



has just been held up and the safe robbed of over three hundred thousand dollars. Well, these things have to happen so long as the present style of burglar-proof safes is in fashion.

"What in the world was the reason for burying the safe?" I asked. "Because you can't have a funeral without burying the corpse," replied the station master.

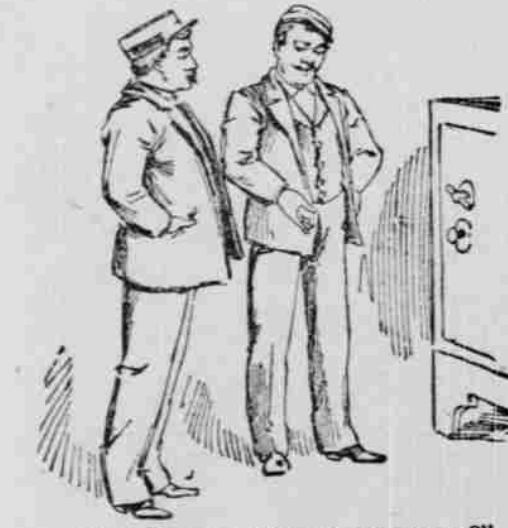
"About ten years ago, or maybe eleven—I ain't any sort of a hand for dates—there was a baggage master on this road by the name of Hopkins. He and I were on the same train, which was on the regular day express, and carried the gold dust that had to be sent down once a week to Custer, where the mines were panning out at that time pretty middling well.

"Jim got tired of this sort of thing, and, being an ingenious sort of chap who had invented quite a lot of things, he undertook to invent a safe that nobody could open except with the combination. Moreover, he called it to make it so strong that dynamite wouldn't have no effect upon it, so that it would really be a burglar-proof safe in good earnest.

"The new safe was about twice the size of an ordinary express company's safe. Outside it looked like any other safe, but, besides being twice as strong as anything of the kind ever built before, it had a good many special features which I don't pretend to remember, not being a mechanical sharp myself.

"Seems to me," said the conductor, whose name was Sampson, though we always called him Gates, "after that friend of Sampson on his back, I don't exactly remember the name of the town."

"Why, where are you going to be?" asked Gates. "Are you calling to me?"



"Where are you going to be?" hide yourself in the fire box, or under the water in the tank?" "See here," says Jim, "I ain't no blame fool, if I look like one. No, sir, I don't callate to try any sss-games as those you're referring to but do expect to get inside that safe when the train is held up and to stay there until the robbers get tired of trying to open it."

"That's a big scheme, Jim," says the conductor, "but I'd like to know how you expect to open the safe again when you want to come out?"

ness I leave with you. I'll give you the combination, and after the robbers have got tired and gone home you can open the safe and let me out."

"All right!" says Gates. "I'll let you out fast enough provided I can remember the combination, but you know my memory isn't what you might call first-class, and I might forget the combination, and never be able to open the safe. Of course, you wouldn't mind a little thing like that, for you'd be snug and comfortable, though perhaps a little bit hungry after awhile."

"Well, the conductor kept on chaffing Jim about his new invention, but the two were good friends, though it was afterward thought by people who didn't know all the facts that Gates was partly to blame for what happened. Jim gave Gates the combination of the safe, and the very next day after the thing was put up in the baggage car the train was held up just this side of Athensville.

"The robbers climbed into the baggage car and when they couldn't find Jim they brought out the conductor and told him to open the safe. The conductor swore that nobody knew the combination except Jim, and he wasn't aboard the train that night, but had laid over at Jones' Misery, owing to not feeling very well. The robbers, seeing as Jim was not to be found, believed what the conductor said, and they went to work to pick the lock of the safe. Of course they couldn't do it. Then they tried their center bits, but they couldn't make any impression on the safe. The bits would just slide around and scratch the surface here and there, but they had hardly made a dent in the steel. By this time the robbers had got pretty mad, and they slid the safe out into the open and tried what they could do with dynamite. They must have put a lot of stuff under the safe, for when it went off the safe sailed more than thirty feet in the air and came down so solid that she made a big hole in the ground. But when they came to examine her she wasn't hurt a bit. Not a joint nor a bolt was started, and except for a little blackening of the outside she was as good as new.

