

PROJECTED STEEL RAILROAD BRIDGE TO CROSS EAST RIVER.

in construction, over 80,000 tens. Total cost, approximately, \$17,000,000.

largest steel vinduct in the world, each abutment. which the Pennsylvania Railroad proposes to erect in New York, so as to

ever three miles. Weight of steel used od of erection, which will be carried three inches. It is estimated that the through without the assistance of any bridge can be built in two and one-half false work in the whole 1,000 feet of years. With the completion of the its length. The arch will be built out structure New York will for the first These are interesting facts about the in two haives simultaneously from time find itself in possession of an all-

The bridge has been designed to support a weight equivalent to loading the from Boston may then run to New connect Long Island with the Bronx, whele of the four tracks from end to York, Philadelphia, Washington, New the largest of its type ever known. A arch that under this enormous load the rails.

Length, 17,000 feet, or considerably | novel feature of the arch is the meth-| deflection at the center would be only rall route between New England and the South and West. Through trains

THE FARTHER HILLS.

The clouds upon the mountains rest; A gloom is on the autumn day: But down the valley, in the west, The sudden sunlight breaks its way-A light lies on the farther hills.

Forget thy sorrow, heart of mine! Though shadows fall and fades the leaf. somewhere is joy, though 'tis not thine; The power that sent can heal thy grief; And light lies on the farther hills.

Thou wouldst not with the world be one If ne'er thou knewest hurt and wrong Take comfort, though the darkened sun Never again bring gleam or song-The light lies on the farther hills. -Richard Watson Gilder.

Finding Grandfather

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wheat, and slept out of doors all night ithout her mudder."

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swinging a much solled and begrimed was in the large cathedral, and many all she said. sunbonnet by one string, while the oth- people wandered in, both to pray and The few remaining people saw a er hand grasped the fingers of a tall, to look at the wonderful altar and pleungainly man walking by her side.

man obediently, "walked round and himself as sexton when the crash came convulsively, round the wheat field but could not find and he had left the old home. her way out, for all the wheat was And by and by, she lay down to rest shadows, drifting to and fro on the old where a harvest mouse had built its nest. She was tired and hungry, and oh, so lonely. But the winds blew brough the grain, humming a lullaby and the little girl grew sleepler and sleepler," "And sleepler," added the child, "Three times. Tell it right,

daddy." "And so when the reapers came in the morning." continued the man, "and the dreaded knives crept nearer and nearer to the little girl, every thing tried to save her. The bunnles nibbled her toes, the little harvest mouse pulled her hair, and the little birds flew on top of one of the flowers and sang and sang and sang."

"And then," said Birdle-girl with much excitement-"Let me finish it, daddy. The man who drove the reaper got down from his seat to find the bird's nest, and found the little baby girl fast asleep, and carried her to her mudder girl was lost in the wheat?"

The man and child had left the wheat grassy knoll upon which the old farm- go about and see everything."

the home of the little girl's grandfather and her great grandfather, and David nurse who held him down, Chadwick loved it as few men loved anything.

Here he had brought his young wife, and lived a perfect dream of happiness until she died, leaving her husband the legacy of a puny baby girl.

"Poor David," the neighbors said.

"What will he do now?" He had always been "poor David" to them, for he was unlike most men, practical, wide awake for their own interests, and business like. Instead he ways; a man awkward with clumsy manners, but with a poet's heart, tender, gentle and true. His face was

David seemed to be born under an unlucky star, for nothing prospered in with a sigh and an afterthought. his hands. If there were poor crops, Chadwick lost more than any one else. ed at it, "He nin't got no fadder like Success never seemed to come near me, maybe, but his mudder loves him.

own mistress at the old home, and the devoted to him, and could see no fault of dreams. him. A little slow perhaps, but that was all.

Phebe was too young to remedy things at the farm, but not too young to realize that ruin was slowly coming upon them.

She knew that her father was losing | more things?" money year by year, and that sooner or later the dear old homestead must go. She tried in valu to make her father ings were repeated, for it gave Mary a see it, but he would not, or shall we chance to chat with her many friends

Then the day came when Phebe met John Putnam, a handsome foung fel- Confirmation service was to be held and

low, and a summer boarder in the many Bishops of renown were to speak, neighborhood

John persunded Phebe to go to the city tiful services. with him and be married, assuring her that after their marriage, her father when Bennie's voice whispered out should have a home with them. Phebe loved her father and John so much, that she felt she was doing the best for all parties.

