

THE ENGINEER KILLED.

An Act for Which the Perpetrators, If Caught, Would Soon Suffer.

Omaha dispatch: News was received in this city yesterday of a terrible accident which occurred Tuesday night at Dunbar, Otoe county, Neb.

The Missouri Pacific express bound south, which left Omaha at 9:10 p. m. Tuesday in charge of conductor Wilson was wrecked near that place at 11:30 Tuesday night. The engineer, James DeWitt, of Wyandotte, Kan., was instantly killed, the drop-lever having been forced clean through his body. The fireman, Frank Denton, was slightly injured, and the express messenger, Frank Chenoweth, received injuries from which he will probably die. All the cars were thrown from the track and some of them badly wrecked.

The baggage car was thrown a distance of 200 feet. Many of the passengers were injured, although all were badly shaken up. In the sleeper were Judge John I. Redick, William A. Redick and some other Omaha men bound for St. Louis, but none were hurt.

The cause of the accident was the removal of a track tie. That it was pronounced that there is no doubt, for the location is on an embankment just near the crossing of a stream one mile west of Dunbar, and just before the train came thundering along two men were seen running away from the place where the rails were removed. Two workmen were found near the scene of the wreck, together with some other tools which had undoubtedly been used in removing the rails. The tools were of the sort used on track repairing work, and it would appear from this that the wreckers were railroad men.

Neb. city dispatch: The terrible accident which occurred last night on the Missouri Pacific railroad near Dunbar, in which the brave James DeWitt, the engineer, lost his life, has been so fully and strongly pushed to see who the perpetrators were that made the death of the engineer caused his death last night. D. W. Hoffman and James DeWitt are confined in the jail in this city under the coroner's verdict of being the perpetrators of this heinous deed. J. Stillson Potter, who prosecuted the search on behalf of the Missouri Pacific railroad, Ed. Marshall, chief clerk of Nebraska City, Neb., and Sheriff McCallum are among those of the result of forcing out and bringing the guilty parties to trial. There is intense excitement at Dunbar, and if the prisoners had not been brought to this city to-night there is no doubt that there would have been a lynching. The evidence produced before the coroner's jury was such as to leave no doubt that the guilty parties have been found.

SIoux CITY'S SENSATION.

Sioux City special: A petition has been signed by five Sioux City preachers asking the governor to appoint special commissioners to aid in the prosecution of the Haddock murder case. The petition names L. L. Mills, of Chicago, and Judge C. G. Nourse, of Des Moines, as lawyers, either of whom will be satisfactory to the petitioners. A meeting of the attorneys for the prosecution was held today at which it was decided to agree to the request of the petition. The petition also requests the governor to grant immunity to George Treiber, who has for weeks been in communication with Attorney Woods. Treiber is a most important witness and no other man knows more of the secrets of the case. The case was stationed to shoot Dr. Haddock on the night of the murder, and he distributed some of the money to get other conspirators out of the way. He fled to Canada and went thence to New York, spending several weeks there. Two weeks ago he embarked for Hamburg where he now is awaiting the result of negotiations. Attorney Woods has a letter written by Aresdoff to Treiber since the latter left here.

FIGHTING FOR KANSAS.

Topeka special: A new departure, and one that will be a pleasant surprise to the people of Kansas, will be that of the Union Pacific Railroad company, which today files thirteen charters for railroads covering over 1,800 miles, all within the state of Kansas, and reaching every section. This movement is the commencement of an aggressive war, in which millions of dollars will be pitted against millions, and two gigantic corporations will contend for the mastery in this state. It is not a war on paper, but one in which the contending forces will be armed with picks, shovels and scrapers, and the territory battled for the productive lands of Kansas.

Only surmises can be made, but it is believed that the Union Pacific, feeling itself being crowded to the wall, has determined not only to have its own half of the bed, but concluded to have it all. In the meantime some one will be gainer in this struggle.

THE SIOUX CITY ASSASSINATION.

