GUSH OVER ENGINEERS.

A Practical Engineer shows how much of Silliness there is in it.

Detroit Free Press.

So much has been said of the dauntless courage and self-sacrificing heroism of locomotive engineers, as displayed during the few seconds intervening between the discovery of immediate impending danger and the actual occurrence, that it has become the subject of much annoyance to our profession. During my experience of over ten years as engineer of both slow and fast trains, on various prominent lines, there has never been, to my knowledge, one accident where the presence of an engineer on his engine, after certain acts have been performed (unless as a precaution of personal safety), was not the height of foolhardiness, and this in justice to all concerned in the general result.

On a passenger train, after the air brakes are applied, the engine reversed and the sand lever open, the presence of a whole cab full of cool-headed, experienced engineers would not alter the result one single jot. Now, as to the

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who has so many lives at his mercy in times when mortal danger stares his train in the face, what is the man there for if not to use every possible exertion to avert impending calamity? Is it not the intention of his superiors that he shall take the train safely to its destination, and in passing over his run to use every known precaution for safety? We are familiar with and use daily methods for safety unknown to the public and not definitely provided for in the regulations of the company. An engineer who would abandon his engine at the first sight of danger without having first used the means at his command to lessen the result would (except in very exceptional cases) be hooted out of the country. From the very earliest apprenticeship of an engineman it is daily brought to his notice that the correct and proper thing to do in all cases where a sudden stop is required, is to reverse and open the throttle, using sand to keep the wheels from slipping, and in his usual work on local freight trains he has it continually in use before him while doing switching, etc. Thus, long before he becomes a passenger engineer it is second nature to him to adopt this method when occasion demands. In addition to this means all passenger engines are provided with air brakes and their application becomes from frequent usage quite as mechanical under all circumstances as in the previous mentioned means provided. It takes much less time than those uninitiated can imagine to accomplish all that is possible for an engineer to do to

STOP HIS TRAIN;

a very few seconds suffice, and nearly always he has ample time to jump and save himself from quite probable injury. We who are daily liable to be subjected to the requirements know the uselessness of running unnecessary risks, and how few are the thanks we receive from our employers when (and they are the ones we are the most concerned in keeping on the right side of), perchance, one of our number, by an error of judgment, suffers personal injury. If the truth were known, it is now quite freely accepted as a fact, that after the usual means to stop have been used, many a good man has gone to his death by reason of being seized with a sort of paralysis, and being rendered helpless for the time being by the thought of the terrible calamity to follow. It is customary to tell the fireman to jump, and, as he can in nowise assist in these emergencies, he usually escapes unhurt.

Occasionally on crooked roads collisions occur so suddenly that both men on the engine are killed without the usual few seconds warning, and then it is customary to laud those killed as brave men who went to their death rather than desert their posts of duty, while in reality the poor fellows had only time to feel the sudden choking sensation always present when sudden mortal danger stares at us. Quite a portion of an an engineer's time is occupied while running in the care of his engine, yet he is expected to have things in proper shape so as to devote all his time to the safety of the train at obscure and uncertain places. A case in point and I am finished. A few weeks ago on one of our leading Detroit roads a train ran off a switch at a small station where it was not usual to stop. There was no one hurt and but little delay. Yet the passengers presented the engineer with a testimonial extolling his courage and presence of mind, and the papers of two cities not over sixty miles apart have kept up a perfect fusilade of puffing, which ended in an article in your paper wherein the safety of all on board that train of seven cars was attributed solely to the fact of that engineer remaining on his engine till it stopped, while the cab was piled in ruins around him. Enough of this. The facts, as told to me by an eye-witness and participator competent to judge, are these: On approaching this switch, which is located 400 feet from a long, high trestle, the engineer saw the switch was wrong. At this time he was within fifty feet of it: he at once set his air brake and reversed. A street crossing with its two culverts was safely crossed on the ties, and the train came to a stop with the rear car still on the track, and instead of the cab being

