

LAST LINE OF STAGE COACHES.

CRACK OF DOOM FOR THE PIONEER METHOD OF TRANSPORTATION IN CALIFORNIA.

The last ditch in which staging is to die is in southern California. The line now consists of a double daily service of six-horse coaches running between Surf, at the southern terminus of the coast line division of the Southern Pacific railway, and Santa Barbara, Cal., which is now the northern terminus of the Southern Pacific railway. The filling of the gap, now only seventy miles wide, will complete another trunk line between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

A day's ride through the most entrancing scenery I saw in California brought me from San Francisco to Lompoc, ready for the stage ride on the well equipped line that plies across the mountains to Santa Barbara. Promptly at 6 o'clock in the morning the stage, drawn by six spirited horses, awakes in a graceful curve to the porch of the hotel, its great body tossing on its leather springs like a ship in a billowy sea. The Wells-Fargo express treasure box was stowed in the boot beneath the driver's seat, the United States mail sacks piled up on top of it, and I climbed to the high seat beside the driver, Charley Jennings.

Sharp "crack-cracks" punctuated the swish of the long lash through the mountain air. Twenty-four iron-shod hoofs smote the hard, smooth road and we were off in good old-fashioned stage coach style. "Which way lies this city of Santa Barbara?" I asked the driver as I looked up

for the funeral decoration of the young, white violet in her coffin. The invitation has not only the names of the parents of the child, but the grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins. I was supposed to bring a wreath or other emblem of artificial flowers, real ones are seldom used, and drive to the mourner's house. There I was met by a usher, who took the wreath and led me into the "chamber of death," where the mourners and priests were praying for the departed soul. Every article of furniture, pictures, knickknacks, etc., had been removed from the room and the coffin was placed in the center upon a bier (dressed with marbled cloth, around which the wreaths, etc., were put).

Most Brazilian coffins are poorly made of the thinnest pine, perfectly oblong in shape and covered with (according to your means) velvet, cloth, cotton or paper. The coffin was of scarlet velvet, having its edges bordered with gold-figured paper. The child was dressed in gorgeous red silk and lace and literally covered with artificial flowers of every hue. The reason for such a display, I was told, was that a child has no sin, and was going happily to heaven. Lighted candles were placed around the coffin, with a crucifix at the head and another in the hand of the child. Father and brother carried the coffin to the hearse.

When the masses had been said the father and brother carried the coffin to the hearse. The hearse was also scarlet and gold, but oh, so shabby, and so were the two men on

the seat, who were dressed from head to foot in the same bright colors, and looked more like organ monkeys than men. A closed cab led the procession, in which sat the priest in all his bright robes, then followed the hearse, after which, in open carriages, the male relatives and friends (no women attend funerals).

They don't go over; they go around them. The railroad will follow the beach of the ocean most of the way, but they have some pretty stiff work in one canyon. It's deep and steep and mighty rocky. When Fremont came in here from the south with his army in the 40's the Mexicans fortified that canyon. They thought he would have to go through it, and they were prepared to give him a battle there. But he was too cute for 'em; he came over the mountains on a trail that this wagon road we are on follows very closely.

Dinner at "Cold Spring Ranch" perched near the mountain top, fresh trout, fresh caught; hot biscuit, honey, golden butter and hot coffee, with an appetite whetted by the light air of a latitude half a mile above the ocean, was not to be despised.

A dash down the steep and rocky seaward slope, and we were in the valley, that seemed completely walled in by towering trees and manzanita shrub-covered mountains. "Up the Santa Ynez" valley," he said, "and over the mountain ridge where you see that white cloud up there that has set down on the top of the mountain to rest."

"How is the railroad to get over these high, steep mountains?" I asked the driver. "They don't go over; they go around them. The railroad will follow the beach of the ocean most of the way, but they have some pretty stiff work in one canyon. It's deep and steep and mighty rocky. When Fremont came in here from the south with his army in the 40's the Mexicans fortified that canyon. They thought he would have to go through it, and they were prepared to give him a battle there. But he was too cute for 'em; he came over the mountains on a trail that this wagon road we are on follows very closely."

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Perfect in Every Part and Runs on a Five-and-a-quarter-Inch Track. The smallest locomotive ever built has been constructed by an Ohio man. That is, it is the smallest locomotive which lays claim to being absolutely complete and portable, capable of behaving on a track as creditably and efficiently as the big threatening-looking engine which draws the heavy trains on a great railroad. Smaller engines have been toys. This one, far from being a toy, is as perfect as any locomotive ever turned out by a man's hands, although it runs on a track the gauge of which is only five and a quarter inches.

