

Lane's Family Medicine.
Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The United States produces more copper than all the rest of the world.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A German has invented a thimble of felt or gum for the use of pianists.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. Children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seat brown of Mocha or Java, but is made from pure grains; the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

The main strength of the army in the Philippine Islands consists of regulars.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Strial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

In 1890 there were about 250,000 Indians in the United States.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

In all the countries consumption carries off the most people.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNY PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

The maximum weight of freight locomotives is now 218,000 pounds.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Campbell's Malarial Specific.
Guaranteed cure for all Malarial diseases. At all druggists, or sent on receipt of 25 cents. J. B. CAMPBELL, Suffern, N. Y.

There are 1200 miles of telegraph wires in Madagascar.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 50c. No C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The workable area of coal beds in Colorado is 18,100 square miles.

"In Union There is Strength."

True strength consists in the union, the harmonious working together, of every part of the human organism. This strength can never be obtained if the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard prescription for purifying the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPOINTS

His Supreme Moment.

Novelists are all wrong when they mention "the time he proposed" or "the moment their eyes met" as the supreme moment of some sentimental couple. A charming woman who has been in love with her husband for five years told me how she always remembered "Tom," who, by the way, is an artist and a romantic figure at most times.

"I always think of him," she said, "as he looked once when he came into the studio after having had a long and heated argument with an obstreperous cook. He came in rubbing his hands, and his face was positively transfused. 'Lu,' he said, 'I'm successful. She's discharged us.'"—Home Journal.

Honesty is one of the national characteristics of the Finn, except among the population inhabiting the frontier districts bordering on Russia, where had example has had its usual effect.

BACKACHE is a symptom.

Something makes the backache and that something requires attention or the backache can never be permanently stopped. "I suffered for years with a long list of troubles," writes Mrs. C. KLENK, of Wells, Minn. (Box 151), to Mrs. Pinkham, "and I want to thank you for my complete recovery. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine for women."

"I had severe female complaints causing terrible backache and nervous prostration; was dizzy most of the time, had headache and such a tired feeling. I now have taken seven bottles of your Compound and have also used the Sanative Wash and feel like a new woman. I must say I never had anything help me so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I sleep well at night, and can work all day without feeling tired. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all the credit, for I know it has cured me of all my troubles. I would not do without your remedies for anything."

Mrs. E. FURTON, of Meade, Mich., writes: "Two years ago I was troubled with constant backache and headache and was very nervous. I resolved to try your medicine and took two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and on taking the third a tumor was expelled. I was a little

frightened and sent for the doctor; and he said that it was fortunate for me that it came away. I got quite well after that and have your Compound alone to thank for my recovery."

Multitudes of women suffer constantly with backache. Other grateful multitudes have been relieved of it by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine.



Coughs Lead to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough a once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Chicago has 648 churches and Philadelphia has more than 600.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot Ease.
A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Ad'r: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Mexican army comprises 3507 officers and 24,538 privates.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Among the exports of Mexico last year are to be noted two tons of dried flies.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Egypt has now about 1400 miles of railroad.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Cobra and Pigeon.
About five miles from Port Elizabeth, Natal, when out shooting, I saw an instance of the complete paralysis of a bird by a snake; and though the word "fascination" commonly used for this kind of effect without contact is perhaps wrongly employed, the case was a good example of what is usually meant by the term. Our attention was first attracted by something moving on the branch of a tree, about ten feet above the ground. We then saw it was a Cape cobra, of the deadly kind, standing erect with only the lowest coils of its tail round the branch, with its hood expanded, and swaying from side to side. On going nearer we saw, what we had not noticed before, a pigeon, sitting on the branch, about a yard from the snake. It was perfectly motionless, not crouched on the bough, but standing up, and made not the slightest attempt to fly away. We shot the snake, but neither the fall of the creature nor the report seemed to "unfreeze" the pigeon, at first. Then it did not fly, but slowly walked along the bough into the centre of the tree, where I suppose it remained until it had recovered from the shock to its nerves.—The Spectator.

No Tampering With the Press.
Our Government has been called a government by newspapers, and it is so in a very important sense. In the main the press has done its work well. It has exposed abuses, denounced corruption, insisted on a redemption of party pledges and generally stood for clean politics and honest administration. Our history is full of illustrations of its power and usefulness. Doubtless it has made mistakes and abused its privileges, but on the whole its influence has been good. And it will be a sad day when its freedom shall be seriously limited.—Newspaper Maker.

