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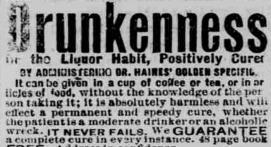
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TOM CYPHER'S PHANTOM ENCINE. A Ghostly Combination That Haunts the Northern Pacific Engineers.

Locomotive engineers are as a class said to be superstitious, but J. M. Pinckney, an engineer known to almost every Brotherhood man, is an exception to the rule. He has never been able to believe the different stories told of apparitions suddenly appearing on the track, but he had an experience last Sunday night on the Northern Pacific east-bound overland that made his hair stand on end.

By the courtesy of the engineer, also Brotherhood man. Mr. Pinckney was riding on the engine. They were recounting experiences, and the fireman, who was a green hand, was getting very nervous as he listened to the tales of wrecks and disasters, the horrors of which were graphically decribed by the veteran engineers.

The night was clear and the rays from the headlight flashed along the track, and, although they were interested in spinning yarns, a sharp lookout was kept, for they were rapidly nearing Eagle gorge, in the Cascades, the scene of so many disasters and the place which is said to be the most dangerous on the 2,500 miles of road. The engineer was relating a story and was just coming to the climax when he suddenly grasped the throttle, and in a moment had "thrown her over," that is, reversed the engine. The air brakes were applied and the train brought to a standstill within a few feet of the place where Engineer Cypher met his death two years ago. By this time the passengers had become curious as to what was the matter, and all sorts of questions were asked the trainmen. The engineer made an excuse that some of the machinery was loose, and in a few moments the train was speeding on to her destina-

tion. "What made you stop back there?" asked Pinckney. "I heard your ex-

cuse, but I have run too long on the road not to know that your excuse is not the truth." His question was answered by the

engineer pointing ahead and saying excitedly:

"There! Look there! Don't you see 1627

"Looking out of the cab window." said Mr. Pinckney, "I saw about 300 vards ahead of us the headlight of a ocomotive."

"Stop the train, man," I cried, reaching for the lever.

⁶Oh, it's nothing. It's what I saw back at the gorge. It's Tom Cypher's engine, No. 33. There's no danger of a collision. The man who is running that ahead of us can run it faster backward than I can this one forward. Have I seen it before? Yes, twenty times. Every engineer on the road knows that engine, and he's always times. watching for it when he gets to the

gorge.' "The engine ahead of us was running silently, but smoke was pulling from the stack and the headlight threw out rays of red, green and white light. It kept a short distance ahead of us ittle station, and at the next, when pounds. I have also been carefully the sentiment of the thing." the operator warned us to keep well back from a wild engine that was ahead, the engineer said nothing. He was not afraid of a collision. Just to satisfy my own mind on the matter 1 sent a telegram to the engine wiper at Sprague, asking him if No. 33 was in. received a reply stating that No. 33 had just come in, and that her coal was exhausted and boxes burned out. I suppose you'll be inclined to laugh at the story, but just ask any of the boys, although many of them won't talk about it. I would not myself if I were 'anning on the road. It's unlucky to 10 80. With this comment upon the tale Mr. Pinckney boarded a passing caboose and was soon on his way to Tacoma. It is believed by Northern Pacific engineers that Thomas Cypher's spirit still hovers near Eagle gorge.-Seattle Press-Times.

A DETERMINED CLIENT.

How She Raised Funds for Her Sult and Exhorted Her Lawyer.

"My first case," said a well-known Harlem lawyer to a N. Y. Commercial Advertiser man, "was a very unique one. An Irish family of the name of Murphy, living up on the rocks in one of the fast disappearing remnants of Shanty-town, were fraudulently evicted from their tumbledown cabin by a rascally landlord. The practical head of the household was the wife, and she determined to fight the matter out. For three weeks the Murphys, children, furniture and all, lived in the back yard of their former home with nothing between them and heaven but a flimsy tent made of old sheets, while Mrs. Murphy tramped around town looking for a lawyer who would take their case for nothing.

"One day she charged into my office and told me her story with the stereotyped exactness that comes from frequent repetition. The case seemed to be a worthy one, and as I wasn't overburdened with work I agreed to take it free of charge and reinstate the Murphys in their dilapidated homestead. She wanted to get out a free summons against the landlord and waive several other small but necessary expenses, but I told her it would be mere politic to pay these, as the total would not amount to \$5.

"'Foive dollars!' she cried; 'divil a cint have the Murphys seen since me husband losht his job wan month ago, and the lasht blissed thing thim pawnbrokers 'll take they've got already.' When I offered to loan her the money she went into such a rage that I apologized abjectly. 'Be the powers!' she exclaimed, after pacing the floor for about ten minutes, I forgot wan thing! Wait, misther, an' I'll be back in an hour!"

