The Harrison Press Journal.
C. C. BURKE, Proprietor.
HARRISON, - - NEBRASKA.

NEBRASKA NEWS NOTES

B. H. Begale, one of the leading merchants of Beatrice, will begin the erection of a new brick block in a few days. The building will be 25x100, two stories high and will cost about $8,000.

C. L. Stillman, chairman of the committee on violations of the pharmacy law of the state board of pharmacy, has begun the prosecution of several Columbus druggists for unlawfully operating their stores.

A requisition was issued by the acting governor for the return of Leo Jordan, who is wanted in Omaha for trial on a complaint signed by Florence Smith, charging assault. He is under arrest in Creston, Ia.

Later reports to Department of Public Instruction show that five counties voted to organize adjunct high school districts in accordance with the free high school attendance law. They are Antelope, Jefferson, Madison, Douglas and Cass.

Acting in accordance with a section of the Nebraska banking act, the State Board of Banking has approved the bond of the stockholders of the defunct German bank of Murdock, under which the stockholders agree to pay all claims against the institution within the next six months.

The building on the site of the Carnegie library at Fremont is being removed and as soon as the ground is cleared work will be commenced on the new structure. The plans provide for a modern one-story building of stone and compressed brick, fronting on Military avenue. It is to be completed by November 1.

Ainsworth will have a grand carnival and street fair this fall, to continue four days, commencing September 16 and ending the 19th. At a large and enthusastic meeting of the citizens the ball was set in motion by electing R. S. Rising president, Charles A. Howe vice president, William M. Ely secretary, and John Sullivan treasurer.

At an enthusiastic meeting of the local Liederkranz at West Point that body formed itself into a corporation under the name of the West Point Liederkranz. This action was taken in view of the growing strength and importance of this body and its increased sphere of activity in the approaching entertainment of the state saengerbund, which will convene here in August.

An addition 40x16 and three stories in height is to be built to the main building of the orphans' home at Fremont. The school building will be moved some distance to the north. The board of directors decided to petition the city council to extend the waterworks system to their buildings. The financial condition of the orphanage is far better than ever before, and there is enough money in the treasury to erect the new addition.

William H. Thompson of Grand Island, fusion candidate for governor, has filed a statement to the effect that he expended no money in securing the nomination. Because of his residence in the town where the conventions were held Mr. Thompson had an advantage over the other nominees on the fusion ticket, for as they were nonresidents, all had to pay for hotel accommodations.

Acting Governor Steele has issued a proclamation offering a reward of $200 for the apprehension of William J. Alexander, murderer of Charles Hall. The murder was committed in Madison on July 4. Alexander had been gambling and claimed that he lost heavily. He undertook to hold up the establishment in which he had been playing and in the process shot and killed Hall. The identity of the murderer is not disputed. Hall was formerly a barber in Omaha.

The impression has become general that Harry Tracy, the Oregon outlaw and escaped criminal, is the Tracy who served four terms in the Nebraska penitentiary and has a state-wide reputation for lawlessness. The Oregon desperado is described as a half-breed Mexican. The Nebraska Tracy is known as a half-breed Indian. In color and height the descriptions of the two men agree perfectly. The records at the penitentiary, however, disclose information which disproves the supposed identification. Harry Tracy, the murderer, was arrested in Oregon in 1899, and so far as can be learned here was in custody until he broke out of the penitentiary at Salem a short time ago. The Tracy known here was at liberty during the year 1899, but served time subsequently in the Nebraska penitentiary. This fact makes it certain that the Nebraska convict is not the man who has been murdering, stealing and invading homes and property in Oregon and Washington.

Judge Sornberger has rendered the following decision in the Gould habeas corpus proceedings at Wahoo: "It follows, therefore, that the petitioner is unlawfully restrained of his liberty and ought to be discharged, and judgment is entered accordingly." The case has been attracting considerable attention, [illegible] discharged at one [illegible] for the same [illegible] made against Gould [illegible] accomplice to his [illegible] wrecking the Bell[illegible] now serving a term

WHO WEARS THE PANTS?

