UNCLE SAM'S GREAT STAFF

A Mighty Corps of Reporters Scattered Throughout the World.

EXTENT AND VALUE OF THEIR WORK

Outline of the Duties of Consular Agents, Marine Hospital Correspondents and Crop and Weather Reporters-A Mammoth Publishing House.

(Convrighted, 1994.) WASHINGTON, Oct. 11 .- Uncle Sam is the agencies of the newspapers of this country of men he retains to send him information taining to subjects which are within of current events. Some of this information jurisdiction of Secretary Morton. And

Grover Cleveland is their editor-in-chief; and cultural department today. it has sub-editors who read copy and use the blue pencil on it. The news service covers government does not follow the record of deaths and marriages or the chronicle of local crime, it has often a far more accurate foreign coast defences. like the Chinese-Japanese conflict or the recent Brazilian trouble, than any of the great newspapers can obtain, no matter how great their expenditure of money. In matters of this kind the government service should be the fight is being waged. There is not far ahead of the newspaper service, for treaty obligations require the transmission of government messages by cable when commercial messages can be declined. But it is pretty hard for the government, even with all the apparent advantages on its side, to get ahead of the enterprising American news-

CONSULAR COMMERCIAL REPORTS. The transmission of news by cable during nome such emergency as now exists in Asia is not the only news duty of the American consuls and commercial agents or the minlaters or ambassadors of the United States at foreign capitals. The bureau of statistics of the State department issues at monthly intervals small volumes of reports sent in by our diplomatic representatives; some of them volunteered and some sent in response to inquiries of the department. This news feature the consular service has become of great commercial importance to the United States. Much trade was being lost by American exporters, particularly in South and Central America, through the negligence of shippers in packing goods. Goods which were to be carried long distances on mules or horses were packed in boxes when they should have been put in sacks. The matter was brought to the attention of the chief of the bureau of statistics and straightway he sent a circular to the American consuls all over the world asking how goods should be packed countries in which they were stationed. Today you can obtain from this subject, and there is no good reason a dollar's worth of trade should be lost to American exporters because of bad packing. At another time some one called the attention of the bureau to the fact that the export business in American flour was fall-ing off. Out went another circular and back came an elaborate set of reports from north east, west and south, telling just what kind eircuit was court of the world, whether they eat American were neither pens, ink nor paper for the use west and south, telling just what kind miller could not send a drummer around the world with any expectation of obtaining one half of this valuable information. And so judge. Is there trouble with the introduction of American kerosene into China? Our consul at one of the chief Chinese ports writes to tell the State department through the department the American manufacturer and exporter that the local prejudice against American goods is partly responsible, and that in part the responsibility with the Chinese officers who are interested in other oils or who have not been sufficiently "insulted." . The American people are disturbed by local labor troubles. American ministers and consuls send to the State department for publication information about the way foreign nations legislate to settle questions arising between employer and employed. The American public is wrought up over the trolley question. Along comes the consul general at Frankfort with the informathat a German inventor has possibly solved the question of an independent motor street cars, and that a model is building n England to be sent to this country in Oc tober next. There is not a topic which could possibly interest the people of the United States relating to any mercantile, manufac-turing or social question with which the American consul is not prepared to grapple. He jumps from "Coal Mining in Sexony" to "Onion Cultivation in Egypt," and from a

to express an opinion without making them-selves offensive to the people among whom they are sojourning. The newspaper reader will remember the unpleasant case of Nicholas Smith, who provoked the people of a Canadian town to one his dwelling by making criticisms in his reports of the sanitary condition of the place. Mr. Smith is now serving his country in another field. The Smith report was published in the bulletins of the Maritime hespital service, and that statement opens up a view of another branch of Uncle Sam's ws industry.

PUBLIC HEALTH IN FOREIGN LANDS. The consuls of the United States are required to send in at regular intervals re-ports of the condition of public health in the towns or cities where they are stationed. These reports and the reports sent by certain medical correspondents who represent the hospital service abroad are published by the surgeon general in a weekly bulletin. This bulletin is one of the most valuable news publications of the government. Not all of information published in it comes by mail. Where the United States is threat-ened with cholers or any other contagious ply: "Five pounds," and the case was ever. disease the surgeon receives reports by wire usually through the State department and its

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT. Next to the news service of the State department the Agricultural department has most elaborate and complete system of mews gathering and distribution. For the crop report alone the services of nearly 5,000 the will? Brief—Yes, but I can't make anything out of it. Heirs—Let us have it patenteetly or indirectly. There are about 2,500 correspondents who report to the department anything out of is a blessing.