The Little Boy's Question.
It is told of a certain English Bishop that while dining at the house of one of his friends he was pleased to observe that he was the object of marked attention from the son of his host, whose eyes were firmly riveted upon him. After dinner the Bishop approached the boy and asked: "Well, my young friend, you seem to be interested in me. Do you find that I am all right?" "Yes, sir," said the boy, with a glance at the Bishop's knee breeches. "You're all right; only (hesitatingly) won't your mamma let you wear trousers yet?"

Of the cargo steamers passed through the Suez Canal last year, 1921 were British, 244 German, 86 Dutch, and 75 French.

WEARINESS OF BACKACHE

"I love roses so."
"I shouldn't think it."
"But I do. I love to choose an unopened bud and tear it apart and inhale its very soul."
"And throw it away after."
"Why keep it? But let us return to the river. The sun will soon set and we can see the glory from—"
"I must go in. Excuse me." Saying this Alice fairly flew to the door, and from there to her room. She had had a shock, and she needed solitude to measure the hurt. The man smiled gently, sauntered on to the river side and looked at the sunset alone. He could afford to wait. He was sure of her.

In the meantime things were not going well at the machine works. The engineer had always been reliable, and with him in charge of the great engine that drove the ponderous machinery all over the immense works no one gave a thought for his personal safety. But this day, no one knew how it happened, the engineer lay in a stupor on the ground, and the pressure of steam was so great that the whole place trembled as the wheels whirled around. Before the danger was discovered it was almost too late. Hundreds of lives were at stake, and there was no one to save them. John sprang to the engine to find that the safety valve was closed and out of order. He leaped up and seized the bar with his bare hands and bore his whole weight upon it—though he felt it burn its way to the very bone.

He never knew how long he held on to the bar that let off the steam, but when he regained consciousness, he was lying outside on the grass. One by one the faces he knew dawned dimly out of the mist before his eyes. After awhile they took him home and a doctor dressed the burns.

Next morning John was sitting propped up in an armchair with both

THE RIGHT SORT OF GIRL.

He told her she was sweeter than the petals of the rose.
He told her she was fairer than the lily; she shouted and pretended to turn up her pretty nose, and she answered: "Jack, I pray you, don't be silly."

Another who was richer and who knew much more than Jack
Came wooing the sweet maiden who had pouted;
He looked upon her fondly, but she only turned her back—
The love that he bestowed on her she flouted.

The man who had the riches and the brains forgot to say
That she was like a rose or like a lily; Jack came again and flattered her in his old, foolish way,
And she took him, still protesting: "Don't be silly."
—Chicago News.

IN THE SOUL OF A ROSE.

BY OLIVE HARPER.

There were thoughtful shades in the soft brown eyes of Alice Dorrance as she walked slowly along the path leading from the river's edge to the lawn. Her white dress and pale pink ribbons fluttered in the afternoon breeze, and made a sharp contrast with the vivid green around and under her feet.

Just now she was trying to solve a problem such as has been presented to most women in their time. Two men loved her, each for different qualities. John Strong had been her friend and protector ever since she could remember, and she knew his loyalty and goodness—but he was a plain, unassuming person, caring little for society or appearance. His leisure hours were given to the study of mechanics. He worked in a machine shop as though proud to wear the overalls and apron. It is true that he looked like one of the sculptured gods as he stood carving some part of a great intricate machine, but—

The other was a rich man's son, and his long, slender hands were never stained with toil.

Alice thought of both these men, contrasting them, weighing them and sometimes almost deciding in favor of one or the other. One was educated, but a workman. The other was polished, but an idler. As often as she thought she had decided some new question would force her to begin all over again. She had neither father nor mother, and lived with her aunt, who had just married a widowed clergyman with such an array of noisy children that Alice felt that she really could not bear to remain, and she could think of no better way out of the difficulty than to marry.

Life in the house near the big works where his father had lived. She would always have enough of everything, but unless John invented something valuable he would never be rich. If she married Charles Sturgess she would go to New York to see life as it is in the best society. Her imagination pictured this as an existence of fairy-like beauty with no seamy side.

Still she walked and thought, but came to no decision. She turned toward the lawn leading to the beautiful Hudson and had gone but a few paces along the path when she came in sight of Charles Sturgess standing beside a rose bush, whose buds were just unfolding. He stood a moment looking at the bush then chose the most perfect and loveliest bud of all and broke it off short without a stem.

Alice stepped forward just then, and as he bowed and spoke he tore the bud apart and pressed it to his nostrils. He held it thus for a brief space inhaling the fragrance, then cast it upon the gravel path and ground it down out of sight with his heel.

