NEW MUSIC STORE

WE have opened a new music store in the Landon furniture store on Eleventh street and will handle a complete line of first-class pianos. Our prices defy all competition. Remember we are permanently located in Columbus.

BECKER BROS.

HENRY J. BECKER, Manager

Route No. 3.

Miss Mary Miller returned last week from her extended visit in Missouri with her parents.

Mrs. E. R. Bisson, who has been very sick with influenza and lung fever, is reported as improving.

Nick Adamy expects to leave Germany this week and sail for home. He reports a very pleasant time across the water.

F. J. Kotlar of Quincy, Ill., who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Kotlar, returned to his home last Friday.

Miss Mary Newman is at the home of her brother, O. P. Newman, as her sister-in-law, Mrs. Newman is suffering from a serve attack of erysipelas.

Tuesday evening a telephone message to Mrs. H. B. Reed and Mrs. J. C. Brynes conveyed the sad news that the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Engel of Silver Creek was dangerously sick, and not expected to live. The ladies went to Silver Creek on No. 5 the same evening.

Walker.

Corn picking is about done, and the biggest part of it is fed up already.

By the look of the returns of the vote of Walker township, certain democrats must have done some good work in the township.

The Soren Polson and C. C. Peterson sale last Wednesday went all right, and everything sold high. Oscar Peterson, the new auctioneer, was doing remarkably well.

Hardly any news to write as business is almost at a stand still on account of the money scare and the low price of everything the farmer has to sell—don't see any reduction on what he buys.

FIRST RAILWAY IN CANADA.

Train Was Run Over Primitive Roadbed in 1836.

The first railway in Canada was the Champlain and St. Lawrence railway, which ran from Laprairie on the St. Lawrence river, eight miles above Montreal, to St. John's, on the Richelieu, a distance of 14½ miles. "The company of proprietors of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railway," was incorporated on February 25, 1832, but work was not begun until 1835. On July 21, 1836, the first train was run over the road. A few days before an accident had happened to the little engine, and it was deemed advisable to attach to it only two of the passenger cars, while the others were drawn each by two horses. Some three hundred persons, including the Earl of Gosford and other high officials, were present by invitation of the directors, to take their first trip over a Canadian railway. Next day, when the engine had been repaired, it effected the journey to St. Johns with two passengers and two loaded freight cars, in forty-five minutes, and returned in consisted of the engine, of from five to six tons, four passenger cars each carrying eight persons, and twenty freight cars, capable of conveying about ten tons each. The engine cost £1,500, and the cars £1,000. The cost of the road itself was estimated at £33,000. The rails were of wood, with flat iron spiked to them, and as far as any degree of smooth conveyance was concerned, similar conditions today, would by no means suit twentieth century requirements. The real epoch, however, during which railway construction in Canada had its serious beginning, was between 1853 and 1856.

Much Stupidity.

I fear you will laugh when I tell you what I conceive to be about the most essential mental quality for a free people whose liberty is to be progressive, permanent, and on a large scale; it is much stupidity. * * *

In fact, what we opprobiously call "stupidity," though not an enlivening quality in common society, is nature's favorite resource for preserving steadiness of conduct and consistency of opinion; it enforces concentration; people who learn slowly, learn only what they must. The best security for people doing their duty is, that they should not know anything else to do; the best security for fixedness of opinion is, that people should be incapable of comprehending what is to be said on the other side.—Walter Bagehot.

Such a Bluff.

"Congressman Nervey's outside," said the usher, "and he wants yer to pass him in."

"Tell him," replied the manager of the prize fight, "that we can't pass nobody but newspaper men."

"I did and he says he's sportin' editor of de Congressional Record."—Philadelphia Press.

REVISITS SCENE OF CRIME.

Thrilling Ghost Story Told by English Magazine.

This ghost story is contributed by a correspondent of an English magazine: "Wycollar hall, near Colne, was long the seat of the Cunliffes, of Billington. They were noted persons in their time, but evil days came, and their ancestral estates passed out of their hands. In the days of the commonwealth their loyalty cost them dear; and ultimately they retired to Wycollar with a remnant only of their once extensive property. About 1819 the last of the family passed away, and the hall is now a mass of ruins. Little but the antique fireplace remains entire, and even the room alluded to in the following legend cannot be identified. Tradition says that once every year a specter horseman visits Wycollar hall. He is attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, and the trappings of his horse are of a most uncouth description.

