BORN UNDER LUCKY STARS

Some Marvelous Escapes from Death on Railroad Trains.

WHY TRAINMEN BELIEVE IN LUCK

Terrible Accidents Averted by the Merest Chance—Flirting with the Grim Destroyer—Better Luck Than Riches.

If there is one thing that a railroad employe believes in more than another it is luck. No matter how clearly a practical man may analyze a certain odd occurrence, relates the Globe-Democrat, they will dubiously shake their heads and contend that it was a case of luck, good or bad, pure and simple.

For instance, if one of their number had been ordered out on a certain train and through sickness had failed to report and the man taking his place had been killed, they will, one and all, emphatically declare it was a case of lucky sickness for the man that was compelled to remain at home. They fail to see the fact that the substitute proved negligent in his duty and had the regular man been in his place it was 100 to 1 chance that the accident would not have occurred.

It is, however, an undeniable fact that there are more strange and weird occurrences taking place daily in the railroad service than in any other branch of employment. The ponderous rolling stock, the swift flight through the country over spider-like bridges, under the earth through long, dismal tunnels, and in weather varying from the pleasant to the most trying, all tend in the direction of beliefs almost supernatural. Then again, train service is not the kind that calls so much for brain as physical equipment. The element of chance does, to a certain extent, enter into the every-day service of trainmen, and that they should be superstitious is only following natural lines.

FLIGHT OF A CABOOSE.

It is occurrences like the following, the details of which recently came from Hazleton, Pa., that lend a color of substance to a trainman's belief in luck. When coming into the yard at Weatherly, a small station near Hazleton, with his train, Conductor John McHugh told one of his brakemen to cut the caboose loose at the lower end of the siding, and let the engine take the train to a point near the western end. McHugh had then been on the road constantly for twenty hours, and his eyes were heavy for lack of sleep.

As ordered, the brakeman a few minutes later pulled the pin holding the caboose, and, supposing that the conductor would take care of the car, continued up the track with the remainder of the train. The brakeman noticed later, however, that the caboose had run out on the main line again, and that McHugh had not appeared on the platform. The road at that point is marked by a grade which drops fifty feet to the mile and to catch the caboose was impossible.

Taking in the situation at a glance, the trainman hastened to the telegraph office and messages were sent to the different stations below to either sidetrack or derail the runaway caboose. It was not known whether the conductor was on it or not. The operator at Black Creek reported the car by his station and the man at Penn Haven was barely notified when the runaway shot by the window of his office.

Down the mountainside the car rushed with the rapidity of lightning, while within it sat Conductor McHugh fast asleep and oblivious to the danger his nap was incurring. Fortunately there were no westbound trains started out of Packington and the immense distance allowed time for the operator to set the switches and run the car up the safety track. Other trainmen were distributed along the graded track, and, as the speed of the runaway caboose decreased as it climbed the hill side, one of them was enabled to board it and apply the brake before it reached the obstruction at the end.

When the car was brought to a standstill McHugh was found on the bench inside, sitting bolt upright and sound asleep. When aroused and told of the perilous ride he had had he refused to believe it and only after looking in vain for his train did he come to a sense of the situation. There were a hundred and one chances for that car to either jump the track or crash into another train and kill the sleeping McHugh, but he can certainly be classed with the ones born under a lucky star.

LUCK ON THE ROAD.

A representative of the Globe-Democrat happened in at the headquarters of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in Washington and came across half a dozen engineers and conductors of that road discussing the question of luck in connection with their employmnet. The debate was warm, and many of the stories told were given as illustrations to substantiate assertions that it is better to be born lucky than rich. An old engineer, rigged out in his street duds, as he called them, was telling how slight the barrier between life and death may sometimes be, and how his lucky star permitted him to relate the following story. He said:

"I was running at a good rate of speed one day, when as I approached a part of the road about two miles east of Philadelphia on the the newly built Baltimore & Ohio road, where there was rather a sharp curve, and where the roadbed was raised about forty feet above the turnpike level, the front wheel on the outward side under the forward truck of my engine without the slightest warning fell off the shaft and rolled down the embankment. Instantly all the wheels under the whole train—engine, tender, baggage car and several passenger coaches—were bumping along over the ties.

"The bumping and jolting was so violent that no one coould steady himself preparatory to leaping from the cars; all the passengers could do was to hold on for dear life and pray. After this frightful ride had been continued for about 300 feet—we were running fully fifty miles an hour—the reversed engine brought the cars to a standstill, nobody the worse except for the fright and the jolting.

