TRYING TO SEE MOLTKE.

MURAT HALSTEAD'S EXPERIENCE AT ST. AVOLD IN 1870.

He Fails to Get a Glimpse of the Great Field Marshal, Though He Slept in the Same Hotel with the Astute Commander—Civilians Among Soldiers.

When I was about crossing the Rhine in the first week of August, 1870, attempting to witness the invasion of France by the armies of Germany, my equipment was a belt of French gold, a Parisian silk hat and a Scotch cap, a suit of gray clothes and a brown blanket, a field glass and a traveling bag with a shoulder strap, and the bag contained a portfolio, with writing materials, some cakes of chocolate, a change of underclothing, with two pairs of socks, a bunch of cigars, a box of matches and a pocke knife with one large blade and a small corkscrew; also a combination fork and spoon, and a glass cup in a leather case. My trunks had been expressed to London, and my valise was abandoned at Mannheim.

My plan of campaign was based on the theory that the army of invasion must follow the railroads, and I camped out, as it were, in a coupe car. M. D. Conway, then of London, was my companion, philosopher and friend, and we were resolved to see the big war. We did not buy railway tickets, as there was none for sale, and our original strength was in misunderstanding orders and disregarding all expostulations. I remember to have been utterly unable to comprehend even very good English as it was spoken. Just before taking possession of a car, where we had no business whatever to be, we succeeded in purchasing a loaf of bread and two bottles of wine, one red, one white, and these were our reserved stores.

We proceeded in fine style for eight miles, when we reached the town where Thomas Nast, the artist, was born, and there, for that or some other reason, was a detention of eleven hours, occupied in literary labors.

The second night out we struck a small, wet town—Homburg—not the watering place or the great seaport—and by astonishing luck got a room with a bed in it, and it seemed that all night there was an astounding tramping in the street. This might have been a dream, but I was assured a heavy column of troops passed through and were in a hurry. A cheerful young man with a gift of tongues stated that the king and Bismarck and Moltke had been there but "the day before yesterday."

ENTERING FRANCE.

This was good news, for it was assurance that we were not too late. The cheerful young man said of course the king was known by everybody, there was no mistaking him, and Bismarck was "the man with the tiger's eye," while Moltke was tall and slender, pale and thin faced, and said nothing, but you could tell he knew everything.

We were ordered not to cross the frontier into France, but evaded that restriction by climbing into a car and distributing cigars so plenty among the soldiers that the inspecting officers did not make out that civilians were improperly present. The train in which we thus invaded France stopped within two miles of St. Avold, and walking across the country there were the king and Bismarck and Moltke apparently waiting for us. The king bowed graciously from a window above the postoffice, a two story stone house, and Bismarck, walking in front of headquarters, was told of the presence of American editors, and was at pains at once to tell them he was pleased to see them, that there was no reason why they should starve, and we were welcome on account of the millions of German blood in America.

Moltke was not visible, but I had occasion to know where he was. I was putting up at the Hotel de Paris, and that meant I was allowed to sit in the barroom and to sleep on a billiard table. The latter ceremony I managed with my Paris hat for a pillow. I had ascertained that hat must go. As it was the only one in the army, it seemed to remind the soldiers in enormous numbers of something amusing, and they grew so hilarious that their cordial manifestations became monotonous, in the sense that Mark Twain uses that word.

I should not have minded a phase of unpopularity on account of my hat, but excess of approbation was embarrassing. Therefore I concluded to use it as a pillow just once, and leave it in the house as a mysterious souvenir. It was very good as a support for the head, but somewhat stiff at first.

DISTURBED AT MIDNIGHT.

About half way between midnight and daylight I became conscious of the presence, in the door which opened on a court, of a tall man wearing a Prussian cap and buttons, and that he was asking in French whether Moltke was there. I sat up on my couch (which was a restful change of position) and the tall man and myself struggled with the language of the country. I had just succeeded in saying that Moltke was not in that room to the best of my knowledge and belief, when a man with a dripping candle emerged from what the novelists would call a secret passage and stated that the field marshal had the apartment immediately above. So I have slept under the same roof with him. It has occurred to me since that the tall man with the buttons was an orderly sent to Moltke with dispatches that the French were not trying to defend the line of the Moselle above Metz.

