

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed,
Over land and over sea
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where's the road that she must travel
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar
With To-day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious signposts
Tell of ways and where they lead
And her heart upbraids her sorely,
Though she did not mean to stray
When she fell asleep last evening
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done;
And she fears she's lost some favors
That she fairly might have won.
So she'd like to turn her backward
To retrieve them if she may,—
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where's the road to Yesterday?
—Julio M. Lippmann, in St. Nicholas.

"CHIHUAHUA" BROWN.

BY RICHARD H. LINTHICUM.

Fortunes were found sometimes in a day at Puyres, and so Chihuahua Brown went there when the camp was first started. That was six months before the time of which I write.

Puyres was a typical mining town or "camp," far up in the Rocky Mountains.

It had grown in six months from one log cabin to a town of a thousand inhabitants. It was a rough, unpretentious town, both as regards its buildings and a large number of its citizens; but under the duck suit of the miner there are more honest hearts, more noble and generous natures than will be found in almost any other calling in life.

It is a noticeable fact about a new mining camp that the most high-sounding titles are applied to the most common-looking structures; the cheapest place always has the grandest name. For instance, the Delmonico restaurant was the worst of all the eating establishments in Puyres, and the Windsor Hotel offered the poorest accommodations of any hotelery in the place.

The cleanest, most home like eating-house in the place was Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. Bridget McGuire was a lively, bustling Irish woman, with a red face and hair a shade lighter. She was popular with "the boys," as she called the miners who patronized her place. "We can always get plenty on our forks at Mrs. McGuire's," was the usual sentence of praise bestowed upon her establishment.

"Chihuahua" Brown boarded with Mrs. McGuire. He was a quiet, retiring sort of a man. No one knew much about him, except that he once had some mining property near Chihuahua, Mexico. There was another Brown in Puyres, so he was given the sobriquet of "Chihuahua," to distinguish him from the other Brown. He paid his board promptly, and was highly esteemed by Mrs. McGuire, who sometimes spoke of him as "the widow woman's friend," on account of his once having loaned Mrs. McGuire \$200 without security, when the good-natured Irish woman first started in business. Now she was beyond the need of financial assistance, and was doing a flourishing business—such a large business, in fact, that she had been obliged to send to Denver for additional help to wait upon the table. The "help" duly arrived upon the stage and created a sensation in Puyres. The first general description was given out by the stage driver, "Fairplay Bill," to a deeply interested throng of listeners at the Silver Bear saloon.

"She came up on the stage along side of me," said Bill. "There was three girls for the dance hall, besides. When we got to the first station, at Turkey Creek Canyon, she asked if she could ride on the seat with me; she did so admire the scenery. I took her up beside me on the box, and you never heard a girl go on so about the color of the sky, and the trees and rocks, and the wild flowers bloom in the mountain side. She pointed out things to me about the scenery I never see before. I never see a girl so gone on scenery. She really did enjoy it. I got so interested, hearing her talk, I got purty near slidin' the whole outfit down the mountain, as I came round Dead Man's Curve. She's different from any biscuit shooter ever I see."

"Purty? She's purtier than that night leader o' mine, but she don't put on as much style as Kitty does, especially when she's just been hitched up, 'n' anxious to go. Purty? Ever see 'em pictures 'bout a woman raisin' up out the sea? Ever see that picture of 'Rumyo and Julia'? She's purtier than either one of 'em. I've carried many a bash slinger in my time, but I never see one like her. Most of 'em's got their hair cut short and curly, 'n' act fresh. She's different; long hair, blacker 'n' a dark night in the canyon; big eyes, roses in her cheeks; she's a lady, that's what she is. I could tell that first time I see her."

This was how Doris Ware came to Puyres to be the "help" at Mrs. McGuire's restaurant. It was not strange that the business of the restaurant increased. Mrs. McGuire's new waiter girl was very, very pretty, and a pretty face is an attraction anywhere, but especially so in a new mining camp, where women constitute a very small minority of the population.

