MERRY CHRISTMAS ON THE RAIL.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLIN.

Hit our pipes, cocked our heels on the boiler marked, jokingly, after we had started butt and listened in comfort to the howling again. plast without. As I sat and puffed on my fragrant old brierwood, my gaze became

my marriage. Katle, her poor little heart dreaded inspector general, her mother-inlaw, had slaved herself nearly to death. Three-year-old Bob had nearly wrecked his mother's wonderful patience by his persistent efforts to render her labor futile, and I had "figgered" on the runs for a drive. month, to make sure of being home on this, the greatest Christmas that ever was. For a wonder, I had not figured in vain. Everything had come out exactly as I had hoped it would. I would get home early enough for Christmas dinner, and late enough to preclude the probability of being sent out boose; a trip over the top of that train that flues in her. 'Twas a good job, and well it would. I would get home early enough

selfish course of my thoughts and directed them to the boy on the other side of the cab. couple of months, most of which time be that I rather liked him, but that I knew ab- to protect us when crossed over. solutely nothing about him. It wasn't so ting a light for my pipe at the gauge lamp, and leaned across the boller.

"Where are you going to spend Christmas Harry?" I shouted above the noise of the gale and the slatting of the curtain. The fire glowed brightly in the howl of his pipe once, twice, before he answered, He leaned against the beller on his side ac

the dim light, and replied cheerfully: "Oh, in the hoard'n' house, I guess. Where clse? They're a-goin' to have roast turkey an' cranberry sauce an' plum puddin'. I hear.

that I could barely discern his features i

I soon knew his story-a stepmother three months after his own mother's death, and, I mentally added, a red-headed stepson. He had picked up a general idea of firing while beating his way on here from Wisconsin and happening to arrive of our roundhouse just as a man was urgently needed, he

"They're callin' us," he concluded, and giving the belirope a jerk, he stepped down to hook up his fire.

When I got coupled up and he stepped up in the cab again, I said:

'We expect to have a little time up to our house tomorrow, Harry, and I should like to have you come up and take dinner with us."

"Thank you, Alec," he replied; "I will. There was an inch of snow on the rails when I got my orders to "run as an extra, keeping out of the way of all regular trains." But Davis, the conductor, said he had : nice, light-running train, cars all loaded with whisk brooms and straw hats, I was glad enough to hear it, for there were 175 miles of iron, slippery with the falling snow, between old 18's pilot and home. averaged the maximum of freight train speed night. I would never be able to keep them

liberal allowance. It was a hard pull out of Tabor's Juncof a mile. But Davis was no crony of his, so we didn't get it.

blast. The wind was on the fireman's side. which made it possible for me to look out. been all night. But all I could see was an impenterable spot by the headlight. I had been easing the throttle when she slipped-for I would need all the sand I had before I got homeuntil she nearly stalled. That wouldn't do. so I gave her a bare taste and leaned out to hear the gratifying crunch of it under the

Harry gripped my shoulder and shouted: "Merry Christmas!"

I wished him the same and many of fem, and noticed that it was just 12 by the engine clock. She hadn't slipped since l gave her the sand, but was puffing along with suspicious freedom; for we were not up the grade yet. I told the brakeman to expression in railroad usego back on top of the train and see if the but he went, which was the main thing. From the back of the tender he gave me what I expected and dreaded-a signal that the train had broken in two. I whistled the fing back to protect the rear and kept on.

I took the cars I had to the next siding, four miles away. I had two more cars than the siding would hold. I backed them all in hard against the stop block. Then I cut the two head cars off, pulled them out on the switch and backed down the main track with them until the engine was be hind the two head cars in the siding. had the brakeman cut these two off and I "stoked" them out on the main track shead of the engine, and ran ahead until the two cars behind the engine were over the switch. I backed them in on the siding, leaving the other two out on the main line. Then I about train 19; she must be nearly due.

