

TO TUNNEL BEHRING STRAIT FOR NEW YORK TO PARIS RAILWAY

From New York to Paris, France, by rail, is the dream of a French engineer, M. Loieq de Lobel. The idea is by no means a new one, and M. Loieq is confident that within four years, certainly not much longer than that it will be possible to step into a Pullman coach at New York and go through to Paris without change of cars. That the project involves the construction of a tunnel under Behring Straits



waterovertheroute of the tunnel is from 105 feet to 180 feet in depth, with intrusive granite as the underlying rock.

Between the Siberian and Alaskan coasts lie the Diomed Islands. There are two of them and the larger it is claimed will permit of the division of the tunnel into two sections of nearly equal length. There also, it is expected, they can erect works necessary during construction as well as a motive power plant for moving trains either by electricity or compressed air and also for ventilation of the tunnel.

Including the approaches, the tunnel will be about thirty-eight miles in length, and this with the 3,800 miles of railroad which they propose constructing in Siberia and the 1,200 they intend building in Alaska, will go to make up the Trans-Alaskan-Siberian Railroad. The road will connect in Siberia with the Trans-Siberian road at Irkutsk, while the Alaskan road will pass through Council City, Nulato and Fairbanks, connecting at a point south of Dawson City with the Grand Trunk Pacific, which it is expected will extend northward into the Klondike gold fields.

The Russian government, according to M. Loieq, has approved of the plans, and has granted a concession of a strip of land sixteen miles in width along the entire length of the road in Siberia, almost 40,000,000 acres. It is calculated it will require about \$250,000,000 to complete the road. It is intended to form an American company to undertake the actual work of construction, and M. Loieq claims to have the assurances from men high in finance in Russia, France, England and the United States that they are ready to put \$250,000,000, and if necessary \$300,000,000, into the enterprise.

Naturally the most difficult part of the project will be the construction of the tunnel, but the best sense of the engineers is that this work can be accomplished. The

IF I MIGHT SING.

If I might sing for you as waters sing
In gushing melodies, or as the birds
Whose rapture soars on free, unfettered
wing;
If from my life might spring
One song untrammelled of the net of
words;
Then might I praise you as my heart
would praise;
Nor grieve through song should leave me
dumb through afterdays.

If I might breathe your beauty into song,
The singing stars would tarry into flight
To hearken, dreaming that death's ancient
wrong.
Enthroned on earth so long,
Was scattered by the everlasting light,
And earth new winged with singing and
with flame
As when exultant she from out of chaos
came.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A SPIRIT IN FLESH

THE SENATOR was cozy in one of the secluded Oriental corners of Mrs. Alden's large reception room. Beside him seemed to float an intangible, indefinable white mist. Was it a dream, or was it reality? Dare he reach out his hand to grasp it, or would it at his gentlest touch softly melt away? Now it seemed for the moment to be resting lightly, breathlessly, a mass of gold, a flush of pink, poised on shoulders, glistening—gleaming—which seemed to rise from endless billows of misty white.

Mrs. Hardy had introduced them only a few moments before, and had rumbled her name, Mrs. Hardy always fumbled names. He wondered what it was. Indeed, so eager had he been to learn that when he found himself cornered with the young woman he was quite calm in face of such calamity. The Senator avoided young creatures usually, but this one was different from all the rest. Already they were chatting and laughing, "gossiping," smiled the Senator to himself, "like two old women." He couldn't remember that he had ever been guilty of such conduct before.

They discussed each woman in turn as they peered at them from behind the curtain, where they sat. Mrs. Alden's gown, Mrs. Bradley's hair, Mrs. Brown's jewels. Those jewels, she said, were worth an enormous sum.

"How much?" asked the practical Senator.

She breathed, almost reverently, a fabulous sum.

"How would you feel with all that on you?"

"Um-um!" came the erratic answer through closed lips.

He turned and looked at her, slowly, shaking his head.

"No, never; that would make you then, a little like the rest of them—earthly."

They were peeping again.

"I wonder where the authoress, Miss Mitford, is? I hold the evening in dread because of her."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, these spinster writers always corner and bore us to death, with—ethics, philosophy and what not—they want the inside working of this and that—you would not understand—they're a great nuisance," he sighed.

A gleam of seriousness came into the heavily lidded blue eyes.

"Is seems," she said slowly, "as if men like you and others who are in the midst of this great life would freely give a little of their knowledge to a woman who cannot learn these things save through the experience of others."

"But why do women bother with such things? Why can't they all be sweet and gay? Why?" he exclaimed.