A Sioux City special says that in the afternoon session of the district court George W. Argo, for the attorneys of Armstrong and associates, asked to have the case set for trial at the earliest possible date during this term. County Attorney Marsh objected to have a definite day fixed until he had time to confer with his associates on the side of the state. It was finally agreed that the murder case should be called Friday morning, when the time for trial will be fixed. Some of the lawyers think this is a bluff on the part of the defense to discover whether the state is ready. Armstrong's case was called first. A hortatory address was made by county attorney Marsh on the night of Haddock's murder he was in a front room of the Columbia house suffering with hay fever. As he sat by a window he saw Leavitt shoot Haddock. Schmidt made the statement shortly three months ago, but if he goes on the stand for Aresdoff the state will show that he has made contradictory statements to several persons.

A MYSTERY CLEARED.

Aspen (Colo.) special: In May last Charles McGuire while traveling from Red-cliff to Glenwood springs, was taken sick. He stopped at the cabin of Mr. Maybury, on Gypsum creek. During the night he became delirious and left the cabin in his underclothes, since which no trace of him could be found. Yesterday a man named Simpson saw some clothing sticking out of the snow, two miles from Maybury's cabin, pulled it out, and drew forth the skeleton of McGuire, whose identification was made complete by the clothing.

BLOW ZERO.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 6.—The signal service bulletin shows that the temperature at 6 o'clock this morning was as follows at the points named: St. Vincent, Minn., 40 degrees below zero; Bismarck, Dak., 31 below; Buford, Dak., 27 below; St. Paul, 23 below; North Platte, Neb., 10 below; Cheyenne, Wyo., 6 below; Salt Lake City, 3 below.

AN EXPLODED BOILER.

DIXSTON, O., Jan. 10.—The boiler of a Panhandle locomotive blew up just as it started across the Gadenbutten bridge. The engineer, fireman and conductor were on the engine but escaped without serious injury. The cause of the accident is not known, as there was plenty of water. The engine is a total wreck.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

YONGSTOWN, O., Jan. 6.—At 8 o'clock this morning, Jack Temple, a watchman in the second complete Andrews block on south Market street, opened a window to secure ventilation when instantly an explosion occurred and he ran into the street with his clothes aflame and rolled in the snow. Flames burst from the building, which burned with extraordinary rapidity, and was totally consumed. The block was of brick and stone and had just been completed at a cost of \$60,000. Several adjoining buildings were badly damaged and the total loss will reach considerable amount, with probably \$75,000 insurance. Watchman Temple was badly burned and was removed to the city hospital. Another watchman, Thomas Brannigan, aged 19, is missing and is supposed to be in the ruins. The apartment was painfully burned. Two lines of natural gas mains ran past the Andrews building, and it is supposed the fluid leaked and was carried into the building through a drain pipe. The block was ignited when Temple opened the window and created a draft.

DEATH OF JOHN ROACH.

New York dispatch: John Roach, the great ship builder, died at 8 o'clock this morning. The cancerous growth had eaten its way into the side of his neck, below the angle of the jaw, involving the large arteries, which became liable to rupture at any moment. Roach was in great pain all day yesterday and to give him relief large doses of morphine were injected, and he was unconscious most of the time. In the few conscious moments he had he spoke to his son Garret, who was with him all the time. The young man remained with him during the night. He occupied a seat at the bedside and helped the nurses. Only a few intimate friends of the family were admitted to the house yesterday, but nobody other than the nurses and physicians were allowed to see Roach.

THE PLOT FELT THROUGH.

New York dispatch: A man named Ferris was permitted to enter the Tombs prison today to visit a prisoner, but after he had got inside it was discovered that he had concealed under his coat a box containing two flasks of oil packed in cork flasks and addressed to Alexander Sweeney, a prisoner under sentence of death for the murder of a canal boatman. It is claimed by the prison officials that the intention was to have Sweeney set fire to the flasks and throw the box into the hall when an alarm of fire being raised, the prison doors would be opened and in the confusion Sweeney might escape. Cork flasks saturated with oil from the broken bottles would, it is said, be one of the hardest things in the world to extinguish when ignited.

A KENTUCKY FEUD.

Glasgow special: Frank Laswell shot and killed George Searver. Searver's wife had filed suit against him for divorce, and pending the trial went to board with Mrs. Dearing, Laswell's mother. Last Sunday Searver, learning that one of his children was sick hurried to Mrs. Dearing's to see the child, but was informed that Mrs. Searver was then at Laswell's. Arriving at the latter's house, Laswell declined to admit him. To-day the parties met on the street. Both drew their pistols and a general firing commenced. Laswell, having emptied his pistol, retreated, and Searver shot through the breast and side. He died in a few minutes. Searver has since the war been a small contractor and accumulated considerable money.

