

The man who loves more than tongue can tell is usually tongue-tied.

Prices of all things are to be lower. Even the foundation has begun to come down.

A Toronto doctor says the automobile is the agent of health. Correct. Dodging is fine exercise.

Many an alibi has the best of it with some of the presidential boons in the matter of calling.

One of the best resolutions any man can make is that he will do his best to obey the spirit as well as the letter of the law.

A Philadelphia man has just given his daughter a \$100,000 coming-out party. That's right. Put the money in circulation.

English newspapers will have to forgive us because we can't share in their fears that the Pacific fleet is going to get hurt.

A lady poet who slugs in Texas declares that "it is pleasant to die for those we love." If it is not impertinent we would like to ask whether she has ever tried it.

In opening the Japanese diet the emperor dwelt upon the fact that Japan was at peace with the other nations. It is a fortunate thing for him that he doesn't meet the Jingo vote.

Young Alfred Vanderbilt will begin next spring to drive a coach daily from London to Brighton, England. Wouldn't this tickle the old commodore if he could know about it?

The shopping cure for insane women is being tried in St. Louis with marked benefit to the patients, but it is a bit early to prognosticate the effect on the clerks waiting on them.

The mother of Governor Folk says he was never spanked because he never deserved to be. This will be discouraging to the people who cling to the theory that boys who are expected to amount to anything will be boys.

Answer to William Allen White's memorable query as to what is the matter with Kansas: Total value of Kansas farm products and live stock for the year, \$103,048,896, an increase of nearly \$40,000,000 over preceding year.

It is given out that King Alfonso may visit Latin America this year. If he can find it convenient to visit Yankee America as well, he may be sure of a welcome that will make his hair curl. There is no grudge in this country against the young man.

A noted millionaire, when asked on his seventieth birthday for a recipe for happiness replied without hesitation: "To obey the judge within and make others happy." This is the good old rule of an unselfish life and a clean conscience that has not been improved in all the years since it was formulated.

One of the best-known dining places in the world is about to be sold. The "Star and Garter" of Richmond Hill, near London, is familiar through picture, poetry, prose and experience. In 1738 the original house was erected on a lot of ground leased for two pounds sterling a year. Twenty years later the little inn had expanded into the chief hotel in the vicinity of London. Most of the famous characters of the world, and many of those of fiction, have dined at the Star and Garter. Kings and princes have been its patrons. Louis Philippe lived there for six months after his flight from Paris, and Napoleon III had apartments there. Indeed, at one time or another, almost every distinguished man of the day has visited the great Richmond Hill hostelry.

Clean sport never had more distinguished friends and patrons than now. President Roosevelt, ex-President Cleveland, Dr. Henry Van Dyke and the best of the nature writers can fish and hunt and give a fair account of themselves in their relation to beasts and fishes. At a recent convention of anglers Doctor van Dyke defined a true sportsman as "a man who finds his recreation in a fair and exciting effort to get something that is made for human use in a way that involves some hardship, a little risk, a good deal of skill and ability, and plenty of out-of-door life." Mr. Cleveland sent his word of protest against "fishing hogery," and Mr. Roosevelt's utterance on the subject is characteristic: "To make a very large bag, whether of deer, or prairie-chickens, or ducks, or quail, or woodcock, or trout, is something of which to be ashamed and not to boast."

In our day charity is not supplanted or superfluous. The difference is that it must be supplemented with intelligence. The careless good nature which throws a coin at the indigent beggar is not charity, but an evil. The temporary impulse which carries food or flowers once and then forgets all about it is not real kindness. It promises, and does not perform. It begins, and does not sustain. It may cause want by professions which keep away the needed relief. Charity must ally itself with common sense; must think of effectiveness. Charity is called upon to vote for good laws. Part of its mandate is to inspect inspection and hold officials to strict accountability. The extension of high ideals and the enforcement of rules of health and thrift belong to its range of action. To speak aloud for justice to the weak and ignorant may multiply good when smuggling would be useless. To see that the general welfare is promoted by whatever strengthens and uplifts not an occasional individual, but the

whole mass of the lowly, is the beginning of the charity which would be absent of knowledge and a foremost agent of civilization.