"PILED IN RUINS"

and everything else in a demoralized condition, the engine and cars were right side up still coupled together, and as to the cab its windows were unbroken and the varnished portion of it still unscratched. The whole train was pulled back on the rails without damage except to the engine and tender trucks—and that of no serious extent. The high trestle was under repairs and orders were in force obliging all trains to run slow over it, so in this case the engineer was on the lookout and was prepared to slow up a few feet further on than the switch which was wrong. This man says his air brake was on and engine "in back" before she left the rails, and such being the case, I should like to know how much good he could do while his engine was pounding over the ties, and the chance always present that it might turn over and bury him in the ruins? He should have got off as did his fireman, and not have taken the needless risk. I do not wish to detract at all from any merit that may be due him, but if I were his superior officer, and he had not done exactly as he did (except as above mentioned), under the circumstances I should have considered him an unsafe man to trust with a passenger train. Railway officers have a right to expect this kind of service, and all engineers expect to render it when required. I am led to make these statements in order to correct the impressions which will soon prevail, if perchance other occasions offer like chances to frightened passengers and writers who know so little of our business.

RIGHT-HAND SIDE.

HERE AND THERE.

IT is calculated that the traffic under the St. Gothard tunnel, to be opened next year, will greatly surpass that of the Mont Cenis.

Recent advices speak of the discovery of a new gold field in the most inland part of New South Wales which is causing some excitement among the gold-mining community.

Mr. Brush, the inventor of the electric light, was at one time so impecunious that a call loan of five dollars was difficult to negotiate. He now has the consolatory income of $1,000 a day.

The scene of the trial of the Czar's assassins is to be painted for the present Emperor by the celebrated artist Makovsky, who has attended the courts of justice at St. Petersburg for the purpose.

A Frenchman of Montreal, Louis Lessard, aged one hundred and three, has a silver snuff-box which was given him, he says, by Napoleon, under whom he fought in all of his campaigns from Egypt to Waterloo.

WHOEVER buys Eugenie's villa at Biarritz will be obliged, by a clause in the deed of sale, to celebrate masses in the chapel on the anniversaries of the death of the Emperor Napoleon III. and the Prince his son.

A down-east genius has a plan for horse racing by which the races would remain directly in front of the grand stand during the entire race. This is to be accomplished by means of a movable track.

SOME members of the St. Petersburg Yacht Club intend to make a voyage around the world this summer in a steamer built in London. Every comfort practically attainable will be provided, including a good library and excellent musical artists.

MILLET'S celebrated picture of "L'Angelus," which was sold a few weeks ago, has again changed hands. The French Government bid for it at the Wilson sale up to 150,000 francs, but it was acquired by M. Secretan for 160,000 francs, and has now been resold by him for 200,000 francs.

TWENTY-FIVE per cent. of Chicago's 500,000 population are said by her physicians to be ailing, and this startling amount of sickness is mainly caused by impure water. A large amount of money was spent to build a conduit for water far out in the lake, but it is found that the current of the river, contaminated with sewage, reaches the mouth of this tunnel.

A recent British Parliamentary return shows that the total number of unseaworthy merchant ships ordered to be detained as "unsafe" since the passing of the Merchant Shipping act, in 1876, was 412, of which number 308 have been absolutely found unsafe. Only six were passed as safe, five were released after detention, and three remained for survey. The whole of the 149 ships reported as overladen were condemned.

M. ERNEST LEGOUVE says this to his grand-daughter: "The people who praise you to your face and laugh at you behind your back say, 'Ah! all clever people write badly.' Answer by showing them, as I have shown you a hundred times, letters of Guizot, Mignet, and Alexandre Dumas the elder, which are models of calligraphy. Write well, my child—write well. Pretty writing in a woman is like tasteful dressing, a pleasing physiognomy, or a sweet voice."

IT is stated that the Bank of France has almost entirely abandoned chemical tests in favor of the camera for detecting forgeries. The sensitive plate not only proclaims forthwith the doing of the eraser or penknife, but frequently shows, under the bold figures of the forger, the sum originally borne by the cheque. So ready is the camera to detect ink marks that a *carte-de-visite* inclosed in a letter may to the eye appear without blemish, while a copy of it in the camera will probably exhibit traces of writing across the face, where it has merely been in contact with the written page.

The scene of the find is the Grey, Ranges, a wild elevated country in the extreme northwest of the colony, and on the borders of South Australia. Apart from the nature of the deposits, which are said to be rich, the discovery is interesting as a matter of science, as being a devitation from the rule which has hitherto prevailed, that all of the mineral wealth, and especially the gold deposits, in Australia have been found within a short distance from the coast. The nearest village to the Grey Rangers is Wilcannia, on the Darling River, some 600 miles from Sydney, and 200 miles from the gold field. Water is scarce, and only to be met with at distances of fifty miles apart, so that intending prospectors will have to encounter more than the usual amount of difficulty.