AN HEIR TO AN EVENING.

Milwaukee special: An Evening Wisconsin Superior City special says: Alexander Crawford, a well known Duluth iron manufacturer, received notice that by the death of his cousin, named John Thompson, in 1900, Austria, a fortune of over \$1,000,000 had been left to him and his four brothers, giving them each nearly \$250,000. Crawford had not seen his cousin in fifty years.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 7.—John Taylor, an employe of Roth's vinegar works in this city, fell into a scalding tub at that place this morning, and was so badly scalded that he died this afternoon at 5 o'clock. He was standing on a board extending across the top of the tub, when his foot slipped. The temperature of the mash was about 170 deg., and before he could be extricated the flesh on some portions of his body was literally cooked and fell off in great flakes.

A YOUTHFUL MUDDERER.

St. Louis, Jan. 7.—A special from Jackson, Tenn., to the Post Dispatch says: "Scott Slicker, 12 years of age, last night shot and killed Chester Dadd, 19 years of age, the son of a prominent citizen of this city. The two had quarreled over some trivial matter, and the older boy got the worst of it. He went home and procuring a shotgun, sought out his enemy and shot him."

Secretary Whitney's Wealth.

A group of New York politicians were discussing Secretary Whitney's good fortune in having married a rich wife. "I suppose you mean to say," said one of the party, "that the money that Secretary Whitney spends is given to him by his wife. There was never a greater mistake. Secretary Whitney's income is, or was before he entered the cabinet, nearly \$300,000 annually. I don't pretend that his income represented any fixed sum, but I do say that he has been a very successful business man, and almost everything he touches turns to gold, and has done so for years past. He has an extraordinary fondness for keeping large sums of money about him. I was sitting in his office the day he concluded the purchase of his country seat, on the Tennyhook road. When the necessary papers were signed, he spent the day in getting that the Secretary might make his payments in any way he desired, when the latter coolly threw about in his chair, and opening a drawer, drew out \$40,000 in greenbacks. He counted out \$10,000 in an expensively ornamented fashion, and then tossing the rest into the drawer, again resumed the conversation as if nothing unusual had happened."—Washington Cor., New York Herald.

Strength of the G. A. R.

The returns of the numerical strength of the Grand Army of the Republic for the last year show a great increase over former years, and still greater numbers are expected on the next master rolls. Following are the figures on the first of the present year.

Arkansas.....	578	Montana.....	389
California.....	4,233	Nevada.....	6,139
Colorado.....	2,232	New Hampshire..	4,534
Connecticut.....	5,346	New Jersey.....	6,129
Dakota.....	2,689	New Mexico.....	347
Delaware.....	671	New York.....	33,581
Florida.....	159	Ohio.....	31,189
Guilf.....	303	Oregon.....	390
Illinois.....	22,183	Pennsylvania.....	25,627
Indiana.....	17,918	Potomac.....	1,787
Iowa.....	17,371	Rhode Island....	1,674
Kansas.....	17,792	Tenn. and Ga.....	1,456
Kentucky.....	1,314	Texas.....	309
Maine.....	9,145	Vt.....	343
Massachusetts..	17,955	Vermont.....	3,783
Maryland.....	2,187	Virginia.....	794
Michigan.....	16,937	Washington Ter..	770
Minnesota.....	6,672	West Virginia..	657
Missouri.....	9,579	Wisconsin.....	8,416

Frederick Raine, consul general at Berlin, has informed the state department that American citizens suffer great annoyance in Europe unless equipped with passports.

Slight shocks of earthquake are still a matter of daily occurrence at Summerville, South Carolina.

ANTISEPTIC SURGERY.

A Wonderful Advance Over the Old Methods of Treating Wounds.

From the Philadelphia North American.

Fifty years ago, on the minutes of the Pennsylvania Hospital in this city, especial mention was made of the fact that an amputated finger had healed by "first intention," that is, without the process of suppuration and granulation, which is the usual mode by which tissues heal. At the present time it is usual, and not unusual, to have an amputated leg heal by the "first intention" as well as the wounds made in the performance of nearly all major and minor operations of surgery.

