

RAN THE FIRST ENGINE

ENGINEER OF FAMOUS "ROCKET" IS STILL ALIVE.

Edward Entwistle, of Des Moines, Ia., Has Unique Claim to Distinction—Recalls Building of Locomotive and Trial Trip.

St. Louis.—The engineer who ran the famous Rocket of George Stephenson, the first passenger locomotive to draw a passenger train in the world, is still alive, in good health, and celebrated his ninety-second birthday a few weeks ago at his home in Des Moines, Ia. Edward Entwistle is the name of the man who has this unique claim to distinction.

Entwistle was a lad not 16 years of age when Stephenson completed his plans, secured a charter for the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, laid his track and was ready to run the train. Entwistle was recommended to Stephenson by no less a personage than the duke of Bridgewater, whose steward informed his highness that Entwistle was the best mechanic in the shops.

Mr. Entwistle, in his humble home, delights to live over the old days and tell the story of the preparations and the trial trip, the events of which are fresh in his mind from frequent iteration. His story is told in this manner:

"I was born at Tilsey's Bank, Lancashire, England, March 24, 1815. When less than 15 years old I was apprenticed for seven years to the trade of mechanical engineering in the large works of George Stephenson and his son Robert, at Newcastle.

"In 1823 the Liverpool & Manchester Railway company began building a railroad across Chat Moss, an immense bog between the two cities. Steam carriages had been in use for some time carrying light merchandise at slow speed over the ordinary roads. The Stephensons believed the engines could be made to run on iron rails at high speed. The directors of the railway company were decidedly skeptical, but finally decided to offer a prize of \$2,500 for an engine, conditioned that it of six tons' weight it must consume its own smoke, draw, day by day, 20 tons weight, including its own water tank and tender, at ten miles per hour, with a steam pressure not exceeding 50 pounds per square inch, and must be delivered at the Liverpool end of the road before Oct. 1, 1825, the price not to exceed \$2,750.

"My employers, the Stephensons, decided to compete for the prize, notwithstanding the opinion of the leading engineers of the country that not only a high speed engine, but the building of the road, would be a failure. The older Stephenson contracted to construct the railroad across the

gins drawing transcontinental flyers to-day.

"After the trial trip the Rocket was put in service hauling material for construction of the road. The gauge was four feet eight and one-half inches, or that of the regular wagon road, Stephenson intending that if his locomotive failed on iron rails to run it on dirt roads. It is a singular fact that the gauge of the Rocket has been the standard gauge of railroads all over the world. Other widths have been tried, but abandoned.

"When the railroad was completed, Sept. 13, 1825, was set for the date of the trial trip drawing passenger cars. The train consisted of two double-decked carriages, each seating 18 persons—nine on the upper deck and nine below. The weight of the train was not quite ten tons. The average speed was 14 miles an hour, although at times we got as high as 29 miles an hour."

Mr. Entwistle has not seen the Rocket since it was exhibited at Philadelphia, and greatly regrets that he was unable to go to St. Louis two summers ago and see his pet once more before he dies.

of them possess a "working" knowledge of Chinese, Japanese and other oriental tongues.

The chief operator—an American woman—of the recently established Manila line states that the Filipino girls employed as operators are very apt and intelligent and are rapidly developing a most satisfactory service. They receive, as beginners, a salary of 20 pesos (\$10) per month, which is increased to twice that amount on their becoming proficient.

As the word "hurry" is an unknown one in the far east, so likewise it is often necessary for an impatient subscriber to curb his temper when telephoning. But the tones of the dulcet-voiced operator, "Dae lyne ees beesse, senior," soothes his soul to patience.

NEW HEAD FOR PATENT OFFICE.
Grit Makes Edward B. Moore of Michigan Commissioner.

