

THEY LIKE THE COLD.

ANIMALS THAT HAIL WINTER WITH JOY.

Frost and Snow Have No Terrors for Many of the Furred and Also Some of the Feathered Denizens of the Woods and Cultivated Fields.

When the grip of Jack Frost tightens on the land, and turns the sappy garden beds and clayey plow lands to iron, tender hearts are sorry for the song birds whose delicate beaks cannot pierce the frozen soil. And many imagine that all wild creatures feel the bitter cold and suffer alike.

But this is a mistake. For many of the furred, and some even of the feathered, tribes the frost and snow have no terrors. The hawks grow fat in snow time. The kestrel finds the snow a capital background against which to view the small fry he feeds on, while the sparrow hawk soars over the clumps of underbrush watching for the sparrows as they slip in and out of shelter. All the weasel tribe rejoice.

To none more than to the domestic pussy does the cold bring joy. It is her game season. Wild birds of many sorts, in the summer shy inhabitants of the woodlands, swarm into suburban gardens, and prove easier prey than the sparrow.

Dogs revel in the clear, bright days of frost. Even short-coated fox terriers never seem to feel the cold, but scamper madly over the stiff grass. And St. Bernards lose their summer sleepiness and roll delightedly in the powdery snow.

The short, dark winter days of Canada's great Northwest hold no terrors for at least one creature. This is the wolverine, an ugly, bear-like beast, hated and feared by all the trappers. Unseen himself, he follows the hunters and watches them as they set their traps, which they do in a long line extending sometimes as much as thirty miles through the dense evergreen forest. These he visits before the gray winter dawn has broken and takes away the bait, himself far too cunning to risk capture. Or, if the trap already holds a captive, mink or ermine, this, too, he tears away and devours at a safe distance. Many are the stories told of this, the greediest, most powerful and suspicious creature of its size known.

In the far north of the same vast solitudes the musk ox lives and flourishes all the year around. Fifty below zero does not matter to this quaint animal, with his immensely thick, furry coat. His sharp hoofs are suited to perfection for scraping away the deep snow and laying bare the thick lichen and moss below it. Nothing but warmth worries the little musk ox. Mere freezing point is to him a Turkish bath.

Another victim to warmth is the llama, yet it lives in latitudes which map mark as tropical. It seeks a nice cold piece high on the windy tablelands of the Andes, and there proves itself of great value to the natives. Water and food do not seem to worry the llama, which carries its burden easily where even mules pant with distress in the thin atmosphere of the giant mountains. The camel of the mountains, as the llama is called, small as he is, will carry a load of 100 pounds.

Dozens of different creatures happily doze the winter away—rats and bears, dormice and many others. One of the least known, and yet most interesting of these, is the hamster. This little brute is the most savage and unsocial creature known. Each in a separate hole far underground, the hamster alternately sleeps on a couch of dry grass, or wakes to stuff himself almost to bursting with the great store of corn and beans he has laid up in his winter larder. Winter is for him the season to rest and grow fat.

A NOTED PRIEST.

Life Story of Dr. Edward McGlynn, St. Mary's Church, Newburgh, N. Y.

Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Newburgh, N. Y., who died recently, was an able theologian and a magnetic speaker. His differences with Archbishop Corrigan, his ecclesiastical superior, gave him an international reputation. He warmly espoused the doctrines of Henry George and the single tax theory and made addresses at political meetings which served to widen the breach with those in authority in the church. Previously he had declined to establish parochial schools in the parish of St. Stephen's, of which he was pastor, averring that the public schools were good enough. He had also displeased the archbishop by the active part he took in the Land League movement. In 1886 he was commanded not to make political addresses. He kept on, however. On election day, 1886, he rode around the polling places of New York in a barouche with single tax politicians. For this he was ordered to Rome to make explanation of his conduct to the Sacred College. For refusing to go he was excommunicated. Then Dr. McGlynn devoted his time to preaching his land theories and reorganizing the Anti-Poverty Society for this purpose and addressed its meetings frequently. For five years the ban was in force

which kept him outside the church. In 1892 it was withdrawn through the intercession of Archbishop Satoli and three years later he was restored to the priesthood and soon after made pastor of St. Mary's Church, Newburgh, where the closing years of his life were made fruitful in extending and intensifying Catholic belief and doctrine in a congregation of 7,000 people.