Who wears the pants?
A young man asked,
Of a friend past middle life
Who wears the pants? old friend,
You, or your darling wife?
Ahem! aham! replied the friend,
To end all earthly strife,
I've made an assignment of my effects
To my good and trustful wife.

Who wears the pants?
The farmer was asked,
As he plowed the growing corn,
I do, he replied, in the early morn
But later on in the day,
The wife puts them on
Without making much fuss,
In her own peculiar way,
She wears the pants.

Who wears the pants?
A young niece asked
Of a matron old and gray,
Who wears the pants? dear aunt,
You, or your old spouse pray?
Oh, ho, te ,he, the aunt replied
As she blushed with loving glance,
I think it best through life my dear,
For the wife to wear the pants.
—Edgar Baker.

HANS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

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NAMES were only a means of temporary identification at Dead Level Bar, and when a man so far forgot the place as to ornament himself with two and perhaps even three, merely because they happened to have been given or bequeathed, he was sternly thrust back to the reproach of "Soap" or "B'ar's Grease" or "Comb an' Brush," or something else equally appropriate and distasteful. As among the Indians, there was a custom of using anything convenient until a man had earned a right to something distinctive and honorable. That was how tenderfoot "Cub" of six months before, was veteran Pistol Bill of today, and why pink-faced, swearing Bobby had become Blue Blazes.

Dead Level Bar was attractive to strangers. Paydirt had been struck by the first comers, and paydirt had been the rule ever since. Two ounces a day was a fair average for a river-bottom man, but three ounces was better. And naturally it was the river-bottom mining that set labor rates for the ponderous crushers on the hillside.

It was high—preposterous—of course, but the mine owners did not complain, for every jar of their machinery turned three figures into their pockets. A day meant a competence, a week a fortune, and a month was something that made even the wildest visionary gasp for breath.

So the unskilled days, and the Chinaman, and the shirk from Alabama, and the red-headed man from Cork, alike received their two ounces a day; while a moderately-skilled laborer was in demand at twice and even thrice that sum. Occasionally a man came who was thoroughly conversant with mining machinery, or with analyzing or prospecting, and he was a Croesus who could command his own rules and his own time and his own reward. And yet the mines on the hillside were always short of help. New comers preferred the possibility of three ounces a day to the certainty of two, and the skillful were generally visionary enough to dream of the vast wealth which every turn of their spade might disclose.

Among the arrivals one day was a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired German, who towered head and shoulders above his companions, and whose first act on alighting was to snatch a pail from the driver's seat and go in search of water for the horses.

"Dey vass t'irsty," he remarked, sententiously, as he went from one to another, watching them carefully and giving water only as he thought judicious, and not as the panting animals craved. "In de German army we our horses vass look after."

Then he stood back and gazed about curiously, his shoulders square and his right arm bent slightly at the elbow, as though the hand were resting upon the hilt of a sword. One of the mine owners paused on the opposite sidewalk and regarded him attentively. He, too, had a habit of carrying his arm in that position; and, besides, there were other things about the upright, soldierly figure which carried him back to certain years of his own in the German army. An hour later the stranger was installed as the chief engineer of the Gold Bug, with a salary of $50 a day, and with the understanding that he was to have the oversight of other mines, with a corresponding increase of compensation. The blue eyes of the German had grown big with wonder at the munificence of the salary, but the mine owner's had only narrowed and brightened. He knew that another man with this scientific giant's acquirements would have asked a hundred, and been given it without a question.

In the books he was entered as Hans, because of the clerk's inability to understand the long, unpronounceable name he gave; but down in the camp he was simply Cause, while the burly teamster he one day tossed 20 feet into the river for beating a horse, become Effect.

Mails were of uncertain arrival at Dead Level Bar. Sometimes they came twice a month, sometimes only once in two months and sometimes the appearance of road agents prevented them from coming at all. Hans had been there six weeks before a mail came in, and then it was another week before the clerk connected the letter whose address he could not decipher with the engineer whose name he could not pronounce.

