

**HER POINT OF VIEW.**



**Sweet Maid—**You must remember that ours was a summer engagement.  
**The Man—**That means, if you see anyone you like better, you'll break it?  
**Sweet Maid—**Yes.  
**The Man—**And if I see anyone I like better—  
**Sweet Maid—**I'll sue you for breach of promise.

**SOFT, WHITE HANDS**

May be Obtained in One Night.

For preserving the hands as well as for preventing redness, roughness, and chapping, and imparting that velvety softness and whiteness much desired by women Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is believed to be superior to all other skin soaps. For those who work in corrosive liquids, or at occupations which tend to injure the hands, it is invaluable. Treatment—Bathe and soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and in severe cases spread the Cuticura Ointment on thin pieces of old linen or cotton. Wear during the night old, loose gloves, or a light bandage of old cotton or linen to protect the clothing from stain. For red, rough, and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, and shapeless nails with painful finger ends, this treatment is most effective. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world, Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass.

**Fight Against Plague Goes On.**  
 Although the survey of the past year's anti-tuberculosis work shows that much has been done, the reports from all parts of the country indicate that this year the amount of money to be expended, and the actual number of patients that will be treated will be more than double that of the past year. For instance, special appropriations have been made in the various municipalities for next year's anti-tuberculosis work, aggregating \$3,976,500. In addition to these appropriations over \$4,000,000 has been set aside by the different state legislatures for the campaign against tuberculosis this year. Besides these sums, a large number of the present existing institutions and associations are planning enlargements of their work, and new organizations are being formed daily.

**A Good Head for Business.**  
 "I want a hat pin," said little Mary of four years, as she gazed eagerly at the cushion full of sparkling ornaments on the milliner's showcase. "How much is it?" she asked, after making a very deliberate choice and laying her purchase money, a bright penny, on the counter. "Oh, nothing," returned the kind-hearted Mrs. Briggs, as Mary's mother was one of her regular customers. Imagine her amusement as the little "bargain hunter" said most eagerly: "I'll take two, then."—Delineator.

**An Anti-Suffragist Argument.**  
 Mother—Johnny, if you don't believe I shall spank you.  
 Johnny—Er—don't you think it would be more womanly to use indirect influence?

**Excused.**  
 "Shame on you! You came home last night actually tipsy."  
 "So I did, my dear. I just couldn't resist the pleasure of seeing two of you at once."

Every time we see a sponge it reminds us of some men we know.

**To Brighten Nickel.**  
 The woman who does things herself always has on hand a can of aluminum paint with which she brightens her nickel trimmings that have become tarnished.

It is wonderful how fresh looking a house can be kept by small efforts. Usually but one or two coats are necessary, as when put on too thickly the paint peels off.  
 There are some housekeepers who even go so far as to learn renickeling, but the paint is a good substitute, cheaper and much more easily applied.

**Delaware Farmer's Mouser.**  
 N. H. King owns a remarkable English mousing bird, which has established a reputation as a mouse catcher and takes the place of several cats. While King was the field with the bird it caught ten mice in less than an hour, killing them all. King puts the bird in his barn at night, and says it is keeping it freed from rats and mice.

**Bottled Horseradish.**  
 The following is an excellent way of preparing bottled horseradish: To each coffee-cupful of horseradish, grated, allow one teaspoonful of white sugar and a pint and a half of good vinegar; bottle and seal. Horseradish should be put up in the fall, October or November being the best season for it. The root may be preserved whole by taking up before the frost sets in and burying in damp sand, from which it may be removed when required for use.

**CLEARED THE TRACK**

**ENGINEER'S QUICK ACTION THAT AVERTED WRECK.**

No Time to Apply Brakes, He Hurdled Train Upon Rock and Brushed It Aside—Grievance of Railroader.

"Yes," said an engineer, one of the group of six who were telling of their experiences, "I have known several exhibitions of nerve that have a right to be classed among the heroic. One occurred about 12 years ago, on the Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburgh. Sam Galloway was one of the best engineers that ever drove an engine over any road. He not only knew all about an engine, and how to handle it, but he was perfectly cool and collected under all circumstances."