Dr. McGlynn was born in New York City of Irish parents, who settled there in 1824 from Donegal. In 1837 Edward was born and early manifested a liking for the priesthood. He went to Rome at 17 to study in the College of the Propaganda. He was a brilliant scholar and at 22 was made priest and at the same time doctor of divinity—a rare honor conferred upon candidates for holy orders. He returned to New York in 1860 and as curate served in several churches and while so acting was attached to St. Stephens Church, and, upon the death of Dr. Cummings, and, the pastor, succeeded to the vacancy. This was at the age of 29. For 21 years he continued in this relation and made it the largest Catholic parish in the United States—27,000 persons being



REV. DR. EDWARD M'GLYNN.

affiliated with it. His fame as a preacher and his great and unceasing love for the poor as manifested in countless acts of charity made him beloved by the people of all denominations. He gave away the fortune of \$40,000 that his father left him to the poor and in every possible way did all he could to ameliorate their sufferings. It was his exceeding interest in the forlorn and hungry that led him to espouse the George movement in the hope that something might be done by the State to lift the tens of thousands of the miserable poor in New York to a state of independence. He never ceased to the last to make the cause of the poor his own and a great and noble heart was stilled when the vital spark was extinguished.

NEURALGIA.

Something About This Troublesome Disease.

Pain in a nerve may be due to many causes, such as inflammation of the nerve itself or of the parts around it, pressure by a tumor or swelling somewhere along the course of the nerve, disease at the point of origin of the nerve in the brain or spinal cord, and the like.

When no cause can be discovered for the pain it is called neuralgia; but the term is becoming more and more restricted in its application as medical science advances and new means of detecting disease in formerly inaccessible parts of the body are devised.

The pain is intermittent in character; that is to say, attacks of pain alternate with pain-free periods. The duration of the attacks, as well as of the intervals between them, varies from a few hours to days or even weeks.

Children do not, as a rule, suffer from neuralgia in any part of the body; they may have headaches, it is true, but those are usually due to eye-strain or to some distinct nervous trouble.

The pain of neuralgia is usually very acute and cutting, and is constantly varying in intensity, now dying down for a time, so as to be scarcely noticeable, and again becoming almost unendurable, stabbing the poor sufferer with ferocious malignity.

The character of the pain serves to distinguish neuralgia from so-called muscular rheumatism, the pain of which is a steady dull ache rather than a sharp, boring and paroxysmal agony. There is a curious form of neuralgia which is called "reminiscent." It occurs in persons, usually of a nervous type, who have suffered from nerve-pain due to inflammation, the pressure of a tumor, or some other removable cause, and in whom the pain persists after the cause has been removed. The nerve seems to have acquired a habit of hurting, which continues independently of the original cause.

The treatment of neuralgia is often most difficult and unsatisfactory, for if the cause cannot be determined the physician must work at random. The first step must be to relieve the pain during an attack, which is often possible only by means of powerful anodynes.

A neuralgic sufferer is usually below par physically, and, therefore, tonics, nourishing food and a change of air, when possible, almost always do good.—Youth's Companion.

Good fortune seldom travels around in an automobile looking for you.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

A wholesaler in this city had one of the brightest and most impressive lectures on advertising read to him by a country merchant last week that he has ever heard in his life. This country merchant is not one of the ordinary merchants. He is a character in his way, a Hibernian, and with his full share of the proverbial wit. This merchant lives in a small city of the State, and buys the better part of his goods in this city. He was on a buying trip, and, passing a wholesale house, he observed paper napkins in the windows. He went in to look at them, for he had sale for such things in his store.