There is almost an equal number reporting matherers as are the correspondents of city centuries.

papers in the rural districts. They receive mile's dist are "edited" by the atatistician before they are made public. They are compared for possible error or fairs statement; and the crop estimate made public every month is the expression of the individual judgment of the statistician, based on all of the reports received from 5,000 source. The work of these correspondents is so valuable that two ex-emplayes of the Agricultural department some time ago established a hursau in Chicago for the collection and discontinuous of the same information which the department distributes, and this hursau has succeeded in forceasting the government crop report very accurately. Another important news gathering and news distributing branch of the Agricultural department is the weather

bufeau. At 150 stations in different parts of the United States observers and assistant observers are employed not only to take scientific observations and keep statistics, but to send to the chief of the bureau at Washington by telegraph the news of the condition of the weather all over the country. The chief editor to handle these reports is the forecaster, who takes all of the dis-patches, and marking "highs" and "lows" and other like indications of ethereal conditions on a map, figures out for the entire country just the kind of weather to which each section is entitled. Sometimes a sec-tion does not get its deserts, but that is an act of providence for which the forecaster is not responsible. This forecast work has been of immense value to farmers, and it has often warned seamen of impending disaster. The weather report is one of the most valuable and interesting of the news All in one, from each morning till night. publications of the government.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Uncle Sam is the In addition to the crop report correspondents the seather of the control cultural department has special agents agencies of the newspapers of this country many points sending in news of the condi-put together are hardly as great as the corps tion of cattle and other information perof current events. Some of this information he publishes in the shape of public documents which few people ever read. Some dilers" in the department. The secretary of telling the truth I'll tell you about the ghost that I was required and the secretary of the s of it he preserves in the files of his de-partments at Washington for the use of his efficially by that title, whose duty it is to executive officers.

The big government news machine has correspondents who are reporters; it has editors in the different departments, and contract the official editor of the Agri-

NAVY DEPARTMENT'S NEWS BUREAU. One of the most important of the news bureaus of the government is attached to bicycle. The man, who was the baggage may a very wide range-much wider than that the Navy department. It is of comparaof the average newspaper. For though the tively recent establishment. It is known as Naval Intelligence Bureau. Its duty is to gather together from all parts of the world information about foreign navies and and rapid service on some great foreign war. China began hostilities Secretary Herbert could have sent to the naval intelligence bureau, and on a few minutes' notice could have had a full description of the navies of both the belligerents and an admirable description of the sea coast along which war vessel in the world which the naval intelligence bureau can not describe. information comes from the news correspondents of the Navy department, who are in part the officers of our own war vessels and in part our representatives in naval matters at the great capitals of the world. We have naval secretaries attached to all of our principal legations. Besides, the Besides, the Navy department sometimes sends naval offi-cers abroad on a special mission to gather information. Sometimes this information is published, like the admirable book on European dock yards, written by Naval Constructor Hichborn, and sometimes it is kept for the exclusive use of the bureau of intelligence.

The Treasury department, of course, constantly at work through its customs off cers and other agents gathering statistics of commerce. These are published from time to time by the bureau of statistics. The Indian office of the Interior department re ceives from its agents not only current new of the condition of the Indians, but stories of the origin of their tribal customs and other matters which makes a page of the indian commissioner's report most interesting reading. The bureau of ethnology is busily engaged in collecting news of the primitive American. The geological survey tells the country from time to time all about its production of gold and precious stones; about the development of irrigation and dozens of other things which would be considered "good news" in many newspape offices. We send representatives abroad to report on the Panama canal, the Nicaragua offices. canal, the international geographical con-gress, the international monetary conference, the international marine conference. fact, the field of news gathering covered by the agents of our government is so wide that no newspaper, however enterprising could hope to fill it.

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

When the court on an extremely western of the bench or the bar, relates the Detroit Free Press.

There is no money allowed for it by the county, sir, and we can't get the articles without money."

The judge made several remaks not at all

omplimentary to the county.
"I've been in a good many courts," put in a pempous and pedantic lawyer from the east temporarily to try a case, "but this is

the worst I ever saw. The judge jumped him on the spot.
"You are fined \$10 for contempt, sir," he hundered. "Hand the fine to the clerk, sir." Mr. Lawyer kicked, but he had to hand

wouldn't have it any other way.
"Mr. Clerk," said the judge, when the fine had been handed him, "go out and get all the pens, ink and paper necessary for the use of this court and give the gentleman back his change," and the clerk did as he was ordered and the visiting attorney maintained a discreet silence.

A certain justice of the peace having arrived, previous to a trial, at a conclusion upon a question of law highly satisfactory to refused to entertain an argument by the opposing counsel.

"If your honor pleases," the counsel re-plied, "I should like to cite a few authorities scription of the Brussels public pawn office upon the point."