When the letter was brought to him Hans was sitting on a bowlder outside the mine, his blue eyes fixed upon a distant point of the horizon with an expression of wistfulness and regret. Five minutes later he was in the superintendent's office.

"I gif my notice," he cried, his face glowing and his blue eyes radiant. "I take de stage in 20 minutes."

"Take—what in 20 minutes? Oh, you want more salary." The superintendent threw his feet into another chair and looked at him expectantly. "Well, how much? Will 50 per cent increase do?"

"I tell yes I take de stage," Hans reiterated. "I gif my notice."

His earnestness was too evident to be mistaken, and the superintendent rose [illegible] feet.

"[illegible]," he expostulated, "think better of it. We'll pay you more than anybody else."

"It is not de pay," eagerly; "you no understand. You been good to me, and I stay mit you longer as anybody. But now I vass go home to Katrina. You see," as a slight smile appeared on the youthful face of the superintendent; "it is like dis. Dere vass t'ings tell about me, and Katrina hear dem, and she say to me: 'Go! Den I hear anodder man vass seek her, and I come to America to forget. But no, dere vass no place to forget. When I come to de mountains I see Katrina everywhere, and I hear her voice mit de trees and when I dream. Now dis," holding the letter up and regarding it wistfully, "tells me dat Katrina is waiting, and it say de lies mit me are all discover and dat de odder man is punish."

"I am glad to hear it, Hans," said the superintendent, heartily; "but still I think you ought to remain with us. Why, just think of it, man! six months of this work, and you can go back and build a castle for Katrina."

But Hans raised himself to his full height and looked down compassionately.

"You is young man," he said, "and do not understand dese t'ings. Gold is everywhere, all over de world; but dere is only one Katrina. I gif my notice now and go to de stage. And I say goot-by."

The superintendent watched him down the hillside, and then turned to his desk with a sigh.

"I am a young man," he thought, bitterly; "but I do understand, I have already lost my Katrina."

BOY AND MERCHANT.

Testing System of Employment Which Didn't Work in Practice.

Philadelphia Record:: A merchant prince of this city, needing additional help, inserted the following advertisement in a morning paper:

"Boy Wanted—$4 a week; $6 to the right one."

A group of two or three dozen applicants awaited the merchant the next day in his office. One at a time they were admitted, and to each in turn the merchant said:

"Take this book and read on without pause or break until I tell you to stop."

The boy would take the volume and begin to read. The merchant, after a moment, would rise with a sharp exclamation and drop a heavy paperweight on the floor. This, usually, would excite the curiosity of the reader, who would pause and raise his eyes from the text to see what was going on. But if he refrained from doing this, if he kept up a continuous flow of reading, the merchant would put him to another test by taking a puppy dog from a closet and beginning to romp with it. All the boys but one fell before the test of the puppy dog. They stopped reading, they looked on at the romp with smiles, and some of them even went so far as to say:

"What's the dog's name, mister?"

Those who failed like this were bidden to depart. But the one boy who did not fail the merchant took by the hand. "I want you," he said, "for it is plain that you are master of yourself. I told you to keep on reading, and you kept on, though to test you I dropped an iron paper-weight and played with a puppy dog. I'll take you, therefore, into my employ at $4 a week, and if you do as well as I think you will your salary will be raised to $6 a week within nine months."

The boy, who had an honest, open countenance, said: "I thank you, sir. Mother will be glad to hear of this. I will report for duty at 8 o'clock tomorrow morning."

And, bowing politely, the lad withdrew, holding his cap in his hand.

The merchant gave him, the next morning, $25 in greenbacks to deposit in bank. "You are master of yourself," he said, "and without fear I give you a position of trust at once."

The boy set out for the bank, but never reached it. Neither did he ever return to his employer again. He disappeared completely. He was a scoundrel and a thief.

Thereafter, in engaging help, the merchant was guided by references rather than by tests.

