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SURROUNDED BY MYSTERY!

A Great Mistake.

A recent discovery is that headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion of the mind, etc., are due to derangement of the nerve centers which supply the brain with nerve force; that indigestion, dyspepsia, neuralgia, wind in stomach, etc., arise from the derangement of the nerve centers supplying these or-

ment of the nerve centers supplying these organs with nerve fluid or force. This is likewise true of many diseases of the heart and lungs. The nerve system is like a telegraph system, as will be seen by the accompanying cut. The little white lines are the nerves which convey the nerve force from the nerve force from the body, just as the electric current is conveyed along the telegraph wires to every station, large or small. Ordinary physicians fail to regard this fact; instead of treating the nervecenters for the cause of the disorders arising therefrom they tre at the arising therefrom they treat the part affected. Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., the

specialist and student of nervous diseases, and author of many noted treatises on the latter subject, long since realized the truth of the first statement, and his Restorative Nervine is prepared on that principle. Its success in curing all diseases arising from derangement of the nervous system is wonderful, as the thousands of unsolicited testimonials in possession of the company manufacturing the remedy amply prove.

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But his mate replied with a cheery laugh As they trudged on that dusty road, "Twould be just the same if our carts went by. And you'd get more dust from the load." And they passed—nor dreamed of the helpful words

On a listening heart bestowed.

—Edith Perry Estes.

GEMS IN VERSE.

The landsman through a stormy street The wintry wind was blowing.
"Heaven pity grant, and help," said he,
"To those who live upon the sea!"

The sailor clinched a trembling most 'Mid mountains round him flowing. While through the darkness, thick and fast, The wintry winds were blowing.
"Heaven save the landsman now," he said,
"With chimneys toppling round his head!"

But when the world grew mild once more This tar, despondent growing, Said, "If I could but walk the shore,

Though all the winds were blowing! The landsman thought, "Though storms there be, I would that I could sail the sea!" -Will Carleton.

Uncle Ted and Boston. Ol' Boston sits there by the sea an hez a thousand arms

sand arms

That reaches cut through all the lan', through
all the hills an farms;

Strong arms they be thet never rest, but pull
by night an day An feel new strength w'en they hev drawn our boys an gals away.

An fingers on those mighty arms through every valley dart, An us ol' fellers feel 'em allus pullin at our heart, For w'en the arms of Boston once are drawn

aroun' a lad They pull him from his mother's arms an pull him from his dad.

For there is sights in Boston, so they tol' me that are gran', For there is centered all the brains an money of the lan', Houses that start down undergroun' an reach

up to the sky, An men almost too rich an gran' an good an wise to die.

An men there jest know everything an lug it in their heads, For in Boston wisdom's ketchin, an like the mumps it spreads.

my boys went down to Boston—I couldn't

keep 'em here-An I went down to visit 'em an see the sights last year. But everybody laughed at me an called me an

Because I didn't talk like them an wear their For them wise men in Boston they ain't wise

enough to know
A biled shirt doesn't make a man who has no She may hev poet fellers whose songs fill earth

An flosserfers an things like that—but I can flosserfize. My flosserfy is this: A man may live an awful while

An keep his clo'es in fashion an his soul be outer style. An I'm jest ez good ez Boston-let her throw her arms aroun'— There's one ol' chap clings to the hills, an she

can't pull him down,

An I will wear my ol' plain duds no sun or rain

Nor worry bout the fashion plate—but keep my soul in style.

To the World's Unknown. Our land abounds with monuments of art, Memorial halls, fine statues, bronze

To heroes, sages, let the world impart Her praise; I sing one song to the unknown. The unknown heroes who have lived and died,

In silence suffering, scorning all complaint, The buried hopes, their ideals and their pride, And burdens bore when weary, worn and The recluse soul to all the world unknown,

Save to one faithful heart powerless to save, Whose cloistered cell the world misnamed a The path of life around an open grave.

I sing to poets whose pale lips are dumb, Who to their full estate could never come Slaves to hard circumstances and life's tur-

I sing to artists whose souls caught the beam Of light refulgent from the perfect day, Whose hearts' recesses with rare pictures

gleam, That hands grown hard with toil fail to portray.