Washington.—Edward B. Moore of Michigan has been appointed by the president to succeed Frederick I. Allen as commissioner patents. Mr. Moore, who is the present assistant commissioner, won his appointment through pure grit. Moore came to Washington when a boy to visit his brother, who was secretary of the Spanish claims commission. While playing ball on a scrub team, a senate page told him he had resigned his place. Young Moore immediately hustled down to the senate chamber, and tackled Senator Morrill of Maine for the job. In 1874 President Grant appointed him inspector of internal revenue, and he had a lot to do with the expose of the whisky frauds. After that he was appointed to a position in the patent office, and in 1900 was sent to the Paris exposition. While absent he was made assistant commissioner by President McKinley, and reappointed by President Roosevelt.

Too Much System.
Every large manufacturing concern now considers "system" as one of the commandments. But it can be overdone. Some ten years ago there was not enough of it; now it seems to be in danger of running mad.—Engineering Times.

Who said anything about taking off his flannels?
"Why, you did. You said you'd taken 'em off."
"I didn't say anything of the kind. But I did try to say that I didn't know how I had caught this cold because I have taken awful good care of myself all this spring."—Chicago Journal.

Mysterious Sounds in a Church.
Strange sounds have been heard coming from various parts of St. James' church, Exeter, for a considerable time past, and efforts to solve the mystery have been fruitless. At times the sounds are like the chanting of psalms, and the practicing of the scales. They are usually noticed before the morning and evening services.

The officials of the church admitted the other day that they have been heard for the past two or three years.—London Daily Mail.

An advertisement intended to be in English was published recently in a Geneva paper for a partner with 10,000 francs, as the advertiser wished to "exaggerate his business."

CONDEMNS STANDARD OIL METHODS



Herbert Knox Smith.

Herbert Knox Smith, who has reported to the president that Standard Oil has been aided by flagrant rate discrimination, and that it maintains its position by crippling existing rivals and preventing the organization of new companies, is commissioner of corporations, and previous to his appointment a few months ago was deputy commissioner under Mr. Garfield. Chester, Mass., is his birthplace, and he was born Nov. 17, 1869.

IN THE NATURE OF PICKUP.

Woman Wanted the Express Charges Saved to Store.

A young woman entered a store in Washington and bought a smoking jacket. "Of course you will pay the express charges on this for me?" she said, with a winning smile.

"Certainly, madam," replied the clerk. "We will pay express anywhere within 100 miles."

"What will the express charge be to Blankville, W. Va.?" she asked.

"Never mind how much it will be," said the clerk. "Whatever it may be, the amount will be paid."

"But I want to know the cost," she persisted.

"I would have to phone the express company to get it. Why are you so anxious?"

"Because I am going to Blankville, and I will carry the package out there myself and deliver it. I want you to deduct from the price of it the amount you would have to pay the express company." And then with the sweetest of smiles she added, "Remember the saying of the good old woman, 'Let nothing go to waste.'"

Public Spiritized Thugs.
A man was coming up from Chunchin province with a sum of money which had been subscribed for the payment of the public debt. He was

HIS LAST GALLANT ACT.

Why Salters Would in the Future Stick to His Seat.

