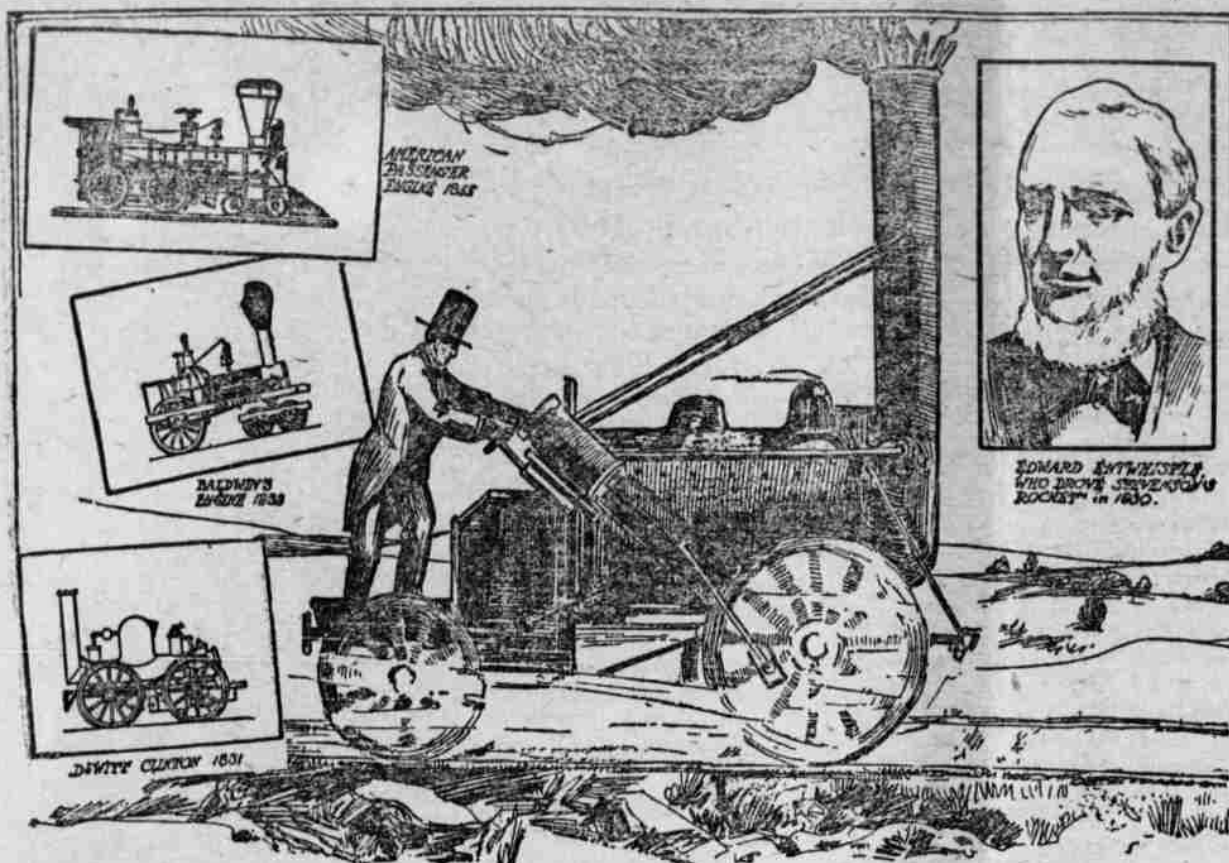




The engineer who ran the famous Rocket of George Stephenson, the first passenger locomotive to draw a passenger train in the world, is still alive, in good health, and celebrated his ninety-second birthday a few weeks ago at his home in Des Moines, Iowa. Edward Entwistle is the name of the man who has this unique claim to distinction.

Every effort was made by numerous exhibitors in the transportation department of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to have Mr. Entwistle go to St. Louis, as he had gone to Philadelphia at the Centennial Exposition. Large sums of money were offered to him, and the temptation was great, for the old engineer is far from being wealthy. Owing to his extreme age, however, and the fatigues of a 400 mile railroad journey, the offers were declined. Thirty years ago Mr. Entwistle had been officially invited to attend the Philadelphia Exposition.

He was not informed that his old engine was on exhibition and was wandering through the transportation exhibition when he happened upon it. His joy at the recognition of his old pet is still remembered by those who were in the secret and who accompanied the famous engineer on his rounds.