Alice felt a chill pass over her. He must have noticed, as he smiled and said:

"I love roses so."
"I shouldn't think it."
"But I do. I love to choose an unopened bud and tear it apart and inhale its very soul."
"And throw it away after."
"Why keep it? But let us return to the river. The sun will soon set and we can see the glory from—"
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Next morning John was sitting propped up in an armchair with both

hands bandaged. His face was pale and dark rings around his eyes showed his suffering, but his thankfulness for the safety of all those men overbalanced his pain. And yet there was little hope that he would ever use those hands again—hands that had become clever to fashion wonders in steel and iron. He closed his eyes.

Alice had heard the story that same night. She could not go to him. She had no right. But in the morning she saw clearer, and, rising, she went into the garden and plucked another bud from the same bush and hastened with it in her hand toward John's room. On the way she met Charles in his immaculate morning costume. Something new and decided in Alice's face caught his attention. He advanced jauntily, saying:

"May I walk with you? I suppose you are going to visit our mechanical friend?"

"Thank you, no. I am going alone."

"Ah! Well, I will say goodbye, as I leave here tonight." He watched her face and saw it clear, as if relieved.

"Then we will say goodbye," and she walked on, as if in haste.

Something like a mist came into his eyes and a choke in his throat as he murmured:

"I am sorry, for she is as good as she is beautiful, and she deserves a better fate than stagnation here."

Alice was soon standing by John's side. He opened his eyes to see her handing him a rosebud, while tears rained down her cheeks.

"What is it Alice? What troubles you?" he asked.

"Oh, John, John! I am so sorry for your hands."

"Don't cry, Allie, don't cry! They'll be well in a few days."

But Alice sunk on her knees and went on crying and kissing the bandaged hands until John put those maimed members around her and lifted her face to his. She laid the rosebud on his lips and he reverently kissed it, and as he did so it unfolded of itself to perfect beauty.—Chicago Record.

HIS PERTINENT QUESTIONS.

The Old Codger Sarcastically Categorical With His Nephew.

"H'm—yes!" ejaculated the Old Codger, sarcastically, surveying his callow nephew, who had recently graduated from the village academy. "You have come forth from school with a real stylish-lookin' diploma clinched in your hand, and several long and impressive words stickin' out of your mouth. You have graduated, all right enough, but have you learned anything? You are educated considerably, but have you got any sense?"

"You know a smattering of Latin and a smattering of Greek, but do you know where you are at? You know a little trigonometry and a few logarithms and a little about the ologies and so on and so on and so forth, but do you know anything at all about words? You are acquainted with words, but do you know men? Can you write a letter that the other fellow can read every word of and thoroughly understand what you are tryin' to get at? Can you fill out a bank check properly; and, incidentally, have you got the most remote idea how to fill up a bank account so's the aforesaid check will gain you anything better than the horse-laugh when you present it to the hawk-eyed man behind the counter?"

"Have you got it impressed upon you that it never hurts a man to witt his collar by gittin' a little honest sweat on it and that the long-green in your pocketbook is a heap sight better than long hair on your head? Have you found out how to write an ordinary promissory note so that it won't reach out in a day or hour that you wot not and skin your financial felt off over your head? Can you accurately measure lumber and your feller-men? In short, briefly and to the point, have you really learned anything but empty forms, words and phrases? I know you have a bulgin' brow on you, but so has a common, everyday snappin' turtle, only his is on his back, and I have more than once known a graduate who had less genuine wisdom behind his bulgin' brow than a snappin' turtle has under his'n. In this day and age there are too many promisin' and too few payin' young men. There are too many comin' men—what we suffer and yearn for is the got-here-already kind of men. You are educated, but have you got—aw, well, never mind! I guess you'll git along all right, anyhow; people say you take after me."—Tom P. Morgan, in Puck.

How Faure Passed the Day.

The late President Faure, unlike M. Casimir-Perier, who rose between 9 and 10 a. m., was a very early riser, says the Westminster Gazette. He was ready for his cold tub every morning at 5 o'clock, and having dressed quickly and without assistance, he went at once to his study and worked for two hours before his secretaries arrived. After breakfast he went for a walk in the Elysee park, accompanied by his wife and daughter. During this walk he smoked half a cigar and often talked to the gardeners, as he was greatly interested in their profession. Unless he was obliged to be present at an official dinner or reception, President Faure spent the evening at home, listening to the performances of his daughter Lucie, who is an excellent pianist. He retired for the night at 11.

With the Youngsters.

A little girl sat on the floor crying. After a while she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly she said, "Mamma, what was I crying about?"

