

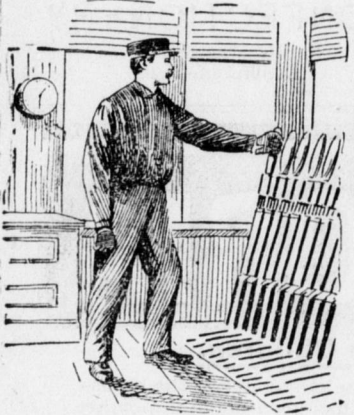


BLOCK SIGNAL SYSTEM.

It Virtually Prevents Railroad Collisions and Is Operated by the Faithful Tower Man.

It is much safer to ride on a railway train now than it used to be. On many roads "lock and block" signals keep a train from being run into from behind, and it is impossible to have a head-on collision, because trains going in the opposite direction are on another track. In the old days trains were kept from colliding by sending telegrams, and mistakes of telegraph operators often cost many lives. Nowadays when an engineer is running his train close to another on the same track he knows it by signals placed every little way along the line, and the telegraph operator has nothing to do with it.

A road on which these signals are to be used is first divided into sections or "blocks," each about two miles long. The rails of each block are separated from the rails of the adjoining blocks by some substance that will not let



THE MAN IN THE TOWER.

electricity through. In a tower midway of the block is an electric indicator which is attached to both rails of the track by two wires. When a train enters a block at one end, the indicator, the two wires, the two lines of rails and the nearest car truck form an electric circuit along which travels a current from a battery. The indicator clicks as the current passes through it and the words "Train in Block" appear in a slot in front. The instant that the train passes out of the block the current stops, these words drop out of sight and the word "Free" appears.

There is an arm-like signal called a semaphore at the end of the block and also at the tower, and the tower man operates them both by levers. Engineers have orders to slow down their trains at the first semaphore if it is a danger signal, and to stop at a danger signal at the tower. When the train approaches a block the signals are in the danger position and the tower man cannot change them without permission from the next tower man, because his levers are locked and can only be released by the second man. So he presses a button and rings three electric bells in the second tower. If there is a train in that block the answer is five bells, but if his block is clear the second man presses a plunger at the bottom of his indicator and completes an electric circuit that releases the first man's levers but locks his own. The first man then signals that the way is safe, and as soon as the train has passed the tower he puts up the danger signals again. It is now time for the second tower man to signal to the third by ringing three bells and getting his machinery unlocked, and the third has to ring up the fourth, and so on. The train is thus safely handed along from block to block, with never less than a full block section between trains. On a large railroad the block signals are operated several hundred thousand times a day without a single mistake.—Little Chronicle.

AGGY WAS AMUSING.

Filipino Monkey, Although Full of Pranks, Was the Pet of an American Regiment.

When my brother returned from the Philippine islands not long ago, having seen service in the island of Negros, he brought with him a pet monkey named Aginaldo. In his native land Aggy was quite an amusing beast. If the soldiers happened to be in want of coconuts or mangoes Aggy would willingly go up a coconut or mango tree and shake down any quantity of fruit, when he would come down and look as if he was highly pleased at what he had done. Although Aggy was useful at times, he was very mischievous. For instance, he would hunt until he found some of the officers' best cigars and then proceed to chew a small hole out of the middle of each cigar, making them so they would not draw well. Another favorite prank was to throw razors, toothbrushes and the like out of the window and then take refuge in the top of a coconut tree, where he would stay until the razor owner's wrath had somewhat abated.

He relished spiders and moths, and would frequently burn his feet or mouth in attempting to catch the moths who were attracted by the light of a candle. But Aggy did not thrive in this climate. He was sent to a man who took care of all kinds of animals, but in consequence of the voyage over and the unsuitableness of this climate he died about three weeks after arriving here.—N. Y. Herald.

PRANKS OF MONKEYS.

Little Simians of India Indulge in All Sorts of Sport in an Almost Human Way.

"When I was traveling in northern India," said a gentleman who had recently completed a journey around the world, "I was constantly impressed with the almost human ways of the monkeys there. You see, they are never molested, which is also true of the birds, and they are as tame and impudent as spoiled children.

