

THE BIRTH OF TOMBSTONE.

How the Arizona Town Came to Get Its Extraordinary Name. When the late Matthew Arnold was in this country he took exception, among other things, to the names of our cities.

But they never heard of Tombstone, Arizona. That is an American name. The effect cast would never have thought of such an appropriation. How did it come by the funeral title? This is a question that is asked almost every time the town is mentioned and but few are able to answer.

Conjectures, and they are many, are put to rest under a tombstone, it might be said, by the aid of Mr. C. C. Warner, of the Convention mine, Tombstone, who agreed to relate to a reporter yesterday how it received its Western name.

Warner has been in Tombstone almost since its inception and passed through Denver yesterday on his return from Canon City.

"It's quite as simple and natural as the name is strange and queer," he said, "I received it christening," he said. "There were two brothers—one, and probably both, living yet—by the name of Al and Ed Schefflen. (You will observe that there is a connection between the names and the town—being off their heads and then the Tombstone.) Well, it's not often that I perpetrate a joke, but this Colorado air makes a fellow do many strange things. But I am wandering.

The Schefflens were, of course, prospector, and kept hanging about there for some time without getting much. The Apache Indians were around pretty thick. Finally one day Ed Schefflen prepared to start out on a prospecting tour up the gulch. His brother tried to persuade him to abandon his gold, pointing out that the Indians would murder him or that he would get lost in the ravine; but all to no purpose. As he was about to start he told his brother to look after a piece of rock that he had found near the camp.

"Yes, I will use it for your tombstone," said Al, sadly, and away went the more go ahead brother.

"Time passed, but there were no tidings of the foolishly brother. Weeks went by and he did not get in an appearance. The brother, true to his promise, proceeded to carve in rude letters in the quartz rock an inscription which ran:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF ED. SCHEFFLEN. He went prospecting to a new country.

"The brother was sorry for the loss, but then he had warned him and it could not be helped. The Indians had scalped him.

"About a week after he had finished his job and put it in front of the tent, in jumped the brother, wild looking, but bearing with joy.

"Shako, old man, I have found it," he said to the stay at home; "it's lying all around." He then began to empty his pockets of the glittering quartz that he had taken to prove his statement. And it was so.

"Away up in the gulch he had found one of the richest mining grounds in the territory. But he was always a peculiar case, this Ed. He and his brother and a man named Gurd started out for the places with supplies and tools. He named this mine the Tombstone because he had found it pretty hard after he had discovered it. There were times when he would have sold it for a drink of water.

"The next one they discovered they called the Goodenough mine. When they came to the next one they had a little falling out, and he named it the Convention. The latter is the one I am interested in. These were all disposed of by him for a handsome sum. And he now has a three time millionaire.

"The tombstone on this choice relic, and he would not part with it for its weight in gold. Many attempts have been made to change the town by 'boomers,' who argue that the stamp and gronson title keeps out Eastern capital, and by the time the legislators have been elected pledged to introduce a bill for that purpose, but Ed, with his money is always on hand to oppose it."—Denver Republican.

"PIG" IN THE STREET CALL.

The Pleasant and Instructive Game Introduced by a Boston Schoolman. There is one woman in Boston who is determined that her sex shall not defer her from putting a heavy man on the next generation. She is a school teacher, and one of the few who do not undervalue their position and its influence.

She has suffered a deal in her time from the bad manners prevalent in public places, and every year she has about 50 boys and girls between five and six hours five days out of seven, and she thinks that it will go hard if she does not do something toward inculcating manners into them—and at the same time hitting the parents a side slap which may not be without its result.

This is one of her methods: Once a week half an afternoon is given to recreation, and she invents games for the amusement and instruction of the class, so that while they think they are playing they are really learning something. One of these games, the one in fact which the youngsters enjoy most, is called "street car."