"He was hauling a fast train, and had left Pittsburgh more than an hour late, with orders to make it up. It was in the spring of the year, just as the ground began to thaw. He was going at a 50-mile gait rounding the base of a hill—on one side was the hill and the other a creek, some 40 feet below—when he saw a great rock, which would weigh more than a ton, suddenly fall on the track a short distance ahead of him. His first impulse was to apply the brakes, but there was no time to stop, and to hit the rock seemed certain to topple the engine and train into the creek."

"Instead of reversing he pulled her open another notch or two, the train fairly jumping forward as it felt the increase of power. He struck the rock under full headway, drove it from the track, rolling it down the side into the creek, while the engine and train fairly leaped over the broken rails. The blow was terrific, and jolted passengers from their berths in the sleeping cars, but they were saved by the quickness of Sam, and his nerve."

"Well, boys," said an engineer who had been running on the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad for 32 years, "I have, perhaps, been fortunate, and have never had what you would call any peculiar experiences. I never touch a drop of liquor under any circumstances, yet I feel sure that if my train should meet with a bad accident and a number of lives were lost, some newspaper reporter, and probably the general public, would try to lay the blame on me, and say that I was drunk. That is one of the things with which railroad men have to contend. The public has the idea that we are a set of rough, hardened men, who care little for life. An engineer knows that his life is in danger, and if he did not think anything of the passengers, he is not going to take any risk that he can avoid. If an accident does happen, his first thought is to protect his train, if there is likelihood of another train coming in either direction. It is not so much thought of himself or the lives of his passengers as it is of his duty."

**Wonderful Automatic Device.**  
 A new device for the prevention of train collisions was recently tested on the Erie tracks between Newark and Nutley, N. J. The device is an electric one, and is intended to obviate head-on collisions. When the fast-approaching trains equipped with the new device get within half a mile of each other, the air brakes are set automatically, not with the usual suddenness in an emergency, but with a gradually increasing force, the same as a skillful engineer would employ in bringing his train to a halt at a station. The trains stopped far enough away from each other to avoid mishap, and all this happened without either engineer moving a hand toward the throttle lever or air brake, the device working automatically. The invention is operated by a third rail, the shoe from the locomotive touching the rail, and receiving power through it both for the operation of the emergency brake and also for a telephone. The principle is similar to that of the block-signal system, the track being divided into zones. The brakes can be applied sharply or their operation may be graduated, so that trains may be slowly brought to a standstill.—Scientific American.

**American and British Mileage.**  
 The total railroad mileage of the United States is greatly in excess of that of Great Britain. The reason for this is an obvious one. One need only compare the area of the two countries to find it.

If the United States had no more railroad mileage to-day than there is in Great Britain it would be utterly out of the question to move the freight production of the country. As in all other countries, the building of railroads in America has followed the line of necessity as the country was settled and brought under cultivation. According to "Poor's Manual of Railroads of the United States" for 1908, the total railway mileage then was 224,382.19, with 99,651.19 miles of second tracks and sidings. This makes a total trackage of 324,033.38 miles. The number of passengers carried for the year was 860,648,574, and the tons of freight moved, 1,722,210,281. The statistics of railroads in Europe show that in 1900 there was a total mileage of 175,000.

**THE NIGHT FREIGHT.**

She's running fine, old '59; we see her ghostly steam. As we face the sleet with icy feet or swing a wet brakebeam: For nights like this we dare not miss the lonely roof patrol. When wet brakes slip and lose their grip and death may be the toll; So on we go, on watch, although, to give our thoughts their dues, We must agree we'd rather be back in the old cahoose.

The whistle speaks; the four long shrieks pierce through the mountains steep. And on we go, a light or so, some village still in sleep: Then sharp and clear the trainmen hear the message on the rail. Torpedoes! Slow—and then we know that wet brakes must not fail. For grades are steep and chasms deep along the mountain roads. And death may lurk when brakes don't work and wet pins slip their loads.