"On the evening of his visit the weather is always wild and tempestuous. There is no moon to light the lonely roads, and the residents of the district do not venture out of their cottages. When the wind howls loudest the horseman can be heard dashing up the road at full speed, and, after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the hall. The rider then dismounts and makes his way up the broad oaken stairs into one of the rooms of the house. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which soon subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his steed, and gallops off by the road he came.

"His body can be seen through by those who may chance to be present; his horse appears to be wild with rage, and its nostrils stream with fire. The tradition is that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in that room, and that the specter horseman is the ghost of the murderer, who is doomed to pay an annual visit to the home of his victim. She is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, which, according to the story, has been literally fulfilled."

WHITE FOR MOURNING.

Black Has Given Way as a Color for Widow's Weeds, Etc.

Black mourning has had its day. We are henceforth comme les reines blanches of the early Renaissance, to wear white mourning. This is not so much a reversion as a further imitation of the victorious Japanese. A black hat, feathers and gloves, with a white dress, are to pass for le dernier cri de l'ame en deuil. It will do as well to be entirely in white, or perhaps better; unbroken whiteness is so blank, so insipid as to be almost penitential. The widow of royal line 400 years ago was in white from top to toe. La Marguerite des Marguerites, who had lost her husband at the battle of Pavia, went to Madrid to visit her captive brother habited in white—wimple, riding habit and all in white, in sign of widowhood. Black mourning came in from Florence with Catherine de Medici. Violet mourning for the head of the state went out with the revolution. M. Felix Faure thought the black hat that replaced it more suitable for the croque-mort, and wished for reversion to regal violet. For the dresses of ladies not in mourning there will be next winter only violet, and of la nuance Montagnini.

Through the Telephone.

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes; what is your name?"

"I say my name is Watt."

"Oh, well I'm coming to see you."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No; I'm Knott."

"Who are you then, please?"

"I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name, please?"

"Will Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Then you will be in if I come round, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

Then they were cut off by the exchange, and Knott wants to know if Watt will be in or not.—Tattler.

Just the Other Way.

Miss Minny Somers—By the by, you are not the boy I have always had before?

Caddie—No'm; you see, we tossed to see who'd caddie for you.

Miss Minny Somers (awfully pleased)—Oh, tut, you bad boys—and you won?

Caddie—Me, I lost!—Tatler.

NEW SIGNAL LIGHTS

WRITER MAKES A SUGGESTION THAT SEEMS PERTINENT.

Present System, He Says, Gives Needless Labor to the Memory and Attention — Would Make Semaphore Luminous.

The present system of block signals at night is ill adapted not to the eye alone—it gives needless labor to the memory and the attention. It requires the engineer, among the innumerable lights that lines his track, to distinguish those which are to guide him from those that are of no significance to him at all.

Any one who has ridden in the cab of an express locomotive during its frantic course by night and seen the engineer as by a miracle pick out his white signal amid a swarm of nearby city lights of a hue identical with the one that must direct him; seen him, also, with an almost mysterious confidence rush past countless red and green lights, knowing that they were not for him, but were switch lights or lanterns guarding the rear of some neighboring train, or were signals for slow trains, for crossovers and a host of things besides—as one dashes recklessly through this maze of colored lights he can no longer wonder that signals are occasionally misread or unobserved. He can only marvel, declares George M. Stratton in the Century, that a night express ever reaches its goal in safety.

Added, then, to the perils due to the defects of the eye, both normal and abnormal, the present block signals have this serious fault: They do not stand out distinct and apart from numberless other lights that suddenly appear to the engineer, but to which he is expected to give no heed.

The plan that I would propose would be to use throughout the 24 hours the kind of signal which is now employed only by day. . . . This could be accomplished simply by making at night the vane of the semaphore luminous.

As in our cities lights are arranged in lines and letters to catch the attention, so here the signal could become a fiery arm pointing outward or down, or, if need be, midway between these directions at will. Such a line of fire would be strikingly different from the usual lights of buildings or of streets.

It would also, both in quality and in form, stand out entirely distinct from all the colored lights whose use upon the railway it may, in the end, seem wise to continue for purposes other than the block signal. A continuous line of light, moreover, would be visible at a far greater distance than is the present single light.

