

## THE LEGEND OF WHITE VIOLETS

Two white violets grew in a garden. Each had the other's name on its leaf. On each side down the leaf of one, "Daisy" was written in tiny letters. On the other side of the leaf of the other, "Daisy" was written in tiny letters. And then some rain fell and the leaves were torn. Daisy found the leaf of the other and saw the name "Daisy" on it. And she knew that the other was her friend. And she loved her. And she loved her. And she loved her.

## A BROKEN COUPLET

"I want to speak to you a moment, Jim. Come to the other end of the van. Better for those not to hear us," said my mate, indicating by the direction of his glance our two fellow travelers.

His words were almost drowned in the noise of the train, but it was easy to see from his manner that something was amiss. We were together in charge of a train of 24 wagons running from Elmfield colliery down to the main line. I was the underguard, and consequently subordinate to Frank Applegarth. His daughter, a lass of about 18, and a companion of her own age were traveling with us. They had missed the usual passenger train, and notwithstanding the regulations to the contrary, we had both thought there would be little harm in giving them a "lift" home, as Frank phrased it. And lucky for us it proved that we did so. Probably it saved both our lives, and certainly it was the means of procuring me the best wife in the world.

The wind whistled past the deep sides of the cutting through which we were rushing, and flakes of snow were flinging their way into the van by ventillator and window and crevices, not a few in number. My companion, a trollopish, anxious look as I rose to follow him.

"Do you notice that?" he asked, when we were out of hearing distance of the others. "It had struck me before that the van was swaying more than usual—and it was rickety enough. In all conscience, an ordinary occasion—but I only set it down to our driver making up a little lost time."

"We are traveling at a great pace," I answered.

"At a dangerous pace," was the reply as the van gave a lurch that almost threw us off our feet. "That's the first curve on the level," he added. "Just try if you can make out the engine lights."

I tried my best, but it was useless. The night was intensely dark, and to add to the difficulty, blinding blasts of snow and sleet drove full in my face as I leaned with half my body outside, seeking to catch a glimpse of light ahead.

"I can make nothing out," I said as I unbuckled my jacket and shook it clear of snow.

"Neither could I, and I fear we have broken away," I only wish I knew how many wagons are left with us in front."

Here my companion must have betrayed the horror I felt, for he hastily added:

"Don't look like that, man. The girls are watching us and I'm mistaken. If Mary does, she'll already suspect that something is wrong. It will be time enough to alarm them when it comes to the worst and we are past help."

"What is to be done?" I asked, not so much expecting an answer as because I felt I must say something.

"We can do very little," I said. "If Harry—that was our driver—knew what has happened, he may back upon us and stop at the rate we are going that will be risky enough. Otherwise he can do nothing but go on to the next station to warn them there. To one we don't keep on the rails as we run down the bank. We must try to make out if we have any wagons left. If he has but few, Harry is sure to notice that something has gone wrong."

We returned to where the two girls were sitting. I had seen Mary Applegarth every day almost that I had worked with her father, now a matter of four or five years, and without loving her much. She was only a slip of a girl when first I knew her, and I suppose it was with seeing her so frequently that she had grown to the verge of womanhood without my being aware of it. It might be true, that the danger in which we were placed and which she realized as I intuitively added in a moment years to her life, as great dangers are sometimes said to do. Anyway it was with an added interest that I now regarded her as she sat seeking to calm the fears of the girl beside her, who was giving way to terror she did not seek to conceal.

"You and your father," said Applegarth to his daughter, who, amid other preoccupations, was watching our every movement, "will keep quite still here, while Jim and I put things straight in the front of the train."

"Is there going to be an accident? I am sure something has gone amiss."

"No, I hope not—at least nothing but what we can put to rights."

The road on which we were traveling was a fairly level one, with easy gradients, one part alone excepted. That part began some ten miles from the colliery whence we had started on our journey, and could we but arrest our speed before reaching it all might yet be well. It consisted of two descents, known respectively as the High bank and the Low bank, both very steep, with a gradient of 1 in 75, and separated by some two miles of level line. A little way from the bottom of the last was a meeting station, where trains coming in opposite directions used to pass each other by means of a siding. All being well, it was into this siding our train had to run, and there remain until the last "up" passenger train had passed it on its way to Elmfield.

With a few more hopeful words to his daughter Applegarth took his lamp in his hand, and, signing to me to take mine and follow him, clambered with great difficulty on to the first truck. Our speed had continued to increase, and it seemed as if we were to be both thrown off on to the line. We managed to reach the brake handle and put it hard down, as hard as we both together were able to do. We did the same with the other ten trucks, when the collation was too much for us, and slowly and laboriously we made our way back to the comparative safety of the guard's van.