after the rest of the train. I had a four-mile back-up in the teeth now I had no time on the engine. of the blizzard. I couldn't see a thing and fast, for I expected every minute to hit was. the train, and I couldn't force myself to record." I tried to grin, but just then she swirled up under the foot of the curtain, the beautiful. I had no longer any need blinding us, and the beiler might have been to worry about following trains. on the temperature. I tried to invent a suitable reward for the yardmaster at Tabor's water enough for a long siege-only for for not giving me a shove, only to rememher that engineers seldom have a chance to

get square. crew had tled a red lamp to the lamp was transformed into a miniature icesmash anything. We found the drawhead of the other car hanging to this one by the link and pin. We got it up in the tender, after a while, and coupled it. I called the flag, and Davis, nearly frozen, climbed aboard. He said there was no flag out, the tail lights being in plain sight from the yard, and he commenced to criticise my solution of the recent difficulty, saying I should have backed the whole train down when I stopped. We got the spare scoop straining every nerve to keep replenished into the yard, and demanded the services of a pusher. There may be a time for all things, but that didn't seem to me to be the snow away from under her and all and we sent the level of the buckwheat

(Copyright, 1899, by Herbert E. Hamblin.) | draw-head back into its place in the car We closed the cab windows and dropped been four hours coming a little over four and we got away from the siding, we had the curtain. Harry put the blower on a miles, a magnificent beginning, truly, quarter of a turn, to carry off the gas; we

"Froze," I replied slowly. riveted on the only thing visible, the steam miles an hour, and from that we ran down the cab. There was a flutter of water in the gauge, like a spectral face suspended in the to about the speed of a slow walk. She bottom gauge-cock, so I slipped and pumped center of the uniform blackness. The didn't steam very freely, which was to ber until she threw water out of the stack soothing hum of the blower, the warmth and sense of coziness, combined with the hypnotic effect of my fixed gaze, set me to asbestos. She kept calling for more water, shoveling snow into the tank. In spite of the stack of th so I was not surprised when, while olling, my sore finger, its clumsy dressing and dull Tomorrow would be Christmas, and mother I discovered her flues to be leaking badly. tools, I made five taper flue plugs out of a was with us. It was her first visit since After that I never passed a water plug; and plece of coal board. Harry covered the fire the plump vision of my Christmas turkey with the fine coal and snow, and put on the a-flutter at the prospect of a visit from that faded in intense geometrical ratio to my blower to carry off the smoke and gas. I progress

with a vengeance. The storm was still mer. raging with undiminished fury, the sandlike snow continuing its endless horizontal but the experience I went through in that

switch a mile ahead, where I decided to to Dante when seeking local color. I drove I would not have taken for a controlling done. The perspiration congealed on my A curling wreath of blue smoke floating interest in the road. I commenced whist- face the instant I stuck it out the firebox that; still, those red-headed fellows-hang across the face of the guage arrested the ling for the switch as soon as I got to it. door, and, before my feet were out, there him, he came away and forgot the coffee! Ten minutes after seventeen was due. Davis were icicles on my whiskers. Harry Mervin had been on the road only a information. His faculties seemed to have I was never so hungry in my life before. had been firing for me. He was bright, details before he could understand that I taptoca puddin' in the cupboard?" I told of glass in the cab, rendering it uninhabit pleasant and willing. It now occurred to me | wanted to carry the brakeman out ahead | him there must be grub in the caboose, or able,

very many years ago that I was a strange | him a bucket of fire and told him to burn | to go back. It was a risky job, climbing didn't much care. I sumped her full again boy on the came road myself; and this was fence rails or anything he could get hold over the tops of those cars in that weather, and, though the weather was moderating Christmas eve. I made a pretense of get- of to keep himself warm, but under no cir If anything happened he would be a-goner, rapidly, as the cab was untenable we adcumstances desert his post until called it. with nobody near to help, and a tempera-

ime. Indeed, to burry

I pounded my thumb, and cut off a joint last rod unexpectedly slipped clear. Harry chewed me a tobacco poultice and tied it on with a piece of rag torn from his jumper. I couldn't get them going over twelve and tires a good oiling and hurried up into

threw the coal boards in on the banked fire Daylight showed us a white Christmas and crawled in with my plugs and a ham-