It is not strange either that many of Mrs. McGuire's boarders fell in love with Mrs. McGuire's waitress. There was quite a noticeable sprucing up in the way of general appearance among the boarders. Two or three of "the boys" affected bright colored ties, and when they came to their meals they were particular about washing their faces very clean. They seemed to put more than

the usual amount of water on their hair and combed it back slicker than they had been in the habit of doing. All this seemed to have no effect upon Mrs. McGuire's help. She was as demure, retiring and modest as when she first arrived. There was one boarder who loved the pretty waiter-girl with the consuming passion of a secret affection. He scarcely dare raise his eyes to her, he was so diffident. The flutter of her dress was sufficient to cause every nerve in his body to tremble. If she spoke to him he was sure to put a lump of butter in his coffee or sprinkle sugar all over his plate during the ensuing moment of confusion. This boarder was "Chihuahua" Brown. He was reserved in his manner, so quiet and gentlemanly that Doris was naturally attracted to him. They became friends and gradually "Chihuahua" Brown learned of the past life of Doris Ware. Her father had been a man of wealth; he was a speculator. A bad investment had left him almost penniless. He lacked the moral courage to face adversity and in a moment of desperation and despondency he blew out his brains. The shock almost killed his wife, a woman of a delicate, nervous temperament. His daughter Doris rose superior to the occasion. She supported her mother from the rather small wages she earned in a store. One day she read an advertisement in a Western paper:

"Ten girls wanted for light, easy occupations in the mountains; wages \$25 per week." With such large wages she could comfortably support her mother. The amount was more than twice as much as she had been receiving. She had used her meagre savings to come West, only to find that "the light, easy occupation" for which the ten young girls were wanted was to serve beer in a dance-hall in Leadville. Being almost without money she took the first place she could get; it was her present one—waitress in Mrs. McGuire's restaurant.

"Chihuahua" determined that the girl should not longer work in the restaurant. But what could he do? There was no other occupation in which she could engage and remain in Puyres, and he could not bear the thought of sending her away.

Well, there was one thing which ought to be done, if it could be done. One September morning "Chihuahua" Brown bade adieu to Puyres for a short time and went up to his mines on Snow-shoe Mountain. Before going he laid in a large supply of writing paper, some big, thick pointed pens, a bottle of ink and some blank mining deeds.

The miners working adjoining claims noticed that "Chihuahua" Brown was paler than usual. His manner was less reserved. He was nervous and excited at times. He sat up late at night writing and always concluded by tearing up what he had written. One night when he was thus engaged, one of the men working on the night shift came to the door and yelled:

"Chihuahua! Chihuahua! come into the mine and look at the stuff we've got in there—we've struck it big."

"Chihuahua" hurried into the mine.

It was a beautiful September afternoon in Puyres. The mountains were covered with wild flowers, and here and there the sides of the monster hills had been touched by the frost, transforming verdant hues into purple, crimson and gold. Doris went for a stroll early in the afternoon. She gathered the flowers as she went along, and almost every step revealed some new beauty of the floral kingdom. Her mind was not so much upon the flowers as it was upon him—big, bearded, honest, manly "Chihuahua" Brown. She had received a letter from her mother that morning, in which a remittance of \$100 was acknowledged. The letter to her mother had been sent by "Chihuahua" Brown, and he had stated therein that the \$100 was a part of the proceeds from a mine in which Doris had an interest with him.

The money was badly needed by the mother, and her gratitude was almost extravagantly expressed.

Doris strolled on, thinking of the generosity of "Chihuahua," and the secret, delicate method he had taken of showing it.

It was time to return. The shadows began to gather on the mountains, and darkness would soon be upon her. She started back to the trail; but, alas! there was no trail where she thought it should be. Again she located in her mind's eye the place where she had left the trail in her search for flowers, but there was no trail when she arrived there. It was almost dark. She realized that she was lost. Lost in the mountains; lost in a little basin, with the town of Puyres just over a small ridge. But this latter fact she did not know.

Higher up in the basin she saw a light. It came from a miner's cabin. She started there. It was very much further than she thought it was. It seemed at least an hour before she arrived at the little cabin from the window of which the light streamed out upon the dark mountain. The door was slightly open. Doris knocked. No answer. She entered the cabin.

There was a fire in the stove, for the night was chill. A neat looking bunk with clean blankets and covered stool in one corner. There was a mining map upon the wall. A bucket of water and a wash-basin were near the door. Candles and miners' candle-sticks were stuck in the log crevices. In the centre of the room was a table covered with writing paper. On the table was a light that had guided her to the place—a candle stuck in the mouth of an empty bottle.

What was this? A mining deed. Maxwell H. Brown to Doris Ware, a one-half interest in the "Goodness Gracious" lode.

