

"LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 15.—A Mormon emigrant train on the Norfolk and Western Railway was wrecked early this morning, about four miles below this city. The wreck was caused by a small bridge giving way after the engine and baggage car had passed over it. The water in the creek was very high, occasioned by one of the heaviest rain storms ever known in this location. The emigrants numbered one hundred and sixty. Two of the cars plunged into the creek, but strange to say no one was killed and only fifteen or twenty were hurt—none of them seriously. The first car that went down turned over and is a total wreck, and the second car struck on one end and stood almost perpendicular. All the passengers were badly shaken up, but when brought here, Elder Payne, who is in charge of the party, stated that none were crippled and that all would proceed on their journey as soon as the train could be made up. There were nine Mormon Elders in the party."

#### A Great Storm.

On Sept. 10th the press dispatches began to recount the damage done by one of the most extensive, severe and prolonged storms that ever occurred on the Atlantic Coast of this continent. It began to rage on the night of September 9th, and did not entirely abate for several days. For long periods its fury was unprecedented at some points on the coast. Great damage was done to shipping from Boston to the Carolinas. Ocean steamers arriving at New York on the 10th, 11th and 12th, reported the severest weather they had ever experienced. On the New Jersey coast the storm seemed to have reached the highest stages of fury. Scores of vessels were driven ashore, watering places were submerged by the tremendous waves that rolled inland much farther than they were ever known to do before, and traffic on railroads running near the shore was suspended. The night of September 10th was one of terror along the New Jersey and Maryland shore. Extensive tracts of beach were devastated, buildings and other improvements upon them being demolished or swept out to sea, and many vessels were wrecked. Not until the 14th did the storm abate. No estimate of the damage done or the number of lives lost has been given; but the pecuniary loss must amount to many millions.

#### TRANSMIGRATION OF SOLES.

What becomes of old boots, one would like to know, when they reach that last stage of dilapidation at which the very tramp himself rejects them and kicks them off by the roadside as good for nothing? A journal devoted to the interests of the trade, and therefore to be respected as an authority on the subject, has recently asked the question and answered it. The *Leather Reporter* thus reports the ending of the world's old shoes. Vast quantities of them, it says, are taken to mills, and are there ground into fine dust.

To this is added india-rubber in the proportion of about forty per cent, and the combined mass is subjected to a pressure of 6,000 or 10,000 pounds to the square foot. After going through a colouring process this is sold at about half the price of "natural leather," for which, one may presume, it is freely used as a substitute. There being, as all the world knows, "nothing like leather," one is not surprised to hear that the boot-dust-cum india-rubber combination is reckoned but a poor substitute, and is wholly wanting in fibre. Viewed, however, from a less practical but more philosophical standpoint, there is something rather taking in this doctrine of the Transmigration of Soles. If Pythagoras be right, a Wellington and a Blucher live again in the person of somebody else; and even so does the dust of the boots to which these heroes have given their names come to be made up into other boots, and so on in *sæcula sæculorum*. Who knows what great man's boot-dust one may not be actually treading upon? Who knows whether something of the spirit of the original owner, in a previous form, of this inferior substitute for leather may not come to animate the subsequent wearer? Clearly the *Leather Reporter* has opened up a pleasing perspective of possibilities to people of imagination by its doctrine of the Transmigration of Soles. — London (Eng.) *Globe*.

#### LIGHT IN THE SICK ROOM.

Still a custom prevails, despite all our sanitary teachings, that the occupant of the sick room in the private house should be kept at all hours in a darkened room. Not one time in ten do we enter a sick room in the daytime to find it blessed with the light of the sun. Almost invariably, before we can get a look at the face of the patient, we are obliged to request that the blinds may be drawn up, in order that the rays of a much greater healer than the most able physician can ever hope to be may be admitted. Too often the compliance with this request reveals a condition of room which, in a state of darkness, is almost inevitably one of disorder everywhere; foods, medicines, furniture, bedding misplaced; dust and stray leavings in all directions.

In brief, there is nothing so bad as a dark sick room; it is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient; and, if the reason for it be asked, the answer is as inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light; as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though to darken one part of the room it were necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstitious practice, which once prevailed so intensely that the sick, suffering from the most terrible diseases, smallpox, for instance, were shut up in darkness, their beds surrounded with red curtains, during the whole of

their illness. The red curtains are now pretty nearly given up, but the darkness is still accredited with some mysterious curative virtue.

A more injurious practice could not be maintained than that of darkness in the sick room. It is not only that darkness and disorder are results of darkness; a great remedy is lost. Sunlight is the remedy lost, and the loss is momentous. Sunlight diffused through a room warms and clarifies the air. It has a direct influence on the minute organic poisons, a distinctive influence which is most precious, and it has a cheerful effect upon the mind. The sick should never be gloomy, and in the presence of the light the shadows of gloom fly away. Happily the hospital ward, notwithstanding its many defects—and it has many—is so far favored that it is blessed with the light of the sun whenever the sun shines. In private practice the same remedy ought to be extended to the patients of the household, and the first words of the physician or surgeon on entering the dark sick room should be the dying words of Goethe: "More light, more light!"—B. W. Richardson, M.D.

#### DAVID NAGLE.

Before Judge Terry slapped Justice Field's face that day he ought to have thought a bit about the quiet looking man who was sitting by the justice's side. Such men as David Nagle are unpleasant to have around if one wants to do anything of that sort. A glimpse at Nagle's record is interesting as showing the kind of men that the emergencies of the west have turned out.

David Nagle is known throughout the Pacific coast as the terror of desperadoes, a lightning shot with the pistol, and a man who never yet allowed an antagonist to get the drop on him. He was raised in San Francisco, but early in the seventies he went to Arizona, having been attracted there by the mining excitement. He went into the contracting business, and took several large contracts to sink shafts in mines.

He was of a quiet, unassuming disposition, but desperadoes whom he came in contact with soon learned that he was a man who knew his rights and would not allow any one to trample on him. He opened a saloon at Tombstone and was soon doing well. In a short time he became a great favorite with the law abiding citizens of that booming town, and in 1881 he received an appointment as chief of police. While occupying that trying position he had frequent encounters with the criminal element, and by his fearless behavior he soon earned for himself the reputation of being a man of undisputed courage.

While he was serving as chief of police at Tombstone, a drunken Mexican desperado entered the town and began to enliven things by shooting at the people on every side. He defied arrest and vowed that the first man that tried to arrest him would be shot down in his tracks. Joe Poynton, who was serving under Nagle, tried to take him