"What do you think saved us?" asked the engineer, casting an inquiring glance around the group of listeners, all of whom shook their heads negatively. "Merely a little one-inch iron bolt nut under the pilot. The nut was brought, when the engine left the rails, against the inner side of the outward rail, and, acting as a sort of flange, served to keep the course of the engine and the cars that followed forward instead of outward. It was all a combination of things not to be met with once in a million times."

A MARVELOUS ESCAPE.

"Oh, that experience is nothing to Tom Kelley's, the boss of section 17, out near Laurel," chimed in a fine-looking, middle-aged man, whose years of experience on the railroad as a conductor count up in the twenties. "Tom was walking on the eastbound track one day last spring, so as to face trains approaching him from that direction, when a wild-cat engine running backward came up behind him and knocked him down. When Tom fell, one leg was thrown across the south rail, while the rest of his body fell between the rails.

"In that position he was pushed by the moving engine a distance of about 200 feet before he was seen by a brakeman on a train going in the opposite direction on the other track. The brakeman yelled to the engineer that they had run over a man, and the engine was quickly stopped. Kelley then got out from under the engine and walked home. His only injuries were bruises about the arms and hands. He was only in the house a few days.

"Tom told me that the first punch he got knocked the breath out of him, so that he couldn't yell to the engineer, but he kept his senses and clung to one of the axles like a drowning man to a plank. He said that the snow and ice on the track alone saved his life, as had his clothing caught but for a second he would have been crushed to pieces."

"I have only run against one lucky man in my time," spoke up a gray-haired and whiskered engineer; "but the incident is worth talking about. The man I refer to told me his story shortly after the experience took place.

"It seems that the poor fellow got out of work, and, no money coming in, his wife deserted him. Then he became seriously ill for many weeks, and when he was able to walk about life had very little charm for him. Then he decided to commit suicide in a novel manner, and as luck would have it, if his plan worked, I was to do the killing.

"The fearful novelty of the method he selected for ending his life was a sufficient indication of the frenzy to which brooding over his troubles had driven him. I was running on the western division of the Baltimore & Ohio then, and at the time mentioned was clearing Cincinnati at a forty-mile a minute gait.

LEAP OF A WOULD-BE SUICIDE.

"The would-be suicide went out on the Freeman avenue bridge in that city where it crosses the Baltimore & Ohio tracks. After waiting some time my train swung into sight, and he quickly mounted the bridge railing. I saw the fellow, but there are so many curious antics going on about a railroad that he but slightly interested me and I let my train speed ahead. Just as we were dashing under the bridge the poor fellow threw himself head first toward the tracks below. As I saw him take the plunge my breath forsook me, as you know, boys, it takes a tough man to kill a human being without a quiver of remorse.

"The poor devil intended to throw himself in front of the engine, but waited just a fraction of a second too long. Instead of meeting the horrible fate he had planned for himself, his body struck the convex side of the engine boiler, glanced off and rolled into the mud at the side of the track. Several bystanders who had seen the man take the terrible leap rushed to the spot, expecting, of course, to find him a crushed and bleeding mass. They found, instead, that, though he was badly bruised and his nose and face badly lacerated, he had few bones broken, and in a few weeks was fully recovered.

"He came to see me afterward at the station in Cincinnati, and after telling me his troubles, said his experience with my engine had completely cured him of suicidal intentions and that he was going to brace up and be a man. That was a lucky jump for him, for, besides not killing him, as it should have done, it knocked some sense into his foolish head."

"That escape was almost as lucky as Jim Walters'," chimed in another one of the group. "At the time I speak of Jim was firing on a through Pennsylvania passenger run, and, on account of the heavy traffic, had been working about twenty hours straight. Of course, he could steal little naps off and on throughout the run between this city and Philadelphia, but the engines are big, the work hard and he finally worked himself into a half-conscious condition.

LEAPED FROM A FLYING TRAIN.

"He was coming south on a run that reaches Washington near midnight and about an hour earlier than that pulled out of union station, Baltimore. You all know what it is to get through the big tunnels up there with a heavy train, and Jim worked like a pole horse to keep up a full head of steam. After they cleared the tunnels Jim nursed his fire nicely, so as to get a little rest down to the grades near Severn.

"He had finished trimming up the coals and was turning to creep into the little resting nook opposite the engineer when he lost consciousness. Jim told me afterward that he imagined he was home in his little sitting room and was about going upstairs to bed. At the time he was imagining himself opening his bedroom door and was stepping therein he stepped off the side of the engine, which was running fully forty miles an hour, and had reached about the worst spot on the Pennsylvania road—the high bridge over Gwynne's Falls, near the stock yards.