The glowing signal lights would best be white, and of course should not change in tint in order to convey their message. This would at once remove all need of discerning whether the line burned white or green or red, with all the risk which the distinction brings.

The mechanical difficulties of introducing the new form of signal would not be great. A row of half a dozen oil lamps stretched along the front of the signal arm—lamps of the type at present used in the block system—could only be counterpoised to prevent their interference with the proper action of the mechanism which controls the arm.

Even with such lanterns the new system would have an immense superiority over the old, but no one should regard these weak lights as more than a makeshift; for what is urgently needed is something that will penetrate the smoke and mist and storm.

On roads where electricity is not the motive power the best illuminant for the new signal would perhaps be gas stored under pressure in tanks—gas such as is used in many of our railway cars or in the gas buoys set along our shores by the government. Since these buoys burn untended for months in storm or calm it would seem that such a light might well be adapted to illuminate the semaphore arm.

For if a line of oil lamps were used the temptation would be strong to economize in weight, and consequently in oil capacity, and thus to have only a moderate brilliancy where a powerful light is needed.

Railroad History.

The Nova Scotia railroad, after leaving Wolfville, twists under the elbow of the hill, and a little box of a waystation, set casually in a hayfield, bears the name of the Acadian village. The site of Evangeline's Grand Pre is half a mile across the meadows, but some kindly Ananias of the railroad has set up in the back yard of the station as it were, a group of such stick and board signs as normally bear the legend, "Keep Off the Grass."

Approaching, we read, "Site of Benedict Bellefontaine's House," "Site of Basil's Forge," and so on. A whimsical and an accommodating thought, this—to leave the pale tourist hurrying by in the Flying Bluenose, a varnished train with a pink engine, the germ of a historical recollection.—Travel Magazine.

Whirlwind Hits Train.

Passengers on the Reading express train for Pottsville had a remarkable experience near Reading when the train, going fifty miles an hour, ran into a wind storm. The roof of one of the cars was torn off, causing great excitement.

Moral Suasion.

In Sweden the public houses are closed on Saturday—pay day—while the savings banks are kept open until midnight. No government can force a man to save his money; but this Swedish system at least encourages him to deposit it where it is most likely to be of use.

Hop Leaves for Bridal Parties.

The custom has been introduced at weddings in Tunbridge Wells and district of erecting triumphal arches, composed entirely of hops and hop leaves, for the bridal parties to pass under.—London Standard.

KEEP TRACK OF CARS.

Accountants Know Location of Every One on Line.

A story told by a car accountant shows to what extent the tracing of cars has been reduced to a science. The accountant and a station agent on the same road were talking of the car record system while on their vacation in the Adirondacks.

"You mean to say you know exactly where every car on the road is?" asked the station agent skeptically.

"Yes, if it is on our road. If on a foreign road we can tell where and when and in what condition it was delivered."

"You'll let me test it?"

"Yes," replied the accountant. "Send me a query any time asking where one of our cars it; you'll get a reply within twenty-four hours."

The next day the accountant went back to work. The station agent started for home a week later. While passing through Glens Falls, below Lake George, he saw one of the company's cars on a siding fitted up as a lodging house for workingmen repairing the road. Here he saw a chance to confuse the accountant, and wired to him from Poughkeepsie:

"Where is car No. 40,611?"

The reply was waiting for him at the station next morning. It said: "No. 40,611 being used by Italian laborers at Glens Falls for lodgings." Even this appeared in the record books.

Railroad Building in China.

Railway builders in China encounter and combat much prejudice and ignorance. Of the construction of one road a traveler writes: "When the opening ceremony was performed the discontent reached its zenith. A trial run was made in a 'dummy' on which Mr. Grove, district engineer, and Mr. Wang, the Musieh magistrate, and some others were seated. A large crowd of visitors had assembled and the general opinion was freely expressed that the whole undertaking was a fraud—as so much labor and money had been expended for an unattractive conveyance which would accommodate only half a dozen people. Then while going down an incline a sturdy but independent cultivator was met walking between the rails. He stolidly ignored the shouts of warning, and, after being knocked down and having his leg broken, remarked that the foreigners were in truth barbarians, as it would have been quite easy for the car to turn off, as there was low ground on each side of the line. If it had been in a cutting, he said, it would have been different.

Stage Talk.