An Old Story Retold.

The Emperor of Germany, the Duke of Mecklenburg, and the King of Saxony being out hunting and tired of walking, not long since, decided to ask a peasant in his cart if he would take them home. He asked them who they were and, as they mentioned their names in turn, the fellow grinned and shouted "O, ho!" at a great rate. Finally, when the kaiser said "I am the Emperor," the man could stand it no longer. "Now," said he, "I suppose you want to know who I am. Well I'm the Shah of Persia, and you can't ride in my cart." Then he added, "if it comes to joking I can chip in with the rest of you," and drove on. But when he heard next day they were not joking, he began to feel to see how securely his head was fastened to his shoulders.

The Dread of Evil Tidings.

From London Truth.

The Princess of Wales is suffering both in health and spirit since her return from Russia, being in a perpetual apprehension that some fearful news will arrive concerning her sister and her family. Her anxiety is intense, and is shared to the full by the King and Queen of Denmark.

WILLIAM LE ROY'S ESCAPE.

A Dime Novel in One Chapter—The Desperate Rescue of the Famous Mail Robber.

Denver News.

When Deputy United States Marshal Cantril returned to Denver on last Monday afternoon with the tidings that William Le Roy, the dashing road agent and prince of mail robbers, had made his escape while en route to the Government Prison at Detroit, under ten years' sentence, the United States officials here were as puzzled as they were angry. That Le Roy should have made his escape from Sim Cantril and a deputy only served to increase their anger and fan it into a flame of no small magnitude. Yesterday the *News* reporter, in passing the excavation for the sewer at Holladay street, felt a hand clasp on the arm, and turning, saw the mysterious train-wrecker who had manifested so much interest in Le Roy's case, as detailed by Gen. Cameron a couple of days before. "You have not forgotten me, have you?" he answered in a moderate tone of voice. "Now, as you have manifested some interest in Le Roy's case, I'll give you the whole story."

"When Billy was sentenced I was within easy call, and since that time I have not been asleep. Some years ago the boy used to be with a snide variety company and played the character of a female impersonator, and he was well up to his business, too, and if he had stuck to it would not have been compelled to go to holding up coaches on the road for a living. His old girl, who had been with him from time to time for three years, and who loves him better, if anything, than I do, lives in Del Norte and we rung her into the scheme with us. As planned by Billy it was to bring her up to town and get two suits of clothes for her just exactly alike—that is dresses of one color, shawls of one color and hats and veils of one color. Then we were to get a suit of clothes, men's clothes, for Billy, and the extra woman's rig and men's clothes were to be kept ready for a close call. We were to keep a close lookout for the time when he was to be taken away, get on the train with him, and then at the first opportunity which offered at night we were to take whatever guards were with him, put up a job on them, and dress Billy like the girl. Then we could go on our way rejoicing.

"The day came and we knew all about it, and when the carriage containing Le Roy and his guards drove up to the train, the girl and I were already on board. They took one double seat and we took the one directly behind them and awaited developments. Along in the night all the passengers got to sleep. We were in a sleeping car, if it was not called such, and Cantril's boy got awful sleepy. I felt sorry for the poor little devil, and was glad when he went into the car for a nap. Billy was also very tractable. Candril was thirsty that night, and I put up a job on him. Going to the water tank, after gauging his drinks and the time between them, I poured out some croton oil and left it in the cup. Then I pretended to take a hearty drink and made so much noise about gulping it down that Cantril got awful thirsty. I had no more than gained my seat till he made a dive for the tank, and without tilting the cup filled it and emptied it. To partially kill the stench of the croton I had put a dash of burned liquor in it. If Cantril tasted anything wrong in the water he attributed it to his sour stomach, and so said nothing. It was not many minutes until the deputy marshal felt a general weakness about his bread-basket. When Cantril left and slammed the door to, we acted. All of us were up and doing in a second, for none of us had been asleep. The irons were off Billy in less than ten seconds, and the extra suit of woman's toggery was put on him. When all was finished he curled down in my seat, just like the girl had been, and the girl got up and skipped into another car. My next move was to put my head over on Billy's shoulder, and in another moment the brakeman came in. As he passed by with his lantern I raised up as if awoke by the noise and the light, and discovering that the prisoner was gone, raised the hue and cry. The brakeman took it up, everybody woke up, and Cantril came out of the toilet-room. Then ensued a scene of confusion He wanted the train stopped, and the conductor would not stop it until he got to Hays City, five miles away. When we got there the girl got off, Cantril got off, and his assistant with him, and Billy and I went on with the train, tickled almost to death."

