A Maid to Order.

THE table was charming. The pearly expanse of damask that enfolded it was one of the Misses Dormond's most treasured possessions, saved out of a general wreck of family fortunes.

The old-fashioned silver, of those inimitable patterns which no modern shop can supply, gleamed like irregularly shaped planets at intervals across the cloth.

Moreover, a daffodil bulb cherished in windowsill warmth, had obligingly thrown out a handful of blossoms. This pot, sheathed in yellow tissue paper made a thoroughly attractive centerpiece.

"It is simply lovely," said Winifred, with a little sigh of relief and satisfaction. "I shan't be in the least afraid to have Mrs. Caulkington's eagle eye turned upon it, even though you are a candidate for her secretaryship, Isabel, and so much does depend upon making a good impression."

"The house couldn't fail to make a good impression," Isabel broke in. "It is clean and sweet and old-fashioned from top to toe. One can't say that a house has a toe? There's just one thing lacking—I do wish we had a good maid to wait on the table. I hate those embarrassing breaks in a home luncheon, where the hostess is obliged to cut off in the middle of a sentence and bolt into the kitchen to bring the broiled squab course to table.

"Yes. That's always wretchedly embarrassing," Isabel agreed. "It's harder on the guests than the hostess, too. However, there's no help for it. We don't keep a maid, and this suburb isn't a place where you can find a girl to call in for a day at a time. It's a pity, but it can't be helped.'"

"What is a pity but can't be helped?" demanded the youngest Miss Dormond, who pirouted into the room just in time to hear the last half of the sentence.

"Isabel and I were just lamenting that we didn't have a maid to serve the luncheon, Gertrude. We were saying how desperately embarrassing it is for a hostess to jump up to remove the plates after a course and to bring the next course to table."

"I never thought of that." Gertrude acquiesced in a disappointed tone. "Our

EVEN MRS. CAULKINGTON WAS IMPRESSED.

entertaining has always been so informal we're likely to make the guests change the plates and bring in the courses from the kitchen themselves. But it's true, as you say, that kind of thing won't do when we're entertaining Mrs. Caulkington. She's so critical that her eyes burn holes in anything they fall on. We wouldn't mind her little peculiarities if she were merely an acquaintance. But if Isabel is going to demand a big fat salary she must make a big fat impression. I'm sure Mrs. Caulkington would cut her down half if she knew how poor we are and how badly we need that secretaryship. Something must be done."

"Gertrude, dear, you know perfectly well that nothing can be done. There are only two hours left, and, in any case, you can't secure a girl here in the country to come in for just one day."

"I know that; but whisht, my dear! An idea dawns in my brain! Let it mature!"

"An idea for what—for getting us a maid?"

"Yes, my dear. A ready maid, so to speak."

"Silly! Do you think Isabel and I have time to waste upon your vaporings?"

"A ready maid. No, a maid to order! Don't talk to me for three minutes. I feel the idea grow in my cerebrum—and it really is a good one."

The young lady sat down in the little oaken window and buried her face in her hands.

Three minutes later she sprang up and pirouted triumphantly around the charming table.

"Huzza! I've solved the problem," she cried. "And I'll stand for it that you shall have a maid to serve Mrs. Caulkington's luncheon. A stunning maid, well trained, light-footed, soft-voiced; a maid who will not send so much as one plate of raw oysters down the back of your guest; who will do things without diagrams and will not cause the downfall and destruction of our precious willow pattern china. In fact, the maid I propose to offer you will be an explanatory key with copious illustrations to the entire servant question."

Gertrude's sisters were very far from despising the girl's ready imagination. It had often helped to solve an economic problem which they themselves had abandoned to despair. But this crisis of the maid to order seemed considerably beyond Gertrude even, and they frankly announced themselves skeptics.

"Do you mean to look for your remarkable maid here in the suburbs or elsewhere?" they demanded.

'I shall procure her in the city—or, rather, I shall go on a little trip to the city, and I will send the maid to you in my absence."

"But, Gertrude! If you leave now for the city you won't have time, child, to get back for Mrs. Caulkington's luncheon."

"I'm not afraid, but I'm glad of an excuse to absolve myself. I'm in awe of Mrs. Caulkington, and I tremble before the glare of her lorgnettes. You can make my excuses to Mrs. Caulkington and tell her that I was obliged to go into the city on pressing business."

It seemed an injustice that Gertrude should not be there to witness the success of the occasion for which they had all worked so hard.

The older girls reasoned, pleaded, represented, but Gertrude stood firm.

PART II.

Mrs. Caulkington's critical eyes were already boring holes in the drawing-room furniture, and the luncheon hour was but three minutes in the future.