"This hys is a low-down outrage," says the robber captain. "The man that made that safe deserves hanging, if ever a man did, for the thing is going to put an end to train robbing, and will throw hundreds of men out of employment. I hate a man what hasn't any feeling for his fellow men."

"Well, the rest of the robbers they stood around the safe and cursed till they were tired, but they admitted that they couldn't open it, and after awhile they told the conductor that he might take his safe back again, and start his train down the road. Accordingly, we got the safe in the baggage car again, and after the train was a mile or two down the road, the conductor he opens her, and there was Jim, as gay as a jaybird, and laughing himself sick over the failure of the robbers.

"There wasn't any doubt that Jim's scheme had worked well, and the express company gave him fifty dollars as a testimonial of their gratitude for having prevented the robbers from seizing two hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold dust. Bimeby a new idea occurred to Jim. You see at that time there wasn't any telegraph on this line, and there being only a single track, and that a pretty rough one, accidents were frequent. One day when there was a drove of cattle on the line, and Jim, looking out of the car, saw that there was certain to be a smash-up, he just opens his safe and gets into it to wait for better times. That train went off the track, and the baggage car broke loose and went down an embankment, turning over half a dozen times and going clean to kindling wood. When we began to clear things up and missed Jim we all supposed that he had been smashed, but when the conductor opened the safe to see if things were all right, there was Jim, as smiling as a basket of chips, and inquired in a careless way if there was anything the matter with the train. After that Jim regularly climbed into his safe whenever he heard the danger signal, and he never once got the least scratch or bruise.

"Jim was a careful man and never neglected any precaution that would make the valuables in his charge as safe as possible. This was why he made it a rule to change the combination of the safe every month. About the 3d day of August—I remember the month because I always suffer from the liver complaint in August and I was off duty at the time and reading in the smoking car, being too sick to work as brakeman—when we came near running into a wagon that was crossing the track. When Jim heard the braires blown down he crawled into his safe and shut the door, expecting there would be an accident. It so happened that the wagon got clear of the track just in time, and we went on our way rejoicing. After awhile we missed Jim, and knowing that he must be in his safe, the conductor started to open it. He found that the combination wouldn't work, and then remembering that it was just after the 1st of the month, he knew that Jim must have changed it, and forgotten to give him the new combination. So the conductor got close to the keyhole and calls to Jim to give him the combination, but Jim answers that he had changed it that very morning, but couldn't for the life of him remember what it was.

"Here was a pretty go. The only man who knew the combination had forgot it, and he was shut up in the safe. We told Jim that we would leave him quiet for an hour, and that there wasn't any doubt that he would be able to remember in that time the combination, but somehow when he agreed to this his voice didn't sound very sanguine. At the end of the hour he hadn't made any progress. All he could say was that the word had something to do with robbery or politics, and that it must be a word of five letters, that being the way the lock was made.

"Well, we set to work to think of every word in the language relating to robbery and containing five letters. It was like working out some of those puzzles that you see in the Sunday papers, but we couldn't hit on the right answer. Seeing as "robbery" didn't furnish us with the word we tried words connected with politics, and if we had only known it we were on the right track, but we never got there.

"We worked at the combination for a good twenty-four hours, taking it altogether, and then we had to give it up. Then we sent for the best safe burglar in the whole northwest, and offered him one hundred dollars to open the safe, giving him leave to try any plan he might prefer. The man had heard of Jim's patent burglar proof safe, and being an ambitious chap, who took a genuine pride in his profession, he was glad of the job. But he didn't succeed any better than we had done. Picking at the lock, guessing at the combination and working with the jimmy were all failures, and, having heard about the experiment that the first gang of train robbers had made on the safe with dynamite, he didn't think it worth while to try that sort of thing for the second time.