A letter—she must not read it. Her name? Why, what could this mean? "Dear Miss Doris"—so the letter began. Then she read:

All my life I have been going it alone, and I'm getting tired of it. I want a partner, I mean—and that's you. I took you into partnership on the "Goodness Gracious" lode last month. Will you be my

partner for life, and have a regular warranty deed made out by Parson Wilson? I never was in love till I met you. I don't know how this affair will pan out, but I don't think I'll be able to winter through without you. I know my love ain't worth as much to you as yours is to me, and if you say you will be my wife, I'll try and make the bargain even by throwing in the whole "Goodness Gracious" mine and the "Small Potatoes," which is an adjoining claim. Answer me quick. If I don't get an answer, I'm afraid I'll hurt some of the boys, because I don't know what I'm doing half the time. Please marry me—will you? And oblige, yours respectfully,

MAXWELL H. BROWN.

Just as Doris finished reading she heard a step, a heavy step, at the door. She grabbed the pen and wrote in large letters at the bottom of the sheet:

My answer is yes.—Doris.

Some one was bending over her. Some one had seen her write. Some one saw that plain, big "Yes," and she was gathered tight in a pair of strong arms, and felt a fervent kiss upon her lips.

Another step at the door. It was "Galena" Mike, a miner.

"Chihuahua," he said, "there's an eight-foot vein of that stuff, and it will run at least \$1000 to the ton."

"Chihuahua" did not answer Mike, but Doris heard him say:

"I wouldn't give one minute like this for 8,000,000 tons of it."—New York World.

Cultivating the Appetit.

Altogether too much time and talk are expended on what we shall eat and what we shall drink. Dainty dishes are all very well in their way, but in many families their preparation seems to be the chief end and aim of existence. No sooner is one meal cleared away, than plans are laid for something new and appetizing for another.

What to eat forms the subject of conversation in little gatherings of all sorts. Of course, cooking-schools and the general interest in culinary matters have something to do with this, but the subject, like all others, is in very great danger of being overdone. Especially is this the case where there are young and growing children. They gather from all that is going on about them that eating seems to be the principal interest of the family and friends, and it is not difficult to see to what this will lead. The little appetites are pampered, and the minds are filled with fastidious notions about dishes and the way to serve them.

Too much importance cannot be attached to good, plain cooking and the proper preparation of food, but eating should not at any time form the principal subject of conversation. It is not considered good form to talk about one's food while at table; there are topics of conversation much more desirable, and some pains should be taken to introduce some agreeable and interesting subject at the outset of the meal. Do something, do anything to avoid the unnecessary tirade about what to eat and how to prepare it. That sort of thing is well enough in its place, but is by no means a proper subject for general discussion.

—The Ledger.

How Korean Troops Are Drilled.

On the recent arrival at Chemulpo, Korea, of the United States steamer Marion, Commander Gridley, accompanied by three of his officers, paid an official visit to Seoul, where they were the guests of United States Minister Augustine Heard, at whose request His Majesty, King Li Fin, granted a private audience to the officers and assured the commander of his friendship for the United States. The officers were also invited to witness the drill of a battalion of Korean soldiers, whose military bearing was especially noticeable, as were also the precision and excellence of their drill.

Two companies of 130 men each took part in the evolutions, which were performed according to Upton's tactics. The manual of arms, wheelings and marching in quick and in double time were admirably performed. The file closers all carried long handled clubs, or paddles, instead of rifles, like the rest. The officers' curiosity regarding the use of these paddles was soon satisfied. A poor devil in the rear rank, who brought his piece to "shoulder arms" instead of "order arms," was instantly knocked upon by two burly file closers, knocked down and given a beating that must have made his bones ache for a month. He made no more mistakes that day. This interesting diversion was repeated several times.—New York Herald.

Pests of Australian Farmers.

The Australian farmers have many enemies to fight against, besides those which have been imported into the country, like the rabbit. Large fruit eating bats do much damage to the orchards, and it is no pleasant sight for the industrious agriculturist to see devouring swarms of these so-called flying foxes advancing on his crops of an evening. Wild dogs were formerly very numerous, but they did so much damage that they were destroyed without mercy. On large plantations a man is kept whose sole work is to lay out poison for them. One of the greatest annoyances in certain parts of Australia is the poisonous nettle or "stinging tree." It is so poisonous that if its beautiful heart shaped leaves are only put in motion they cause one to sneeze. They are covered with nettles on both sides, and a sting from them gives great pain. Horses wounded by them roll at it mad with pain, and if they do not at once receive attention they will in this way kill themselves.—Chicago Times.