Here he was sharply interrupted by the to an essay on the sausage casing industry justice, who stated: ports there is a judicious exercise of the edi-

"The court knows the law, and is thor tor's pencil. Not all of the consular repre-sentatives of the United States are trained oughly advised in the premises, and has given its opinion, and that settles it." writers, and not all of them are so well wersed in diplomacy that they can be trusted "It was not," continued the counsel, "with an idea of convincing your honor that you would hump herself and travel along as are wrong, but I should like to show you if there had never been anything the matter.

They sat on the plazza discussing the reve ations in a certain law case and rolling out with great relish the unpleasant things each side had said of the other. The young law- when he was taking a holiday. You see yer who was explaining things to them was for the time being a hero.

"Oh, no!" answered the lawyer, hastily: 'this is a civil suit, you know." "Civil!" exclaimed the girl scornfully. "I nay be very stupid, Mr. Kent, but I'm no so silly as to believe that a case where people talk about one another as they do in this is civil! Mighty uncivil, I call it."

Justice Denman, who died recently in London, had on one occasion to review a great mass of evidence in a damage suit. Following this came long-winded addresses by the Justice Denman summed up by turning to the jury and saying: "How

First Lawyer-What are you going to do now that your client has confessed? Second Lawyer—Put in a plea of insanity. A man who will make a confession when he has me to defend him must surely be insane.

A Red Sea Phenomenon.

papers in the rural districts. They receive no compression of the department bulletins. As a rule these correspondents are farmers. Some of them, though, are country doctors. All of the reports of these correspondents are farmers. All of the reports of these correspondents are from the ground at the sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour. They are compared for they are compared for the sounds coming up from the ground at this place recur at intervals of about an hour.

THE FASHIONABLE GIRL

Brooklyn Life. Diamonds, emeralds, pearls, Silken things, satin and leas; Jove, how my crantum whirls! It is queer I'm forgetting her face.

This morning I met her in pink,
This evening her ball dress was green;
In the afternoon, pray let me think,
O, her dress had a silvery sheen.

And it's also the same with her gloves, And her hats, and her shoes, and Lord knows, One's a diffident chap when one loves— It may be the same with her hose.

THE LOST ENGINE.

By W. L. Alden. And the trains and engines and such-and you didn't subject.

ter of the train, had managed to put his foot through the spokes of one of the of the bicycle, and man and machine were writhing on the platform, the one cursing loudly and the other giving forth the crackling sound of snapping steel rods.

"There," said the station master. "That's what happens twice out of every three times that a man tries to handle one of those ma-chines. Seems to me that they were inthe trainmen. I tried to wheel one along the platform one day, and before I knew what was the matter the blamed thing had thrown me and was trying to break my legs and gouge my eyes out. They're just like a coyote. You take a coyote by the back of the neck and hold him out at arm's length, and he'll manage to bite a piece out of the calf of your leg, or ricycles by rail, and that's a fact."

"I've for The baggage master finally extricated him-

self from the bicycle, and withdrew into his car to repair damages. The train whistled and went on its way and the station master.

"Well! I want to know! says I, for I was mightly astonished." It was the Montana Southern that stole

if that isn't what is the matter with her, she | done can't be helped.' So in a few minutes has been stole."
"'How's a man going to steal a locomo-

him that was suprintendent of the Con-federate railroad during the war—came to Harper's Ferry one night with about 400 Harper's Ferry one night with about 400 yoke of oxen and dragged a dozen locomotives belonging to the Baltimore & Ohio road across the country till he struck a Virginia rairroad? What's been done once can be done again."

"There was no une taking with Gridley out turning to look at me. There's more than I can count. Women, too. They're than I can count. Women, too. They're than I can count. Women, too. They're than I can count.

By W. L. Alden.

"There was no use talking with Gridley about the chief day," said the Jericho station-master, "of railroad ghosts—trains and engines and such—and you didn't seem to believe that there are any such things. Now just to show you that I was telling the truth I'll tell you about the ghost of an engine that I saw myself, and that lots of other men on this road have seen. Just wait until that train starts along, and we have this yer station to ourselves as usual."

A way train had stopped at the station, and as the station-master spoke there suddenly fell out of the door of the baggage car a man curiously complicated with a blevel. I even got into the property in the station of the man, who was the baggage mas."