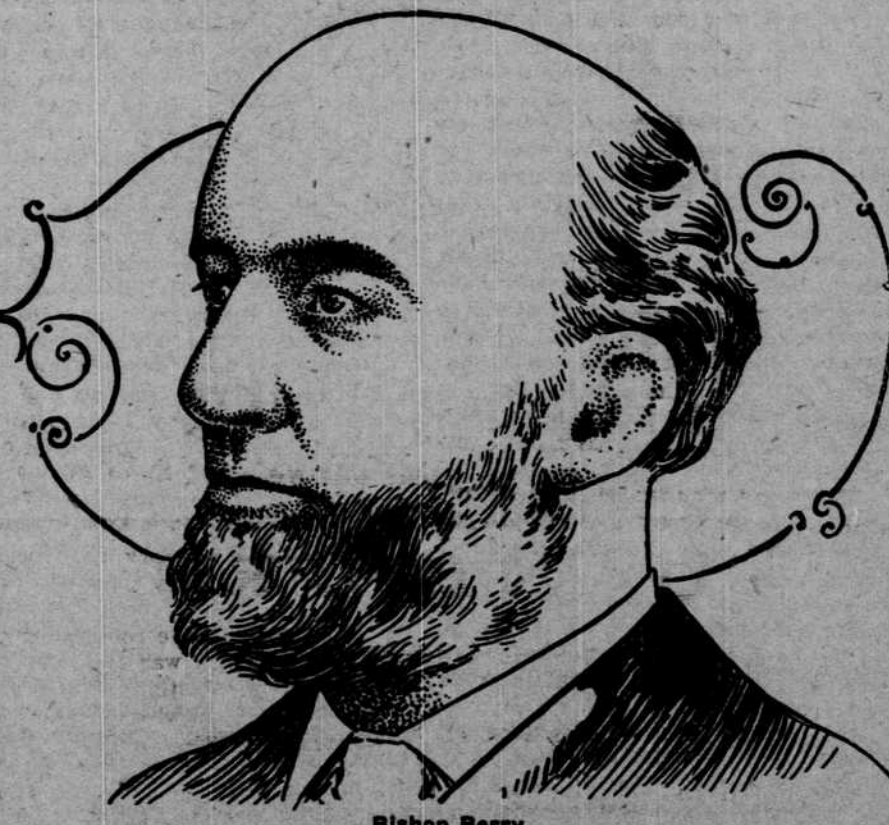
"That's the last time—the very last time," wailed Salters, as he slammed his hat on the deck and gave other indications of mental anguish.

"Last time for what? Got another tip on a good thing?" queried the bookkeeper, with languid interest.

"No, sir. It's the last time I'll ever give up my seat on a car to a woman," replied Salters, with increasing warmth. "I was lucky enough to get a seat in the subway express this morning," he continued, "and was comfortably reading my paper, when a young woman got on at One Hundred and Sixteenth street. I was sitting in a cross seat when I caught sight of her. She looked tired and delicate, and seeing nobody else make a motion to get up, I arose, made my best bow and waved my hand toward the vacant place. She bowed stiffly and said: 'No, thank you. I never could ride backward.' Before I could sit down again a big husky fellow, who had heard her, dropped into the place with a grunt of satisfaction. I had to stand all the way down town. Never again, I tell you."—N. Y. Press.

King Alfonso's Full Title.
King Alfonso XIII. is said to be the only man who was ever born a king!

URGES MORE LIBERAL CHURCH LAWS



Bishop Berry.

Methodists are divided in their views on the opinion of Bishop Berry regarding dancing. In a sermon at Philadelphia the bishop declared that the members of the church must become more liberal in their attitude toward card playing as well as dancing. Bishop Berry's headquarters are in Buffalo. He is president of the Epworth league, and is highly esteemed in Methodist and other circles.

met by robbers, who took the money and started away. He called after them that the money was a subscription to the fund for the raising of the debt, whereupon they came back and handed him the money and begged his pardon for their mistake, and then gave him ten yen extra as a contribution on their own part. He asked their names to publish in the papers, but they said they did not want to obtain notoriety in that way, and declined, but said they were glad to pay something toward helping the country.—Korean News.

Origin of Stang Phrase.
James Baker of the Royal Geographical society gives this little story of a Greek saint: "Our good St. Blasius that gave us the phrase 'drunk as Blasius'; for this saint was pleasantly done to death by having his flesh torn off by wool combs, and so he became the patron of the English wool combers; and as a high feast was kept up on his day, and the people who frequented the feast were called Blasiers, so the saying grew into the English tongue and remains there fixed and useful."

Making a Bad Matter Worse.
In a little village church where the organ power was furnished by the strong arms of the janitor the choir got into trouble one morning during the singing of the opening anthem. Suddenly the organ ceased making a sound. The choir voices also partly stopped, and the situation was not improved by a strong but muffled voice coming from behind the organ, saying so loudly that the congregation as well as the singers heard: "Sing louder, thunder, boys. The bellers is bustin'!"

