

SINGLE RAIL RAILWAY.

The Force of Traction Is Directed by a Balloon.

A mountain railway built on quite a novel plan was tested last year on a small scale, and it is shortly to be opened in a different locality for regular service. The principal feature of the new system is that the force of traction is directed vertically upward, and is derived from a balloon. A single rail is used for the only purpose of directing the course of the train and keeping the balloon with its load captive. To this end the rail is made T-shaped, and the car runs on it, gripping it from the sides and from below. The rail is anchored to the ground at distances of about 15 feet. In the descent the propelling force is gravity, and the balloon acts as a check to prevent accelerated motion. A ballast of water, taken up at the top of the mountain, provides the additional downward force required. The truck carries the water receptacle, which can be opened by the aeronauts during the journey. The truck and the receptacle together weigh about 660 pounds, and when there is no wind the receptacle carries about 1,100 pounds of water, making a total weight of 1,760 pounds. When it is windy the strain between the balloon and the truck is diminished by letting the water out of the receptacle, thus compensating for the difference in power. The difference in weight caused by the passengers entering or leaving the car is regulated by the use of separate weights, a sufficient number of which will be kept at each station.

The tests made of this system were very favorable, and the inventors, Messrs. Vorderauer and Brackebusch, are preparing to build a similar line to run up the Hochstaufen, near Bad Reichenhall, Bavaria. The inventors purpose making a balloon with a diameter of 65 feet 7 inches and a lifting power of 10,650 pounds. The balloon car, net, rope, etc., weigh 4,620 pounds, and an allowance of 3,300 pounds is made for passengers and aeronauts, leaving a margin of 2,640 pounds.

There is a storage house, where the balloon may be left in case of storm, and all possible measures are observed to insure the absolute safety of the passengers. The whole device seems very appropriate for the purpose it is to fulfill, and there seems no reason why the enterprise should not prove entirely successful—Illustrated Zeitung.

THE FIRST WOMAN'S CLUB.

Now One Hundred and Two Years Old and Still Flourishing.

The first woman's club founded in America, or at least the first about which we have authentic information, was held in the city of Penn 102 years ago, under the name of "The Female Society for the Relief and Improvement of the Poor." According to the Philadelphia Ledger, it was begun and organized by a Quaker spinster, Anne Parrish, who was born in 1760, and died just before the nineteenth century began, at the end of the year 1800. The society consisted of 23 young, accomplished women of the best families, who met every week to grieve about the poor and the needy. When the city was visited by the yellow fever, shortly after the formation of the club, the metal of its members put their heads between their knees while women feel an inclination to recline with their feet at an acute angle above their heads, so excessive is the vertigo. Fortunately, cases of "theater sickness" are as yet the exception rather than the rule. A theater where all the men's heads would be bowed down between their knees, and where all the women were to have their feet in the air, would furnish a strange mixture of the mournful and the hilarious.

COSTERS' ENGLISH.

At Least It Is Supposed to Be English, But It Doesn't Look Like It.

English costers have a language of their own. There is nothing very remarkable about it, its chief characteristic being a palpable kind of back spelling, says Tit-Bits.

In many matters a coster will speak of a halfring as a "fatch," while "gen" is a shilling; but "teach-guy" eight shillings.

"Couter" means a "crown," "net-gen" passes for half a sovereign, now a "cunagib" term, somewhat unprudent.

"Ait a crown being given the bawd."

"Fatchnorky" is an archaic term, somewhat "fatchnorky."

A curious method of expressing multiples is shown by "erth-ewf-gens," meaning 15 shillings. "A goom" means "a good market," "abbeno," a bad one. "A regular frosseno" stands for "a regular bad one."

"Yes" and "no" are represented by "ye" and "ny." "Tumble to your barrikin" expresses "understand you." "Plash it" signifies "show it." "Cross chep" means a thief. "Showfus" is an archaic term, for bad money.

"Do the tightner"—a very expressive term, the derivation of which is not difficult to understand—means "go to dinner." "Nommus" stands for "be off," and "tol" is a "share."

Gold in Coal.

The Denver Republican says there is a man in Colorado who has invented a device whereby four dollars worth of gold per ton can be extracted from coal. If dealers would deduct four dollars a ton from the price of coal to the consumer the latter would be willing to permit him to keep all the gold he might find.

DOGS FOR THE KLONDIKE.

Are Being Gathered in All the Large Cities.

The Klondike will open up a new field of usefulness for the dog. In Seattle an enterprise is on foot to establish a dog nursery, where the animals will be trained for the Alaska service and then sent there and sold to the miners. It is believed that the dogs will solve the vexed problem of transportation, says the New York Journal.

Ex-Mayor Black and J. B. Powles, of Seattle, who are behind the enterprise, are gathering dogs in Chicago, St. Paul and other cities. The first load of 220 picked animals has already arrived in Seattle. They have been gathered with a view of doing of packing and sled drawing over the Alaska trails. No spaniels or other sporting dogs have been secured, but only the hard-willed, long-haired breeds, that will weigh from 60 to 70 pounds each.

"Our object," said Mr. Powles, "is bringing the dogs to Seattle now to give them a good training. They will be placed in charge of Oscar Jones, who has charge of the Seattle kennels. We expect to sell the dogs, and house and train them from now until spring, fitting harness to them, breaking them to drive, and in every way training them so they can be used as soon as they reach the trails. We have brought them in this early in the season to avoid risks of cold weather. We expect to bring a carload from Philadelphia soon, and in all will have four carloads."

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TREE.

A Man of Family Pride Who Met with a Surprise.

