

Merry Christmas on the Rail

By HERBERT E. HAMBLIN

Engineers when snowbound must keep their engines alive that trains may proceed the moment the roads are opened. Otherwise expensive delays will occur from thawing out, watering and firing up dead engines in most inconvenient places. My great problem was how to get water into the boiler. The pumps worked only when the engine ran. I gave her steam. If the wheels would slip on the rails and turn, I could pump that way. She might have been a solid, jointless casting for all the effect the steam had on her.

Something had to be done, and quickly, for the water was leaking out of her every minute, and I had only two gauges in her when I stopped. We got the spare scoop shovel and sank a shaft through the snow on the lee side of her. Then we cleared the snow away from under her and all about the wheels and machinery. It had drifted a natural arch over her by this time, so that it was quite warm down there. Harry brought down the hammer, some wrenches and the torch and reported barely one gauge of water in the boiler. It was time indeed to hurry.

It was an awkward place to work, and the smoke from the torch nearly destroyed its usefulness. I took down the side rods that I might have had but one pair of wheels to turn. I thereby reduced the amount of friction to be overcome by the use of steam, which was water, the article I was interested in economizing.

I pounded my thumb and cut off a joint of my left forefinger as the last end of the last rod unexpectedly slipped clear. Harry showed me a piece of rags and tied it on with a piece of rag torn from his jumper. We left the rods in the snow, gave the rails and ties a good oiling and hurried up into the cab. There was a fuker of water in the bottom gauge cock, so I slipped and pumped her until she threw water out of the stack.

The water was squirting out of four leaky flues in a way that would soon set us to shoveling snow into the tank. In spite of my sore finger, its clumsy dressing and dull tools, I made five taper flue plugs out of a piece of coal board. Harry covered the fire with fine coal and snow and put on the blowers to carry off the smoke and gas. I threw the coal boards in on the banked fire and crawled in with my plugs and a hammer.

I had forgotten that it was not anywhere, but the experience I went through in that hot firebox, perched over a miniature volcano, surrounded by boiling water, and in spite of the blower, inhaling smoke and sulphurous fumes, would have been invaluable to Dante when seeking local color. I drove the plug tightly. They absorbed moisture and swelled until they were the tightest flues in her. 'Twas a good job and well done. The perspiration congealed on my face the instant I stuck it into the firebox door, and before my feet were out there were icicles on my whiskers.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and I was never so hungry in my life before. Harry asked me if there was "any cold lapsoke puddin' in the cupboard." I told him there must be grub in the caboose or some of them would have come ahead long ago to see if we had any. He volunteered to go back. It was a risky job climbing over the tops of those cars in that weather. If anything happened, he would be a goner, with nobody near to help and a temperature that meant almost instant death to the partially disabled.

I sat and dozed miserably in the corner of the cab. As I repeatedly lost consciousness my feet would slip off the boiler butt, the heel of the left coming down with a painful bang upon the instep of the right. This occurred at stated intervals, like pile driving. Tiring of the monotony, I sought to change my position and became aware of an animated snowball vainly striving to enter the gangway. I pulled him aboard, and when sufficiently thawed he reported the caboose deserted and not a trace of anything edible in it. He had seen nothing of train 19, and he said that all the engines on the road coupled together would not be able to collide with our hind end.

This merry Christmas to which I had so long looked forward was about over. It soon became dark. We shoveled coal against the curtain to keep the cold air out, calked our window sash with waste, and I pumped her full again, and we shivered and dozed and starved through the longest night I ever knew.

The reappearance of the cab windows notified me of the approaching dawn. What a dismal sight! Our little engine cab was thickly begrimed with coal dust. Every bolthead and bit of iron in the cab itself, as well as the windows, was disguised by the delicate tracery of that master silversmith, Jack Frost. To the artistic sense of the well fed and comfortably clad it would have been beautiful; to my dull-witted mind it was emblematic only of the biting cold that raged without. Harry, tied in a hard knot, was moaning soundly in his corner. I had him spread the fire, and I pumped her full again.

We must have food at any cost. I knew of but one house in that locality, an ordinary story and a half farmhouse on a crossroad about half a mile from where we lay. It was invisible through the storm, but we knew its approximate direction. We left everything in the best order possible and started, the wind at our backs, Harry in the lead.

I shall never forget that trip, bounding aimlessly through the drifts like a pair of blind mice, if I live to be a hundred. Three minutes after leaving the engine we could not have found our way back to it, no matter what the necessity. Harry being younger and lighter than I, I had all I could do to keep him in sight. We fell into an

mebbe you'd rather stay by the engine. Where'd you go?"

"Down to Belknap's."

"Belknap's? Good! What'd you go down there for? Why, it's four times as far as 'tis up to mother's."

"Oh, it is? Well, I'm mighty glad I've found that out anyway!"

They dug us out, and I slammed it to old 18 for dear life. I knew passenger train 19 was somewhere behind me, and I wanted to get by the only switch there was between me and home with out sidetracking for her. I got by it all right, and while bucking a little pile of snow that had fallen on the track since the plow passed she came up and coupled to our caboose.