I sing to all the good, the wise, the true Who walk with bleeding feet life's dreary

years: because I catch a heavenly view

Of their grand souls in more congenial spheres. -Eliza Lamb Martyn.

What Dewdrops Are.

One autumn evening when the stars were bright I paused to contemplate their host untold All glittering with refulgence of pure gold, Like gilt eyed daisies in a field of night! And as I watched them with a deep delight I saw one quiver and then lose its hold And drop to nowhere. Soon another rolled Adown the sky and filtered out of sight.

So, one by one, full many slipped from view;

And wondering where they fell, my couch I

When I awoke, the Dawn, behind its bars, Was flushing pink, while sparkling drops of Lay on the grass, and then there came this

That dewdrops are the ghosts of falling stars: -A. L. Donaldson.

Friendship.

Friendship is not like love. It cannot say: 'Now is fruition given me, and now The crown of me is set on mine own brow. This is the minute, the hour and the day. It cannot find a moment which it may Call that for which it lived. There is no vow, Nor pledge thereof, nor first fruits of its bough Nor harvest, and no myrtle crown nor bay. Love lives for what it may win or has won, But friendship has no guerdon save to be. Itself is its own goal, and in the past Or future can no dearer dreams be done Or hoped for, save its own dear self to see The same, and evermore unchanged to the last. -Edward Lucas White.

The Higher Law.

From like, like springs; not corn from weeds, But corn from corn; from weeds, weeds spring; And so the law of human deeds-

From like, like springs. Exact the eternal balance swings Above all laws of changing creeds In morals or of changing things— From like, like springs.

Good unto good, evil to evil leads, Each soul itself the good or evil brings. Naught else can harm the soul that happy

From like, like springs.

-Bennett Bellman.

Humble Philosophy. Two laborers talked on their homeward way Of the evils that poverty bore. One cried as some haughty millionaire Drove by with his coach and four,
"See, the dust from the rich man's carriage

Falls on the tolling poor!" But his mate replied with a cheery laugh

TWILIGHT.

Sing, sweet; it is the twilight hour: Thy voice brings rest and peace, And unto thee is given the power To bid all discord cease.

Let day fade with its load of sorrows Now is enough for me; I care not for the coming morrows, For they may banish thee.

Oh, that this eve could last forever. Ambition's sun be set,

For with thee near my heart would never
The busy world regret.

Only count us as Love's immortals; Let each be one in soul: Bid Night halt at the western portals And Death collect no toll.

Then twilight would be fraught with splendor, Bathed in Faith's golden stream, And each to each all love would render Sing, sweet, and let me dream.

-Flavel S. Mines in Harper's Weekly.

THE STUFFED CAT.

I was all alone one evening in my

study. Do you not know this study? That is natural because I never have introduced you to it. Perhaps you would not like it. I like it very much-first of all because it is mine, and then because I have arranged it according to my tastes.

There is a little of everything in it-a colossal writing desk with an infinity of drawers and pigeonholes, a bookcase, some shelves for books, two tables, one large and one small; a divan, an armchair, on the floor rugs and cushions thrown down-everywhere, pictures on the walls, a gas lamp in the center. In one corner on top of a column of black wood is a stuffed cat-a magnificent tiger striped cat with sparkling green eyes that seems ready to spring down from its pillar, tired probably of acting Simeon Stylites.

In this den or study, as you please to call it, I pass beautiful hours, day or evening, writing, reading, meditating, smoking and doing nothing.

It is here that I retire in hours of the blues, in those hours of unconscious, instinctive ill humor which one cannot explain or justify and which exactly on that account one translates into an extraordinary nervous irritation.