If anything was wented to break David's heart it was this.

From the day he learned the news he never mentioned Phebe's name. Letaway and begging him to share it, but down quietly to listen to the singing. David never knew. He burnt the letters unopened lest the news they conas sorrow.

farm was let, for the first time in the earnestly. memory of living man, and David Chadwick went his way, no one knew where. When Phebe, with her young persed she led the way to a quiet part "Tell me again, daddy, the stary of husband, did return for the forgiveness of the church, followed by Bennie and the little girl who lost her way in the they could not get by letter he was David. Then she turned and faced

It was one of the hottest days of the The speaker was a little girl herself, year. The only cool place to be found "And the little girl," continued the them, for here it was he had hidden old man fell on her shoulder weeping

David loved to listen to the voices of taller than she, and however much she the boy choristers, and the deep toned telling wonder stories as of old, but stood on tip toe, she couldn't see over. notes of the organ. The dim lights and



cryin'," said the child suddenly, look- carvings, reminded him of the cloud ing up in her father's face. "Of course shadows in the wheat fields at home. ber mudder did cry, daddy, and the lit. And so he was ever in the church, dusttle girl's daddy must have cried too, ing, cleaning and musing; ever treated hat blew off, fell under the wheels of you know. Wouldn't you cry if Birdie- kindly by the church people and authorities.

"No, no, Mary, I don't want to sit Beld far behind and entered on the down and say my prayers. I want to

David woke up from a day dream to It was a veritable tumble-down with find a curly haired boy of 5, struga "leanto" at the end, but it had been gling on the seat behind him, as he vainly tried to free himself from the

"Let him stay with me," said David kindly. "I'll take care of him. Come my lad, and I will show you the organ and the pictures," and the child went with him, while the nurse settled comfortably down to her prayers.

"My name is Bennie, and my grandfather a Bishop," said the little fellow by way of an introduction, "And I got another grandfadder way off in the country, and I am going to find him some time. He is losted," he said conwas a dreamer, unused to the world's fidentially, looking up in David's face. David took the child up the altar steps, and showed him where the little boys sang each Sunday in their cassaved from positive plainness by a pair socks and surplices. Bennie's disapof wonderful eyes, large, dark and pointment was great when told that he was hardly old enough to sing.

"But I'll soon be growed," he added

Then David showed him the picture his were poorer than his neighbors. If of the Infant Jesus on His Mother's sickness came among the stock, David knee, and Bennle remarked as he look-Then David knew the child had lost Twelve years passed away. Birdle- his father, and he said "mudder" just girl had long ago dropped her pet as Birdie-girl had done years ago, when name, and was known as Phebe Chad- they had walked in the cornfields towick. Through the generosity of a rel- gether. He could almost fancy it was ative, she had been sent to school, and Birdle-girl that was clasping his hand now her education finished, she was her now, so real did the long forgotten incident return, until the sound of Mary's idol of her father. She in return was voice brought him back from the land

> "New, Master Bennie, we must go at nce. Mamina will want you. Say good-bye to the kind gentleman and Lil' rain an' sunshine makes de country come along."

again to-morrow, will you show me

David promised, and the next day, and for a number of days the proceedwhom she met at church.

It was a great day at the cathedral.

East River will be spanned by an arch | end with trains composed of | heavy | Orleans, Chicago or any other Southern bridge of about 1,000 feet span, itself freight locomotives; and so stiff is the or Western city without leaving the

> David was very busy until late. Then David had no faith in him, and op- he thought he would go into the body posed the rapidly growing friendship, of the great church, and listen him-How it came about, one cannot tell, but self to the wonderful singing and beau-

> > from one of the pews: "Mr. Story Man, here's lots of room with us. Do come," and, taking David's wrinkled hand in his, he drew him in the pew which was occupied by a

He was looking around for a sent.