Isabel, in her prettiest silk waist, was arranging the oyster plates upon the table, preliminary to ushering their guest into the dining-room.

Suddenly a purling of gingham skirts brushed the silence of the place, and a soft voice sounded in Isabel's ear.

"If you please, Miss," said the voice, "Miss Gertrude done send me. I am de maid to ordah."

"Good gracious!" shrieked Isabel, under her breath. She started back, the oyster plate in her hand narrowly escaping calamity.

She said "Good gracious!" once more, and very fervently when she turned. For there, not a yard from her side, waiting to be assigned to her duties, stood the most desirable of colored waitresses.

She was tall, well poised, and, barring her skin, a strikingly handsome young woman. Her pink gingham gown fitted to perfection and closely resembled one worn by Gertrude for mornings on the porch. Her dainty ruffled apron was strikingly like one which Isabel herself wore while sewing. Perched saucily in her black, ripply hair, she wore a bit of a cap, which, when examined at close range, seemed to be nothing more than a tuft of white lace cleverly pinned.

Isabel took a second look at her new acquisition and dropped into a chair laughing weakly.

"Miss Gertrude done send me, Miss," the maid repeated softly. "And she said fo' yo' to jest go set in de parlo' and leave all the servin' to me."

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude," gurgled Isabel. "What nonsense won't that child attempt?"

The luncheon was faultlessly served. Never was waitress quicker, lighter, softer, more all-seeing, more graceful.

Even the critical Mrs. Caulkington was impressed.

Afterward, when the luncheon party had adjourned to the drawing-room, the guest deliberately led around to the subject of domestics.

"Do you find it as hard to get good girls in the suburbs as we do in the city?" she asked. "I imagine not, for that young waitress of yours is perfection itself."

"Well, good girls are very scarce here," answered Isabel. "And I've no doubt we'd have endless trouble if we had to change. But, you see, we have raised Anna ourselves. She knows our own ways and suits us perfectly. We've had her for more than ten years. I know she'll never leave us unless, of course, she marries and has a home of her own."

"My dear girl, you simply have a treasure," cried the visitor with warmth. "If I were in your place I would shiver at the very thought of losing her. And, do you know, since I've seen how perfectly your little table is arranged and served, I'm really afraid of what Miss Isabel will think when she comes to me in the city. I hope you will close your eyes to a number of things in my housekeeping, Miss Isabel."

"Oh, I am not critical, Mrs. Caulkington," laughed Isabel. "And everyone knows how hard it is to get maids like Anna nowadays."—What to Eat.

Discoverers of America.

The Rev. Shuye Sonoda, Buddhist priest of Japan, has returned from Mexico with what he regards as convincing proof that his people discovered America 1,000 years before Columbus and carried their faith along the Pacific coats from Alaska to Mexico. Sonoda has been assisted by Senor Batres, archaeologist of the Mexican government. Sonoda followed the chronicles of Hoeirshin, a Buddhist monk, who, in 499 A. D., returned to his native land with an account of explorations that reached to a land he called Fu Sang, now identified with Mexico because of the maguey plant. Sonoda found innumerable evidences of Buddhist influence over the natives of Mexico. Some of these were the Mexican zodiac with its twenty-eight hours. Buddha Zaca, oriental letterings and signs on temples, stones, images and pottery and hundreds of names which are slightly corrupted from the Japanese. The temples he found invariably facing south as in Tibet, the home of Buddhism, and in the mosaics at Uitla he found the common cross of Tibet.

He also found strong racial resemblances in features between the Mexican and California mission Indians and the Japanese. So strong were these resemblances in features that when a California mission Indian was dressed in Japanese costume and photographed Prof. John Fyer of the chair of oriental languages, University of California, declared the photograph was of a Japanese of the northern islands and bore no resemblance to the California Indian.

Yellow Journal Profits.

"Yellow journalism is successful from a financial standpoint. The profits of the Herald last year amounted to nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or about two thousand dollars per day. Mr. Pulitzer's net profits for the same time were five hundred thousand dollars, his income having fallen off since the World dropped from two cents to one. The Journal, it is generally understood, came out even, although Mr. Hearst might have made money had he not continued to invest more in pushing his circulation. This young newspaper magnet seems determined to have his papers bought in every town in the United States, and his ambition to that end knows no limit. Thus far his results are unprecedented. The Evening Journal has a circulation in Boston alone of thirty thousand. Mr. Bennett and Mr. Pulitzer are each worth twenty-five million dollars, all of which has been made in the newspaper business. The Hearst estate, on which Mr. Hearst can draw indefinitely, it seems, is worth more than thirty million dollars, and six million dollars, it is estimated, have already been invested in the New York Journal and Chicago American, without any profits as yet."—Ainslee's.