"Because I wouldn't let you go down town."

"Oh, yes," and she set up another howl.—Tit-Bits.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

A relation has been discovered by Professor Dolbear and Carl A. and Edward A. Bessey between the chirping of crickets and the temperature, the chirps increasing as frequently as the temperature rises. The Besseys relate, in the American Naturalist, that when, one cool evening, a cricket was caught and brought into a warm room, it began in a few minutes to chirp nearly twice as rapidly as the out-of-door crickets, and that its rate very nearly conformed to the observed rate maintained other evenings out of doors under the same temperature conditions.

The tempering of steel with uniform results is a feat hardly to be achieved by the most expert artisan. A German inventor has devised a process for accurately obtaining a degree of hardness, the variations being affected by changes in the liquid used, and depending on the fact that graded results may be produced by the use of milk in varying forms and dilutions—that is, by fresh and skimmed milk, sweet and sour whey, fresh and old buttermilk, and different mixtures with water. The various stages of acidification of milk are also said to give all the effects of hardening in oil and other fat mixtures.

In Japan grows the mangosteen, most delicious of all fruits, if travelers' tastes be true. Stay-at-homes can never test it, for it will never bear transportation. It is, outwardly, a hard, round fruit, the size of a peach, and the rind the same color and thickness of a green walnut, and in this brown husk lie six or eight segments of creamy white pulp. The little segments are easily separated, and transferred to the mouth, melt away, the pulp being as soft and fine as a custard. The mangosteen's delicate pulp tastes, as all ecologists say, like strawberries, peaches, bananas and oranges all at once; a slight tartness is veiled in these delicious flavors, and it is never cloyingly sweet.

An ingenious Frenchman has invented a fishing gun with which he expects to revolutionize this ancient sport. The device combines at the same time the pleasure and excitement of shooting and angling, so the inventor says. The weapon is made in the form of a gun with a long iron barrel. The projectile is sent on its way by means of a powerful steel spring. It is not a bullet, but a three-pronged spear with cruel barbs and a handle twenty-eight inches long. The theory of the new weapon is that the fisherman will be able to harpoon the fish by hitting it with his spear. The "ammunition" is connected to the gun by a stout string and the fish can be towed ashore after each discharge.

Texas journals describe what is declared to be one of the most perfect of antidotes extant for the various forms of the opium habit. The plant is known by the name of husa, and is of a dull, whitish-green color, and about two or three inches long; it has at its summit a ball-like white formation, and where the flower should be this is hard, slightly lobulated, its resemblance to a small catflower being quite marked. It grows in slumps in moist, shady places, particularly on the hummocks at the roots of cabbage palms, and is of a low order of plants, above the mosses. Its use is asserted to be not only an antidote for narcotic poisons, but likewise for all snake bites, stings of insects, etc. Dr. McGregor describes it as the most diffusible of stimulants, acting immediately, and, having subjected the plant to various tests, pronounces it an infallible cure for the opium habit taking the place of opium or morphine. It is sedative, not narcotic.

Trees That Grow Bread.

The bread-fruit tree of Ceylon is very remarkable. Its fruit is baked and eaten as we eat bread, and is equally good and nutritious. In Barbutu, South America, is a tree which by piercing the trunk produces milk with which the inhabitants feed their children. In the interior of Africa is a tree which produces excellent butter. It resembles the American oak, and its fruit, from which the butter is prepared, is not unlike the olive. Park, the great traveler, declared that the butter surpassed any made in England from cow's milk. At Sierra Leone is the cream-fruit tree, the fruit of which is quite agreeable in taste. At Table Bay, near the Cape of Good Hope, is a small tree the berries of which make excellent caudles. It is also found in the Azores. The vegetable tallow tree also grows in Sumatra, in Algeria and in China. In the island of Chusan large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted from its fruit, which is gathered in November or December, when the tree has lost all its leaves. The bark of a tree in China produces a beautiful soap. Trees of the sapsindus or soap-berry order also grow in the north of Africa. They are amazingly prolific, and their fruit contains about thirty-eight per cent. of saponin.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Why Wood Crackles.

Wood crackles when it is ignited because the air expanded by heat forces its way through the pores of the wood with a cracking noise. Green wood makes less snapping than dry, because the pores contain less air, being filled with sap and moisture, which extinguish the flame, whereas the pores of dry wood are filled with air, which supports combustion.

Her First.

Adalbert—And so I am the first man that you have ever kissed?
Guinevere—Yes, Adalbert; it others all took the initiative.—Chicago News.

MARTHA.