In a consular report from Germany which was published some months ago, the statement was made that not only is every wreck, collision or minor railroad accident "thoroughly investigated" in that country, but that "invariably some one is held responsible and punished for the occurrence," except where the proof is conclusive that human vigilance and care could not have averted it. It is strange and perplexing to contrast this condition with the situation in this country. Apart from the fact that as yet no provision has been made for thorough governmental investigation of accidents and for reports definitely fixing responsibility, there is the graver circumstance that no one here is apparently in danger of punishment for his share of responsibility for a railroad accident. So far no one has ever been convicted for negligence causing a wreck, and the result of recent trials is very significant, to say the least. The other day a jury acquitted the engineer, conductor and brakeman who had been indicted for the Terra Cotta, D. C., wreck of a year ago, one of the worst railroad disasters in the history of such calamities. The evidence in regard to the signals was conflicting, and the engineer proved that he had worked extra hours—of his own free will—and gone long without sleep immediately before the accident. Some weeks ago a New York court ordered a verdict of acquittal in the case of the vice-president and general manager of the New York Central, who had been indicted for negligence in connection with the terrible Woodlawn wreck. No direct responsibility had been traced to the defendants, who, in the opinion of the judge, could not be expected to know the exact condition of every curve, switch, mile of track, etc., on a great line. The superintendent of the operating department had also been indicted, but the prosecution had dismissed that true bill in order to secure the testimony of the inferior official against the superior. The engineer had not been indicted because he was inexperienced and "green." There are to be no more prosecutions in either case, though criminal neglect and inefficiency unquestionably figured in both disasters. Compare this with the German situation, where some one is "invariably punished." Where lies the fault—in our laws, procedure, public opinion?

NEW AFRICAN RAILROADS.

Two Across Nigeria Will Start Production of Cotton.

Several months ago an American who has lived in Nigeria said in New York that the climate and soil of that large region are favorable for the cultivation of cotton, but as yet there is no encouragement to raise it because there are no railroads to carry it to the sea. The railroad is now to be supplied. According to the American Geographical Society's bulletin it is to start from Baro on the Niger River below the rapids that impede navigation. Vessels loaded with cotton brought by rail to Baro may descend the Niger to Akassa, the port at its mouth, where steamships may load the freight for Europe. The northern terminus of the railroad will be Kano, the great and populous capital of Hausaland, some 600 miles from Baro by rail and not far south of the Sahara desert. Kano became known some sixty years ago as the greatest manufacturing and commercial center of the western Sudan. It is expected that the railroad will largely increase its importance. The British government authorized the building of the railroad in August last.

Its gauge is to be 4 feet 6 inches. But Kano will be joined with the sea not only by this railroad and the Niger but also by a through rail by way of Jobba and Lagos, now the largest commercial center on the Atlantic coast of the continent. An agricultural fair in that city recently testified to the importance which farming interests are already attaining. Many native farmers were among the exhibitors.—New York Sun.

Mean Thing!



"When Charlie kissed me last evening I called for help."

"More likely you called for witnesses."

Same Dope.

Jackson is the kind of man who is always seeking gratuitous advice. Not long ago he met a well-known physical cian at a dinner party.

"Do you know, doctor," he said, as soon as there was a chance, "I know a man who suffers so desperately from neuralgia that at times he can do nothing but howl with pain. What would you do in that case?"

"Well, I suppose," deliberated the medical man, "I should howl with pain, too."

A Likely Story.

The Pastor—I hope you are not going fishing on Sunday, my little man. The Boy—Oh, no, sir. I am merely carrying this stick so that that wicked boy across the street will not suspect that I am on my way to Sunday school.—London Illustrated Bits.

Fortunately children do not learn to talk until after the tooth-cutting period.

EARLY RAILROAD DAYS

First Charter in Country Obtained in 1822—Sails Attached to Engines.

ACCIDENTS WERE VERY COMMON

Barrier Cars as a Remedy—Difficulty in Getting Wood and Water.

In 1822, the first charter was obtained for a railroad in the United States. It was for a line from Philadelphia to a point on the Susquehanna river, but was never built. On the announcement of the project some one asked one of the Baltimore newspapers, "What is a railroad, anyhow?" The editor was forced to reply that he did not know, but that "perhaps some other correspondent can tell."

Seven years later on the little wooden track along the Lackawanna creek the first locomotive had its trial. The experiment was far from successful, and for a number of years afterward the train on most of the railroads continued to be drawn by horses.

The first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio had sails attached. So did the cars. These sails were hoisted when the wind was in the right direction so as to help the locomotive.

The rivalry between the railroads using locomotives and those using horses was very bitter. In August, 1830, an actual trial of speed was held between a horse and one of the pioneer locomotives, which did not result in favor of the locomotive, the race was on the B. & O., the locomotive being one built by Peter Cooper, who also acted as engineer.

The horse, a gallant gray, was in the habit of pulling a car on a track parallel to that used by the locomotive. At first the gray had the better of the race, but when he was a quarter of a mile ahead Mr. Cooper succeeded in getting up enough steam to pass the horse amid terrific applause.

At that moment a bond slipped from a pulley and though Mr. Cooper leaped at his hands trying to replace it, the engine stopped, the horse passed it and came in the winner.

As there were no brakes on the early trains, they used to stop and start with jolts which threw the passengers across the car. The coupling was with chains having two or three feet of slack which the engine in starting took up with a series of fierce jerks. The shock on stopping was even worse and "never failed to send the passenger flying."

There were no whistles in the old days. Signals were given by pushing up the valve on the dome by hand and letting the steam escape with a loud hissing noise. On the New Castle and Frenchtown railroad when the signal was heard the slaves around the station would rush to the arriving train, seize hold of it and pull back with all their might while the agent stuck a piece of wood through a wheel.

There were so many collisions and explosions that some Southern railroads introduced what they called a barrier car between the locomotive and the passenger coaches of the train. This barrier car consisted of a platform on wheels upon which were piled six bales of cotton, and it was claimed it would safeguard the passengers in two ways—it would protect them from the blowing up of the locomotive and would form a soft cushion upon which the passengers could land in the event of a collision. There is no record of how this experiment worked out.

Horatio Allen states that when the South Carolina railroad was completed, with its 100 miles of track, operation over such an extensive line was then unprecedented. In making arrangements for this unusual undertaking one of the first things that occurred to him was that the locomotives would have to run at night as well as day, and in the absence of a headlight he built on an open platform car stationed in front of the locomotive, a fire of pine knots surrounded with sand, which furnished the requisite illumination of the route traversed.

On most of the other lines no substitutes for headlights were used. The trains traveled slowly through the dark. Night trips, however, were avoided as much as possible. The first headlight on a locomotive was used by the Boston and Worcester in 1840.

The original American locomotives were nearly all wood burners, and during a protracted period, before the invention of spark arresters, the flying sparks caused a great amount of damage and annoyance. Intertwoven with this difficulty was a necessity for using smokestacks many times larger than those now in use—too high indeed to pass under overhead bridges or the roofs of covered wooden bridges.

To overcome this difficulty the smokestacks of many of the locomotives were jointed or hinged so that they could be lowered when trains were proceeding over or under bridges. This naturally greatly increased the danger of setting fire to the wooden bridges, and it was customary for a watchman to follow every train over or under the bridges, carrying a bucket of water for the purpose of extinguishing fires. Notwithstanding this precaution the burning of bridges was a common occurrence.

On most of the early railroads the cars were at first entirely unheated, being in fact merely platform cars with a row of seats along each side. The passengers were entirely unprotected from the sun, rain, smoke or chinders. A passenger who took a trip over the Mohawk Valley railroad when this company had opened its line between Albany and Schenectady thus describes his experience: "They used dry pitch pine for fuel, and there being no smoke or spark catcher to the chimney or smokestack the volume of black smoke strongly impregnated with sparks, coal and cin-

ders, came pouring back the whole length of the train. Each of the passengers who had an umbrella raised it as a protection against the smoke and fire.

"They were found to be but a momentary protection, for I think in the first mile the last one went overboard, all having had their covers burnt off by the flames, when a general melee took place among the passengers, each whipping his neighbor to put out the fire. They presented a very motley appearance on arrival at the first station."

Telegraphic service available for railway service was not established until about 1850. In the absence of the telegraph and the lack of any established system of signaling the early railroads adopted novel methods for conveying information.

