DIFFICULTY OF LIGHTING TRAINS

No Entirely Adequate Method of Overcoming It by Electricity Yet Discovered—New Types of Locomotives and Water Tube Boilers—Another Wireless Telegraph.

Mr. Alton D. Adams, who is well known as a writer on electrical engineering topics, has looked into the subject of the electric lighting of railway trains, and has concluded that none of the combinations of electrical equipment at present in use give satisfactory results. All are too great in first cost, too expensive to operate or give unsatisfactory service. The desideratum for a system of electric lighting on steam railroad trains is moderate first cost, complete independence of motion or the speed of travel, also of the coupling or uncoupling of coaches, low operating and maintenance expense and no drag on the locomotive power. These conditions imply a separate dynamo for each car, driven by a source of energy entirely independent of locomotive steam or train motion. They apparently include the storage battery in its present stage, because of high first cost and rapid deterioration.

The establishment of a separate dynamo on each car involves the selection of a satisfactory motive power. Steam being considered to be out of the question, there remain gas, gasoline and petroleum engines as the possible prime movers—the three present material differences as to danger from accident, which are entitled to much weight in a selection for car lighting. Of the three, gasoline engines are regarded as ruled out for this use on account of attendant risk. Gas or oil engines are favored, with the preference for oil engines using the less volatile products of petroleum, such as kerosene and the heavier oils. If, for instance, a small gas engine and dynamo be installed on cars already fitted with the gas reservoir, it is claimed that a material saving over gas lighting can be made.

Pure Oil Gas Used.

The pure oil gas is used for car lighting, and is transported in cylinders under pressure to reduce its bulk. At the pressure of the air, a cubic foot of pure oil gas yields a light of about 12 candle power during one hour. One cubic foot of this same gas at the open-air pressure contains 1800 heat units. Even the small gas engines, that would be used for lighting individual cars, will deliver one brake horse-power hour on a consumption of gas containing not more than 14,250 heat units. A suitable small dynamo would easily show an efficiency of 75 per cent, so that one electrical horse-power hour would be delivered at the dynamo terminals for a combustion of gas containing 19,000 heat units, in the engine cylinder. One electrical horse-power hour is the equivalent of 746 watt hours, and three watts are sufficient to maintain one candle-power in incandescent lamps. The 746 watt hours, therefore, produce 248 candles of light during one hour, in electric lamps.

This amount of electric light, resulting from 19,000 heat units in the cylinder of the gas engine, requires 10 cubic feet of pure oil gas. As seen above, oil gas yields 12 candle-power hours per cubic feet of gas, giving 248 candle-power hours when used in the dynamo engine is thus twice as effective for illumination as when burned in the open flame. Mr. Adams figures that an oil engine and dynamo on each car would save the entire first cost of the present gas equipments and nearly one-half their expense for fuel. No storage batteries would be necessary, as the engine and dynamo could operate whatever the condition and location of the car.

To this it will be replied by the practical railroad men, while admitting that no electric train lighting system yet devised is successful, that the plan is impracticable.

One Reliable Method.

Of the three methods of electric train lighting tried on a considerable scale in this country the method of generating the current by a central plant in the baggage-car is the one reliable method, and this is confined to trains of luxury on competitive runs against Mr. Adams' unsupported assertion that "an oil engine and dynamo in each car involves only a very moderate first cost and a trifling amount of attention in operation, so far as the electric machines alone are concerned." The Railroad Gazette makes also the unsupported assertion that the first cost would be inadmissable, and the cost of inspection and maintenance would be prohibitive if the equipment were presented to the railroad companies. The fuel cost would be only a small element in the cost of operating, inspecting and maintaining such a system.

On the luxury trains, which have carried one dynamo to each train, the cost of attendance on and maintenance of the electrical equipment has been such as to put this method of lighting out of the question, except, for trains of a limited class, in competitive service, where the cost of electric lighting may properly be charged up to advertising account. But it is now proposed to multiply this operating and maintenance charge anywhere from five to twelve times on each train. Furthermore, it is proposed to put on each car a gas or oil engine to drive the dynamo. Who is to care for these on the road we are not informed, but it is suggested that "at the end of each day or run the generating set on each car should be inspected by a competent mechanic."