Martha was a model woman
Wife of Moses Jacob Brown,
Finest cook in all the country,
Best housekeeper in town:
But she died and went to heaven,
'Thers to wear a martyr's crown.

Moses B. had kind and cattle,
Sheep and horses fair to see,
But a woman's help was needed,
Hiring much too dear would be;
So he came a twelvemonth later,
Courtied, won and married me.

Now at breakfast time he tells me
How she used the cakes to bake,
Dinner comes and still he praises
Soups and stews she used to make,
While for tea I hear laudations
Of her quince preserve and cake.

Now a woman's only human,
And a pretty girl when wed,
For her golden curls and dimples,
For her laughing lips so red,
Sometimes tires of endless lectures,
Each extolling one that's dead.

So I fancy some fine morn'g
"Ere my temper's quite subdued,
I shall tell him, what a pity—
He of course may think it rude—
That he isn't up in heaven
Eating Martha's "angel food."
—Lalia Mitchell, in What to Eat.

HUMOROUS.

"Father, could you please tell me what you consider fine wood?" "Why, sawdust, my son."

Sweet Sixteen—And do you want to expel students often? College 110x—Oh, no! Once is usually sufficient.

"Haven't you any faith in men Dorothy?" "Yes, I have faith in them, but I never believe a word they say."

Wayworn Watson—Mister, I am slowly starving. Hargreaves—Of course. No one would expect you to do anything in a hurry.

"Henry, we'd get along better if you had more will-power." "No, Martha; we'd get along better if you didn't have quite so much."

Stalate—Just one more kiss, darling; just one, and then I'll go! Voice from the Stair—Then for heaven's sake, Nan, give him one!

If ever there comes a time, we note,
When the winds get up and squeal,
It's when the man with the long-tailed coat
Goes out to ride his wheel.

Pendip—I don't suppose you have any confidence in faith cure, doctor? Dr. Donna—Well, to an extent, all doctors take patients on faith, you know.

He—Be mine, darling. You are the lamp that alone can light my existence. She—Yes, dear; but papa doesn't think you are a good match for me.

"Pa, what's a rebuff?" "You watch ma the next time I come home late for dinner and try to say something that will tickle her; then you'll see what a rebuff is."

"Why does he make all those motions with his arm before he pitches the ball?" "Those are signals to the catcher. The two men always work in concert." "Dear me! Is that the 'concert pitch' I've heard about so often?"

Mrs. Darlington—John, I spoke to papa about having him take you into business, but he couldn't do it, because you have too many vague ideas. Mr. Darlington—Hurrah! That's clever of the old boy. My first wife's father used to say I had no ideas at all.

It Costs Something.

"People don't think, when they are riding in our comfortable cars," says an official, "that it costs the company good money every time the train is stopped and started; this cost is a part of the regular expense of operation, though nobody seems to be able to tell exactly what it amounts to."

"An amusing variety of guesses have been made of the exact cost of stopping trains. A sensation was created a few years ago by the statement by an expert that a stop without letting off a passenger or taking on one involved an expense of from \$1.28 to \$1.70. This proved to be a ridiculously extravagant estimate. One manager believes that it costs 18 cents to stop a train. Another makes the expense 48 cents for passenger trains and 70 or 80 cents for freight trains.

"Aside from the actual cost from wear and tear and extra fuel consumption, one should take account of the danger of breakage to couplers, drawbars and their fastenings which results from stopping long and heavy freights. But when a road is crowded the saving of time is important in freight as well as passenger traffic."

"On a division of a Western road 123 miles long, some tests were made last year with freight trains weighing 1080 tons, exclusive of engine, tender and caboose. The average time consumed when fourteen stops were made was eight hours and thirty-five minutes. Without stops the time was seven hours and twelve minutes. To haul one car a mile, on an average, 3.2 pounds of coal were burned in the former case, and only three in the latter."—Bangor (Maine) Commercial.

Great Little Engine.

The smallest locomotive ever built, which actually runs by its own steam, has been constructed by George W. Titcomb, station agent for the Boston & Maine at the eastern division in Saco, Me. It is as perfect as any engine ever turned out by any locomotive works in the country. An Ohio man lays claim to the most diminutive engine ever built, but he will have to take a back seat for Mr. Titcomb. His machine is sixty inches long, while the one built by the Saco railroad man is but twenty-six inches in length. The tender has a water tank that holds about two quarts of water. The tool boxes are on the tank, and everything is made exactly the same as if the engine weighed many tons instead of less than thirty pounds. Mr. Titcomb has been about a year in constructing the pigmy locomotive.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.