I had forgotten that it was hot anywhere that firebox, perched over a miniature vol-Seventeen would be due in half an hour, cano, surrounded by boiling water, and, in There wasn't time to get to the next slding spite of the blower, inhaling smoke and sulahead of her, but there was a crossover phurous fumes would have been invaluable a loaf of bread and a package of coffee and

become benumbed; I had to go into all the Harry asked me if there was "any cold from the furnace door and broken every pane I carried the man out half a mile, gave ago to see if we had any. He volunteered there was both fire and water in her so I

Harry brought down the hammer, some came in and informed the hearty welcome I made it my business to blow a crossing venches and the torch and reported barely we had already received from the women signal there. And as I peered slyly from the gauge of water in the boiler. It was folios. He told us the well we fell into was under the peak of my cap I would see a forty feet deep and had been abandoned girlish figure wave a white cloth from the It was an awaward place to work, and when he was a boy, because the water "got back places. Harry was promoted the fol-he smake from the torch nearly destroyed spiled somehow." As none but his own lowing spring, and the next Christmas Katte its usefulness. I took down the side rods, folks ever went there and nobody had ever and I and Bob stretched out our toes under that I might have but one pair of wheels fatien into it before he hadn't bethered to the hospitable mahogany of Mr. and Mrs. o turn. I thereby reduced the amount of cover it up. We knew now that the ava- Harry Mervin. friction to be overcome by the use of steam, than the that enabled us to get out of was which was water, the article I was interested not the first that had fallen into it, and we thanked our lucky stars that we didn't start mas I ever spent, and I know Sue and the day before. Mrs. Belknup and Susie Harry do f my left forefinger as the last end of the soulted out my wounded finger and dressed it with some of the southing salve, home made for father when he cut his foot with

The warmth, light and comfort of the corr parior, not to mention the congental comgule and the dirty, chooses cab that we found it impossible to combat the urgent invitation of our kind friends to remain with

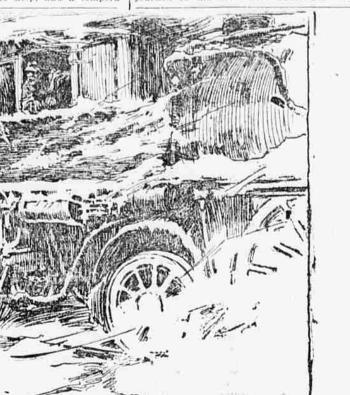
dankets, and as I drowsed off I remember Harry droning a lot of rapturous twaddle my ear about sweet Susie Belknap. In the morning the storm had moderated somewhat and I began to worry about the my absence the cold, fishy eye of the master mechanic would fail to discern extenuating froumstances. We each took on another big tank of home-made sausage and pancakes and felt fit for the deed of our lives. Dear, motherly Mrs. Belknap would have

last time—to Harry, who was bidding Susic good-bye in the kitchen. I thought I heard a suspicious smack, but I won't swear to

loaded up with provisions, but I decline

everything but a piece of boiled salt pork.

Mr. Belknap told us a better read than emerged from the whirling snow, seeking It was getting late in the afternoon and the way we came, so we got back without much trouble. The curtain had caught fir some of them would have come ahead long seven minutes and frozen up again. But



If I fussing, I got the train backed over, we partially disabled closed the cab tight, and ate our lunches. (20 miles per hour) I would arrive home by While gnawing at the kiln-dried boarding- ner of the cab. As I repeatedly lost connensense about "white or dark meat," icebergs.

When the yardmaster happened to be the leaky flues while laying there. A became aware of an animated snowball, feeling just right he would let one of the broomstick inspection showed less than six vainly striving to enter the gangway. I awitch engines get in behind a train and inches in the tank, and the nearest water pulled him aboard, and when sufficiently give her a shove for half or three-quarters | plug was five miles away. Again I worked thawed, he reported the caboose deserted, It was a fearful night. The gale howled rags the caboose lockers could furnish, and that all the engines on the road, coupled and the snow drove horizontally like a sand was a perambulating mountain of snow and together, would not be able to collide with ice. He was mad, at last; as mad as I had

white screen, made visible in one small I heard him above the noise of the gale; "couldn't the fireman get down an' open the switch 'thout callin' a man all the way fun to waller 'round in this snow.'