The "axle light" so called being regarded as still in the experimental stage and being open to the objections that it is dependent upon the speed of the train, so far as the direct current is concerned, railroad opinion is quite likely to unite on the proposition that no electric lighting scheme yet shown is cheap enough and reliable enough to take the place of train lighting by compressed gas.

New Type of Locomotive.

The Atlantic type of locomotive, evolved from the requirements of the exceptionally fast service between Philadelphia and Atlantic City, has become a familiar sight to railway travelers out of New York City by the lines through New Jersey, and has also found favor on some Western roads. Even the conservative Pennsylvania Railroad, which would probably never yield to a fad, has given consideration to this type. But the Pennsylvania is nothing if not original in its studies and experiments, and it is therefore not surprising to learn that after having built an Atlantic-type engine at its own shops, after the generally accepted models and designs, and operated it a while, its mechanical engineers have devoted themselves to a modification of the type in a locomotive now under construction in the Altoona shops.

The first Pennsylvania Atlantic-type engine was built in June, 1899, and these engines are reported to have given satisfactory service in the work for which they were designed. In the standard Atlantic type, the two pairs of drivers were well together under the middle of the boiler, the rear or No. 2 pair of wheels being the main drivers. The firebox is wide, of the Wootten type, and this end is carried on a pair of trailing wheels, spaced well up in the wake of the drivers. The cab is over the middle of the boiler, and the fireman has a separate cab or shelter over the firing deck.

The motives of the Pennsylvania in designing modifications of this class are first to produce a locomotive suitable for general heavy express service, which shall burn either anthacite or bituminous coal; second, that it is the desire to adhere to the standard practice of the Pennsylvania road in keeping the engineer and fireman together rather than separating them, as in the case of the regular Atlantic type engines. In this latest design, the forward part of the locomotive, back to the No. 1 driver, is fairly a duplicate of the accepted Atlantic type. The wheel base and distances from center to center of journals, back to and including the No. 2 driving wheels, are identical.

Material Differences.

From this point back material differences are apparent. The cab is located at the back end of the boiler, immediately over the trailing wheels. The back head of the boiler is sharply sloped. The outline of the firebox shows very material changes. The effort to dispense with the Wootten firebox and still maintain a large grate area is apparent throughout and rules the design of this part of the engine. The wheel base from center of No. 2 driving wheel journal to center of trailing wheel journal is 11 feet 8 inches in this engine, as against 7 feet 5 inches in the Atlantic type. To have made an addition of 4 feet 3 inches to the rigid wheel base would not have been practicable.

The trailing wheels are therefore made radial to accommodate this extra length of the wheel base. The cylinders are 20½ x26 inches, and the driving wheels are 80 inches in diameter, the same as in the former class from which the departure was made. The engine is about 3 feet 4 inches longer than its predecessor. The grate area will be 51 square feet, and the total heating surface 2430 square feet. The tractive power, on the basis of 80 per cent mean effective pressure from a boiler pressure of 185 pounds per square inch, will be slightly over 20,000 pounds. The general appearance of this engine will be radically different from that of the one with which it is compared, and to whose class it practically belongs. The change of location of the cab and the increase of wheel base between the No. 2 driver and the trailing wheel make such transformation in general contour that the engines will scarcely be identified at a glance as being of similar class construction.

Water-Tube Boilers.

The movement of recent years for the general substitution of water-tube boilers and high initial pressures in warships for the Scotch boiler and the lower pressures formerly used has by no means proved an unqualified success. Every modern naval power, from England to Japan, is committed to the use of water-tube boilers on the largest scale. The whole subject was taken up by Admiral Melville, Chief Engineer of the United States Navy, in a paper before the Society of Marine Engineers and Naval Architects, and his statement of the advantages and disadvantages attending their use was given in these columns in the issue of December 24 last.