"She kept her word, and just as I was closing up shop for the day she reappeared with her hands full of silver, which she poured upon my desk. 'Mrs. Murphy,' I queried, 'where did you get this? I thought your last valuable had been pawned?' 'Yis,' she replied, with a gleam of triumph in the gray eye, 'ivirything excipt the goat. I tuk auld Nanny, whose milk me childer has lived upon, over to the Kenneys, and they lint me \$4.97 on her. There's the money, young man, and now, be the luv of hivin, go in and bate Mc-Carty!

"I take pleasure in stating that Me-Carty was 'baten'."

In Ireland Denis Koocobee dica possessed of forty-eight children, 234 grandchildren, and 944 great-grandchildren. He had been married seven

A BABY'S DIARY. He Played It Pretty Low Down on His

Poor Young Dad.

First Week-As near as I am able to new hat?" judge from appearances my arrival "O, no, you old darling. It's a surment we saw a figure on the pilot. Then the engine rounded a curve and we did not see it again. We ran by a we ran by a back the figures were given at eight "O, ho, you old daring. It's a sur-"How much does it cost?" "How much does it cost?" "O, who cares about the cost? It's

and for commerce & addresses IN NO GREAT DANCER

The Old Mun Proved to He Not so Jr. as He Looked.

There was a pretty old and a pretty verdant-looking man at the Third street depot the other day with three cours to wait for his train, and by and by he approached Officer Button and said he guessed he'd wander around for a spell, says the Detroit Free Press. "Well, look out for yourself," replied the officer.

"Any danger?"

"There's always slick fellows about." "Yas, I 'spose thar' is, but I shan't let nobody fool me."

He was gone about an hour, and when he returned he showed the officer s bank check for \$200 and asked:

"Dees that seem all right to you?" "Right? Of course not. It's a check on a Buffalo bank signed John Smith. It's a dead fake, of course."

"Fake! Fake! What's a fake?" "You've been faked. I expected you'd get into trouble when you went out of here. Seems singular that you can't talk common sense into some people."

"Then the check is no good?" asked the old man.

"Why, of course not. How much did you lend on it?"

"I gave him \$25."

"Well, you've been confidenced, and now you'd better go and sit down and keep mum?"

"Is that what they call a confidence game?"

"Of course."

"Well, I thought so all the time." "Then what did you let him walk off with your money for?"

"I didn't, you know. He started to go, but I grabbed him by the neck. like this, and backed him up agin' a wall, like this, and I pulled out this old pistil and laid the bar'l on his nose and he give up that money quicker'n seat."

The old man illustrated the case in the most vigorous manner, even to laying on the bar'l, which was a portion of a weapon seemingly fifty years old

"So you got your money?" asked the officer, as he got his neck loose from

the old man's grip. "Got 'er right down in my breeches pocket, safe as a bank. How much more time have I got?"

"An hour and a half."

"Wall, I guess I'll take another-little walk around. Mebbe I'll meet somebody else who don't know that I run a side-show with old Dan Rice's circus fur better than twenty years, and who thinks I'm a kitchen door for flies to roost on."

A Fair Exchange.

In one of the big up-town, boardinghouses they are talking about a certain married lady who sat on her hubby's knee the other night and stroked his side whiskers so tenderly that he blurted out:

"Well, go ahead. What is it? A



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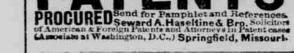
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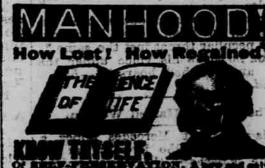


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Ten per cent of India's population are widows.

Why Rube Stayed.

As I came along to where the high way forked, I saw a colored man about fifty years of age tied to a tree beside the road. The rope was around his waist, while his hands were free to reach the knot and release himself. "Well, what are you doing there?"

I asked, as I came to a halt. "Dun waitin' fur Mars Chapin to cum

back," he replied. "And who's Mars Chapin?" "He's de Sheriff, sah.'

"Did he tie you to that tree?" "Yes, sah." "What for P"

"Kase he 'rested me an' Moses White 'bout a hog case, sah. Moses he dun wouldu't stand to be 'rested, but cut an run. De Sheriff he tied me up heah while he went to look fur Moses. "Seems to me it would be a very easy

matter for you to untie yourself and walk away." "Yes. sab, it would, but I reckon

won't do it."