VICTIMS OF LIGHTNING.

Electrician Says They Can Be Restored by Proper Treatment.

"In most of the cases in which persons are struck by lightning death would rarely ensue if the proper treatment were administered," said an old-time electrician. "Take, for instance, the persons who died in Chicago last week as the result of being hit by lightning during a severe storm. I am firmly convinced that, had some one who knew what to do been on hand, the victims' lives might have saved.

"If a person has been struck by lightning the first thing to do is to go to work to restore consciousness, as lightning oftener brings about suspended animation than somatic death. The condition of a person struck by lightning is much the same as that of a person rescued from drowning. Try to stimulate respiration and circulation. Do not cease in the effort to restore animation in less than an hour, as you value the life of the sufferer.

"The method used to restore respiration is immaterial. A good way is to imitate the motions of respiration by alternately compressing and expanding the lower ribs. Do this gently but persistently at the rate of 20 times per minute. Keep the body warm by the application of hot flannels, bottles of hot water, hot bricks, or, in case of an emergency, warm clothing from bystanders. Rub the limbs upward so as to force the blood to the heart and brain.

"Two or three persons can do this, remembering all the time to make but one stroke, and that toward the body, so as to force blood toward the heart. Rub firmly, but energetically. Three things are to be borne in mind: Do not give up; keep up the effort to restore respiration, and keep the body warm by rubbing and hot applications. When swallowing is established, a teaspoonful of warm water, wine, diluted whisky, or brandy, or warm coffee should be given. When consciousness is restored encourage sleep. Do not give up, keep at work, and send for a physician.

"Of the visible efforts of lightning stroke upon the human body, little more can be said than that sometimes burns have been noticed, and frequently red or markings, which are localized congestions of the small blood vessels of the skin."

BRITISH AMBASSADOR

MUST BE SOMETHING MORE THAN A MERE DIPLOMAT.

Miraculous Obtuseness of Britishers in Regard to Social Rank of Americans.

Washington letter: The most prominent topic of discussion here at the present moment is the appointment of the new British ambassador. Both Americans and English feel that very much in connection with the question of friendly relations between the two countries depends upon the man appointed to the office.

It is understood that the relations between an English ambassador and the American people or between an American ambassador to England and the British people differ from those between representatives of other countries and these respective peoples, a fact due to blood kinship, a certain homegeniety, and to the use of a common language. Even more reasons than these might be cited, but they are enough.

One of the cleverest things that have been voiced in regard to the appointment was by a writer in the London Spectator, who said: "The Americans early learned to discriminate in the matter of the men who should be sent to represent themselves at St. James. They most successfully discovered the right type of man to send as ambassador. The moment an American envoy lands at Southampton he becomes a great figure in English public life. We must reciprocate and send an Englishman capable, not merely of doing the regular work of an ambassador, but of standing out in American public life as a great personage and a typical representative of his country."

It has been well suggested that the late Lord Pauncefote's successor should like himself be, among other things, an able jurist, and in this connection the name of Hon. Alfred Lyttleton was once suggested. Next in line for choice an ex-viceroy or a colonial ex-governor, even a distinguished general or admiral might have been sent. For instance, Lord Minto, governor general of Canada, might have proved, in more ways than one, an excellent choice.

In many respects the appointment of Mr. Herbert seems to be a clever piece of diplomacy and personally he is most eligible. If the election of Mr. Herbert does not result through his wife's family ties in factional social fights there is no reason to quarrel over the appointment. Everybody knows, however, what the differences in the Vanderbilt family are and how extremely they affect the leaders in New York and indictly in Washington. It seems that something more than diplomacy will be needed to make the social cogs work smothly.

There is a strong probability that the present meager salary attached to the office at present $32,500, $15,000 less than that of the British ambassador to Paris, will be increased.

Sir Julian Pauncefote was the first British ambassador at Washington, his predecessors having only been ministers, which fact may account for the discrepancy in the salary attached to this embassy.