The London journal, the Engineer, speaks of the experience gained with such boilers as "the failure of a great experiment." The chief difficulties of the innovation are said to have been found in inability to reduce pressures to suit fractional parts of the total ship's power; for example, in cruising at half power; in failure to keep the boilers and engine fittings steam tight, and in the consequent enormous consumption of fuel from these combined causes. The statement is unreservedly made that the Belleville boiler must be worked at high pressure; that the engines fitted to receive this high pressure are the "real, if involuntary, culprits," and that the double experiment is a failure, the full extent and gravity of which are not yet known. The failure of one great firm of manufacturers is attributed to a protracted attempt to produce Belleville tubes of "superlative and all but unattainable qualities," required by the Admiralty. Without such tubes, the Admiralty dare not send ships to sea.

The Naval and Military Record is quoted as saying that the cruiser Europa was 88 days from Portsmouth to Sydney. Of this time, 58 days were used in steaming and 30 days coaling. The average coal consumption for the trip is placed at five pounds of coal per indicated horsepower hour, at 12 knots per hour—2.1 knots per ton of coal. At current prices for the eight coaling points at which it was necessary to stop, the coal bill is estimated at more than $85,000. The Europa is said to be no exception in inefficiency, as the Hermes and the Highflyer are flatly called "utter failures."

Comparison of Power Plants.

Some criticism is occasionally directed against the locomotive because it is somewhat less economical of fuel than the stationary plant, or because it sometimes smokes or throws sparks. As a real basis of comparison, one of the railroad papers prints elevations and ground plans of two 100 horse-power plants, both drawn to the same scale. One drawing represents a modern locomotive, consisting of a single boiler and two high-speed engines. Having 2000 square feet of heating surface and 20x24 inch cylinders, it is quite capable of delivering the power assigned it. The other drawings are of a stationary steam plant, and is put forth as no more liberal in its dimensions than such plants need to be. The building is 55x90 feet in size, containing eight 125 horse-power boilers and two 500 horse-power, slow-speed engines. There is a chimney 15 feet square and 110 feet high. The stationary plant is thus shown to cover an area many times greater than that covered by the locomotive, and yet the power capabilities of the two plants are the same. The drawings illustrate forcibly the compactness of design of the modern locomotive engine.

Another Wireless Telegraph.

The London Electrical Review gives an account of a new system of wireless telegraphy, said to have been discovered by Herr Bala Schafer, as described to the Physical Society of Frankfort-on-the-Main. A sheet of tinfoil is pasted to a glass plate, and the foil is cut into several strips by a sharp knife. It appears that, in ordinary circumstances, there is no absolute electrical discontinuity between the first and last strips, and a resistance of 50 ohms existed in the example cited. As soon, however, as the plate was subjected to the influence of electric waves, the resistance rose to 5000 ohms, but as soon as the waves ceased the original value of 50 ohms was resumed. Herr Schafer has, up to the present time, been unable to find the cause of this phenomenon.

He first thought it might be due to moisture on the plate, but finds that the same effect is obtained in a vacuum. In later apparatus he has replaced the tinfoil by silvered glass, the metal being divided up by several cuts, the sum of whose widths are only a few hundredths of a millimeter. The sensitiveness of the apparatus increases with the width and number of cuts up to a certain point, and then again diminishes. Either a telephone or a Morse inker can be used in the local circuit of the receiving station. It is stated, in the report of the paper published in the Elektrotechnische Rundschau, that experiments were made across the British Channel in the presence of officers of the British Post-office, and that the British Government has decided to make use of the Schafer system.

We learn on inquiry, however, says the Electrician, from which this paragraph is taken, that the latter part of this statement is not correct. Successful transmission is also said to have taken place between the shore and a moving ship in the Adriatic Sea, up to a distance of nearly 60 miles, a 30-centimeter induction coil and a vertical wire 20 meters high being employed.