The next day an officer, who was pleased to air his English and carried a small volume containing Shakespeare's plays in painfully small print, told me that if I wanted to see the great general he was soon to cross the railroad by a stone bridge which carried the turnpike over it, and I placed myself by the roadside, as with a sharp turn it entered the bridge. Presently a squad of lancers appeared, their pennons fluttering under the sparkling spears, and then came a carriage drawn by four horses, guided by booted and spurred postilions, and behind it another squad of lancers. In the carriage was the field marshal, and the top that sheltered him from the sun was one that drooped, protecting the single seat.

The speed of the turnout was a rapid, plunging, clattering trot. There was a deep limestone dust on the road, and just as the carriage whirled for the bridge, where Moltke was to be fully seen face to face, the dust became a dense cloud and I saw only a pair of long, slender, highly polished boot legs. I was very sorry about that dust, for it nearly choked me besides spoiling the view. The king was often visible, and Bismarck, too, but Moltke was the one who was invisible.—Murat Halstead in Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

The Next Morning.

The night before had seen Trimkins in a very hilarious humor. When he awoke in the morning his brother asked him if he would like to see himself in a glass. He replied "Yes," and one of those convex affairs that distort the countenance out of all approach to nature was produced. "Great Scott!" was the sick man's ejaculation. Then after a pause he said, "Well, I look pretty bad, I must say, but it isn't a shadow to the way I feel."—Washington Post.

Beds are quite an innovation in Russia, and many well to do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle class people and servants roll themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

The "Water Cask" Plant.

A celebrated African traveler mentions that in crossing one of the many sandy deserts in that country he came across the only known living species of aqua bulbo, the "water cask" plant. The region it inhabits is far from any stream of water, where, as far as the eye can reach, nothing can be seen but heaps of sand. "The sight of this little green creeper, which resembles the common ground ivy in some respects," he says, "filled me with an intense longing to once more see the green meadows and cool, shady forests which we had now left at least 300 miles behind.

"For four days we had not seen even so much as a spear of grass or a dried up cactus, the latter having been quite plentiful the week before. The botanist of the company, in examining one of the plants found thus unexpectedly growing in the center of a sandy African desert, noticed what he supposed was a green bulbous fruit growing under the thick leaves of the creeper, almost resting upon the sand underneath. In making an effort to pluck one of these for preservation it burst with a smart report, throwing water in the face and over the clothes of the intruding naturalist.

"Here, surely, we had a first class wonder—a plant growing in the desert with no other green thing in sight, carrying its own water bags with it. Parvin, our chemist, analyzed the water found in some of the bulbs picked for his inspection, and declared it to be absolutely pure, as much so as distilled rain water. Each bulb or berry contained about two to four tablespoonfuls of water. As it happened, we had a supply of water sufficient for our journey and to spare, but Williamson, the botanist, and Parvin, the chemist, with all the enthusiasm of true scientists, plucked about a quart of the water berries and extracted the water, something over a pint, and drank it with apparent relish."

The Standstill Family.

A very numerous family are the standstills. One runs against them constantly, for they are in everybody's way, including their own. They plant themselves right in the middle of life's busiest thoroughfares and wait there, motionless as statues, expecting that fortune will eventually take them by the hand and lead them by flowery paths to brownstone palaces. Fortune has no such intention. She is a brisk fairy, and as a rule avoids sleepy people. If she bestows anything upon them as she hurries by with her active favorites it is generally a scornful kick. People who strike while the iron is hot enlist her sympathies, but the indomitable, irrepressible fellows who make the iron hot with striking are her especial pets and proteges.

What would the world be now if it had been always in the hands of standstills? Thank the powers of progress in all Christian lands, and especially in this, the pushers are lords of the ascendant. Even the weaklings of that earnest class—men of inferior muscle and limited capacity—are more than a match for the entire mass of stalwart do-nothings. A dwarf with an energetic will can walk over a hundred purposeless six-footers.