Our speed had slackened a little with the brakes put down, but again it began gradually to accelerate, and it was with a sickening feeling at the heart that I resigned myself to all the helplessness and hopelessness of our situation. Should we begin to descend the bank at our present rate of speed nothing, humanly speaking, could avail to save us from a fearful death. Applegarth, sitting with his head buried in his hands. In a corner of the van crouched the two girls, one of them trying to encourage the other, who was crying bitterly.

Suddenly the last dread alternative presented itself to my mind, as it has often done to men in a like position, two frequently with the result of only hemming

their fate, but now it seemed the only chance left to us.

"Shall we jump, Frank?" I asked.

"You forget the girls," was all he said. "I had not forgotten them, but now I've decided that even if they had the courage to attempt it the risk was too great, and besides one of the two was no longer capable of deciding for herself. And as we could only sit still and await, with what anxiety we could command, the fate upon which we were rushing."

Meanwhile Harry Armstrong, our driver, had reached the top of High Bank, and from the too quick action of his brake had learned that something unluckily had happened to his train. The next thing he saw was that the engine had broken away and that his engine had only a few tracks behind it. He took what was probably the only course, that of putting on steam and going ahead as fast as he could.

"There is a break away," he shouted as he steamed into the siding, "and 30 wagons of coal are tearing down the bank."

"Signal against the 'up' train!" called out the station master. "I hear he coming."

"But the 'goods' will run into her farther down the line in any case."

"We must throw the 'goods' off the rails. Heen help the poor guards! We can do nothing for them."

"There are two others besides the guards," urged one of the men on the engine.

"And a hundred in the 'up' train. Sharp with a hammer. We must spike the back road points. It may send them into the river, but it must be risked."

The spike was driven home.

"Bring the iron chains," was next called out.

A pile of these lying beside the line was seized upon and hurriedly a number of them thrown across the tracks. Then the men ran back out of the way of danger, for the fear of the "down" train was upon them. Out of the black darkness, like a streak still blacker, rushed the long line of doomed wagons, and then came the dreaded crash, heard for miles round, drowning the noise of the gale, now as its height.

The wrecked train lay in one indistinguishable mass of iron and coal and splintered wood. The first wagons had driven over the rails and fallen into the ballast, where they lay overturned, serving by way of a buffer to those behind them. And, and, and with many forebodings of evil, was the scene of destruction searched for the wreck of the guard's van. No trace of it was to be seen.

I must now take up the story of the runaway at the point where I left it off. I was sitting as if in a dream when a light hand was placed on my arm, and Mary Applegarth's voice sounded loud and shrill in my ear.

"Wake up!" she cried. "Think if there's a plan to let go the van from the first wagon. Can't you get at the coupling? The woodwork is very old."

I found she had already roused up her father, who, like me, had abandoned hope.

In another moment I had the hammer out of the locker. Frank, picking up a shakele hook, drove it through the end of the van just above the coupling and soon had a large opening made; then, easing off the van brake, we knooked out with the hammer the bolt which attached the first truck to us. The loaded wagons seemed to race away from us as we gradually let out on the brake again, and we felt that the danger was past.

We traveled slowly down the bank until we saw a red light ahead. It was one of the men sent from the station after the train had been wrecked. He had come on as ordered, but with no hope of finding any of us alive.

I made up my mind that very night to make a snatch of it with Mary Applegarth if she would have me. We were married a few months after, and all my mates called it a runaway match. —London Tit-Bits.

**An Ashanti Prince.**

Prince Bessongoo was really a fine gentleman—I mean that he was not only good looking, intelligent and well-mannered, but, besides all this, had the air of good society, as recognized in Europe. One day he struck me much. He wore a toga of native cotton, dyed in a charming pattern, and always gracefully draped—no costume, in fact, as elegant as could be, and it invariably looked clean at the end of the day's march, when we were splashed and muddy to the waist. The case and the polished sword which this personage carried after him who stopped to look at him was an abiding wonder—letting him, rather like a dog, by a cord. I saw that good fellow twitch the string sharply on such occasions, to touch the bigger prince's place. This indignity alone ruffled his temper. He said to M. Bonnat, one of the captives released: "See me, a prince of Ashanti, tied like a slave and led by a common white man! It is intolerable!"