His Idea of Music.

It was the Scottish express, and as it was not due to stop for another six hours, the other nine occupants of the smoker began to get nervous. The 10th passenger, who was sitting in the window corner with a cap pulled over the face, groaned again. The kind-hearted old gentleman snoozing opposite unscrewed a flask of cold tea and passed it to his afflicted neighbor. He drank long and eagerly.

"Do you feel better?" asked the giver.

"I do," said he who had groaned.

"What ailed you, any way?"

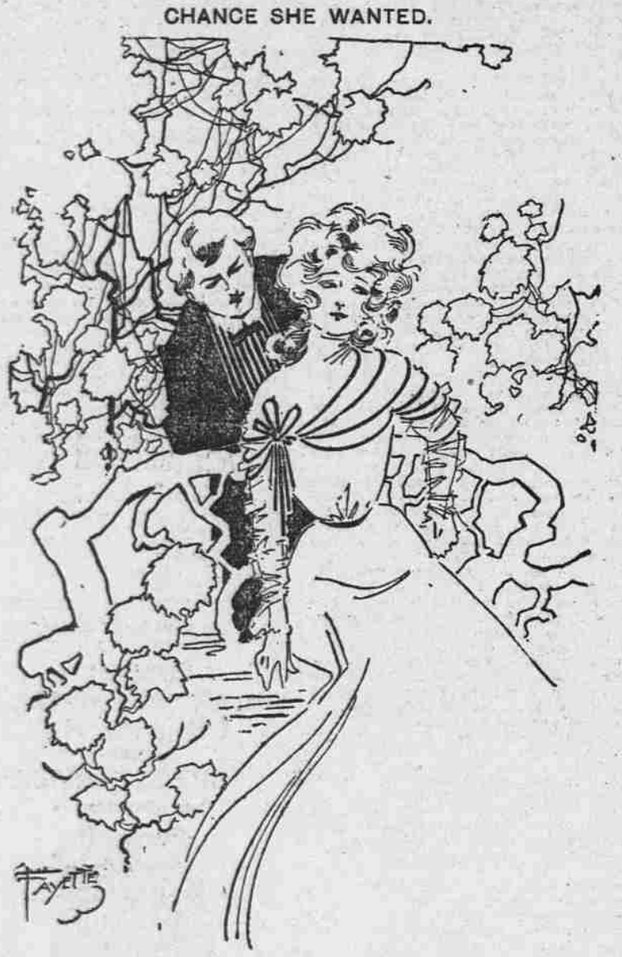
"Ailed me?"

"Yes; what made you groan so?"

"Groan! Great Scott, man, I was singing."

Then a great silence fell on that third-class smoker.—London Answers.

CHANCE SHE WANTED.



"Are you for imperialism?"
"I don't understand you."
"I mean—er—do you favor annexation?"
"Oh! this is so sudden. Yes—I'm yours."

AN UNCANNY EXPERIENCE

"SKEERY" WHILE IT LASTED, AND THAT WAS LONG ENOUGH.

Explanation Came Tardily, but It Was Clearly a Case of Better Late Than Not at All.

A Summer evening in the month of June. A room in a morgue, where there were a number of tables. These latter were formed three planks, hinged together and supported at either end by a small wooden "horse." All the tables were tenantless now, save one. Drawn to this grewsome spot I had come. I was not morbid, but I felt a melancholy interest in the place and its surroundings.

I was a stranger and in the peculiar mood in which I found myself, I had wandered thither. Through the door connecting the room with the adjoining one, there came the gurgling of tiny streams of water that trickled over the cadaver of an unknown suicide, held for identification.

I have said that the room where I was standing was unoccupied except by one body—that of a young girl in her teens—just brought in. One end of the sheet that covered her had accidentally been turned back by a draught of air sweeping through the corridor, as the attendants had carried her in. I had noticed the sweet, young face, surrounded by long, dark hair, and it was most fair.