"I have had more genuine pleasure talking frills and furbelows behind this curtain here with you tonight than I have ever had in all my life talking with one of those learned bachelor women."

"Then you think a woman's mind ought not to rise above the ruffle of her petticoat?"

He made no answer and she went on.



TO-NIGHT I HAVE FOUND MY SPIRIT.

"This authoress you speak of as a spinster—is she old?"

"Yes"—emphatically.

"The paper stated she was only in her twenties, and beautiful."

"Bother, she bribed the papers. She is old and ugly."

The sweetest music he ever heard came in ripples from her red, red lips.

"You have never seen her," she cried, "yet you know it here, I suppose." She clasped her hands together and pressed them lightly over her heart.

"Right there and there." He pointed to his head.

"Oh, oh!" came in little gasps. "No doubt you are right." She entered into

his spirit. "She is freckled, I know," she cried.

"Freckled," he nodded.

"And there's something not exactly hers here," she fumbled her mass of gold.

The nod continued.

"And her—her—beautiful, pearly—"

"False," he muttered.

"Ah, poor thing; she has only a soul! A creature, hairless, spotted, toothless, yet with a woman's unquerable desire for friends and love, she builds in the realms of her imagination a world of her own. Dear ones spring up about her; she loves them tenderly, deeply and secretly, which is the most beautiful of all, and as their beauties glow upon her day after day she feels the selfishness of her secret and in the spirit of self-sacrifice reluctantly shares those dear ones with the world."

"Great Scott! You make me fidgety!" He turned to her with a new look in his eyes. "When Miss Mitford comes I will tell her all I know, everything. I might even write out some of the exciting events I have seen. Her spirits are always searching for new adventures, aren't they?"

She looked at him and smiled. The smile was undying. He bent closer over her.

"I wonder if you are real," he whispered; "all these years I have dreamed of you—beautiful, alluring, elusive—at night you gently shadow me, at noon you sweetly mock—yet always when I reach out to clasp and hold, you flee my grasp and I am left alone. Tonight I have found my spirit, yet I dare not try to touch one wave of that misty cloud you float in. Tell me, are you real or have you only come, in flesh, to mock me?"

The curtains parted and Mrs. Alden looked in.

Both arose to their feet a little awkwardly.

"Miss Mitford!" she exclaimed. "I have been looking everywhere—the president is asking to meet you; come."

She turned to go.

Miss Mitford started to follow, when she felt her hand clasped in two strong ones and drawn tightly to a bearded cheek.

"Miss Mitford," he whispered, savagely. "I shall never let you go unless you tell me when you will forgive."

"When forgiveness has been earned," she flashed back, but so sweetly that he felt the kindness beneath.—Indianapolis Sun.

Incongruous.

"Pleasant duty," snorted the chronic kicker, "that's another ridiculous expression."

"Why so?" demanded the speaker who had used it.

"Because no duty could really be pleasant if it's actually a duty."—Philadelphia Press.

Swiss Railroad Engineering.

There are more railway tunnels, viaducts and railroad bridges in Switzerland than in any other country in the old world.

HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

A Good Hamburg Steak.

A Hamburg steak is scornfully refused by many because it is badly prepared. In the first place it is always most satisfactory to buy a freshly cut slice from the round and put it through the home food chopper; the chopper in the store is not as frequently or as thoroughly cleansed as it should be, and often gives a taint to the meat which is irremedial, says the Brooklyn Times. For each pound add after chopping one tablespoonful of onion juice, a half teaspoonful of pepper. Work thoroughly with the hands, then mold into an oval steak fully an inch and a half thick. Arrange in a greased broiler and place over a rather moderate fire. Turn every half minute and cook from eight to ten minutes. It should be slightly rare, tender, juicy and well flavored. When dished pour the sauce round it.

Banana Salad.

A strip of the peel of a large and perfect banana may be turned back, and most of the pulp carefully scooped out. The short, thick variety of bananas, in either red or yellow, is the best for this purpose. To all the space left by the removal of the pulp prepare a mixture of thinly sliced banana, shredded orange or grapefruit, seeded and peeled white grapes and a few kernels of English walnuts or pecans in small pieces. In their season stoned cherries may be added. All must first be mixed in a bowl with a generous supply of dressing, and after the yellow cases are filled with the salad each must be laid on lettuce leaves. These must be prepared a short time before using. Either a mayonnaise or a good boiled dressing may be used.

Cream Filling.

