

# Freeland Tribune

Established 1888.  
PUBLISHED EVERY  
MONDAY AND THURSDAY,  
BY THE  
TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOVE CENTRE,  
FRELAND, PA.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year	.....\$1.50
Six Months	..... .75
Four Months	..... .50
Two Months	..... .25

The date which the subscription is paid to is on the address label of each paper, the change of which to a subsequent date becomes a receipt for remittance. Keep the figures in advance of the present date. Report promptly to this office whenever paper is not received. Arrears must be paid when subscription is discontinued.

Make all money orders, checks, etc., payable to the Tribune Printing Company, Limited.

Events in Samoa have given the Anglo-American alliance its baptism of blood. It is for another nation to say whether this union shall be still more securely welded in the fires of war.

It must have astonished even the foreign military experts to see how quickly the American forces in the Philippines repaired bridges or fitted out trains. In no other army in the world will one find so large a percentage of skilled mechanics as in the American army.

The house in which Robert Louis Stevenson was born has been purchased by an Englishman, who plans to live in it and devote himself to writing. If he hopes to get the full literary benefit of his environment, he should have made arrangements to be born in the house.

The Russian Ministry of Agriculture has sent a representative abroad for the purpose of collecting information regarding the condition of the grain trade in other countries—the object being to regulate that trade at home, and enlarge foreign buying of Russian grain. If the gentleman named will condescend to travel as far as the Dakotas, he will be heartily welcomed, and will secure more points in a week than he is likely to get in Europe in six months. If we have any points on business to spare, they are points on grain.

The disaster of the Stella on the Casket Rocks adds a terrible interest to these rocks, made classic by Victor Hugo and by the many previous shipwrecks. And again we have cause to congratulate ourselves on the splendid discipline and heroism displayed by the officers and crew of our Anglo-Saxon race, and also by the passengers. Only the second mate of the officers was saved, and most of the crew went down with the steamer. The women passengers sang hymns in the boats to keep up the courage of their companions. There was none of the mad panic of fear that often occurs in races that pride themselves especially on their courage and honor, when that is to be shown before the world theatrically, but who fall lamentably when these same qualities might be shown in the gloom of shipwreck, where no background of spectators stands ready to applaud.

## Another Kind of Escape.

"Those of us that are reveling in rainy day skirts have decided that life is worth while," says Cinders, in the Chicago Times-Herald.

"And such things as these remind me of that old story told by Artemus Ward. He said there was a man who was thrown into a Spanish prison, where he lay seventeen years. All at once a happy thought struck him. He opened the window and got out.

"I wonder why we stayed in prison so long? Why didn't we cease making ourselves uncomfortable years ago? I'm sure the window was there, and open, if we'd only had the courage to clamber out."

## The Bridegroom Hat.

A European Government servant was recently married to a native woman in Samarang by the Mohammedan ceremony. It took place in the masjid, and it was conducted by the pengulu, but the bridegroom was not present. He had given written notice that he would not put in an appearance, but he sent his hat, and that was, according to native custom, quite sufficient. She married the hat.—Singapore Free Press.

## Bonds Giving Away to Brunettes.

The blonde type will have disappeared from Europe in two centuries, according to an English physician, who declares that of 100 blondes only 55 marry, while of 100 brunettes 75 marry. In Germany and Scandinavia also the blonde type is much less predominant than it used to be.

## In the Law.

The Sweet Young Thing—What is the meaning of the old custom of throwing rice at a newly married couple?

The Crabbed Old Bachelor—It grew out of the idea, I suppose, that the bridegroom is usually a pudding."

# FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

Rudyard Kipling's Description of Harvey Cheyne's "Record"  
Run From San Diego to Boston.

## A REMARKABLE STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

[None of Kipling's many books, famous for their dash and vigor, no passage of equal length is more vivid than the description, in "Captains Courageous," of Harvey Cheyne's rush across the continent, to meet the son whom he had mourned as dead. This is said to have been based on a "record" trip between the same points—San Diego, California, and Boston, Mass.—made by a Western railway president in 1875. Mr. Kipling's description shows a singular knowledge of American railway men and methods, as well as of American character. By permission of The Century Company, we print herewith the passage in question, from Chapter IX. of "Captains Courageous."]