When the legations of the great powers at Washington were raised to the rank of embassies, Sir Julian and M. Patenotre, the then French representative, ran a neck-and-neck race for the honor of being the first ambassador.

M. Patenotre was the winner by 18 hours, his credentials arriving that much ahead of Sir Julian's. Of course, the Frenchman hastened off to the state department as fas as etiquette would permit and presented his credentials, thus becoming the first ambassador accredited to the United States.

Somehow or other the British embassy has always been regarded as the most important at Washington as a social center. Intermarriages and other ties have served to give the British representative an influence possessed by the members of no other embassies.

There is naturally a good deal of similarity in the tastes of Americans and Britisners, especially in the important matter of home life. Frenchmen, Germans and the Latins generally, having no home life, but preferring to spend their lives in a constant round of visiting.

The cousinship between the better class of Americans of Washington and the incumbents of the British embassy has in the past led to some serious social mistakes. The English, like other foreigners, have an idea that Americans all occupy the same social level, and that we have no classes among ourselves, a pleasing illusion which writers for the press and other persons have kept alive to preserve the idea that Americans are really democratic.

Under this misapprehension the occupants of the British embassy have frequently admitted into the charmed circle of Washington Americans who are considered acceptable in select circles in their own home cities. Some of these contretempts have proved exceedingly amusing. The newly rich have often climbed to social heights undreamed through other channels simply by having had the entree to the fine balls and excellent dinners of the British embassy, just as pervenu Americans are ridiculously taken up by English people of quality on the other side and exploited, much to the disgust and mortification of Americans of social standing.

These things, however, have been perhaps avoidable during our inchoate period, although there is no excuse whatever for their occurrence now.

The new diplomatist may, therefore, beware. Shrewd and canny as the late Lord Pauncefote was, Mrs. Pauncefote and the daughters of the ambassador make many faux pas of this kind, much to the annoyance of some of the older Washington families, who are quite as closely wedded to the notions of blue blood as the modern British aristocracy.

It must be remembered that the British government was the first to buy or build a home for its representative at Washington, and a great square, red brick house on Pennsylvania avenue has been that home for over a quarter of a century. While the outward appearance of the house is anything but beautiful the interior is extremely so. There is an air of roominess and solid comfort about the drawing-rooms and library reminding one of some of the old manorial halls of England. Among the pictures is a splendid full length portrait of Queen Victoria in her coronation robes.

Of the predecessors of the last holder of the office Lord Sackville West will perhaps be longest remembered, whose volubility cost him an envied position and a diplomatic reputation at one fell blow. Outside of this unlucky incident the British representatives have generally acquitted themselves satisfactorily.

When Mr. Stratford Canning, a cousin of the famous English prime minister, was British representative at Washington, in the 20's, a little episode occurred, the incidents of which are still related at some of the old-fashioned dinners given at the embassy. It is as follows:

"On a raging, pouring January night the British minister was about stepping into his carriage for a state dinner at the white house when the axle-tree snapped like a match.

"There was no time to lose, and away trotted the coachman with the horses to the nearest livery stable with orders to return at once with any kind of a vehicle. The stableman had sent out everything he had on wheels—carriages being in demand that night—except the hearse.

"It did not take long for the coachman to make up his mind, so the horses were clapped to the hearse, and in five minutes it dashed up to the minister's door. There he stood, watch in hand, waiting in agony for a vehicle, and when the hearse rattled up he stepped in with a sigh of relief, and lying down flat on his back, was bowled along at a slashing gait to the white house.

"When the hearse rolled up to the door, naturally it made a sensation, which was increased when a live man crawled out of it.

"The climax came after the dinner was over, when the departing guests were assembled in the white house lobby. The carriages were called in a stentorian voice: "The secretary of state's carriage! The secretary of war's carriage! The attorney general's carriage! The British minister's hearse!" And up rumbled the hearse, and in climbed the minister, and off fared the equippage, the minister lying on his back with British calmness.

FREDERICK WATSON.