There was no use talking with Gridley of the him have his sound then have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sound the thing and so I let him have his sounders. There's more than I can count. Women, the first than have his struggling, grass-grown Berkshire town than I can count. Women, the first than have his struggling, grass-grown Berkshire town than I can count. Women than I can count. Women, the low have have he had the him have his didn't have any ideas As far is I was concerned I didn't have this struggling, grass-grown Berkshire town than I can count. Women, the liddn't have any ideas whatever on the subject. I didn

body thought it was only a reporter's lie. The superintendent spoke to me about it himself, for I happened to meet him down at Tiberius Center when he was on the search for the Fanny, and I could see that it was his belief that she had been stolen; I told him fair and square that it was a mystery, and that he would have to wait till he got to a better world before he would find out the truth about it.

bleago newspapers, where, of course, every-

"Gridley wouldn't take another engine. vented just to make things miscrable for the trainmen. I tried to wheel one along would never touch a lever again, and as he to make up lost time in drinking whisky. didn't see him for pretty nearly two months, and they told me that he was gone on a hunt for the Fanny and probably ever return. But one day who should come to my boarding house here in Jericho but Gridley, looking thin and ragged and dirty. some other place that's mebbe ten feet away from his mouth. I never yet saw a bag-gage master that could smash a bicycle without hurting himself worse than the machine. It ought to be made illegal to send Gridley, looking thin and ragged and dirty. Gridley, looking thin and ragged and dirty. However, he was sober enough, though he was more excited than I had ever known him to be, engineers being men that very seldom ever allow anything to excite them. " 'I've found the Fanny,' says he in a sort

" 'Well! I want to know!' says I, for I



THE ENGINE WAS GONE.

half bankrupt concern.
"The engineer of the Fanny was an old fellow by the name of Gridley. He was allowed to be the best engineer on the road at that time. He used to be able to do anything with that engine, and he was the only man who could manage her. There was always something queer about the Fanny. She had a trick of getting tired, or of letting on that she was tired, and refusing to work. She'd be going along at her usual gait, and all of a sudden she would slow down and pretty near quit making steam. No engineer except Gridley manage her when she got these fits Other men that tried to run her found that the only thing they could do was to wait until she got good and ready to move on. But Gridley, he would just polish up her brasses a bit, whistling some cheerful tune and now and then saying something pleasant to her, and all of a sudden she would hump herself and travel along as he was a very peculiar man, was this hyer

"One morning Gridley comes to me look ing about as seared as ever I saw a man look. 'What's the matter?' says I, begin-ning to fear that some serious accident had

"The Fanny is lost," says he.
"What do you mean?" says I. 'Has your mother been dying again? If that's the case I'm sorry, for she died last time only six weeks age." happened on the road.

six weeks ago."
"I went into the engine house at Spar-tansville this morning, says he, speaking slow and dazed like, and the Fanny wasn't There is almost an equal number reporting to the state agents of the department who make up state estimates and forward them to the statistician for comparison. These correspondents are just as surely news have been heard for an unknown number of there was nobody in the place, and, as you and the place and the party there. You know she goes into the engine there, you know she goes into the engine there. You know she goes into the engine there is the engine there is the place of the engine the engine there is the place of the engine the place of the en wasn't a blessed station on the road that had seen hide or hair of her. The superin-tendent has started on a special from Athens-ville and is going the whole length of the road to see if there is any signs of her having been taken out and ditched, but he'll never find her.'
"What on earth do you calliate has be-

"How is this, Mr. Clerk?" inquired the seating himself by my side, proceeded with her, said he. 'She's down at West Saras story:

gossa, net ten miles from here. I saw her I, "but you promised me a ghost story, and there yesterday myself. They've lacquered don't exactly see where the ghost comes in.

"'Why don't you tell the superintendent. her, and the men bragged of her continually, and let him put in a claim for her? I asked.

"Because he couldn't never prove that she that worked on the Montana Southern road is the Fanny. Tha Southern road owns the that was considered by some to be a sort judge before whom the case would be tried. of rival of our road, though it was a poor, and they'd have a hundred witnesses to swear a ghost, what was it?" that she wasn't the Fanny. No, sir, she has got to be stole, and I know now just how to 'How's that?' says I.

"Don't you remember,' says Gridley, 'that down the road about seventy miles from here the Southern track runs parallel to ours for a spell, and only about twenty yards away? When the Fanny was stole she was taken to and led across to the Southern track. It's want you to come along, because you know a fireman's duties middling well, and I won't trust any of our firemen on a job of this

horse and buggy and drove over to West Saragossa that afternoon good and early, so as to see how the land lay When makes the see how the land lay When makes to see how the land lay when makes the land lay when makes the lay w as to see how the land lay. When night came on we went out of town a bit and stayed in the woods till about 1 o'clock, and then we crept down to the engine house and shoved After the superintendent got to know the Fanny out by putting our backs to her, Fanny pretty well he would never allow and when we had got her on the main track anybody except Gridley to take her out of we climbed aboard and let her run down the the yard. He used to run her the length of grade, which is middling steep just out of the grade, which is middling steep just out of the village, while I worked at the fires and got

them to going good and bright.
"We had about sixty-five miles to run, and r the time being a hero.