Arthur Grenville, the English actor, was once in a company of pastoral players, who, when the weather permitted, rehearsed in the grounds where the performance was to take place. Building operations were in progress near at hand, and one day, during a rehearsal of "As You Like It," there fell upon the ears of the pastoral players the following conversation between a laborer on the scaffolding and his mate on the "fresh earth."

Laborer above: "Ullo, there!"

Laborer below: "What now, what now? Who calleth so loud?"

Laborer above: "I prithee, fair Bill, 'and us up a few more comely bricks!"

Bathing the Eyes.

Few practices are more beneficial to the condition of the eyes than is that of bathing them regularly every night before going to bed. Dust readily accumulates on the lids between the lashes and causes them to smart, an excellent method of cleaning them being the old-fashioned one of dabbing the lids with a piece of cotton wool dipped in cold weak tea.—Woman's Life.

North Opera House

Three nights, commencing Thursday, Nov. 14.

Walter Savage

Presents the talented young actor

ELWIN STRONG

and his company of players, including the brilliant actress

KATHERIN DALE

in new and successful plays Thursday night the beautiful 4 act comedy drama

The Night Before Christmas

Friday night the rural drama

The Winning Hand

Saturday night the great play and Mr. Strong's masterpiece

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Refined vaudeville between acts. Prices 25c, 35c and 50c.

WAS GOOD BARGAIN

WICKY CALLAN MADE MONEY ON PURCHASE.

Owner of Outfit Was Laid Up, but Still He Had a Right to Feel Good Over His Investment.

"Wicky Callan is laid up, but he feels pretty good," said Doc Peters, as he took a seat in the studio and helped himself to a cornecobful of tobacco.

"And what ails him?" asked Red Bruce, who was making scrawls with a stick of charcoal on a piece of coarse paper.

"Well, it was this way: Wicky, he got hold of some money last Saturday. Got a complete outfit of clothes and then started to get an infit. He got it all right and took it home with him some time Sunday night.

"Monday morning he woke up and searched himself carefully. Found a twenty-case note tucked away in the fob pocket of his trousers and made a bee-line for Plunkitt's, where he broke in some. After half an hour he was feeling fine and concluded to go down town and see if there was anything doing.

"He rode a couple of blocks on the back platform of a car when he happened to see an old buggy standing in front of a junk shop with 'For Sale' on it.

"'Stop the car,' said Wicky, and jumped off.

"Now, Wicky never owned a horse or buggy, never drove a horse in his life, but something told him he ought to have that particular vehicle.

"'How much do you want for it?' he asked the junk man.

"'Ten dollars.'

"'Give you five.'

"'Take it along.'

"Wicky coughed up the five-specker. At a sales stable he knew about he bought a pretty good looking old skate for $5.30, with the bridle attached.

"A light second-hand harness cost him four dollars. Thus equipped, he started off in great shape. The whole caravan cost him about $18, including drinks.

"He was down to fish scales when he got through and it worried him some, but he knew of a roadhouse just out of town where he could always make a touch, so he started to go out there. Wicky wasn't much on the drive, and the horse soon found it out and had pretty much his own way.

"He was going along at a pretty good clip on the river road when a trolley car turned a corner suddenly and scared him so that he stopped still. The car hit the buggy and the horse at the same time, and Wicky fell through the vestibule into the front platform of the car, knocking the motorman through the door.

"The horse went into the ditch with both hind legs broken and the buggy was knocked to flinders. Wicky lay where he fell until they fetched an ambulance and took him to his boarding house.

"They killed the horse and carted it away and burned the ruins of the buggy, but before this was done there was an investigator from the trolley company sitting on the side of Wicky's bed with a piece of paper and a fountain pen in his hand. What's the answer? Well Wicky settled. He signed a release for $300.

"He asked the man for 25, meaning dollars, but the man must have thought he meant hundreds, and dickered until he cut him down to three of 'em. Hurt? Well, yes. He's got a bruised elbow, a scratch on the wrist, and a cut chin, but he'll soon be out buying buggies and sich."

Cures "Sleeping Sickness."