FISH OF WEST INDIES.

Some Brilliant-Colored Specimens of the Finny Tribe.

Professor C. L. Bristol in St. Nicholas: The clear, limpid waters that surround Bermuda and the West Indies lie above coral reefs covered with plants and animals, many of which are brilliant in color as a rainbow. They look like glimpses of fairyland, and as your eye wanders from one wonder to another you catch yourself striving to peek just around some corner into a strange nook, half hoping to see a bevy of mermen and mermaids sporting and playing within the crannies. Here is a patch of pale-green sea-lettuce; there a group of great purple sea fans; yonder some golden corals standing out like a shelf or branching like a tree; while among them all swim flashes that take the place of the fairies that should dwell in this magic land, and fascinate you by their gorgeous color and their graceful, wavy motions.

There is a great green "parrot fish," as brilliant in color as his namesake, the bird, showing himself boldly, and swimming along slowly, secure from any assault. His scales are green as the fresh grass of springtime, and each one is bordered by a pale-brown line. His fins are pink, and the end of the tail is banded with nearly every color of the rainbow. He is showy, but this showiness serves him a good purpose. His flesh is bitter and poisonous to man, and probably so to other fishes as well, and they let him well alone, for they can recognize him afar off, thanks to his gaudy dress.

Underneath the parrot, lying on the bottom, is a "pink hind." You notice him, and as the parrot passes over him he suddenly changes to bright scarlet, and as quickly resumes his former faint color. Had the parrot been looking for his dinner, and thought the hind would make a good first course, this sudden change of color might have scared him off, just as the sudden bristling of a cat makes a dog change his mind. When the hind is disturbed at night he gives out flashes of light to startle the intruder, and send him away in a fright.

FOREIGNERS IN THE CITIES.

Largest Proportion in Fall River, Smallest in Montgomery, Ala.

The larger part of the foreign-born population of the United States is found, of course, in the large cities. But there are few cities having more than one-third of their population foreign-born, and there is no city in which one-half of the population is foreign-born.

The nearest approach to the latter condition is found in Fall River, where 48 per cent. of the population, including many French-Canadians, is foreign-born; Lawrence, Mass., 45 per cent.; Lowell, Mass., 45; Passaic, N. J., 46; Woonsocket, R. I., 44; Manchester, Mass., 42; New York, 37; Paterson, 36; Boston, 35; and in the West Chicago, 34; Detroit 33; Milwaukee, 31; Cleveland, 32; San Francisco, 34, and Duluth, 39.

These are the cities having the largest proportionate foreign-born population. The number of cities in which native-born Americans not only predominate, but predominate so largely as to constitute fully or nearly nine-tenths of the population, is more numerous.

Binghamton has 80 per cent of its population native-born and Elmira has 82. Allentown, Pa., one of the strongholds of the Pensylvania Germans, has 91 per cent. of its population native-born; Harisburg, the Pennsylvania capital, has 95 per cent; Washington, the national capital, has 92; Richmond and Norfolk, Va., have 96; York, Pa., has 96; Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., have 96; Topeka, Kan., has 90; Indianapolis has 89, Terra Haute has 92, Charleston has 95, and Lexington, Ky., 96.

But the American city which comes nearer to having an exclusively native population than any other is, perhaps, Montgomery, Ala., with 98 per cent., though Montgomery does not usually rank among the important cities of the United States.

Little Rock, Ark., has 94 per cent. of American population and Los Angeles 80.—New York Sun.

TO EXTEND SUBWAY

NEW RAPID TRANSIT SYSTEM TO COVER GREATER CITY.

From Hackensack Meadows to Long Island Swamps by Electric Power.

New York letter: Having awakened to the necessity of a rapid transit system adequate to the needs of the community, New York is now on the way toward getting a system which will at an early date eclipse those of either Paris or Berlin, and come within measurable distance of that of London.

August Belmont, who has been a conspicuous promoter of the scheme in Manhattan, has come forward and offered to build with private capital and credit whatever extensions to the present subway system may be deemed advisable by the present commission.