A posthumous son of Alfonso XII, who died in November, 1885, was born in May of the following year and was immediately proclaimed king under the regency of his mother, who was an imperial princess of the house of Austria. He was the third child of his parents, the two infants, Mercedes and Marie-Therese, having been born in 1880 and 1882, respectively. The full title of Alfonso XIII. is Leon-Ferdinand-Marie-Jacques-Isadore-Pascal-Antoine, king of Spain, of Castile, of Leon-Aragon, of the two Sicilies, of Jerusalem, Minorca and Majorca, of Seville, Valencia, Galicia, of Cordova, Gibraltar, of the Canary Islands, and of the East and West Indies, besides which he bears numerous ducal and archducal titles.—Harper's Bazar

A Revision.
"After all," said the dyspeptic philosopher, "what a man is depends largely on what a man eats and how he digests it. The cook is the most responsible factor in our civilization."

"Quite true," answered Miss Cayenne. "The old song should be changed from 'Hall to the Chief,' to 'Hall to the Chef.'"

A Wise Physician.
"Molke."
"What is it, Pat?"
"Supposn' Ol was to have a fit?"
"Yis."
"And ye had a pint av whisky?"
"Yis."
"Would yer kneel down and put the bottle to me lips?"
"O' would not."
"Yes wouldn't?"
"No. I could bring yer to yer fate quicker be shandin' up in front of yer 'bad drinkin' it' myself."

"HELLO" GIRLS OF MANILA.

The Work Attracts Members of Aristocratic Filipino Families.

Manila.—Manila telephone subscribers feel that, though living in what the average American believes to be a semi-barbarous land, the rest of the world has no "edge" on them in being served by comely maidens as "hello



A "Central" Office in Manila.

girls." The Filipino telephone operator comes from the best families of her land, and takes her work more seriously than her fair-skinned sister of the accident. She has her servant, who is also her chaperon, to accompany her to the office, carrying her lunch, and who calls to chaperon her back to the security of her home when the gong rings on her day's work. The Spanish custom of never permitting an unmarried woman above the age of 12 years to leave the portals of her casa unaccompanied, still prevails with both Spaniards and Filipinos of the better class, and their employment as telephone operators permit no relaxation of the watchful care.

The fact that the field of labor, aside from domestic service, for the Filipino girl is so limited, makes employment in this line especially desirable and much sought after by the daughters of the well-to-do Filipinos. Hence, to be a "hello girl" in the Philippines is an honor carrying with it prestige and enters into the best society.

To serve as "central" in Manila, a girl must speak and understand English, Spanish and Tagalog, and some

THE ERROR OF INTERRUPTION.

"Gracious, Smith, but you have a fierce cold. How did you catch it?"
"Hang me if I know how. I've taken off—"

"You idiot! And you don't know how you caught it! Why, a child could tell you. I am surprised that a man of your intelligence, or supposed intelligence—"

"I don't see any occasion for such an outburst as that. You act as though I had committed a crime. I was simply going to say I've taken off—"

"And you don't know how you caught the cold! Why, it's a wonder you're not in the hospital with pneumonia! I didn't suppose a man like you would do that. You read the papers, don't you? Every day you see interviews with doctors—"

"Excuse me, old man. I try to be patient with everybody, but you are taxing my temper to the limit. I start to tell you I've taken off—"

"Yes, and you ought to be ashamed to confess it. Don't you see interviews with our best doctors, urging people not to take off their flannels until—"

FEED THE BRUTE.

The Certain Way to the Heart of a Man.

Baked Potatoes.—When baking potatoes, either sweet or Irish, the skin will remain soft if, after the potatoes are carefully washed, the skin is greased with lard or butter.

Sausage and Eggs.—Don't destroy smoked sausage from a meal. When minced and fried with scrambled eggs makes a savory dish.

Egg Plant Fritters.—Peel the egg plant, cut in half inch slices, boil in hot water until soft, mash smooth, let cool; beat one egg light, add salt, pepper, one cup of flour, two spoonfuls of baking powder in the flour. Batter must be like cake; drop in smoking hot lard in iron frying pan in large spoonfuls; two spoonfuls of lard are sufficient. Cook 15 minutes.