This den is the despair of my wife and the rest of the household because they are positively forbidden to touch, to even move a book or a paper under that pretext of putting into order which resolves itself into real disorder. I will wager that if my wife, my sister-in-law, my nieces, could arrange my den according to their tastes, turning it upside down, they would be happy. But they do not venture for fear of me. Only when I speak of my study all those feminine lips curl with smiles, disdain-

ful, ironical or compassionate. It is especially the stuffed cat that jars upon their nerves. My wife absolutely wished to throw him away, give him away, destroy him. I was obliged to declare to her that such an outrage would immediately provoke on my part a demand for legal separation pending the approval of divorce by vote of the Italian

chamber of deputies. Now that I have presented, so to say, the surroundings, I will go on to relate the fact, the terrible, frightful fact that him to twist his neck?" has taken place in my delicious den and to which I am indebted for the gray hairs that embellish my 36-year-old locks.

One evening in the autumn all my family was in the country. I only had staid in town to attend to some urgent work.

I was all alone in the house. A woman came every morning to clean, to sweep and air the rooms and went away after noon. I dined at a restaurant.

Now, for some days I thought that I noticed in my study something strange, odd, unaccustomed. It had the same effect upon me as if something were not in its place. I would have taken my oath that certain books had been moved, certain papers had been rummaged.

I questioned the domestic, who swore and perjured herself to the effect that, faithful to her trust, she had touched nothing, but had limited herself to sweeping the floor and dusting the furniture. And no one else ever entered the

One morning it seemed to me that the stuffed cat, my good cat with the green eyes that I called Tic when he was alive. had been touched. Certainly his attitude was not the same or I was dreaming. Yes, yes, his head was turned another way, and the expression of his face, that of an honest feline, was different from that which I was accustomed to have before my eyes. How in the world had such a strange phenomenon happened?

But this was nothing. For two or three evenings, shut up in my study, writing-alone in the large apartment-I thought I heard singular noises here and there. I arose from the desk, went out of the study and all through the house, carefully examining every room, stopping now in this one, now in that, to listen. Nothing. The rooms were deserted; the silence was complete, pro-

found. Then I returned to my study and set to work again. But the noises persisted and became more decided and frequent. I would have sworn that some mysterious and invisible being was scratching in the walls or forcing some lock. One evening indeed it seemed to me that the noise was just behind me, and I turned mechanically.

Well, I would have taken my oath that I saw the cat Tic move almost imperceptibly, and his eyes gleam brighter, and his back arch, and his bold, majestic tail stretch itself in an act of defiance.

But surely it was an hallucination, because the cat was still in his place, impassible, and gave no sign of moving from his column.

All these small things, insignificant and extraordinary at the same time, had impressed and disturbed me. By instinct, by nature, I don't fancy what I cannot explain. I am a foe to the supernatural, the marvelous, the mysterious. I like to see clearly within and around myself. I, you see, am of a well balanced and sound temperament. Nervousness, mor-

bidness and such nonsense annoy me

and are repugnant to me. And as I think I know myself pretty well, I was surprised and bored by a state of mind so contrary to my habits and nature. Evidently my physio-psychological system was in a moment of

How could I get out of it-be cured? Must I, too, take the first train and go into the country? Perhaps that would be the best way. But unfortunately I could not. I had an important engagement to supply some work, and I could not run away and leave it for whims of a dreamer fit for a hysterical woman.

"Per bacco!" I told myself, "Pay no attention to the thing! Let us be a man, what, the deuce!"

And I returned home that evening as usual, after having dined and visited the

I had planned to work hard that evening, in order to make haste to finish. Having entered the house I made as usual an inspection of the apartment and found everything as before. Not

But as soon as I seated myself at the desk and cast a glance upon the manuscript where I had left off writing, a marvelous, amazing surprise awaited

You must know that I was writing a novel-oh, what a novel! Something fine, exceptionally fine! A romance like that surely no one ever wrote. The real and the fanciful, the romantic, the classic, the naturalistic, were skillfully mingled in it.

Now that day when I went out I had interrupted the story at a very interest-

ing point, and the period ended thus: "He burst into a sonorous laugh of scorn; he was very sure that the time of phantoms and specters was long past! That apparition then gave him no fear. It must be a trick."

I had left it there. Taking up the pen in order to continue, with my good cigar lighted in my mouth, I cast my eyes on the paper, and what did I see?