So rapid has been the progress in the improved methods of what is known as antiseptic surgery that many medical men are astounded to hear of the results that are being obtained, and the general public are not at all aware of the great advances in the surgical art. Indeed, antiseptic surgery has been in its infancy for less than a dozen years, and has only received its perfect application within a few months.

In the human body there exists a reparative power by which the separated fragments of a broken bone are united. The simplest mode of healing an open wound is by the "first intention" or "immediate union," for which surgeons have aimed for hundreds of years. They had observed it in rare instances, and looked upon it as a possibility, but as previously stated, they seldom succeeded in getting it, and the instances in which they did get it were deserving of special note. If union fails by the "first intention" inflammation supervenes, and healing is accomplished by a long and tedious process of suppuration and granulation, requiring several weeks or perhaps months for the closure of a wound of any considerable size. And this is always connected with a great drain on the vital forces, and danger from blood-poisoning.

What is antiseptic surgery? It consists of certain precautions and appliances for the exclusion of the air, and with the air the numerous germs of disease and putrefaction which float in it, and the application of a germicide, which destroys the vitality of these germs during and after an operation. The more perfectly this is done, the more likely will there be procured the primary union by "first intention." Everybody knows that a cut of a finger, if promptly tied up and kept at rest, will heal readily, but if it is neglected and allowed to get particles of dirt and the germs of disease into it, there is considerable inflammation, the injured member becomes painful and swollen, discharges matter and is slow to heal. Antiseptic surgery aims at the simplicity of domestic practice—the accurate coaptation of the parts, provision being made for the free discharge of secretions from the wound, and the exclusion of the air and germs of disease. By the adoption of antiseptic measures the surgeon simply follows nature's indication. He puts the parts in the best possible condition to heal, and nature does the healing.

The methods adopted in order to secure this success are simple, and but a little more expensive, considering the first cost, but infinitely less costly than the old way of dressing, when consideration is made for the time and waste of repeated dressings, and the lessened risk of blood-poisoning and death from exhaustion from prolonged suppuration.

The most essential element in antiseptic surgery is cleanliness. The part to be operated upon, or the point of injury adjacent tissue, is first thoroughly scrubbed with soap and a fine brush. It is then shaved to remove hair and dead cutaneous cells, and afterwards washed with ether, to remove fat and oily matter. It is then washed with an antiseptic solution, and the operation is begun. A small stream of the solution is played upon the part at short intervals as the operation progresses. Every opening in the tissues is washed out with this solution. The parts are brought together with catgut sutures, which have been rendered aseptic, and these sutures are absorbed, consequently there is nothing to come away. Catgut being an animal tissue, is capable of absorption, and is used for ligaturing vessels, sewing up the parts and for drainage. For this purpose several strands are placed in the deeper part of a wound and drain by capillarity. After there is no further secretions there are absorbed. After the superficial opening has been closed and the edges brought into close apposition, a strip of "protective" is laid over the line of sutures. Over this is spread a fold of several thicknesses of gauze, antiseptically prepared and dusted thickly on its surface with iodoform. Over this is placed cotton, also rendered antiseptic, and the whole dressing is confined in place by roller bandages. This dressing is put on wet—all wet and almost dripping with the antiseptic solution. The dressing is not changed unless there is some sign that all is not doing well, until a proper time has elapsed and it is known that the parts have healed. Under these methods hospital gangrene and erysipelas are very rarely encountered, and there is so little discharge of pus that recently it was impossible to get enough for exhibition to a class at a medical college.

This method, with slight changes in the detail, is now employed at every good hospital in the country, and by every surgeon who is up with the times.

David Dudley Field, whose preaching a crusade against legal verbosity, says that the people of New York pay annually over \$100,000 for recording surplus words in mortgages.

General Horace Porter, in a speech, speaking of American extravagances, alluded to the fact that a gentleman had paid \$18,000 for a peach-blow vase, when for \$5,000 more he could have bought an Alderman.

A Beggar Leaves to a Woman Who Befriended Him \$50,000 in Cash.