Whatever his private sorrows may be, a multimillionaire, like any other workman, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, senior, had gone East late in June to meet a woman broken down, half mad, who dreamed day and night of her son drowning in the gray seas. He had surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, massage-women, and even faith-cure companions, but they were useless. Mrs. Cheyne lay still and moaned, or talked of her boy by the hour together to any one who would listen. Hope she had none, and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow he spoke little—hardly realized the depth of it till he caught himself asking the calendar on his writing-desk, "What's the use of going on?"

There had always lain a pleasant notion at the back of his head that, some day, when he had rounded off everything and the boy had left college, he would take his son to his heart and lead him into his possessions. Then that boy, he argued, as busy fathers do, would instantly become his companion, partner and ally, and there would follow splendid years of great works carried out together—the old head backing the young fire. Now this boy was dead—lost at sea, as it might have been a Swede sailor from one of Cheyne's big tankers; the wife was dying, or worse; he himself was trodden down by platoons of women and doctors and maids and attendants; worried almost beyond endurance by the shift and change of her poor restless whims; hopeless, with no heart to meet his many enemies.

He had taken the wife to his new palace in San Diego, where she and her people occupied a wing of great price, and Cheyne, in a veranda, between a secretary and a typewriter, who was also a telegraphist, toiled about wearily from day to day. There was a war of rates among four Western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber camps in Oregon, and the Legislature of the State of California, which has no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarily he would have accepted battle ere it was offered, and have waged a pleasant and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed forward on his nose, his big body slumped inside his loose clothes, staring at his boots or the Chinese junks in the bay, and assenting absently to the secretary's questions as he opened the Saturday mail.

Cheyne was wondering how much it would cost to drop everything and pull out. He carried huge insurances, could buy himself royal annuities, and between one of his places in Colorado and a little society (that would do the wife good), say in Washington and in the South Carolina Islands, a man might forget plans that had come to nothing. On the other hand—

The click of the typewriter stopped; the girl was looking at the secretary, who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram repeated from San Francisco:

"Picked up by fishing schooner. We're here having fallen off boat great times on Banks fishing all well waiting Gloucester Mass care Disko Troop for money or orders wire what shall do and how is mama Harvey N. Cheyne."

The father let it fall, laid his head down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Cheyne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

"What—what do you think of it? Is it possible? Is there any meaning to it? I can't quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I lose seven thousand a year—that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her? 'May be a fraud?'"

"What's the motive?" said the doctor, coolly. "Detection's too certain. It's the boy sure enough."

Enter a French maid, impudently, as an indispensable one who is kept on only by large wages.

"Mrs. Cheyne she say you must come at once. She think you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the great white-wood square staircase cried: "What is it? What has happened?"

No doors could keep out the shriek that rang through the echoing house a moment later, when her husband blurted out the news.

"And that's all right," said the doctor, serenely, to the typewriter.

"About the only medical statement in

novels with any truth to it is that joy don't kill, Miss Kinzey."

"I knew it; but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, somewhat direct in speech, and as her fancy leaned towards the secretary, she divined there was work in hand. He was looking earnestly at the vast roller-map of America on the wall.

"Milsom, we're going right across. Private car—straight through—Boston. Fix the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so."

The secretary turned to the typewriter, and their eyes met (out of that was born a story—nothing to do with this story). She looked inquiringly, doubtful of his resources. He signed her to bring to the Morse as a general brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarded the ceiling, and set to work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up the Continent of America.

"K. H. Wade, Los Angeles—the 'Constance' is at Los Angeles, isn't she, Miss Kinzey?"

"Yep." Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready? Send 'Constance,' private car, here, and arrange for special to leave here Sunday in time to connect with New York Limited at Sixteenth street, Chicago, Tuesday next."