"For all that we kept tinkering at the combination for a fortnight or more afterward. Jim had been quiet after the end of the first eight days and we couldn't get any answer from him. So, seeing as the time had come to bid farewell to him, we decided that we would take the safe down to the Athensville cemetery and bury it as it stood. Which, accordingly, was done on the following Sunday, and seeing as it was known that safe belonged to Jim and was empty at the



"THERE WAS JIM AS GAY AS A JAYBIRD," time so far as Jim was concerned there was nobody who had the right to make any objection. The minister who conducted the funeral did say something about the extraordinary nature of the coffin that we had chosen for the deceased, but we told him that the coffin didn't concern him and that all he had to do was to leave ahead and give it Christian burial without passing any of his remarks.

"It must have been a year after the funeral when a passenger got to talking with the conductor of the express in the smoking car about Jim and his safe, and he accidentally mentioned that the night before Jim shut himself up for the last time they, too, had been talking politics, and Jim, who was a democrat, was slinging language about President Hayes and saying that he had stolen the presidency from Tilden, and was no better than a train robber. When the conductor heard this he swore awhile in a thoughtful sort of way, and then he says: "We've got that combination at last."

"How so?" says the man. "Why," says the conductor, "Jim allowed that the combination was a word of five letters that had something to do either with robbery or politics. Now 'Hayes' would be exactly that sort of word, and I can't think now it happened that we didn't try it. I haven't the least manner of doubt that if it was to dig that safe up and try it with 'Hayes' it would open without the least trouble."

"What's the good of opening it after Jim has been occupying it for more than a year?" says the man. "Why, just this," says the conductor. "That there safe is the only burglar-proof safe ever built and if the combination was known the relatives of the remains could sell it for two thousand dollars easy. I'll see them about it to-morrow, and we'll have one more try at opening it."

"Well, to make a long story short, the relatives dug the safe up and found sure enough that 'Hayes' was the word that unlocked it. It was a little rusty on the outside, but otherwise it was just as good as ever. There wasn't very much left of Jim by that time, but what there was received a second funeral, for there wasn't anything mean about Jim's family, and then the express company bought the safe for eighteen hundred dollars and it was used on this road for upwards of two years."

"What became of it finally?" I asked. "What always becomes of anything or anybody that sticks to railroading too long? The train went off of Three-Mile bridge about seventy-five miles north of Josephsville, and, there being a quicksand at the bottom of the bottom of the whole train, including Jim's safe, sank out of sight, and nobody ever found the least trace of it afterward. You ought to have heard of that accident, for about three hundred passengers went down with the train and the company never paid a cent of damages, because there were no remains found, and nobody could prove that anybody in particular had been killed. I say it didn't cost the company anything for damages, though they do say that the jurnees cost altogether not far from five thousand dollars apiece. However, the company got out of it very cheap, and the directors were more disgusted about losing that safe than they were about losing the whole train. Come into my office and I'll show you Jim's photograph standing by his new safe and making believe to pronounce an oration on its merits. He was a good fellow was Jim, but he put his confidence in that safe once too often."

St. Paul Pioneer Press.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Prince Bismarck, it is said, has the peculiar habit of drinking champagne from the bottle, not from the glass—of course, only in his own house. He declares that only in that way can he get its good effects. He drinks it by order of his physician.

—Miss Marietta Holley, or, as she is better known "Josiah Allen's Wife," talks into a phonograph and her words are then copied by her typewriter, who prepares her copy for the humorous books and articles which are the delight of womanhood.

—These are the names of the little daughter of Archduke Stephen of Austria: Maria Immaculata Caroline Margaretha Blanca Leopoldine Beatrice Ann Josefine Rafaela Michela Stanislaus Ignatz Hieronymus Camiro Katharina Petra Casellia.

—Sig. Leoncavallo is said to be an untiring worker. In thirty-two days he wrote syphonic poem, "Leraphite," and he is still working on the lyric opera, "La Vie de Boheme," and on "Roland Berlin," which he is writing for the Berlin opera at the request of the emperor. At the same time he is writing the music to a ballad "Reynard the Fox," of which Dr. S. Arkel has written the libretto from the well-known of Goethe.