"You are an innocent man, then?" "No, sah. I helped Moses steal dat hog fur sho, an' I reckon I'll git about six months in de coal mines."

"Well, you are about the queerest

darkey l ever saw." "Mebbe I was, sah, but vo' see I has got to figger a leetle. Arter I has surved out my time an' cum home, mebbe I shall want to go up to Mars Chapin's jail some day an' ax him to took me iu far a month or two. If I was to ontie myself an' run away he'd. member it of me. an' he'd dun look me all ober an' say:

"Remben. dat day I tied yo' to "Remben, dat day I tied yo' to a tree yo' dun promised to stay right dar! When I got back wid Moses yo' war gone. Yo' dun busted yo'r word, an' I can't trust yo' no mo'. My, jail am a nice, dry place, wid plenty to eat, an' I'd like to take yo' in an' make yo' comfortable, but I can't do it. When a nigger husts his word wid me dat settles it. Yo' go right away an'starre to death or I'll sick de dawg onto yo'!" I tossed him a guagter for his com-mon sense philosophy, and he was still waiting for Mars Chapin as I rede away.

inspected and have been pronounced sound in wind and limb. It's a go as far as I am concerned. My young dad seems to be tickled half to death, and his breath smells of beer. When he the house and jumped on his hat for of slippers."

joy. If I don't make him jump for some other cause before I get over this redness of complexion then you may play marbles on my bald head!

Second Week-Nurse is here yet. and I'm on my good behavior. She looks to me like a woman who wouldn't take much sass off a youngster, and I don't want a row until my muscle works up a little more. Several parties in to see me, and I had to listen to the usual congratulations. Some talk of bringing me up on a botsome talk of bringing me up on a bot-tle, but I'll have something to say about that later on. I'm laying low and taking things easy. Dad is still walking around with a grin on his face, and there was a smell of gin cocktail in the room last night. When

he remarked that I was just the quiet-est and most good-natured baby in New York I came near giving myself dead away. There's a surprise in store for that hayseed, and it'll hit him like a load of brick.

coming in to paw me over and look at my feet. The general verdict is (ahem!) that I'm just the cutest, handsomest young'un ever born. That's all bosh, however, and I'm not at all all bosh, however, and I'm hot at an stuck on my shape. They allowed dad to carry me around a few minutes last evening, and you'd a-thought he owned the earth. He said he could walk with me for a week, and I just gurgled. He'll drop to something be-fore he is a week older. I haven't said much thus far, but I've done a heap o'

not conquered. Fourth Week-I told you I'd do it. and I did! The night after the nurse know. All babies have it and I wasn't in some schools round this country."going to be left out. Kicks, squirms, wriggles, yells, with dad trotting up and down until he finally shock his fist under my nose and hoped I'd die. Then I let up a fittle, but I've got a lot mathematician en come to stay .- Y. T. World.

"All right; let's have the sentiment." "Well, you see, you never wear those neckties I give you every Christmas, and it isn't fair that I should have all the benefit and you none, so I've made heard I was a boy he went out back of a change this year and got you a pair

"That's very kind."

"I knew you'd appreciate it and want to give me something in return, so I though I'd arrange a surprise for you and I went and got something real nice in return."

"Ab, you did, eh? What is it?" "A beautiful diamond bracelet." "Jehosaphat! A thousand dollars?" "O, more. Twenty-five hundred. You are surprised!"

If he wasn't the people in the next room were when they heard the language he used.-San Francisco Chroni-

Harvard College has 219 courses in liberal arts and sciences.

Thoughts on Things.

This is not a fable, but the record of a few reflections prompted by the exercises in English composition of two deserving school children. Here is one of them:

him like a load of brick. Third Week-Everything so so. Nurse goes Saturday night. She brags about what a little darling I am, but talking for wages. I'm quite there have very large wings. The they have very large wings. The prince of Wales has got a ostriches feather in his hat. The ostrich is a large bird and the humming bird is as well but the ostrich is the largest of them. The ostrich is found in Man-

Essay on a Parrot: "A parrot is a thinking just the same. I don't pro-pose to take advantage of the baby act much longer. Had a row with the nurse and had to give in. Besten, but because that is what we are sent to school for. And when we read a thing we should not half read it over. like a and I did! The night after the nurse left I took up that unfinished business with dad, and along about 4 o'clock in the morning he was the siekest man you ever saw. I didn't want to kill him in one night and so saved some of him over for the next. Colic, you

Zorah Colburn was the most gifted mathematician ever known. Whenmore colic saved up. The happy grin only 8 years old he raised the number has quite vanished from his face, and 8 successively to the sixteenth power.