"Well, is Mr. Blank in jail?" inquired one was at work, and as a general thing he there was no train that would be in our way would keep perfectly sober for six or eight unless it might be a wild cat. That's just months. Then his mother, or his wife or what I calllated there would be, and the idea months. Then his mother, or his wife or his sister would die and he would ask for three days' leave to go to the funeral and settle up the estate. The superintendent knew as well as Gridley did what was the matter, but he would always give him his three days, and Gridley would go away and get drunk enough to satisfy him for the next six months. He and I were great friends, and many's the ride Pve taken with him on his engine, just to keep him company. him on his engine, just to keep him company. we came near a station, for I expected that when I had a couple of spare hours, and I something would be in the way, or that a had a good many of them at that time, switch would be turned wrong, or that some owing to not having any permanent berth thing would happen to smash Gridley and me on the road, and just keeping myself ready for good and all. But everybody at the state of fill in whenever there might happen to be



BOOMING ALONG. everything made clear for us as soon as they

having been taken out and ditched, but he'll never find her.'

"What on earth do you cal'iate has become of her? said L

"There was always something queer about that engine, says Gridley. 'Yeu know what any other engine to have. It's my belief that either she wasn't a genuine engine at ail, but just the ghost of one, and that she's gone back to where she came from, or clas, ther go,' says he in another minute. 'What's like wife could not resist, however, and she when all of a sudden Gridley sings out brakes, quicker'n lightning and reverse the engine.' We came to a halt, and Gridley says to me: There was a tramp lying asile power as year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never returned. Instead, she said the letter in which she never returned. Instead, she said the letter in which she never returned that his head ion the track. We've cut him into a thousand pleces.' The man was trembling, and I began to understand that the ghost of one, and that she's took one to Altoona, from which she never returned. Instead, she said the letter in which she never returned that he letter in which she never returned that the letter in which she never returned that he letter in which she never returned that the letter in which she never returned that he letter in which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never returned that he letter in which she never returned that the letter in which she never returned that the letter in which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, took one that she is structured. Instead, she says to me: There was a tramp lying and the letter in which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, took one to Altoona, from which she never a year sgo, heard the whistle. with

"'How's a man going to steal a locomotive" says I. 'Do you cal'tate that some chicken stealer got into the engine house at night and carried the Fanny off under his gine up with a jump. 'Another tramp,' says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he. 'What in all creation do they mean the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he was all the rustic streets of Pittafield, in the old says he was all the rustic streets of Pittafield in the old says he was all the rustic streets of Pittafield in the old says he was all the rustic streets of Pittafield in the rust more we were booming along again, old Grid-

them fellows. They are doing it on purpose

miles or more.

"Now, just before we got to the place where the two roads run parallel there was a siding that had been built to reach a grave pit. The siding began at a little called Pekin, and was, as I should judge, about two miles long. The Montana Southern folks had taken the alarm by this time, and a dispatch had gone to every station on the road warning them that a runaway locomotive was coming, and telling them to locomotive was coming, and telling them to stop her the best way they could. The station master at Pekin got his order just before we have in sight, and he thought of the old siding. He got to work and turned the rusty old switch that had been spiked down, and when we came along we shot on to the side track, and away we went for the gravel pit.

"The track was mighty rough and I begged Gridley to slow her down, for I thought every the side track, and when the came along we shot on the gravel pit.

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"The track was mighty rough and I begged Gridley to slow her down, for I thought every the side track, and away we went for the gravel pit.

"The week I spent in this stately old virging the humor which once afforded some kind of an excuse for hazing of a harmless kind. Princeton thereby takes a distinguished by his hands."

From the people of this typical New English the biographer of Dr. Holmes may obtain much information of the generous heart which the number of students of Cornell on September 27, the first day of the college year, President Schurman said that the number of students registered showed

he would not listen to me. That there will ever gild his memory among the people massacre of the tramps that he thought he loved in the old hills of western Massahad made excited him more and more, and chusetts. now he had taken to singing and shouting at the top of his lungs. The Fanny was a swaying from side to side, and jumping almost clear of the rails when she struck a particularly rough place, and I don't mind saying that I just went to saying my prayers with every inch of pressure I could put

em.
"It had been a cloudy night, but as I was praying for all I was worth the moon came out, and I saw that just ahead of us the track came to an end, and there was a deep hol-low of some sort. I made up my mind that I had had enough of that kind of railroading. Yelling to Gridley to jump, I put brake hard on and went off into a ditch the left hand side of the road. It was mid-dling full of briars, but the bottom was of the softest kind of mud, and I didn't sustain no mortal injury worth speaking of. could pick myself up and get on my legs the engine was gone. I got down to the edg of the gravel pit as soon as I could, but there wasn't the least sign either of the Fanny or of Gridley. The bottom of the gravel pit was covered with water, but what was worse, as I afterwards found out, there was a big quicksand there which had been the reason why the gravel pit was abandoned. Fanny Elister went down into that quicksand, and for aught I know she had kept sinking ever since, with Gridley's skeleton standing in the cab with his hand on the