Even the Tom Thumbs of the world of action are everywhere storming and carrying the strongholds of the standstills, and the time is not far distant when nothing will remain of the giant blunderbores of conservatism except a few moral fossils of no value save to archæologists who may take an interest in tracing the decline and fall of an obsolete race.—New York Ledger.

The Death Penalty Among the Creeks.

"At the last legal execution in the Creek Nation I was present," said Mr. Leo E. Bennett, the government agent for the five civilized tribes. "The details were very different from an execution in the army. A squad is detailed, and some of the guns are left unloaded, so nobody can tell who fires the fatal shot. At this Creek execution the condemned man was seated on the ground with his back against a tree and his legs stretched out in front. He was not bound to the tree nor were his hands tied. Just before the execution some one put a bandage over his eyes, but the prisoner tore it off and threw it away.

"Perhaps the strangest part of the proceedings was the selection of the executioners. That was left to the condemned man. He was told to pick out the two men whom he wanted to do the shooting. Strange to say, one of his selections was his cousin. Both men were from the light horse of the nation. The two men, without any unnecessary delay, walked out in front of the condemned man twelve or fifteen feet, knelt down, leveled their revolvers, steadying their barrels with their left hands, and fired. Both bullets struck the left breast over the heart and not more than an inch and a half apart. The man fell over on his side, and in a few seconds was dead."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Sheridan Used an Idea.

Perhaps the wittiest of Sheridan's retorts was delivered, as it seemed, offhand in the house of commons. He said that Dundas resorted to his memory for his jokes and to his imagination for his facts. Unfortunately for the extempore reputation of this jest, it is found set down in Sheridan's note book years before. He jots down the happy thought, "He employs his fancy for his narrative and keeps his recollection for his wit." Later on he expands this into, "When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination."

After this he uses the idea to the confusion of Michael Kelly, a composer of music, who had been a wine merchant. "You will now import your music and compose your wine." Finally he lets it off with a bang in the house of commons.—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Mr. Besant Works.

In a recent interview Mr. Walter Besant is described as wearing spectacles and being clad in a black velvet jacket. He has a clear, penetrating voice and pleasant smile. His eyes are dark gray, his brow massive and heavy, while his mouth is firm and his beard thick. Mr. Besant's study is lined with books on either side. A door opens out into the garden, so that when he wants a brief rest from his labors he can take a turn and come back to work with renewed zest. He writes on blue paper (large sermon size) in a strikingly neat, clear, rather small hand. The morning is spent in work. Four or five times a week he goes into town, lunches and transacts business at the Society of Authors, or elsewhere.

What England's Army Costs.

The total expenditure on the army, out of taxes, in the case of the United Kingdom, was, in 1890, according to Sir Charles Dilke, $82,500,000, and in India the same, or $165,000,000, besides the expenditure out of loans and that of the self governing colonies, for the armies of the British empire. The colonies altogether spend for themselves about $7,500,000 a year for army purposes, in addition to the contributions made by some of them toward the imperial forces and toward marine defense.

It is one of Joseph Jefferson's peculiarities to abhor theatrical passes. He never issues one himself and doesn't want his manager to do so. Whenever he reaches a large city Jefferson goes to the box office of the theater where he is to appear and spends from ten dollars to fifty dollars on tickets to distribute among his friends.

In illustration of Darwin's painstaking methods a friend of the great naturalist states that in one instance he employed a clerk for several weeks at an expense of fifty dollars in making investigations, and that the result was condensed into three lines in his great work on the "Variation of Animals."

FUTURE RAILROADING.

ENGINES WITH A THIRTY FOOT DRIVER AND A WIDE GAUGE.

A Trip from New York to Chicago in Four Hours, at the Rate of 300 Miles an Hour, and No Stops Between—A Prophecy That May Not Be Fanciful.

Ten years from now there may be only one railroad in this country, to which trunk lines will be feeders.

The Americans of the near future must travel faster.

There are no reasonable grounds for believing that the present record of locomotive speed can be improved upon while the gauge and rolling stock continue as they now are.

The diameter of the locomotive driver wheels must be increased to secure greater speed, but master mechanics are not at all agreed as to how this can best be done.

