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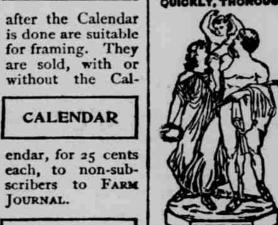


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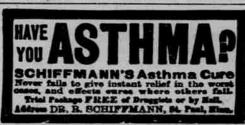
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The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, is a

MODERN ENGINEERING.

Many of Its Posts Seem Like the World

The civil engineer of the present age is a wizard who annihilates spaces and matter. The highest mountains, the deepest valleys are his playthings; he bridges one and tunnels through the bowels of the other. The railroad from Callao through the heart of Peru is the highest and most wonderfully constructed line in the world. The grades are often of 300 feet to the mile, and when the Andes were reached so difficult was the work that laborers were lowered from cliffs above by ropes in order that they might carve a foothold to begin the cutting for the

Tunnels are more numerous than open cuts and as far as the road has gone sixty-one tunnels have been constructed, aggregating 20,000 feet in length. The road attains a height of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea and at the highest point is about equal to the topmost peak of Mount Blanc. It pierces the range above by a tunnel 3,847 feet long. The tunnels of the Andes, however, do not compare with those of the Union Pacific, nor do the latter approach the tunnels of the

The improvements in locomotives rendered them capable of climbing grades, which in early days of rail-road engineering were deemed out of the question. The first railroads were laid almost level, but it was soon discovered that a grade of a few feet to the mile was no impediment to progress, and gradually the grade was steepened. To the energy and perseverance of inventors the success of mountain railroading is due. The road up Mount Washington, finished in 1868, was the first, and the road up Pike's Peak is the latest of steep lines. Of the European roads, the one up the sides of Mount Rigi in the Alps is the most famous. It is 19,000 feet long and in that distance rises 4,000 feet at an averaging grade of one foot to every four. At places the grade is about one foot in two and a half, which is believed to be the steepest in the world.

BEARS AND PIGS. They Live Together in Perfect Harmony in the National Park.

Of late years a number of bears have made a practice of living about the hotels and camps in the park, says a National park correspondent of Forest and Stream. They are becoming "parasites," or bruin tramps, taking what they want, making no effort for selfsupport, and living on the table waste.

They are "hog robbers," no longer worthy a sportsman's attention. One very large bear at the Upper Geyser Basin hotel is as regular about coming to his meals as a "star boarder." Once when the yardman was taking a large piece of waste meat to the pig-pen bruin met him in the trail. The yard-man, not at all frightened, held out the meat. The bear walked up, took it from his hand, went to one side a short distance, and ate the grub as unconcerned as though it was the proper thing to have his meals brought to him. The bears get in the pens, eat with the pigs, or rather drive them to one side and eat what they want. I believe but one hog has been killed by them the last summer. At the slaugh-ter-house in Swan Lake basin at least nine bears live on the refuse which is thrown to the hogs. They get into the pen, quarrel with the pigs, cuff them out of the way, often making them squeal with pain, and fight each other, the big ones driving the others off. So far they have not attempted to kill any of the pigs or sheep that are corraled near by every night. The herder and butcher have become so used to the bears that they do not fear them much except when they meet them after dark; then they are willing to give half the road. There are about twenty-five bears who are living about this way during the season. They are

this way during the season. They are in color black, brown, grizzly-gray and cinnamon.

HIS LAST CAME OF FARO. A San Franciscan's Christmas Kve Experi-ence in Wrestling with the Tiger.

They were talking about playing faro, says the N. Y. Herald. Each of the party had related some experience of his own in stling with the tiger" f one, who was apwith the exthe rest to get parently w.

through before and his say.
"Well, boys," said this last one, "I've quit playing faro. I received my last lesson just ten years ago, around Christmas time. I was then living in San Francisco. I was traveling in pretty hard luck then. I was a clerk in an insurance office. My salary was \$60 a month. I was married, too, and it was a pretty hard hustle to get along. When the 24th day of December came around I was as blue as indigo. I had drawn all of my December salary. I was broke. Not much of a Christmas for us, said I to my wife as I left the house that morning to go to work. About noon my employer called me into the private office. I was handed a check for \$25 as a Christmas present. I was also told that my salary was to be increased to \$100 a month. and that the increase was to date from

"Hooray! Here was \$65 in a hurry. My, but wasn't I happy! 'Boss wants to see you,' said the office-boy, coming to my desk an hour later. 'I have a little surprise for you,' said the 'boss' as I entered his private office. Imagine my astonishment, as well as delight, when I was informed that an uncle of mine had authorized the firm by telegraph to draw on him for \$400 and present the same to me as a Christmas gift. Talk about feeling like a millionaire. Well, I should say so. Of course I rang for a messengerboy and sent a note to my wife post haste telling her to prepare for a gladsome surprise when I arrived home. I had \$465 in gold in my pocket when I left the office that afternoon. Now the back rent would be paid and I would buy all manner of presents, and we'd have a rousing Christmas dinner that would just obliterate all the pangs of our re-