The New Castle and Frenchtown railroad had a primitive telegraph in operation as early as 1837. A description of it says that "the poles were of cedar, quite like those now in use, and had cleats fastened on them, forming a sort of Jacob's ladder."

The operator would go to the top of the pole forming his station and with his spy-glass sight the next station in the direction of the approaching train. If the train was coming and the signal showed a flag, it meant that all was well, and the operator would pass the signal along to the next station below.

If a ball was shown, and no train in sight, it signified an accident or a delay of the connecting steamboat. These signals were methodically exchanged until an understanding was had all along the road.

The facilities furnished by the railroads were at first much more fully appreciated by travelers than by the shippers of freight. The speed of the trains, amounting at times to as much as twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, was a source of unbounded wonder to the passengers who had hitherto traveled on the slowly moving canal boats and stage coaches.

In the matter of freight traffic the railroads were at first unable to compete with the canals. Of a prominent Massachusetts railroad it is said that a motion was made at an annual meeting to let the privilege of carrying freight on its lines to some responsible person for \$1,500 a year.

There are many accounts of the pitiful state of impunctuality to which some of the railroads were reduced. Cash being exhausted, and receivers' certificates having not been invented, when operations proved unprofitable there was no basis for credit.

Men were sometimes put on the tender of a sawhorse and saw, and when the engine ran out of wood these men would take up their saw and cut up a new supply of fuel from the nearest woods. Often the passengers would get off the train and help in the cutting of the wood.

The railroads were often too poor to pay for the fuel thus secured, and there are many stories in the old newspapers of encounters between train crews and the farmers who caught them cutting down their trees. The complaints of the high-handed methods of the grasping railroad corporations, their defiance of the law of the land and the rights of others, sound strangely familiar to-day.—Van Norden Magazine.

She Couldn't See the Barn.

An old lady in New Hampshire decided to try matrimony for the second time in extreme old age. Her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren expostulated with her, but she remained firm and declared she was going to marry the man, says the Boston Herald.

"Why, you're too old," said they. "You are losing your faculties. You can't see. If this man was on the other side of the street you couldn't tell him from anyone else."

The old lady said she was going to marry him. "Now, we'll put the man on top of the barn, and you shall stand in the kitchen door. If you can see him on the barn you shall marry him."

The prospective bridegroom sat on the ridgepole of the barn, the old lady came to the door, looked, shaded her eyes and looked again.

"Do you see him?" cried the family. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "I can see the man all right, but I can't see the barn!"

An Error of the Poets. Love cannot die, the poets say. And poets ought to know. On Pegasus they got a view. Of all things here below. The poet sees with inward eyes. His vision is inspired. (But for this general belief Some poets would get fired.)

Love cannot die, the poets say. I think that they are wrong. And that is why I've come to-day To sing this little song. Now jellies, as a boy, I loved, (My favorite was quince.) I ate too much one fateful day. I've never loved it since. —Somerville Journal.

Here's Hoping. Here's hoping every breeze that blows Across the world so sunny Will blow a bow toward a rose Whose heart is sweet with honey!

Here's hoping that when daylight dies And earth is shrouded given— The moon will shine in love's dear eyes— The signal-lights of heaven! —Atlanta Constitution.

Medicine of the Soul. Medicine and religion, which are too frequently regarded as mutually antagonistic, should be mutually complementary. There are many diseases in which the medicine of the soul is a powerful adjunct in the treatment of the body.—British Medical Journal.

Bricks and Bricks. The absorbing capacity of a brick is about sixteen ounces of water. Egbert—And when they call a man a "brick" it signifies that he has not the reputation for absorbing anything like that amount of water.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE MOVEMENT TO PRESERVE THE FAMOUS CANADIAN BATTLEFIELD.



GENERAL WOLFE LEADING THE FAMOUS NIGHT ATTACK ON QUEBEC, SEPTEMBER 12, 1759.