lady and the child. After Bennie had pointed out to David one of the Bishops as his "grandter after letter came telling of her hap- fadder," he stuck his little hand in that piness; of the home they had made far of his new found friend and settled

It was a long service, and David and Bennie wearied long before it was over, tained should bring him shame as well but they sat it out bravely, hand in hand, while Bennie's mother, her thick When the spring came around the old veil lowered, watched them long and

When the great cathedral doors were opened, and the vast congregation disthem, raising the heavy crepe folds of the vell from her face. "Father, don't you know me?" was

strange sight, for after gazing in her tures. David Chadwick was one of face intently for a few moments the

The old homestead is once again Da-

vid's and he wanders about the fields

they are told to a little boy now. Many improvements have taken place in the house and farm at the suggestion of Bennie's mother. The old man is deeply interested in them all, for wants Bennie to be a farmer, as his great great grandfather was before

him, only he adds, "I hope he'll make

a better farmer than I did." And Bennie is oh, so happy, for he has "found his udder grandfadder in the country."-Waverley Magazine.

LANGUAGE THAT DISAPPOINTED.

All That a Strong Man Said Under

Great Provocation. "I don't like to hear a man swear as a general thing," said the girl of some experience, to a Providence Journal writer, "but there are times when it scems justifiable, and then I like to know that a man can relieve his feelings. The other day I had what was a real disappointment, though it's dreadful to admit it.

"I was walking up Westminster street with a man you know, and his a trolley and was absolutely ruineda new hat, too! What do you think that big, strong man said? He picked up the remains, looked at them for a time as if he were struggling with some strong emotion and then observed mildly, 'Dear me!' "

"So you wanted to hear him swear?" inquired the man to whom she poured out her tale.

"Well, I thought he would use at least one big D," replied the girl.

"My dear girl," sald her companion, "that man you were with is probably the most profane man in Providence, and on what you might call ordinary occasions he can swear for half an bour without repeating himself. There are, however, times when 'words is inadequate,' and he doubtless recalled that all the cuss words he knew were too feeble for the occasion. I assure you there was more heartfelt bitterness in that mild expression than in all the oaths he knew."

"Perhaps," said the girl, "but It really seemed so pitiful that I wanted to say things for him."

Those who are accustomed to look ack with longing eyes to the "good old days" will find it interesting to learn that in the middle of the eighteenth century the common carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distauce of thirty-eight miles, required two days to make the journey. In 1778 it took a day and a half for a stagecoach to go from Edinburgh to Glasgow, only forty-four miles away. About the same time the swifter stages seldom covered the road be tween Edinburgh and London, 310 miles, in less than two weeks, an averare speed of about twenty-two miles a day .- St. Louis Republic.

amile: "Good-bye, Mr. Story Man; if I come Thank the Lawd we livin', of it's only for a while!

Lil' rose a-growln', drinkin' up de dew-Thank de Lawd you livin' en de flowers is fer you!

Lil' bit er trouble-lil' song en sigh; Thank de Lawd de res' time is comin' by en by!

AMERICAN QUEEN OF BEAUTY.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, the Most Admired Woman in London. An American woman, Mrs. John Jaceb Astor, is the beauty of the London season, writes a correspondent. Wherever she is seen this regal woman causes a sensation. Crowds follow her about a room. Her height, her snowy hair over such a fresh young face, her amazing gowns and historic Jewels have dazzled London. Twice lately I have seen her in a "creation" which for originality and beauty I never have seen surpassed. On the first occasion she were a costume of silvery scales which fitted her figure close, giving the idea of some wondrous mermald from the deep. The top of the bodice was filled in with filmy lace, suggestive of foam, and at her throat was the Empress Eugenie's famous pendant of bluzing diamonds,

On the other occasion she was attired in some black, cloudy fabric, which seemed to swatte her figure, revealing not a single lewel. Above this, thrown into strong relief by the contrast, rose ber flower-like face, with its crown of white hair dressed in big curls. In



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

which gown she looked the more striking it would be hard to say. A man who was present the other night at an embassy party remarked: "She"meaning Mrs. Astor-"makes every other woman appear insignificant and commonplace."