"Click—click—click! 'Couldn't you better that?'"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em sixty hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready? Also arrange with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take 'Constance' on New York Central and Hudson River Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents. Have also wired Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes.—Sign, Cheyne."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secretary went on.

"Now then. Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes, of course. Ready? Canniff, Chicago. Please take my private car, 'Constance' from Santa Fe at Sixteenth street next Tuesday p. m. on N. Y. Limited through to Buffalo and deliver N. Y. C. for Albany.—Ever bin to N'York, Miss Kinzey? We'll go some day.—Ready? Take car Buffalo to Albany on Limited Tuesday p. m. That's for Toucey."

"Haven't bin to N'York, but I know that!" with a toss of the head.

"Beg pardon. Now, Boston and Albany, Barnes, same instructions from Albany through to Boston. Leave three-fifteen p. m. (you needn't wire that); arrive nine-fifteen p. m. Wednesday. That covers everything Wade will do, but it pays to shake up the managers."

"It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a look of admiration. This was the kind of man she understood and appreciated.

"'T is n't bad," said Milsom, modestly. "Now any one but me would have lost thirty hours and spent a week working out the run, instead of handing him over to the Santa Fe straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that N'York Limited. Chaucery Depew himself could n't hitch his car to her," Miss Kinzey suggested, recovering herself.

"Yes, but this isn't Chaucery. It's Cheyne—lightning. It goes."

"Even so. Guess we'd better wire the boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"I'll ask."

When he returned with the father's message bidding Harvey meet them in Boston at an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinzey laughing over the keys. Then Milsom laughed, too, for the frantic clicks from Los Angeles ran: "We want to know why—why—why? General uneasiness developed and spreading."

Ten minutes later Chicago appealed to Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of century is maturing please warn friends in time. We are all getting to cover here."

This was capped by a message from Topeka (and wherein Topeka was concerned even Milsom could not guess): "Don't shoot, Colonel. 'We'll come down.'"

Cheyne smiled grimly at the consternation of his enemies when the telegrams were laid before him. "They think we're on the war-path. Tell 'em we don't feel like fighting just now, Milsom. Tell 'em what we're going for. I guess you and Miss Kinzey had better come along, though it isn't likely I shall do any business on the road. Tell 'em the truth—for once."

So the truth was told. Miss Kinzey clicked in the sentiment while the secretary added the memorable quotation, "Let us have peace," and in board-rooms two thousand miles away the representatives of sixty-three million dollars' worth of variously manipulated railroad interests breathed more freely. Cheyne was flying to meet the only son, so miraculously restored to him. The bear was seeking his cub, not the bulls. Hard men who had their knives drawn to fight for their financial lives put away the weapons and wished him God-speed, while half a dozen panic-stricken tinpot roads perked up their heads and spoke of the wonderful things they would have done had not Cheyne buried the hatchet.

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to

accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in their lonely round-houses; Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic and Pacific; and Albuquerque flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe management, even into Chicago. An engine, combination car with crew, and the great and gilded "Constance" private car were to be "expedited" over those three thousand three hundred and fifty miles. The train would take precedence of one hundred and seventy-seven others meeting and passing; dispatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, sixteen engineers and sixteen firemen would be needed—each and everyone the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines, three for watering and two for coaling. "Warn the men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordingly," for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division superintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Diego to Sixteenth street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh, hurry!"

"It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mamma, just as fast as ever we can; but I really don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game of dominoes, but it's Sunday."

"I'll be good. Oh, I will be good. Only—taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we'd never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mamma, and we'll be in Chicago before you know."

"But it's Boston, father. Tell them to hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado River. The car cracked in the utter drought and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck, and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed-indicator flicked and wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt-sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son, and how she had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly, the great fire-horse was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent protested.

But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir stateroom, where the French maid, sallow-white with fear, clung to the silver door-handle, only moaned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry sands and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them, and grinded on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the brake-hose told them they were at Coolidge by the Continental Divide.