"At that time the gully sides were covered with small trees, and down Jim went crashing through these like so much paper to the bottom, a distance of 100 feet or more. He was picked up unconscious and with hardly a stitch of clothing on his back, but not a bone broken. He regained consciousness in the hospital, opened his eyes, heaved a deep sigh, turned over on his side and slept for ten hours straight away. He missed two runs, and then took his old place, none the worse for his experience."

"Well, that was a lucky escape of Jim's, sure enough," spoke up an intelligent-looking engineer who had just come in off his run from Philadelphia, "but Jerry O'Neill, the traveling engineer, told me of an experience he had last September while on his way east from Chicago that will make you hold your breath, and make you all more positive in your belief in luck.

"Jerry said he was coming to Washington on train No. 6, the daily flyer between Chicago and Pittsburg on the Pittsburg & Western road. The train consisted of a baggage car, five Pullman sleepers and a dining car, and was crowded with passengers. Numerous little delays threw the train behind time, and when the accident happened that I am telling of the engine throttle was wide open, and the train was running at fully sixty miles an hour.

OFF AND ON.

"Charley Parks, Jerry told me, was handling the engine, and from that I knew he wasn't guessing at the speed. The engine had just crossed the Pine Creek bridge when Charley, Jerry and the fireman were almost thrown from their seats by a violent jolt. To say that the trio was startled is putting it mildly.

"Glancing back toward the train, they discovered the cause of the jolt. The tender and three cars had jumped the track on the curve and were bounding about between the engine and the rear cars in a frightful manner. Charley at once threw back the lever, but the speed of the heavy train was so great that a sudden stoppage was impossible.

"This state of things continued for about fifty yards, when, with a mighty lurch, that stopped the breath of the three badly frightened men in the engine, the cars plunged on to the rails again, making the trucks tremble and creak as they struck the track of steel. The danger was over, but no one, except the men in the engine, knew, or ever will know, what a terrible catastrophe was averted.

"Jerry said he went back to examine the rails and roadbed after the train was finally stopped, while Parks and the trainmen looked the cars over. He found that the tender and cars had left the rails just at the end of the bridge, and, striking the ties, had bounded along for a distance of ten yards, where two deep dents in another tie showed where they had alighted. Some ten yards further on there is a mill railroad crossing. The wheels of the tender had struck the cross rails and had actually split two of them in pieces. The cars then bounded into the air, and the inside wheels landed more than a foot outside of the main track, where they ground through the ends of the ties, reducing them to kindling wood.

"At a second crossing a short distance beyond the wheels struck the guard plank and made the wonderful leap that landed them again on the rails.

"Had the slightest flaw developed in any one of the derailed cars, or tender, a 'splinter' wreck would have occurred, and the loss of life would have been something terrible. Jerry told me he didn't believe there was a person on that train who was born in the sign of the crab."

TIRED AND TART.

Disadvantages of an Evening Dress in a Street Car.

He swung aboard a Walnut Hills night car at Fifth street, relates the Cincinnati Enquirer, and was evidently angry at having had a long wait, for he complained in an audible tone about tired men having to stand on street corners. When he stepped inside and saw every seat taken a disappointed look came over his face, and he grabbed for a strap with a deep growl. Luck was coming his way, however, for at Eighth street a man near the door got out, and the tired man sank into his place with a sigh of relief. The car then proceeded to the opposite side of the street and stopped to take on a man and a woman. The passengers looked up curiously at seeing a couple in full dress climb aboard. A pale blue silk dress, low cut, and with short sleeves, adorned the woman, and her escort was got up in immaculate dress togs. The man was very gallant, and looked about for a seat for the woman, even trying to get some ladies to sit closer and make room. When this failed he approached the tired man who had got on at Fifth street and asked him if he would have any objection to giving up his seat. The other looked up in amazement, and said in a decided way that he did object. The man then said:

"I think it is very mean in you to allow a lady to stand in a car."

Quick as a flash the tired man burst out:

"I think it's damn mean in you to make her ride in a street car in that dress."

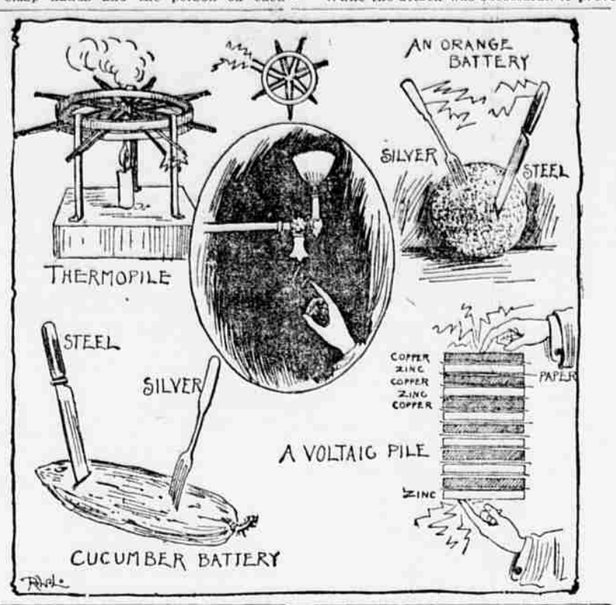
Roars of laughter from the passengers followed. The couple alighted at the next street, and the tired man once more sank into repose.