M. Bonnat assured me that the finished manners of our prisoners were not at all exceptional at the Ashanti court. And the king himself, Kofi Kalou, was the finest gentleman among them all, though short, scarred with smallpox and black. Nobles are almost all fair. Once I asked Mr. Kuehne how we should recognize the king if he were taken prisoner. "Oh," Mr. Kuehne answered, "your soldiers will know him for a king! He looks it every inch." —Saturday Review.

**A Snake's Fang.**

One day last summer Thomas Horton was passing through a piece of cleared land when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. The reptile was shedding its skin, and, therefore, in its most venomous condition. The serpent's fangs had penetrated the cowhide boot, and it was easily killed.

Horton took off his boots and his wife gave them to Napoleon Meeker, a negro who worked on an adjoining farm. He wore them and died. Archibald Hooker, a nephew of the dead man, was then 48 hours, and he also died in great agony. The boots next passed into the possession of an old trapper. The second day he wore them he was attacked with a pain in his leg. His experience told him it was the result of rattlesnake poisoning. He applied a remedy in time and recovered.

On examining the boot he found a small point of a piece of bone imbedded in the hide. It was the fang of the rattlesnake, placed in such a way that on drawing out the foot the fang, which curved upward, would not injure it, but on putting the boot on, it would be almost impossible to escape a slight scratch from the poison-covered tooth. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**A Precaution.**

Margie—the scales are fastened on fish just like the scales on a horse, aren't they? Margie—Yes, Margie, dear!

Margie—I suppose they are put on that way, mamma, to keep the fish from looking down at their tails. —Fish Mags Up.

## SEES HIS OWN BRAIN

DR. CARLETON SIMON OBTAINS REMARKABLE PICTURES.

Methods Rays Not Used—Electric Light Used by a System of Propagation and Magnetic Attraction—Brain Photographed—See—His Hypnotic Power.

The human brain has been photographed. In the rivalry of scientists excited by Roentgen's application of the cathode X-rays to photography Dr. Carleton Simon steps forward and exhibits a picture of his own brain, obtained from a process in which the cathode ray is not a factor. It may be said, however, that the widespread interest attracted to Roentgen's discovery and the experiments of Edison preparatory to his attempts to photograph the brain, as charged from day to day, were the direct result of the fact that Simon, after nearly a year of labor, is bringing to bear his own method on a final attempt to capture the image of his own brain in being the first to photograph the brain of a living being.

Dr. Simon, who is a graduate of the New York university, a pupil of Charcot of Paris, and a member of the New York polytechnic, thus tells the story of his efforts to photograph the brain and his eventual success:

"The brain, you know, has been my special study, and I have worked independently in a quiet way for nearly three years to photograph it. I first sought to accomplish my purpose by passing a continuous current of electricity through the brain, illuminating it by the spark, and then I tried the interrupted current, but this produced a paralysis of the brain, rendering senseless the subjects. The principle is illustrated by a flash of lightning on a dark night, which carries images through which it travels to the eye. From this I deduced it was suggested to me that the same idea might be applied to the brain. Again, you know, the firefly is made almost transparent by its tiny lantern."

"Now, finding that flashes of electricity passing through the body form a circuit at the smallest possible points, I found that instead of passing directly through the brain it traveled through the skin around the head, and if, on the other hand, the flash was drawn through the brain by magnetic attraction, paralysis took place."

"I then attempted to use the alternating, interrupted current, but found that insulation of the skin was impossible. I tried to follow nature, as it is the first, in the production of transmittable rays. After a great deal of labor I succeeded in equalizing to a considerable degree the average between the rapidity with which light travels and the rapidity with which sound travels. It has seemed to me in my experiments that whenever the rays of light traveled slowly or nearer to the rate at which sound travels this same light would in some unexplainable manner appear to combine with waves of sound."

"I am still far from having perfected the instrument by which I am able to photograph the brain. Of course the most solid structures are reflected on the plates, and I found that the less exposure I gave to the photographic plate the clearer I apparently was able to photograph translucent material."

"The rays I use, I use in conjunction with sound, and they are electric rays, so far as the light is concerned. I have attempted in this instance to photograph my own brain, not being able to procure any one whom I thought would be appropriate."

Dr. Simon said that he used an ordinary camera, with platinum plates, subjected neither to heat nor to any special chemical treatment. The time of exposure was limited to two minutes. Ordinarily, the doctor said, the time of exposure would be regulated by the depth of material through which the light must pass.

For the present Dr. Simon will not make known the details of his apparatus. "I do not like," he said, "to withhold it from the public, but I desire to more fully perfect it before making the details known."