Fried Smeets.—Wash the smeets and dry them thoroughly with a cloth, then dip them in flour. On taking from the flour cover them thoroughly with a mixture made from the beaten yolks of two eggs and a heaping teaspoonful of melted butter, then roll in hot fat until brown and crisp and serve with tartare sauce.

Toast and Cheese.—A good way to serve up stale pieces of cheese is to put them through the food-chopper (using the nut-butter grinder), place in a dish and moisten with a little milk. Put in a hot oven for ten minutes and serve hot on toast. Season with salt and pepper to taste.

Flavoring Coffee.—To give boiled coffee a delicious flavor soak the grounds in the amount of water in which it is to be boiled, at least one hour before using. Then boil hard ten minutes.

Bolled Pudding.—One cup of molasses, one cup of seeded raisins and currants mixed, one cup of sour milk or of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk, two cups of graham flour, salt and spice to taste. Stir all well together, pour into a buttered mold or double boiler and steam for three hours. Serve with a pudding sauce.

PEWTER A FAD.

Articles Made of This Metal Growing in Favor.

Pewter is rapidly regaining the high place it once held in the hearts of American housewives. Time was when it was much more highly regarded than silver-plated ware and ranked second only to solid silver.

Apparently that time is returning. Nor is it without reason. Pewter, while not one of the precious metals, is full of artistic possibilities. Its dull luster lends itself to all sorts of decorative effects and the burnished finish gleams almost as brilliantly as the true white metal. Moreover, it recalls the really refined simplicity of colonial days. It is particularly effective against the fine old mahogany of grandma's time, or the rosewood of the great-grandmother's.

Set against a shining background, pewter is pleasing to those who value the aesthetic above the costly. The ware comes in graceful shapes, including tea urns, tea, coffee and chocolate pots, flagons, tankards, mugs and goblets. Pewter plates are singularly decorative and the platters and bread trays are not without their place in the general art scheme. Thus far the pewter relics dug up from the curiosity shops have been devoted largely to the adornment of walls and cabinets, but it is predicted the ware shortly will be in more practical use when womanhood of to-day realizes its worth as fully as did the woman of a hundred years ago.

LITTLE ECONOMIES.

The skimming of fat from off soups, etc., should be saved for frying purposes.

Old stockings make excellent floor-polishers. Split open and sew together, cutting off the feet if they are much darned. They are also excellent for polishing shoes.

Instead of throwing away the peels of oranges and lemons, put them into the jug on the washstand. This will give the water a delightful perfume, besides softening it until it is equal to rain water for the complexion.

From an economical point of view, it would surprise a good many, especially those who drink two or three cups of tea or coffee at a meal if, instead of putting the sugar into the tea, it was saved for a week to find what a saving could be effected in the matter of sugar to the benefit of both health and pocket.

To make over old nightgowns to advantage cut the bottom of a flannel nightgown the length of your petticoat and then gather into a belt. The same can be done with a muslin gown by adding straps over the shoulders, a little lace and beading, and you have a nice chemise.

One pair of stockings will make a stocking cap for big brother. Use fleeceed hose with wide ribbed top, golf hose or boys' heavy ribbed ones. Cut off top; open down seams; and cut in a point. Sew up; reversing seam about four inches from top for turn back; add tassel of germanstown yarn.

This is the Way.
To clean thread lace, sew new white muslin around a bottle, then roll lace smoothly and securely, tacking the ends. Touch the lace lightly with sweet oil while winding. Fill the bottle with cold water to keep it from bursting, and set it upright in a strong suds of cold water and castile soap. Tie a string around the neck of the bottle, and secure it to the kettle, and boil half an hour or more, or until the lace is clean. Rinse with hot water and set the bottle in the sun. When quite dry, remove the lace and lay in long folds between sheets of white paper, and press for a day or two.