Parental Influence.

As a general rule a child's taste, opinions, character and trend in life, and even its permanent destiny, are practically shaped before the child is seven or eight years of age. The failure of the parents rightly to instruct and train it in those early years, both by teaching and example, by constant watchfulness and loving care, can never be made good by a lifetime of devotedness in later years.—Detroit Free Press.

BUCKING INTO SNOW.

WHAT SEVERE WINTERS MEAN TO RAILROADS.

Thrilling Experiences of Trainmen on the Prairies—Improvements in Methods—Rotary Plows Which Scatter Snow Like Chaff—How the Lines Are Kept Open.

Terrors of the Drifts.

Of all seasons of the year for railroad men winter is the worst. To train and engine men it means extra work and increased hardships; to the officials added cares and anxieties; to the stockholder extra expenses and diminished dividends. It takes a much larger force to do the same amount of work in winter than it does in summer. The oil or "dope" freezes in the boxes on the cars, making the journals turn hard and requiring much more power to haul them. The snow makes a "bad rail"—that is, it makes the rails so slippery that the adhesive power of the engine drivers is reduced so that much less than the usual number of cars can be hauled up a grade and trains cannot make time. Then the ground is frozen hard, the frosty rails are more likely to break under the weight of trains, and a broken rail may cost half a dozen lives.

The whole summer is devoted to preparations for winter, an extra force of men is employed in the shops in getting motive power and rolling stock in good condition for the struggle in frost and snow. Hundreds of men are busy with steam shovels, bridge trains, and the like, getting ready for the winter. The shape, and numerous gravel gangs look after bridges and culverts. When the ground is once frozen about all the trackmen can do is to patrol the track looking for broken rails and loose bolts, and shovel snow out of frogs and



LAST RESORT OF THE OLD WAY.

switches. When a joint gets in winter it cannot be leveled up with gravel tamped under the ties. It must be "shlimed." A "shlim" is a wedge-shaped piece of hardwood board about eight inches wide which is driven between the rail and the tie until the joint is level with the rest of the rail.

But as with the first snow-storm that the trouble begins. When word is passed to the dispatcher that a blizzard is raging along the line freight trains already on the road are ordered to "tie up" at coal and water stations, passenger trains at eating stations, and trains that have not left terminal stations are "abandoned," that is, ordered not to leave.

When a train out on the road during a blizzard leaves one station and fails to report at the next in due time the dispatcher does not need to be told that that train is stuck hard and fast in a drift somewhere between the two stations. Accordingly he orders out a snow-plow and a way-out to pick up sectionmen to shovel out that train. This relief train stops at each section-house on its way to pick up the "gangs," so that it soon has a good-sized force on board. The plow, or relief train, hurries to the last station where the snow-bank is located. It then proceeds under full control until the train is found. The railroad men being familiar with the bad portions of the road, are able to make a pretty good guess as to where the lost train will be found. Upon reaching it the section men are ordered out to shovel the snow away from the wheels, the snow-plow couples on to the rear car and assists the engine hauling the train to back out of the drift. Then snow plow and train back up to the station, so as to permit the train to sidetrack and let the plow take the lead to clear the track. Or perhaps the relief train may be sent from the opposite direction—that is, meeting the snow-bound train. It depends upon which way the train can be reached the most readily. When all trains are safe everybody simply waits until the storm abates. Then comes "snow bucking." Railroads within 300 miles of Chicago, according to the Tribune, have but little "snow bucking" to do.



CENTRIFUGAL SNOW EXCAVATOR.

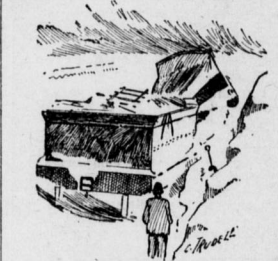
road west of the Missouri. One tale is told of a passenger train that ran into a snowdrift on "Buckhorn" Hill, a few miles south of Milwaukee, and stuck there twenty-four hours before it was shoveled out. The engine was lured completely except a small hole over the smoke-stack melted out by smoke and gases.

On another occasion the same winter six engines coupled together made a run for a drift. The snow was packed so hard that the engine carrying the plow left the rails and climbed up on the snow. When they came to a stop and got down to investigate, the other engine men found the front engine sticking up in the air at an angle of twenty-five degrees, and the engineer and fireman lying under the engine between the firebox and the tank. They were not seriously hurt.