Prof. Koch, the great German medical authority, who has been in Africa about 18 months, inquiring into the causes and cure of that strange and widely prevalent malady, the sleeping sickness, has become famous throughout a large portion of the dark continent. He has treated and cured hundreds of black men afflicted with the dread disease mentioned, and has, therefore, been given the title of "Great White Wizard." He is continually receiving appeals from all parts of central Africa to come to the rescue of sick and dying persons. The professor's treatment consists of an injection of atoxyl, and the results of this have usually been favorable.

A Strain on Credulity.

Little Maggie passed the summer at a seaside resort where mosquitoes abounded. On the first Sunday after her return to town her Sunday school teacher told of Noah and the ark, and concluded by inquiring if any child would like to ask a question.

"I would," ventured Margie.

"What would you like to know, dear?" inquired the teacher.

"I'd like to know if you are quite sure that Noah only took two 'skeeters into the ark," said the little girl.—Harper's Weekly.

A Cold Nose.

A lady who owns a dog, and incidentally a little girl, heard a commotion in the adjoining room. Upon investigating she discovered that the commotion came largely from the dog.

"You naughty child," she said, "are you trying to burn Fido, that you hold his head so near the grate?"

"No, mamma," replied the little girl; "I'm only trying to warm his nose."

Buttons for the Offertory.

A Sussex vicar complains that buttons find their way into his collecting-bags. Prebendary Carlile, of the Church Army, supplies buttons at St. Mary-at-Hill for that very purpose. "My poor people," he says, "with hardly a rag to wear and nothing to eat, haven't even a button to spare, yet pride keeps them out if they cannot give to the offertory. So we go round the streets with our buttons before service and a friend of the Church Army redeems them at so much a dozen."—London Standard.

EXCURSION TO TEXAS

Tues., Nov. 19,

we will run an excursion to the Brazos valley near HOUSTON, TEXAS. If you ever want to get a fine valley farm on the Brazos river close to a city like Houston, you had better not put it off, but get ready and join us the 19th of November, or on our next excursion which will be on Tuesday, December 3rd, 1907.

Round Trip Railroad Fare From Columbus $22.50 Good for 30 Days

Call at our office in the German National Bank building, Columbus, Nebraska, where we can give you all information.

F. T. Walker
J. C. Byrnes

Emmigration Agents

ALL GO TO SCHOOL

ATTENDANCE COMPULSORY FOR RAILROAD EMPLOYES.

New York Central Has Equipped Car with Every Appliance with Which Men of the Railroad Should Be Familiar.

An ordinary-appearing passenger car on a sidetrack in the Dewitt railroad yards has been a source of great interest to employes of the New York Central road for the last few weeks, says the Syracuse Herald. It is the railroad men's school, for, unlike most people whose instruction except by experience ceases when the school door closes upon them, the railroaders must go to school as long as they are employed by the New York Central. The car which is now in Dewitt is fitted up with every equipment procurable to instruct the employes in the air-brake system of stopping and starting trains. The system of air brakes is difficult to understand and the railroad has fitted up these instruction cars to give the men an opportunity to learn everything about it. The car contains equipments sufficient for 28 freight cars, 15 passenger cars and a locomotive, together with sectional parts of all air-brake equipment. These air-brake cylinders are arranged in one end of the car and in the other end are seats for the railroad men who come to receive instructions and the sleeping apartments of the instructors.

F. C. Barry is the instructor of the car and each day he conducts classes in which he instructs large numbers of employes thoroughly in the operation and construction of air brakes. Mr. Barry also has private pupils among the men who cannot arrange to attend the classes. Records are kept of the attendance, just like any school and unless the men attend they are suspended from work until they do attend regularly, just as when they were schoolboys.

When the car first arrived some of the men played truant but an order from the trainmaster to the effect that every man who did not visit the car would be suspended from work soon brought the attendance up to the desired mark and now about 100 employes go daily to their school on wheels. The pupils include engineers, firemen, conductors, baggagemen, passenger trainmen, freight brakemen, car inspectors and car repairers. The Dewitt men have been apt pupils and the car will proceed to Lyons, Rochester and Buffalo soon.

The New York Central road was the first to establish these instruction cars and now has several cars in use on its lines. It takes a car three years to make a trip over the road, stopping at each railroad yard until the employes become expert on the subject of air brakes. Then the car goes back over the same route to instruct new employes. The New York Central has spared no expense to initiate its employes into the mysteries and science of air brakes and in addition to the air brake instruction cars has experts on the road who ride on the engines and instruct the engineers and firemen while on duty. At Dewitt there is also a large air-brake plant, one of the best in the country.