Be Like Papa.

A local gentleman of prominence has become famous for his wonderful self-conceit. He thinks Mr. — is a little bit nicer and brighter and more moral than any other man in the city. His wife has circulated a story about him that almost breaks his heart.

He was teaching his little boy to pray, and the little fellow, pursuant to his father's words, had requested the blessing for everyone.

"Pray for little boys like yourself," said the parent. "Ask that they may grow up like your papa."

And the little boy prayed that all boys should grow up to be great men like his father.—Louisville Commercial.

"Either I am a fool," a man said today, "or other people are."

Fortune is usually seen in the company of industry and charity.

HE STUCK TO THE FLAG.

True Story of a Naval Hero When He Was a Midshipman.

They tell a story, a true, unvarnished story of him that touches the patriotic chord of every man in the navy who happens to hear it for the first time. The civil war had just broken out, when brother was to meet brother and fathers shouldered their muskets to kill sons. The Niagara had just come home from the Asiatic station, proud and as impregnable in those days as the Iowa or the Puritan is today. Getting into soundings, the boys heard the news, the sad news that threatened to divide a union, the grandest and greatest that God had ever blessed and that men had ever fostered. The word came aft in the usual way that bad news travels and shipmates of many days looked at one another, shook their heads and said:

"You are a southerner, Jack. I can't fight you!"

"And you, Bill, are a northerner. I'd be a dog to fight you!"

That was the spirit and they the men The South wanted men, wanted them badly. The North called for patriots and hands went to the gun butts. But it was hard to ask those of the Niagara, North as well as South, to draw arms against one another. Military laws recognize no other laws where military laws rule, and it just had come to the moment when the captain of the ship had to ask how many of his old shipmates and friends cared to stand by the old flag. He called her officers together and as they gathered about the long, old-fashioned table in the old wardroom he said to them, his voice trembling with expectancy with every word:

"Gentlemen, this question of the civil war is the parting of the ways. Some of us will never meet again and some of us will die doing what we believe to be right. Uncle Sam has educated, fed and clothed us, and we have sworn to stand by him. Yet no oath can bind a man beyond the strength of his conscience, and changed conditions make a changed man. On that table I have written out the dear oath of allegiance. I have signed it. I stay by the flag. Let each of you go to his cabin and think it over; then let him come back here and sign below me or let him go his way in peace."

Then they went away, white faced and undetermined. A half hour passed before the first man came back to put his name to the paper that meant that Uncle Sam could have not only his sword but his life if needs. Then others followed until nine names appeared under that of the commanding officer. The others had gone, gone to the South that claimed her sons, just as the North was doing. As the ninth man appended his signature to the document the captain came into the cabin, picked up the paper and shook his head. The name he looked for was not there. He dropped the paper and turned to go away, when he heard a heavy, determined foot coming down the companionway. It seemed to him that he recognized that foot. Yes, he was right.

A young, handsome, tall midshipman from Maryland approached the table and the captain's voice faltered as he asked:

"Winnie, do you sign?"

"Aye, aye, sir. Same flag and same Uncle Sam in Maryland as in Massachusetts, you know."

"God bless you, boy," said the captain. "Your father and I fought side by side as lads in 1812, and, while there are some of us who are going away, I prayed God that your father's son would stick to us."

The midshipmen? Go ask Winfield Scott Schley. He stuck to the flag when others didn't.—Mail and Express.

Sermon Was Still There.

A curate up north, says rumor, has furnished another example of the pseudo apology at his own expense. Having preached a very clever sermon on the Sunday, he called upon a certain colonel on the Monday especially to ask his opinion.

"How did I like the sermon?" said the colonel. "Very much indeed. It's one of my favorites."

"One of your favorites," stammered the curate, slightly puzzled. "I do not understand."

The colonel regarded him with a twinkle at the back of his eyes. "Of course I won't say a word," he said, "but I know very well that you stole it, and also where you stole it from."

"Sir!" said the curate, and he spoke from out the whirlwind of his righteous indignation. "I am not in the habit, sir, of stealing my sermons. I fear you are laboring under a mistake and—er—forgetting yourself, sir. I must ask you to apologize."

The colonel was silent a moment, then he said: "It may be that I have made a mistake. Wait a moment. I will make sure."

Going to his bookcase he took down a massive tome of sermons—a rare and almost forgotten work. He turned to a certain page and an apologetic, humble look came upon his face as he glanced up at the curate. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I apologize. You did not steal it, after all, for I find it is still here. My mistake, sir; my mistake!"—Modern Society.

Left and Right.

Bank clerks are so often called upon for information that they fall into the habit of giving it in a hurried, mechanical way. A Philadelphia exchange cites an instance which was followed by unexpected and amusing results.

The usual formula when a stranger is called upon to sign his name is "Sign here, pen and ink, left hand."

One morning a stranger entered a New York savings-bank and asked for a considerable sum of money, and was directed as above. It took him a long time to sign his name.

A month later the same man appeared and presented the certificate. He signed his name, but when the clerk looked at it he saw that it was vastly different from the first signature.

"This is not the signature of the man to whom I issued this certificate," he said, severely.

"Well," said the stranger, "when I was here a month ago you told me to write my name with my left hand, and I can't write very well that way."

A light dawned upon the clerk, and he asked the man to write his name again with his left hand. This he did, producing a facsimile of his first signature, and the money was paid.

How Watches Are Adjusted.

Watches are adjusted to heat and cold by being allowed to stand first in a room heated with dry heat to 120 degrees and then in cold storage, being regulated after each treatment.

After a girl becomes engaged, she goes into training for the serious duties of wifehood by hanging on the gate to see her lover pass, by writing him notes twice a day, and by spending more at the dry goods stores than her father can afford.

CIGARETTES DECIDE A TRIAL.

That a husband is not bound to support a wife who smokes cigarettes is the effect of a decision made by Judge Finletter, of Philadelphia, Pa. Herbert Stanlan was before the court charged with non-support of his young wife Marie, to whom he has been married only six months. The woman stated Stanlan had failed to provide either a home or funds for her.

The Judge was about to make the usual order for Herbert to pay his wife so much a week when the husband's counsel asked the wife if it were true she smoked cigarettes.

"Yes, I smoke them,' was the snappy reply.

Then the lawyer asked her to show the Judge her fingers that he might see the nicotine stains on them.

"Is that a fact?" queried the court, as

"YES, I SMOKE THEM."

he tried to get a glimpse of the fingers which Mrs. Stanlan would not show.

"I will not make any order in this case and now declare it dismissed," he announced with emphasis.

ALL AMERICANS ARE LIARS.

One of the Number Gives His Conclusions After Investigation.

"Do you know that the average American is a hopeless and incorrigible and unmitigated liar?" said an amateur cynic of Baronne street. "I don't mean he lies viciously, but suave mendacity glides off the end of his tongue as easily as molasses flows from a spigot on a warm day in summer. He does it unconsciously, habitually, automatically—just as his lungs and his heart palpitates and his hair grows, without any special attention from the rest of his system. He does it because he can't help it; the thing has become a second nature. I had all this brought home to me," continued the amateur cynic, "by a very simple little experiment which I tried on myself and a few others no longer ago than yesterday morning. Did you ever see a pocket counting machine? Well, it's a little device shaped like a watch. Whenever you press the stem the needle on the dial jumps a point, and it registers in that way up to several thousand, on the principle of a cyclometer. They are used by anybody making long counts and are very handy because they never forget where they leave off. But, to come to the point, something happened to remind me of our national vice of untruthfulness as I was getting up yesterday, and I determined to 'keep tab' on myself and ascertain, if possible, how many actual, out-and-out lies I put into circulation in the course of the day.

"I chanced to have one of the little counting machines I have just mentioned, so I slipped it into my pocket and started out. The first lie I told was right at the door. Smithson was passing and stopped to shake hands. "Hello, old man!' said I, 'delighted to see you!' when, as a matter of fact, I was deuced sorry to see him, because I owe him ten. I gave the counter a squeeze and hurried on, but before I got to the office I had jogged it nine times. What did I jog it for did y' ask? Oh, trivialities—mere trivialities, but at the same time pointblank lies, every one of 'em. Whenever I opened my mouth out dropped some confounded hyperbole. I told Jones the joke he insisted springing on me was the 'best I ever heard,' and then made a double tally by assuring his wife she was looking remarkably well, when she was looking extremely like a scarecrow. I told another friend I never laughed so much in my life as I had at something or other—I don't remember now what—and still another that I hadn't slept a wink for three nights when I had neuralgia lately—all lies, bald lies, in spite of their harmlessness. When I reached the office and looked at the dial I was horrified. 'Good heavens!' I said to myself 'it seems to be physically impossible for me to speak the plain truth in the paltriest matters. I'll just remain perfectly quiet for half an hour and keep check on Boggs.'" — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CAPTURED BY PIRATE CREW.

Officers of a Chilian Bark Were Doubtless Murdered.

What has been the fate of Captain Gilmore, his wife and the officers of the Chilian bark Latona, which sailed last fall from Port Blakely, Chili, for Eaton, Peru? Have they been killed by their own crew, or have they been captured by pirates? One fate or the other must have befallen them, for it is pretty certain that the bark Lenora, wrecked in the Philippines in January, was the missing Latona.

Captain Gilmore, his wife and most of the officers of the Latona were English, and, as the crew came from the slums of the southern Chilian ports, it is not unlikely that they mutinied, killed their officers and, being unable to steer correctly, went to destruction. The crew may have been heading for the South Sea Islands, where safety might be assured, and, having lost the way, brought up on the coast of the Philippines. None of the crew who reached Manila was communicative, and no one could get from them a definite story of what had happened on and to their ship.

The first report sent to Lloyd's in London from Manila was that the Leonora had been wrecked, but no vessel with such a name is known to the shipping world, and, the Latona, from Chili, being missing, it is believed that she is the wreck. Only a part of the crew was saved, the rest being unaccounted for by the survivors. The wreck was flying an American flag when discovered, but the Latona, which was a coasting steamer, carried the Chilian flag.

Late in November the schooner Azalea, Captain Fardelius, sighted a vessel thought to be the Latona. She was several hundred miles off San Francisco and was headed westerly. On drawing near, the identity of the stranger was established, but no one answered the Azalea's hail. Several members of the crew were seen lounging on the decks, but no officers. Fearing that pirates might be in possession, Captain Fardelius contented himself with circling around the Latona, and finally continuing his course.

Shipping men of San Francisco and the Pacific coast say they feel sure that the wreck on the Philippine shore is the missing Latona, and that the crew must have mutinied and killed the captain, his wife and all the English officers, and then started to find the pathways to the South Pacific, where the cargo could be sold at good prices. If this is correct, then the reticence of the survivors of the vessel is explained.—New York Press.

WAS NO MATCH FOR RHODES

How the South African Magnate Got the Best of Barney Barnato.

"A cousin of mine who lives in South Africa," said B. A. Conyers, of Cleveland, Ohio, to a reporter, "told me a curious story of 'Barney' Barnato and Cecil Rhodes, and how the latter outreached the former. My cousin told me Barnato told him the story himself, and said at the time that in the course of his (Barnato's) adventurous and remarkable career Cecil Rhodes was the only man who had ever thrown dust in his eyes. It seems that the work of sorting out diamonds in the rough is an extremely long and arduous task. Each stone has to be weighed, examined with minute care and then valued, and the process consumes a great deal of time. It is the custom to sell the output of the diamond fields to the highest bidder, and, as you probably know, the diamond interests have all been consolidated, and they are all under an ironclad agreement that only so many stones shall be sold in the course of any one year. Rhodes made this plan years ago to prevent overstocking the diamond market, and so well has it worked that it is to this day rigidly adhered to. Well, to return to the story; after some dickering Rhodes sold the year's supply of diamonds to Barnato. The stones had of course been carefully sorted before Barnato bid and both sides were well satisfied with the transaction. A bottle of champagne and a couple of good cigars completed their joy in each other's society.

"Stories were being swapped, and the two men were having a thoroughly good time. All at once Rhodes turned to Barnato as though the idea had just struck him. 'Barney,' said he, 'that year's yield of diamonds will fill a bucket. Now, I don't believe anyone ever heard of, much less ever saw, a bucketful of diamonds. What say you to filling a bucket with them and having our pictures taken with the bucketful of diamonds between us?' 'All right,' said the guileless Barnato, 'bring on your bucket and your photographer.' The bucket was secured and the picture duly taken. Then quoth the guileful Rhodes, 'I thought, "Barney," you'd fall into that trap. I've got a number of left-over stones to dispose of, which it will take me about three months to work off, and that, I opine, is just about the time you will need to resort and revalue those stones.' Barnato sat with his mouth open for a few minutes and then a twinkle came into his eye as he got up and solemnly shook Rhodes by the hand, but the only comment he made was, 'Well, I'll be——!'"—New York Tribune.

MAKING NEWS.

Arthur Brisbane Gets John L. to Spar Before the Prince of Wales.

"The layman who is unacquainted with newspaper methods may be interested in knowing just how one goes about making a piece of news. The best illustration of this, perhaps, is Arthur Brisbane's arrangement for John L. Sullivan to box before the Prince of Wales. At this time Mr. Brisbane was London correspondent for the New York Sun. It should be understood that the competition among the London representatives is just as keen as though they were serving their separate papers on Park Row, and, though living in an atmosphere of less aggressive journalism, they never, for a moment, forget their American education. In this matter Mr. Brisbane was actuated by no other motive than to triumph over his rivals with a legitimate beat, and he found the great American bruiser but too glad to second the idea on the percentage of free advertisement. The Sun man worked quietly, quickly, and so successfully that the night for the preformance came without any one knowing of it excepting the Prince, his friends and the members of the fashionable club that sheltered the twelve-foot ring.

"At the moment when the referee stepped out to announce the fighters the Prince's equerry discovered that there was present an untitled person, and, what was more deplorable, a newspaper man. As the result of this discovery, Mr. Brisbane was ordered to leave the club instantly.

"'But,' he objected, 'I am responsible for this whole thing. You are not going to put me out?'

"The equerry would not hear him, and Mr. Brisbane, desperate and angry, played his last card. 'Well, John', he said turning to where the champion stood toying with one huge pickled paw, 'I've got to go. What'll you do?'

"'That's what I'll do,' replied the champion of the world, picking up his coat and glaring savagely at the equerry. 'If that young teller goes, then I'll go, understan' ?' and the audience was dismayed to see fighter and reporter abandon the ringside. It would not do, however, to disappoint His Royal Highness so disgracefully, and the equerry and Mr. Brisbane finally compromised by the latter promising to write the account only for the American press. The Sun, of course, had a great beat next day, and every newspaper in America and England quoted the anecdote of John L.'s reception by Albert Edward.

"Mr. Sullivan's speech at that period had extreme limitations, and when introduced to a distinguished person he invariably used the same set phrase. To the present King of England, after shaking hands, he observed with dignity and cheerfulness, 'Prince, I'm glad to meet you. I've often heard of you.'"—Ainslee's.

An Essay on Habit.

A story is told of an English schoolmaster who offered a prize to the boy who should write the best composition in five minutes on "How to Overcome Habit."

At the expiration of five minutes the compositions were read. The prize went to a lad of nine years. Following is his essay:

"Well, sir, habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit.' If you take off another you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off still another, the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up; all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit you must throw it off altogether."

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who made one chicken do the work of three by cooking it with dumplings?

GREAT RAIL RECORDS MADE.

Fast Runs on the Steel Highway, Here and Abroad, but America Is in the Lead.

SINCE the invention of the railway locomotive, since the day when the first train went shrieking over the iron rails to the intense consternation of the natives there has always existed the greatest popular interest in fast runs. Time and again records have been made only to be smashed until it would be difficult to pick out a run and make the unconditional statement that it was the greatest run ever made by a railroad train. A disagreement sometimes arises even as to what is a railroad train, for some great examples of speed are to credit locomotives to which were attached single coaches, and some authorities decline to admit that such combinations are trains. Americans and Englishmen have always been and probably always will be the leaders of the world in all matters pertaining to railways and the speed of trains. Between the two countries there has always existed more or less rivalry over the speed accomplishments of their respective locomotives, and the rivalry will likely continue as long as it is possible to make improvements of any character. Perhaps Americans as a whole give the subject greater attention than do the British, for we seem to be interested in all things of the superlative degree much more deeply than our cousins. Every now and then friendly rivalry—sometimes, however, it is not extremely friendly—breaks out between the various great railways of the country, and every time there is a contest one great record or more is completely smashed.

One of the greatest, if not the greatest

Beating an English Record.

est, runs ever made in the world was accomplished on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad between Chicago and Buffalo on Oct. 24, 1895. It seems that one cause of this race against time was a desire to eclipse an English record made on the twenty-second of the preceding August between London and Aberdeen. The distance between these two towns is 540 miles and a train on the London and Northwestern made the trip at an average speed of 63.93 miles per hour. The English public was quite jubilant over the fact that this trip broke all previous records and that the world's record was once more held in England. But the very next month a train on the New York Central road ran from New York to East Buffalo, a distance of a little over 436 miles, at an average speed of 54.26 miles per hour. Of course, this beat the English record, but it seems that there was objection to it from across the water on the ground the trip was not long enough to be classed as a long-distance run, which should be at least 500 miles in length. So the record for a run of 500 miles and over was still in England. There are few stretches of railroad 500 miles in length in this country which are perfectly adapted for remarkable runs. There are hills to mount or curves to cut around which interfere more or less with efforts to break records. One of the stretches of road having no such impediments is on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern line between Chicago and Buffalo. The officers of the road concluded that they would try to beat the long-distance record over this bit of track.

Over Ninety Miles an Hour.

Arrangements for the speed test were quietly made, for in view of the possibility of a failure the officials did not care for any premature advertisement. At 3:30 o'clock in the morning of Oct. 24 the train pulled away from the starting point, which was at 100th street, Chicago, and plunged into the darkness on what was to be a remarkable and a record-breaking trip. It goes without saying that the fewest possible number of stops and the fewest possible changes of engines were arranged for. The train stopped about five times, at four of which engines were changed. In less than eight hours the train shot into Buffalo with the English record hanging in tatters on the cowcatcher of the engine. The distance of 510.1 miles had been covered at an average speed of 65.07 miles per hour. During one burst of speed the train flew over the tracks at the rate of 92.3 miles per hour. Although great records for single miles had been previously made, it is said, that never before did a train reach a speed of eighty miles an hour and maintain it for half an hour, eighty-five miles an hour and hold it for ten minutes or ninety miles an hour and hold it for three or four consecutive miles. Every one who was in Chicago or most anywhere else in the country two years ago will well remember the great races which took place for several days between the Burlington and Chicago and Northwestern roads over their routes between Chicago and Omaha. The distance between the two cities is 500 miles in round numbers. The Northwestern route is 480.9 miles long, while the Burlington is 500.2 miles. The Northwestern train was due to leave Chicago at 10 o'clock at night and to arrive in Omaha the next morning at 8:15. The Burlington left at 9:30 in the morning and arrived in the Nebraska city at 7:55 the next morning. Thus the two trains ran practically the same rate of speed.

The Burlington train had a little over ten miles more than the Northwestern to run, and she used ten minutes more than the latter to make Omaha, so it would be splitting hairs to say which road operated the fastest train. In the contests which took place the trains of both roads did such remarkable work that the government mail contract, for which they were contending, was divided between the two lines. It is said that no trains on earth ever made such remarkable runs daily and kept up the pace as these trains. These runs of about fifty miles an hour are made without making any allowance whatever for stoppages, slow down and delays of any kind. This means that the trains necessarily attain a speed in some parts of the routes of eighty or ninety, or perhaps even a hundred miles an hour. Some have made the claim that the trains occasionally reached a speed of 120 miles per hour.

Less than three years ago another great run was made which attracted much attention, especially in Chicago and the West. The Rock Island road had concluded to increase its service between Chicago and Denver by the addition of four new trains. Two of these trains were sent out to Denver and two were kept in Chicago, so that the new service could be properly inaugurated in both cities at the same time. It was decided by the officials that one of the trains going should attempt to break the record time to Denver. This was a magnificently equipped train, with a full complement of sleepers, dining car, buffet smoker, etc. The passengers were composed of Rock Island officials and a large party of newspaper men from Chicago, Denver and a number of other cities along the route, all of those from a distance having come to Chicago especially to accompany the party.

At exactly 2:30 in the afternoon on May 5, 1898, the train pulled out of the

ENGINEER ON A FAST RUN.

Rock Island station on its way to Denver. In a few seconds the train was well under way and making great time through the city. When once beyond the suburbs full steam was turned on and the train was soon going at the rate of a mile a minute. Everything indicated that Rock Island would be reached in record-breaking time. The passengers began to wonder what was the matter after the train had been stopping for several minutes near the little station of Green River. Shortly the train backed up the tracks and several of the party became aware of the nature of the trouble for the first time when they looked out of the window and saw a great three ton and a half driving wheel lying on its side in a wheat field. The journal of the rear drive wheel on the left side had broken squarely off, having been overheated in a hot box, and the momentum of the train had hurled the wheel down the track as if it were a buggy wheel. For some time the wheel had remained on edge like a boy's hoop. It hopped over to a side track and then gradually veered to the outer edge, where it crossed the outside rail and ran off into a field, where it soon went down in the soft earth. This accident, of course, caused a most serious delay. The railroad officials telegraphed to Rock Island for another engine, but it did not arrive for over an hour. Finally, however, the relief locomotive came and the train was a few seconds afterward speeding on its way. Nearly all of the rest of the way to Denver the train was pushed to record-breaking time. It arrived at the Denver station the next afternoon, after starting at 1:32, exactly twenty-four hours and two minutes after it left Chicago, breaking the record for a full train going from this city to the Rocky Mountain city.

Dash for Mail Connection.

In November, 1897, a very remarkable run was made between Cheyenne and Omaha, over the Union Pacific railroad. It is still maintained by many that this was the fastest long-distance run ever made, for the running time was not properly reduced to the correct figure by deducting time for stops. The distance between the two cities is 519 miles and the mail train on Nov. 29 made the distance in 520 minutes, including stops as was stated. This run was not made in any vainglorious desire to smash records, but for the purpose of avoiding a heavy government fine which would have been imposed if the train had missed connections for the East at Omaha. When the discovery was made at Cheyenne that unless an extraordinary run was made the mail connection would be missed the two mail cars were cut loose from the rest of the train and started with the engine and tender alone on the fast trip. Six stops of from three to five minutes were made for coal and water, and the train had to be slowed down for ten minutes in passing through South Omaha and the yards of Omaha. So there can be no doubt that this was one of the swiftest runs ever made on rails. In April, 1899, a remarkable run was made by a train on the Burlington road between Creston, Iowa, and Omaha. When the train arrived at the former town it was an hour and six minutes late. When the flyer arrived at Omaha it was only 29 minutes late, having covered the intervening distance of 104 miles in 113 minutes, or, deducting stops, in the actual running time of 103 minutes. The Burlington considers this section between these two cities its poorest division for making fast time, on account of hills and curves, so all things considered, the burst of speed made on April 5, 1899, was most remarkable.

KING OF ITALY.

He Is Possessed of Great Will Power and Many Accomplishments.

From one who was intimately connected with him in his youth I learn that his chief characteristic is earnestness, added to great will power. Whatever he does, no matter how trivial, is attacked (I use the word advisedly) with such force and such determination that it is invariably carried to a successful issue. For instance, all the world knows of his collection of coins, but few have heard of its origin. One day when a small boy he was playing in the garden of the Quirinal, and found a Pius IX. penny, with which he rushed delighted to Queen Margherita. She explained what it was, and incidentally told him about others more important. From that moment he began to collect, and he has now become one of the greatest numismatists in the world. It is the same with swimming. He learned quickly, and reached such perfection that it was his custom to jump from a man-of-war into the open sea, have his swim, and return without help.

Other accomplishments are music and painting. Queen Margherita, who is exceptionally fond of music, seeing her husband so indifferent to it, decided that her son must play at least the piano, if he had any talent at all. Masters were procured when he was a small boy, with the result that he is a very fair pianist, and satisfies even the critical taste of his mother. Of painting he knows less, but can dash off a very respectable sketch, showing verve, but a lack of knowledge of color.

But, above all and before all, the king is a man of will, and, try as he may, no one can turn him once his mind is made up.—Rome Correspondence Pall Mall Gazette.

His Prophecy Came True.

Edward Wigglesworth, "Hollis professor of divinity at Cambridge," in a little pamphlet published in the portentous year of 1775, must have had a correct idea of the prosperity of this country during the century just closing, as he predicted that the population of the "British American colonies" in 1900 would be 80,000,000.

Included in this estimate was Nova Scotia, now the Dominion of Canada, which with its last recorded census result of 4,800,000 added to the 76,000,000 of the United States fulfills almost to the letter the accuracy of the Wigglesworth prophecy. And this somewhat remarkable forecast was not based upon any species of guess work, but upon a well defined and clearly constructed mathematical theory, which, reduced to plain words, can be best described in the language of its author:

"The British-Americans have doubled their numbers in every period of twenty-five years from their first plantation."

Taking this statistical fact as a basis for his calculations the Harvard divinity professor constructed a system of reckoning the increase of a country's population which history has shown to be as correct as his method was simple.

Assuming that the 1775 population was 2,500,000 Mr. Wigglesworth estimated 5,000,000 for 1800, 10,000,000 for 1825, 20,000,000 for 1850, 40,000,000 for 1875 and 80,000,000 for 1900, and the record of the United States census since its initial taking in 1790 shows substantially these figures, as follows: Census of 1800, 5,308,000; 1825 (1820), 9,633,000; 1850, 23,191,000; 1875 (1870), 38,658,000; 1900, with Canada, 81,000,000.—National Magazine.

Discouraged.

"You used to be something of an altruist," said the friend.

"Yes," answered Willie Wishington. "I was a Theosophist for a while, too. But I had to give up. I've tried being a whole lot of things, but I never got far enough along to find out what the names by which they are called actually meant."—Washington Star.

No Grammarian.

"No man hates verbs wuss'n I do."

"Why do yu hate 'em, Weary?"

"'Cause dey express action!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"My boy, don't put sugar on your hash. It's very bad form." Willie—But it's awfully good taste.—Yale Record.

MILLION DOLLARS FOR A NORTH POLE SEARCH.

BALDWIN. ZIEGLER.

Evelyn B. Baldwin, who is to command the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition in search of the north pole, is rapidly completing the great outfit which his plans require for the Arctic quest, and has announced that everything points toward the middle of June as the date when the expedition will leave New York. Four portable houses, two steam launches, a photographic outfit, and fifty tons of dog food are among the latest list of supplies for which Baldwin is negotiating. This expedition, which will have practically unlimited financial backing by Wm. Ziegler, will probably go into the Arctic regions better prepared to accomplish its object than any similar expedition since the quest for the pole began. Ziegler has announced that he is prepared to spend a million dollars.

Baldwin went with the Peary expedition of 1893 as meteorologist and in 1897 went to Spitzbergen to join Andree in the latter's balloon expedition, but was prevented by lack of room in the balloon car. His plans for the coming attempt to reach the pole were formed after five years' close study. Baldwin will have the most extensive transport train ever carried on such a voyage.