The girlish figure, just rounding out into womanhood, seemed strangely incongruous in these dreary surroundings. I think that even the attendant, accustomed as he was to the scenes like this, felt awed, as he reverently replaced the sheet over the dead girl's face. I am sure that I experienced a sense of reverence for that silent, rigid form.

What was it that had thus cruelly terminated this young life? By what sad fatality had her career been ended, at the very time when all that was most joyous in the world, should, in the ordinary course of events, have just been opened to her? I did not know.

Beautiful in Death.

I went over and stood at her head, drawn thither by an uncontrollable impulse. Yes, the attendant had done what was proper in covering up that face. What right had a morbidly curious world to vulgarly gaze upon those perfect features, so calm, so serene, so radiantly beautiful, even in death?

I stood some moments thus. In contemplation I waited there, while the hours were deepening into twilight, before I turned to leave the scene. Whatever mystery there is in the Hereafter, I felt that this young girl now knew all—knew more than all the wise men or women now living on this earth. Perhaps it is a realization of this fact that makes us stand uncovered, awed and reverent, in the presence of the dead. Yet, whatever the knowledge they possess, the mute, cold lips never disclose it. The Sphinx guards not its secrets more jealously than they.

I moved toward the door at the further end of the room, now fast filling with the shadows of the coming night. My hand was upon the knob, yet I was loth to leave that silent room. To my fancy it was allowed by the presence of the motionless one. There was a weird, nameless fascination that enthralled me.

I looked toward the sleeper. My eyeballs almost started from their sockets. My breath came short and fast. My heart gave a tremendous thump, and then it almost ceased to beat. What I saw seemed like an apparition, and I was fairly petrified with horror.

I saw the body was in commotion. The hands, that had erstwhile reposed so peacefully upon the breast but a few moments before, slowly unfolded. The body trembled. The fingers clutched the sheet and threw it back from the face.

Rose and Knelt.

Slowly, and not unlike an automaton, the dead girl rose and knelt. In the semi-darkness, clad as she was in white, with the snowy sheet trailing downward to the floor, the effect upon my overstrained nerves was most ghostly and appalling. Try as I would, I could not withdraw my gaze from the blood-curdling spectacle.

At last there came a sigh, so sad, so solemn, that it sounded like a wail of anguish, as it escaped from the half-parted lips. Her great, black eyes were open, and in them was an expression of unutterable sorrow. I stood transfixed.

Then her look changed, and she wildly gazed about the room, as if seeking to inquire by what authority she had been chained within the icy fetters of a premature death, and then resuscitated, on the verge of the grave, as it were, within this awful place.

I struggled hard against the power that held me. I saw her slender white fingers, as they fluttered through her black tresses. She had peered in every direction but mine. For this much I was grateful, for I instinctively felt that I could scarcely meet that gaze and live.

I was in mortal terror lest, with the next movement of those eyes, now glaring like a basilisk, she would discover me. At last, through very fear, there came a revulsion of my feelings.

The dread that she should see me, even walk towards me, speak to me, or perhaps touch me, brought me to myself. I hastily threw wide the door, and incontinently fled out into the night. It was all so frightfully uncanny, that I was only too thankful to make my escape.

Only a Dream.

A few moments later I found myself wide awake, sitting up in bed, but the memory of that horrible dream was still present. The cold perspiration stood out upon my forehead, and then I realized it was all a nightmare.

I composed myself upon my pillow, and thought long and earnestly. I wondered what it was that could account for such a visitation. Suddenly it flashed through my mind.

Since that fearful night I have eschewed cheese at dinner. C. E. S.

FUN OF THE PARAGRAPHERS

Things to Make You Laugh or Cry, as the Case May Be.

New Foreman—Little short of copy, sir.

Editor—Don't you know the standing rule of the office?

New Foreman—No, sir. What is it?

Editor—When short of copy, always run the portrait of the Dowager Empress of China.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"We got red porch chairs just like the Joneses."