—There died in Glasgow the other day James Gilchrist, who was known as "the Scottish Stradivarius." Gilchrist, who was sixty-two years old, was a mechanical genius. He made the most difficult and delicate instruments and was the chief aid of Prof. Pettigrew in making his models for investigating the laws governing the flight of birds. He died a poor man, his wife often saying: "He can make everything but money."

—Sir Charles Russell, the new lord chief justice of England, is an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. He breaks a long line of precedent in being the first member of the church of Rome to attain his present exalted place since the days of the English reformation. Sir Charles is just sixty-one years old. He was made a queen's counsel in 1872, a member of parliament in 1880 and attorney-general in 1886. His salary as lord chief justice is \$60,000 a year.

—The catalogue of Ouida's effects just sold at Florence indicates not only the prosperity of her form of literature but her personal fondness for gorgeous and dainty belongings, including, among other things, a number of unused gravestones for her as yet vital and yelping lapdogs. These, of course, went for a song, leaving the animals, which alone of the collection remain with the authress, small chance of posthumous commemoration. It is said that the novelist has never recovered from the shock of her mother's death, and she is in far from robust health.

—Miss Wheeler, who presides over the training-school for nursery-maids connected with the New York babies hospital on Lexington avenue, teaches her pupils all that is necessary in the care of infants, but she wisely refuses to instruct them in medical lore, holding that in that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The nursery-maids are taught to make poultices, oil-skin jackets, plasters, etc., to use the clinical thermometer, to give hot and cold and mustard baths, to care for the skin, mouth, eyes and ears of the babies, and when, how, and how much to feed them.

HUMOROUS.

—"Do you find your new maid very trying?" Mrs. Nuwife—"No; the trouble is she won't do anything."—Inter-Ocean.

—Stranger—"Do you belong to this city?" Denizen—"Nor, O! don't; the city belongs to me. O'm a member of the force."—Boston Transcript.

—"As the express dashes through the station."—"Oh, porter, doesn't that train stop here?" Porter—"No, mum; it doesn't even hesitate."—Tit-Bits.

—"Mrs. Nucook—"Now I'll read the recipe over and you see if I have everything that this pie calls for." Mr. Nucook—"Everything, dearest, except the doctor."—Inter-Ocean.

—"Didn't it feel funny the first time you had the brackets on?" said one jailbird to another. "Yes, but I soon got me hand in," was the reply.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Heart whole. The summer girl from day to day Acts cheerily her part; Though she is very oft engaged She never loses heart.

—Tourist—"Can you tell me if there is any danger and difficulty in crossing that peak?" Shepherd—"Oh no! Just follow those piles of stones you see up there; they mark the places where tourists have fallen down."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"And father has forbidden you the house," she said. "Yes," he replied; "this is the last I can see of you." "Harold! You must go and see him." "It's no use. The last time I met him he made it clear that he had decided on a lockout and wouldn't arbitrate."—Washington Star.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TROUBLED.

If it were not for fairies, this world would be drear. (T'm sure they are true—heigh-ho!) The grass would not tangle, The bluebells would jangle, And things would be stupid and queer, you know. And everything dull if the fairies should go. (T'm sure they are true—heigh-ho!) I love to believe in the godmother's mice, And Hop-o-my-Thumb, heigh-ho! And it's cruel in Willy To call me a stilly. If brothers would only be nice, you know, Not tease and make fun, all my troubles would go. I'd believe in the fairies forever—heigh-ho! —Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.

A BOY LIFE SAVER.

He began His Gallant Record When But Eight Years Old. Tommy Milligan, one of the brightest boys in Fitchburg, Mass., made his third rescue from drowning the other day. He made his first when but eight years old. He is now twelve. Tommy is small for his years. He is a Scotchman, having been born in Ayrshire January 2, 1882, and was three years old when he crossed "the big salt pond" with his parents. They landed in East Boston and lived there seven years. Tommy was five years old when he went in swimming the first time. From that time Tommy improved every opportunity to go in swimming, to the great consternation of his mother and father. He could stay under water longer than any of the other boys, and often when his mother was watching him he would remain under so long that she was frightened, thinking he was drowned. He was not quite eight years old when he saved the life of a companion. They were bathing under a bridge on the narrow-gauge railroad in East Boston, and the latter in diving struck his leg against a rock, the blow stunning him.