The builder is a machinist, Richard H. Kiddie, who resides in Kinsman, O. Partly to test his own knowledge and ingenuity and partly to amuse his 3-year-old son, he constructed the locomotive. The length of engine and tank is sixty inches. The tank holds twelve quarts of water and the steam pressure is as great as 125 pounds. The driving wheels are six and half inches in diameter and the fire box measures six inches. The weight of the engine and tank, without the coal and water, is 126½ pounds. A tiny toolbox is on the tank and contains the tools needed to adjust the steam gauge, injector, throttle valve, gauge, cocks, whistle, lever, reverse lever and the other necessary bars and handles. There are even cushions on the seats intended for the engineer and fireman. The engine runs on wheels that are cast on the axle by three-fourths of an inch.

The engine has attracted persons from far and near to Mr. Kiddie's shop, and it has been pronounced the most perfect thing of its kind ever constructed. There is not a single feature of an up-to-date locomotive that is lacking, and could an engineer sufficiently diminutive be found and the tracks extended, there would be nothing to prevent the said diminutive engineer from turning the wheels and rushing off in the locomotive wherever the tracks should be laid at a rate which would not be despised by the biggest engine on any railroad.

As it is often the case in the farm region in Minnesota, the stables of the pigs and cows and sheep were attached to the house, and from them all sorts of overhead airways and stairs led to every part of the domicile of the guests, the family and the help on the place. The youngsters had a nest on the stairs, and they were ready to shed to shed, finally landing on the third floor of the house, where the sleeping rooms of the farm workers were located. Being Sunday afternoon, they were all away at picnics and dances, and there was nothing to stop the exciting expedition of the venture-some kids. Suddenly they came to a staircase, which they felt sure they had not here before discovered. It was a narrow, almost dark light of stairs, which received its light from an overhead window in the gable of the house.

To know whether that stairway leads was the eldest child's ambition, and it was promptly communicated to her little followers. Down she went until she came to a place where a board was entirely missing from the stairs. Being an old-fashioned

Wayward it was rather steep, and the gap between foothold and foothold was great. But that was just the kind of adventure the eldest girl was looking for, and she descended forthwith that she would jump

A WANDERER AND HIS BOOKS

Strange True Stories of a Boy Who Would Not Be a Parson.

ROVING ADVENTURES OF PHELPS WHITMARSH

Before the Mast, in Australian Wilds, On Borneo's Great Forests, and Elsewhere Roughing It—How He Writes Books.

There is a charm about a retired sea captain. Any man who has lived a roving life and stored his memory with strange adventures on land and sea is easily a hero. And if a man has crowded into a few short years more experience than usually occurs in a lifetime, and in his sturdy young manhood he can tell about them in a frank, modest, manly fashion, he is easily an author. When a man has done this, his picture-book "The World's Rough Hand," which has recently been making so much talk, and left the public with an appetite for more, then the fragments of experience which he drops in informal talk, sitting with pipe and slippers before the evening fire, are worth having.