Just heavens! What indeed!

Directly below the last line written by me had been written one word only: Fool! There it was, ironical and menacing, in Gothic letters, which showed the handwriting of a former age.

Who had traced this scornful and mocking word? You can imagine whether I remained amazed. I will say even more-I felt an impression of terror. My servant did not know how to read or write. No one had come into the house during the day. Then by whom had the words been written?

I grew livid and felt myself shudder. I sprang to my feet. I felt the hair stand on end upon my head and a cold perspiration trickle down my forehead!

Tic, the accursed stuffed cat, looked fixedly at me, and his green eyes seemed to dilate and become variegated with a thousand colors. But was that cat really stuffed? Or was he not rather alive by virtue of some witchcraft?

All at once I roused myself. I had a feeling of shame and rage; and furious, striking with a heavy fist on the writing desk, I exclaimed: "But who is the demon who has writ-

ten this word? I would like to know If I were to live a thou shall never forget what happened then.

I had hardly finished speaking those words when the study resounded with mocking laughter-dry, strident, infer-Then the wall opened suddenly, and

there came forth a woman wrapped in a great black mantle. And Tic, the accursed cat, made a leap from his pillar, and mewing as he had never mewed in his lifetime went to rub himself against that mysterious being.

I drew back more dead than alive. Still, I had enough presence of mind to stretch a hand behind me, open a drawer of the desk and take out a loaded revolver. As soon as I had seized the

weapon I felt safer. I raised my arm and pointed the revolver at that being, with the exclama-

"Now, we will see who you are!" Alas! Once, twice, thrice I touched the rigger, but the revolver was no longer obedient.

The mysterious figure made two steps toward me. The black mantle that enfolded her fell to the floor.

What a fearful sight! It was not a nan nor a woman. It was a skeleton—a skeleton with two lights flaming in its empty, cavernous eye sockets—a skeleton that laughed satanically, while the cat Tic made fantastic and wild leaps.

It was—it was Death! #

In the morning they found me insensiole in my den. The servant ran to call a physician, who found me in a high fever. My family hastened from the country. I was taken care of, treated and cured. But the fact remains, my hair had turned gray.

When I was able to return to my den, the cat Tic was no longer there. My wife had made a coup d'etat and sent it to be thrown into the river. The column had also disappeared. It had been given away, I do not know to whom.

My manuscript was, however, still in its place. Only the word "Fool!" was no longer there.

Then it had not been written? Still I was very sure of having read it. Who knows? If the cat Tic had still been there, perhaps he could have told

me. But poor Tic was there no more. Then, what am I to think? What shall I believe?—Translated From the Italian For Short Stories.

Curious Offer of Marriage.

A piece of evidence some time back in a Quebec breach of promise case was a cuff with an offer of marriage written on it. One night, while the defendant was holding the plaintiff's hand and whispering fervid words, he popped the question on the smooth linen at her wrist. She was sentimental or shrawd enough to keep that article out of "the Championed by a Gamin.

A ragged, barefooted boy, a crossing sweeper, had doffed his cap to the Duchess of Sutherland in the hope of recognition, when he observed a well dressed but rakish looking man following her across the street, as if trying to force upon her attentions that were evidently obnoxious to her. There was a look of distress on the duchess' face.

"Scuse me, lady," said a boy's voice beside her, "shall I punch 'is 'ead?"

She turned, looked down angrily upon the little sweeper, and then said, smiling:

"Why, it's Jemmie!" She had remembered his name after all, and at that moment the boy was hers, body and soul. Without waiting for another word he dashed off and turned a sort of violent "cartwheel" so adroitly calculated that he landed with two very muddy feet in the middle of the offensive man's waistcoat.

Then, before the man could recover from the shock, the boy had slapped him with one muddy hand across the mouth and with the other had deposited a handeven a chair out of place. Then I went | ful of the filthy compound on the back of his neck.

into my study and lighted the gas, to be-The next moment the boy was in the grasp of a policeman, who dragged him away to the nearest police station. He was just being charged by the constable with having committed an assault when the duchess entered. She spoke kindly to the gamin and then explained the affair to the inspector on duty.