"Where is Ley Roy at the present time?" asked the reporter.

"He is safe," was the reply.

Judging from the statement made by the train-wrecker Le Roy has gone East for a time, but will soon return, place himself at the head of the gang and once more take the road.

IT TRAVELS ON ITS SHAPE.

The Story of the Trunk Which the Baggage-Smashers Respected.

A big Saratoga was shunted on a track at the union depot, and as it struck one of the metallic corner-pieces flew across while the artistic smasher grinned his satisfaction. The circumstance was not a notable one, save as it suggested to Mr. E. P. McCarty, who was waiting the departure of a train, the adventures of a friend of his. The gentleman was a great traveler, and after observing the habits of the baggage-smashers in various countries he had constructed a trunk of a particular pattern. It was as near the shape of an egg as the maker could frame it, and it was covered with sole leather. After one encounter with this trunk the smasher always treated it with respect. If it was tossed carelessly on the truck or the floor of the car and other baggage piled upon it, the first jar would bring down the heap. In time the eccentricities of the peculiar piece were duly recognized, and no matter what the haste or confusion, it travelled safely on its shape, always on top, no matter how high the mountain of baggage was built. The egg-shaped trunk has already outlived a score of zinc-covered, metal-ribbed and corner-protected boxes and still it is on the road, good for the owner's life time.

CORNELIUS Vanderbilt, who confesses to an income of $13,000 a year, defeated a suit the other day in New York for a small amount of money on the plea of outlawry.

THE judge who pronounced the death sentence upon Sophie Pleroffska was a companion of her childhood, and once a suitor for her hand.

How a Young Lady's Foot Blocked a Railroad.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

A young lady took a car which brought her to the foot of California street, and there took a seat on the dummy car, which bore her to the vicinity of her home on Octavia street. As she left the car and was crossing the track on the southern side her foot slipped and turned and was caught fast in the crack where the wire cable passes. Some imperfection in the roadbed had caused the narrow aperture to expand, and the young girl's narrow foot was entrapped. The engineer of the east-bound dummy saw the obstacle on the road in season to check his swift approaching car, and alighted, with the conductor and several passengers of investigating mind, who endeavored to release the slender foot, but their efforts were vain. Another car and another brought up in funeral row, and constant re-enforcements in the way of passing pedestrians cheered and enlivened the scene. An attempt was made to pry the iron rails forming the cable channel further apart, but they firmly resisted all efforts. Everybody had a suggestion: "Push your foot forward;" "Pull it back;" "Tip it sideways." "Lift your heel higher." The unhappy girl was almost fainting, but she persevered in her efforts to extricate the offending member. By this time travel on the road had virtually ceased. The last car had long ago passed, and was steadily approaching to fall into line at the rear of the singular procession. Down-town passengers fretted and fumed or slowly climbed the hill in disgust. On every street corner groups of waiting people berated the laxity of street car management. Reporters from all the down-town dailies were proceeding westward to learn the meaning of the large crowd reported to have assembled in the Western Addition. From the scene of the accident envoys had been despatched to the railroad shops to bring appliances for taking up a section of the road. At this juncture a tall brawny Englishman, in the dress of a mechanic, forced his way through the throng and, in a cheery voice marked by the Derbyshire dialect, asked:

"Ha' ye tried onfastenin' the young leddy's shoe?"

Ten buttons flew from many buttonholes; in the twinkling of an eye the foot was free.

"Ne Plus Ulster."