HOME MADE ELECTRICITY.

Cheap and Easy Ways of Producing the Current.

It is doubtful if many of us realize what a cheap and easy thing it is to produce electricity in our households without other apparatus than lies ready at our hands. For instance, any person can make a fairly good electric battery out of a steel table knife, a silver fork and an orange. It has been discovered that if a steel knife and a steel fork are inserted in a large orange that an electric current will be generated. If the end of the fork and the end of the knife sticking from the orange are connected with an electric measuring instrument, quite a perceptible current will be found to pass. The same kind of a battery can be made by substituting a cucumber in place of the orange. In fact, any acidulated fruit can be used.

Any person may make an electric belt by following simple rules. An electric belt is nothing more than a voltaic pile especially arranged so as to fit around a human waist. In order to make a voltaic pile it is only necessary to procure ten or more pieces of zinc about one inch square, the same number of pieces of copper and a like number of pieces of paper. The paper should be thoroughly soaked in vinegar. First, take a piece of zinc; on it place a piece of vinegar-soaked paper, then put on a piece of copper, then a piece of paper, then another of zinc and then paper, and so on until all the pieces of zinc, copper and paper are used up. It is important that a piece of zinc should be on one end and a piece of copper on the other. After the pile is completed, again soak the whole slightly in vinegar, then clean it off on the outside. If the forefinger of one hand is held against one end and the forefinger of the other hand is held on the other end of the pile, quite a perceptible current will be felt. If several persons clasp hands and the person on each end of the line touch the voltaic pile, the current will flow through the bodies of all those in position.



The thermo-pile is another electrical current producer which may be made in any household at a trifling expense. The electric current is generated in this case by heat and anything from a candle to a live coal may be used to produce the heat. Take a lot of German silver and copper wire and cut it into six-inch lengths. Then take a German silver length and a copper length and twist the ends together. You will have a V-shaped arrangement of wire. Take another length of German silver wire and twist one end of it tightly around the copper end of the V. Continue the process until you have a long succession of what might be called Ws or double Vs, arranged with alternate pieces of copper and German silver wire.

Now take two large curtain rings. Bend your string of wire lengths until it has assumed the position of a star and clamp it between the two curtain rings. One end of the string of wires should be copper and the other German silver. You will find when these are clamped between the curtain rings that the inner points of the star form a small circle in the middle of the rings. The rings should be placed on uprights and a candle should be lighted, so that the flame will play between the inner points of the star. It will be found when this is accomplished that quite a strong electric current will flow from the two terminals of what now is a thermopile. Of course you will have to use a galvanometer to detect the current, as it is not of a nature that will allow it to be felt through the hands.

Many people will already know that an electric spark can be generated by dragging the feet harshly over a carpet and then suddenly pointing the finger at a gas bracket. The trick may also be performed near any object which has a direct metal connection with the earth. In this case static or frictional electricity is generated, and the desire of the current to reach the ground is what causes the spark to flow from the finger to the gas pipe or other ground connection.

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The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Kuhn & Co.

RACING IN MOSCOW.

Vivid Description of a Characteristic Russian Sport.

It is a racing day in Moscow. The course is swept free from snow and follows the wooded shores with red painted railings on each side, says the Badminton Magazine. On one side is a stand, with seating room for several thousand people and a special box with tent hangings for the governor general, surmounted by the imperial eagle in gold. In front of this box, lower down, you see the prizes, consisting of gold and silver cups, vases and ornamental pieces, all in Russian style and taste.

A bell rings; the course is cleared by mounted gendarmes, and now the competitors in due order take their places in front of the stand, but not side by side, as they always start from the opposite sides of the course, with heads also turned in opposite directions. The usual race course hum and noise of the betting men are heard and increase in volume as the bell rings the second time. They are off! and the fascination of rapid motion, open air and strenuous exertion throws its spell over the assembly, high and low, for trotting is certainly the most fashionable and beloved sport in Russia. You cannot recognize people just yet; the great fur collars are raised and reach over the fur caps, leaving only red tipped noses, beneath which appear never missing cigarettes. The ladies' heads are almost entirely covered with woolen wraps, so here again you can only guess who is who. To a stranger not investing his money in backing his opinion as to the winners the game might seem monotonous enough, as the horses do not finish side by side, but in the way they started. Yet the Russians think differently—and, besides, is there not plenty of wodka and caviar to be had between the races?