The central alle of the classroom and the seats on either side become the electric car. A boy is chosen for motor man; this post is given to a boy who has been very good for the week, and in a sin to way the teacher makes the class understand how the electricity runs the car. Another boy is the conductor, and they have paper checks for fares. The other children are all passengers. They are supposed to be business men returning home to dinner—and it is impressed upon them that they are very tired and very anxious to reach their paper—and women who have been shopping or to the matinee. One boy on the children signal the car, and the conductor rings his bell, the motor man turns his crank, the passenger enters, walks on the seats and takes a seat. Finally all seats are taken, and to point the play the better most of the boys enter first and take the seats. Then the girls board the improvised car. The boys being impressed that they are very tired, politely rise, one by one, and civily offer the girls the seats, until every one is up but one boy, who is known in the game as the "pig."

Then the teacher enters. She says her own part, and the children are supposed to be her old pupils, who are glad to see her, and all the girls even are anxious that she should take their seats, and still the "pig," glanced at with surprise by all the children, sticks to his seat. Now, this game is very popular with the class, but no one enjoys being the "pig."

The teacher says that she already notes the great improvement which her pupils show in manners. They are most anxious to do nice things for one another, and, "remarks the teacher, "do you not think that the teacher tell this story at home? Do you not think that the pig gets along up by those little ones in his true colors? I do not know if the papa and older brothers are shamed by it, but I am sure that I hope they are, and I mean them to be."—Boston Home Journal.

A Queer Second Custom. The first or second day of every term, when the school has returned, a sort of slave market is held in each house at which the upper boys have the privilege of choosing from among the lower boys their own particular fag for the next three months or so. In some houses, where the lower boys—often boys who have not reached the fifth form—are numerous, an upper boy may have two such servitors for his own exclusive use, if he thinks he wants them.

The right of selection is exercised according to seniority, the boys known to be the toughest being best. The fag is snapped up first, except in the case of new boys, when looks have to be taken as credentials as often as not, to the ultimate disgust of the fagmaster, for the strongest looking boys are often the greatest duffers at their studies. "Heart Disease," which may be had free at Thomas, Leighton and Biery, Weissport, who guarantee and recommends Dr. Miles' unequalled New Heart Cure, which has the largest sale of any heart remedy in the world. It cures nervous and organic heart disease, short breath, fluttering, pain or tenderness in the side, arm or shoulder, irregular pulse, fainting, smothering, dropsy, etc. His Restorative Nervine cures headache, fits, etc.

All things come to him who waits, if the hungry man is patient and tips the waiter. If a husband and wife are one, is the man beside himself when he stands by his wife? I was a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

I suffered from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm, and I did so. After using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

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WOLF'S ACME Blacking

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Electric power, on an ordinary railway, with motors and cars of peculiar construction, is the means with which we may hope to travel at a speed of more than a hundred miles an hour. In fact, it is confidently believed by some competent witnesses of the experiments that it will be possible to reach a speed of 250 miles an hour. However it may be so to maximum velocity, we have the indorsement of experts as to the feasibility of making trains more than a hundred miles an hour under the proposed system, without greater risk of derailment than is now experienced at less than half that speed.

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"I mean that no mercy is shown. For example, we take up some poor unfortunate who isn't with us and go picking her to pieces. We discuss her costume, her complexion, her manners, her sayings, her tastes, and by the time we have got through with her the Creator would not recognize his work. Then we start in on some other girl."

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IT IS TIME TO TALK ABOUT

WOLF'S ACME Blacking

IS WATERPROOF, DOES NOT RUB OFF, LEAVES THE SHOES CLEAN, AND IS USED BY THE ARMY, NAVY, AND ALL THE BEST OF THE WORLD.

How We Shall Be Able to Travel at That Marvelous Rate. Doesn't it begin to look as if the nineteenth century, even in its last decade, might undo its former famous "seventy wonders of the world" that astonished the ancients? In the first place there is a likelihood that we shall see, before the century closes, a means of transit that will whisk us from New York to Philadelphia in less than an hour and from Philadelphia to Chicago between breakfast and supper time.