At her request the boy was set at liberty, and he staid only long enough to say to the inspector:

"It's the lady what nursed me when the cab run over me leg."—London Cor. New York Tribune.

Hints About Driving. When driving, you must watch the road. Turn out for stones, so that the horse shall not stumble nor the wheels jolt over them; avoid the mudholes and places where the going is bad; let the horse slacken speed when the road becomes heavy, and if you want to make up time do it where the ground slightly

descends. It is a common mistake to think that a horse can haul a carriage easily on the level. On such a road he has to be pulling every moment; there is no rest. Whereas when the road now rises and now falls the weight is taken off him at times, and he has a chance to recover his wind and to rest his muscles. As between a level road in a valley and an up and down road over the hills, the latter is by far the easier for a horse to travel. When you come to a long level stretch, let your horse walk a bit in the middle of it.

Almost everybody knows that for the first few miles after coming out of the stable a horse should be driven slowly, and especially if he has just been fed. On a journey it is of the utmost importance to observe this rule. Be careful, however, not to check a young nag too quickly when he comes fresh out of the stable. Give him his head, talk to him soothingly, and presently he will come down to a moderate pace. If you pull him up at once, you vex him extremely, so much so that he is not unlikely to kick.—Harper's Young People.

When Booth Saved Young Lincoln's Life. It was at Bowling Green, Ky., during the summer of 1877. Edwin Booth stood upon a platform waiting for a train; so, too, did a man unknown to the actor. Buried in thought, this stranger left the platform to walk upon the track, not noticing an approaching engine. One moment more and there would have been an indistinguishable corpse. Silently, suddenly, Edwin Booth seized this stranger and lifted him almost bodily upon the platform. So close came the engine that it struck the stranger's heels as they left the track. "Do you know who that man is?" asked Mr. Ford, the well known manager of Baltimore, who witnessed the thrilling scene.

"No," replied Booth. "Robert Lincoln, President Lincoln's

son. This was the most satisfactory incident in Edwin Booth's life. Sensitive as a woman, he suffered untold tortures for the mad deed of his brother. He had voted for Abraham Lincoln as president and never voted before or after.-Kate

Field's Washington.

Materialism Against Wit. Some things of course in the French display-especially of pottery and bronzes-are purely decorative, and some of the visitors of course are destitute of taste. The consequence is that occasionally a person will come along who will gaze at objects of transcendent artistic merit with no feeling but one of mystery and curiosity. So it happened the other his machine. By way of these invenday, when a simple minded woman stopped for awhile in front of one of a pair of vases 5 feet high, the price of

which is \$5,000. She gazed at it attentively for a few moments and then said dryly to M. Melaile, who stood by, "Pray, what is that

The Frenchman took her measure at a glance and replied with elaborate politeness, "That is intended to boil eggs in, madam."-Chicago Tribune.

Making the Most of His Changes. The family tutor was invited to a grand dinner party by his employers and surveyed with intense satisfaction an "air safety," to lead the way to larger the half dozen wineglasses arranged in front of his plate. The footman came round with the wine. The young man presented the smallest of the glasses.

"It is vin ordinaire," observed the "Ah, precisely," replied our ascetic philosopher. "I am reserving the larger glasses for the finer sorts."-Chronique

Bourgeoise. A Modern Nimrod. Jimson-Where are you going?

Billson-Only off for a day's shooting. Jimson-Great snakes! With that carload of freight?

Billson-Those boxes contain books, the latest and most complete compen-diums of the game laws of the state. I don't want to shoot anything out of season.—New York Weekly.

AN AIR CYCLE NEXT.

THAT IS WHAT'S WANTED BEFORE THE FLYING MACHINE.

The Bicycle No Longer Satisfies the Longing of Mankind For Free Movement. We Want to Travel as the Birds Do. but Must Learn Essential Lessons First.