Sleigh horses are pitted against each other, drawing light little sleighs, in which the driver is seated very low down and far away from the horse, owing to the long shafts, intended to give the horse perfect freedom of action. A whip is not used, but on the reins are metal buckles over the quarters, which are employed instead, and almost all horses run without blinkers.

Sometimes a horse is attached to the sleigh on one side of the trotter, who is between the shafts; he is the pacemaker and gallops the whole course, whereas, it need not be said, the trotter must not break. Then follow pair horses, harnessed, and lastly troikas with three horses, sometimes four abreast. Troikas are very barbarously gaudy and clumsy things to look at, but exceedingly comfortable all the same.

Running sores, indolent ulcers and similar troubles, even though of many years' standing, may be cured by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It soothes, strengthens and heals. It is the great pile cure.

SANTA ANNA'S STRONGHOLD

Fiftieth Anniversary of a Famous Battle of the Mexican War.

DEEDS OF VALOR AND DESPERATION

Fitz John Porter Tells of the Brilliant Sanguinary Conflict at Molinos del Rey—Incidents of Heroism.

The fifteenth anniversary of the battle of of El Molinos del Rey will take place Wednesday, September 8. It was Scott's first attack upon Santa Ana's stronghold, outside of the city of Mexico, and in point of daring the most brilliant feat of arms during the campaign. General Fitz John Porter is the sole surviving officer of the attacking party. He was breveted captain for his gallantry at Molinos. Five days later all his superior officers in the battery were killed in the attack on the gates of Mexico. The bravery of young Porter after his chiefs had fallen remains one of the proudest traditions of the American army. Here is his story of the battle, told by the Washington Star in his own language:

"I believe I am the last surviving officer of the battle of Molinos del Rey. We lost nine officers killed and forty-nine wounded, and these casualties fell principally upon two brigades and batteries, and a picked storming party of 500 men. My command that day was Captain Drum's Fourth artillery.

"While the attack was successful, it proved a barren victory. Still, it was a step in advance, for it taught us that we could defeat the Mexicans on their chosen ground. We had driven Santa Ana to his last ditch. In order to defend the City of Mexico he placed his army outside the suburbs, under cover of the guns of lofty Chapultepec. Alongside Chapultepec was a pile of buildings over 600 feet in length, known as Molinos del Rey, the Mills of the King. This whole structure was of red sandstone, with heavy, thick walls extending three or four feet above the roofs. The courtyards and alleyways between the detached buildings were provided with thick stone doors, guarded by stone or earthen barricades. One of the buildings was used for the storage of powder, and it was partly for the purpose of destroying the magazine and partly in the hope that the position was a key to the castle of Chapultepec that Scott decided to make the attack.

"The boldness of the attack is seldom equaled in warfare. Scott had reached a point in the campaign where he believed that we should stop at no sacrifice to drive the enemy from the stronghold and plant our guns there to command the city itself. He ordered General Worth to move to the attack with his division on the morning of September 8. The line was formed with Colonel Garland's brigade upon the right. Our battery, or two pieces of our battery, accompanied Garland. To the left of us were the battering guns, and a picked storming party, consisting of five companies of 100 men each, under Major George Wright. On our extreme left, opposite the Mexican right, was Clark's brigade, with Duncan's battery.

THE SIGNAL FOR ATTACK.

At daylight the battering guns fired the signal for attack, and Major Wright's storming column dashed forward upon the Mexican battery in the center of the formidable line. It was greeted with round and grape shot. Double quicketep was ordered and the men passed forward under a crossfire of musketry, within close range. They took the battery and turned it upon the enemy. But the triumph of the stormers was of short duration. The Mexicans rallied and concentrated a close and destructive fire upon Wright's men from the walls of the aqueduct, which ran along the whole line, from the housetops and stone walls. Out of twelve officers at the head of the storming party ten were shot down within five minutes. The loss among enlisted men was terrible. Shaken by this disaster the remnant of the storming party was driven back.

"Then our time came. To prevent the Mexican pursuit in the center upon the defeated column, Garland's brigade dashed forward on the right. We kept close upon the heels of the infantry with our guns, and opened fire at 200 yards. While we were unlimbering a discharge of Mexican grape disabled several horses, which were cut from the traces. The guns were then moved forward by hand. Our first round was all solid shot. Then we pushed the guns forward to within 100 yards of the enemy and gave them canister, enfilading their entire line of guns where Major Wright's column had charged. The light battalion then dashed over the ground where Wright had been repulsed and seized the guns.