"My friend Dick and I left the office together. We took a drink: of course

we had another for luck. Then Dick made a proposition. We would drop in at Billy Briggs' faro bank on Sutter street. Not to gamble to any extent. Merely to risk a 'fiver' spiece for holiday expenses. Well, in we went. I put down \$5 on the high card and lost. Then another \$5-piece went after the first one. And then my! but it makes me shudder to think of it even now. Oh, what a time I had for the next half hour! It was the old, old story. Sending good money after bad. In just half an hour I was busted—clean broke. Don't ask me about that melancholy Christmas day. Mere words will not describe my feelings as I wandered aimlessly about the streets that night. And then I sneaked home and the 'gladsome surprise' that my wife was so anxiously waiting for. Gentlemen, I didn't get over that awful Christmas eve in a hurry. Have I ever played faro since? Not much. And I never will."

### Monetary Depression Due to Grip.

A Philadelphia physician tells the Record that the long-continued depression in the money market is due to the grip. "The mysterious disease," he says, "leaves an after-effect upon the victim that continues for months and years after his apparent recovery. It returns from time to time with varying | plains of our Southwestern territory. intensity and throws the patient into a state of lethary that utterly squelches all desire for work. Since that epidemic has touched a large number of those interested in the money market and financial affairs, I believe I am right in my explanation of the troublous condition of financial affairs at present."

### A Composition About Bones.

The following composition on bones was written for a school exercise by a

Bones are the framework of the body. If I had no bones in me I should not have so much motion and grand-mother would be glad but I like to have motion. Bones give me motion because they are something hard for motion to cling to. If I had no bones my brains, lungs, heart and large blood-vessels would be lying around in me and might get hurted but now the bones get hurted, but not much unless it is a hard hit,

If my bones were burned I should be brittle, because it would take all the animal out of me. If I were soaked in a acid I should be limber. Teacher showed us a bone that had been soaked. I could bend it easily. I would rather be soaked than burned. Some of my bones don't grow close to my body, snug, like the branches of a tree, and I am glad they don't, for if they did I could not play leapfrog and other nice games I know.

The reason they don't grow snug to my body is because they have joints. Joints is good things to have in bones. There are two kinds. The ball and socket, like my shoulder, is best. Teacher showed it to me, only it was History Society, thinks the evidence is the thigh bone of an ox. One end in favor of the existence of the wild was round, smooth and whitish. That horse in Central Asia. Gesner, the greatis the ball end. The other end was authority on zoology of the sixteenth hollowed in deep. That is the socket and it oils itself. It is the only machine that oils itself.

Another joint is the hinge-joint, like my elbow. It swings back and forth and oils itself. It never creaks like exploring, and of which the flushings are now exploring, and of which they have the school-room door. There is another joint that don't seem like a joint. That is in the skull. It don't have no

All my bones put together in their right places make a skeleton. If I leave any out or put any in their wrong places it ain't no skeleton. Cripples and deformed people don't have no skeletons. Some animals have their skeletons on their outside. I am glad I ain't them animals, for my skeleton, like it is on the chart, would not look well on my outside.-Popular Science News.

### That French Cook.

The French cook in her native land certainly has some privileges and benefits the mere mention of which would make her American sisters open their eyes wide with astonishment. An article in the Chautauquan gives a list of some of these perquisites which a French domestic considers hers by right. One is her allowance of wine. Just so many bottles (three and a half quarts per week) of the vin ordinaire must be provided, or there would be a strike. As this is the poor wine of the country, costing from 75 cents to \$1.50 per dozen (most likely watered but not alcoholic), there is no fear of intoxication with this small quantity. A second privilege which is hers is the "cinq per cent," or the commission of one sou on every frane granted to the cook by all the tradesmen with whom her mistress deals. The coal mer-chant, the grocer, the butcher, and the milkman all ungrudgingly bestow this money on the cook when the bills are paid at the end of each month to keep the custom. She is then supposed to interest herself in their behalf to direct the custom to their shops. This is quite a lucrative business for her, for in a family where the living ex-penses come up to \$300 a month her gains would amount to \$15, which means much more in France than in America. The morning meal of the domestic consists simply of black coffee with sugar, and bread without butter; but if you should give her a dinner without soup or a salad of some kind. she would feel ill-treated. She will make this same salad for herself out of almost anything that is left over; a few slices of beef, the outside leaves of the lettuce, cold boiled potatoes, or even a few dandelion leaves; but salad she must have.

HABITS OF THE UNTAMED HORSE. He Makes a Rover of His Domesticated Brethren When He Meets Them.