I told him to cut the engine off and hold everything on the eastbound track till I The reappearance of the cab windows notiot back from Selden water plug. As we pulled over the switch Harry shouted:

'Hey, Davis!'

a kiss and yelled: "Turkey!"

When we got back from the water plug caboose was coming. He went off growling, 21 (the mail) was waiting. We followed her, getting good wheeling until she got so far ahead that the snow drifted in behind her We loaded the tender at Bolton ceal platform, piling big lumps that couldn't blow away on top. My watch dropped out of my pocket onto the shovel. I threw it into the lender, and Harry tessed a heavy lump on top of it. After we had found and stepped back on the engine, he asked looking at the clock:

"Is that all 'tis, 10:15?" I looked at my watch: 11:37. We had left the curtain up, while coaling, and the engine clock, less than two feet above the boiler

had frozen up and stopped. During the next hour we nearly stalled in big drifts twice. This set me to thinking came back with the engine and went back looked at my watch, 11:37. It hadn't turned a wheel since that lump of coal hit it, and

Seeing me looking at my watch, Harry never knew where I was. I didn't dare go asked me if it was broken. I told him it "That's nothing," said he, "so's the alow enough to sup without punching plunged into a cut, at the foot of a slight a hole in a newspaper. Snow and coal dust grade, that was filled twenty feet deep with an ice-cream freezer for all of its effect anchored good and solid. I had a full tank of coal; we wouldn't freeze, and there was those leaky flues.

Engineers, when snowbound, must keep their engine alive, that trains may proceed immediately the road is opened, otherbrakered of the head car and gone back to wise expensive delays will occur from thawthe caboose. Long before I got back the ing out, watering and firing up dead engines l in most inconvenient places. My great berg, but I didn't happen to hit hard enough | problem was how to get water into the boiler. The pumps worked only when the engine ran. I gave her steam. If the wheels would slip on the rails and turn, I could pump that way. She might have been a solid, ointless casting, for all the effect the steam | gether they dragged us inside

had on her. Some thing had to be done and quickly, for the water was leaking out of her every minute, and I had only two gauges in her shovel and sunk a shaft through the snow on the left side of her. Then we cleared double-banked her mather at the griddle

After a lot more whistling, fuming and ture that meant almost instant death to the munched our pork and bread in comfort ussing, I got the train backed over, we partially disabled.

"HEY DAVIS!"

I sat and dozed, miserably, in the corvals, like pile driving. Tiring of the monot-I had lost nearly a gauge of water through ony, I sought to chance my position, and the whistle cord. After awhile Davis came and not a trace of anything edible in it ahead. He was muffled up in all the old. He had seen nothing of train 19 and he said

This merry Christmas to which I had so "Gosh almighty!" he roared, so loud that long looked forward was about over. It soon became dark. We shoveled coal against the curtain, to keep the cold air out, caulked our window sash with waste, I pumped her up from the hind end? Mebbe you think it's full again, and we shivered and dozed and starved through the longest night I ever

fied me of the approaching dawn. What a thickly begrimes with coal dust. Every 'tis up to mother's Davis looked up, squinting comically into bolthead and bit of iron in the cab itself, as the teeth of the storm. Harry threw him well as the windows, was disguised by the found that out, anyway! We must have food at any cost. I knew up and coupled to our caboose.

f but one house in that locality—an or- We went in the rest of the way flying. of but one house in that locality-an or-

> I shall never forget that trip, floundering pick the bones, anyway, aimlessly through the drifts like a pair of blind mice, if I live to be 160. Three minutes after leaving the engine we could not have found our way back to it, no matter what the necessity. Harry being younger and lighter than I, I had all I could do to keep him in sight. We fell into an aband-Fortunately it was aiready oned well. nearly full of snow, so, barring a few bruises. we received no injuries. We would surely have died here, for the well was smoothly lined with brick, and we were too deep in it to get out, had not the overhanging crest of the drift fallen from topheaviness, burying us, at the same time it raised our level

sufficiently to enable us to crawl out. Shortly after this, that providence which so often intervenes on behalf of the helpless, led us stumbling and half frozen to the back door of the house.

