

## RAILROAD TRAVEL IN ITALY.

DIFFERING SOMEWHAT FROM THE RAPID STYLE IN THIS FAIR LAND.

Florence letter in the New York World: To miss a connection with an Italian train means a good deal. There are only two trains a day on the principal lines—one in the morning, at the earliest hour conceivable, with inconvenience and discomfort, and another at the latest hour devisable by the ingenuity of man to make it disagreeable for travelers. One of the strangest things connected with this schedule of Italian trains is that they all start early and late from any town you may happen to be in. I have been in three or four Italian towns now on my way here, and I have found this rule to be absolute. How they can arrange them so as to have them start at these same hours from the different towns is beyond my comprehension.

The Italian government controls the railroads of this country. Slower and more maddening trains it would be hard to find in any country in the world. I took a local train from Turin to Milan in order to make a connection for Venice, and I was over five hours going a distance of 60 miles. The train always started out with great reluctance and began stopping as soon as the station was remotely visible, slowing down so gradually in order not to jar the nerves of this never-burrying people that you could hardly tell when the train came to a stop. The most irritating part of the travel was the long wait at each station. The guards would visit with the officials at the various stations and walk up and down and gossip until they felt inclined to start the train once more on its headlong career towards another station about half a mile away. I do not think that the train ever made a run of more than two miles without a stop.

The starting of a train in Italy is an interesting sight to a stranger. The guards wear military uniforms. Their caps are round, with a low visor. Red bands encircle these caps. Their great coats are black, with cow-like capes hanging down their backs. These coats are ornamented with brass buttons. When the train stops the guards rush up and down calling out in the most sonorous and musical of voices the name of the station. This sounds exactly as if they were chanting. When the train stops the facchinos or porters, in blue blouses, come running up to assist passengers to alight and to carry their baggage for them. No matter how small your package you are not permitted to carry it. You must employ a facchino or light. Imposing looking gendarmes with the same cooked hats worn by similar French officials and muffled up in long, black cloaks stand about exactly as upon a stage scene in an opera. No one ever saw them do anything except pose. Men in gray frocks and huge fur collars stalk about talking, chattering, smoking. News vendors with the Italian papers run up and down outside of the train calling their wares under the windows. Many of these news vendors are women. They carry books, novels and newspapers in a tray in front of them and in little leather satchels upon their hips, for the private reading of travelers, lively little books which Mr. Comstock would not permit to be sold in New York. Finally, after an endless amount of slug-song, uproar and moving to and fro, a solemn-looking official comes out from the station and blows a pennyish horn as we hear in the United States Christmas-Day from the small boy in the streets. This is the signal for the train to depart; but you are not to be suddenly moved. There is a further wait of five minutes to prepare you for the shock of departure, and then the engine gives a responsive screech, the doors of the coaches are banged, and at last you are off for a fifteen or twenty minutes' crawl to another station.

## WORLD'S CHAMPION PEDESTRIAN.

WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO IF HIS RECORD IS BEATEN THIS YEAR.

James Albert, the world's champion pedestrian, came to Boston from Worcester yesterday on a short business trip, and while here was seen by a Herald representative, to whom he talked quite freely about his future intentions. "For the next month or more," said he, "I will be with Maxner Skinner, who is now running a 72-hour race in Worcester, but then I will go to Baltimore to look after a six-day straight-away race in that city. It will take place about June 1, or from three to four weeks after the big New York race. In the coming New York race I have an idea that my last record may be broken; and if it is, I believe Littlewood will be the victor. Littlewood is probably the best six-day runner in this country at present. I consider him a better man than Howell. Should the record be broken, I want to enter a sweep-stake race with the victor, Howell and as many more good men who will put in \$1000. Howell may be coming to this country, but I do not believe he will enter the coming New York race. He wants more money to start than any management can afford to give him. A sweep-stake race such as I propose would pay, if run this fall. It would undoubtedly demonstrate who is the champion of the world, and in it you would see some very big

records made. If it should take place and I should win, I would then retire from the tap bark forever, resting on my laurels."

