

ly in a well known town in Texas. He, with the effrontery which constitutes his chief characteristic, drops a note to the News, asking for a notice in this journal, which is now given him. He suggests that if we advertise him it will enable us to get some advertising patronage from "Old Man Foote." The fellow signs himself, "Dr. Orville, formerly Dr. Foote, Jr."

The New York practitioner to whom this person alludes with some disrespect impressed us as a gentleman and a capable professor, while on the other hand Orville alias Foote appeared in the light of a semi-cultivated fraud whose skill is immensely surpassed by his impudence.

RELATIVE TO REGISTRATION.

We have been requested, by a gentleman of this city, to answer the following questions:

- 1.—If a person came to this country in infancy and his father was a naturalized citizen long before he came of age, is it necessary for him to obtain naturalization papers?
- 2.—Is it necessary, when a person who has been registered and in the meantime has removed from the precinct in which it was done, to register again in the precinct to which he has removed?

We will reply to the interrogatories in the order in which they are stated.

1. The children of an alien do not need to take out citizenship papers, if their father became a naturalized citizen before they became of age.

2. A decision of the Second District Court, made in 1882, sustains the view that the proper registration officer may issue to an elector a certificate that he has been duly registered in some precinct, which certificate is sufficient authority for the placing of such elector's name on the registration list of the precinct to which he has removed; and that such certificate may issue and such transfer be made at any time before the election takes place.

LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

This is an interesting subject, the more so from the fact that we are constantly, at some seasons of the year, subjected to visitations from the dangerous fluid of the upper deep, a case of lightning stroke having occurred as late as Thursday last in this city. The subjoined by Prof. Tyndall, which is taken from the London Times, will be read with interest:

"Your recent remarks on thunderstorms and their effects, induce me to submit to you the following facts and considerations: Some years ago a rock lighthouse was struck and damaged by lightning. An engineer was sent down to report on the occurrence, and as I then held the honorable and responsible post of scientific adviser to the Trinity House and Board of Trade, the report was submitted to me. The lightning conductor had been carried down the lighthouse tower, its lower extremity being carefully embedded in a stone, perforated to receive it. If the object had been to invite the lightning to strike the tower, a better arrangement could hardly have been adopted. I gave directions to have the conductor immediately prolonged, and to have added to it a large terminal plate of copper, which was to be completely submerged in the sea. The obvious convenience of a chain as a prolongation of the conductor caused the authorities in Ireland to propose it, but I was obliged to veto the adoption of the chain. The contact of link with link is never perfect. I had, moreover, beside me a portion of a chain cable through which a lightning discharge had passed, the electricity in passing from link to link encountering a resistance sufficient to enable it to partially fuse the chain. The abolition of resistance is absolutely necessary in connecting a lightning conductor with the earth, and this is done by closely embedding in the earth a plate of good conducting material and of large area. The largeness of area makes atonement for the imperfect conductivity of earth. The plate, in fact, constitutes a wide door through which the electricity passes freely into the earth, its disruptive and damaging effects were no abusive language to her; we were as mild as we possibly could be; we took her to Justice Dana's, where she was kept a couple of hours; I went back to the house and told Ferguson and Lynett to carefully move the furniture off the premises, which they did; I then gave the possession of the house to Mrs. Tompkins; I had nothing to do with tearing the house down; I left when Mrs. Tompkins took possession, and have not been on the ground since; the next day, Dec. 20th, I levied on some of her goods for the judgment; I asked Marks for it first, and he said he did not know anything about it; he afterwards asked for time, and I granted it; then said he could do no business while I was in the store, and I left; shortly after checks for the amount of the judgment and cost were sent to me; when the mail came in on Monday I got a telegram from D. Evans asking me to stay the execution; this was after the fuss was over; later in the day I received a dispatch from Ike Fendonski, to the same effect as that sent by

Evans; the next day, the 20th, I got two letters, one from Commissioner Hills and one from David Evans; I received them after I had collected the money; the checks were in my pocket at the time.