Old Matt Bland, a brush peddler and a miser, died in squalor a few weeks ago in the third story back room of a little house on Stiles street above Sixteenth in Philadelphia. A few days ago his will was admitted to probate in the office of the Register there. It bequeaths his entire fortune of \$50,000 to Mrs. Harriet Walton, the wife of William H. Walton, a well-to-do wholesale chemist, who lives at 1,433 Girard avenue. Mrs. Walton says: "I think that it was early in 1884 that Old Matt as we used to call him, first came to the house selling brushes. He was a miserably-looking old fellow, with a racking cough, poorly clad, but always remarkably neat and clean. I bought a brush from him, and he seemed very grateful. About a week afterward he came again and implored me to buy another brush, because it gave him luck. The brush I had bought before, he said, was the first one he had sold for three days, but this sort of the bull rolling and he had sold a dozen a day since I made the purchase. Trade had begun to slack off again, and so he begged me to give him a start."

Mrs. Walton said she took an interest in him and bought one. What was more, she gave him his breakfast, and from that time he was a regular visitor, eating his breakfast in her kitchen about three mornings a week and selling her more brushes than she could find use for. He came in the winter only, however, and she learned from him that in the summer he tramped around the country peddling his wares.

"He was a curious old fellow," she continued, "possessed of a fair education and a rare fund of information on general topics. He told me once that he had married when young, and had lost his wife three months after. He had never been the same man since. He was a native of the north of Ireland, and was a brushmaker by trade. His father was a successful mechanic, and my belief is that most of the money which he left was bequeathed him by his father. About a month ago he stopped coming here, and I supposed he must be ill. I had no idea where he lived, and had no idea that he was anything but what he represented himself to be, a poor peddler, until I received notice early in the week from a lawyer that Matthew Bland had died, leaving me his sole legatee. At first I couldn't imagine who it was, and thought there must be some mistake, for I didn't even know his last name."

The lawyer is for the most part in cash on deposit in one of the up-town banks, though among his treasures were two shares of Pennsylvania Railroad stock and one share of the Insurance Company of North America.

The Good Little Boy and the Young Parson.

One Sunday a young clergyman from a young congregation preached, by exchange, to a congregation which is one of the serene, old-fashioned, undisturbed sort, where everything theological passes placidly from one year to another, and where the rising generation's undoubted human nature is allowed for in a quiet sensible way. The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday school, and after the exercises were about half finished he rose to make a little speech.

"I know that you are an enterprising Sunday school," he said, "because I see so many new books. I know that you are a happy Sunday school, because I see so many smiling faces around me. And I know that you are a generous Sunday school, because that little boy over there by the long pew door offered me a peanut as I came in." The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncontrollably to himself.

"Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're not sorry you offered me the peanut, are you?"

"Did you th-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the little boy still snickering violently.

"Why, yes; wasn't it?"

"No—o—o'twas only a shell!"—Taverner in Boston Post.

Webster and the Wise Farmer.

From the Youth's Companion.

Webster was out one Summer day, near Marshfield, busily shooting birds. It was a hot afternoon in August. The farmers were getting their salt hay on the marshes.

He came, in the course of his rambling, to the Green Harbor River, which he wished to cross. He beckoned to one of the men on the opposite bank to take him over in his boat which lay moored in sight.

The man at once left his work, came over and paddled Mr. Webster across the stream. He declined the payment offered him, but lingered a moment to question his passenger.

"This is Daniel Webster, I believe?"

"That's my name," replied the sportsman.

"Well, now," said the farmer, "it seems to me, I declare, if I could get \$5 or \$6 a day, 'pleadin' cases up in Boston, I would not be wadin' over these marshes this hot weather shootin' little birds!"

Offered to Fighting.

New York Sun.—John L. Sullivan happened to be standing on the corner of Kearney and Geary streets in San Francisco the other evening, when two politicians came to blows, and a big crowd assembled. John at once hurried away to his hotel, and was in very bad humor for the rest of the evening, and this is what he is said to have said to Pat Sheedy: "Now, this is a nice bloody row, ain't it? This thing will be telegraphed to the East, and everybody there will think I've been mixed up in it. D—n it, Sheedy, why don't you keep away from this fighting crowd?"

ANECDOTES OF VICTOR HUGO.

New Stories of His Youth and His Remarkable Eyewitness, from a Book Just Published—His Wanderings in Tenacious Memory.