THE MEXICANS DRIVEN OUT.

"As our line approached the mills we were stormed at with grape and canister and musketry fire from the roofs of the buildings. Our infantry broke through the barricaded gates and doorways of the mills, exposed to a heavy fire. Once on the inside we found ourselves in the midst of an armed enemy. When driven from one position of the walls the Mexicans would retire to another, contesting every inch of the ground. Only by climbing through roofs and making our way through iron-barred windows could we go forward. It last we cleared the buildings and drove the Mexicans off toward Chapultepec. A considerable force of them, however, rallied, and with an eighteen-pounder advanced down the road toward the mills. Captain Drum led us forward with one piece and after a rapid and effective fire cleared the road. The enemy abandoned their gun.

"The cannon used in this contest with the Mexican eighteen-pounder was one of our six-pounders. These guns had a history. At the battle of Buena Vista the Mexicans captured them from Taylor. They were then brought across the country to confront Scott's army at Contreras, where we recaptured them. Captain Drum was one of the first to enter the enemy's batteries at Contreras and he laid his hands upon two six-pounders, which proved to be the Buena Vista cannon. They were then assigned to us and proved very serviceable on occasions like Molinos, because we could move them rapidly by hand. They carried well, for I remember distinctly battering the walls of the castle of Chapultepec while we were waiting the result of Major Wright's charge on the center. The battle at Molinos lasted over two hours, and was well contested by that portion of the Mexican army which fought. Their whole force amounted to probably 10,000, while General Worth's entire command engaged numbered only 3,000. Our loss was 116 killed and 671 wounded.

"Santa Ana had ordered 4,000 cavalry under General Alvarez to cut off the left of the attacking column, but this was foiled by the bold advance of Major Sumner with four companies of mounted rifles and dragoons, 220 men all told. He formed his command within pistol shot of the Mexican walls, then ranged back and forth over the field, each time confronting the Mexican cavalry as they shifted position, and held Alvarez in check throughout the battle.

"The Mexican officers fought well. Captain Mendez, whose gun was opposed to us when we entered the mills, was killed by our canister. The commander of the battalion of national guards opposed to us, Colonel Balderas, was killed. The flag bearer of his battalion, when almost dead, wrapped the colors about him, and at last gave them, saturated with his life's blood, to a comrade. General Leon, who commanded the troops engaged in the hand-to-hand defense of the mills, was also killed. In fact, one of the best and bravest corps in Santa Ana's army was almost entirely destroyed. Besides, the Mexicans lost a field battery. We found the position untenable, and soon abandoned it. But we had rendered it unfit for a second defense. A large number of small arms with gun and musket ammunition were brought off as we retreated, also three cannon. Over 800 prisoners were taken, and all of the extensive building used as a magazine was blown up, and the ammunition destroyed.

STORMERS SAFER THAN THE STORMED.

"Molinos del Rey was a costly battle for us, yet it taught us to believe that we should win. We saw that the Mexicans were not disciplined. It was the beginning of a series of desperate attacks upon strong positions, heavily manned. There was no other way to win in Mexico at that period. We were at the gates of the capital, confronted by superior forces, and must press on to success or destruction. Before us lay those lofty heights. Narrow roads and marshes, blocked by fortifications, surrounded us on either flank, should we pass around Chapultepec. Chapultepec blocked one road and commanded three roads at a distance from it. Its guns also swept the plain, for it was higher than all the ground around it. Santa Ana thought that Chapultepec could never be taken, and it couldn't have been taken except by storming, just as we did that morning at El Molinos del Rey. And to be frank, if I had to be either, I would rather be where I was with the stormers, than with the stormed. The shots of the latter passed over our heads, and while we lost fearfully we gave better than we got. The hardest end of the fight was ours, and we won it."

TOLD OUT OF COURT.

A. S. Mason was before Judge Edson of Duluth charged with carrying a concealed weapon. According to Mason's story he was taking the weapon, a revolver, home to be cleaned. He started with it in his hand, but, seeing Officer McLennan approaching, he thought he had better put it in his pocket, and did so. This was just what Mason should not have done, and it proved his undoing, and the officer took him in tow. Mason was very much mortified at being arrested, and was anxious to right himself in the eyes of the law.

"If you say so, judge, I'll take this here gun and throw it in the lake," he remarked to the court.

"What do you think I'd better fine you to make it even?" asked the court.

"Well, don't strike me too hard, judge, that's all I've got to say," replied the prisoner.

"Well, I'll suspend sentence this time," said the court. "In future, when you have a revolver to take home, carry it in your hand, wear it on your watch chain or send it home on a dray."