Cross-examined by Mr. Varian—I again arrested Mrs. Marks on the 23rd; on the 19th I did not read the warrant to her because she was screaming terribly; I told her I had a warrant for being thereby avoided. These truths are elementary, but they are often neglected. I watched with interest some time ago the operation of setting up a lightning conductor on the house of a neighbor of mine in the country. The wire rope, which formed part of the conductor, was carried down the wall, and comfortably laid in the earth below, without any terminal plate whatever. I expostulated with the man who did the work, but he obviously thought he knew more about the matter than I did. I am credibly informed that this is a common way of dealing with lightning conductors by ignorant practitioners, and the Bishop of Winchester's palace at Farnham has been mentioned to me as an edifice 'protected' in this fashion. If my informant be correct, the 'protection' is a mockery, a delusion and a snare."

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The present year will expire and another one be ushered in tonight. In many respects that which is going out has been one of the most prolific of momentous events and startling developments, the world throughout, of modern times. Many of the phases that have sprung up in the midst of the civilization of the age are still in their incipency, and during the incoming year many of their more advanced fruits are likely to appear, human affairs generally being in a state of commotion.

Locally many occurrences have taken place of great importance to the community with which the great majority of our readers are connected. The experiences through which the people of Utah have passed should tend to make them stronger and better. They should be in a position to meet any combination of circumstances that may await them in the future. The horizon is not clear, but hope and faith are sufficient to give assurance that all will be well. The time will come when the clouds will disappear and the sunshine of peace, prosperity and increased fraternity will shine upon those who are true to correct principle. A lecturer once exclaimed, in the language of the old song—"There's a good time coming." A man in the audience arose and said, with much gravity—"Mister, will you be kind enough to give us the date." This rather nonplussed the speaker who was unable to give a satisfactory reply to the pointed interrogatory. Such is the position now. That better days are ahead must be a fact, but whether that desirable situation will be reached in 1888 is a question that cannot be answered. In the meantime, however, it is the duty of all to "labor and wait."

As the News will not issue again till Tuesday, we wish one and all "a happy new year," hoping, at the same time, that all in entering upon it will "turn over a new leaf."

WONDERFUL GROWTH OF THE RAILWAY.

THE railway statistics for the year now closing present some wonderful features, some things to reflect upon. The number of miles of track constructed was ahead of anything in that line the world ever produced before, the total being 12,734 miles so far as heard from, with some little building not yet reported which is expected to swell the figures to 13,000—enough, if placed in a direct line, to extend considerably more than half way around the globe! The grand total of mileage is put at 150,710, upon which and the extensions previously noted the amount expended during the year was \$325,000,000, giving employment to an army of 65,000 men representing fully half a million people. These figures are simply wonderful and represent in a slight degree the power wielded by the iron roads, a power second only, perhaps, to that of the press.

This is essentially the land of railroads, containing as it does more miles than all Europe combined and considerably more than half of all in the world. At the present rate of increase there will soon be no frontiers, nonpenetrated tracts; the stage coach will exist in recollections and records past only, the uses of the equine will be reduced as his field is curtailed, and the iron horse will be the recognized factor in the great industry of transportation. No wonder the cry goes up, gathering strength and force from year to year, for the government to take the railroad and its indispensable adjunct the telegraph firmly into its keeping. The growing proportions of each means a corresponding growth of influence and potency, and those who make the call claim that unless something decisive be done without great delay, the government will soon be under the control of those great corporations instead of vice versa.

It is a great problem, truly, when a purely mechanical and most useful enterprise assumes such proportions that those who uphold the nation which fosters it ask that the iron hand of power be applied to check the further spread of a real benefit but an alleged growing evil.

MUSIC FOR THE MUTES.