In celebration of the tercentenary of the first settlement of Canada, it is proposed to rescue the famous battlefield of Quebec from neglect and turn it into a national park. It was on the Plains of Abraham, on September 13, 1759, that General Wolfe defeated Montcalm, and died in the moment of victory. At midnight on the 12th, Wolfe, with 1,000 men in a flotilla, dropped down the river and landed at the foot of the rocky heights below Quebec. During the voyage Wolfe repeated to his officers Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and as he finished he said: "Gentlemen, I would

rather have composed that poem than take Quebec." Reinforcements marched up the right bank of the river and were ferried across, making Wolfe's full strength 4,500 men, with two guns. The ascent of the heights is one of the most daring feats in our military annals. The British had almost reached the summit before they were challenged by a French sentry, and on a Highland officer answering "La France," the troops were allowed to pass. At 9 o'clock the battle began, and ended in the total defeat of the French and the death of General Montcalm.

AS TO GIRLS.

I like my freedom, I admit, My pipe and chat with some old cronny. But still I'm not opposed a bit To matrimony.

A blessed and a holy state— I know that cannot be disputed. As for myself, I merely wait Until I'm suited.

Show me the girl who's to my mind (They are not scattered round so thickly.) But show her to me and you'll find Me acting kindly.

I do not ask for beauty rare Or for a bearing proud and stately. For intellect I do not care So very greatly.

If she's not absolutely plain And if in her virtues mingle In fair proportion I'll remain No longer single.

Yes, such there are—some perfect gems— Sweet girls, with dispositions sunny. The trouble, though, I find with them's They have no money. —Chicago News.

A Final Argument

"What a pity you can't come with me, Gwen. I did so want to go to Homburg."

"Dearest, I would with pleasure, but I really can't"—and my cousin, Gwen Randall, looked deprecatingly across at me. "To tell the truth, Nell, my plans are rather unsettled just now."

When a widow, and, moreover, a young and pretty widow, tells you her plans are rather unsettled, there is only one further question to be asked. "Who is it, Gwen?"

She laughed a little consciously, and then she blushed. "Sir Richard Morton."

"Won't you find the daughter rather handsome?" I asked—for I knew Norma Morton fairly well.

"Why should I?" asked Gwen. "Isn't she nice? How old is she, by the way?"

"She is barely eighteen and dreadfully spoiled, and has grown up with 'views' on every sort of subject. Have you never met her?" I added in much astonishment.

Gwen shook her head. "No—not often. I have seen her once or twice, and she seemed a pretty little thing. I really hardly noticed her. I am not over fond of girls of that age, and they are very easily put in their place, but I hope we shall be friends if I should—" she paused.

"Settle your plans," I said, laughing. "Well, I know Norma pretty well, and I honestly think you will have your work cut out."

"I don't think so," said Gwen. "I should be a delightful stepmother—although, of course, I shouldn't stand any nonsense. If there was any trouble I should send her back to school or let her live with her aunt. But why shouldn't we get on?"

"Well," I said, doubtfully, as I rose to go, "I don't see really why you should not; but it will depend a good deal on what you call nonsense. I think, Gwenmie, from what I know of Sir Richard's daughter, her really is in need of a protector, and he could not have a better one—for you, at any rate, will make him happy."

"Papa is really a great responsibility," said Norma Morton, puckering up her pretty forehead.

"Gret," I agreed, "and you really ought to write a book on the Reformation of Fathers."

"You think so?" said Norma eagerly. "Yes, I believe I could; in fact, I am writing a book now—no, not on fathers," she added—"just explaining my views on the simple life and—"

"What is it called?" "I haven't thought of a title yet. I think I shall call it—"

"Back to the Land," I suggested. "No," she said seriously, "I think that has been done already—and I want to be original."

"There is nothing very original about the simple life," I began; "Adam and Eve were—"

the vulgarity of giving pretentious dinners, and the value of true economy, the—" "Doesn't your father agree with your views?" I interrupted, to spare myself a further list of headings.

"Papa? My dear, he's awful! a mere bon vivant. He eats four courses for dinner."

"Moderate man! My father has seven."

"And he seemed quite vexed when I changed it to two."

"What did he say?" "I never repeat that sort of thing," said Norma solemnly. "I mean to change things gradually. I sent cook away yesterday and one of the housemaids, and I am shutting up several of the larger bedrooms, as I don't mean to entertain, excepting, of course, my monthly debating society. I give them tea, at least we call it tea."