The enlargement of the drivers beyond seven feet would necessitate a widening of the gauge, and this experiment is not likely to be repeated while the present forms of rolling stock are in use.

But sixty miles an hour is not fast enough for the American of today. The locomotive has probably attained the maximum of its efficiency. It makes a more economic use of steam than any other form of engine. The marine engine loses 94 per cent. of the latent energy in the coal, but the locomotive utilizes fully 33 per cent. of it. Therefore the problem is not to improve the locomotive, but to enlarge its capacity to get over the ground.

A NEW ERA FORESHADOWED.

This can only be done by some radical change in the form of the roadbed and the rolling stock. To increase the diameter of the wheels is the first requisite. This will necessitate a widening of the permanent way. Suppose the driver wheels to be thirty feet in height, the gauge ought to be twenty feet. The rails would have to be a foot high, and ought to weigh a ton to the rod. They will be bolted to ties made of the largest tree trunks obtainable. Mammoth "fish plates" will join them end to end.

The cost of construction will be trebled. Bridges and viaducts will have to be built of the heaviest material, and tested to bear the weight of a 200-ton locomotive! The heaviest engines on the Pennsylvania railroad used in the passenger service weigh forty tons, and one five times as large will give power enough to pull the great cars that will travel on 30-foot wheels.

The gigantic engine will be suspended below the axles, instead of resting upon them. The boiler will be built around the axles, and the smokestack will not be higher than the tops of the driver wheels. The cab will be very commodious, and located just behind the smokestack atop the boiler. Several firemen will be required, and they will be provided for on a platform at a lower level on the rear of the engine.

FIGURES DON'T DECEIVE.

If the same number of piston strokes can be obtained by thirty foot driver wheels per minute as attained by an engine with six foot wheels, the increase in velocity will be as ninety feet are to eighteen feet. In other words, the train will travel exactly five times as fast. If the best speed of the present passenger locomotive be sixty miles per hour it may be hoped that the engine of the future will attain 300 miles per hour. Strange as it now sounds, it will then be possible to run out to Chicago after breakfast, take luncheon there with a friend and return to sleep in New York. Chicago ought to be about a four hour run. The track will be kept absolutely clear, and there will not be any stops except to change engines at a half way point.

Of course such a road can only be made to pay between great cities like New York and Philadelphia, Chicago or Boston. In another generation there will be ten cities in this country with a million people each. The saving of time will stimulate traveling, and every train will be filled. The engines will burn a tremendous lot of coal, but the cost of driving the train will be about the same as at present, because the time consumed will be a mere fraction of what is now requisite. Nobody will travel long distances by the old lines. There will not be any competition offered by the existing systems of transportation.

This brings us to a consideration of the cars. They will be 18 feet wide and probably 150 feet long. The most scientific artificial ventilation and heating apparatus will be adapted to the case. Of course no windows can be left open on a train going 250 miles an hour. They will have to be closed with the heaviest plate glass—double windows, in fact. The structure of the cars will be much the same as those of today.

LESS DANGEROUS.

They will be built wholly of iron and steel. The walls will be steel plates, and the interior finish and furnishing will be beautiful and luxurious. The size of the cars will insure a single compartment for every traveler. An aisle will run through the car, and the staterooms will be arranged on each side thereof, shut off by a curtain or wickerwork door. These rooms will be seven feet in width and provided with a large easy chair or sofa. The trains will be vestibuled, so that it will be quite possible to pass from one car to the other.

It is very doubtful if the element of danger will be increased. The cars of steel can be made of such form and braced in such manner as to render them less liable to go to pieces in case they leave the rails. Collisions will be impossible, because trains will never be permitted to follow each other within half an hour, and not even then until the preceding train has passed the station, situated at least thirty minutes' time distant, says 100 miles. Double tracks will be the rule, not the exception.

Difficulties about stopping the trains when once under headway will occur, but they will be met by improvements on the brakes that will render the gigantic machinery as tractable as any now in use. An ingenious system of signals will be devised, the bell and whistle no longer being useful, because they cannot be relied upon. They will be drowned by the noise of the monster train.