The Frenchman who covered the dead walls of Paris with calls for subscriptions to a Society of Aviation, to start with a capital of 500,000 francs, may have been lacking in the highest qualities of public spirit. He was placed in jail for taking money for his little private flying machines, costing from \$500 to \$2,000, which he failed to deliver. But his merit lies in discovering the want that fills the breasts of a large number of men today. It is only the somewhat headlong method of gratifying that yearning which has interfered for a time with his locomotion. Had he but had the forethought to invent, to beg or to borrow a fairly efficient flying machine, nothing short of a cage would now prevent him from taking a leave as French as himself.

Though he should languish for the rest of his days in prison, M. Delprat will have the glory of the discovery that the bicycle no longer satisfies the longing of mankind toward a freer movement over the face of land and water. If we are to believe the evolutionists, man is the result of gradual aspiration, from the worm that walloweth on a portion of its anatomy unsuited to ears polite, through the many footed, the four footed and four handed beasts, up to the natural lord of creation who runs perpendicular on two feet. The present century has seen man become what the old legends would have termed the "whirling one foot." Why should not this progress continue and the next century find man rising from that single pied a terre into more or less

sustained aviation? The flying machine still holding to earth by one wheel has already appeared sporadically in England, according to Engineering. Mr. Philipps published the results of his trial of a machine resting on a light car and claims that he flew, but the front wheel of the car never left the ground. This is quite as it should be. We creep before we walk, we graduate from tricycle to bicycle, and now we are at the unicycle age. Who is the man to lift us finally clear of

the earth? The principle of the balloon, useful as it is in overcoming gravity, has carried generations of inventors into a fool's

paradise. Birds are lighter than beasts, but they are not soap bubbles. And to the bird we have to return indirectly or directly for lessons in the navigation of the air. The aeroplane, in which our able aviators are now reposing so much confidence, but upon which they take care not to repose their own brittle bodies, is the result of a study of the soaring of birds. Latterly it has been reasoned out that individual feathers have a powerful influence in supporting the bird in air. So the aeroplanes are made not solid, but with slats, and in some cases jointed in sections, so that while one portion is in one plane another may be tilted up or down to get the lifting power of a change of angle. This power is so great that our leading aviators, like Hiram Maxim and Professor Langley, expect to obtain great velocities if they can once get their airships under

way and under control. The money spent by these inventors and investigators is mounting to a great sum, but who shall say it is wasted, considering the benefits to accrue? The remark attributed to Giffard when dying, that he would not reveal the secret of his airship because "he thought he saw the air ensanguined by war as the seas have

been, and the earth," need not disturb us. If he did say that, he was temporarily in a state of weakness, for the flying machine will do more than anything yet invented to break down the prejudices of one nation for another. are the result of such prejudices carefully inflamed by ambitious men, and while the aviation is not going to stop all wars it will surely reduce them to a minimum.

More important than such machines as Lieutenants Renard and Krebs successfully steered from Meudon to the walls of Paris and back again are the small flying machines developed from the bicycle, which seem now about to make their appearance. The bicycle with electric motor is invented. Now comes the turn of a combination of bicycle and aviator which shall permit the rider to leave earth and skim along for 100 yards or so without detriment to himself or tions will come the discovery, step by step, of means and methods of sustaining flight for longer periods and also the actual training in motion through the air which is now wanting to man-

kind. The inventors who are constructing on paper or in actuality great flying machines are like men of an inland race who have for the first time seen a broad piece of water. Before learning to paddle a canoe they are already building a frigate; before understanding the principle of the steam engine they are setting to work to make an ocean steamer. What is wanted is a popular air cycle, air wagons with sustained flight. Who

will invent one?-New York Times. An Old Pacific Coast Engine.

Perhaps few of the people know that a

very antique engine is lying useless behind the station at Long Beach, Los Angeles county. This engine was used in the early part of the last decade, and when the fireman wanted to put in any fuel the train had to be stopped while the fireman put in wood at the front of the engine, as the door of the furnace is situated there. This engine ran between Los Angeles and Long Beach before the Southern Pacific extended its line to that place. The cars are like street cars of today, only about twice as long. Sometimes the passengers had to get out and push, as the engine was not very strong.—Pasadena Star.