"Nice and cheap," I murmured. "Yes, we only have wholesome bread and milk, and there are apples if any one wants them—apples are both wholesome and nourishing."

"And usually sour or woolly, too." "If they are sour, they can be baked."

"Aren't you going to entertain at The Towers this summer?" I presently asked.

"No," said Norma. "It is to be a real rest for papa and for me. I shall take my debating society down for the day next month."

"Isn't Gwen coming?" I asked. "I thought she said your father had asked her. My cousin, Gwen Randall," I added in answer to a puzzled look.

"No," said Norma. "Papa did say something about it, but to tell the truth, Nell, I am not going to have her. I know I ought not to say so to you; but she is not at all my style."

"No," I agreed, looking at the severe little expression and the hideously unbecoming dressed hair and out-of-date dress. "I don't think she really is your style!"

"So why have her?" asked Norma simply. "I told papa I did not care."

"The men, I thought, seemed a little embarrassed by his open-handed cordiality and good-fellowship. He himself evidently wanted to forget the present, and to live only in the memory of those wonderful ranch days—that free, hardy, adventurous life upon the plains. It all came back to him with a rush when he found himself alone with these heroes of the rope and the stirrup."

"How much more keen his appreciation was, and how much quicker his memory than theirs! He was constantly recalling to their minds incidents which they had forgotten, and the names of horses and dogs that had escaped them. His subsequent life, instead of making dim the memory of his ranch days, seemed to have made it more vivid by contrast."

"When they had gone, I fled to the President. 'I think your affection for those men is very beautiful.'"

"How could I help it?" he said. "Still, few men in your station could or would go back and renew such friendships."

"Then I pity them," he replied. He said afterward that his ranch life had built him up and hardened him physically, and had opened his eyes to the wealth of manly character among the plain-men and cattlemen."

Hatched. One afternoon three small children were popping corn, taking turns at the popper.

"Oh, mamma," exclaimed little Dorothy, clapping her hands gleefully, "every one of my corns hatched out!"—Chicago News.

Wary. "He keeps putting off the wedding day and putting it off!"

"Yes? Perhaps he has been married before!"—Houston Post.

he should, you know. I had a note from him saying he was coming one day next week, and he would bring with him a final argument; but, it is hopeless to argue, because my views are not to be changed."

A few days later Norma and I went up to town for the night, returning to the Towers the following day. We walked up from the station, Norma being a great advocate for the simplicity of walking, even on a close and tiring day.

We went through the drawing-room into the garden.

"Who's that with papa?" asked Norma sharply. "Why, well, I do believe it's your cousin. But surely—"

She stopped suddenly, remembering Gwen was my cousin, while I followed a little uncomfortably on to the lawn.

"How do you do, papa?" There was grave disapproval in Norma's manner as she coldly turned to my cousin Gwen. "How do you do, Mrs. Randall? I was not aware I was to have this pleasure. Papa—I am quite surprised."

"Are you, my dear?" said Sir Richard, as he drew a shade nearer to Gwenmie's side. "Well, we are going to give you another and even pleasant surprise. Mrs. Randall has kindly consented to become your mother-in-law."

"In fact, we were married over a fortnight ago," he added in a low voice full of meaning, "and—er—this, my dear, is my final argument!"—London Daily Mail.

THE OLD RANCH DAYS.

At a point in the Dakotas, on the trip which John Burroughs, the naturalist, made to Yellowstone Park with the President, they picked up the man who had formerly been foreman on Mr. Roosevelt's ranch and another cowboy friend of the old days; and they rode with the President in his private car for several hours. "He was as happy with them as a school-boy ever was in meeting old chums," Mr. Burroughs declares in his recent book, "Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt." He beamed with delight all over.

"The life which those men represented," continues Mr. Burroughs, "and of which he had himself once formed a part, meant so much to him; it had entered into the very marrow of his being, and I could see the joy of it all shining in his face as he sat and lived parts of it over again with those men that day. He bubbled with laughter continually."

"The men, I thought, seemed a little embarrassed by his open-handed cordiality and good-fellowship. He himself evidently wanted to forget the present, and to live only in the memory of those wonderful ranch days—that free, hardy, adventurous life upon the plains. It all came back to him with a rush when he found himself alone with these heroes of the rope and the stirrup."

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