Farmer Belknap had essayed a trip to the parn to look after his stock and his good lady had lain down for her regular afterdinner map, leaving the clearing up to he buxom daughter, Suale. The old lady had just dozed off on the sitting-room lounge when, like incarnate spirits of the storm. we two derelicts fell into the entry. The last of our strength left us there and it was merely two heaps of rags, ice and snow that confronted the frightened women when they opened the inner door. Suate was the first to identify us as human beings, and to-

The next thing I saw was brown-eyed-Susie bustling about the table, where Harry was manfully attacking a stack of buch wheat cakes, which Mrs. Belknap was I was soon seated opposite Harry. State

found the wishbone

The storm was about over: I had kept my 9 o'clock in the morning; but it was a bad house sandwiches and laughing at Harry's sciousness, my feet would slip off the engine alive, my stomach was comfortably boiler butt, the heel of the left, coming filled and my mind was easy. I lit my pip going at that galt, so I promised myself seventeen came puffing along, almost noise- down with a painful bang upon the instep and was dozing off to the endless hum of not to kick if I got home by noon; a very lessly, like a polar bear towing a string of of the right. This occurred at stated inter- Harry's culogies of Susic Belknap, when I was rudely recalled to railroad realities by the voice of Davis, shouting. The snowplow with a gang of shovelers was half way through the cut and Davis, chuckful of business, was calling me to get ready.

> 'Where the deuce have you been all sum mer?" I asked petulantly. For he had all the appearance of a man who had been com fortably housed and fed; was shaved, even, "Why, my mother-in-law's; jest back

"Well, it's a wonder you wouldn't ask us over; how'd you s'pose we was goin' to stan' it?

"I expected you over every minute; an when ye didn't come I thought mebbe you'd ruther stay by the engine. One o' the boys was over her yisterday to see if ye wanted here. Where'd ye go?" "Down to Belknap's

"Belknape? Gosh! Wha'd ye go way down dismal sight! Our usually neat cub was there fur? Why, it's four times as fur as "O, is it? Well, I'm mighty glad I've

delicate tracery of that master silversmith. They dug us out and I slammed it to old The conductor's reply was inaudible, but Jack Prost. To the artistic sense of the 18 for dear life. I knew passenger train we know what it was-the most common well-fed and comfortably clad, ft would have 15 was somewhere behind me, and I wanted been beautiful; to my dulied mind, it was to get by the only switch there was be emblematic only of the biting cold that raged | tween me and home without sidetracking without. Harry, tied in a hard knot, was for her. I got by it all right and while snoring soundly in his corner. I had him bucking a little pile of snow that had fallen spread the fire and I pumped her full again. on the track since the plow passed she cam

> dinary story-and-a-half farmhouse on a The sun came out and made a fairyland of cross road, about half a mile from where the heavily snow-covered landscape and we lay. It was invisible through the storm, tempered the frosty air that came through but we knew its approximate direction. We the broken windows. It was thirty hours left everything in the best order possible, after Christmas dinner time when we and started; the wind at our backs, Harry stepped off her at the ash track, but I told Harry to come on up to the house and we'd

When we turned the corner there was the house all lit up and, as we stamped the snow off our feet in the entry, the diningroom door fled open and mother and Kattewho had become as thick as thieves-and little Bob, shouted a chorus of "Merry

The table, whose snowy lines contrasted sadly with our begrimed overclothes, was pulled out full length in the middle of the In its center, his drumsticks held defiantly sloft, lay the great brown turkey, extended from the region of my kidneys to with not a brack in its glossy skin. It was my shoulders. I was subject to spells of supported on one side by a massive dome dizziness and urinary disturbances of an of mashed potatoes, whose generous white expanse was enottled here and there by little dals of delicious golden butter. Delicate, feathery fronds of celery nodded. jovially to the fat glass dish of cranberry sauce, while delicious odors of coffee and plum puddin' were wafted through the open door from the kitchen

What a sight for tired and nungry rail-

We waited for ye, pat we waited for Katie had worn a path through the Drug Co. snow to the switch tower and had timed our arrival home to the minute.