Very young students in their first attempts at composition often informed us that the horse is a useful animal. This sweeping generalization is subject to important modifications before t is accepted in all communities. There are many thousands of horses that toil not like their progenitors, but go like the wind where it listeth, and are looked upon as intolerable nuisances in the civilized regions they sometimes invade. Our Australian

I treated. And then Dick treated and triends, for instance, are no lovers of we had another for luck. Then Dick the horse in his untamed state, and some of the colonies set a price upon his head, and do all they can to stimu-late movements for his destruction. Seven thousand wild horses were shot in New South Wales alone in 1875. These rovers of the plains play the mischief with domesticated animals when they come among them, and the colonists are very much disgusted to observe that the noble horse, relapsing into barbarism and forgetting his oats and the other comforts of civilization, runs off with his wild brethren who have not enjoyed his superior advant-

It must be confessed that our horses need the restraints imposed upon them to prevent them from disgracing their ancestors, who were certainly domesticated when they were introduced into this country. Years ago it used to be the custom in our Southwestern territory to brand young stock and even many work animals and turn them loose to shift for themselves for a year or two. When they were wanted they were always as wild as Mexican mustangs. Mr. Powell wrote a book on the best method of taming wild horses. The specimens on which he exerted his talents as a tamer were, for the most part, formerly domesticated animals who had forgotten all about their restraints while wandering over the

Travelers in Western territories are no longer in danger of such an eruption of horse-flesh as Murray describes in his "Travels in North America." He not only witnessed a stampede of thousands of panic-stricken horses, but the living torrent swept along toward and over his camp, tramping skins and dried meat into the ground, knocking down some of the tents, and taking with them all its horses except his riding mare, who vainly struggled to break her fastenings. They still range in much smaller herds than formerly on the plains of the Upper Colorado; but the wild horses like the buffalo, has practically disappeared before the advance of the white man.

In spite of the experience of the Australians, many people, chiefly sav-age, have been able to turn the wild horse to good account. Hundreds of thousands of Mexican mustangs have been reduced to servitude. The wild horse of the South America pampas, which three centuries ago, only fifteen years after the horse was introduced from Europe, had spread to regions as remote as Patagonia, has been tamed by thousands, and has become the useful servant of Indian tribes.

Naturalists often discuss the question whether there is now in the world such a creature as an aboriginal, or truly wild horse. We know very well that the wild horses of the western hemisphere are all descendants of domesti-cated animals. Where, then, is "the aboriginal wild horse to be found? The question will probably never be set-tled. M. J. H. Steel, who recently read an interesting paper on "Wild Horses" before the Bombay Natural the assertion eann a positive is be made secured some specimens is not himself the descendant of ancient domestic animals.

Another question of importance as yet unsolved is whether two or three years run on the pampas would re-juvinate the average street-car horse, develop the latent savagery of his nature, and make a wild horse of him. If equine liberty and freedom from human restraint could achieve a miracle of such proportions it would be very interesting to know.—Gold-thwaite's Geographical Magazine.

QUEER SORT OF A BRIDAL TOUR. It Was Made in the Cable Car Beside Her Gripman Spouse.

It was pretty cold in the forward compartment of one of the Seventh and Ninth street cable cars last evening. The short benches on each side of the gripman were empty save for one figure—that of a petite and pretty brunette in a warm gray cape ulster with a big fur boa around her neck.

The conductor put his head through the door for a moment and came back

"Love's a funny thing!" he said, as he got back on the rear platform and rung up two fares. "There's Jim's wife in there with him. Jim's the grip-man, you know. They've been mar-ried near two weeks, and I'm hanged if she hasn't put in the best half of the time riding round with him in the car.
They couldn't afford to take a trip off,
you see, and so they're putting in the
honeymoon in this way.

"She's a little brick, though, I tell you," he went on as he started the car. after a pause to help on board a stout woman with seven packages, "and when I get married, if ever I do. I don't want no better. It gets pretty cold in there along in the evening; but, bless you, she don't mind it. This is his last trip, and she never fails to take it with him. Then, when he knocks off, they walk home together as happy

as a pair of doves." It was quite dark in the gripman's compartment, except from the glimmer from the store-windows and the electric-lights as the car shot past them. But it was light enough for them. The stalwart young gripman would bend down once in a while to say a word or catch a glimpse of her face, and she seemed quite content to sit there and watch him as he jammed the grip-handle up and pulled down on the brake.

"Yes, sir," said Jim, "we've been married two weeks to-morrow. Maybe you think it is a funny way to spend the honeymoon, and so it is. But it's Mary's doing. I'd saved up enough to-take a week or so off, but she wouldn't have it. She says: 'We'll just lay that away for a rainy day, and I'll come and ride on the car with you,' Don't you put my name in the paper or maybe I'd get the bounce. The company might object, though I don't see why they should, for she pays her fare every time she gets on."—Phila-delphia Person delphia Press.