"An' do ye have paper napkins to sell?" he asked of the wholesaler. He did have them, he said. "An' how the devil do I be knowin' that ye have paper napkins to sell, if I don't come down here and happen to see them in the windy? Why don't ye till a man ye have paper napkins? Why don't ye advertise in the Commercial Bulletin? Thin we'd know what ye had to sell." The merchant told him that he did advertise in the Bulletin, which was true. "Ah, yis," said the merchant. "An' how do ye advertise? Ye put a cut of yer buildin' in the paper. Now, what the devil do I be wantin' to see the cut o' yer buildin' for? I don't care for yer old buildin'. It's what's in yer buildin' that interests me. If ye have paper napkins, say ye have paper napkins, and don't be a showin' us a picture of your big store. That's the way I'm goin' to sell these paper napkins I am buyin' of ye. I put an advertisement in me paper at home to tell the people of me town that I have paper napkins to sell and the price they have to pay for them, and be the powers they come and buy them." This wholesaler told me that he had more good advertising sense rubbed into him in ten minutes by this merchant than he had found in books in the past ten years.—Hardware Trade.

Cost of Living in Paris.

"To prove that we are economical young women shall I tell you how much we pay at the pension?" writes a girl in the Ladies' Home Journal, who, with a girl companion, is traveling in France and giving the benefit of her experience to girls who may go to the Paris Exposition this year. "The tariff card, tacked on the wall of my rose-twined Marie Antoinette room, says the price is nine francs. Then how do I come to be paying only seven? One learns over here to marchander—to haggle, to bargain. If madame's prices read 'from seven francs,' and you write to her asking if she can let you have a room and at that price, she will probably reply that the only rooms she has unrented cost ten francs. But if you are wise enough to ask her if she has a room for seven francs the answer will be 'yes.' We are, of course, beyond the pale of the bathtub, electric lights and big tips; the maid who cares for our room is satisfied to receive a modest fee, and it is with a thrill of delight that we pick up our candlesticks and say 'good-night' just as they do in novels. We are comfortable and happy on two dollars per day. The fact that we are alone does not bring us a moment's annoyance, nor subject us to any unreasonable restraints."

Wagner in Arcey Road.

"I'll tell you," said Molly Donahue (who was giving a musicale), "play 'The Ride of the Valkyries.' It's so cute."

And Wagner bounded into Arcey Road. He was soon perhaps the most unpopular stranger that ever visited that hospitable neighborhood. He charged the circle of dissidents and left them helpless on the field of battle. Mr. Donahue's eyes showed panic. He clutched Mr. Dooley by the arm and raised him to his feet.

"Come on! Come on!" he said in a burst of rage that at last mastered all domestic tyranny. "We'll have here while they're a shtick iv furniture left in th' house."

"But where ar-re ye goin'?" Mrs. Donahue asked.

"I'm goin' down to the rollin'-mills," he said, "where I can hear the hammers peltin'; where I can have quiet."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Not to Be Prematurely Shelved.

I do not believe that old people should consent to be effaced simply because the riotous advance of youth around them is pushing them to the rear. Love does its mistaken best to efface them, it is true, giving them the easy-chair and the sheltered corner, and saving them from all exertion, and insisting that they are to be waited upon, and their work taken out of their hands. Maturity has no right to let itself be laid upon the shelf too soon. There is one glory of the rosebud and another glory of the rose; one beauty of the growing grain and another beauty of the ripened sheaf.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal.

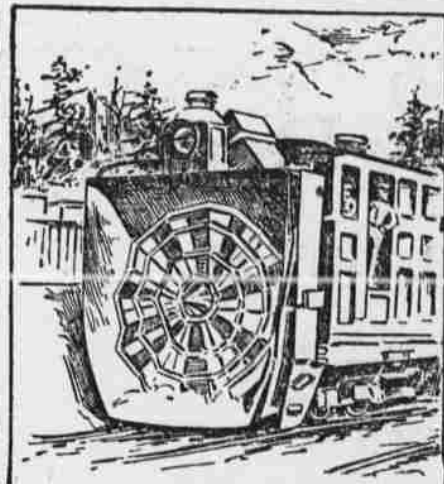
Charity is religion with its coat off.