Heat a cup of milk and stir into it three tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water. Boil, stirring, for a minute, beating out all lumps. Take from the fire and pour upon four eggs beaten light with a half cup of powdered sugar. Stir over the fire to a thick, smooth cream; take from the fire, flavor with vanilla and, when cold, fill the puffs.

Devilled Mushrooms.

Chop one quart of peeled mushrooms. Season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Mix the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and two raw eggs together, and stir in with one pint of bread crumbs and one large tablespoonful of butter. Fill little shells with the mixture, cover with grated crackers and bits of butter. Set in the oven to brown.

Escalloped Tomatoes.

Arrange in a baking dish alternate layers of sliced tomatoes, from which the skins have been removed, and grated bread crumbs. Season with pepper, salt and a little powdered cinnamon. Dot with bits of butter. Bake, covered, till tender; remove cover and place on the upper grating of the oven to brown.

Tomatoes Au Gratin.

Cut into pieces a half dozen (not too ripe) tomatoes. Line a pudding dish with cracker crumbs, cover with a thin sprinkling of the tomato, grate over it some American cheese, and so on until the dish is filled, having the last layer of the cheese and the one before it of the cracker crumbs.

Canned Peas.

Shell peas and lay in cold water for an hour, then boil until tender, but not broken, in salted water. Drain out the peas and return to the fire. Pack the peas in heated jars and bring the liquid to a boil. Fill jars to overflowing with the boiling liquid, screw on the tops, and seal.

Peach Pudding.

Fill the pudding dish with alternate layers of crumbs, dotted with butter and sliced and sweetened peaches, having crumbs on top. Pour over custard made of one pint of milk, the yolks of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Steam.

Harvest Drink.

Mix with five gallons of good water half a gallon of molasses, one quart of vinegar, and two ounces of powdered ginger. Keep this in a cold place, and it will make not only a pleasant beverage, but one highly invigorating and healthful.

Nectar.

Squeeze the juice from three oranges and as many lemons into a pitcher; add two tumblerfuls of water, and sweeten to taste. Then put in plenty of pounded ice, half a teaspoonful of rose-water.

Raspberry Ice.

One and one-half pints of raspberries, juice mixed with three-fourths of a pint of sugar and one-half of a pint of water, and freeze.

Please Your Hair

Don't have a falling out with your hair. It might leave you! Then what? Better please it by giving it a good hair-food—Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair stops coming out, becomes soft and smooth, and all the deep, rich color of youth comes back to gray hair.

"I was troubled greatly with dandruff until I used Ayer's Hair Vigor. It completely cured the dandruff and also stopped my hair from falling out. It serves me very nicely also in arranging my hair in any style I wish."—Miss Maggie Coker, Divide, Va.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Also manufacturers of
Ayer's
SARSAPILLA
PILLS.
CHERRY PECTORAL.

Crowded Out.

There is a contractor who most strenuously objects to the teamsters in his employ leaving their wagons unattended outside eating houses. So when he came across a flagrant breach of this regulation the other day his angry passions rose.

With fire in his eye he rushed into the eating house, and found his employe placidly investigating the interior mysteries of a chicken pie.

"What do you mean by it?" he cried. "How dare you leave my horses in the street! How came you to do it?"

The startled teamster looked up, his mouth full of pie crust.

"Well, sir," he stammered, "there wasn't no room for them in here!"

She Was Prepared.

Husband—I made \$100 on a lucky turn in stocks to-day, and you can now get that new gown you have wanted for so long.

Wife—Oh, I'm so glad. Here is the bill for it, my dear.

Undoubtedly.

Green—How a physician must be when convinced that his diagnosis of a case is wrong!

Brown—Yes; he would rather believe he is right and let the patient do the suffering.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Not So Great.

First Excursionist—Niagara Falls is certainly a wonderful example of nature's handiwork.

Second Excursionist—Oh, it isn't such a much—merely a drop of water.



CLEMENTINA GONZALES,
OF CENTRAL AMERICA,
RESTORED TO HEALTH.
PE-RU-NA THE REMEDY

Miss Clementina Gonzales, Hotel Provincia, Guatemala, C. A., in a recent letter from 247 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I took Peruna for a worn-out condition. I was so run down that I could not sleep at night, had no appetite and felt tired in the morning."

"I tried many tonics, but Peruna was the only thing which helped me in the least. After I had taken but half a bottle I felt much better. I continued its use for three weeks and I was completely restored to health, and was able to take up my studies which I had been forced to drop. There is nothing better than Peruna to build up the system."—Clementina Gonzales.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, for instructive free literature on catarrh.