Entwistle was a lad not 16 years of age when Stephenson completed his plans, secured a charter for the railroad between Liverpool and Manchester, laid his track and was ready to run the train. Entwistle was recommended to Stephenson by no less a personage than the Duke of Bridgewater, whose steward informed his highness that Entwistle was the best mechanic in the shops.

Mr. Entwistle, in his humble home, delights to live over the old days and tell the story of the preparations and the trial trip, the events of which are fresh in his mind from frequent iteration.

THE DREAMER.

He builds as he can, as he will,
In weakness or strength as it seems;
And it is what it is; for his skill
Is only the truth of his dreams.

And his dreams are as strong as his faith,
Or as weak as the fears that they own;
And what to his soul either sayeth,
That is, and that guides him alone.

So some ships that are stately and fair
Go down for a morsel of faith;
While some thistle-down barks, light as
air,
No storm can move out of their path.
—Weekly Bouquet.

GLIDDEN'S WAY

Mabel went into the library and found the old gentleman sitting there with his newspaper. She perched herself on the arm of his chair and, as he looked particularly stern and forbidding, began to twist his near whisker around her slim forefinger, which was a little way she had. Upon which, the old gentleman, with a sigh of resignation and exasperation blended, dropped his paper in his lap and said:

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Mabel, continuing the curling process.

"Then what in nation—Don't do that, girl! You're pulling me."

Mabel tossed the newspaper to the floor and slipped into its place. "By the way, papa," she said, "and apropos of nothing on earth, what did you quarrel with Mr. Glidden about?"

The old gentleman's thick pepper-and-salt eyebrows drew together in a frown. "None of your business, miss," he answered.

"But I want to know."

"Well, if you want to know, it was over a political matter."

"I didn't know you ever went in for politics. Tell me about it."

"There's nothing to tell. I wasn't directly interested. You're giving me a cramp in my knee. Pick up that paper and give it to me and skip. Isn't there any place I can go without your coming along and bothering me?"

"Not any I know of," replied Mabel, calmly, "and I don't believe I'm hurting your knee, either. It was about ten years ago, wasn't it?"

"That's right," said the old gentleman. "It was in the presidential election of '96. Time Bryan ran against McKinley."

"Was Mr. Glidden for McKinley?"

"He said McKinley would win. I don't think he was ever for anybody but Glidden."

"Well, he was right, wasn't he?"

"Certainly he was right. Oh, certainly."

"Well!"

"Well, he made some darned impertinent remark, that's all, and not for the first time by many. He—well, that's all there was about it. Now, run along."

"Do you want me to pull your whiskers again or are you going to tell me?"

"Now, look here, Mab, you wouldn't understand. I—well, I offered to bet him 5 to 1 that Bryan would be elected and he undertook to tell me that gambling on elections was immoral and that an offer to bet was no argument and that he was content to base his belief on certain facts and figures that appealed to his judgment and all that sort of stuff—reproving me, by grief!"

"I think you needed reproof," said Mabel. "Shocking! Don't you yourself know that gambling is immoral? And I always looked up to you so, papa! Mr. Glidden was perfectly right."

The old gentleman pinched her ear. "That's what he was," he admitted. "That's what grinds me. I've known Glidden ever since I was knee high to a toad and I always found him to be in the right. That's the trouble, if you want to know."

The girl patted his shoulder sympathetically and smiled.

"The first time I ever saw him," said the old gentleman, "was when I was at school in Bagleyville. I had a marble board that I'd traded another boy out of. It was just a plain board about



"POOR DADDY!" SAID THE GIRL PITINGLY.

a foot long with square holes cut in the base of it, some larger than others. You stood off and shot at the holes. If you got through the very biggest hole you got your own marble back and another one; if you got through the next biggest you got three marbles, and so on. The highest you could win was twenty, but you could just barely get through that. All the marbles that missed going through any hole—and most of them did—went to the owner of the board. See?"

"I see," said the girl. "Sort of a slot machine."

