

Published every Wednesday, by J. E. WENK. Office in Searnsburgh & Co.'s Building...

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... One Square, one inch, one month... One Square, one inch, one year...

Berlin is said to be the healthiest city in the world.

It is said that no less than 8000 Chicago persons mysteriously disappear every year.

Judge Henry, in Kansas City, recently decided that a man suing for his wife's debts, even if he is suing her for divorce.

It cost \$1000 to take a carload of fruit from Sacramento, Cal., to London two years ago. The rate now has been reduced to \$700.

The universal postal union was virtually completed when it received the adhesion of Cape Colony, South Africa, the only large civilized community not yet included in it.

Including stocks and bonds the railways of the United States are capitalized at \$60,000 per mile, while those of Great Britain are capitalized at \$20,000 per mile, or nearly 400 per cent. higher than in this country.

Dr. Conan Doyle picked up considerable "literary material" and \$25,000 during his trip in this country. "No wonder he finds America a great field for the successful author," exclaims the Chicago Record.

The New Orleans Picayune exclaims: "General Booth is begging money in this country for his 'Dark-est England' schemes. America takes care of enough foreign paupers on her own soil without exporting money for the purpose.

The South in 1894 raised about fifty bushels of corn to every bale of cotton. The farmer who comes out even on his cotton at present prices is fortunate. The farmer who has a surplus of corn is ahead. The salvation of the South during 1894 was its great corn and hog product. It is useless, in the judgment of the Atlanta Journal, to say more.

"The fact," declares the New York Tribune, "that the Southern farmers are going ahead in a quiet, unobtrusive way, saying nothing, but minding their business in the most exemplary manner. With a climate unapproached anywhere else on this continent, a soil unsurpassed for its natural fertility, a wealth of fertilizers under the surface, and a dogged perseverance of which they have heretofore given ample evidence, they are successfully proving their fitness to survive in the struggle for life, prosperity and happiness."

There has been a singular dearth of invention in naming the many small lakes of the West, mentions the Chicago Herald, and fine old Indian names have been deliberately discarded in order that persons of unlovely surnames might be honored geographically. The Indian names when translated are often found to embody an almost photographic picture of the lakes upon which they were bestowed. The French names that superseded some of the Indian names, and are likely to be superseded in their turn by modern commonplaces, are often pretty and historically suggestive.

According to Major H. H. C. Dunwoody, of the National Weather Service, the weather rank next in importance to the work of making forecasts. The system of gathering reports upon which the weather crop bulletins are based has been greatly perfected in recent years. The crop bulletins of the States have been improved, and are now more complete than at any previous time, and the increased circulation of these bulletins has attained simply attests their value. It is believed that there is no other class of information to which so much space is devoted in the public press to-day. A file of these bulletins for all the States for a year will form the most complete history of the weather conditions attending the growth and development of the several crops throughout the country. More than ten thousand crop correspondents are to-day co-operating with the National Weather Service through the State organization; three thousand voluntary observers are furnishing monthly reports of daily observations of temperature and rainfall; and over eleven thousand persons assist in the work of distributing the weather forecasts of the National Weather Service. This latter work has been more rapidly pushed during the past year than any other feature of State Weather Service.

With the continuation of the liberal policy toward these there will be in a comparative times no important agricultural activity in the United States, with the mail facilities, that will not be the benefit of the forecasts.

THE DAYS AND THE YEAR.

What is the world, my own little one? Our world belongs to that clock the sun. Steady its spins while the clock beats true. Days and seasons for me and you.

The pussy-willow in coat of fur; A sweet pink rose in the wind astir; A maple leaf with a crimson blush; Then falling snowflakes, and winter's hush.

A little song when the heart is glad, A little sigh when the way is sad; Whether the shadows or sunbeams fall, Sweetest rest and dream at last for all.

So this is the way, my own little one, Our world belongs to that clock the sun, And the hand that somewhere keeps the key.

Is there a hand that holds you and me, While tick-tock goes the mighty clock, And the world swings on below.

Now left—now right; now day—now night, With a tick-tock to an' fro.

—HARRIET F. BLODGETT, in St. Nicholas.

CASWELL'S EXPEDIENT.

BY EDSON KEMP.

NE evening a group of delegates to the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers sat in the rotunda at the Palmer House in Chicago, telling stories.

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick puddling of rain and mist."

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage."

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it, if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up."

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did—He stepped off the track—and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might straight through the side window of the cab!"

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of the broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I had got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air-brake, and the train was coming to a stop."

"It was just second nature to any engineer—and Jimmy Caswell knew well it would be—to know that such a human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was good cause for the engine to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't, when he saw the lantern come in; but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air-brake."