"I remember that one morning while we were sitting at breakfast on the veranda of our hotel suddenly we heard the noisiest chattering, and down the main street of the town came a crowd of long-tailed monkeys, running a race, evidently. They shrieked and chattered at every leap, tripping each other up, pulling each other's tails, and seemed to be having a generally hilarious time. While we left the table to watch their antics some Indian crows that had been solemnly lined up on the veranda rail watching us eat made a dash for the food, and had quite a fight with the native servant before they were finally driven away.

"But the monkeys of India are surely the most irresponsible in the world," continued the traveler. "I can call them people, because they are such ludicrous counterfeits of human beings. In many of the old temples there are monkey settlements. I remember one in particular which was sacred to the simians. There seemed to be thousands of the creatures, and I was told that 5,000 had recently been taken to the woods to get rid of them. But in this temple I saw little simian mothers nestling and rocking their babies in their arms for all the world like Christian mothers. I ventured to pick up one of the infants that was running about, and instantly the baby gave a typical infantile squeal and the excited mother came to me, chattering angrily. I put the infant down and the mother, her eyes still blazing with anger, carried the little one to a corner and petted and rocked it, frequently turning to give me a scornful look.

"It is not uncommon for the monkeys in the trees to reach down and seize the traveler's hat as he passes.

"Perhaps the most remarkable sight in connection with the monkeys in India I witnessed early one morning. We were riding in the highway and by a vacant field. Suddenly from the neighboring forest a troop of monkeys entered the field and began a regular waltz dance, taking hold of hands and forming a large circle, then dancing round and round and chattering gleefully."

WESTERN EPISODE.

Widow of Gen. Custer Describes How a Horse Killed an Ugly and Vicious Rattlesnake.

Few of us have ever seen a horse kill a snake, but Mrs. Custer describes the performance in her story of "The Kid" in St. Nicholas.

As they were pushing out of a jungle on foot one day the colonel said: "Samanthy is a little too attentive, Alf; he shoves himself alongside of me, and when I remonstrate he backs a little, but keeps so close he almost reads on my heels."

"Well, father, I suppose he thinks nothing can go on without him. He's been in everything I ever did yet."

As they came to a narrow defile, with the branches of the trees festooned with moss and the ground tangled with vines and thick underbrush,



SAMANTHY KILLS THE SNAKE.

Samanthy forgot his manners and crowded to the front. The colonel, peering into the thicket for birds, heard what he took to be the whirr of pheasants' wings, and he lifted his gun to take aim. The Kid, pressing on, saw with his keen eyes that it was nothing so harmless as the rising of a covey of birds. A huge rattlesnake, overlooked by the colonel in his intense concentration on the thicket, lay coiled directly in front of him, the vicious mouth hissing, the eyes gleaming with fire. Alf was in agony. He could not fire, for his father or the pony would have received the shot as they were placed.

But a more vigilant pair of eyes than even the Kid's had discovered the reptile, and with a spring in front of the colonel, and with the nicest exactitude, down came the pony with a buck jump, his hoofs close together on the head of the snake, crushing in the deadly fangs and flattening the skull into the soft soil!

Still there was an ominous rattle of the tail, and the little nag gathered himself again, bowed his supple back and drove his hoofs into the mottled skin of the deadly foe of mankind.

Tommy Was Philosophical.

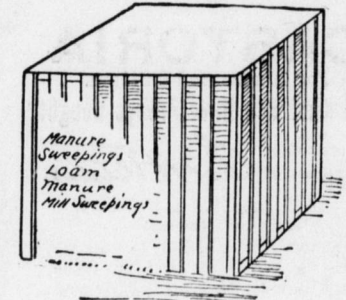
"Teacher says that rubber trees grow wild in Florida," said a seven-year-old school girl. "Well, s'pose they do," rejoined her brother, aged five. "Nobody ever has any use for rubbers till it rains and then it's too wet to go out in the woods and gather them."



AN INSECT BREEDER.

A Useful Contrivance Where Chickens Have to Be Kept Constantly in Small Quarters.