The local service of the present roads will be utilized for intermediate points. If a man wants to go to Detroit he will run through to Chicago in four hours and thence to his destination by an express. Cleveland and Pittsburg will be reached by regular train from the station at which the halt is made to change engineers.—Cor. New York World.

His Name Is Legion.

"He can't live comfortably in the country. He's too much given to anachronism."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"He goes for trains at the wrong time."—Puck.

Thor was god of the chase, and was represented as being seated on a couch of skins with twelve stars over his head and a scepter in his hand. Thursday, or "Thor's day," was the day Thor was worshiped.

Father and Son.

Father—Want an excuse, eh? An excuse for being late to school, eh? What were you doing with yourself, sir—playing marbles?

Small Son—No sir, I couldn't find my overshoes.

Father—You couldn't, eh, you careless boy! They were where you left them, of course. You ought to be thrashed for——

Servant—Please, sir, Mr. Nextdoor wants to know if you're ready?

Father—Yes—yes, of course. Right away, right away. Where in creation is my hat?—Good News.

Do Beasts Have Souls?

There is much good argument in the literature of the world to prove that many of the most eminent scientists, theologians, philosophers and divines have believed in the immortality of the "beasts of the fields." One of the earliest records of such a curious notion may be found in the pages of the Bible. See Ecclesiastes iii, 18-21. In the verses named we find the following:

"I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no preeminence above a beast. All go unto one place; all are of the dust and unto dust all return. Who knoweth the spirit of the man that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

In the above quotation Ecclesiastes does not positively declare that animals are to have a future existence, but he very plainly says that they have the same chances in that respect that the human family has. This was also the belief of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and of those eminent Christian bishops Jeremy Taylor and Bishop Butler. Coleridge advocated the same doctrine in England, Lamartine in France and Agassiz in America. The last named gentleman, the greatest scientist we have ever had on this continent, and a man of profound religious convictions, was a firm believer in some future life for the lower animals.

A professor at Harvard has completed a list of 185 European authors who have written upon the subject. Among the leading clergymen of this century who have publicly expressed their belief in a future life for animals are Joseph Cook and James Freeman Clark. At a recent trial a well known judge declared that one-half the human race believed in the same curious idea.—St. Louis Republic.

True to His Church.

In Greenfield Meadows, Mass., about 1848, lived one Edwin Smead, a farmer, whose dog was as constant as his master in attendance at the old First church. The meeting house contained a high pulpit, which was approached by winding stairs in front of the gallery containing the singers. When the congregation entered the church the old dog, with the utmost gravity of manner, always climbed the pulpit stairs and composed himself for a nap.

About 1851 alterations were made in the meeting house. The seats were turned around, a platform was erected at the other end of the church, and a modern desk was placed upon it.

When the day came for the reopening of the church the old dog walked in with the rest, and wearing an expression of deep disgust at the changed appearance of things, sought the stairs leading to the old pulpit, which, alas! had disappeared forever. He walked up one aisle and down the other, looking disturbed, and apparently aware that he was the object of ill-suppressed merriment, until at last, hearing the voice of good old Doctor Chandler in the opening services, he reluctantly and shamefacedly mounted the modern platform and composed himself to sleep.

Not long after this Mr. Smead died, and his farm was sold to Mr. Parmenter, a good Baptist deacon, who attended his church in the village.

The dog stuck by the farm, but did not take to the new religion. Every Sunday morning when the family started for church he was ready, and trotted along by the side of the wagon until he came to the place where the road branched off toward the Congregational meeting house. At that point he parted company with the family and stood by his own creed.

For some years longer the old dog was the most constant member of that society, never missing attendance upon the Sunday services, rain or shine, until his dog days were ended.—Cor. Youth's Companion.

How to Kill the Hoodoo.