"Not at all," corrected the old gentleman. "There was no gambling about it. It all depended on the skill of the players. There was one boy who always shot at the biggest hole and he won every time, until I barred him out for a sure-thing sport. Well, while the boys were shooting Glidden came up and watched and presently declared that no known marbles could go through the twenty hole unless it was hammered through. I called him a liar, of course, and offered to fight him, but he said that fighting was wrong, which is right, of course, and that he was right, which he was. I had been running the game in perfect good faith,

but the board had got wet and swelled the wood since I tried it. It made me a great deal of trouble, I remember!"

"Poor daddy!" said the girl, pityingly.

"That was always the way with him," said the old gentleman, quite savagely. "Some boys know it all and get let down. He knew it all and that was all there was to it. He called the teacher down once for spelling 'selze' 's-i-e-z-e.' Teacher was sure she could not have been mistaken. She had spelled it 's-i-e' all her life, but she looked it up and, sure enough, Glidden was right. He was good enough to instruct Bill Some, the station agent, that it was 'daypo' and not 'deepo.' Bill said that Glidden young one would get his measly little neck wrung some time, but Glidden himself was always the only successful predictor. He told me I'd get chicken pox if I played with Lem Green, who was getting over it, and I got it. He was the only boy who came to the Baptist Sunday school picnic with an umbrella. He said he thought it was going to rain, though the Lord Harry only knows who made him a weather prophet. But it rained all right. It had to."

Mabel squeezed his arm and giggled. "You see, it wasn't just the election; it was Glidden. And there were two or three others there and they agreed with him, and—I was glad of the chance to quarrel with him, if you want to know."

"Did you hear that they were going to leave Chicago?" asked Mabel.

"No. Are they? I'm glad of it."

"All but Bert," said Mabel. "Bert's studying medicine, you know."

"Who's Bert?"

"Bert Glidden, of course," replied Mabel. "And he's going to be quite lonely, poor fellow, and he isn't a bit like his papa. Not a bit. I'm sure I don't wonder at you. I knew him at high school—and I think you'd like him, but he thinks from something he's heard his father say that you'd be prejudiced against him and wouldn't care to have him call. But I told him his father, with all due respect, must be crazy and that there wasn't an atom of prejudice about you. But he's the most wrong-headed, blundering boy ever was and so diffident! And I don't think I can induce him to come; but if he should come you'll not be grumpy with him, will you? Because it's just a charity, with his people going."

"Well, I think I've bothered you enough. Here's your paper. Aren't you going to ask me to come again? Well, good-by!"

Mabel danced to the door, smiled, courtesied and disappeared. The old gentleman snorted. But he did not resume his paper for several minutes.—Chicago Daily News.

Time by the Forelock.

"Was their marriage a failure?"

"Oh, no. They were divorced before it had a chance to be that."—Judge.

A certain amount of humiliation is necessary to keep a man down where he belongs.

EUROPEAN MIGRATION.

Huge Annual Increase Since 1880, Chiefly from the South and East.

Between the years 1890 and 1899 from 300,000 to 350,000 people, tired of Europe, looked for better conditions and a new home on the other side of the Atlantic every year, says the New York Sun.

Since 1900, according to the statistics of the European ports, about 1,200,000 persons have left their native lands to settle beyond sea every year.

The greater part of these emigrants have adopted the United States as their country. Several nations, in which twenty-five years ago there was only a slight tendency to emigration, now show a considerable annual loss by departures for other lands. This is particularly true of Italy, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Spain and Portugal. In the years between 1870 and 1890 some 80,000 Italians, 5,000 Russians and 1,500 Austrians or Hungarians emigrated every year. To-day about 100,000 Austrians and Hungarians emigrate to America, 102,000 Russians and 157,000 Italians. These figures are taken from European sources, and certainly in the case of Italy they are too low.

Spanish emigration has also increased considerably since 1890, and amounts to-day to 50,000 a year. Little Portugal sends out from 20,000 to 25,000 of her people annually.

The English and Scandinavian emigration has changed very little in the last ten years. German emigration has heavily declined. Between 1870 and 1890 the number of German emigrants each year exceeded 100,000 (maximum of 221,000 in 1881), but since 1893 the number has fallen off very much, and to-day only about 25,000 Germans annually leave their native land. The present commercial development of Germany, no doubt, explains the change. In Switzerland the conditions are similar. In 1883 the annual emigration amounted to 13,500; to-day it is only 5,000 or 6,000.

HOW TO DISPLAY THE FLAG.