The publisher of the magnificent national edition of Victor Hugo's complete works, M. Emile Testard, has just issued the first part of the "Life" of the poet, written by the brilliant Parisian litterateur, M. Louis Ulbach, writer Paris correspondent of *The New York Mail and Express*. This portion of the work is devoted to the youth of Victor Hugo, and contains many fresh anecdotes and descriptions. Victor Hugo had a remarkable tenacious memory. He could always turn to a verse, or even a word, that he wished to find in her vast ocean of his writings. When 9 or 20 years old he went to Spain, and the impression made upon his youthful mind by the Moors' architecture and the other remains of the Arabian domination were never effaced. Many years later, when he produced his "Orientales," the critics wondered how the poet could have caught the spirit of a land and people that he had not seen.

"It is a singular fact," says M. Ulbach, "that this easy-cherry orientalist, who had never breathed in the odor of the rose on the stem but had only wandered among the walls impregnated with its scent, that this traveler from the Spanish orient had imbedded the local color more thoroughly than the poets who had journeyed through the east. Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Theophile Gautier, and others still, have brought back with them charming narrations that add, however, nothing to their genius or talent. Victor Hugo's verses, on the contrary, inspire you with oriental scenes, and yet they are only echoes still ringing in his mind from that one far-off sojourn in Spain."

Hugo had not only a strong, healthy intellect, but also a sound body. Toward the end of his life he grew deaf, so that it became a real infirmity. But otherwise he preserved all his faculties, physical and mental, up to his last illness. M. Ulbach records several examples of Victor Hugo's bodily vigor. When writing "Notre Dame de Paris" he used often to go twice a day up to the top of the tower. In the evening he was generally accompanied by friends.

"On one of these occasions," writes M. Ulbach, "Victor Hugo was gazing with delight at the purple hues of the setting sun, turning his piercing little eyes in the direction of the Arsenal library, which is a long distance off. 'I see Charles Modier on his balcony,' he remarked earnestly to his friends; he isn't alone, there are two ladies with him—one of them is his daughter, but the other I do not know." Notwithstanding their respect for the poet, and their knowledge of his wonderful visual powers, the little group indulged in an incredulous smile. But when, an hour later, they called on Modier, they were astonished to find that Victor Hugo's eyes had deceived neither them nor him. Once asked the poet if this story was true, and he told me that it was, and substantiated it with this one: When in college he used to attend lectures on physics in the medical school. One day the professor wished to try some experiment in optics, and invited the students to go with him to the roof of the building, where he set up a telescope turned in the direction of the Garden of Plants. He then asked the young men to stand by the telescope and observe the sun to the naked eye. Victor Hugo happened to be the first one called upon. 'I do not need the aid of the telescope,' he said; 'I can make out the sign. It reads: *Chantier du Cardinal-Lemoine*.'

In fact his excellent eyesight stood him in stead when he began to grow deaf. "He saw so well," says our biographer, "that he seemed to hear everything, and when he asked that a phrase be repeated it was more to make sure that he had guessed correctly than to satisfy the demands of his deaf ear. A few months before his death I was dining with him and was giving an account of my last visit to Spain. I went on so far as to admit a liking for bull fights, whereupon Mme. Lockroy said to me in a low voice: 'It is fortunate father doesn't hear you, for he detests that cruel sport. Pray don't say anything more on that subject.' So I took up another topic. But my host gave such a searching look that I felt that I was discovered.

"I didn't seize the whole sentence," remarked the poet; "you said that you liked—"

"I ventured to prevaricate."

"I was saying that I like the Bohemian dance."

"No, no," interrupted Victor Hugo, shaking his head, while a smile spread over his face; "you said that you liked bull fights."

But enough on the text of this fascinating volume. Now a few words on the rich illustrations that are scattered throughout it. There are three portraits of Victor Hugo—one by M. Adrien Didier, the well-known French engraver, copied from a photograph made by Charles Hugo, the father of Georges and Jeanne, at Jersey in 1853. The face is clean-shaven, and the dark hair falls in heavy locks on either side, hiding the ears. The colored portrait, after Danger's original watercolor, is the Victor Hugo as we know him, with his short, white hair, his stubby, frosty beard, and his four-score years. The third is the poet on his deathbed, drawn by the painter Edmond Dupain. The volume also contains an engraving of the superb catafalque designed by the famous architect Charles Garnier and placed under the Arc de Triomphe on the occasion of the poet's funeral; and one of the picturesque house, Rue Notre Dame des Champs, which Victor Hugo inhabited at the time of his marriage.