A NIGHT OF REVELRY FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

A ballroom, big and bare and still. Brilliant with lights, but not a man or woman in it. The orchestra are in the gallery, but so far they have not touched their instruments. It is 10 o'clock and time the dance is on. The folding doors open and the people enter. And such people! They are in masquerade costume, and never all most were 200 revelers seen in more fantastic dress. Couple by couple they march across the waxed floor. They find seats on the benches around the walls. The band has not yet burst out with march or waltz. The revelers have not spoken. From behind their masks and dominoes they look out upon the picture gay with color and bright and brilliant as any masquerade ball. But there is a solemn silence, for the 200 have the dancing floor to themselves and the 200 are both deaf and dumb. Nature denied them both speech and hearing when they were born, and no effort of themselves or of teachers has given them the two great senses. Not a whisper is heard from the great gathering. Some dresses rustling, some heavy breathing and that is all. The scene becomes more and more impressive to the few men and women behind the orchestra in the gallery, who can talk and can hear, and it is a relief to them, blessed with all their senses, when, after ten minutes of graveyard silence set in ballroom gayety, the orchestra begin the grand march, and the 200 people of the silent world rise for the promenade.

So a few nights ago the Gallaudet Club ball, in Adelphi Hall, in Fifty-second street, near Broadway. Thomas H. Gallaudet was the founder of the system in America for the instruction of the deaf and dumb. In his honor the club was named, and to help pay for a statue for him the ball was given. The educated deaf mutes of New York and of all the country near here, and even some of the silent ones from Europe were in the hall. As time wore on others who can articulate and hear came too. A deaf mute took their tickets, a deaf mute pointed to the women where to leave their wraps and to the men where to leave their hats. Deaf mutes were on every side. The men were some in evening dress with only masks to hide their identity, but the women, young and old, were all in the picturesque, unique and fantastic garb of the carnival.

To one accustomed to hear spoken words and hearty laughs when with a crowd of human beings, it was a peculiar thing not to hear the merry flow of voices and the ringing echo of laughter, but when besides this you could not see the real faces of the beings that stood upon and moved about around you so much, and yet so little like live men and women, the circumstance seemed more peculiar and more solemn. But it was when the first march came that a still queerer thing was noticed. Those 200 people on the floor with useless ears and tongues useless for speech, could not hear the faintest note from violin or piano. And yet their feet tripped over the floor in as true time as ever masters and matrons at a patriarch's ball pressed the floor of Delmonico's. Nor did they look at the orchestra leader beating time with his baton, to catch their cue. They caught and kept in with the music solely through the sense of feeling; for as the vibrations from the instruments came out in waves through the air and reached the wood of the floor and the bodies of the dancers they, with that increased gift of the sense of feeling which comes to the mute, felt the delicate waves and responded nimbly to them. And then they became merry indeed. Fingers flashed thoughts to eyes, and little did the marchers care, seemingly, for their inability to communicate as other people do. All through the twistings of the march the conversation was maintained, and had it been in spoken language that ballroom of the Adelphi Hall would have buzzed with a wonderful noise. Some of the costumes were rich and bizarre. The gowns of the young, pretty and shapely girls illustrated all the fashions from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the day of the Empress Eugenie. And the men were courtly cavaliers and Oxford students in cap and gown, plantation negroes, imps in the lurid colors of hades, cardinals in the true cardinal red, burlesque dukes, rustics labeled "Josiah Hayseed," and "Tom Greenhorn," copies of Uncle Sam in stars and stripes, and some even were in imitation of Satan himself.