Many women are bleaching their hair to resemble hers, and others, who do not care to go to this length, are wearing white wigs. Mrs. Astor has been here frequently, but she never before has made quite such a sensation. She looks utterly unconscious of the admiration she arouses or is it utterly indifferent? Nor somehow does she convey the impression of being partieularly happy. Her thoughts often seem far away from the gayety in which she is the bright particular star. Occasionally there flits over her face, like a cloud, a careworn expression that makes her appear, for the few moments that it lasts, years older. I have seen her stand in the center of a crowd apparently not hearing a word that was being said by those around But all this only adds to the interest she arouses. It suggests a hid den sorrow, a buried romance, and things of that sort that inquisitive folk like to speculate about.

A COINCIDENCE.

Peculiar Combination of Events Re lated by Andrew Lang.

As to "the long arm of coincidence it may be as long as is necessary. Nothing is impossible to coincidence. An instance of my own experience, said Andrew Lang, convinces me of this fact. I had been reading a foolish book, "Out of the Hurly Burly," and some of the rhymes ran in my head. They began:

Bury Bartholomew out in the woods

In a beautiful hole in the ground. In the afternoon I drove with a party of friends, and we took the refreshment of tea at a house where there were several other guests, all unknown his appetite. He was pursued and had to me even by name. As two of these lived at a place on our homeward route they accompanied us in our vehicle. As we passed a wood on a hillside one of these anonymous strangers said to me, the enemy had gone and she could re "This is the burial place of the Murrays of Glendhubreac." I absently and au-

tomatical replied: Bury Bartholomew out in the woods In a beautiful hole in the ground.

A kind of chill blight settled on the party, though one of them tactfully asked me what poet I was quoting.

When we had set down our two strangers at their own home I was asked whether I knew the name of the gentleman on whom I had expended my poetical quotation? Of course I did not know, and of course his surname was Bartholomew, while, as he seemed in bad health, my citation had an air of brutal appropriateness. "Thus does fortune banter us," for Bartholomew is a most unusual name in Scotland.

A well known New Yorker, while dining at his club one evening, observed that his order of oysters on the shell was not complete, there being only eleven bivalves instead of the dozen in was his custom to order. On reflecting that his waiter, an Irishman, was a newcomer, he decided to let the matter pass, but when on the next evening the same thing occurred he became a trifle impatient.

"See here," exclaimed he to the waiter, "what do you mean by bringing me eleven oysters when I order twelve? This is the second time that this thing has happened."

"Sure, sir," quietry responded the Celt, "I didn't think you would want to risk being thirteen at table, sir." "That is exactly the disease I am

Where the Excitement Was. here to cure," replied Lord Bramwell, "I don't suppose it's unnatural for blandly.

me to be excited now that the hour for my marriage to the count ap-Succeeded. proaches," said the bride. "I guese I'm the most excited person in town at "Did she succeed?" this minute," "Oh, I don't know," "Sure! He used to be a spendthrift replied Mrs. Nuritch, her mother. and now he has nothing to spend."-"Think how excited they must be over Houston Post. it in the newspaper offices."-Catholic

Standard and Times. The pessimist will tell you the child As the natural optimist, because it doesn't know any better.



OPINIONS OF GREAT PAPERS ON IMPORTANT SUBJECTS

MILK, A REMARKABLE FOOD,

R. HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN gives some absorbingly interesting facts about milk, the article of diet with which everyone is so familiar, "and about which so little is generally known." To quote one passage: "Milk, as is leaves the cow's udder, con

tains bacteria. If the cow is dirty or there is loose hay around, dust from the cow's body and the hay settles in the milk part, and this dust is swarming with bacteria. As soon as they reach the warm milk they commence to multiply, and in a few hours they may have tucreased until there are millions to the teaspoonful of milk. It is these bacteria that causes milk to sour, but most of them are not only barmless but positively bene ficial. According to Professor Conn, half a teaspoonful of cream which was sour enough to be churned for buttermaking contained 1,300,000,000 bacteria. If bacteria were as harmful as some imagine, no one would be alive, for who has not drunk butternilk or eaten cottage cheese made from sour milk which contains so many bacteria that few could grasp the numbers contained in a pint