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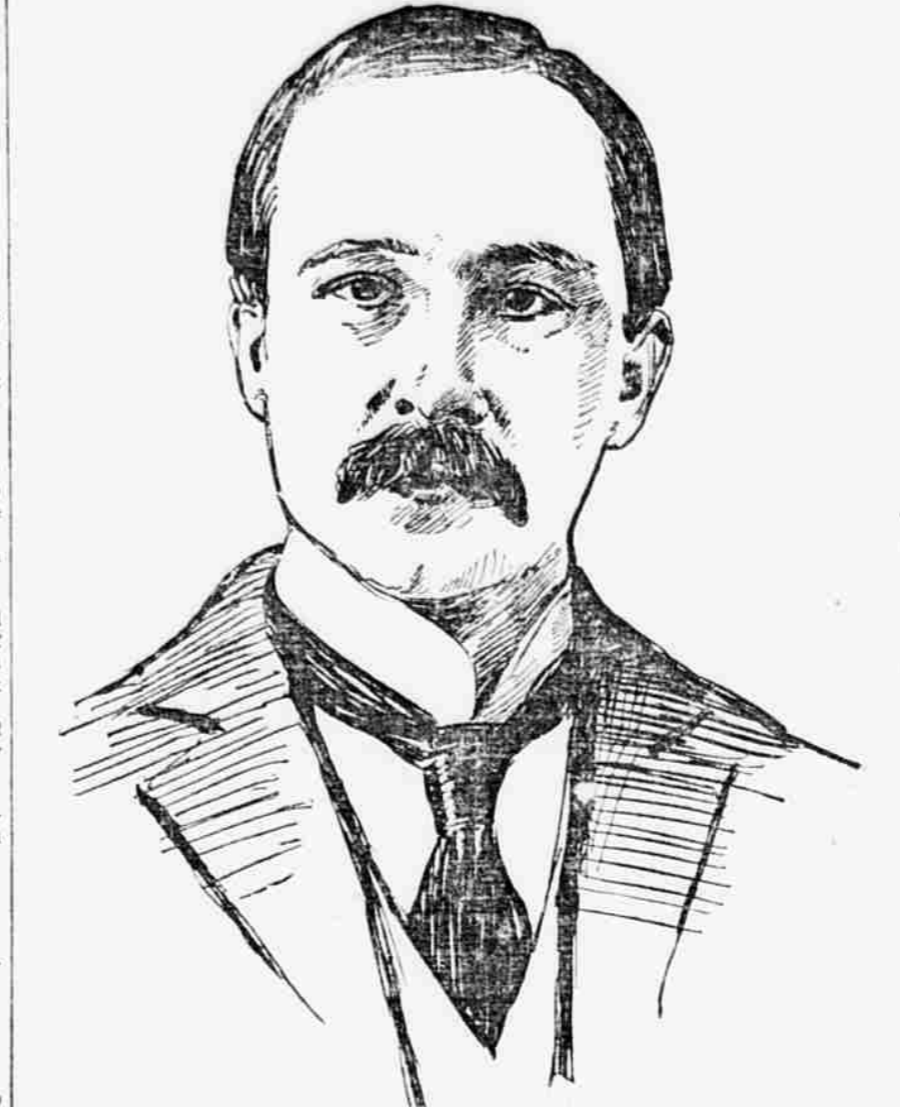
"I never had much training for writing," said Mr. Whitmarsh, rather gloomily, after he had been persuaded to talk about himself. "You see, I was too busy to go to school, and have read very little—a few short stories as a boy and a few others on

sent ashore to spend months in a hospital, but I was not so troubled by my injuries as I was by the thought of leaving all the good things to eat that we had laid in for the apprentices' mess.

Terrific Fight With a Hawk. "It was nine months before I was able to go to sea again, when I shipped on a vessel bound for the west coast. In the channel a hawk which had been driven off shore by the wind alighted on the tip of a yardarm. At that time I made a fall of tailermy, and that hawk presented an opportunity too good to be lost. I went aloft just as I was, with a waistcoat on, but without a coat, and it was not until I was out on the footropes that it occurred to me the hawk might put up a fight. To save my hands I took off my waistcoat and

After dropping some distance I caught one leg over a footrope of a yard and hung head downward, with the hawk in one hand and my unreliable waistcoat in the other. I easily released the hawk without further injury, and in due time that hawk was properly studied and mounted."

The Broken Backstay. Another adventure all is recalled Mr. Whitmarsh by a very distinct scar on the third finger of his right hand. He was



H. PHELPS WHITMARSH (From Recent Photograph)

shipboard. My father is an English clergyman, and as I was his only son, it was arranged that I should become a parson. My father kept me studying the bible and the prayer book, but, boy-like, I preferred to read the Waverley novels, which were all I had until I was thought to be old enough to read one of Captain Marryat's sea stories. I was delighted with Captain Marryat, but the quaint, direct phrases of the bible, probably more than anything else, helped me to a means of expression.

Not Cut Out for a Parson. "Of course I had no serious notion of becoming a parson. There had been several sea captains in my family, and a roving disposition came to me by inheritance. Then there were many things that encouraged in me a longing for the sea. I happened to be born in Canada, where my father was doing his first work as a missionary. When I was 3 years old my parents took me back to England, and that first voyage made a great impression on me. I still have a vague recollection of it.

Religious. Rev. Dr. Isaac M. Wise, who is probably the best known Jewish clergyman in the United States, and one of the founders of the reform movement in American Judaism, will celebrate his 80th birthday this month. Archbishop Maclean of York (England) entered the Marine service of the Indian army in 1847 as a lieutenant. He studied the native language, became an interpreter and retired on a pension, which he still receives.