The march went on, and ended in dazzling splendor, but in awful stillness. Then came the lancers, and then a waltz. All the while there was a tremendous amount of finger talk, but the more they talked the quieter the room became. Between the waltz and the next dance the floor manager, Enoch Henry Currier, Professor of Articulation in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, mounted the platform and signaled for attention. The finger talk stopped, and all eyes were upon Professor Currier. He made a speech in the sign language. There were, perhaps, 200 more people in the hall by this time who could hear,

and talk with their lips and tongues, and they could not understand the speaker. But he translated his remarks for them as he proceeded. What he said was that a committee had been appointed to award a big horseshoe of flowers to the young woman wearing the most original and the best costume. The committee had decided, he said, that the prize belonged to Frances C. Hawkins. Miss Hawkins came forward and received her reward. The gown she wore was of a light-blue fabric, trimmed partly with lace and much with newspaper title heads. All around the lowers folds of her skirt were fastened the clipped big-lettered titles of dailies and weeklies from the great cities of the globe. On her breast were pictures from *Puck* and *Judge*. From her corsage dangled a bottle labeled "Lak," though it did not contain any. In her hair were fastened two quill pens. From her waist fell the half-finished manuscript of a book and tied to it was a bundle of blank paper. She typified Literature. The award to her was greeted with applause. Miss Hawkins is the assistant professor of art in the Deaf and Dumb Institution and is both young and pretty.

The dancing went on till early morning and before it was over there were 500 people present.—*New York Times*.

INCREDIBLE SUFFERING.

SHOCKING EXPERIENCE OF A FUGITIVE NEGRO WHO ATTEMPTED TO MURDER HIS WIFE.

SMITH'S GROVE, Ky., Dec. 23.—On the night of December 12th, Andrew Graham, a negro, living on the farm of Dr. M. M. Drake, near this town, cut his wife's throat, inflicting very dangerous wounds. After committing the crime Graham jumped from a window clad only in his shirt and drawers and fled. He was tracked over a circuitous route a short distance, after which all trace of him was lost and search was abandoned. On Wednesday he made his appearance at the house of M. R. Gosson, three miles from Smith's Grove. His beard was covered with icicles and his feet and legs badly frozen.

Relating his experience, Graham said: "After I did the cutting I went to a pond and tried three times to drown myself, but could not hold myself under the water. I then left the pond and went barefoot over the frozen ground, some four or five miles to the top of the knob in front of Mr. Gosson's house, about a mile and a half away. At daylight I stopped to rest, when my feet began to crack open and bleed. Blisters formed on the bottom of them. They soon got so sore that I could not walk. I staid at this place for eight days and seven nights without food, clothing, or shelter, except the few leaves I could rake over me. It rained several times and was very cold. To say that I suffered would not half begin to express it.

"Last Thursday I began to want water, and crawled on my hands and knees until I found some in a hollow in the ground, where I drank as much as I wanted. I then crawled away about fifteen steps and hid down, so that I would be near water when I again wanted it. I guess it was where the wild animals get water, as I could lie there and see them drinking at almost any hour of the night. I saw as many as three opossums there at one time, quarreling about which should drink first. The foxes would bark within twenty feet of me.

"I shouted myself hoarse-trying to get assistance, but it did no good. One day some boys came in sight of me, but I was so weak that I could not make them hear me. After suffering untold agony, I made up my mind on the eighth day to find somebody or die in the attempt. So I started from my hiding place, sliding on my stomach until I could get hold of something to pull myself to my feet by. Then I would straighten up, steady myself, and start forward, falling as far as possible in the direction that I wanted to go, which was toward Mr. Gosson's house. By night I reached a straw stack, where I slept among the hogs to keep warm. I reached Mr. Gosson's a little after sunrise, and he gave me something to eat—the first food I had tasted for eight days.

"He then put me on a mule and told me to go to Smith's Grove. I did so and am now in your hands. You can do with me as you think best, as being sorry would not do any good now."

The above is Graham's story just as he told it, and his appearance justifies his statements. The skin is coming off his feet in places several inches square and resembling sole leather. His feet and legs are abnormally swollen to the knees, and amputation will be almost necessary.

Graham's wife came near dying from the wound inflicted by him, but is now improving and will probably get well.

He cut her with a pocket knife, the wound being six inches in length and extending from the back of the neck to the windpipe in front.—*N. Y. Sun*.