A solemn, discouraged looking man sat in the Bingham House looking vacantly at nothing and wishing he were dead. He was about the most miserable, unhappy individual in four states, and he sat there for a couple of hours before his face suddenly lighted up with pleasure. Suddenly he took off his hat, turned it around three times, and then walked off as full of joy as a green apple is of cramps. A bystander asked him what caused this sudden change from unhappiness to joy, and he answered:

"I've had the worst kind of luck all day. Everything has gone against me, and I couldn't understand why until a moment ago, when I recollected that early this morning I met a squint-eyed woman on the street wearing a straw hat. Of course that's the worst luck a man can have on the face of the earth. And I have actually forgot how to kill the hoodoo. There's only one way, and that's to take off your hat and turn it around three times. I've tried every other way—eaten salt on my bread at dinner and rubbing my hands on a colored man's wool, but they ain't only one way to kill the hoodoo that travels with a cock-eyed woman wearing a straw hat, and that's to take off your dicer and turn it around three times."

The happy man winked his left eye in a knowing manner and walked off enveloped in a rainbow of double leaded joy.—Philadelphia Press.

Why Do Men-of-War's Men Fight?

"It is a curious thing, and one which I could never satisfactorily account for," said an old navy man the other day, "but if the crews of an American and British man-of-war are given leave at the same time in a foreign port the result of broken heads and noses is no more a matter of speculation than the calculation of the next eclipse. As soon as they meet a row is started, which generally ends with all hands being disabled or arrested, sometimes both.

"It frequently happens that the police interfere with the contestants. The unwritten law in this case is for the belligerents to join forces against the common enemy. I have often seen them come out victorious in their contests with the officers of the law, and, after adjourning to a neighboring saloon, begin again their interrupted hostilities.

"But it is only on neutral ground that these general engagements take place. If they meet on English or American soil each tries to outvie the other in hospitality."—New York Times.

Our River and Harbor Tonnage.

Our lake, river and coastwise tonnage amounts to nearly 4,000,000 tons. The present marvelous cheapness of water transportation is of inestimable value to the people in enabling that transportation to compete with railroads and to regulate their charges. Naturally the demand for the improvement of the lake harbors, of connecting streams and canals, and of the immense water courses of this country has increased in its importunity with the increase of this commerce; but the increasing appropriations in the river and harbor bills are not even yet one-half as large as the amounts proposed by the engineer board.—Senator Frye in Forum.

The Immovable Coin.

Place in the center of your hand when fully opened a silver dime. Then beg a friend to take a brush, and tell him that the piece of money will be his if he can brush it off from the center of your hand. Your friend will do his best, but will become very tired, as the piece will move no more from the center of your hand than if it was glued there. It is understood he cannot shake violently your hand, because the piece of money would fall off. But he must be satisfied to do exactly as if he was brushing a coat in order to gain the coin.

BUSINESS AND WRITING.

EXPERIENCE OF ONE WOMAN WHO TRIED JOURNALISM.

Some of the Reasons That Induced Her to Give Up the Unpromising Realms of Newspaper Success for the More Substantial One of Assured Competence.

It has been wittily said that the successful politician is the man who can eat sawdust without butter, and certainly such a capacity must be a large factor in all success. I have eaten a good deal of sawdust in my time, and only recently acquired the right to add the butter. Some ten years ago I was the most miserable of created beings—a woman with three children dependent upon her—no training for work or special knowledge of any kind, and I shared, in common with a good many other women, the conviction that my misfortunes gave me a certain claim upon people, and that I should make an income because it was necessary for me to do so or starve. I don't mind owning now that I came perilously near doing the latter.

Ever since I landed in New York, now over ten years ago, I have been able to find work of some sort, although it has often been miserably ill paid, and, I am afraid, of very little real value. The first thing I had to get rid of was my ambition and desire for fame as a writer. A woman with three children soon finds she must hanker after more material things than a name in literature, and the time speedily comes when, as a hack, she is ready enough to accept any kind of work and let who will have the glory, so long as she sees results in dollars and cents.

So it came to pass that, shortly after my arrival in New York, I was more than satisfied if my copy was accepted and a week's income assured, and perfectly jubilant when, by any chance, a task of compiling fell to my share which would bring me more grist to the mill. But it was a wretched existence. Many and many a day in midwinter I have tramped about Brooklyn and New York looking up openings—writing at the point of the bayonet, as it were, for a miserable dollar; and many a time and oft have I written columns of worthless trash which never saw the light at all. But every hack can tell the same story, the never ending effort to produce and the difficulty of turning the production to account after all—the miserable abortions of semi-literary life.