"Well?"

"Our cook says their cook says the whole Jones family were mad and stayed up all night to paint thei rchairs bright green."—Puck.

Hardup—I'm very sorry, but I can't pay you today. You see, the grocery man has just been here, and——

Butcher (interrupting)—Yes, I just met him, and he said you put him off because you had to pay me. So here's the bill.—Chicago News.

Waitress — Roastbeefmuttonroastporkmashedorbrownpotatoesbeets pudding orpie?"

Customer—H'm. Are not those things still in separate dishes?"

Waitress—Yessir.

Customer—Then why do you announce them as if they had already been made into hash.—Indianapolis Press.

"Deah boy, the papahs say the Pwince of Wales looks thin and worried."

"Must we look thin and worried, too, old chapple?"

"Deah boy, you cawn't look thin whenevah you want to. The best we can do, don't you know, is just to look worried and go into twaining."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

First Filipino—Yes, I read the American papers a great deal when I can get them. I like to find out what the Americans are doing over there. But I tell you, I don't like the way Aguinaldo was killed a short time ago. I don't like the position they put him in when he was killed.

Second Filipino—The position?

First Filipino—Yes; I think a man of his importance should have top of column next to reading matter, as he used to have before the Chinese matter came up, instead of being asndwiched in between patent medicine advertisements.—Brooklyn Life.

"Here is your morning's mail," said the attendant.

The Sultan of Turkey reached out his diamond-covered hand, then drew it back and exclaimed with a yawn: "I'll tell you what I wish you'd do, my good man. Just run through it and throw away the ultimatums and bills for indemnity. Then I'll look through the rest of it at my leisure."—Washington Star.

We are in receipt of the following inquiry:

"Dear editur: our cow has gone dry, do you think we could sell her for dried beaf? if so whear?"—Indianapolis News.

Askit—What is the difference between a journalist and a newspaperman?

Tellit—A journalist always describes a parade as a "pageant."—Baltimore American.

"The British nation seems to be taking the Pekin horror in rather stoical fashion."

"Yes. They are afraid of stirring up Alfred Austin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

JAMES K. JONES, CHAIRMAN NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE.

THE NEXT PASSENGER?

SPLENDORS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Glowing Description of a Wondrous Spectacle of Impressive Beauty and Magnificence, by T. DeWitt Talmage, New York's Famous Pulpit Orator.

We take steamer from Trondhjem, a proper name that you will pronounce wrongly whichever way you pronounce it, unless you were born in Norway, or have for a long while practiced the strange accentuation. We are sailing for the North Cape, or the north end of the world, or in the Land of the Midnight Sun. We start with a depressed spirit, for the voyagers who have just returned from those regions did not see the wonderful spectacle. There were clouds and fogs which would not lift their curtain for the solar exhibition.

Indeed, the most of the people who go to see the midnight sun never see it at all; and there are thousands of persons who think that promised performance a failure and a humbug. They return from the North Cape feeling chilly, and with a bad cold in their heads, and they sneeze violently while they are describing their disappointment.

It was raining as we stepped aboard the King Harald, and if any one of the party had suggested to us another route, and that the midnight moon kept more reasonable hours than the midnight sun, we would have changed our itinerary. But fortunately we sailed on toward one of the most rapt and entrancing experiences of a lifetime, for we saw the midnight sun four times out of the five nights we were in the Arctics.

Into the Arctic.

Our steamer day after day goes winding among the islands which suggest the Thousand Islands of the American waters, and then among inlets that remind us of Lake Lucerne and Cayuga, and by waterfalls which make you think of those of the Yosemite, and by mountain torrents tangled among the crags until the frolicking liquids fling themselves in the sea, and then we go on between snow-covered rocks, which are great white thrones of luster and pomp, and our ship's gun startles the seagulls by the millions, and the echoes of rock which human foot never trod, and when we ask what means that cannonade we are informed that we have passed into the Arctic Sea.