"The bacteria are plants belonging to the same class as yeast and mushrooms. No one is afraid to use yeast in bread-making, or to eat mushrooms, so no one should be afraid to drink milk simply because it contains similar vegetable forms. Sometimes poisonous bacteria get into milk, but the cases of poisoning resulting are, comparatively speaking, rare, and no one need give up drink ing milk on this account."-North American Review,



BUSINESS EDUCATION. no other field has education in the United States made such marked advance within the last few years as in the direction of commercial knowledge and training. The last two decades were notable for progress in technical and mechanical education. They were the era of the chemist, the electrician and the civil and mechanical engineer. The era of the

man of business has begun, Commercial schools and business colleges formerly contented themselves with teaching arithmetic, bookkeeping. banking, typewriting, stenography and commercial law. They have been obliged greatly to broaden their scope, In the larger cities the free commercial high schools, the evening schools and the Young Men's Christian Associations, most of which maintain educational departments, find themselves compelled, in deference to popular demand, to establish classes in advertising, salesmanship, real estate, investments and other subjects which reflect the prevalent interest in business. Some of the colleges maintain postgraduate courses for the study of interna

tional trade in its broadest aspects, as well as in detail. In business life itself a change has been going on not unlike that which has taken place in agriculture a movement toward intensive and systematic cultivation of special fields. This has been fostered by, and in turn has festered, the invention of countless ingenious "systems" and appliances for filing correspondence, keeping accounts,

ascertaining costs and attracting customers. It is easier to study business now than ever before, because business

s more nearly reduced to a science. The new education has one great attraction: it fits the young man quickly for a "job," and helps him to get it. This in itself is good. The only danger is that the "Job" may come to look like the end to be attained rather than the means by which to attain it. The end is not making a living, but living. One must know business to succeed in it, but one must also know something more than bustness to make a real success of life,-Youth's Companion.



A HIGHWAY OF EMPIRE. NADA naturally was disappointed in the outcome of the recent Imperial Conference of Colonial Premiers in London, but she has already found in a proposal made in the closing days of the conference partial consolation for the failure of her cherished plans for English preference for colonial

goods. This proposal is for an independent service between England and Australia and New Zealand via Canada. The scheme is chiefly the work of Lord Strathconn and the Honorable Clifford Sifton, and contemplates a highway of empire which would make Canada a halfway house between the motherland and her principal coloules, excepting South Africa. As outlined in the proposals submitted in the last stages of the conference by Premier Laurier, with the concurrence of the governments of Australia and New Zealand, it is proposed to establish with adequate state aid a fast service between English ports and Canada by means of three twenty-fiveknot steamers, which will bring England within four days of Hallfax and eight days of Vancouver. From the latter port an eighteen-knot service is to be established to Australia and New Zealand, and also to China and Janan. The project will involve, it is estimated, a state subsidy of one million pounds sterling annually for ten years.-The Outlook.

SANITATION OF SMALL TOWNS.



E hear much of the reduction in the death rate of large cities in recent years, but very little about the improvements of the health of small towns. It is well known that all the infectious diseases claim many less victims in city life than they did twenty-five

years ago, and the reason for it is not far to seek. Citles established departments of health, gave to them ample powers, and then insisted on their being effective if their appropriations were to be continued. The consequence has been that not only has much suffering been spared, but thousands-nay, even hundreds of thousands-of people are now alive who, in the words of one prominent sanitarian, have no business being alive they would have been dead if the death rate that prevalled twenty years ago still obtained. Had they died their death would have been considered as from the hand of God. We know that their living is the result of the taking of some very simple measures for the prevention of disease.-The Independent.

-----WANTED THE GIBLETS.

There are innumerable stories of Revolutionary days in Charleston, South Carolina. The old ladies used to tell with giee how, when the British were supposed to be out of the way, the young fellows would come home to dance with them. A message would go to the nearest cousins and friends, and a supper be cooked. It might be only rice and bacon, but it was good to hungry men, declares Charleston's historian, Mrs. Ravenal The dance and the feast would con-

time until the stars grew pale. Often these merrymakings were dis turbed by the enemy; but there was always a negro or two on the watch, and the harsh note of the screech-owl or the cry of the whippoorwill would give the alarm. Then "partings in hot haste," a rush for the horses, a sharp scuffie, a hot pursuit, and perhaps a prisoner taken.