In the good old days that veteran railroaders tell of snow-bucking was done by means of a "push-plow," which was fashioned something like the plows farmers use, except that instead of throwing the snow all to one side, as a big farmer's plow would do, it threw it

equally on each side. In other words, the push-plow consists of two concrete surfaces joined at an acute angle sloping up at an angle of forty-five degrees from a horizontal plate of steel at right angles to and two inches above the rail. The plow is constructed of heavy iron and massive timbers. It is the width of a car and the top is a level with the bottom of the headlight. It is bolted on the front of the engine where the pilot is usually carried.

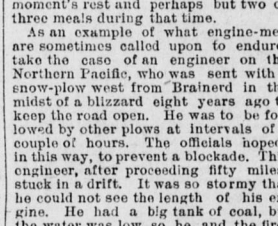
In light snow one engine is sent out



RESULTS OF BUCKING SNOW.

with the plow, again two, three, or even five engines are coupled together, according to the extent of the drifts to be encountered. The push plow simply pushes the snow to the sides of the road. The engine or engines are always run at their highest speed, for their weight and momentum are depended on entirely to carry them through the snow. Compared with the old way they would stick in the drifts and would have to be shoveled out. It is a perilous business, for the snow packs so hard out on the prairies of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota that it often throws the plow from the track, particularly if it is a side drift, with the snow on one rail and the engine on the other. Sometimes the plow slides up on top of the frozen snow without throwing the engine in the ditch. Hardships, as well as danger, are connected with snow bucking. When running fine snow sifts in through the crevices in the cars and, falling on the boiler-head, melts, fills the cab with steam. The clothes of the engineer and fireman are soon wet through, and they continue in that condition until their trip is finished. The cold air comes in through the same places that the snow does, so the men are not only wet but cold. The engineer in undon coat and constant strain to keep his engine up to its maximum capacity and watching the road. The fireman has no easier time than the engineer, for the coal soon gets so full of snow that only the most expert fireman can keep steam up to serviceable pressure. Sometimes an engineer and fireman are out from fifty-six to seventy-two hours on a snow-plow without a moment's rest and perhaps but two or three meals during that time.

As an example of what engine-men are sometimes called upon to endure, take the case of an engineer on the Northern Pacific who was sent with a snow-plow west from Brainerd in the midst of a blizzard eight years ago to keep the road open. He was to be followed by other plows at intervals of a couple of hours. The officials hoped, in this way, to prevent a blockade. This engineer, after proceeding fifty miles, stuck in a drift. It was so stormy that he could not see the length of his engine. He had a big tank of coal, but the water was low, so he and the fire-



PASSENGER TRAIN FOLLOWING ROTARY.

man took turns shoveling snow into the tank, where it was melted by the "heater"—that is a small pipe to convey steam from the boiler to the tank, to prevent the water freezing. The storm lasted fifty-six hours. All the men had to eat during that time was a small lunch. When the wind went down they found the plow had made a farm-house. There they procured food until relief came twenty-four hours later. The engineer was the only one of thirteen caught out on the road in that storm who kept his engine "alive."

Five engine-men were frozen to death. If the snow is very deep the plow is followed by a "drag-out" and a gang of 200 or 300 shovelers. A "drag-out" is another engine to pull the plow engine out of a drift when it gets stuck. On coming to a deep cut the plow stops while the shovelers are brought up to "break" the snow. This is done by digging trenches across the track at a distance of 100 feet, more or less, so that the plow may not have a solid mass of snow to encounter. Then the plow engine backs up for a mile and a half and makes a run for the cut. By the time it reaches the drift it is doing sixty miles an hour. The shock is terrific. Of the plow buries itself completely and comes to a full stop in going 400 feet. The concussion throws a ton or so of coal from the tank forward upon the deck of the engine. Sometimes it breaks the machinery so as to disable the engine, totally—so the engine men would put it—"she strips herself." Then the shovelers come up and dig the snow away, and if the engine is all right the process is repeated until that cut is clear. It used to be a process of days to clear a division with thirty engines and shovelers. Each succeeding storm made matters worse, for the snow was simply pushed aside, not thrown out of the way. By the close of a hard winter a great portion of the line would be lined on either side by precipitous cliffs of snow. Sometimes these cliffs become so high that the only way fresh drifts could be cleared away was by shoveling the snow upon flat cars and hauling it out to a place where it could be got rid of.