Here is a grub and worm-breeder for chickens in small quarters. Build a rack four feet square, as in illustration, the sides being made of narrow slats nailed to the frame, six or eight inches apart. In this frame place a



AN INSECT BREEDER.

layer of two or three inches manure, then a layer of earth or rich loam, and next a layer of mill sweepings, shorts or bran, each layer the same thickness. Repeat until the rack is filled. Grubs and worms will breed in abundance, and, seeking the edge of the rack, will become the prey of the fowls.—Orange Judd Farmer.

IS EASILY CURED.

Feather-Eating Hens Are Not Vicious But Victims of a Disease That Yields to Simple Treatment.

The New York Experiment station recently published a bulletin on "feather eating" among fowls. The report makes a number of observations on this habit, suggesting that it is the result of a lack of nitrogenous matter in the feed and citing experiments where fresh cut bone, lean meat, etc., were fed. "The vice," the report says, "is very uncommon among fowls that have exercise and a variety of food, and it is most economical to prevent its appearance by careful feeding, but as the spread is rapid even under a ration which does not ordinarily seem to encourage its development, the vice should be stamped out by the death or removal of the first offender."

The editor of the Farm and Dairy, New South Wales, calls attention to the fact of the failure to mention the true cause of "feather eating." "It is now a well-known fact," says the editor, "that feather eating is due to a minute parasite (sarcoptes laevis) which feeds at the roots of the feathers, thus irritating the bird and causing them to pluck out their own feathers. Where feathers are pulled out by other birds, it is due to the presence of lice, for which they are searching."

The prevention and remedy, says the editor, are simple, as the mite disease is contagious. Isolation of the affected bird is the first step, especially if it be a cock. The mites yield readily to treatment of one part of creosote to 20 parts of lard or vaseline, well rubbed into the affected parts.

HOW A HEN FEEDS.

In Her Natural State She Delights in Consuming Hours in Obtaining a Full Meal.

Observe how the hen feeds when out on the range. It is first a blade of grass or leaf of clover, then a short chase for a grasshopper or cricket, says Wallace's Farmer. She now discovers a soft spot in the soil which she believes worth investigating, and sets to work with the mining tools which nature has given her with a view of finding out if it is "pay dirt." A fuzzy weed head is in her path and she stops to shatter down a few of the ripened seeds. She is drawn away from this repast by another grasshopper, which springs down in front of her and jumps away again just in time to save himself from the dash which she has made at him. In place of the grasshopper which she didn't get, she nips another clover leaf or blade of grass. Thus the hen feeds a little at a time and consuming hours in obtaining a full meal. It seems that people who see this every day might know that throwing down a measure of shelled corn on a bare spot is not the proper way to feed the hens. And those who do this will receive conclusive proof that there is something wrong with their feeding during the time of year when the hen has no choice of food, but must live on what is given her by the owner.

Big Success with Sheep.

Every little while we come across accounts of men, who, in a small way, have made splendid money out of sheep. One of the latest is that of an Iowa man bought some Cotswold ewes two years ago at \$3 per head. He kept them until they raised two crops of lambs for him and sold them for \$4.25 apiece. The first year their fleeces averaged 11 1/2 pounds, the second year 12. One crop of lambs brought \$5.60 per 100 pounds, the other \$5.50. All the owner did to fatten them was to give them corn husks and timothy hay and let them run in the yard where he was fattening cattle. They picked up corn enough for themselves around the troughs.

BIG FOOT'S SHOE WON.

Singular Stake in a Gentleman's Game of Poker in Leavenworth's Blooming Days.

"Did I ever tell you how Big Foot Ed Bunch, of Leavenworth, won nearly \$5,000 on a poker hand, by betting one of his shoes?" asked the old sport. No? Well, then I'll tell you. "Back in the 60s Big Foot Bunch was the most famous poker player that ever struck Leavenworth. In those days the old town was an outfitting point and was booming. Bunch's one striking characteristic was the size of his feet, and that is how he got his name. No other man of modern times ever carried such a pair of feet. They were each fully 18 inches in length, and he was compelled to have his shoes made to order.

"One evening after a boat load of tourists had come up, Big Foot fell into conversation with some of the passengers and finally a poker game was suggested. Four men, including Big Foot, signified their desire to play and in a few minutes they were at it. As the cards were being shuffled for the first deal one of the three strangers remarked that he guessed it would be a gentleman's game, which means a game in which a player may make bets without putting his money in front of him, in other words, betting on credit. As the three strangers all looked prosperous Big Foot said that he was satisfied, and the game proceeded.