"Well, I came home and told the whole story to the superintendent, and he, knowing about the quickeand, knew there was no use in searching for the engine. So he told me to keep quiet about the thing, so as not to give the Montana Southern people any satis-faction, which accordingly I did, but after a while the thing got to be known somehow other, as things always will, no matter what

you may do.".
"Much obliged to you for the story," said "About ten years ago we had an engine there yesterday myself. They we had an engine on this road that you would just have adher brass work black, and they've given her mired to see. She was the 'Fanny Elisler' a new smeekstack, and they've changed her that was her name, being named after one of the queens of France, or some other place. builder wouldn't know her. But I knew her was driving along in a buggy pretty late at Nowadays we don't think that sixty miles an hour is any very great speed, but in those days the Fanny, as we called her for short, was the only engine in this part of the country that could do her mile in sixty seconds. Naturally the road was proud of "Why don't you tell the superintendent," Why don't you tell the superintendent, and think that sixty miles that as would be prefly late at think and so biggy prefly late at think and saw an engine come flying down the old siding and plump into the gravel pit. Leastways I saw it disappear just as it reached the jumping-off place. If that wasn't the ghost of the Fanny I'd like to know what it was. Moreover the boys along the South-Moreover the boys along the Southern road told me that time and time again they had seen that same engine come hustling along at sixty miles an hour and disap-pear into the quicksand. Now, if that wasn't

"I won't undertake to say," said I, "only if there hadn't been another line parallel to the old siding, and if that line hadn't been in regular use by ordinary healthy trains and engines, I might feel a little more sure than do now that you was a ghost, and not a special engine on the Montana Southern

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is stated that the famous Irish Count of Monte Cristo, James O'Neill, has made about \$250,000 out of Dumas' melodrama in ten years.

Charles H. Hoyt has commenced work

Alexander Salvini has himself adapted a romantic Italian drama which he calls "The Student of Salamanca." The piece is in four acts, and its scenes are laid in Spain. Salvini will produce it early in his tour this

"It was on September 26, 1827, at the nut Street theater, Philadelphia," says Mrs. John Drew, "as the little duke of York, in Shakespeare's play of 'Richard III,' and John Drew, 'as the little duke of York, in Shakespeare's play of 'Richard III,' and with Junius Brutus Booth, the great 'elder Booth,' father of the late Edwin Booth, as the crook-back tyrant, that I began my stage career, and as that was sixty-seven years ago, and as I have been continuously before the footlights ever since, I may justly say that I have had a longer stage career than any of my contemporaries. Though so many years have passed. I remember my formance as well as place last night. The The performance of the elder Booth as Richard made a most powerful impression upon me. His dramatic force impression upon me. His dramatic force and magnetism were like a giant whirlwind sweeping all before it. I have never seen any one else in that part who seemed to completely realize it as he did. It almost seemed as though it had been written for

SEE HAS WHEELS

Woman Deserts Her Husband for Her Bleyele. This letter appeared in a divorce case in Philadelphia recently:

"My Dear Mat: You must not think too hard of your Helen for seeking other pastures and fields that are more inviting. I am a bicyclomaniac. At one time you said that you had bicychlorosis, It must have been contagious. I am infatuated, heart, soul, mind and body, with my wheel; more so, if the sad truth must be told, than I ever was with you. I get more comfort and satisfaction from my wheel than I could derive from being tied down by your side. My wheel is young and frisky and we are more congenial companions than you and I could be. Do as you please in the matter of divorce, but you can hever divorce me from my wheel. Fare-

well forever. HELEN."
Acting on this letter from his wife, Mathias
L. La Frene of 3304 Paschal avenue filed a L. La Frene of 3304 Paschal avenue nied a bill for divorce in common pleas court No. 1. The La Frenes were married in Yonkers nearly five years ago and moved to Philadel-phia to live. Both went bicycle mad and took many excursion, together. La Frene fell ill, and his doctor said he had bicycle-ced forbade him to ride any more rosts" and forbade him to ride any more. His wife could not resist, however, and she

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

"No. I don't, says Gridley, 'but mebbe some of those chaps of the Montana Southern road has got tired of hearing us brag about the Fanny and has come up here and carried with him.