But methods of snow bucking have improved with other branches of railway service. In 1896, J. S. Leslie, of Brooklyn, an employee of the Railway Mail Service, perfected a rotary plow which was designed to cut and throw snow from the track as nearly like the shovel in human hands as it is possible to utilize steam power. This first rotary plow made its trial trip on the Union Pacific Rail-

road in the winter of 1888 and 1887, making a record of 3,000 miles through snow that sometimes reached a depth of fifteen feet, at a cost of 16 1/2 cents a mile for operating both rotary and pusher. This was remarkable when compared with the cost of the old methods of snow bucking. The rotary has been improved since then until it is considered perfect. Now an entire division can be cleared of snow in a day without discomfort to the men who do the work. The plow simply starts from one end of the division and keeps going at the rate of twelve to twenty miles an hour to the other end, and that is all there is to it. When it goes through a drift it opens a roomy passage, throws the snow entirely out of the way, and "flanges every foot of road. Flanging is cleaning out the snow between and below the level of the rails.

The rotary has been introduced on a large number of the important lines between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Thousands of miles of track have been cleared by it without the loss of a single engine. Compared with the long lists of costly wrecks and numerous fatalities by the old methods of snow-bucking this is something remarkable. The rotary is also in use on the German and Russian Government lines.

Another plow built and operated on the same principle as the Leslie rotary snow plow is the Jull centrifugal snow excavator. Instead of a flat wheel made up of cone-shaped scoops as in the Leslie plow the Jull plow removes the snow by means of a great auger with the point directed down. It is operated in precisely the same way as the other.

THE OLD WEST.

Buffaloes, Indians and Outlaws Now Almost Gone.

There are men in the far Western States and Territories, as yet, who will tell you, when you meet them, in whose ears the whistle of the locomotive is an abominable sound. They are men who cross the plains in covered wagons, and growing accustomed to the freedom, the romance and lawlessness of Western life, came to like it. Civilization is never in the States west of the starward seems too much like a harness to them, and they would fain not wear it. They would have preferred to see the country remain wild and undeveloped, without railroads, telegraph lines, farms, fences and laws, and with enough Indians to terrorize the white man. Whatever of feudalism crossed the Atlantic found somewhat of a sphere for its activity on the mountains, in the canyons, and on the plains of the West, but all is passing away.

The pride which various Western localities have taken in the lives of their ancestors is coming to an end. A faint flicker of the spirit that did homage to such boldness is now seen out in Colorado, where the son of the famous Kit Carson has had the chains of the law at last fastened on him, and must submit to the restraint of prison bars. Three times he has been in the State prison, and he has been acquitted, even though it seemed that the evidence adduced was conclusive of his guilt. Finally convicted, it was only after great difficulty was experienced in getting a jury, since so many of the men called acquainted that they were biased in his favor.

The West is going. It was a great land. It has furnished many a stirring story. But it is well enough. The Indians are gone. The buffalo are gone. The West must go. Give the mountains up to common hickory-shirt toilers with pick and ax. Give the plains up to homes, farms and fat cattle. They are not so exciting and picturesque as the old scenes, but they mean more comfort and more tranquility, and they are the idols of that blessed empire whose star takes its course westward.

No Name to Conjure By.

"Yes, I have some funny experiences on the road," said a New York drummer just in from a trip through Texas and Mexico.

"About three weeks ago I was going from Eddy to Roswell, N. M., on the Santa Fe. I myself, in a private box, and my teamster, in a box, were on board. We met a great many teamsters loaded with goods from the railroad towns for the interior, and I noticed that every one of them made the stage give him the road. I asked the driver what made him do it, telling him that the law requires everything else to give the right of way to the United States mail.

"Now," I said, "the next wagon we meet you keep the road and I'll do the talking."

"All right, boss, if you say so," he answered, smiling peculiarly.

"Well," he said, "the wagon at a very bad place in the road, and the driver, obeying instructions, stopped. I put my head out of the coach and called out to the teamster in front of us that he must turn out as this was Uncle Sam's mail.

"The teamster went down into his wagon-box and, whipping out a big Colt's revolver, said:

"'Looky here, young man, I'll have you to know that this ain't no kintny 'n' plug hats, 'n' that Uncle Sam don't travel this road; 'n' if he did, by—' he had to give the road to the lightest horse. Now, I'll give you just one min' to get out'n' my way!"