"How do you propose to train if you enter another six-day straight-away race?"

"I will train in just the same manner that I trained before—get myself hardened by the toughest kind of work, and be all over every kind of soreness and sickness when the race starts. In my training for the last few races I have never used any kind of liniment for sore joints or bones. I do not believe in such stuff. All I have used or will use again for rubbing will be warm sweet oil. It is the best thing I know of, and I do not intend to make any change. For intense pain in the joints I have always taken a piece of flannel, saturated it with chloroform, and placed it over the troublesome part. It takes the pain away almost immediately. To harden my feet and prevent them from blistering I have always found the best remedy letting them soak in hot salt water. Trailing at the sea air is as essential as anything I do, and when I again get ready to enter a race, if I ever do, I will run in training as I did for the last race, on the sandy beach at Atlantic City."—Boston Herald.

## EVOLUTION OF EATING.

SOME CURIOUS TABLE MANNERS OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

It was late in the fourteenth century when the first evidences of art in the shape of silver cups were noticeable on the buffet. The dishes were made of pewter or wood, and spoons of bone, wood or silver. Knives were rare, and on that account guests invited to feasts carried their own knives. Forks came in general use still later, and for long years after their introduction they were considered ridiculous affectation and foppery, and not nearly so convenient as one's own fingers. The lord and his lady dipped their fingers into the same plate and sipped their wine from the same cup. Even the queenly Elizabeth, with all her elaborate ideas of etiquette, was content to carry her food to her mouth with her fingers, and at first despised the newly invented fork as unseemly and awkward.

Very gradually the dining room grew in comfort and splendor. Dishes of gold and silver were made, and so eager were the nobles for them that they would sacrifice anything to possess them. The salt cellar was for a long time the article of highest importance on the board. It was a great affair and stood directly in the centre of the table; it was the dividing line; the nobles were seated above the salt, the commoners below; hence grew the proverb: "below the salt." The passing of salt was a ceremonious custom, the guest throwing a pinch over his left shoulder and murmuring a blessing.

The salt-cellars were of the most curious devices. Sometimes they represented huge animals, sometimes a great, full-blown flower on a long, slender stem, and again they were in the shape of a chariot, mounted on four wheels, on which they were easily run down the table.

The first glass cups came from Venice during the sixteenth century, and from that time on society began to loose many of its primitive ways, and became, in a sense, more refined.

Henry VIII. was born with luxurious tastes; he had his banquet chairs supplied with velvet cushions, and about this time the parlor or "talking room," as it was called, was introduced; and here the dames took refuge when the dinner advanced beyond prudent limits, as it invariably did before the finish.

The cook that presided over the kitchen in those days was not the counterpart of our nineteenth century Bridget, but he was an artist, and generally a man of quality. The ladies of the household, even those of noble birth, attended to many domestic duties, making the bread, preserving the fruits, while to understand the proper use of starch was considered a great accomplishment.—Woman.

## THE TELANTAGRAPH.

A WONDERFUL INVENTION WHICH BEATS THE TELEPHONE.

Chicago special: Prof. Elisha Gray, of Highland Park, has just completed an invention scarcely less wonderful and valuable than the telephone. "On next Saturday," said the professor, "I shall give an exhibition of my new telantagraph to some gentlemen from the East. I have tested it to my own satisfaction over and over again. By my invention you can sit down at your office in Chicago, take a pencil in your hand, write a message to me, and as your pencil moves a pencil here in my laboratory moves simultaneously and forms the same letters and words in the same way. What you write in Chicago is instantly reproduced here in fac simile. You may write in any language; write in short-hand if you like; use a code or cipher; no matter, a fac simile is produced here. If you wish to draw a picture it is the same; the picture is reproduced here. The artist of your paper can, by this device, telegraph his pictures of a railway wreck or other occurrence just as a reporter telegraphs his description in words. The two pencils move synchronously.

and there is no reason why a circuit of 500 miles cannot be worked as easily as one of ten miles. The telantagraph will supplant the telephone for many purposes, for it will have marked advantages over it. It will be noiseless, less affected by induction and no misunderstanding can result.