A Washington man who prides himself upon his family connections is just recovering from an attack of nervous prostration, says the Star. This man lately became possessed of the idea of constructing a family tree, feeling assured he could produce a growth that would dwarf the giants of the California forests into insignificance. He began on one branch of his family, and soon struck Miles Standish, from whom he ran various shoots and offshoots, with many a feeling of pride. With renewed interest he went to work on another branch of his growing tree, and when he was amazed to strike a great-grandfather who had died from strangulation brought on by a rope encircling his throat, his death occurring in the presence of a large gathering of curious people, who had taken a day off during harvest time in order to see the hanging. By this time the man of family pride had become intensely disgusted with genealogical investigations, but all that his friends knew of his disappointment was the fact that he remained away from the busy haunts of his fellows for several weeks, and the family physician gave out the information that he was the victim of a severe case of nervous prostration.

NOVEL TREATMENT.

The Russians Take an Ant Bath to Cure Rheumatism.

The Russian peasants, more especially those residing in the neighborhood of Moscow, have a peculiar and original method of treating themselves for that bane of mankind, rheumatism. Many cures, even in very bad cases, are, it is claimed, effected by making the patient take ant baths, says an exchange.

The manner of preparing these baths is as follows: An anthill is sought, and when found, a sack is filled with ants' eggs, and if it be considered necessary, a certain quantity of the earth which composes the hill. The sack is then closed hermetically and carried to the home of the sufferer. A warm bath is already prepared here, and the sack is plunged bodily into the hot water. Soon this latter begins to give off a peculiar pungent odor, characteristic of formic acid. The bath is now ready for the patient's immersion. The action of the bath on the skin is one of intense irritation, and the result seems to be a drawing out of the evil, and the consequent disappearance of the rheumatic pains.

It is advisable for anyone who may be tempted to try this remedy to be careful not to remain too long in the ant bath, as the consequences might be a total disorganization of the skin, which would peel off, due to the violent action of the acid.

"THEATER SICKNESS."

A New Disease Discovered by a French Physician.

"Theater sickness" is the name of the new disease recently discovered by the eminent French physician, Dr. Morticole, which is at present a topic of a good deal of discussion in scientific and lay circles in Paris. The doctor declares that "theater sickness" and sea sickness resemble one another, take their victims entirely unaware, and prey especially on women. The symptoms consist of giddiness, loss of consciousness, a deep faint, and in perverse cases the malady causes death. It seizes a victim after he has gazed long at the stage, and more commonly in tragedy than in comedy, and, in brief, it constitutes a species of asphyxia. When men feel "theater sickness" coming on they become, according to Dr. Morticole, oblivious to all considerations of locality and put their heads between their knees while women feel an inclination to recline with their feet at an acute angle above their heads, so excessive is the vertigo. Fortunately, cases of "theater sickness" are as yet the exception rather than the rule. A theater where all the men's heads would be bowed down between their knees, and where all the women were to have their feet in the air, would furnish a strange mixture of the mournful and the hilarious.

ROOTS ENTWINED HIM.

An Oak Tree Smothered the Coffin of John Randolph.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, died June 24, 1833, at the City hotel in Philadelphia, where he had gone to set sail for England. On his way there, says the Philadelphia Times, he passed through Washington, and, dragging his emaciated body with difficulty to the senate chamber, again met Henry Clay. The former enemies had a touching interview and parted, for the last time, in peace and good will.

Randolph was carried to Virginia and buried under the pines of Roanoke in the midst of that solitude which he had always craved in life. Many years later his remains were removed to Hollywood cemetery in Richmond, and a handsome monument placed over them by John Randolph Bryan.

In making the removal it was found that his body was buried no less than eight feet in the ground; the triple lead coffin was with difficulty removed, as the roots of an old oak had burst its asunder and wrapped round and round his body, holding him in a long embrace close to the state he had loved so well.

A Waifless City.

There are no "waifs" in San Francisco, says the Post of that city. Occasionally a family is discovered struggling with dire poverty, but as soon as their condition is known they are cared for. If any of the members of the family are capable of self-support they are put in a way of earning a livelihood; and if they are too young to work or the natural bread-winners are incapacitated by sickness or other affliction ample provision is made for their necessities. There are hundreds of boys and girls in San Francisco, children of parents who are poor, earning money with which they assist to support their families, but there is not one of these who would answer the description of "waif."

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Price of Game in France.

The price of game in France is alleged to depend principally upon the state of the moon. When the moon is dark and poachers cannot see to set their snares at night game is scarce. When the moon is full there is plenty of light and the poachers get lots of game.

SURGEON'S DILEMMA.

Electric Light Went Out During a Serious Operation.

A Lewiston physician tells a story about a surgical operation and an electric light, says the Journal of that city.

"It was 12 o'clock at night," says he, "when I heard thunderous knocking at my door, and going to it I found a man walking up and down the steps in pain. He had an abscess under his left arm and was suffering intensely. It needed lancing, and we proceeded to do it. I got my instruments ready, placed the man in a chair under the electric light and made an incision. The armpit is a very dangerous place, as many large and small arteries gather there. I had just time to see that I had lanced it, and had also severed a good-sized blood vessel, when the electric light went out. I had no kerosene lamp or gaslight in the room. I could hear the blood falling in a little pool on the floor, and my patient was terribly excited. I was scared. I seized a towel, made a wad of it, and, chucking it under the man's arm, told him to hold it down to his side. Then I ran to the telephone and called up the power station. 'It'll be an hour before we can get the light on again. A belt has broken,' they said. 'But I have just cut a man and he is bleeding to death in the dark here.' Sorry, but I can't help it," came the answer. I then remembered a kerosene stove, and, lighting this, I caught up the blood vessel with thread and dressed the wound by its failing light. It was the most startling and precarious operation I ever performed."

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No 4832 rue Colisée, nœguire Lyon,

La Confortable Résidence à un étage,

No 4820 rue Colisée, et

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