They had been convicted of the same offense and they stood up together to get the sentence. The judge looked duly and properly solemn, relates the Boston Post, and after briefly recalling the circumstances of the crime, dwelt at some length on the fact that they were equally guilty and should suffer the same punishment.

"And so," he said, "it is the judgment of this court that you be confined in the penitentiary for the rest of your natural lives," or words to that effect.

"A life sentence," they exclaimed together. The judge nodded.

"But, say, judge," protested the more youthful of the two, "I thought you said this was to be a square deal."

"It was my intention to treat you both alike," replied the judge.

"But you haven't," urged the youthful one. "I'm getting all the worst of this."

"In what way?" asked the judge, with natural curiosity. "I've given you each the same sentence."

"Of course," admitted the youthful one. "That is, you think you have. It sounds the same, but you ought to know enough about the general run of things in this world to know that it isn't the same. If you had said, 'Ten years each,' or anything like that, it would have been the same, but instead of that you are putting my life against his."

"What is there unfair in that?"

"Unfair!" exclaimed the youthful prisoner. "Why, he's a good twenty years older than I am."

"Well," repeated the prisoner, "do you need any further explanation? In the ordinary run of things my term of imprisonment would be twenty years longer than his, won't it? Do you call that an even thing for me? Well, I guess not."

"I hadn't thought of it in that way," said the judge, thoughtfully. "What do you think ought to be done?"

"Why, sentence him to jail now, of course, and let my sentence begin twenty years later, when I reach his age. That would make us start even in the matter."

In spite of the fact that the judge gave the matter his earnest consideration, he could not see it in that light, although he was quite ready to admit that the youthful criminal had the making of a good lawyer in him if he could only keep out of jail.

The following is reported from a crossroads justice's court in Georgia:

"Now, jedge," said the witness, "I'm about ter tell the truth!"

"Do you mean ter tell me," said the justice, "that you've been lyin' these last two hours?"

"Jedge," replied the witness, "I wuz raised in yo' settlement, an' both of us has drinked outen the same jug, but I'm gwine ter tell you right now. Ef you call me a liar I'll knock you clean off that bench."

The justice regarded him sternly for three minutes and then said:

"John, ef I didn't think that you wuz drinkin' I'd fine you $10 for contempt o' court!"

For Wakefulness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. M. H. Logan, San Francisco, Cal., says: "I get good results from it in insomnia from nervous exhaustion."

THE TRADE IN JEWSHARPS.

American Make Especially Popular in Mining Regions.

The cheapest jewsharps come from Germany and Austria, the medium and finer grades from England, and the very finest are now made in this country, says the New York Sun. Of the total production, two-thirds or more are made in England. Jewsharps are made in standard sizes, ranging in length from an inch and a quarter to four inches. They are occasionally made to order larger than that, but a four-inch jewsharp is a good deal of a jewsharp, and it may have a very musical tone. There are cheap jewsharps which are sold at retail for a cent. A four-inch imported jewsharp retails for 25 cents. An American jewsharp of this size sells for 50 cents. Its iron frame, or harp, is tinned, and its steel tongue is tipped with brass.

Besides being made of many sizes, jewsharps are made with the harp part of various ornamental designs. Jewsharps are not tuned to a key, but harps of a desired key may be found. Commercially jewsharps rank not as musical instruments, but as toys. Many jewsharps are, however, used as musical instruments, and are played upon by men, and not infrequently in conjunction with musical instruments. Jewsharps are sold more or less throughout the country. Many are sold in mining region of the south and west and wherever Hungarians and like labor is employed. In such places it is not unusual to find a man playing a jewsharp while others play accordions and so on.

The total sales of jewsharps in this country are not so large as they formerly were.

Declined Correction.

Pittsburg Chronicle: "I saw a crowd of picnickers," said the man who is careless of his language, "coming home after that storm, and they were all good and wet."

"I presume," said the man who makes himself a nuisance by correcting his friends' grammar, "that you wish simply to say that they were wet."

"I stick to my original assertion. It was a Sunday school picnic."

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free simple box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold by Kuhn & Co., druggists.

LODGES IN WAR TIMES

Story of the Strangest Masonic Gathering on Record.