Foreman Has Hard Job.

"Do you know the absolutely meanest job in the world?" asked an old pastmaster of the mechanical department of a great road. "It's the position of foreman in a roundhouse. Under modern conditions of railroading the foreman of the roundhouse in a great center of congestion is on the firing line of criticism from front, rear and both sides.

"The roundhouse foreman is responsible under the master mechanic for keeping the motive of the road fit. A locomotive comes in disabled and it must be put into condition. Ten other locomotives, costing perhaps $15,000 each, are laid up there in the same condition. Suddenly the demands of traffic result in the call from the train dispatcher for more power—more power. These engines that partly are dismantled are not ready to go out—they won't be for several days. But the train dispatcher's office won't recognize the statement. 'More power—more power—we've got to have it to-night.'

"Two shifts are working on repairs. The necessity for crowding the workers to the limit presses. When the day foreman is pressed to know his shift he must foregather with the night foreman and make a full report of what his gang has accomplished in the daylight and as far as possible lend his judgment as to the best first move the night foreman should make. And when the night foreman is ready to leave he must take his turn in the consultation. While in the meantime the dispatcher's office is demanding more power. It makes a man gray haired before his time.

Yet foremanship of the roundhouse is in line of promotion to the mastership of the mechanics on a railroad division.

Railroads of the World.

The total of the railroads of the world on January 1, 1906, is declared to have been 563,771.7 miles (English) or, in the figures given, 905,695 kilometers, of which the United States represents 215,713.39 miles (351,503 kilometers) resulting in an American lead of about 23,500 miles over Europe. The total mileage of the American continent is estimated to be more than one-half of that of the entire world.—German statistics in Consular Reports.

The Fringe of Art.

Elihu Vedder, the noted painter, lives in Rome, where he has a beautiful apartment, and in Capri, where his white villa looks down on the sea.

"Elihu Vedder," said a New York illustrator the other day, "is as Bohemian as ever. Fame has not spoiled him. I visited him last year, and his Bohemian ways were delightful.

"You know they tell a story of a visit that he once paid to Alma Tadema in London, to Alma Tadema in that glittering house which Mrs. A. T's money, made in grateful, comforting cocoa, bought.

"The morning after his arrival, very early, before even the servants were up, Vedder began a thunderous knocking on his host's sandalwood door.

"Alma Tadema turned in his gold bed, threw back the lace coverlet, sat up.

"'Who's there? What is it?' he cried in a startled voice.

"'I say, Tadema,' shouted Vedder, 'where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?'"

Toothblacks.

"Ae we have bootblacks so they've got toothblacks in the Sunda islands," said a traveling man.

"What is a toothblack?"

"Don't you know? A toothblack is an old woman with a pot of black paint, a gold leaf book, and a lot of vegetables brushes. From hut to hut she passes, and for a small fee— a yam, a bunch of bananas, three cocoanuts—she paints the Sunda islander's teeth a glistening black. All but the two front teeth; these she gilds. And the Sunda islander thereafter goes about with a self-conscious smile revealing a truly knock-me-down dental display, a black and gold symphony.

"It is a common trick among the semi-civilized to color the teeth. In Macassar dark brown is the popular hue, and in Japan among the unenlightened classes, the teeth of wives are always painted black.

"In such countries the toothblack is an institution. She goes from house to house, as full of gossip as a barber."

The Sexton's Orders.

The late Bishop Seymour of Illinois was remarkable for the power and beauty of his sermons. A Springfield man said to him the other day:

"At the eastern celebration in one of our churches Bishop Seymour and a half-dozen other divines were present.

"One of these divines, a stern, stately old fellow with white hair, told Bishop Seymour in my hearing that whenever any one went to sleep in his church the sexton had orders to wake the man up.

"Bishop Seymour smiled.

"'Wouldn't it be better,' he said, 'when any one goes to sleep under your preaching for the sexton to have orders to come and wake you up?'"

Sixty Locomotives Ordered.

A million dollar order for the construction of 60 new locomotives has been received by A. H. Manchester, superintendent of the West Milwaukee shops. It will take eight months to fill the order and the locomotives will be put into service on the Milwaukee road as fast as they are completed. The shops are also turning out an average of 24 locomotives a day, one for every hour.