It is Summer, but all our blankets and furs are brought into service. Good-bye to straw hats and thin shawls. In a few hours we have passed from June into November. Our faith in the integrity of watches and clocks is very much shaken. They say it is nine o'clock, and ten o'clock, and eleven o'clock, and yet not even a hint of darkness. But all the watches cannot be in conspiracy to deceive, and every man who has a watch is looking at it, and all the chronometers agree in saying it is ten minutes of midnight.

At this time a great thick cloud drops o'er the sun. We have come 4000 miles through the isles of the great theater of nature, and alas! there is a prospect that the main actor will not appear upon the stage. Having disapointed so many, will he disappoint us? We are transfixed with anxiety and are watching and waiting and hoping and almost praying that we may see what we have come so far to see.

The Midnight Sun.

Hush now everybody and everything! Not one cough of the smoke-stack, not one throb of the engine, not one shuffle of the foot lest it disturb the scene. Look! The clouds seem parting, dissolving, passing. Aye! They are gone, and the midnight sun is before us.

Our steamer has moved out of the Fjord into the open sea that nothing may hinder our view. The shimmering waters of the polar sea have become forty miles of richest mosaic, and all the angels of beauty and splendor having come down on ladders divinely lowered, walk those pavements of mosaic, and they look like the floor of heaven across which trail the white robes of the beatific. The sun is so bright we look at it through smoked glasses.

The sky is on fire. Enough clouds nearby to make an upholstery of flame. Horses of fire and chariots of fire, rolling through cities of fire. Great masterpiece of the Almighty in the gallery of the sky. Sunrise and sunset married. Niagara of fire. Strange, weird, overwhelming spectacle, smiting all other natural brilliance into nihility. Searching enough, overmastering enough, glorious enough to be the Eye which never slumber nor sleeps. We had seen the morning sun and the noonday sun and the setting sun, but never before had we seen and never again will we see the midnight sun.

Impressive Sene.

From what vats of infinite beauty were these colors dipped? A commingling of hues to be found in such excess on no other sky and on no other sea, amber and gold; lavender blending with royal purple; all the shades of yellow, orange and canary and lemon; all shades of blue, turquoise and sapphire and navy and marine and azure; all shades of green, olive and myrtle and Nile; all shades of red, scarlet and magenta and cardinal, the fiery red cooling into gray, and the gray warming into ruby. Now amethyst seems about to triumph until emerald appears, but the emerald is soon outdone by the carbuncle. It is in some respects the most impressive scene in the whole world.

The sun seems disposed to go to bed at the right time, but it does not like the wet pillow offered it, or it changes its mind, for you watch, expecting it to hide beneath the wave. But no! like unto its behavior in Joshua's time, it seems to stand still. Afterward it begins to rise. It banishes the night. It forbids the moon and stars to appear. These lesser lights seem to say: "There is no use in our shining, for the sun does enough of that for all." Victory of light over darkness! The shadows told to go and hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth!

The North Cape.

But do not think it is easy to climb the North Cape—the rock at the jumping-off place of the world. I advise none to undertake it unless they be strong of limb and lung and heart. From the steamer you push off in a small boat, and after ten minutes' rowing reach the foot of the rock, which, according to the guide-book, is 1000 feet high, but by the unanimous opinion of those who climb it, about 3000 feet high. We were not surprised to find a seemingly athletic man give it up and return to the boat.

Up and up, slipping and sliding, now holding on to a rock, now to a rope, till you come to a stretch of deep snow affording you no solid place for a foothold, and along by precipices, where the climbers are warned not to look down if they become dizzy at great heights. The most of the ladies got fast in the snow, and would have been there yet but for the gallantry of those who had them in charge.

After you feel you have almost reached the top some encouraging soul will tell you that the worst is yet to come. But you cannot stop there, and so you keep going on and up until you reach the top of Cape North, and find that you have at least a mile to walk before you come to a place of shelter, and the points celebrated in stone for the visits of William II of Germany and Oscar II of Sweden. There again you see the midnight sun.