Then up the line old '59 crawls through the siding gate. And puffs and snorts all out of sorts because she has to wait. But patience rules both night and day. And homely freights piled up with crates must give them right of way: So here we stand while Pullmans grand are passing in a blur. The limited is miles ahead ere we pull after her.

It's bleak to-night on footboards white and the sleet stings like fine shot. But our thoughts go back through the yawning black to the old stove glowing hot. It's too hot, too! and a rain of soot, and the pistons crash again. And back we go to the red lamp's glow at the end of the swaying train: The coffee pot is steaming hot and gay turns out the blues.

Yes, mirth and cheer and a good pipe near, and it's home in the old cahoose.—Victor A. Hermann, in New York Sun.

**BOYS TAUGHT TO BE EXACT**

Discipline of Railroad Office in Early Life Something That Is Never Forgotten.

"The successful railroad official who sat at my side while traveling recently," says H. H. Windsor in Popular Mechanics, "fell into a reminiscent mood, and was entertaining a number of interested listeners with stories of early railroading, before the days of air brakes and other safety appliances. Now, as every man knows who has had the advantage of experience in the general office of a large railroad, it offers the finest trainings a young man can have. So I said to him: 'To what one thing do you most attribute this fact?'"

"Without a moment's hesitation he answered: 'The discipline which teaches the value of time.' Then he continued: 'A green boy enters the operating department, and he finds a condition of absolute exactness as to time; that 9:47 is not 9:40 or 9:45, or even 9:46, just as it must not be 9:48. It is 9:47. Neither a fraction of a minute more or less. At home, in school and in the positions offered in commercial life, there is more or less latitude; even the banks allow some leeway in the payment of notes. But in the operating department of a railroad the clock which records the passage of time is the absolute monarch of action. And so the boy is taught exactness, and has constantly in his mind the doing of the thing to be done at the precise moment when it should be done. Two or three years of this training indelibly fixes the habit.'"

**Exciting Trip of Surveyors.**  
 Thrilling were the experiences of a party of Northern Pacific railroad engineers and surveyors, under H. B. Payne of Spokane, just returned from the unsettled territory in central Idaho. Payne and the crews worked in the mountains nearly eight months and it is understood a feasible route has been found to tap several of its rich mineral and timber belts. One of the trips, lasting 54 days, the men did not see a human being out side of their own party. A score of horses were lost and some of the men had narrow escapes from death. Much big game was encountered in the hills and several fine deer fell before the engineers' rifles. Payne made map of the country and these with other drawings he will submit to the engineering department at St. Paul early this month. The line contemplated by the railroad company will open a big territory in Idaho and aid materially in the development of the country for miles around.

**Barney Oldfield's Miracle.**  
 Barney Oldfield, the famous automobile driver, once gave a locomotive engineer a nervous moment out in Indiana. Oldfield was out for a road record, and was tearing down the road like mad toward a railroad crossing. He saw a train coming, but figured that he could get across the tracks a moment ahead of its arrival. To late he saw that the train would reach there the moment he did, and that he was in imminent danger of losing his life. His machine and the locomotive met, but at exactly the right minute he turned in the direction the train was going, ran up over the cowcatcher with only two of his wheels on the ground, and the impetus of his high speed carried him across the cowcatcher, across the path of the train, and to safety in a ditch on the other side of the track. The train went on without even slowing up.

**Remarkable Time by English Train.**  
 In connection with the landing of the Cunard steamers at Fishguard in Wales, the Great Western railway of England has put on a new special train to London, which has been making remarkable time. On a recent run a train with a total weight of 300 tons was drawn from Fishguard to London, 261 miles, at an average speed, including one stop of four minutes, of 61.2 miles an hour.

**REBUKING A BORE**

**LIKE THE WORM, OLD GENTLEMAN TURNED AT LAST**

Description of His Improved Condition Raised High Hopes in Listener, Until the Last Sentence of His Talk.