I noticed after that, during the wint of Harry had a way of hanging out of the gangway as we approached Belknap's, go

GRAIN-O! GRAIN-O!

Remember that name when you want a elicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink a take the place of coffee. Sold by all grothings, but that didn't seem to me to be the snow away from under her and all and we sent the level of the hackwheat the snow away from under her and all and we sent the level of the hackwheat hot a stimulant, but a health builder and about the wheels and machinery. It had flour harrel down as though the bittom had drifted a natural arch over her by this time, failen out of it. The familie relieved we to his doghouse. By the time they got the so that it was quite warm down there, cleaned up a bit and the old gentleman.

Yes, as I look back at it now, I think, take it all in all, it was the very merriest Christ

AMMINITION FOR THE BOURS. Enough in Stock to Last Through

Ten-Year War.
Most of the ammunition used by the Boers. facture. A comparatively small quantity v made in England, and an equally small proportion was manufactured at the Transvanl government works near Pretoria. A vast imount of mystery and secreey surrounder the government powder factory, as it was called, and no one was allowed to visit it or even to approach within half a mile of the inclosed buildings without an extra special permit. The factory was entirely run b Germans, and, curlously enough, the thereof was a Mr. Kruger, who was alway careful to nesert that he was no relat whatsoever to the president. The wo were near Daspoort, about four miles of side of Pretoria, and in the immediate nei borhood of the coment works, where so-ca Transvaal Portland cement was badly ma powder factory is most jeatous guarded from intruders, and even the Ital ans from the dynamite factory not many niles away know nothing of its onemy. It is thought questionable by many whether any actual manufacture takes place here, or whether, as is the case of the dy iamite works ("Maatschapij voor Outploff baren Stoffen" in the "Taal"), the imported ingredients are just put up in cartridges or the spot, so as to appear to carry out the equirements of the exclusive concession

The ammunition is taken away at dead of ight on mule wagons to one or other of th forts around Pretoria, and a portion is often ent over to the Johannesburg fort, but not by rail, as the jolting might be dangerous n the case of the carclessly put together ex plosive. The mule wagous travel the forty wo miles in the night, and unload at the Johannesburg fort on Hospital hill, in the early morning. An escart of artillery rides with the wagons and reports the due delivery of the ammunition.

In the case of foreign imported ammu nition, Lee-Metford, Mauser and heavy gun shells, it comes by German, French or outch steamer to Delagoa bay and is there inshipped, stored for a longer or shorter eriod in the wretched tin shantles on the wharf which do duty for bonded warelouses and then, when all the extraordinary Portuguese formalities are complete, it is orwarded by train by way of Komati Poort o Pretoria, where it is taken, again at the dead of night, from the railway station to one of the forts or to the government mag azine out on the veldt beyond the race ourse. Now and again, as indeed happened just before the present war broke out, the Portuguese officials at Lourenzo Marquez (Delagon bay) for some reasons best known o themselves refuse to pass the ammun ion and then there is an angry and heated xchange of letters in a queer mixture of Portuguese, Dutch and English, and after a ong delay the goods may arrive at their des ination or they may not

In at least one instance an amusing contretemps occurred. A large lot of ammunition, some 1,200 boxes, went astray at the port and could not be found. The port authorities were sure that they had been landed, but the railway officials could not account for them in any way. At last, after the lapse of many months, it turned out that by some unaccountable error the whole lot had been reshipped to Beira and had got through to Bulawayo and was comfortably reposing in the magazines of the Chartered company of British South heir ammunition. Mr. Rhodes' official:

said: "Very well, come and fetch it; but as we happen to want some of this par ticular brand ourselves you had better le us pay you for it and say no more on the subject." This actually happened, but It was never found out whether the mistake securred on purpose or by accident.