But the descent is much more difficult than the ascent, and by the time you reach the steamer you are disposed to say: "I would not have missed that excursion for a thousand dollars and I would not take it again for ten thousand."

Perpetual Light.

But the most trying thing in all the journey to the Land of the Midnight Sun is the perpetual light. There is no suggestion of retirement. You stay up until 12 o'clock to see the wonder in the heavens, and you are so thrilled with the scene—if you have any soul in you—that you must talk it over until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning, and at that hour it is as bright as 12 o'clock at noon in Washington or in New York, and why should you seek your pillow at all?

Nothing but force of resolution and a rehearsal of sanitary law, and an extemporaneous discourse on the uses of sleep can send you to your stateroom, and, reaching it, you find the place flooded with light and all the scene proposing activity instead of somnolence. The result is that many people come down from the North Cape nervous wrecks. They have acquired an insomnia which only weeks of regular habits can extirpate.

With what joy we welcomed the night after we had come down into lower latitudes! Oh, the practical uses of the night! Shadows as important as the sunshine. Midnight as useful as the midnoon. We may say of the Polar seas which we visited, as it was said of a much better place, "There is no night there." But in the one case it was descriptive of a perpetual joy, for there is in that land no fatigue to be solaced, but in the other case it is descriptive of a disquietude, because we must have hours shaded for rest.

Continuous Night.

Yet these polar regions have as many seasons of darkness as seasons of light. From the 23d of September until the 22d of March it is continuous night. The inhabitants long for the morning. Lanterns and candles below, moon and stars above are the only alleviations.

Think of it! Midnight through all of October, all of November, all of December, all of January, all of February, and most of March. I wonder if the roosters know when to crow. I wonder if the sleepers know when to rise. I wonder if imbecility and unhealth of all sorts are not the result. Thank God, all ye who live in latitudes where the days and nights are not so long. Light for enough hours to do our work. Darkness for enough hours to favor refreshing unconsciousness. Let all who live in the temperate zone rejoice in the place of their habitation. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The Sunday Oregonian is indebted to the courtesy of the Christian Herald, of New York, for permission to publish the foregoing article by its editor, Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage, who is now traveling in Europe. The article is copyrighted by the Christian Herald.

Searching for the Emperor.

The greatest interest is felt here as to the whereabouts of the Emperor of China.—Washington Dispatch.

They had found their way to Pekin
On a charitable quest;
They had reached the Purple city,
But they hadn't got the rest
Of what they wanted badly,
For the Emperor was lost,
And he it was they wanted
As security for cost.

So the Allies went to hunting
All around the Purple town;
Irrespective of their language
They combined to hunt him down.
There were British, French and Germans,
There were lynx-eyed Japanese,
Americans and Russians
Skipping round the place like fleas.

There went a Russian chasing
A pig-tail down the street,
And he shouted as he hustled
Close behind the flying feet:
"Hde nachoditcha Tsar?"

Yonder went a Briton running
After everything in sight,
And yelling like a party
Who was going to hold it tight:
"W'ere's 'is bloomin' Ludship?"

There a Japanese went hopping
On his short legs, like a bird,
And at every hop his eager,
Anxious question could be heard:
"Dokone Mikado—gr aru?"

There a Frenchman came a-dancing
On a run, and as he ran
Around the captured city
He called to every man:
"Ou est l'Empereur?"

There a German round the corner
Went a little slow, perhaps,
But at every jump he shouted,
Like a string of thunder claps:
"Wo ist dot Kaiser at?"

There a Yankee went like lightning
Up and down and in and out,
And the sacred walls of China
Re-echoed to his shout:
"Where the h——l's his Giblets?"

Thus the Allies had it lively
All around the captured place
Till the Purple City really
Got purple in the face;
But they didn't find the party,
Notwithstanding all their pleas,
And it's likely they won't find him
Till they hunt him in Chinese.
—New York Sun.