"After the train had come to a stop, and I, without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train, that boy came running up alongside the cab, panting, clean out of breath, and climbed up, all wet, into the cab. 'My gracious!' he managed to get out, pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'"

"Somebody hit me," says I; "I don't know who 'twas nor what 'twas." "I threw my lantern at you," says he, as cool as a frog.

"You did?" says I; "well, what did you do for?" "To keep you from running into the Duke," says he.

"By this time he was up in the cab, and he and the fireman were sopping my face with water. And then my head was swimming around again, and I didn't know any too well what was going on."

curve along back a little ways on that crooked line there, and after that a long, clear stretch, and he wanted to get around the second curve and warn us there.

"He was making pretty well along toward the second curve, running his head against the storm, and was just where he was out of sight of both trains—the Duke standing still and we a-coming—with woods along the inner side of the curve, so that nothing whatever could be seen of him or his lantern at that point from either train. Then suddenly he heard my train rolling up in the distance."

"He started to run, Jimmy, did, to get around the second turn in season to signal me there. It seems that he knew he had plenty of time to make the bend, as he owned up afterward, but he wanted to be mighty sure."

"Just as he started up, what do you suppose happened? A stronger gust of wind than any of the rest come whistling through the scrub, and that and the motion of Jimmy's start to run blew out his lantern. Then my train coming along roared louder yet, for the wind was coming to him from my way."

"Jimmy wasn't at all scared. He knew he had time to strike a light. He put his fingers in his upper vest pocket after matches. No matches there. Then he put his fingers in his other upper vest pocket. None there, either."

"He heard my train roaring nearer and nearer. It was coming around the second bend. Then, he owned up, Jimmy was a good deal scared."

"He jumped right down the middle of the track in the dark toward my train, not knowing what he was going to do, but feeling that somehow or other he was going to stop the train before it went on and crashed into the express. As he ran, my headlight loomed out on him through the mist coming up around the bend."

"He called like a madman, but his voice might as well have been the squeak of a mouse. Not a sound could be heard through the racket that the storm and the locomotive made together, as you all would know very well."

"As for me, I never heard nor saw a thing on the track before me, though Jimmy stood straight in the middle of it all the while, waving the lantern with no light in it, and hollering till he was black in the face. My headlight seemed to me to be shining about a dozen feet into a kind of thick puddling of rain and mist."

"Jimmy told me that he stopped all at once, when it seemed that my headlight was not fifty feet away from him. Probably it was more than that. It occurred to him that he hadn't time to be scared. He must take time to think. So he thought; and the lives of two hundred people depended on his thinking to good advantage."

"He wondered if it would be best to throw himself down on the track and let the train go over him. He was willing to do it, if it would do any good. But he thought that the chances were ten to one that his body would throw the train off the track, whereas there was at least a small chance that if my train went on I might bring it to a stop some way in time to save a bad smash-up."

"Anyhow, he resolved not to throw himself down, but to do the thing he did—He stepped off the track—and by this time I saw him dimly by the light from the headlight—and measuring his distance coolly, he threw his lantern with all his might straight through the side window of the cab!"

"As luck would have it, the lantern got free of the broken glass before it struck me, and the bottom of it hit me fair and square in the side of the head, here, just where you see the mark. For an instant it stunned me, but by the time I had got back my senses I found that I had reversed the engine and put on the air-brake, and the train was coming to a stop."

"It was just second nature to any engineer—and Jimmy Caswell knew well it would be—to know that such a human being wouldn't do a thing like that unless there was good cause for the engine to stop. My fireman would have stopped the train if I hadn't, when he saw the lantern come in; but he says that he hadn't more than heard the crash of the lantern through the window before he saw me jump for the throttle and the air-brake."

"After the train had come to a stop, and I, without knowing what had really happened, was wiping the blood off my face and thinking that somebody had tried to kill me and wreck the train, that boy came running up alongside the cab, panting, clean out of breath, and climbed up, all wet, into the cab. 'My gracious!' he managed to get out, pretty soon, 'did I hit you?'"

"Somebody hit me," says I; "I don't know who 'twas nor what 'twas." "I threw my lantern at you," says he, as cool as a frog.

"You did?" says I; "well, what did you do for?" "To keep you from running into the Duke," says he.

the side of the track I should have taken you for some fool of a tramp, and like as not paid no attention to you, and gone on at full speed around that next bend. But, says I, 'you'd better go on to your own train now.'

"I wish some of you fellows would lend me a lantern," says he.

"I looked at his lantern, and saw that the glass had smashed when it went to the cab floor after hitting me."

"What's the matter?" says I. "Haven't you any more lanterns on your train?"

"I'd rather go back with one," says he.

"That made me laugh. He wasn't going to let on but what he'd stopped my train in the regular way. And I don't believe he did. There was no occasion to report to anybody. That boy wasn't after any hero's honors, or any of that kind of business."