ANNUAL SNOW FIGHT

ENGAGES ATTENTION OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAILROADS.

Days of the "Bucker" Are Past, and the Rotary Cuts Its Way Where No Power at Command Could Push Through—Danger of the Old Method.

Thirty-two miles of snowsheds costing \$64 a foot, or a total of \$10,813,440, represents the price one transcontinental railway had to pay before it could run its trains over the Rocky Mountain division of its road. That was merely the first cost; since that outlay fully \$1,000,000 has been spent annually in keeping the sheds in repair and the exposed tracks free from snow. During the summer months when even in the higher passes the sun and warm winds serve to keep the permanent way clear and free there is little to do save the ordinary run of repairs and reconstruc-



FRONT OF ROTARY PLOW.

tion, but along about Oct. 1 all this is changed.

Little furies of snow on the level and a gradual but continuous spreading of white on the tops and in the upper crevices of the mountains give warning that the hard, desperate battles of the winter months are at hand. The superintendent takes a trip over the road with his assistants and a careful inspection of the sheds and tunnels is made. In divisional headquarters the rotaries and the old-time "buckers" are overhauled and prepared for use, and as the middle of the month approaches the watchmen who patrol the tracks are doubled. In the various baggage cars are placed great wooden safes packed with condensed foods. Beef in the form of extract, canned soups, con-

When a particularly heavy and tightly packed drift was to be tackled it was the custom to place one of the crude affairs in front of from six to ten engines and charge the drift with a flying start of a mile or two. If the drift consisted of granulated snow frozen into separate particles, the enormous mass of iron went through it like a heated knife through butter. In the wake of the plow came an army of shovellers, whose duty it was to bank the scattered masses far enough from the track to prevent them sliding back. This was difficult enough and victory came only after herculean labor.

Sometimes it happened that the drift in the cut was composed of damp snow and had had time to settle and become packed. Then the perils of snow-bucking became perils in truth.

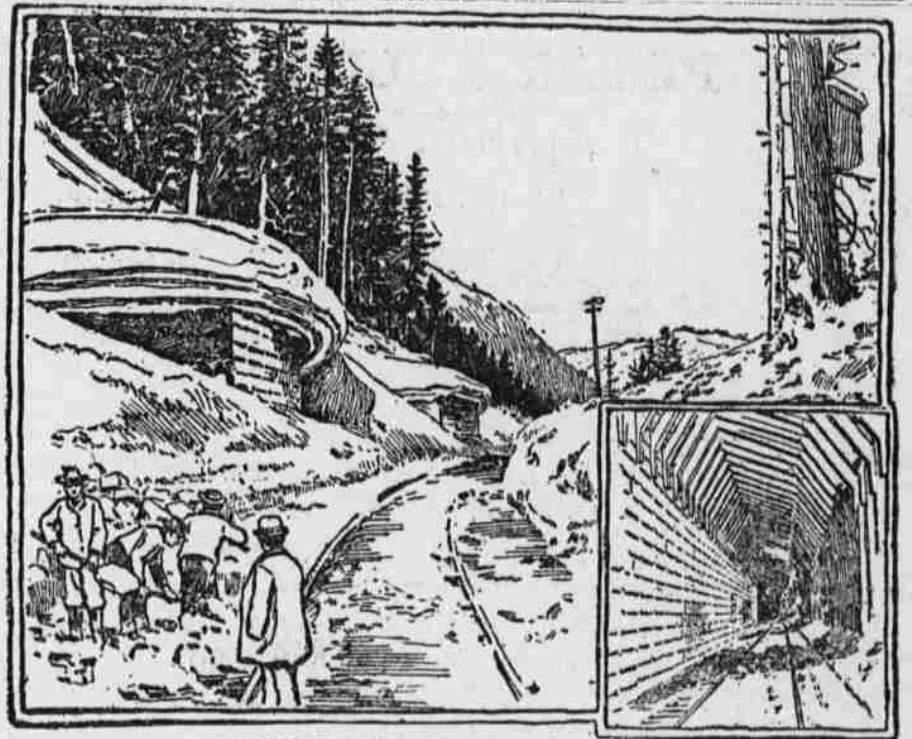
The "bucker" with its powerful motive force of seven or eight locomotives was hurled bodily at the drift and one of two results followed. Either the drift was broken or the "bucker" crumpled up like a toy of cardboard. The fate of the crew of several men depended on what Artemus Ward called "their natural born luck." Stories are still told of the catastrophes occurring during one hard winter many years ago; of how in one instance a "bucker," three engines and fourteen men were buried in a mass of snow for ninety hours, and that when the rescuing party finally reached them the imprisoned men were found encased at their posts like the baker of Pompeii.

