolly read a portion of a letter containing vows of affection, and having for a signature his own name.

"It is a base forgery, and you know it, woman!" cried Harry, almost beside himself with her persistency. And let me tell you at once, before you go any further, that I can very easily prove it to Miss Barker, if in no other way, through my own writing."

"There is a very palpable difference between this writing and my own—see!"

He showed Linda one that he took from his pocket as he spoke. Linda turned toward him a pale but trusting face.

He was trembling from head to feet with indignation. She laid her hand on his arm and whispered: "Come, I believe you," and while the girl's mocking laugh followed them they left the room.

"Tell me," he cried, "do you really trust me? Do you know that girl fabricated that story because she hates you?"

"And loves you," murmured Linda, with downcast lids. "And in your eyes does that excuse her? Tell me, do you love me, Linda—darling, answer me?"

"I can not answer you until you hear my story," faltered Linda, drawing away from him and sinking into a seat.

She had grown pale, and her eyes were suffused with tears. "Hear the blunt truth. I am the daughter of a coal miner."

Harry heard with profound astonishment, it is true, but he did not start from her—a smile, indeed, dawned upon his face.

"You remind me of something which perhaps I ought to have told you," he said. "My grandfather was a poor carpenter, my father began his career in my grandfather's shop. From that he became a builder, and is now to be sure a rich contractor. So you see I am not much in advance of you in that respect."

"Ah, but with you all has been different. You have been well educated, and your wealth would enable you to make a rich match. I have had to earn money while striving to educate myself. I worked in a factory for two years, when father died. He was killed in a mine, and as my mother was also dead, I was left alone. I had attended the common school, and was there encouraged to recite. I saved money and went to Manchester, and worked for one year in a factory there. While in that city I attended every free entertainment, and studied much at night. At last I applied for a position to teach, and secured it. Then you met me."

"My noble girl," cried Harry, "I would rather have you for my wife to-day than any petted idle darling of luxury that I ever heard of."

He stooped his face till his lips met hers in a long kiss. Thus the daughter of a miner and the grandson of a carpenter betrothed themselves in true modern fashion.

And among the circles of fashion and art to-day there walks no more perfect lady than Mrs. Harry Quintard. —Alfred Grayson.

I am in favor of a Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, because it will show that we keep it on tap winter and summer. We want the whole broad world to remember that when it gets tired of oppression it can come here and oppress us. We are used to it and we rather like it. If we don't like it we can get on the steamer and go abroad, where we may visit the effete monarchies and have a high old time.

The sight of the Goddess of Liberty standing there night and day, bathing her feet in the rippling sea, will be a good thing. It may be productive of good in a direction that many have thought of. As she stands there day after day bathing her feet in the broad Atlantic, perhaps some moss grown Mormon moving toward the far west, a confirmed victim of his matrimonial habit, may fix the bright picture on his so-called mind, and remembering how, on his arrival in New York, he saw Liberty bathing her feet with impunity may be led in after years to try it on himself. —Boston Globe.

Where the Scorpion Gets His Poison. When he strikes you with the end of his tail, like a wasp, he exudes a venomous liquid, and a man might better hold a red-hot iron in his hand than to get a tenth part of a drop of this liquid into his blood. It is not necessarily fatal, particularly in the Bahamas; but it condenses the heat of forty furnaces. In some parts of South America scorpions bite are frequently fatal, but I have not heard of any one having been killed by them in Nassau. This is easily accounted for. The scorpion likes to feed on decayed wood. In South America, where dyewoods and other poisonous woods abound, the scorpion feeds upon them, and thus work into themselves a good supply of outside poison, which, taken together with his naturally poisonous liquid, does its work for whoever is unfortunate enough to be stung. But, in Nassau, such poisonous woods are few, and the scorpions have to fatten themselves respectively on pine, cedar and mahogany. —From a Nassau Letter.

They rocked the boat and were drowned in South Park Lake, Chicago. This is certainly dying as the fool dieth.