"In those days the old-fashioned leather pocketbooks were used almost exclusively by wealthy men. You will remember that they had one compartment for bills which folded up and the book was held together by a strap which slipped through a leather holder. Every now and then one of the strangers would dig up his leather pocketbook, throw it into the middle of the table and murmur: 'A thousand better.'

"Big Foot had about \$1,500 in cash in front of him but his hands were not running high, and it was some time before he had occasion to go against the pocketbook play. Finally on his own deal he caught three tens to go, and the fourth ten dropped into his hand on the draw.

"Everybody stayed, and when it got around to Big Foot after the draw he made a raise that took every cent in front of him. The first player to the left then went for his pocketbook again and tossing it into the center simply remarked: '\$1,000 better.' The next man saw the raise and went it \$500 more. The third man threw his pocketbook into the center to make good, and the three looked at Big Foot inquiringly.

"Big Foot was equal to the occasion. He was convinced that he had the top hand, and he proposed to play it for all it was worth. Quickly slipping off one of his immense shoes he threw it into the center with the remark: 'Well, gentlemen, as you are all playing leather, I will do a little of it myself. I guess there's enough good calf-skin there to see the bets already made, and raise \$2,500 more.' "The other players sized up the shoe and then breaking into a hearty laugh laid down their hands. Big Foot raked in all the loose money in sight, and the strangers then opened their pocketbooks and counted out the amounts for which their leather stood.

"I've heard lots of times of fellows betting their clothes on a hand, but I doubt if you will find another instance in the history of draw poker where a player's shoe was good for a \$5,000 pot."

How Lighthouses Get Their Supplies. About once a month a small vessel or tender visits the lighthouse, with letters, newspapers, books, coal, kerosene, wicks, window glass, lumber, hardware, catables, fresh water and other things. These are generally hoisted from the boat to the store-room windows with a derrick. Lightships are also supplied by tenders. The tender carries back the keeper's report to the inspector and letters to the friends and relatives of the men. Few women live in lighthouses, and in a good many of them they are forbidden.—Little Chronicle.

Carter's Ink is just as cheap as pork and is the best ink made. Always use Carter's. The flea was probably the original back-biter.—Chicago Daily News.

Fireworks give a very appropriate reception to a firebrand.—Town Topics.

Nowadays the office, bowing gracefully to the inevitable, seeks the boss.—Puck.

"How do you know he is a great pianist?" "I have talked with him."—Town Topics.

A great many people "make fun of you." Don't give them any more occasion than you can help.—Atchison Globe.

Kissing was tabooed by the Essenes. The latter are all dead now, but we understand that the former is still in fashion.—Star of Hope.

Do you whine? Do you make others miserable, as well as yourself? If you must whine, do it in the seclusion of your own room. You have no right to be a public pest.—Atchison Globe.

His Meaning.—"What do you mean when you say she lampooned her husband?" asked the magistrate of the witness. "I mean she threw a lighted lamp at him," the witness explained.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Don't you find that Mr. Aster's poems," said that young poet's misguided admirer, "are full of words that burn?" "Well, no," replied the editor, "I never put them to that test; I merely drop them in the waste basket."—Philadelphia Press.

If you have been smashing around with a club, you must have remarked that that way of acting has its drawbacks. Try the other plan; say kind things occasionally; do kind things occasionally. Be considerate of others, and people will like you better; you will suit yourself better.—Atchison Globe.

A little wealth has little wings, and large wealth has large wings. The humming-bird and the albatross or the condor, and all between, can fly. An improvident person who has but small means is necessarily improvident in a small way, but give him wealth and he would be improvident in a large way. Wealth has never yet been tethered for a long period. It finally breaks its gyves and is gone.—Chicago Interior.

A Noted Knight Templar Owes His Health to Peruna.

Colonel T. P. Moody, a prominent Knight Templar, is well known in every city in the United States west of Buffalo, N. Y., as a Jeweler's Auctioneer. In the city of Chicago as a prominent lodge man, being a member of the K. T.'s and also of the Masons. The cut shows Colonel Moody in the costume of the Oriental Consistory Masons, 32nd degree.