"When one person wishes to communicate with another by the telantagraph he pushes a button, which rings an annunciator in the exchange, or in the office of the person with whom he wishes to converse. Then the first party takes his writing pencil from its holder, and this may be pen or pencil, and writes his message upon a roll of paper. As he writes so writes the pencil at the other end of the wire. In writing, your pen or pencil is attached to two small wires, and these wires regulate the currents which control the pencil at the other end of the wire. But these wires give you no trouble. You hardly know they are there, and can write with as much facility as if they were absent. Nor is there any doubt that it can be used commercially. It will not cost more than \$15 or \$25, and it works much more perfectly than the telephone."

## LITTLE BARRELS OF WINE.

PECULIAR GIFTS IN SOME OF THE RITES OF THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Archbishop Corrigan has in his possession four small barrels. Two of them were given to the late cardinal by Bishop O'Farrell of Trenton when he was made a bishop, and the other two came from Bishop McMerney of Albany on a like occasion. The latter two are made of glass with appropriate inscriptions, and have hoops of silver. The others are also handsome, and bear the date of the presentation. All when presented were filled with wine.

It has for centuries been the custom upon the installation of a bishop in the Roman Catholic church for him to present two barrels of wine to the officiating prelate. When the custom began it was a substantial offering, for then the barrels were of goodly size and filled with choice vintage; but, as the social conditions became changed and barrels of wine were no longer considered gifts appropriate to the occasion, the barrels were made mere ornaments, and the original reason for the custom was forgotten by all except the students, who were curious enough to investigate.

The church has many customs associated with its ceremonies which are retained merely out of respect for their founders and not because of their own sanctity. As the bishop gives two barrels of wine, so the priest gives a wax candle to the prelate officiating at his ordination. At the recent canonization of the new saints in Rome many of these customs were made prominent in the ceremonies. After the pope's speech the cardinals presented him with these gifts in the names of the new saints: A thick wax candle, two loaves of bread, one covered with silver and one with gilt; three cages, one containing doves, one pigeons and the third canaries and greenfinches; and two small barrels of wine.

Father Kelly, one of the cathedral priests, said that the birds were used in a peculiar manner. "At the offertories of mass," he said, "the master of ceremonies cuts the strings which keep the doors of the cages closed, and the birds fly out. In this part of the ceremony the birds are supposed to represent the souls of the saints which have left their bodies and have taken their flight to heaven."

Father Lavelle said that some of the other customs had probably originated in the early history of the church. Much of the income of the church then came in the shape of products of the soil, for nearly everybody was then engaged in agricultural pursuits or derived his income from the efforts of those so engaged. The presents given to the officiating prelate were, therefore, such as the donor would himself receive and appreciate. The custom of giving loaves of bread originated, he thought, from the custom of the faithful in those early days of bringing all the products of the soil to the priest to be blessed.

When a number of Catholics conclude that a departed member of the church has been sufficiently good to entitle him to the honor of ranking with the saints, they petition the holy see to canonize him. Sometimes the petitioners are relatives of the departed. Whoever they are, from them, of course, come the gifts that are presented to the pope.—New York Sun.

## CURSED BY DRINK.

A HEREDITARY TAINT BROUGHT OUT BY A CONVIVIAL HUSBAND.

The following story will doubtless seem to many readers like a revamped work of fiction, filled in with a touch or two of local color, but such is in no sense the case. Every word is based on facts which all too really have occurred. The names of those concerned are withheld solely out of consideration for their many friends. They are well known and come from families which pride themselves on their names and aristocratic lineage.