To Remove Paint.
When a house is being done up paint is not infrequently split in door-steps, and it is sometimes found very difficult to remove. In that case make a strong solution of potash and wash the steps, simply leaving the solution to soak in. In a short time the paint will become soft, and can then be washed off with soap and water. Then use cold water. Paint which has been left on for some time will yield to this treatment.

INHERITED A FORTUNE

CHIEF HEIR OF "SILENT" SMITH "JOLTED" BY NEWS.

George Grant Mason, Nephew of Deceased Millionaire, Tells of Himself—Engaged in Railroad Since He Left Yale.

Chicago.—Do you think you could be, calm if you woke up and found yourself possessed of \$12,000,000? Do you think you'd get up just as early in the morning and drill down to work in the same old way when \$12,000,000 awaited you in the bank to cut up any tricks your checkbook might order?

That's what George Grant Mason, heir to the vast fortune of "Silent" Smith, is doing—being calm and holding on to the job which supported him before his eccentric uncle died suddenly while on a tour of Japan and made the South Dakota trainman a millionaire.

Mr. Mason, who was recently in Chicago attending a family reunion in Evanston and incidentally on business connected with the settlement of the Smith estate, frankly says that the news that he was to inherit the greater part of the Smith millions gave him a jolt for the time being—it was so unexpected. Then, having recovered from the blissful shock, he slid back into the monotonous routine of railroad life which had been his before the sudden acquisition of wealth.

In many ways does this tall, well-set, blue-eyed, athletic man differ from the kinsman who was famed for his tacturnity much more than for his riches. In the first place Mr. Mason not only is willing to talk about himself in a modest way, but he does it in an exceedingly entertaining manner.

"Tell you something about myself?" he repeated with a smile. "Well, what is there I can say? I was an old Yale '88 man; both my brother and I were there together. We were prepared at Glackal, near Lynne, Conn., and then after a year we went to college, where my brother and I attended the Sheffield Scientific school.

"I was always fond of athletics; in my senior year I was substitute both on the baseball and football teams, and I have not lost my love for either. When we left Yale we attended the Stevens institute for a year, and, of course, went in strongly for athletics there, my brother having been captain of the baseball team.

"In 1889 my brother and I entered the mechanical department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad and I remained in Milwaukee for five years. My next move was a most important one for me, I was sent to Green Bay, Wis., and it was there I met my wife. She was a Miss Marion Peak, the daughter of Mrs. Neville, who, by the way, is very well known

in the Federation of Women's Clubs and is a very talented woman. I may safely say that my trip to Green Bay was the luckiest I ever made, not even excepting this last visit to New York.

"I remained two years in Green Bay, where I was roundhouse foreman, and I returned to Milwaukee as chief draughtsman in the drawing office. Then I was sent to Mason City, Ia., where I was trainmaster for five years. The final shift was to Aberdeen, S. D., where I remained two years and a half, which brings us down to the present time. I can tell you that the job in Aberdeen was no sinecure. The Pacific coast extension was right off the end of my division and we had a tremendous lot of work to do. The contrast between the life

there and here in this city is startling. It was one continual grind, but somehow I loved the life.

"I always planned my course so as to stand on my own feet, and I think without any egotism I may say I did that pretty successfully. I thought perhaps I might one day get something for my sister, my brother and I got 100 \$1,000 Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul bonds under the will of the late George Smith, but never in my wildest dreams did I imagine anything like this.

"So little did I anticipate it that when I came east I applied for only an indefinite leave of absence. I did not resign, for I fully expected to return. I didn't even close up my house, but now I shall have to stop here a year at least and Mrs. Mason has returned west to wind up our affairs in Aberdeen.

George Grant Mason, latest recruit to the ranks of millionaires, gives one the impression that he is going to be a distinct acquisition to that order, though, as a well-known railroad man said, a first-class trainman has been spoiled in the process.

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CARDINAL TO VISIT AMERICA.

Merry Del Val Plans Trip to Western States.



CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL. (Catholic Prelate Who Will Soon Visit the United States.)