The ulster for the coming summer speaks for itself on sight. It can be worn with tails or without. The tails can be lowered by means of hinges to drag on the walk or they can be raised or slewed around to form extra pockets for holding four clean shirts apiece. The collar is fitted with a rubber tube to hold any sort of drink fitted for the occasion. A quart of hard cider can be carried to a Sunday school picnic and slyly imbibed at the convenience of the wearer without any one being the wiser. All the man has to do is to turn his head to the left, slip an amber mouth-piece into his jaws and slowly get away with the tonic, while he seems to be lost in amazement at the wonders of nature. His ulster is a life preserver and when blown up will sustain the weight of three school-ma'ams and a lecturer from Japan. If occasion requires it can be quickly converted into a waterproof tent capable of sheltering a small family. The right hand-pocket is sheet-ironed for use as a kettle in which to make tea or boil eggs, and the left hand is a sort of refrigerator in which to store perishable goods. Each sleeve is provided with a secret pocket for the benefit of those who want to get four aces into a poker hand; and a sheath for a bowie knife is stitched into the back in the most secure manner. Folded one way the ulster forms a jib sail and can be attached to any boat in five minutes. Folded one other way you have a stretcher on which you can carry the fat woman who fell from a tree and broke her leg.

It is the ne plus ulster. It contains good look with a right smart of convenience. I hides a hump between the shoulders, covers up a stoop, and a bow legged man is made to appear as graceful as an antelope. There are seven different spots on which to wipe the nose, and a Texas steer may play with the wearer all day and not be able to spoil the set of garments. Send in your orders before the rush begins.

Bachelor Blase.

"Deuced wahm weathah, the pahst week, Geowge."

"Ah—awh—we-el, ye-es—rawtha, Chahley. Makes a fellah feel rawthah—well, rawthah like takin' a nap, I find—eh?"

Well, ye-es, and—ah—makes him feel like—ah—like gettin' back to his summah dwinks again—eh? Cuwious thing, this dif'wence between summah and wintah, beywidges, Geowge;—I—I nevah could understand it—ah."

"Ye-es—ah—awh'ts rathah stwange, Chahley, w'y mint-julip and egg-flip should—ah—should go so deuced well in summah and nevah at all—ah—in wintah, you know. Canht get the julep—or the egg—in wintah, I fancy—eh, Chahley? The hen, I suppose, is a summah fowl—simply—eh?"

"Quite likely—ah—me boy—quite likely; I don't remembah to have seen 'em in wintah, except—ah—except broiled you know. An' julep may be a—ah—a summer bird, too—I pwesume. Eh?"

"Eh!—ah—awh—I'm afwaid I hadhly heard youah lahst wemahk, me boy. This deuced weathah—ah—has such a tendency to—ah—to make a fellah dwowsy, you know. I was about to wemahk—ah—awh—well, demme if I know w'ot I was about to wemahk. I believe—ole fellah—if you'll excuse me—I—I canht wesist this—this disposition to—ah—to take a nap, you know, ah."

An exchange says that the coming girl is to be more generally pretty than the kind we have heretofore had.

A horse seized a little girl with its teeth at Dayton, Ill., carried her several blocks and then trampled her to death.

QUEEN Victoria desires to confer a peerage upon the nephew of Disraeli, but is restrained by the objections of Gladstone.

THE emperor of Austria has conferred on the sultan the grand cross of St. Stephen, on account of courtesies to Prince Rudolph in Palestine.

"HE asked me so prettily for my hand," said Princess Stephanie concerning her bridegroom, Rudolph, "that I could not refuse it."

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

M. DAUBIGNY, electrical engineer in Paris, has sent to the municipal Council a petition asking for authority to establish on the top of the Colonne de Juillet a huge electric lamp fed by a magneto-electric machine of 50-horse power. The enormous amount of light will be diffused by a reflector of special construction.

ALARM with indignation has arisen in Halle regarding tarletans rendered poisonous by the introduction of copper arsenite in their production. Dr. Reimann has attempted to ally the general outcry by stating that copper arsenite is not a splendid green color, and as for such goods as tarletans, Guignet's green, which contains no arsenic, has quite displaced the poisonous Schweinfurt green.

M. BLONDEAU gives the following receipt for purifying and bleaching sponges: The sponges are first washed in tepid water and then in a solution of hydrochloric acid, which frees the pores from carbonate of lime. To bleach them, they are immersed for 24 hours in a solution composed of 5 parts of hydrochloric acid to 100 parts of water, with the addition of 6 pints of hyposulphate of soda. In this way sponges may be bleached more effectually and rapidly than with sulphurous acid.