THE POVERTY OF RICHES.

A MILLIONAIRE'S SMALL-BOULDED SCHEME TO SAVE A FEW PENNIES.

A financial man tells some interesting stories of a venerable Boston capitalist, whose name, if published, would be "well known and widely recognized"—as the interviewers of anonymous persons always say—and which, for that very reason, will not be given here. The capitalist originated in a Massachusetts country district, where ideas of thrift are instilled into people's minds in their ultimate New England intemperance, and in this man's case the seeds of instruction in economy fell upon friendly ground. To what extent he improved upon his education in that direction one story will illustrate. He once visited a dentist, who filed down a tooth that had been giving him trouble. Not long after another tooth began to give him pain in somewhat the same way; whereupon the capitalist went to a hardware store, bought a cheap file, took it home, and had his son-in-law file long and patiently upon the tooth.

But there is another story that illustrates perhaps even more strikingly the old gentleman's thrift. He used to drive his own carriage, a two-horse top-buggy. One day, just before Thanksgiving, he drove down to the Faneuil Hall market to bargain for and get his turkey for the frugal but traditional feast at his house. As he drove up a boy started out as if to offer to hold his team. At the same moment he saw his cashier arriving on foot.

"Well, Smith," said the capitalist to the cashier, "where are you going?"

"Going to market to get a turkey for Thanksgiving," said the cashier.

"Yes? Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know 'em in here, and if you'll hold my horse, I think I can go in and buy two turkeys so that they'll come cheaper to us than if we bought them separately."

"All right," said the cashier. He took up his station at the horses' heads while the old man went into the market. As he stood there, kicking his feet against the curbstone to keep them warm, a horrible suspicion came over him that his employer had no idea of buying two turkeys, but had simply adopted the plan as a ruse to get him to hold the horses, and save the five cents that would be expected by a small boy as the minimum compensation for holding the horses! The old man was gone for a long time, looking for a bargain, no doubt. After a while he hove in sight through the door, and with but a single turkey, done up in brown paper, under his arm.

"No use, Smith," said he; "I couldn't make it go. We can do just as well to buy on our account. See! that that was the case, I thought probably you'd want to buy your turkey yourself."

He got into the carriage and drove away, leaving the cashier the happy consciousness that he had, at the sacrifice of his time and comfort, saved a millionaire five cents.

Taking Out the Rent in Peanuts

At Tiffin, O., an amusing and novel case was developed in Justice Jayne's court recently. Wm. Baker, who keeps the peanut stand at Hubbard's corner, formerly conducted a similar business on the Simon Stricker corner. Baker owed Stricker \$20 for rent, which Baker refused to pay, Stricker finally sued him for the amount before Squire Jayne. The case was set for the 15th inst., and that day Stricker, forgetting all about the matter, went to Cleveland, and of course did not appear. Baker was on hand and paralyzed the court with an itemized account a yard in length in which Stricker was charged with mercantile (peanuts) to the amount of \$75.85, being at the rate of \$1 per month for over six years. Baker presented this as offset to Stricker's claim. In his testimony in support of his claim Mr. Baker swore that during a period of six years Stricker was in the habit of supplying his peanuts several times a day, without invitation, leave, or license. The amount thus abstracted was carefully computed, and finally estimated at an average of \$1 per month. Not only did Baker swear to his account, but he had a number of witnesses who testified to the facts as he represented them. The evidence was conclusive and the squire gave judgment for the full amount less the claim for rent.

Mad is a mild word with which to describe Stricker when he returned from Cleveland and heard what had been done, but matters were beyond his control. He appealed the case to the Common Pleas Court, and the leading feature of the January term will be the "peanut case."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Fifty-nine survivors of Balclava attended the annual dinner in London a few days ago on the thirty-third anniversary of the charge, and in other places on the same day there were athletic games, sword contests, sham contests, and other celebrations of the day by other survivors.

DEEP

SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are suppressed by the march of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.