To-day there are no such harrowing tragedies. The invention of the rotary plow has made the clearing away of obstructions a comparatively easy task. In appearance the rotary plow is like a huge box car strengthened with heavy iron girders and plates. The front end is square and open, and within can be seen a great steel-winged wheel somewhat similar to the ordinary windmill. The edges of the opening slope inward and are strongly reinforced with iron. The "auger" or wheel revolves upon an axle, and as the plow is forced against the drift the snow is eaten away and blown through funnels pitched at an angle above the machine.

It is seldom that more than two engines are required to push the rotary, as it works by cutting instead of brute force, like the old-time "bucker." Railroad men are great admirers of the new order of machine, and they never fail to praise its efficiency.

Mark Twain on the Boer.

Mark Twain has met the Boer, and this is what he says of him: "He is deeply religious; profoundly



A SNOW CUT AND SNOW SHED.

diments and hard bread, enough to feed 100 persons ten days, are carefully deposited in these moving storehouses, and from then until the coming of spring they are inspected and overhauled once each week by men detailed for the purpose.

Within twelve hours, if the fall of snow is continuous, the plows go out. Each is accompanied by a gang of shovellers, and a straight drive is made for those passes and cuts where experience has foretold the greatest depth. If the snow is moist and flaky, quick work is made of the banks; but if cold weather has really set in and the snow has been frozen into rounded granules, the proposition is entirely different. In the first case the damp masses remain where they have been thrown by the plow, but under the latter conditions it is impossible without the most strenuous efforts to keep the glistening, frozen pellets from sliding back onto the tracks. Cases have been known when a comparatively light fall of snow has blocked a mountain track for forty-eight hours.

In the old days when the rotaries were weapons of the future and the snow had to be literally "bucked" by main force from the tracks, casualties were numerous. The type of plow used was a home-made affair—a product of the railroad shops. It consisted of a re-enforced and strongly braced boxcar as a base, upon one end of which was built an iron-tipped plow shaped something like a lofty cowcatcher. Near the top the sides were so arranged that the snow masses were directed into the air at an angle.

ignorant; dull, obstinate, bigoted; uncleanly in his habits; hospitable, honest in his dealings with the whites, a hard master to his black servant; lazy, a good shot, good horseman, addicted to the chase; a lover of political independence; a good husband and father; not fond of herding together in towns; but liking the seclusion and remoteness and solitude and empty vastness and silence of the veldt; a man of mighty appetite, and not delicate about what he appeases it with; well satisfied with pork, and Indian corn and blitong, requiring only that the quantity shall not be stinted; willing to ride a long journey to take a hand in a rude all-night dance interspersed with vigorous feeding and boisterous jollity, but ready to ride twice as far for a prayer meeting.

No More Nitro-glycerin Powder.

The manufacture of nitro-glycerin powder for the use of the army will be abandoned and the army ordnance department will adopt a pure soluble cotton powder, similar to that used by the navy. The decision for this change is brought about by an accident which recently occurred at Sandy Hook while testing a 6-inch gun and while using the smokeless powder made for use in 8-inch guns, but with the grains cut in half. The charge, on this occasion, gave a pressure of over 80,000 pounds, which exceeded the pressure gauge of the gun. Several parts of the breech mechanism were injured.

Somehow a man never fully comprehends the story of the widow's might until she starts out after a second husband.