He pleaded guilty to the suggestion that it would be a source of satisfaction to accomplish himself the perfecting of the process which he has discovered. This might he said:

"I produce the effect by a traction of the light and propagation through the brain substance. At the time of photographing the whole internal chamber of the brain is lighted up."

"In the deeper hypnotic sleep a suggestion which is given to the right side of the brain, for instance, can be transferred by the aid of a magnet to the left side. That this is a fact has been proved by Charcot and other experimenters. That fact, of course, I attempted to study out, and in the pursuit of brain photography the influence of the magnet on the brain molecules crossed my mind with vivid force. Therefore in my experiments I used the magnet, and believe it essential to the success of the experiment."

"But this last experiment, in which I photographed my own brain, was only an experiment after all, for I did not have elaborate apparatus. What I had was very crude, and I intend, before making further statements touching the matter, to construct an apparatus which shall be scientifically correct."

"The principles I have endeavored to follow," the doctor continued, "is that the vibrations of sound seem to increase, or to decrease, as can be shown in a large funnel tapering to a point. They increase, in fact, in such velocity, and become so intense in the cone or funnel which I use in my experiments that they are able with the aid of a needle to pierce a quarter inch board."

"In my experiment I used a magnet on each side of the head. The magnet nearer the cabinet, being stronger and larger than the other, draws the lesser relative influence toward it. The sound waves strike the head at the position of

the smaller magnet apparently which follows the magnetic current or is thrown through the head by the molecular force, the distribution being, as far as my experiments have shown, prevented by magnetic influence. It produces a distinct vibration in the parts through which it enters and is carried. The light which I use, but as to the nature of which I will not at present speak, is carried through the head either by the vibrations of sound or of magnetic influence. This theory I have not had time to sufficiently enter upon."

In conclusion, the doctor said: "I am at the commencement. My discovery is not consequent on the application of the cathode ray to photography. My idea preceded it, but of course I have lately been inspired to push my experiments."

For two days and a half the doctor worked unintermittently, save a couple of hours for sleep, when his tired brain dreamed of its own likeness. The work had not been without attendant dangers. Many small animals were sacrificed in the cause of science. Even the final and successful effort was made with no assurance that the camera might not hold the picture of a dead man. Through in a measure satisfied that the process was one by which the brain could be photographed without risk of life, it may be stated that the experimenter selected himself as his subject, that no other life might be endangered.

George Francis Train had consented to sit, but the doctor finally decided not to permit him to do so.

As a matter of fact, the success of the experiments was no less in that the operation was without sensation than in the reproduction of the brain picture.

So far as the use of the apparatus was concerned, the doctor commented to say that the light was thrown from one side of the head against it, as in a magic lantern, while the attractive force was at the other.

He had arranged mirrors so that he might observe the effects, and was thus enabled to view his own brain. It was lighted up so that he saw the interior and even the pulsations. His sensations, so far as he had any, were at the strangeness of the phenomena and emotions of success rather than any physical effort produced by the forces he manipulated, and which were controlled by electric batteries, the camera being exposed at the instant that the light was directed at the head.

The doctor is a young man, being not more than 25 years of age; is tall, slender and dark. He has a broad, high forehead, topped by bushy black hair, and wears a scraggly, pointed beard. He possesses strong hypnotic powers, which he has used successfully, though he is reticent on that subject, as indeed he is modest in speaking of himself.

**His Hypnotic Power.**

Through his hypnotic powers Dr. Simon was brought prominently to notice in August last. A Mrs. Susan Irwin of Columbus, O., was the subject of his treatment. Six years before, she had lost the power of speech through nervous shock. Burglars entered her home in Broad street, Columbus, and their prowling about the room in which she slept awakened her. She uttered a scream, but was muzzed by the pointing of a revolver at her head. She fainted, and the burglars departed with their booty.

She was subsequently found in an unconscious state, in which she remained for two days. On recovering, it was found that she had lost her speech. The services of local practitioners were unsuccessful in restoring it. With her husband she went to Europe and was treated by the most skilled specialists of Heidelberg and London. While abroad her husband died. He had spent \$25,000 in his efforts to have her cured.

She had read of hypnotism, and as a last resort resolved to try it. She went to Dr. Simon. The history of her case being ascertained, she was subjected to the hypnotic influence, being thrown first into the cataleptic state, then the lethargic state and finally somnambulistic, in which condition she was able to receive suggestions. She was made to re-enact the scenes of the night of the burglary, and finally given imperative instructions that when she awoke the following morning she was to talk aloud. That was on Aug. 18.