To a hotel noted for its baths for the cure of rheumatism came a woman, who at once made the acquaintance of every person, apparently for the sole purpose of telling them her imaginary ailments, hearing them tell about their own, and discussing at great length the curative properties of the springs.

She made a particular victim of an old man, who, being of a somewhat retiring, silent temperament, was extremely annoyed by her questions and oft-repeated tales of woe.

Finally, one morning, when he was taking a sun-bath on the terrace surrounded by a few congenial acquaintances, the woman approached, inflicted upon him a renewal of her tiresome conversation, and exhausted his patience. His opportunity for revenge came quickly.

"Mr. Ladd," said she, settling weakly into a chair, "we have had so many pleasant discussions about our sufferings—and yet not half so pleasant as they might have been, because I've been so frightfully racked with these terrible pains. Why, I looked into the glass this morning, and you have no idea how pale I was! I scarcely knew myself. But what I wanted to ask you was this: What do you think of these baths? Have you any faith in them. And this climate particularly, and this air?"

"Madam," replied the old man, "I cannot speak so surely about the baths, but there is no doubt about the climate and the air. I can truthfully say I feel at home here. Why, when I first came here I weighed less by more than 50 pounds. I could hardly raise an arm above my head. I could not speak an intelligible word. I never left my bed without being lifted from it by strong arms, and my hands were so useless that I could not pick up a knife and fork. Most of my days I spent half-conscious or asleep upon my back, and I did not take any interest in the conversation of my nurse."

"You can see now that I have a little hair. When I came to this town there was not a spear of it on my head. I needed attention night and day. I was so weak and helpless that a child of four years might have choked me to death without its being in my power to resist. That was when I first came here."

"Gracious!" cried the woman, excitedly. "You give me so much hope! How long have you been here? When did you first come?"  
 "Madam," answered the old man, solemnly, "I was born here."

**The Nation's Skull-Making.**  
 Scientists, like poets, can be dithrambic and rhapsodical, and lead governments into publishing works of fiction in the guise of reports of investigations. So while admitting to the full all that the American environment does in affecting and modifying the inner being, mental outlook, and social customs of the many races which come from abroad, it will be with considerable skepticism that ethnologists read the latest report of the immigration bureau on quickly attained physical modifications, noted in immigrants to this country, or at least that portion of the report which seems to show that structural changes follow mere living in this country, owing to better nutrition, etc. Of course where there are inter-marriages and a blending of types in parents it is to be expected, and is visible to the most careless observer. But, after all, what we are more concerned with is the Americanizing of the contents of the skull. American haters and milliners can be depended on to produce hats to fit any shape of head.

**Dr. Glennon's Repartee.**  
 Perhaps among none of the thousands who will shake the archbishop's hand and extend felicitations on the occasion of his silver jubilee in the priesthood, are there any more loyal friends than the newspaper folk. Few of the craft, when, on occasion, the exigencies of the profession have made their curiosity in affairs of state embarrassing, have not been dispatched genially and tactfully with a joke. It's the archbishop's way.

Whether he is "jollyng" a crowd of the guests at Father Dempsey's hotel, "kidding" a congregation of little newsmen or "taking down" the importance of some grave and reverend father, or "joking" the affected dignity of some captain of industry, or "teasing" the supercilious small talk of some fashionable maid or matron of society, or laying genial encouragement on the distressed and pious old lady by laughing her out of her trouble, the archbishop of St. Louis never lacks for his repartee.—St. Louis Republic.