Three bold and experienced men—cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels—swung her over the great lift from Albuquerque to Glorieta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the State line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansas, and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by the plate-glass observation-window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his naked necessity of the combination, an ulit cigar in his teeth, till the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy, and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electric lights lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water-tank, and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear-platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purling beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now snarl and rattle changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed on from Boston. The joyful journalists revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for a while. Her one

word "hurry" was conveyed by the crew to the engineers of Nickerson, Topeka and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the Continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

"The very best we can, mamma. There's no sense in getting in before the Limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the miles."

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles which stand for records to this day), but the seventy-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock-hands would not move, and when, oh, when would they be in Chicago?

It is not true that, as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his bank knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that the last crew took entire charge of switching operations at Sixteenth street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help any one who bumped her.

Now the highly paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Limited from Chicago to Elkhart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up to a car. None the less he handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite, and when the crew rebuked him, they did it in whispers and dumb show.

"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe men, discussing life later, "we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we didn't want to jounce her. 'Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to them Eastern wire-trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the Western man (though this would not please either city) Chicago and Boston are cheek by jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The Limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central and Hudson River (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch-chains boarded her here to talk a little business to Cheyne), who sold her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tide-water to tide-water—total time, eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, or three days, fifteen hours and one-half. Harvey was waiting for them.

Electric Devices For the Household.

Electricity in a large way has so much attention that people whose houses are not wired for the current forget the manifold blessings which electricity can confer in the household. That the house, as well as being lighted, can be heated, and the meals cooked by the nineteenth century wonder are only two items on a long list. Not only through radiators can a house be heated, but there are similar devices like foot warmers for chilly nooks which will keep one from taking cold. All manner of portable stoves for cooking are on the market, 5 o'clock tea kettles, chafing dishes, coffee pots and fine ovens, in which the heat can be regulated by thermometers and a system of switches to bake on the top or all around.

Then there are griddles, broilers, hot water urns and all kinds of flatirons. Instead of the hot-water bag (there is the heating pad for the same purpose. A heater for curling irons is a vast improvement on the gas arrangement or the alcohol lamp commonly used, for there is no soot to smother the tongs. Then there are soldering irons for solder, sealing wax or glue, which are convenient to have in every house.—New York Press.

When Syrians Tell Tales.

Heroic tales usually occupy the evening, and each tale is made a little larger than the one preceding it. One says, "My grandfather with one blow of his 'fatican' (some sort of a clay mure) cut off the head of a gigantic high wayman." The other says, "Listen! May God prolong your days! There is greater than that. My great-grandfather once struck a great highwayman with his yatikan on the crown of his head. The weapon fell exactly on the middle of the head, and passing through the backbone, cut the spinal cord exactly in two, and passed between the feet of the doomed man. The blow was so swift that the man, not feeling it, stepped forward toward my great-grandfather and fell in two pieces."—Bitar (Syria) Letter in the Chicago Record.

A Hoodoo Ship.

The coal steamship Westoe, of South Shields, on her way up the Clyde River a few days ago collided with several vessels in succession, and was badly disabled. In a sinking condition she was then run ashore. Suddenly a fire broke out in her engine room, some paraffin, it is supposed, having capsized. The fire was extinguished, because the vessel foundered. That was thought to be the end of the steamer, but the next day the Lloyds received this message: "Steamer Westoe, sunk at Charlton, completely broken in two this morning."—New York World.

# TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

A Lumberman's Hard Fight For Life.

Halvor Johnson, a log scaler from the Williams camp on Pine River, Atkins County, Minnesota, was taken into Minneapolis recently in a serious condition, as a result of an encounter with wolves near the camp. Johnson had been in the woods since last December.

Johnson was scaling a late load of logs on Lake Washburn. One of the teamsters had just discharged his load, and, knowing the wolves to be pretty thick as well as bold, he asked Johnson to ride to the camp with him, but the latter said he would rather scale the last load and then walk in. The teamster, therefore, drove off and left him. Over an hour went by and Johnson did not come in. This fact would probably not have been noticed among so many men had not West, the teamster, been attracted by the fierce howling of wolves in the direction of the lake. He then began looking about for Johnson, and as he could not find him, told several of the men that he believed the scaler was in trouble.