The doctor said to her, "You will have complete control of your voice, and you will never lose it again."

Mrs. Irwin went home. On awaking next morning, she resolved to speak aloud, and to her amazement heard the sound of her own voice for the first time in six years. Rushing to her husband, she exclaimed:

"My God! I have got my voice back again!"

The voice sounded strange. The muscles of the throat vibrated quickly with the unusual emotion, but the voice was normal, though weak.

Dr. Simon, in speaking of the case at the time, said:

"I found that she was suffering from some kind of a paralysis of the vocal chords of the throat, brought on not by local conditions, though being of capital nervous origin. I knew that no result could be obtained by local treatment, and I therefore sought a cure by means of the nervous system. By hypnotism I found that I could control the nerves which reached the throat."

"Do not think that I believe in hypnotism as a panacea or a cure all, but I do believe that it is a physician's duty to use any remedy that will gain the end in view, irrespective of what the means are. I used it in her case, directly I had gone into her history and found all other means to cure had failed. I used the system practiced by Professor Charcot." —New York Herald.

**When Life Will Be Worth Living.**

A New York college professor says the day will come when coal will be found nowhere in cities except in astronomical cabinets. Electricity from a distance will take its place, and country air may then be enjoyed in all the smothering towns. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## DIOCESAN NEWS

From Our Special Correspondent.

**A MISSION ENDED.**

The Dominican Friars T. de Labora at the Holy Family to a Close.

The most successful mission ever held in Auburn came to a close at the Holy Family Church Sunday evening when Father Hinch of the Dominican order, gave the final benediction. For two weeks the Dominicans labored at the Holy Family, and the great good that their visit has accomplished is manifest to all. Knew as speakers, thoroughly familiar with all types and classes of humanity, they strived truth in a way that seems to reach the heart.

Two weeks ago Father Splinter, Kerman and Dunn came to Auburn and opened the mission for the women at the Holy Family Church. From the very first the interest was intense. No matter what the weather conditions the church was scarcely adequate to accommodate all the women who desired to hear the services. At 5 and 8 o'clock each morning masses were said, preceded by instruction. Each evening there was a sermon and benediction of the Holy Sacrament. At any one of these many services the church was crowded to the doors. Confessions were heard each afternoon, beginning Tuesday, and more than 2,000 women received communion. Several times during the weeks the church proved too small, and extra benches were put in service. The Dominicans were scholarly, their pulpit discourses made a lasting impression: the women thought the week all too short when its service came to a close, with the administration of the papal benediction.

A week ago Sunday evening the mission for the men opened. It was a beautiful night and hardly indeed was he who ventured out. But the church was crowded. And so it was at every service throughout the week. The interest was intense, rather than diminishing. Father Kerman called to Syracuse to conduct a retreat at the Cathedral; and Father Hinch was sent from New York to take his place. The sermons and instructions by the three Dominican Fathers were listened to with the most intense interest. And not alone by Catholics either, for scores of Protestants attended the services, to hear the beautiful benediction.

Last Sunday evening the church was packed to the doors and many were obliged to stand, but they did so cheerfully. The services were held at 10 o'clock, and a vivid portrayal of the good results to be obtained from the mission by means of the prayers regularly, to put aside all passion and to show all people that might prove proximate occasions of it. He urged all men to join the Holy Name society of the church as a means of constituting the good work manifested at the mission by receiving communion regularly and living up to the teachings of the church.

Over 5,000 men received communion during the week, a remarkable showing in any congregation. The papal benediction last evening was administered by Father Hinch.

There have been several conversions during the two weeks of the mission, and Rev. F. A. Neville, the assistant pastor of the Holy Family Church, reported that while others are ready to be baptized.

Father Splinter and Father Hinch are holding a retreat at the Holy Family Church in New York. Father Dunn is holding in St. Joseph's Church, Albany, and Father Kerman is holding in his home in Syracuse. All Catholics of Auburn will anxiously look forward to their coming again.

The funeral of Mary Corbett, nee Auburn's most popular young lady, was held from St. Mary's church last Monday morning, and was largely attended. Rev. Father Quinn read the mass and burial service. The interment was at St. Mary's cemetery. The bereaved were Miss McLaughlin, Frank Lynch, Thomas McKee, Thomas Conboy, and John McLaughlin. The funeral procession was composed of the family and friends, and the deceased was laid to rest in the cemetery.

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