"The same thing happened five minutes of the Breakfast Table," and it her off."
"Carried her off in a bag or a wheel-barrow?" says I, for I thought Gridley was talking nonsense.
"Didn't you ever hear how Tom Sharpe—"The and to a sudden rage, and turns on his him that was suprintendent of the Conwistle, and says to me, Till step no more for whistle, and says to me, Till step no more for the many to be was familiar. mirer of his writings, and was familiar, too, with his looks, having seen him many times sculling up and down the shallow and winding course of the Charles near Cambridgeport

Every New England tourist, upon visiting

love and admiration for the doctor that he was always consulted upon every important political or domestic question which arose amongst his "townsfolks," as he was pleased to call his neighbors.

It was with extreme regret that I learned f the poet's return to Boston a few days before my arrival in Pittsfield. fore my arrival in Pittsfield.

The week I spent in this stately old village enabled me to pass many pleasant hours the humor which once afforded some kind of

Gridley to slow her down, for I thought every much information of the generous heart which minute that we should be off the track. But

Oliver Wendell Holmes. I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They may that in his prime, Sre the pruning knife of time Cut him down. Cut him down. Sy the crier on his round Through the town.

But now he walks the atreets And he looks at all he meets Sad and wan: And he shakes his feeble head, That it seems as if he said, "They are gone."

The mossy marble rest On the lips that he has pressed In their bloom; And the names he loves to hear, Have been curved for many a year, On the tomb. My grandmamma has said— Foor old lady! she is dead Long ave— That he had a Roman nose, And his check was like a rose In the snow.

But now his nose is thin, And it rests upon his chin, Like a staff; And a crock is in his back, And a metancholy crack in his laugh.

For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be The last leaf upon the tree In the spring, as I do now, Let them smile, as I do now, At the old, forsaken bough Where I cling.

The One-Hoss Shay. OMAHA, Oct. 10 .- To the Editor of The Bee: Kindly, publish the poem, "One Hoss Shay," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and

THE WONDERFUL ONE-HOSS SHAY. Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay;
Scaring the parson into fits,
Prightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five, Georgius Secundus was then alive— Snuffy old drone from the German hive. That was the year when Lisbon town. Saw the earth open and gulp her down, And Braddock's army was done so brown. Left without a scalp to its crown. It was on the terrible earthquake day That the deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what. There is always, somewhere, a weakest spot—In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill. In panel or crossbar, or floor, or sill. In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking still; Find it somewhere you must and will, Above or below, or within or without, And that's the reason, beyond a doubt, A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.

But the deacon swore (as deacons do, With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou.") He would build one shay to beat the taown 'N' the keounty 'n all the kentry raoun'; It should be se built that it couldn' break doown. down-ur," said the descen, ""t's mighty plain ut the weakes' place mus' stan' the si the way t' fix it, uz I maintain, is only make that place uz strong uz the rest

So the deacon inquired of the village folk. Where he could find the strongest oals. That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—That was for spokes, and floor, and sills: He sent for lancewood to make the thills; The crossbars were ash, from the straightest these.

The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white wood, that cuts like cheese, But last like iron for things like these;
But last like iron for things like these;
But last like iron for things like these;
Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em;
Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em;
Last of its timber, they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle and linchpin, too,
Sicel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;

Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide. Found in the pit where the tanner died. That was the way he put her through." "There!" said the deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Dof I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder and nothing less!
Coits grew houses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and descourses dropped away.
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout ofd one-horse shay.
As fresh as on Lisbon's earthquake day! Eighteen hundred-it came, and found

The deaccu's masterpiece strong and sound. Eighteen hundred, increased by ten—"Hainsam kerridge" they called it then. Eighteen hundred and twenty came—Running as usual, much the same. Thisty and forty at last arrive;
And then came fifty and fifty-five.

Little of all we value here. Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year Without both feeling and looking queer. In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth, So far as I know, but a tree and trath. (This is a moral that runs at large; Take it, you're welcome. No extra charge.) First of November—the earthquake day— There are traces of age in the one-most shay A general of mild decay. But nothing local, as one may say. There couldn't be—for the deacon's art Had made it so very like in every part That there wasn't a chance for one to start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the thills.