In the meantime, Mr. Parsons, the chief engineer of the commission, has been instructed to prepare plans for a comprehensive interborough subway system for the entire city of New York, which it is estimated will lead to a further investment of $50,000,000 at the lowest figure.

There is no doubt that the new tunnels which are being built under the North river for the steam and electric railways will also be made part and parcel of the whole interurban system, and that within a year or two the condition of the weather will cease to be taken into consideration in making a trip between places like Yonkers and Jersey City, Flatbush and Harlem or Hoboken and Astoria.

Just what routes along which it will be thought best to extend it would be difficult to surmise at the moment, although they can be approximately selected from the main lines of the present surface traffic.

The principel point that will be achieved by this change, it would seem, should be an equalization of real estate values for property located within the zone of the proposed subway roads, and the relief it will give to the more congested districts of New York City, now fast approaching their maximum of capacity.

The New Yorker of the year 1906 should be found dodging about on his trips almost as nonchalantly as the Londoner of today accomplishes his journeys from Pecklam to Southwark, or from the West India docks to Holloway without either seeing the surface or being bothered with any of the details of life above ground.

He will be able, if necessary, to have his private compartment, or to take his stenographer along, possibly to get himself shaved or his boots polished in transit, and to telephone from certain points along the route. The system will finally be the largest, most comprehensive and complete in the world. It will be the apotheosis of railway traveling and comfort, the embodiment of convenience and speed. The new discovery of Edison in relation to storage batteries assures us that the motive power will be electricity. The sanitary arrangments will be such that none of the evils existing in the London underground system will be tolerated. The successful manufacture of oxygen for commercial purposes has solved the question of fresh air, which will be pumped through tubes into the subways, while the high grade light supplied will turn the underground thoroughfares practically into "all daylight" routes.

What the advantages of such traveling facilities will be in both extremes of weather can be easily sagaciated. There will be no outdoor discomforts, but the mean temperature will be enjoyed both winter and summer. There will be no standing on exposed platforms or street corners waiting for trains. Restaurants, and all kinds of facilities, even to luxurious baths, will be provided at the great junction stations, which will also connect with the two great trunk lines then running into the heart of the city, the Pennsylvania and New York Central. With the half-hour train from Flatbush to Hoboken and the 15-hour train to Chicago, which by that time will have arrived, traveling will have set itself a new pace and we shall be getting ready for the time when we actually shall fly through space by the aid of wings instead of wheels.

BERTRAM LEBHAR.

THE SHORT STEP BETWEEN.

Believing the Nervous Feeling of Imperiled Passengers.

Philadelphia Record: "I was on the Paris when she ran on the rocks off the English coast, a couple of years ago," said a Philadelphia traveling man, "and in the panic that ensued there is an incident that stands out in my memory, illustrating the slender thread between the tragic and the ridiculous. We had a fellow on board who had managed to keep pretty well loaded all the way across, and when we struck the rocks he was in his usual condition. When everybody thought for sure we were going down to the bottom, he sat down at the piano in the saloon, and what do you suppose he began playing? 'Home, Sweet Home.' Somebody went to him and begged him to stop. Immediately he switched off from the doleful strains of the old song to the rollicking melody of 'Down went McGinty.' The absurdity of the thing seemed to strike everybody once, and a general laugh followed. The tension was relieved, and there was good order after that."

Permission has at last been given by the German authorities for women to attend political meetings. They must sit in special places, however, and make no speeches.

The other day, just as a train was about to leave Kutas, in Hungary, for Palfalva, an official appeared and put seals on the wheels of the engine. The passengers had to get off and walk. The company was 296 crowns in arrears in payment of taxes. Next day the taxes were paid and the train proceeded.

A native born St. Louisan has been thrice appointed governor of New Mexico. Miguel Antonio Otero, the man who rules over the destinies of that commonwealth, first saw the light of day in the Mound city and received his education in the old St. Louis university.