"If Charter Oak Lodge is in existence in New York," said a man from up the state to a New York Sun reporter, "it ought to have the furniture of a lodge which was held during the war in the field. It was on Folly Island, S. C., and had its charter and special dispensation from the Grand lodge of Indiana. There were in camp on the island the Thirteenth Indiana infantry and One Hundred and Twelfth and One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York infantry. Soon afterward the First New York Independent engineers moved down and they built a rustic Masonic temple. The altar and chairs and furniture were made of the wood of the island, and some of the furniture made of the natural twist and bend of the wood was unique. The floor was covered with what is known as pine needles, and the mosaic carpet was a tent fly, on which squares were painted. The globes at the entrance of the temple were fifteen-inch mortar shells, and they rested on two sawed-off palm trees. I know that all this furniture was sent to Charter Oak Lodge in New York." When this was told a man whose manner and talk located him from the south, said:

"I was present at a meeting of a Grand lodge that was held in the woods of Texas. The floor was the sand. There was but one globe, and that was the sun. And the strangest part of all was that the men who formed that communication were Confederates and Federals. I place the Confederate first because they were holding the stockade in which several thousand Federals were prisoners. It was the Red River country. We had a lot of clever Yanks in that stockade, and they were nearly all intelligent. Many were of the first enlistment. It was funny how the stockade, sentry and prisoner, built up a brotherhood unlike anything, I reckon, that happened during the war.

"One of the prisoners was a long-haired Yank who was noted for playing tricks. He was a sort of magician and used to entertain the officers of the stockade with his performances. One afternoon, after he had exhibited his art in handling snakes—we had trapped some for him—the commander of the stockade asked the Yank if he could tame any snake, and the Yank said he could. The commander said he would bet him a dinner that he couldn't, and the next day was set for the trial. All the officers and men not on duty were there, and the Yank appeared, stripped to the waist. A big blacksnake was turned out of its captivity. The Yank had a forked stick. He fitted the fork over that snake, just back of its head, quicker than I can tell it, and held the snake in the sand until he grabbed it where he had fitted the stick and then he twirled Mr. Snake in the air and lashed it about until the snake was tired out. The stockade gave the Yank the rebel yell, and the commander shook his hand. As I was the commander's chef I had to prepare the dinner. It consisted of navy beans, fat slices of salt bacon, hard tack, two tin cups of whisky and some long green smoking tobacco for pipes. The dinner was served in the shade of the stockade.

"When it was over that Yank carried away with him a pass from the commander. It created a good deal of gossip for a while, for it permitted the Yank to pass out of the stockade, without guard, whenever he wanted to. The only promise he was asked to make was to be inside by sunset. And he never failed.

"I must tell you of a trick he played on some of the guard, and then I will tell you how he got the pass. He was on the outside of the stockade one morning when he saw some of the Johnnies cooking breakfast. They had eggs. And eggs were a luxury in those days. The Yank stopped by the mess and said he was very fond of eggs. One of the Johnnies replied: 'You ought to get some.' The Yank said he thought he would and that the ones he saw would suit. The Johnnies said they guessed not. The Yank looked on sullenly as the luxuries were being prepared, and when they were placed on the tin the Yank called out: 'I like eggs!' and as he said it he pulled a live snake from the coffee sack which he wore for a shirt, and placed it by the eggs. The Johnnies scampered away, and the Yank had an egg breakfast.

"Not long after the incident we were informed, those of us who were up in such matters, that a grand lodge would be held in a specified clump of woods, beginning on a certain day. I was a high roller in my lodge at home, and as I was close to the commander of the stockade, who was away up in Scottish Rite, I had important functions in the lodge of the wilderness. Whom should I see most conspicuously seated on a bee-gum but our Yank snake charmer? He was the most efficient man in his place I ever saw. And our commander, who was a judge, said that he had never met a brighter Mason. I also recognized in that lodge a number of our Yank prisoners. I knew then how the snake charmer got his pass. And I knew why he was so often at the commander's quarters, and why they were so intimate. That was the only grand lodge ever held out of doors.

"Gentlemen, you couldn't have made that stockade fight one another after that if Lee and Grant had gone there in person and ordered it. I have heard and read a good many stories about when and where the war closed. That part of the war that had been waged in and about that section of which I have told you closed when the grand lodge met. It was in the last few months of the struggle, anyway. But I remember when the time came to discharge the Yanks our commander and that Yank embraced, and, as they turned their backs on one another, each one put a hand to his eyes.

"A few years ago I was sitting in the corridor of the Auditorium hotel in Chicago watching a fashionable crowd file by an entrance on its way to the opera. I saw one man whose hair was like snow and whose evening dress was correct. I asked the clerk if he knew him.

"'Yes,' was the reply. 'That's Jo Day, one of our regulars, and the swell tailor of the city. Best dressed man in town, always. Has more suits than anybody. Changes his dress as many times in a day as his wife changes hers. But a good fellow all the same.'

"'Jo Day,' I said to myself. 'The Yank snake charmer of the rebel stockade on Red river, and the man who helped to run the grand lodge in the Wilderness!'"

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