And the floor was just as strong as the slit And the panels just as strong as the floor, And the whippie-tree neither less nor more, And the back crossbar as atfong as the fore, And spring, and axis, and hub encore. And spring, and axis, and hub encore, And yet, as a whole, it is past a doubt, In another hour it will be worn out:

First of November, 'fifty-five!
This morning the par on takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat taken, ewe-necked bay.
"Haddup" said the parson. Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday text— Had got to fithly, and stopped perplexed. At what the Moses was coming next. All at once the horas stond still. Close by the mostly house on the hill. First a shiver, and then a thrill. Then nonetting decidedly like a spill, and the parson was affing upon a rook. At his part mue by the most a house clock— Just the hour of the earthquake shock: What do you think the person found, When he gut up and stayed around? The poor old chaise in a heap or mo-ha if it had been to the milt said get

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce How it went to pieces all at once.—All at once, and nothing first.
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
End of the wonderful one-hoss abay,
Logic is logic. That's all I say,

Dr. Holmes' Last Poem. Dr. Holmes' last poem, read on the occasion of the Authors' breakfast, February 23, 1893, is as follows:

Teacher of teachers, yours the task, Noblest that noble minds can ask. High up found's marmorous mount, To watch, to guard the sacred fount That feeds the storm below. To guids the furrying fleed that fills A thousand sivery ringling rills, In over widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields. That bounteons nature kindly yields. But fairer growths enrich the soil. Plowed deep by thoughts and wearied toll. In learning's broad domain. And where the leaves, the flowers, the fruits, Wilhout your watering at the roots, To fill each branching plain.

Welcome the author's firmest friends, Your voice, the surest God's deed, lends, Of you the growing mind demands. The patient care the guiding hands. Through all the mists of morn. You knowing well the future's need, Your prescient wisdom sows the seed. To fire the years unborn.

EDUCATIONAL.

What is known as the Female Senior Evens ing School of New York city was opened of Monday with an attendance of over 1,00

Dr. Charles E. Slocum, a prominent Metholist of Defiance, O., has given \$50,000 to the Ohio Wesleyan university for a new library building.

A press dispatch from Watertown, N. Y., states that the estate of Thomas S. Clarkson of Potsdam, who was an owner of sandstons querries, gives \$150,000 with which to establish and maintain a technical school fo civil and electrical engineers, mechanical drawing, etc., at Potsdam.

The students of Princeton have, by unani-

Cornell on September 27, the first day of the college year, President Schurman said that the number of students registered showed no falling off from last year's figures, notwithstanding the financial troubles and the interest of the contract of the students of the stud increased entrance requirements in the technical courses. In 1892 the number was 1,220, in 1893 it was about 1,300, and in 1894 it was 1,303. In 1892 and 1893 about 250 undergraduate students registered after the president's opening address. These figures are for undergraduates alone, as graduates and specials did not register till

The degrees of bachelor of medicine and of master in surgery have this year, for the first time in the history of the Scottish universities, been conferred on women. One of these young women, who ranked third in a class of sixty-one members, stood first in her class of zoology, practical chemistry, anatomy, history, physiology, surgery, medicine, pathology and midwifery. Her clinical work was done in the Royal Hospital for Sick Children, and in the Royal infirmary. The other young woman who received a degree, and who has done excellent work during her seven years' college course, will act as medical assistant to her father, who is a Glasgow physician.

The will of Mrs. Charles Lux of San Francisco, which has just been admitted to probate, sets aside nearly \$3,000,000 for a manual training school. One-third of her estate is given outright for "the promotion of schools for manual training, industrial training and for teaching trades to young people of both sexes in the state of California, and particularly in the city and county of San Francisco—it being my desire to assist in furnishing facilities for the education of young children from the time they leave the kindergarten schools and while they are still quite young in what is known as 'manual training,' and in all kinds of The will of Mrs. Charles Lux of San as manual training, and in all kinds of training looking to the acquisition of use-ful trades by and through which habits of industry will be acquired and practical knowledge of those things which are useful in carning a living may be acquired, and I hereby give to my said trusters the fullest discretion in the expenditure of said net inso that the greatest good may complished, and to that end they may, if they think best, use such portion of said income from time to time as they deem ex-pedient in connection with the public schools in aid of the ends aforementioned."

BY THE FIRESIDE.

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution. Pile on the logs! the bright flames start And up the rearing chimney race; How grateful should we be, sweetheart, For just this little fireplace!

I said today that I was poor— And poor in some things I may be; But here's a shelter; who needs more? And your bright eyes to beam for me! No sculptured busts, no paintings rare Adorn the mantel and the shelf: A sweet face framed in golden hair Is all—a picture of yourself!

We have no idle dreams of fame, And all our worldly wants are few; What care I for a laureled name, When I've the sweetest name in you?

Lean, golden head, upon my breast In wealth of wondrous beauty which Hath crowned my life and made me bl And kiss me, dear, and make me rich!

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