The young men had odd adventures One young fellow betrayed himself by taken shelter at Mrs. Motte's place. on South Santee, She rolled him up in a carpet, and pushing it against the wall, told him to keep quiet until lease him.

Unluckily, he heard through the open window his hostess giving directions to the cook about the chickens which were to be dressed for the dragons' dinner. He could not bear to be left out, and thrust his head from the carpet chrysalis, and cried out, "Keep the

giblets for me!" The soldiers heard, and he was at once caught and carried off, to repent at leisure of his indiscretion.

How Clouds and Fogs Differ. Clouds are bodies of moisture evapor rated from the earth and again partial ly condensed in the upper regions of the air. Fogs differ from clouds only in one respect-they come in contact with the surface of the earth while clouds are elevated above our heads When the surface of the earth is warmer than the lower air the vapor of the earth, being condensed by the chill air, becomes mist or fog. But when the lower air is warmer than the earth the vapor rises through the air fer in this respect-that mist is a fine rain, while fog is vapor not sufficiently condensed to allow of its precipitation

Judge and Doctor, Too. Lord Bramwell, a notable wit of the English bench, was once sitting in a case where the prisoner was accused of shoplifting.

"My lord, my client is not a common thief," urged the barrister for the defense; "he is suffering from kleptoma-

"She married him to reform him."

"Your friend retains her age wonderfully."

"Yes, she studied art in Europe."-Houston Post.

MARK TWAIN TO-DAY.



MARK TWAIN'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN IN ENGLAND. Here is exactly how Mark Twain, America's greatest humorist, looks today in his seventy-second year. This photograph was taken in England after his arrival there on his recent joky, king-entertaining visit. The hair is three-score-and-twelve, the face 50, the eyes 30, and the spirit, as we all

THE NEGRITOS.

know, boyish.

Odd Marriage Ceremony of Thes Barbarous Little People.

Belonging as they do to the lowest type of civilization as yet discovered, the Negritos of Malaysia and their ways are well worth studying. Simple, primitive, barbarous little people, their farm. The breaking of a leg proved a ustoms are those of prehistoric man. They have no fixed home or settlements, but are wanderers over their mountainous islands, sleeping under a and he committed a Latin grammar to

ries and game. Their marriage ceremony is a unique survival of early life. The suitor and few companions dance about the shelter of the desired girl. There is curious resemblance between the dances of the prospective bridegroom tion attended by his brother, where his and those of many of the game birds of our woodland. Finally the girl, accompanied by her mother, starts toward the dwelling of the young men. They frequently stop, squatting in the trail while the ament sultor and his companions continue their entreating and bewitching dances, winding round and round the girl. Presents are generally demanded and must be given before the reluctant bride will proceed. Finally the women arrive near a steep bamboo platform, A wild Dealer. shout pierces the air, and the bridegroom, like a frenzied animal, tears through the Negritos assembled at the base of the platform, snatches the bride in his arms and files up the incline with his mate, where they sit

Tom Corwin's Education.

The father of Tom Corwin, the famous Kentucky statesman, orator and wit, felt that he was too poor to make a scholar of more than one child of his large family, and so the elder brother, Matthias, was kept at school and Thomas placed at hard work on the happy incident in the life of the boy, as the enforced confinement gave him time for devotion to his beloved books, and becomes cloud. Fog and mist dif- banana leaf, living on herbs and ber- memory. Upon his recovery he again importuned his father to send him to school and, meeting a refusal, deliberately broke his leg the second time that he might have leisure to study. His heroic determination to learn resulted

A Grammarian.

in his being placed in the same institu-

natural ability and great industry

gathered a thorough knowledge of the

best English literature and a fair ac-

quaintance with the Latin classics.-

Ohlo Magazine.

"That horse thief over there is a great stickler for correct English." "He is?"

"Yes. He always finds fault with the judge's sentences."-Cleveland Plain'

The average man can express his sympathy for another's sorrow about as effectively as he can trim a hat.

If a loafer won't work when you during the wedding feast,-New York want him, he should at least refrain from saying he is too busy.