

"JEST OUR JIM."

At the school examination when we sat back in the crowd, Watchin' of the small proceedings, we was goshingly proud.

An' I noticed that his mother had a tear-drip in her eye, An' my own of gray-fringed blinkers wa'n't uncomf'ly dry.

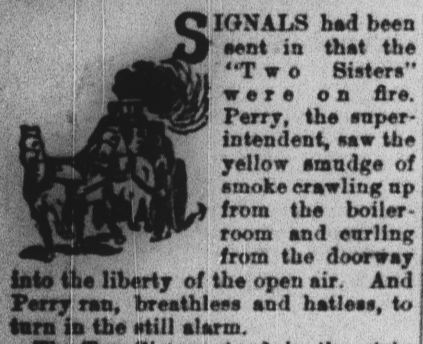
Then when me an' his o' mother went to hear a famous case, An' we saw him there a-sittin' on the bench with a solemn face.

But the golden fire o' glory seemed a-blastin' in our souls, 'Tother night when I some single Yankee Doodle from the polls.

Then when me an' his o' mother went to hear a famous case, An' we saw him there a-sittin' on the bench with a solemn face.

WHILE THE "TWO SISTERS" BURNED.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



SIGNALS had been sent in that the "Two Sisters" were on fire.

The two sisters stood in the strip of Goose Island between the Milwaukee sidings and the Chicago River.

By the time the marshal arrived the fire had crept half-way up the plank wall of the building, and the iron siding was crumbling and crisping like scorched paper.

The other truckmen followed with their lanterns and axes, and behind them toiled and struggled company fourteen men with a lead of hose.

Once inside, they scurried up a cramped stairway to the belt room at the top, which perched like a pigmy house on the broad plain of the elevator roof.

There was a score of feet away blazed the south "Sister," and there was smoke everywhere—the dense, yellow, pungent smoke of burning grain.

The fire now swept unrestrained against the north elevator, licking off the iron casing and scorching as if they had been mere tissue-paper.

"Axes!" shouted the hoarse voice of twenty's lieutenant.

"Out down that wall!" Scanlon struck a terrible blow on the springy pine boards that formed the north side of the room.

"Stand firm!" shouted Wendt. The trunkman leaped back. Wendt's big body drew itself up to its full height, his ax swung high, and then crashed against the iron.

But going down was not such an easy matter. At their feet the edge of the slate roof, built something like a mansard, pitched on a steep angle a dozen feet downward to a narrow ledge supporting the rain-gutter.

"Can you do it?" asked Wendt, without a quaver in his voice.

"I think I can," was Quirk's answer. "It's better than burning."

Quirk slid. His rubber boots struck the ledge, his body bounded up, for a moment he stood balanced like a tight-rope walker on the gutter ledge, and then he fell back on the slate mansard, safe.

A moment both men tottered on the ledge, one below and one above. A merciful burst of smoke shot up and lit up the scene from the fire below.

The other men followed without accident, Wendt last. Then began the perilous journey along the eighteen feet ledge to the stand-pipe.

From below, it seemed as if the team were standing on air. So close to the edge of the roof did the iron that the crowd saw the bottom of each foot as it was lifted.

"Steady, there," roared Wendt. "It's only the best horse—not the roof."

"Hurry! hurry!" came again the marshal's voice. A great column of water drenched a flame that had sprung out just below the gutter where Wendt stood.

Wendt grasped the stand-pipe, now almost burning hot, and slid. An instant later he was on his feet, his eyes were stung, his hands were raw with burns.

There the incident ended. It had lasted just twenty minutes—from twenty minutes after a great column of water drenched a flame that had sprung out just below the gutter where Wendt stood.

Two firemen ran forward with their helmets and the heat and dragged Wendt away. His hair and his eyebrows were singed. His hands were raw with burns.

It Was Occupied by French or Spaniards Two Centuries Ago.

Buried a dozen feet under a Nebraska sand hill, twenty miles west of Sioux City, Iowa, the remains of a stone fort have been discovered.

The find was made by John Hammond, a farmer, who stumbled on one corner of the fort while excavating for a drainage ditch.

The fort itself is built of hard red sandstone, much like that so extensively quarried now at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Among the weapons are several two-handed swords, the head of which was evidently a battle-axe and the wheel-like ends of which were small towers.

Canadian Boy American Fruit.

GOOD ROADS NOTES.

Waste From Deficient Care.

The best roads are sometimes severely injured by very heavy storms, but, as it rains, they do not suffer nearly as much as they should have.

There are, however, many miles of stone roads in this country which are not fitted to resist heavy rainfalls because (1) the surfaces are allowed to get rutty and to retain depressions which will hold water;

This method is neither practical nor economical; it does not keep roads in good shape, and it costs much more in the end.

To Convert the Farmers.

A shrewd League member has a scheme which he thinks is great for the purpose of winning over the farmers who oppose road improvement.

Proposed California Law.

The next California legislature will have to consider several bills looking toward improvement in that State.

American Roads Are Improving.

America is a country of poor roads, and those working for highway reform are laboring in a wise and just cause.

Items For Crusaders.

The bad road's name is "aud."

Pennsylvania Railroad Time Table

Nov. 30, 1898.

Main Line.

Southward.

Altoona & Philipsburg Connecting R. R.

CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

In effect November 27, 1897.

Eastward—Week Days.

Westward—Week Days.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.



Mrs. James Brown Potter is not only a charming actress, but a home-loving woman, who has the reputation in London of being a most delightful hostess.

Items For Crusaders.

The bad road's name is "aud."

The wheel, like many another good thing, is an excellent servant, but it is a terrible master, a death-dealer.

Scene in the Valley de Mendiz, Portugal.

Group of Girls Carrying Wicker Baskets Full of Grapes to the Winery to be Crashed and Made into Wine.



The Speer Wine Company, Passaic, N. J.

have their vineyards stocked of the same grape, the only vineyard of the kind in this country, the vines were imported and planted here over forty years ago.

A close study by physicians on the effect of different brands of wines on the system convinces them of the superiority of the Speer Passaic wines for their patients.

Pittsburg & Eastern Time Table.

To take effect Nov. 21, 1898.

Westward.

Eastward.

Beech Creek Railroad.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Co. Lessee.

Condensed Time Table.

Nov. 30, 1898.

Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Ry.

On and after Nov. 20, 1898, trains will leave Beech Creek Depot, Clearfield, daily except Sunday, as follows:

For tickets, time tables and full information, call on or address: