

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

Strange force, concealed in some forgotten song. That dost past hopes and dreams of love recall...

A BRAKEMAN'S STORY

It was so quiet outside that when the long freight train would come to a standstill...

Sitting in the little red caboose in the rear of the big freight train, rumbling along through a blind fog of snow...

At the entrance of Joe, the brakeman, however, the glum little party seemed to thaw at once.

"Joe," said one of the shippers, "be we going to reach Jersey City afore Christmas?"

"Taint no snap, that's a fact," the shipper assented.

"No, you bet it ain't," said Joe, decisively. "But this ain't a patching to what it is sometimes."

"Something in the manner in which Joe carefully filled his cob pipe, took a bit of stick from the fire, poked it into the fire and lit his pipe slowly and thoughtfully...

"Strange," said Joe at last, with a reluctant look into the fire and a long, steady pull at his pipe...

"Not much of a one," Joe replied deprecatingly. "Just a brakeman's yarn, only it's a little out of the common run."

"Such weather couldn't last, though, and when the end came, it came with a squall. The thermometer dropped forty degrees, and a cold, driving rain that had set in in the afternoon turned toward night into a drifting, blinding snow."

"The train whistled for a station, and 'Joe,' grabbing his lantern, escaped into the night and the falling snow."

For 103 years the tomb of John Hancock in the Old Granary burying ground has been marked only by the name 'Hancock.'

The invention of a miniature ice machine has caused the kings of congealed water to tremble in their boots.

Mr. J. P. O'Brien is the inventor, and the ice machines are to be put on the market in the very near future.

Modern society," observed the young man, contemptuously, "has revised most of the old-time proverbs."

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trouble down the road, and when 'Bill' had offered to fight Johnny had refused. He tried to keep out of Bill's way, but when 'Bill' said he was afraid, Johnny turned and walked squarely up to him and said quietly: 'You take that back!'

"Up the road not very far from Albany there is a pretty little farm that runs down to the river, and right at the corner of it was a water tank. It happened that on this farm there was a dark eyed little girl who was the idol of all the boys along the road."

"Well," he said, "to cut it short, when we got into Jersey City Johnny's father was there. It didn't take more than a glance at his clothes and his portly bearing to tell me that he was a rich man."

"I went to the funeral the next day. That was the day before Christmas. The old man's hair had turned white, and his face was as lined and rigid as though he was mounting a scuffold."

Chemicals are used, a crank is turned for fifteen minutes.

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GREAT LUCK OF A MINER.

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JOHN PIERCE, THE ARIZONA MINER.

territory. Already there are 500 people there, and empty houses from Tombstone are being taken there bodily. An English syndicate has secured the Pierce ledge, and has organized with \$1,500,000, and it is said that there is a prospect of the new camp rivaling Cripple Creek in Colorado.

Pierce about four years ago took up a claim about thirty miles northeast of Tombstone. There was a water hole in the mountains, and he took the place in order to get the water so he could raise a few head of stock.

Prior to two years ago Pierce was a broken-down miner, a man who had never had to exceed \$10 at one time, and who was having a hard struggle to make both ends meet.

He had no money himself, so he had to do all the developing work on a small scale. He managed to take out several tons of ore and ship it away.

The result from this shipment was over \$3,000. With this amount of money he sunk a shaft and opened his claim so that it was possible to ascertain the extent of the ledge.

After this work had been accomplished some parties from Silver City, N. M., came along and bonded the property for \$250,000 on a year's time.

But all this is changed now. Weyler allows the made-up claim to come into this country, but there is a slight misunderstanding about the tobacco leaf, and this is the farmer's rejoicing.

The annual production of tobacco in the United States has been growing greater and greater for several years past. It has never been known as a tobacco-growing country, because it has not produced all the leaf it wanted.

But all who know our agricultural possibilities say there is no reason why a leaf of the imported tobacco should ever be asked for here again.

They were born in Illinois, and can swim excellently.

Mr. John Gordon, of Mount Vernon, Ill., has a duck which has turned out a queer brood of ducklings. One had four perfect legs and feet, and the duckling uses them all in walking just like any other quadruped.

leals, the chemicals act on the water. At the end of the prescribed time take out your cylinder, and presto! there you have a round block of glistening ice.

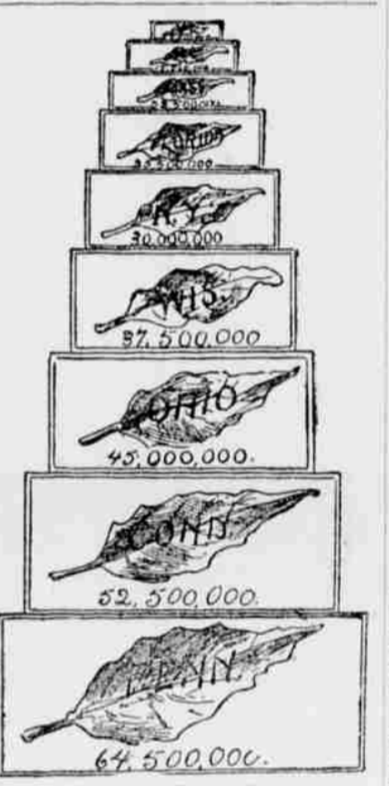
The cost of ice produced by this process, it is claimed, will be \$1.40 a year. This is the amount the company will charge for chemicals sufficient to last a year. There is to be no other expense.

TABACCO PRODUCTION.

Annual Output of the States Without Regard to Merit.

Whatever the cigarmakers or the cigar seller might have thought of Weyler's prohibition, one class of American citizens viewed it with undisguised delight.

The people who have so benefited by the edict were the farmers. For years these honest men have been raising tobacco and offering it in the tobacco markets. Their quality was superior, their curing perfect, their leaves uniform in size, and their leaf without blemish.



TABACCO-GROWING STATES.

his toil and care had to take medium prices.

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DUCKS WITH LEGS TO GIVE AWAY

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Mr. John Gordon, of Mount Vernon, Ill., has a duck which has turned out a queer brood of ducklings.

Where old the preacher take his text? "From that point of de Scripture whar de Postol Paul plants his pistol to de Fesions."—Washington Times.

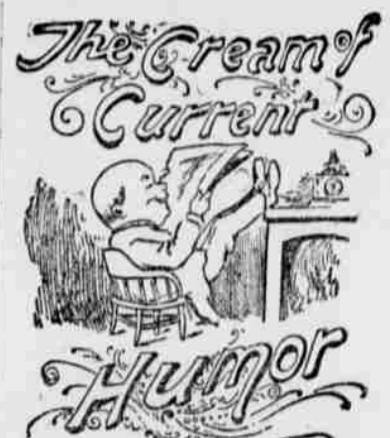
Fair Patient—Is there no way of telling exactly what is the matter with me? Dr. Emdee—Only a post-mortem examination would reveal that. Fair Patient—Then, for heaven's sake, make one. I don't see why I should be squeamish at such a time as this.—Pick-Me-Up.

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M. Fougard says that a single pair of aphides will bring 1,000,000,000,000,000 individuals of their kind into existence in a single season of five months.

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The Cream of Current Humor

The glorious Fourth has passed away. The day dawns bright with cheer; The small boy's chances to survive Are good for one more year.

Poet—How do you know the editor isn't in? Office-boy—From your looks.—Puck.

First Trump—Wuz you ever married? Second Trump—Well, I jist wish I had all the alimony I owe.—Puck.

"Weren't you surprised when he proposed?" "No; why should I be?" "Everybody else was."—Harlem Life.

Never Touched Her: He—Don't you ever tire of talking? She (quickly)—It depends upon who is talking.—Vogue.

Artist—That man Bacon offered me \$12 for that largest painting of mine, Caller—Oh, then you've had it framed?—Yonkers Statesman.

She—Young Baggie, I believe, takes his fences well? He—Yaas, splendidly; but it's a pity his horse doesn't take 'em at the same time.—Sydney Bulletin.

"There!" hissed the jealous Moor; "how do you feel now?" "Down in the mouth," gasped the irrepressible Desdemona from beneath her pillow.—Puck.

"It is simply astonishing the way the bicycle is displacing the horse!" "It is, indeed. Yesterday I found a piece of rubber tire in my sausage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Brown—Have you read this article upon "How to Tell a Bad Egg?" Jones—No, but if you have anything to tell a bad egg, my advice is to break it gently.—Up-to-Date.

Miss Rechee (indignant)—Did you tell Jim Jackson dat ef he married me he'd hab a white elephant on hees hands? Miss Snodlake—No, indeed, I didn't! Do yo' flink I se color-blind?—Puck.

Amicus—Why, do you use the expression funny joke? Aren't all jokes funny? Editor—Not by a long shot. The jokes that other fellows get off at your expense are never funny.—Truth.

"It seems to me, Miranda," mildly observed Mr. Meeks, "these cakes would be considerably improved by the addition of a little more ginger." "So would you, William," briefly responded Mrs. Meeks.—Chicago Tribune.

"Well, girls, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy!" "Did you and Jack have some trouble in getting your father's consent?" "No, papa and I had a lot of trouble in getting Jack's consent."—Exchange.

Mrs. Brown—I have been so annoyed at my husband. He has been at the club every night for a week. Mrs. Jones—Why, so has my husband, and he said he hadn't seen anything of your husband for a week.—Brooklyn Life.

She—It seems strange that men are no longer willing to do deedly combat for the love of a woman. He—Ain't it queer, though? Especially when women have so much more money of their own these days?—Indianapolis Journal.

"I once knew a man," said the imaginative boarder, "who was so fat that he was actually taller lying down than when he was standing up. What do you think of that?" "It strikes me," said the cheerful idiot, "as pretty tall lying."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Dangerous Text: "Well, Uncle Rasbury, how did you like the sermon?" "Pow'ful fine sermon, Marce John." "Where did the preacher take his text?" "From dat point of de Scripture whar de Postol Paul plants his pistol to de Fesions."—Washington Times.

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