"But of course it came out, because, if I didn't ask for any leave, I had to go around for quite a spell with my face all plastered up."

"D'or down to Yarmouth fixed me up all right. Jimmy offered to pay the bill, but bless you, I'd never let him do that, even if the doctor had charged me a cent, which he didn't."

"I was mighty glad to get out of that scrape with a scar on my face, and I reckon it won't amount to much after it's bleached out."

"How's Jimmy getting on? Oh, first-rate, I guess. If they ever thought of reprimanding him for not making sure he had matches with him, when he started out to signal that train, I guess they reflected that he'd shown qualities that redeemed that fault, and that the chances were that he'd make a first-rate railroad man."

"He's still breaking on the Flying Duke. But it won't take many years to see him a conductor—you can depend on that."—Youth's Companion.

The Tide Turning South. "Georgia ought to get thousands of settlers from Ohio and Pennsylvania," says "Sam" E. Webb, who has just returned from a trip to those States in the interest of the Central Railroad.

Mirror and Light on a Cuttlefish. The phosphorescent organs of a rare cuttlefish from deep water have been investigated by Joulin. It comprises what the author calls a mirror and an apparatus for producing light.

A Cold Light. The recent investigations of Professor Ebert form an interesting sequel to the researches of Tyndall on the production of electric light with the minimum amount of heat.

Dyes From Vine-Leaves. Dyes from autumn leaves might seem a natural matter-of-course production, but until recently no such thing has been thought of.

Scientific and Industrial. The human skeleton, exclusive of the teeth, consists of 205 bones.

The Merry Side of Life. Stories that are told by the funny men of the press.

Odd or Even—Interested—After Reading—Wouldn't Pop—Nothing in It, Etc., Etc.

"Hast thou a lover?" asked the swain, "Oh, maiden of the Blue."

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice girl—and she's worth her weight in gold."

Ada—"Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?"

Mrs. Goodfeed—"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Guest?"

Jessie Fudley—"The latest fad is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible."

She—"These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?"

Mr. Van Bullion—"Is your mistress in?"

When the waiter brought in the guest's breakfast he set a cup of coffee down by his plate, and the guest picked it up and took a sip.

Her Father—"So you have had a proposal, my daughter?"

Her Father (breathlessly)—"Did you accept him, my dear?"

Her Father—"Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine."

Her Father—"I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter."

Her Father—"Fall on my neck, my angel child; you are the rarest treasure of them all."—Truth.

Have you seen the full moon Drift behind a cloud, Hiding all of nature In a dusky shroud?

Have you seen the light snow Change to sudden rain, And the virgin streets grow Black as ink again?

Have you seen the ballroom When the dance is done And its tawdry splendor Meets the morning sun?

Ada—"Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?"

Mrs. Goodfeed—"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Guest?"

Jessie Fudley—"The latest fad is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible."

She—"These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?"

Mr. Van Bullion—"Is your mistress in?"

When the waiter brought in the guest's breakfast he set a cup of coffee down by his plate, and the guest picked it up and took a sip.

Her Father—"So you have had a proposal, my daughter?"

Her Father (breathlessly)—"Did you accept him, my dear?"

Her Father—"Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine."

Her Father—"I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter."

Her Father—"Fall on my neck, my angel child; you are the rarest treasure of them all."—Truth.

A CHANGE. Have you seen the full moon Drift behind a cloud, Hiding all of nature In a dusky shroud?

Have you seen the light snow Change to sudden rain, And the virgin streets grow Black as ink again?

Have you seen the ballroom When the dance is done And its tawdry splendor Meets the morning sun?

Ada—"Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?"

Mrs. Goodfeed—"Will you ask a blessing, Mr. Guest?"

Jessie Fudley—"The latest fad is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible."

She—"These glasses are not strong enough for me. What comes next to number two?"

Mr. Van Bullion—"Is your mistress in?"

When the waiter brought in the guest's breakfast he set a cup of coffee down by his plate, and the guest picked it up and took a sip.

Her Father—"So you have had a proposal, my daughter?"

Her Father (breathlessly)—"Did you accept him, my dear?"

Her Father—"Not for jewels and precious stones, papa mine."

Her Father—"I had a third proposal, papa. The gentleman is an iceman in the summer time and a plumber in the winter."

Her Father—"Fall on my neck, my angel child; you are the rarest treasure of them all."—Truth.

Humor of the Day. A silent worker—The yeast cake.

United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to generate steam, known as the Hiceman-Bannerman apparatus.

Substitutes Petroleum for Coal. United States Consul Richman, at St. Gall, Switzerland, has transmitted to the State Department diagrams and a detailed description of a new device for burning petroleum to generate steam, known as the Hiceman-Bannerman apparatus.