New York.—Cardinal Rafael Merry del Val, who has announced that in the near future he will visit the middle and western states, is pontifical secretary of state and is no stranger to America. Formerly he was papal delegate to Canada, and he also has visited New York. The cardinal was raised to his present eminence in 1903, after the election of Pope Pius X., by whom he was appointed pontifical secretary in succession to the renowned Cardinal Rampolla del Tindaro. He also was secretary of the sacred college that elected the present pontiff. Cardinal Merry del Val was born in London in 1865, his father having been then secretary of the Spanish embassy to the court of St. James. He is descended from an Irish family who emigrated to Spain at the end of the seventeenth century.

PRIMITIVE WRITING TABLE.

Old Sand Table and Aged Man Who as Child Was Taught to Write on it.

London.—It would be interesting to know how many people now living remember the days when their three R's were taught them by means of sand—ink, pencils and paper being too costly. An interesting reminder of those times is the old sand writing table to be seen at Dennington, in Suffolk.

It consists of a long, smooth board, with a rim all round. On this surface fine sand was sprinkled to a depth of about an eighth of an inch, and the writing was traced thereon with the forefinger. A plasterer's level was used for smoothing the sand for the next pupil.

The sexton shown in the picture seated at the table is just fourscore years and ten, and he learned to write

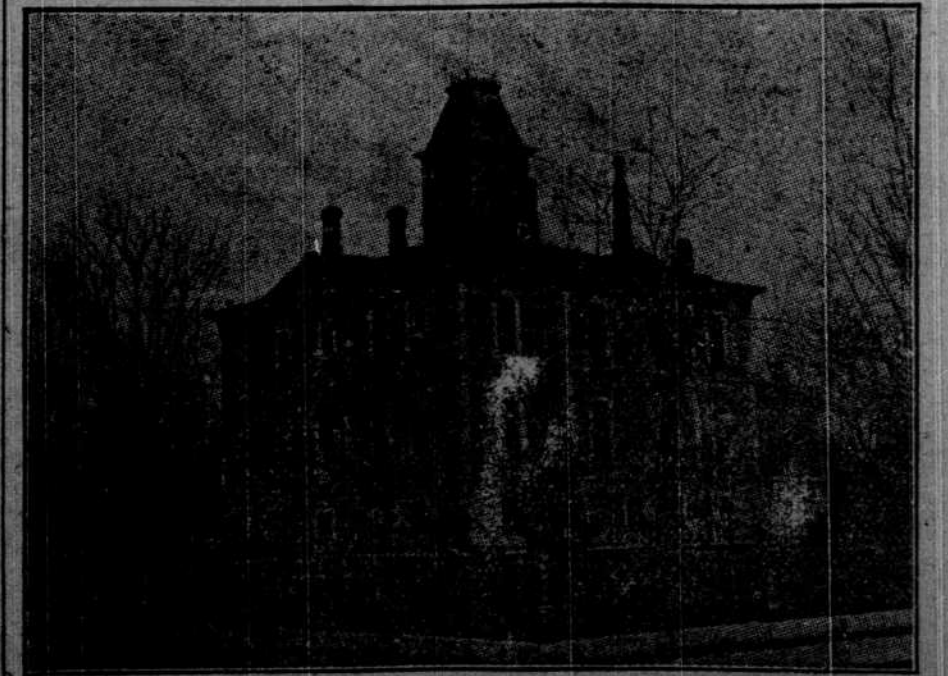


Old Sand Writing Table.

on this board. These tables were often kept in church, and writing lessons took place after morning service.

One Favor Asked.
Poor Author—And is this all I am to have from the sale of my book?
Wealthy Publisher—That is the regular percentage, sir. What more do you want?
"Um—well, I'd like the loan of your turnout and coachman for an hour or so."
"H'm! Where do you want to be taken?"
"To the poorhouse."—N. Y. Weekly.

SCENE OF THE HAYWOOD TRIAL.



County courthouse in Boise where the secretary of the Western Federation is now being tried on a charge of conspiracy to murder Ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho who was killed at Caldwell.