TOMMY MILLIGAN.

He said nothing about the incident at home until several days after, when, as the boy he rescued was passing his home, he remarked to his mother: "That fellow came pretty near drowning the other day. I guess he would if I hadn't seen him in time." Angus McFarland, another East Boston playmate of Tommy's, is indebted to him for similar service rendered. While in bathing one day Angus walked off into a deep hole. It was high tide and he was going down for the third time when Tommy reached him and got him ashore. The latest to owe his life to Tommy's skill and bravery was a playmate named Carl Romans. The Roman boy dived from a boat, but was taken with a cramp and when he came up screamed for help. Tommy, who was on shore with his clothes on, quickly undressed and swam out. Before he could reach the drowning boy he had gone down for the third time. Then Tommy plunged under the water and brought him to the surface. He was taken ashore and after a quarter of an hour's hard work recovered. He is now running about as well as ever.

AND DANIEL CAME.

How a Big Dog Amused a Congregation of Worshipers. Willie was asleep, and Dan was lonely. Willie is the minister's son; Dan is his dog. It was Sunday morning, and everyone was at church but these two friends. It was warm and sunny and they could hear the preaching, for their house was next door to the church. In some way while Willie was listening he fell asleep. Now, the minister had for his subject "Daniel." That was the name he always gave Dan when he was teaching him to sit up and beg and other tricks. While the dog sat thinking the name "Daniel" fell on his ready ear. Dan at once ran into the church through the vestry door. He stood on his hind legs, with his forepaws close beside the minister, who did not see him, but the congregation did. When the minister shouted "Daniel!" again the sharp bark said "Yes, sir," as plainly as Dan could answer. The minister started back, looked around and saw the funny picture. Then he wondered what he should do next; but just then through the vestry came Willie. His face was rosy from sleep, and he looked a little frightened. He walked straight toward his father and took Dan in his arms and said: "Please excuse Dan, papa. I went asleep, and he ran away."

Then he walked out, with Dan looking back on the smiling congregation. The preacher ended his sermon on Daniel as best he could, but he made a resolve if he ever preached again on the prophet Daniel he would tie up that dog.

Scotch Idea of a Broad Hint.

Sir Andrew Agnew, of Lucknow, a well-known Scotch baronet, was long pestered by an impudent sort of person, who insisted on being constantly "underfoot." Finally, however, he dropped off, and Sir Andrew was asked how he got rid of him. "Oh," said he, "I gave him a broad hint."

"A broad hint?" repeated the inquirer. "I thought he was one of those who never could be induced to take one."

"Ba ma saul," said Sir Andrew, "he was obliged to tak' it! For as the chief wadna gang out at the door I just threw him out of the window!"

FABLES OF THE PHOENIX.

How He Builds His Own Funeral Pyre and Lights It. The paragon of all fabulous creatures was the bird described by the ancient writers under the title of the "Arabian phoenix." Ovid says: "Although most beings and things have their origin in other individuals of their own species, there is one remarkable exception to this general law—the miraculous bird called the 'phoenix,' which reproduces itself." According to a belief which Herodotus heard expressed at Heliopolis, the famous Egyptian "city of the sun," this "miraculous" bird visited that place once every five hundred years—always coming from the direction of Arabia—on the occasion of its father's death, and always buried him with peculiar ceremonies.