Electric power, on an ordinary railway, with motors and cars of peculiar construction, is the means with which we may hope to travel at a speed of more than a hundred miles an hour. In fact, it is confidently believed by some competent witnesses of the experiments that it will be possible to reach a speed of 250 miles an hour. However it may be so to maximum velocity, we have the indorsement of experts as to the feasibility of making trains more than a hundred miles an hour under the proposed system, without greater risk of derailment than is now experienced at less than half that speed.

While experiments in this line are approaching fruition we hear some astonishing reports of experiments for adapting the principle of the pneumatic tube to passenger transit. This principle is utilized in nearly all our large cities for the transmission of small packets, such as news messages, money, small parcels and the shipping of express material. It would seem possible, from such results, to reach the acme of passenger transit. In fact it is rather strange that this communication has been so long delayed.

The idea is not a new one. The writer of these lines traveled in an express car 25 years ago in the heart of the city of New York. Moses S. Beach, at that time proprietor of the New York Sun, and his brother Alfred, then and now one of the proprietors of the Scientific American, constructed a pneumatic railway under the surface of Broadway, running from Murray to Warren street. The road, or rather the tube, was only about 100 yards long, but the object was to demonstrate the feasibility of pneumatic railways to the city work at afterward led to the elevated railroads.

The experiment of the Beaches was interesting and costly, but practically nothing more. Cars were run from one end of the tube to the other filled with passengers. It was proved beyond doubt that the pneumatic principle was broad enough to cover passenger transit. But the whole plan was crude and the results unsatisfactory. Many years of experiment were needed to bring the system up to the level of practical usefulness. The "Broadway hole," as it was called by some of the newspaper, was visited by thousands of people, who indulged in the novelty of a short pneumatic excursion, but the scheme was finally abandoned and now nothing but the "hole" is left.

Recent accounts of experiments in Europe, however, give strong hope that the dream of the Beaches will soon be realized.

Why Women Do Not Marry. No doubt there are many women—very grand women they are, too—who, like Mrs. Martin, do not marry for any physical considerations—ill health; the fear of hereditary disease; the desire to save the beloved husband that should have been from unnecessary burdens. All honor to such women; they are the noblest martyrs. "The better to have loved and lost," etc. Such women are not unhappy. But the sad reason why most women do not marry is because they have not had a chance. When we read that there are 60,000 unmarried women than married women in this country, what shall we say of the rest of the miscalc United States? Mrs. Wells vividly describes some one who had had "half an offer." It is to be feared that some most lovable women have not even come to the stage of a proposal. No wonder that some of them make what their families call very bad marriages. On one point I do agree with Mrs. Wells, when she refers to the horrible literature with which our market is flooded, turning life into a misery room. That, indeed, may well frighten a susceptible and nervous woman. It is a shocking wrong and unwise the popular magazines should publish stories which are read by young girls, smothering them, as Mrs. Wells says, with "the rawest kind of kisses that mark the advent and climax of a lover's regard. Love itself is just as subtle and unselfish as ever it was; passion is as true and noble; but their parents are dead." This is a splendid sentiment. But do not agree that such reading makes a girl "love her mother more," or that she "stays at home," growing more helpful, and finding "indefinite interests enough to make single life very pleasant."—[Mrs. John Sherwood, in North American Review.

Two Subjects That Always Present Interesting Points. "What do girls talk about," I asked one of them. "About luncheons and during calls upon each other." "Well," she replied, "there are usually two subjects of conversation at gatherings of girls, and they are about equally prolific. One of them is the new and the other is girls who don't happen to be present. We discuss the men of our acquaintance from every possible point of view, exchange confidences that have been made to us, criticize them with unrestricted freedom, and wonder which of them we want to marry in what style of girls they prefer. Sometimes we are rather sharp in our criticisms, but on the whole the men get out rather easily." But when it comes to their girls—may I say so?