One Outy of Russian Police.

One of the principal duties of the Russian policeman is to awaken those unfortunate who have fallen asleep on the street, and during a hard frost these are usually either the ivoschik in his sledge waiting for his fare, and dozing off ere that fare comes into the sleep o' lethe, or drunken men who have tripped and fallen on the pavement and have not the energy to get up again. The orthodox method of awakening such sleepers is to rub their ears violently backward and forward—a plan specially to be recommended because it not only rouses the slumberer but also puts him into such a rage that he is far too angry afterward to fall asleep again.—Temper

The Next Century.

What will the discoveries and inventions of the nineteenth century leave to the twentieth? Steamboats and railroads, ocean steam navigation, clipper ships and screw propellers have been invented; the powers and mysteries of electricity have been developed to the uses of mankind.

Implement and machinery to enable farmers to master the tillage of thousands of acres with less toil than was required in the cultivation of the farm of less than one hundred acres.

Lighting by gas was introduced, metal pens and friction matches were invented; aluminum was discovered; also chloroform, iridium, lithium, magnesium, rubidium, ruthenium, strontium, thallium, yttrium, and zirconium; daguerotypes and photography, phonography the stethoscope, the complete sewing machine, the bicycle, revolver and Gatling gun, and tremendous explosives used in quarrying, mining, and gunnery.

The steam printing press was an invention of the early years of the century, now developed to the printing of many thousand sheets per hour.

Electricity has been reduced and trained to the uses of mankind in every conceivable manner, and Edison has made its powers the wonder of the age. Franklin caught it, Morse reduced and utilized it to the uses of telegraphy, Field and his associates employed it, Puck-like, to cable continents and belt the world with instantaneous intercommunication.

Electric light and railways are among the wonders which are in common use. The phonograph and telephone are trained mysteries, which everybody uses. What will there be for the twentieth century to discover or invent?

DREAD CERTAINITIES FORETOLD.

What Climate, Neglect and Want of Proper Medicine Will Do.

There are some things which are as sure as fate and can be relied on to occur to at least one-half of the human family unless means are taken to prevent:

First, the climate of winter is sure to bring colds; second, colds, not promptly cured, are sure to cause catarrh; third, catarrh, improperly treated, is sure to make life short and miserable.

Catarrh spares no organ or function of the body. It is capable of destroying sight, taste, smell, hearing, digestion, secretion, assimilation and excretion. It pervades every part of the human body—head, throat, stomach, bowels, bronchial tubes, lungs, liver, kidneys, bladder, and sexual organs. Catarrh is the cause of at least one-half of the ills to which the human family is subject. Is there no way to escape from it? There is. Per-na never fails to cure a cold. Per-na never fails to cure catarrh in the first stage. Per-na cures catarrh in the second stage in nine cases out of ten. Per-na cures catarrh in its last and worst stages in the majority of cases, and never fails to benefit every case, however bad. Per-na also cures laryngitis, coughs and consumption in the first stages with unfailing certainty.

A book on the cure of throat and lung diseases and catarrh in all stages and varieties sent free to any address by The Per-na Drug Manufacturing Company of Columbus, Ohio.

Jews Are on Top Now.

Pharaoh, who drove the Jews out of Egypt, 1300 B. C., was not aware that a Jew would be the premier of Egypt 1893 A. D. The Jewish Riaz Pasha is now the prime minister of Egypt's ruler, even as Joseph, the son of Jacob, was the prime minister of another of Egypt's rulers. From the seat of his power, Riaz beholds the pyramids which his ancestors helped to build for the mummies of the Pharaohs. The fellahen of Egypt are under the Jewish pasha, as the Jewish bricklayers were once under Pharaoh.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only.

In the Alaska mines potatoes sell for 50 cents each and tobacco for \$16 a plug.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a fatal disease, and the local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They call it "catarrh" because it falls to cure. Send for 25-cent and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The largest Canadian fish hatchery is at Selkirk. It has a capacity of 15,000,000.

We eat too much and take too little outdoor exercise. This is the fault of our modern civilization. It is a fact that Gardiner's little blue pill, which helps Nature to overcome these abuses.

A Cincinnati stamp collectors' society just organized has 18 members.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing relieved by use of "Brown's Bronchial Trochies." Sold only in boxes.

Uncle Sam's boys have \$20