In one of the little towns which fringe the foothills that lie along the eastern border of the bay there has lived for many years an Episcopal clergyman with his wife and a small

family of talented and beautiful daughters. No one would judge from the actions of this quiet, generous and dignified old man that in his youth he had been a devotee at the shrine of Bacchus and had led as a young man the easy, reckless life of a man about town. Such, however, is the fact, known only to those who have followed him from his far Eastern home. He had been more than a mere rollicking Bohemian—he had been almost a drunkard. Family relations and his love for the woman who is now his wife nerved him to struggle with his giant enemy, and at last gave him power to become the victor. He left home associations to come to this State, and here has been reared his family. The girls grew up perfectly innocent of their father's early weaknesses, and unconscious of the appetite for liquor which slept unawakened within them.

The eldest of these daughters grew into a young woman of marked beauty and fascinating manner. She was what was known as a popular girl and moved especially in the "Southern set." One of her suitors was a stockbroker of a distinguished Virginia family, and him she married. He was as much one of the boys as his clerical father-in-law had been in his younger days. He, too, had a terrible passion for drink, but love with him was not so strong as to break the habit. Worse still, by very natural and perhaps unconscious ways, he roused the dormant passion of his young wife. She soon became as fond of strong drink as was her husband. They drank together and debased themselves by going on protracted private sprees. For days at a time they would be shut from the eyes of the world, revelling in the orgies of a domestic debauch. The husband was fond of fishing, and in this sport the wife joined him. Old Isaac Walton, after whom all modern fishers try to pattern, allowed that angling was not the only pleasure of the fisherman's trip. A little bottle often accompanied him, in which he often found that inspiration which made him write so glowingly of the sport. These two fishers, the young married couple, took Walton as their model, and each carried on their excursions a flask which went out full and returned empty. As often as two and three times a week they would take to the hills with rod and line, bent not so much on fishing as on drinking, until the neighbors remarked on "their real love of sport." A child came to this debauched pair, but the mother's heart could not triumph over appetite, and day after day she would leave her young babe at home, lulled to sleep by some opiate drug, while she outdid her husband in his Scottishness. The neighbors soon learned that it was not sport altogether which took the husband and his wife away so often together, for they were seen late on summer evenings reeling to their homes. At last, for want of a mother's care, the child died. This sobered the wife for a spell, but the reaction came and she was worse than before. Even the husband grew ashamed of her now, for losing her womanly pride she mingled with the commonest classes to be found in "ladies' sitting-rooms," and was once found half intoxicated in a place of shady name. The husband became angry, taunted his wife with her loss of womanly beauty and pride and in unmanly fashion accused her of that for which he was so much himself to blame. They quarreled and out of this lucky quarrel came a divorce.

The wife came to this city and lived with her sister, now married, at a fashionable boarding-house on Sutter Street. The husband followed in the downhill path, which was so much the easiest to follow. They saw nothing of one another, and the girl, by this time a woman of 22 years, began to regain social position and womanly self-respect. The married sister kept careful watch over her divorced elder, hardly letting her leave her sight day or night. One day, however, the sister returned home in the evening and failed to find her ward at home. Thinking that probably she had gone to spend the evening with some friend, she felt easy. Breakfast time came, but the sister did not appear. Just as breakfast was coming to an end in staggered the bleary-eyed bedraggled sister, who, leaning on the back of a chair, said that she had gone out in the afternoon for a walk, had met her husband and had yielded to his entreaties to have dinner together. Dinner meant wine, and wine led to something stronger, and "at last" she said, "we went home together, and he is up stairs in my bed now."

Imagine the consternation of that tableful of respectable and proper women! It was not possible for the newly joined couple to remain in that house, so off they went to a suburban town, where for a time they lived over again the sad life of a year before. Before going, however, stirred by a sense of having done something which was contrary to morals and religion, this twain visited a priest to ask his advice in the circumstances, for both are Catholics, the girl having changed her religion with her name. From the priest they learned the consoling fact that in reuniting their lives they had done no wrong, for the Church had never recognized their divorce, hence they were still man and wife.

Conscience thus calmed they returned to their debaucheries till the heart-broken and gray-haired father by entreaties and prayers moved his daughter to a realization of her position, and then once more the couple parted. This last separation occurred

only a few days ago, and now the wife is seeking some way recognized by society and the church by which she may be freed from the curse of her marital ties. She thinks as a last resort of walling herself within the cold cheerfulness of a convent, but the mother and friends oppose this course and what will become of this unfortunate appetite-haunted girl it is impossible to foretell.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Cure for Warts.

A young lady in town has been very much troubled over a number of large warts on her hands. She has tried every remedy she ever heard of, with the exception of having them removed with the knife, and all to no effect, until a last novel remedy has done its work. She claims to have got it from a gypsy woman. She cuts pieces of paper in squares and large enough to cover a wart. After wetting them she plastered one of them on each wart. When the pieces of paper had dried she took them in the full of the moon and placed them upon the ground beneath the eaves of a building, where the water could drip upon them. After they had been thoroughly wet she placed them in an oven to dry, and finally she placed them in the shape of a triangle upon her hand and then thrust her hand out of a third-story window and blew them off to the winds. In three days the warts had disappeared. She is so confident of the cure that she recommends it to all her friends.—Danbury News.

Life: She (after the theatre)—I see that strawberries are on the bill of fare, George.

He (nervously)—Yes; but they are very sour at this season of the year.

She—Of course; but I think I will take a few, even if they are sour. One cannot expect strawberries to be at their best in March, you know.

## Provo Points.

Provo, April 10.

The case of Fredrick Peterson vs. Joseph Wightman, tried last Friday, was dismissed on motion of the plaintiff.

The People vs. Charles P. Artell; murder case dismissed.

The same order was entered in the case of the People vs. Timothy D. Sullivan and Dennis O'Conner.

John Sullivan vs. Jerry Sullivan; an order was made overruling motion to set aside costs.

Thomas Barrett was arraigned on a charge of unlawful cohabitation, and entered a plea of not guilty. Passed for the term.

The case of Horace Holt vs. the Indiana Land and Live Stock Co. was taken up for trial.

The City Council last night virtually voted in favor of licensing the sale of liquor; that is, they voted down the resolution to have the people vote on the question, and referred it to the judiciary committee, to draft an ordinance for the sale of liquor, under strict regulations. As the council are mostly in favor of a change of policy, prohibition will be abandoned and a new order of things instituted. B.

For 30 years I have been troubled with catarrh—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist here recommended Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. My catarrh was chronic and very bad. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathewson, (Lawyer), Pawtucket, R. I.

We cheerfully add our testimony in favor of Ely's Cream Balm as a sure cure for cold in the head, influenza or catarrh. It is a splendid medicine.—Mrs. Eliza Edstrom and Mrs. E. Jackson, Terndale, Cal.

We are requested to publish the following notice:

To whom it may concern: At a meeting of the High Council of the Weber Stake of Zion, held on Tuesday, March 13th, 1888, John L. Hart was cut off the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for unchristianlike conduct.

ALF. W. MILLGATE, Clerk of Council.

The "Exposition Universelle de l'Art Culinaire" awarded the highest honors to Augustura Bitters as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons, and beware of imitations.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

## DOCTORS' BILLS.

Nearly all diseases originate from infection of the liver, and is this especially the case with chills and fever, intermittent fevers, and malarial diseases. To save doctors' bills and ward off disease take Simmons Liver Regulator, a medicine that increases in popularity every year, and has become the most popular and best endorsed medicine in the market for the cure of liver or bowel diseases.—Telegraph, Dubuque, Iowa.