IN the *Comptes Rendus* No 12, Prof. S. P. Langley maintains that the total quantity of heat poured upon the earth by the sun is much greater than is generally supposed. Previous to the atmospheric absorption, this maximum must be nearer the violet than the red. If the whole of the rays of the sun reached us the eye would receive a sensation of blue rather than white. The atmosphere of the earth, which we are accustomed to regard as transparent, acts as a strongly colored medium.

A REMEDY for the objections to the introduction of the electric light indoors is proposed by Mr. Coad in the shape of a battery for the generation of electricity. This battery is worked by a new combination of chemical ingredients not yet published, and the current produced is transmitted directly by wires to the lamps. The resulting flame is stated to be absolutely colorless and of great steadiness and permanence. At a recent trial of 20-cell battery was charged and at intervals of 30 hours between each exhibition a faultless light of nearly 200 candles was yielded for about a month without replenishing.

M. Boudet has constructed an apparatus for relieving pain by mechanical vibration. It consists of a tuning fork kept in constant vibration by an electro-magnet, and the tremors thus produced are communicated directly to the skin by means of a rod. The efficiency of vibrations is no doubt due to the irritating effects of the shocks on the terminal twigs of the nerves, and it is expected that many kinds of pain will be dispelled by the use of this appliance. When the nerves are not too deep-seated, Boudet's apparatus is said to be capable of charming away neuralgia in a few minutes. When it is applied to the skull it produces a sense of giddiness and a desire to sleep.

IN the new addition of his work on the coal-fields of Great Britain, Prof. Hull states that the south Wales coal-field, after that of the Valley of the Clyde, is the largest in Great Britain, and contains vertical strata of more than 10,000 feet. Of this total depth only 120 feet are coal. As the lowest coal-bed must have at one time been exposed to air and water for the growth of the plants which formed the coal in their decay, the South Wales coal field testifies to a subsidence of the earth sufficient to have brought some of the highest Alps to the sea level. It is only, however, to a depth of 4,000 feet that, having regard to the increased heat of the earth as we descend, coal can be won; but even with this limitation the supply left in the veins of the district is sufficient to supply consumption at its present rate for 1,800 years.

THE British Association unit of resistance is probably slightly in error, and *Engineering* says it would be advisable to determine it. Various experiments have found a value for it differing from it. Weber made it respectively 1.0021, 1.0016, and 1.0025 earth quadrants per second: Rowland made it 0.9911: Kohlrausch made it 1.0196, and Lorenz made it 0.9797, British Association value, of course being one earth quadrant per second. From a consideration of these results and the ways they were obtained, Dr. C. R. Alder Wright estimates that the correct value of the unit or Ohm most probably lies between 1 and 1.005, an error of not more than one-half per cent. With regard to the value of J. or Joule's mechanical equivalent of heat, Dr. Wright says that 42 is probably the most correct value obtainable at present, and that Joule's water value is a little too small.

The following note has been sent the *Nature* by Mr. M. G. Mulhall: "Although Shakspeare is supposed to have taken the idea of 'Hamlet' from the Danish historian Sixo Grammaticus, there are such points of resemblance to the Arabic chronicle of Nigiar istan respecting Montasser, tenth Caliph of Bagdad, that I venture to call yuor attention to the same, as follows: 1. That Montasser is murdered by pouring poison in his ear. 2. The ghost scene in which his father appears to him. 3. The displaying of tapestry before the Caliph and his court, in which the tapestry represents a tragedy identical with the late Caliph's murder." There may, however, be a pushing of an analogy too far. Reproduction and conscious copying are quite distinct things. Some years ago the present writer formulated an idea, not as a compiler, but as an original commentator on some current event of interest, in an editorial article, in fact. Years afterward, when troubled with sleeplessness, he got out of bed, lighted the gas, took from his library a translation of Xenophon's "Memorabilia," bought a few days previously at some book-stand, and began to read it to interrupt the current of thought which he supposed kept him awake. Strange to say, he stumbled on a passage embodying the same idea in nearly the same words. And the remarkable part of it all is that the compiler never had read the original or any translation of the "Memorabilia" before.

"I don't like a philosophical woman. I don't like a woman who is always reaching out after the infinite." "Ah!" returned his companion. "If my wife wouldn't reach out after anything but the infinite I might be happy." And the unfortunate man rubbed the bald place on his head while his countenance fell beneath the weight of bitter memories.