**WOULDN'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE**

**Mrs. Betsy Baxter a Type of Visitor Many of Us Have Been Called on to Entertain.**

"Le, now, Miss Doolittle, don't you go to a mite o' trouble on my account," said Mrs. Betsy Baxter when she arrived unexpectedly for dinner at the home of Mrs. Dorcas Doolittle. "You know that I'm a person for whom you can just lay down an extra plate an' set before me anything you happen to have in the house. If you just fry a chicken same as you would for your own folks, an' make up a pan o' your tea biscuits that no one can beat, an' open a glass o' your red currant jelly, an' have a dish o' your quince preserves, an' some o' that pound cake you most allus have in your cake jar—you do that, an' have some pipin' hot apple fritters, with hot maple syrup to go with 'em, an' some o' your good coffee an' any vegetables you happen to have in the house. I like sweet potatoes the way you bake 'em mightily, but, la, just have anything else you happen to have. I'm one that expects an' is willin' to eat what's set before me, an' no questions asked nor fault found when I go visitin'. So don't you put yourself out a mite for me. If you have what I've mentioned an' anything else you want to have I'll be satisfied. I ain't one that cares very much about what I eat, anyhow. As the sayin' is, 'any old thing' will do for me."—Puck.

**A Nasty Dig.**  
 "As nasty a dig as I ever administered in my newspaper career in Virginia City," said Mark Twain, "was directed against a man named Ferguson.

"Ferguson, at Christmas time, invited me to see the presents he had given his wife. They were magnificent gifts. The man expected, of course, a write-up.  
 "Well, he wasn't disappointed. The next day, in a prominent place on the first page of the Enterprise, I inserted this paragraph:  
 "'John H. Ferguson's Christmas gifts to his wife are being much admired. They include a diamond stomach-acher and many other beautiful specimens of cut glass.'"

**Rich Territory Opened up.**  
 The development of the Brazilian Amazon valley must in time amount to untold wealth. In the states of Para and the Amazonas and the federal territory of Acre there are near the water's edge 10,000,000 rubber-bearing trees of the Hevea variety. These trees if properly tapped will live indefinitely and steadily increase their yield. The state of Para is considerably larger than Texas, and much of it will grow excellent cotton.

**The Worst of It.**  
 "Oh, she's awful. Whenever she tries to sing a song she simply murders it."  
 "But that's not the worst of it. If she'd only murder is outright I wouldn't mind, but she tortures it so long."

**All Tired Out.**  
 Do you feel dull, occasionally—out of sorts? Headaches and Dizziness? The fault is either with your stomach or your liver. The safe, sure and easy way to get rid of either trouble is to take NATURE'S REMEDY. Take an N.R. Tablet to night—it will sweeten the stomach and regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels. Easy—sure to act! Get a 5c Box. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**Pa's Sleepy Day.**  
 "Pa, what do you go to church for?"  
 "Why—er—to listen to the sermon, of course."  
 "That's what I go for, but I can't hear it 'cause you breathe so heavy."

**In Demand.**  
 "That's a very popular man."  
 "Yes; he'll listen to the details of your summer trip without insisting on telling you about his own."

**BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.**



**Kind Lady—**It must be hard to find that you have inherited a taste for beefsteak.  
**Sandy Pike—**Yes, mum; especially when yer find dat yer haven't inherited ed beefsteak.

**Following an Illustrious Example.**  
 "My dear," announced Mr. Ad. Hereward, "I propose to donate you \$45, to be applied to the purchase of one of those new, topsy-turvy, wicker-basket hats."  
 She looked up at him, very much alarmed at the sudden outbreak of generosity.  
 "On condition you raise an equal amount out of the ten cents a week pin money regularly allowed you," finished Mr. Hereward magnanimously.—Judge.

**George Refrained.**  
 "Michael," familiarly inquired the employer, thinking he had seen his employe carrying one of the banners in the St. Patrick's parade of the day previous, in which procession the Irishman had laid off work to march, "didn't I see you carrying something in the parade yesterday?"  
 "Yes," admitted Michael, blushing scarlet, "but Oh had no suspicion me bottle made me hip pocket stick out so much!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

**Did you ever have a good, old-fashioned boy's stomach ache? Of course you have. A little dose of Hamlin's Wizard Oil will chase away a colicky pain in the stomach like magic.**

**The Stuff That Kills.**  
 Mrs. Benham—Isn't my dress a poem?  
 Benham—Poetry will be the death of me.

**Pettit's Eye Salve for Over 100 Years** has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Once there was a cook who stayed in one place for more than months. She was in a hospital, paralyzed.

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If afflicted with it, Thompson's Eye Water

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