I might to this day be walking the treadmill of itinerant journalism but for the frankness of my friends. I had a good many of them, and they were unusually outspoken, probably because they were really sorry for me. The fault finding of faithful friends is valuable.

FAULT FINDING FRIENDS.

A publisher, whose name is a byword for philanthropy, once told me plainly that I should never succeed as a writer until I produced something worth reading, and he added, "I doubt if you have sufficient cultivation to do it!" I remember swallowing this bitter pill with tears. A still franker friend, a business man, expressed his opinion of the abominable pride that could consider it dignified to write rubbish for nothing and yet despise honorable business, adding that a successful business man could easily buy up all the authors in creation, and never miss the money, which, as I was only a hack and could not even aspire to authorship, was quite unnecessarily severe.

It is to this caustic friend I owe the fact that I am today in comfortable circumstances, and that my children are highly educated and entirely independent of me. He fell upon me with such severity that I asked what he would have me do, and was told, to my surprise, that he himself had made his money mainly by his cleverness as an advertiser—a fact which at first made no impression upon me except that of surprise that he should be interested in anything so commonplace.

It reminded me simply of atrocious illustrations and odious types, but after all there was something seductive in the idea of making money, and I finally gave ear to the suggestion that instead of killing myself in producing bad articles, which nobody wanted, I should try to produce good advertisements, which my friend assured my everybody—at least everybody in business—would want.

SUCCESS AND MONEY.

I have found much truth in his prediction. The modest card I drew up at his suggestion and sent to the leading business houses brought wonderfully prompt replies asking me to call, and all at once a comic element entered into my life, and I found myself quite suddenly in request, and for such funny things, too! about many of which I knew absolutely nothing, yet was expected, by the terms of my card, to be prepared to give advice upon. In my new undertaking I called myself a descriptive writer, and was prepared to put anything and everything into such shape that the public would be bound to want it. I very soon had my hands full.

I should say there is nothing I have not written about, from soft soap to the circulation of the blood, the latter on the understanding that the article must satisfy a committee of six gentlemen before I should be entitled to the thirty dollars I asked for it. I read it to them with a quaking heart, and came out victor, much to my surprise and theirs.

Another time I was offered ten dollars to draw up the form of a will in which a woman could cut her husband off with a dime, but, calling to carry out my instructions, I found she had forgiven him and wouldn't hurt his feelings by any such an item. Ah, well! I learned wisdom slowly but surely. The only thing I could do was to make suggestion. I could tell a business man what would be likely to bring him business. Is it any wonder, then, that I was listened to with respect, even when my suggestions had little value.

At that time, ten years ago, trade journals were not as plentiful as they are now. I started one or two, and undertook their whole management, writing the articles, printing, publishing, even circulating. I had much to learn, but the knowledge I gained soon paid in good coin of the Republic, and six months from my new departure I was offered forty dollars a week by a firm of good standing to look after the advertising. Later on, when I was free to work for others, this income was more than doubled, and each fresh experience gained was just so much stored up capital.—A Business Woman in New York Times.

MOOSIC POWDER CO.,

Rooms 1 and 2 Commonwealth Bld'g,

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MINING and BLASTING

POWDER

Made at the MOOSIC and RUSHDALE WORKS.

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ORANGE GUN POWDER

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Makes Marvelous Cures in Blood Poison Rheumatism and Scrofula

P. P. P. purifies the blood, builds up the weak and debilitated, gives strength to weakened nerves, expels diseases, giving the patient health and happiness where sickness, gloomy feelings and lassitude first prevailed.

For primary, secondary and tertiary syphilis, for blood poisoning, mercurial poison, malaria, dyspepsia, and in all blood and skin diseases, like blotches, pimples, old chronic ulcers, tetter, scald head, boils, erysipelas, eczema—we may say, without fear of contradiction, that P. P. P. is the best blood purifier in the world, and makes positive, speedy and permanent cures in all cases.