Religious. Rev. John W. Shanahan of Philadelphia, whom the pope has just designated bishop of Harrisburg, is a native of this country for a long time being superintendent of the parochial school system of the archdiocese. Bishop Peter Bendisi of Rome has been appointed archbishop of Santa Fe. The official directory of the Roman Catholic church gives the Catholic statistics for this country and Canada. Their counts are as follows: Twelve archbishops, 80 bishops, 2,756 religious clergy, 8,838 secular priests, 1,200 monks and nuns, 11,571 members—11 universities and 191 colleges for boys. The total number of children in Catholic institutions is 526,734.

Fell Through the Skylight. "On the first voyage," said Mr. Whitmarsh, "we got plenty to eat, but often longed for delicacies that we had no means of getting. I agreed with the other apprentices, who were on the same voyage, that there should be no such lack on the second trip. We billed out to push the sail clear of our stay. I had a tin of marmalades, hams and other luxuries, that there was barely room to get in ourselves. As the ship stood out the harbor with a lively breeze I was sent aloft to clear the fore-gaffel in the tack. I was standing upon the mast and with my foot to push the sail clear of our stay. While I had my weight upon it the sail suddenly came clear, and losing my balance, I felt myself falling through the air and wondered where I would strike. When my senses returned I found myself lying in the cabin. Much to my surprise, the captain was having his head fixed up with strips of court plaster, and the cabin was littered with bits of glass. They told me that I had fallen upon the skylight, breaking the heavy glass and bringing it down upon the head of the captain, who was working on some papers at the table underneath. His scalp had been cut open from his crown to his forehead, while I had a lot of bones broken.

"A small steamer was hailed and I was

sliding down a wire backstay, and when about half way to the deck found myself stopped by the strain upon his right hand. A broken and unwound strand of wire had gone through his finger close to the bone. His finger had slipped down a foot or more over the broken strand. With his feet and his one free hand he did his best to raise himself so as to get clear of the wire. It seemed impossible. He was losing strength, and as he did not relish the idea of falling and tearing away his finger he got out his sheath knife and cut himself loose.

Mr. Whitmarsh was five years at sea before he reached his majority. It was in such a school as this that he got his training for the more uncertain and adventurous life in Australia. Three times he encircled the globe before he decided that the game was not worth the candle.

It is at this point in his life that he takes up the narrative in his book, "The World's Rough Hand." He knew the sea and was in the way soon to get the command of a ship, but the life had proved unsatisfying. He had opportunities to become either a clergyman or a physician, but after studying with his doctor-uncle for a few months he decided he did not care to become a professional man.

Becomes a Sundowner. Hence the book takes him to Adelaide in a sailing vessel and up to Silverton as a "sundowner." A "sundowner" is a man who travels on foot through the country and at sundown applies at a ranch or station for food and a place to sleep. The "sundowner" is supposed to be traveling with some definite object in view, but in many cases he is a tramp, traveling aimlessly over the country and living on the bounty of the people. Yet it was the only way of getting into the interior fifteen years ago, unless a man had ample wealth to spend upon horses.

The three years that followed young Whitmarsh's arrival in Australia were jammed with exciting incidents, which he has crowded still more compactly in his book. When he had money he risked it freely in some ambitious adventure, and when it was gone he worked for more at anything he could find to do. The ups and extreme downs of the life followed one another rapidly from the time he started out as a prospector till he wound up as a pearl diver.

It is difficult even to outline the story, but all through it runs the picture of an intelligent young adventurer, who bore hunger and destitution with a stout heart and persistently took an active part in the control of his fate.

"It is a true story—as true as I could make it," said the author. "It is my history, but it is hardly typical. I had an advantage because I was a sailor. You see, I knew that if I could get to the coast I was always sure of a chance to ship, and some men are naturally unfit for diving even though they have the opportunity, and I was fortunate in getting on to the thing very easily. Pearl diving was the first thing I ever wrote about, and that was in an emergency to get money to go on a vacation. I was much surprised when my brief sketch was accepted, and I determined to cultivate my power of expression. I have a great pile of stories which were begun but never ended, as a reminder of that attempt.

"My work on 'The World's Rough Hand' was really commenced several years before Wyke's articles and other newspaper experiences had begun to appear, but even then I probably was affected by the prevail-

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