But perhaps the most interesting, if not the most artistic, illustrations are two wood cuts by Maulle from original sketches by Victor Hugo himself, who, you will remember, was almost as clever with the pencil as he was famous with the pen. I close this incomplete enumeration by mentioning the facsimile of one of Victor Hugo's letters, which is curious as a specimen of his sturdy goose-quill chirography, and also because it refers to the elder Dumas in one of his fits of bad humor.

Scientific Miscellany.

Abnost has been successfully propelled on the same by means of artificial wings acting on the air and driven by a rotating wheel.

The museum at Bualak, in Egypt, contains what has been called the oldest picture in the world—a fresco from a tomb at Maydoom representing six geese.

A case was lately reported to the New York Pathological Society of a negro child, which lived but two months, with only one lung—the left, the other being rudimentary and never inflated. The heart had only one auricle and one ventricle—both the left.

A novel museum is being established by Dr. Guillebeau, a blind professor in a Paris institution for the blind. His collection comprises articles specially devised for the use of the sightless, and is already quite valuable. It includes a very complete display of the various kinds of letters which have been used for reading by touch.

The decline of the silk industry in India, for which various causes have been assigned, has at length been proven by Mr. Wood Mason, an English naturalist, to be due to a destructive parasite disease of the worm. The effect on seems to be identical with "pebrine," which ravaged French silkworm nurseries from 1849 to 1865, and was eradicated from Europe by the discoveries of M. Pasteur.

A "Wesleyan Scientific Society" has been organized in England under the presidency of Rev. W. H. Dallinger, F. R. S. Its objects are the encouragement of practical scientific work among amateurs, the guidance of beginners in the study of natural history. The interchange of opinions upon scientific questions, and the collection and circulation of useful facts bearing upon the science in general. Similar work is being done by the "Agassiz Association," which already claims over 10,000 members. Each society expects soon to have its own monthly journal.

A Man at His Best.

It has been said that "if we could realize the wonders of our physical organization, we would be hyperochondriacs, fearing every moment that some part of the mechanism would break down." Yet how true is it, that man knows more about almost everything than he does about himself.

In the various vocations of life, how often do we find that the watchmaker will detect the smallest speck that interferes with the movement of a watch, sooner than ever dream of the derangement of the pulse-beat of his own heart. The engineer would not dare run another rod with his locomotive under certain conditions; yet he unconsciously will drive his own human machinery with more to be feared from the result than there would be to run his engine with a loose bolt or missing pin.

The question is often asked, What is perfect health? Nearly all the answers that have been given are essentially the same in substance, and may be expressed in a few words. As far as possible, with the constant molecular changes which are constantly going on in the body, that man possesses perfect health when every organ in his body is performing its natural function without special conscious effort. Of course, the brain, being the seat of the will, is cognizant of all this, in much the same way as the instrument in the telegraph office has a certain impression that the lines are in working order; but if the "wires be down" at any point on the circuit, the effect is at once perceived in the operating room. Every effort should be made, especially by the young, to keep themselves in first-class order. They are worth more to society, the world, and the church, by so doing; they are physically and morally benefited by it. Even as "market value" they can command better positions and higher wages. *It pays to be well.*—The Golden Rule.

The Critic.

Critics are persons, and all persons are warped, to some measure, to fit professions, and all professions contain some excentrics and cranks. The profession of the critic is no free from the weaknesses that attach to other professions composed of mortals. The good and the bad are found in all vocations, and the bad or the would-be critic is the worst, and when properly understood, the most insignificant of all erring mortals. He has egotism enough to thrust himself into all things, but not sense enough to know how to behave when he gets in.—The Current.

White Wines Preferred.

"There is one remark of Solomon's on the temperance question which I cheerfully indorse." "Why is that?" "Look not upon the wine when it is red. I have always followed that advice and stuck to white wines, which are not adulterated with logwood and other drugs."—Texas Siftings.