Ladies whose systems are poisoned and whose blood is in an impure condition, due to menstrual irregularities, are peculiarly benefited by the wonderful tonic and blood cleansing properties of P. P. P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

SPRINGFIELD, MO., Aug. 14th, 1893.—I can speak in the highest terms of your medicine from my own personal knowledge. I was affected with heart disease, pleurisy and rheumatism for 35 years, was treated by the very best physicians and spent hundreds of dollars, tried every known remedy without finding relief. I have only taken one bottle of your P. P. P., and can cheerfully say it has done me more good than anything I have ever taken. I can recommend your medicine to all sufferers of the above diseases. MRS. M. M. YEARY, Springfield, Green County, Mo.

Pimples, Blotches and Old Sores Catarrh, Malaria and Kidney Troubles

Are entirely removed by P.P.P.—Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium, the greatest blood purifier on earth.

ABERDEEN, O., July 21, 1891. MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: DEAR SIRS—I bought a bottle of your P. P. P. at Hot Springs, Ark., and it has done me more good than three months' treatment at the Hot Springs. Send three bottles C. O. D. Respectfully yours, JAS. M. NEWTON, Aberdeen, Brown County, O.

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To all whom it may concern: I hereby testify to the wonderful properties of P. P. P. for eruptions of the skin. I suffered for several years with an unsightly and disagreeable eruption on my face. I tried every known remedy but in vain, until P. P. P. was used, and am now entirely cured. (Signed by) J. D. JOHNSTON, Savannah, Ga.

Skin Cancer Cured.

Testimony from the Mayor of Sequin, Tex.

SEQUIN, TEX., January 14, 1893. MESSRS. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga.: Gentlemen—I have tried your P. P. P. for a disease of the skin, usually known as skin cancer, of thirty years' standing, and found great relief; it purifies the blood and removes all irritation from the seat of the disease and prevents any spreading of the sores. I have taken five or six bottles and feel confident that another course will effect a cure. It has also relieved me from indigestion and stomach troubles. Yours truly, CAPT. W. M. RUST, Attorney at Law.

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ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

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In Effect June 24th, 1894.

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205 Local Pass	203 NY Day Exp	201 Local Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday.)	202 Local Pass	204 Ontar'o Day Ex	206 Local Pass
	P M		Arrive Leave		A M	
....	7 25	....	N. Y. Franklin St.	....	7 40	....
....	7 10	....	West 42nd street	....	7 55	....
....	7 00	....	Weehawken	....	8 10	....
P M	P M		Arrive Leave	A M	P M	....
8 20	1 15	....	Hancock Junction	6 00	2 05	....
8 10	1 09	....	Hancock	6 06	2 11	....
7 56	12 56	....	Starlight	6 18	2 22	....
7 51	12 46	....	Preston Park	6 25	2 31	....
7 45	12 40	A M	Como	6 32	2 41	P M
7 38	12 25	10 10	Poyntelle	6 4[illegible]	2 50	4 50
7 33	12 18	10 04	Belmont	6 45	2 58	4 55
7 22	12 03	9 52	Pleasant Mt.	6 55	3 08	5 05
7 19	f12 59	9 48	Uniondale	f6 58	3 09	5 08
7 08	11 49	9 38	Forest City	7 10	3 19	5 18
6 51	11 34	9 15	Carbondale	7 24	3 34	5 34
6 48	f11 30	9 12	White Bridge	7 27	f3 38	5 37
f6 43	....	f9 01	Mayfield	f7 32	3 43	f5 42
6 41	11 23	9 03	Jermyn	7 34	3 45	5 45
6 35	11 18	8 57	Archibald	7 40	3 51	5 51
6 32	f11 15	8 54	Winton	7 43	3 54	5 54
6 29	11 11	8 50	Peckville	7 48	3 59	5 59
6 25	11 07	8 44	Olyphant	7 52	4 04	6 04
6 21	11 05	8 41	Dickson	7 54	4 07	6 07
6 19	11 03	8 39	Throop	7 56	4 10	6 10
6 14	11 00	8 36	Providence	8 00	4 14	6 14
f6 13	f10 57	8 33	Park Place	8 02	f4 17	6 16
6 10	10 55	8 30	Scranton	8 05	4 20	6 20
P M	A M	A M	Leave Arrive	A M	P M	P M

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f signifies that trains stop on signal for passengers.

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