On the whole, it has been found that the French ammunition is more reliable than hat made in Germany, and there has also been less palm oil, less bribery and corruption in its purchase, shipment and delivery. In the case of one particular lot of German cartridges it was reckoned that he original cost was quadrupled by the time they reached Pretoria, owing to the number of hands through which they passed and the number of officials who had to be "insulted" before they were passed. Not only that, but when these cartridges were unpacked and distributed among the farmers it was found that they were faulty and dangerous, so that the whole transaction was eminently unsatisfactory from every These were Mauser of view.

cartridges. The quantity of ammunition stored in the Transvaal is absolutely colossal and would suffice for a ten-years' war, even at the present rate of usage

TAKES A HIGH PLACE Stands Well in the Estimation of the People.

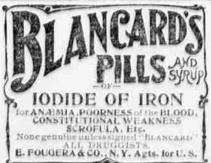
Attention is Naturally Excited When Anything is Praisee by People When We Know.

A thing that stands high in the estimation of the public, and which is especially recommended by Omaha people, naturally excites our attention more than if our own people did not praise the article. Such a thing is going on right here in this city every day, people are praising Morrow's Kid-ne-oids because they cure. There is no deception, no humbug, they do positively cure, and we furnish the evidence. Mr. H. L. Small of 1810 Ohio street, says:

"I have suffered from kidney trouble for the past ten years. I had been so badly afflicted lately that I could not do any kind of work. I had a duli heavy pain across the small of my back almost constantly. The pain alarming nature. I could not sleep well on account of nervousness. Learning about Morrow's Kid-ne-olds I decided to try them. I took them according to directions and was greatly relieved in a very abort time. I continued to take them and they have completely cured me of all my former

Morrow's Kid-ne-olds are not pills, but Yellow Tablets and sell at fifty cents a box shouted bolsterous Bob; and so they at all druggists and by the Myers-Dillon

> Mailed on receipt of price. Manufacture4 by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Spring-



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W. T. STEAD,

For January 7th Editor of the "English Review of Reviews,"

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Beginning with a brief review of the progress of the country in science, Mr. Stead leads upward through the marvels of the material world, telegraphy, telephone, X-Rays, the telelectroscope and wireless telegraphy, to the borderland last beyond-to the possibilities of thought transference or telepathy, the wireless telegraphy of thought. He presents the whole subject of psychic research as it appears at the end of the century in the clearest and most convincing manner. In this article the writer also gives the exact methods of communicating by telepathy, so that anyone may

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Editor of the "English Review of Reviews"

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HENRY M. STANLEY,

The World's Greatest Explorer,

For January 21st

"The Unexplored Regions of the World."

In this story of the undiscovered the world's greatest explorer describes some of the tasks which the geographer of the 20th centhe nations for Africa, how decade by decade, the English, the Germans, the French, have been crowding deeper and deeper into the jungle-and yet leaving vast areas almost untouched. His account of the commercial and scientific possibilities of undiscovered South America, Australia, Siberia, is of a kind to fire the imagination of the younger generation which must solve these problems. The article will be very fully illustrated with maps and with the latest portrait of the author.

Dr. CYRUS EDSON,

the Nineteenth Century."

Famous Chief of New York Health Department,

"Medicine in the Closing Year of

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Dr. FREDERICK A. COOK

For February 4th

For

January 28th

Famous Antarctic Explorer, "Walking to the Pole."

Dr. Cook believes that the pole will finally be reached by a sturds party of Americans on foot; he gives in this article the recson for this belief; tells what equipment is necessary and how long a time will be necessary to complete the expedition. The artiele is, in short, a clear and concise presentation of the very latest

conclusions of explorers on the problem of the poles. It will be

richly illustrated with pictures taken by Dr. Cook in the ice regions

PROF. N. S. SHALER.

For February 11th Famous Geologist of Harvard,

"The Earth's Deepest Depths."

This article promises to be of much more than ordinary interest.

Immediately following Prof. Shaler's article, there will be articles by SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, England's greatest astronomer; by PROF. JOHN DEWAR, the famous Chemist, who was the first to liquely hydrogen; and by several other men equally celebrated.

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