A party was hastily made up of ten or twelve men, who armed themselves with axes, pikes, lanterns, etc., and started in the direction of the noise. It was an intensely cold night, and from the hideous baying of the wolves it appeared that they had not yet succeeded in pulling down their prey. More than half of the search party favored turning back, being convinced that Johnson was in his bunk, or somebody else's, and had been overlooked. West, the teamster, felt certain that Johnson was being besieged by the wolves, and he prevailed on his companions to go on. The distance was about a mile and a half, and with every step the yelping of the pack became fiercer. Before half the distance had been covered West's party had satisfied itself that his suspicions were correct, and the rest of the journey was made at a run.

The wolves did not pay the least attention to the noise of the approaching party, and it was not until the men were right upon them that they turned tail and slunk away. Johnson was found on the top of a pile of logs with his scaling rule in his hand, and, as it turned out, had been at his last gasp when the gang from camp came up. He had defended himself with the scaling rule until completely surrounded and snapped at from all sides by the wolves. His legs are covered with bites and tears and there are some severe gashes in the upper parts of his body, which indicate that he must have been hard pressed when he was surrounded.

He says that there were from thirty to forty wolves in the pack.

One bright spot in the picture of gloom surrounding the recent Adams and Adams fires in New York City in which the seven persons were burned to death was the splendid rescue of Nellie Quinn, one of the Adams servants, by Patrolman Louis C. Wagner. When the firemen got to the Adams house Nellie Quinn was seen to be clinging with her hands to the outside of a window-sill on the fourth story, her feet finding an insecure support upon a narrow ornamental ledge of stone running across the brownstone front of the house between the third and fourth stories. Volumes of smoke issuing from the window were blinding and choking her, and she was evidently making up her mind to jump when Wagner shouted to her to hold on till he reached her. Entering the adjoining house he ran up to the fourth floor, followed by George Kreutzman and A. L. Fitzgerald, firemen. Leaning out of the window as far as his supple muscles would allow, Wagner was an athlete, though not a big fellow, the patrolman found that he still could not reach the woman. Then two firemen held his legs and pinned his feet to the sill, with a fine display of strength, thus enabling Wagner to project his body far beyond the balancing point. Then, by encouraging the girl to crawl to the extreme edge of the ledge, he was just able to grasp her wrist.

Miss Quinn is a girl of substantial build. She probably weighs 150 pounds; but Wagner's lithe fingers closed round her wrists much like the steel handcuffs he knows so well how to slip over the hand of a fighting prisoner, and then he told the girl to jump. She did so, and at once her entire weight depended upon Wagner's arms. He was equal to it, and when the wrench of the swing was over his bulging biceps were equal to the additional task of raising the girl up until the fireman could grab her. One seized her by the hair, the other under the armpit. To do this they they had partly to let go of Wagner. But he, nimble as a cat, had found his balance already, and with a united pull they landed the young woman inside the room, safe, but suffering considerably from shock and mortal fear.

A Sensational Escape.

Speaking of the burning some years ago of the Richmond Hotel, Buffalo, the Commercial says: "One of the most sensational escapes was that of H. P. Whitaker, at that time one of the managers of the Richmond, now a well-known hotel proprietor in New York. Mr. Whitaker crept along a narrow ledge from his window on one of the upper stories for a distance of forty feet or more, where he was able to reach safety. His perilous journey was witnessed by thousands, who sent up a mighty shout when it was seen that his escape was sure."

Had the Matter Settled.

She was telling her dearest friend all about it.

"I told him positively I could not be his wife; but he is the most persistent man you ever saw."

"Indeed?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. He actually would not take 'no' for an answer; but I finally got the matter settled."

"How did you do it?"