When and how the national flag should be displayed at full staff, is plainly set forth in a circular issued by the Sons of the Revolution. These are the dates and the directions:

Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12.
Washington's birthday, Feb. 22.
Battle of Lexington, April 19.
Memorial Day, May 30. On Memorial Day, the flag should fly at half-staff from sunrise to noon, and full staff from noon to sunset.

Flag Day, June 14.
Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17.
Independence Day, July 4.
Battle of Saratoga, Oct. 17.
Surrender at Yorktown, Oct. 19.
Evacuation Day, Nov. 25.
The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

At retreat, sunset, civilian spectators should stand at attention and uncover during the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." Military spectators are required by regulation to stand at attention and give the military salute. During the playing of the hymn at retreat the flag should be lowered, but not then allowed to touch the ground.

When the National colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectators should, if walking, halt, and if sitting, arise and stand at attention and uncover.

When the National and State or other flags fly together, the national flag should be placed on the right.

When the flag is flown at half-staff as a sign of mourning, it should be hoisted to full-staff at the conclusion of the funeral.

In placing the flag at half-staff, it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position, and preliminary to lowering from half-staff it should first be raised to the top.

The National salute is one gun for every State. The international salute is, under the Law of Nations, twenty-one guns.

New Railroads Need 60,000 Men.

It is estimated that 60,000 laborers will be needed during this season in different sections of Canada in constructing new railroads. New steamers are going into commission and all available ones will be chartered for the new immigrants that are booked in Great Britain for the Dominion. As an inducement, laborers have only to pay \$4.84 on their passage, the balance to be deducted from their wages. They are guaranteed \$2 a day.

My Hair is Scraggly

Do you like it? Then why be contented with it? Have to be? Oh, no! Just put on Ayer's Hair Vigor and have long, thick hair; soft, even hair; beautiful hair, without a single gray line in it. Have a little pride. Keep young just as long as you can.

"I am fifty-seven years old, and until recently my hair was very gray. But in a few weeks Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural color to my hair so now there is not a gray hair to be seen."—J. W. HANSON, Boulder Creek, Cal.

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

One Exception.

Mrs. Wickler—Dear me! how all the necessities of life have gone up.

Wickler—No; they haven't all gone up.

Mrs. Wickler—Well, I should like you to mention one thing that hasn't gone up.

Wickler—Certainly. My salary.—Illustrated Bits.

Dogs and Musical Tones.

The capacity of dogs to distinguish musical tones has been made the subject of elaborate experiments by Dr. Otto Kallischer, of Berlin, and the results have just been published in the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. Dr. Kallischer trained his dogs to pick up and eat morsels of meat set before them only when a certain note was sounded.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

How the Ball Wound Up.

"Yaas, de beauty an' chivalry ob Smoketown mingled in the ballroom."

"Mingled, yo' say?"

"Mingled till 'bout 'leven o'clock. Den dey mixed."—Houston (Texas) Chronicle.

Not Committing Himself.

"Do you find my daughter's voice improving, Mr. Seuchler?" asked Mrs. Upmore.

"Improving?" said the professor of vocal training. "Why, my dear madam, it's—er—not the same voice at all."

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

Clever at That.

"Who is that seedy-looking man over there?"

"That's Burroughs. He's a real master at constructing short stories."

"Oh, an author, eh?"

"No. I mean he can think up any number of ways of telling you he's broke."—Philadelphia Press.

Water from an artesian well at Ostend which has been wasted for fifty years has now been discovered to possess medicinal qualities similar to the waters of Vichy.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c. Trial package mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, New York.

A Distinction.

"So you are one of the men who went west to grow up with the country."

"No," answered the prosperous and serene citizen. "I am one of the men who went west to show the country how to grow up properly."—Washington Star.

He Had Enough.

"Here's a note," said the postal clerk, "from a man complaining that his mail isn't delivered regularly."

"What's his name?" asked the chief.

"Vladeroledoweschowski."

"Hub! With that name you'd think he had all the letters he needed."—Philadelphia Press.

Mica Axle Grease
Helps the Wagon up the Hill

The load seems lighter—Wagon and team wear longer—You make more money, and have more time to make money, when wheels are greased with

Mica Axle Grease

—The longest wearing and most satisfactory lubricant in the world.

STANDARD OIL CO.
Incorporated