According to the best evidences which can be gathered from the writings of Ovid, Pliny, Herodotus and Dion Cassius, after the phoenix had lived his allotted lifetime of five hundred years he selected a spot and prepared his own deathbed, which consisted of a sort of nest, or funeral pyre, made of leaves and branches of the oak, ears of sweet spikenard, cinnamon bark, yellow myrrh, etc. Seating himself upon this he flapped his wings with such velocity as to cause the nest to take fire. After bird and nest had been consumed a little worm appeared in the ashes and rapidly developed into a full-fledged phoenix. The first care of the new bird was to arrange for the sepulcher of his father's ashes, which Herodotus describes as follows:

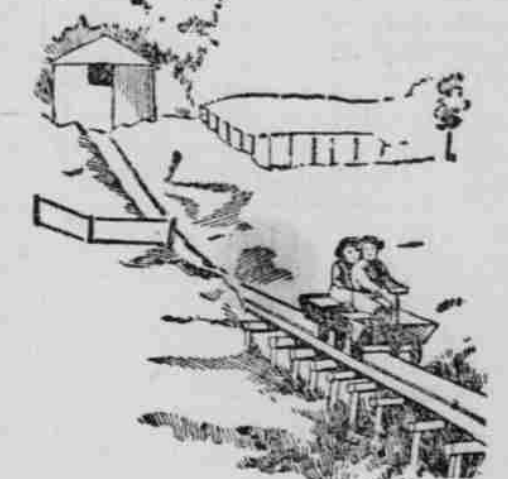
"With the myrrh and other gums it has amassed the phoenix fashions a ball as large as it can carry. This ball it hollows out, and in the hollow places puts the ashes of its dead parent. The ball is deposited in the nest, and the young phoenix carries the whole from Arabia to Egypt for the purpose of interring its father's ashes at the 'city of the sun.' Having reached its destination it lays its burden down upon the altar of Heliolis and disappears as mysteriously as it had come." The legends connected with this fabulous bird vary in some of their details, but all agree in the statement that only a single bird of the species was living at any one time.

ARCHIE'S RAILWAY.

A Minnesota Youngster Who Had an Electric Road of His Own.

Little Archie Cowley, of Dellwood, Minn., is probably the youngest railway manager in the world. Archie is but seven years old, yet he controls an entire electrical railroad. It is true that the road is but one-tenth of a mile in length, nevertheless it is fitted out just as completely as any road that is run by grown persons. Archie is president, secretary, conductor, brakeman and motorman, while his sisters and playmates are the passengers. The road was built for Archie by his father, who is a St. Paul banker.

There are three cars on the road—one motor car and two passenger cars. Each car is five feet long and



ARCHIE'S RAILWAY.

two feet wide. Instead of a trolley wire there is a long strip of iron which lies between the tracks and supplies the electricity which makes the cars move along. On the motor car is the rheostat, which is an arrangement for controlling the electric current. By using it Archie can make his cars move as fast or as slow as he pleases. On this car also are the motor and the brake, and also the reversing switch which makes the car move backward.

At one end of the road is the powerhouse, where the electricity is produced. The electric current comes from a small dynamo, which is driven by a petroleum engine. There is also a shed where the cars are stored at night and in winter time. In the powerhouse everything is arranged just the same as if it was a large station run by a regular company.

But Archie is the company in this case. His road is on the hill by the side of White Bear lake, and he is the only boy in that region who is able to go coasting in summer time. He himself will tell you, the best of all is, that in this kind of coasting you do not have to walk back up the hill. The electricity pulls you up. Archie is very proud of his road, and spends the days carrying his sisters and their dolls along the road. He can stop any place on the way, so he pretends there are several stations, and his sisters get out. Then he takes them on again when he comes back, and collects make-believe money from them. They all have a very good time riding on the cars, and Archie is learning a great deal about electricity.

Six-Months' Old Lawyer.

The youngest member of the Georgia bar is Edward Harrison Bleckley, who is not yet six months old. He was unanimously elected a member of the bar association recently. He is a son of Chief Justice Bleckley's old age. Judge Bleckley is not far from eighty, and his wedding two years ago attracted much attention in Georgia and throughout the south.

Preferable.

Mrs. Messer—"Now, Tommy, go and kiss your auntie or mamma will whip you hard." Tommy (after a long look at the auntie)—"Whip me, ma.—Chicago Record.