"I said 'yes.' Will you be my maid of honor?"—Chicago Post.

and kept his elevator going through smoke and the gravest peril, repeatedly bringing down loads of frightened people. When the collapse of the building became imminent, he was pulled out of his car by the police. But he was not yet ready to run. It has been said that the elevator bell rang again. At any rate, he started up for one more trip. On his way down, the top of the shaft fell in. The car stopped, and he and whoever was with him were caught and died.

When has there been a nobler instance of devotion to duty than this? Running an elevator is humdrum work, about as little adopted, apparently, to develop heroic qualities as any work that can be imagined. But there was hero stuff in Guion. For him the little tinkle of his bell in that fiery confusion was a signal no less august than the voice of God. Up he went again on a sacred mission, and out of that cage in which his body was entrapped his soul went to his Maker.

Manhood came out strong at that fire. The courage and effective work of the firemen saved many lives, and have been praised and honored, as they should have been. But the firemen have taught us to expect heroism from them. William Guion's fine devotion may not be qualified even by the suggestion that it was part of his business, except in so far as it is every man's business, when the pinch comes, to remember that he was made in God's image, and must not disgrace the uniform of clay that clothes his spirit.—Harper's Weekly.

Capturing a Python.

Pythons are numerous in the Philippines. We often heard of very large ones, says Mr. Dean C. Worcester in his interesting account of these much-talked-of islands, but the nearer we got to them the smaller they grew. Finally, however, we got a fine specimen. Some men had found him coiled up under a fallen tree. Arranging rattan slip-nooses so that he could not will escape them, they had then poked him till he crawled into their snares, when they jerked the knots tight, and made the lines fast to trees and rocks.

When we reached the python I nearly stepped on him, for he was stretched out on the ground and looked for all the world like a log. A venomous hiss warned me of my mistake, and caused me to beat so sudden a retreat as to afford great delight to the assembled crowd of Tagbanuas.

The reptile had crossed three feet of play for his head, and I thought it wise to treat him with respect. Drenching a handful of absorbent cotton with chloroform, I presented it to him on the end of a piece of bamboo.

He bit it savagely and it caught on the end of his long, recurved teeth, so that he could not get rid of it. Then I saw a most remarkable exhibition of brute force.

Under the stimulus of the chloroform that python broke green rattan three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and that without apparent exertion. There was no thrashing about. It was all quiet, steady pulling. He soon broke or twisted out of every one of his fastenings except a running noose around his neck; and getting a hold for his tail around a stump, he pulled until it seemed as if his head would come off.

Eventually the chloroform quieted him somewhat, and I gave him more. When he was still, I stabbed him to the heart to prevent further difficulty, and removed his skin. He measured twenty-two feet and six inches.

Army of Hats Attacks a Man.

An army of sewer rats, fierce and desperate, attacked Frank Morgan, a lodger in the South Chicago Avenue Police Station, on a recent night, and lacerated him terribly before he could be rescued.

Morgan applied at the station early in the evening for a cell to sleep in, saying he was out of employment and had no money, and he was placed in the lodgers' part of the basement. Some time after, while Morgan was dozing in the gloom of the basement, he felt something bite him on the hand. Startled, he stretched out his hand and caught a rat. The animal squealed, and, as if that were a signal for a combined attack, a horde of enormous rats swept upon him, biting him in the arms and legs, and sinking their sharp teeth into his scalp.

Morgan screamed with terror and pain. His cries were heard by the policemen above and several rushed downstairs. They found Morgan half unconscious, and with the big gray rodents clinging to all parts of his body. Nearly a dozen of them were killed by the policemen. One of enormous size had sunk his teeth into Morgan's scalp so tightly that it had to be killed before it could be torn loose.

A Brave Elevator Man.

Mr. J. W. Dloane, a gentleman who lived at the recently destroyed Windsor Hotel, New York City, has started with a contribution of \$500 a fund of \$10,000, which it is hoped will be raised for the support of the mother and two sisters of William Guion, an elevator man at the hotel. Other contributions have swelled the fund at this writing to more than \$3000. Guion had been employed at the Windsor for twenty years, and had charge of the elevator when the fire broke out. He stood his ground gallantly,