In a recent letter from 5800 Michigan avenue, Chicago, Ill., Mr. Moody says the following:

"For over twenty-five years I suffered from catarrh, and for over ten years I suffered from catarrh of the stomach terribly. "I have taken all kinds of medicines and have been treated by all kinds of doctors, as thousands of my acquaintances are aware in different parts of the United States, where I have traveled, but my relief was only temporary, until a little over a year ago I started to take Peruna, and at the present time I am better than I have been for twenty years.

"The soreness has left my stomach entirely and I am free from indigestion and dyspepsia and will say to all who are troubled with catarrh or stomach trouble of any kind, don't put it off and suffer, but begin to take Peruna right away, and keep it up until you are cured, as you surely will be if you persevere.

"My wife, as many in the southwest can say, was troubled with a bad cough and bronchial trouble, and doctors all over the country gave her up to die, as they could do nothing more for her. She began taking Peruna with the result that she is better now than she has been in years, and her cough has almost left her entirely. The soreness has left her lungs and she is as well as she ever was in her life, with thanks, as she says, to Peruna. Yours very truly, T. P. Moody.

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a general curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues, and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh.

If one were to make a list of the different names that have been applied to catarrh in different locations and organs, the result would be astonishing. We have often published a partial list of these names, and the surprise caused by the first publication of it to all people, both professional and non-professional, was amusing. And yet we



Colonel T. P. Moody, of Chicago, Had Catarrh Twenty-five Years and Was Cured by Peruna.

have never enumerated all of the diseases which are classed as catarrh. It must be confessed, however, to see even this partial list drawn up in battle array is rather appalling. If the reader desires to see this list, together with a short exposition of each one, send for our free catarrh book. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

ST. VITUS' DANCE

Three great and complete cures effected by Dr. Greene's Nervura Blood and Nerve Remedy.



Mrs. J. A. Ferre, who resides near 905 Main Street, Hartford, Conn., says:

"My daughter Lulu became very ill with St. Vitus' dance over a year ago. She became so bad that she lost the use of her right arm and side, and we thought at one time she would lose her speech. Her tongue was almost paralyzed. She was so bad she could not feed herself, and at night she would get so nervous I had to sit and hold her. I tried several doctors, but they did not do her any good. I did not find anything that would help her until I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. She is now, by the use of this medicine, entirely cured."

C. H. Bailey, Esq., of Waterbury, Vt., writes:

"I am more than glad to write about my little daughter. Until a short time ago she had always been a very delicate child and subject to sick spells lasting weeks at a time. She was very nervous, and our family doctor said we would never raise her, she was so delicate and feeble. We tried many remedies without the least good. We felt much anxiety about her, especially as no doctors could benefit her, and had great fear for her future. Learning of the wonders being done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to give it to her. She soon commenced to improve under its use, and rapidly gained in every respect. She eats and sleeps well, and her nerves are strong. The medicine has done wonders for her and it is the best we ever knew. I recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, to everybody."

Mrs. J. Learmonth, of 776 Broadway, South Boston, Mass., says:

"At ten years of age my daughter became affected with a nervous condition which soon developed into St. Vitus' dance. It was pronounced by the attending physician to be a very severe attack. The mouth would be drawn spasmodically far to one side, the hands and arms were restless and constantly twitching. Her limbs also were weak; her ankles bent under her so that it was almost impossible to walk. She was so nervous that she would scream almost like a maniac and then have fits of crying. After two months' treatment without a cure, I concluded to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. Three bottles entirely cured her. She is now thirteen years old, and has been well ever since, and to-day is a picture of health."

RHEUMATISM Van Buren's Rheumatic Compound is the only positive cure. Past experience speaks for itself. Depot 25 & California Ave., Chicago. **HO! FOR OKLAHOMA!** 3,000,000 acres now lands to open to settlement. Subscribe for THE KIOWA CHIEF, devoted to information about these lands. One year, \$1.00. Single copy, 10c. Subscribers receive free illustrated book on Oklahoma. Morgan's Manual on page 25. Guide with fine sectional map, \$1.00. Map, 25 cents. All above, \$1.75. Address DICK T. MORGAN, FRANK, O.