We went in the rest of the way flying. It was thirty hours after Christmas dinner time when we stepped off her at the ash track, but I told Harry to come on up to the house and we'd pick the bones anyway.

When we turned the corner, there was the house all lit up, and as we stamped the snow off our feet in the entry the dining room door flew open and mother and Katie, who had become as thick as thieves, and little Bob shouted a chorus of merry Christmases at us.

The table, whose snowy linen contrasted sadly with our begrimed overcoats, was pulled out full length in the middle of the floor. In its center, his drumsticks held defiantly aloft, lay the great brown turkey, with not a brack in his glossy skin. He was supported on one side by a massive dome of mashed potatoes, whose generous white expanse heaped down like a hill, and on the other by a golden butter. Delicate, feathery fronds of celery nodded jovially to the flat glass dish of cranberry sauce, while delicious colors of coffee and plum pudding were wafted through the open door from the kitchen.

What a sight for tired and hungry railroaders!

"We waited for you, pal Pa, we waited for you!"

Bob, and so they had. Katie had worn a path through the snow to the switch tower and had timed our arrival home to the minute.

I noticed after that, during the winter, Harry had a way of hanging out of the gang way, and as we approached Belknap's, so I made it my business to peer slyly through the window of my cap I would see a girlish figure wave a white cloth from the back piazza. Harry was promoted the following spring, and the next Christmas Katie and I and Bob stretched out our toes under the hospitable mahogany of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mervin.

Yes; as I look back at it now I think, take it all in all, it was the very merriest Christmas I ever spent, and I know Sue and Harry do.

NEW SHORT STORIES

He Holds His Job.

Engene H. Plummer of Tennessee has been consular agent at Maracaibo since 1878 and until since 1893. Many patriots who desired to serve their country for the \$2,000 salary Consul Plummer enjoys have gone to Maracaibo, but none has remained. Plummer attends to that, according to the Saturday Evening Post.

At the state department in Washington they say when a ship arrives bringing a consul appointed to Maracaibo Plummer is on deck with effusive greetings.

"My dear sir," says Plummer, "I extend to you the heartiest of welcomes. I'm— Then, as if struck by a sudden thought, Plummer withdraws the hands he has outstretched and says, "But no, I must not touch you for I have just returned from officiating at the last sad rites for two dear friends who died of the yellow fever."

The consul shudders. Later in the day, after he has dined with Plummer, he takes a stroll. The newcomer sees a row of graves, each decorated with an American flag.

"Do they decorate the graves of soldiers here too?"

"Oh, no," replies Plummer. "Those are not soldiers. There rest the remains of several fellow countrymen, each of whom came here to be consul. They all died of the yellow fever, and I strive to honor their memories."

That is enough. The next ship takes the quaking patriot home, and Plummer settles down to the routine of official life until another ambitious successor arrives.

One on Senator Hoar.

Senator Hoar was the unconscious hero of an incident which marked the commencement exercises at the State University of Iowa. The senator delivered his address in a tent, and his manuscript threatened to blow away.

Colonel George R. Burnett of the United States army borrowed a knife from the Rev. Dr. George L. Cady, chaplain of the university. This as an improvised paper weight the colonel



ALMANACS ARE ANCIENT.

They Were Made by the Greeks as Far Back as A. D. 100.

According to Theon, the commentator on Ptolemy, almanacs, as we understand the word, were constructed from about the year 100 A. D. by the Greeks of Alexandria, but the dates of festivals and other events of national interest had been exposed on marble tablets in Rome 200 years B. C. Lalande, an authority on the subject, states that the earliest almanac of which the author's name is preserved was that of Solomon Jarchon, who lived in the middle of the twelfth century.

A primitive English calendar or almanac was called the "prime-staff," "reli-staff" or "dog almanac." It was made of wood, bone or horn, about eight inches long, like a square ruler. On this the days were marked by a series of notches, every seventh being of larger size. The festivals were indicated by symbols, as were the golden number and the cycle of the moon.

Specimens of this "dog almanac" may be seen at the British museum and in museums or libraries at Oxford, Cambridge and Manchester. Some of larger size were hung "at one end of the mantle-tree of their chimneys" for general use, and smaller ones were carried in the pocket or on the walking stick—Pearson's Weekly.

The Dust in the Air.

The air of cities is impregnated with dust and filth. To combat their pernicious effects, the streets should be freely ventilated and watered. Wind and rain are the great destroyers of dust. From the fields the wind lifts the debris of vegetation—pollen, seeds, spores of fungi and bacteria; the dust of the soil—silica, silicate of aluminum, carbonate and phosphate of lime and peroxide of iron. In and proceeding from volcanic regions fine particles of carbon and dust are taken up and wafted hundreds or even thousands of miles. In and round about cities and towns the finely ground dust of the pavements, fragments of straw, hair, stable manure, debris of insects, soil, epithelia from floor sweepings or shaken from rugs, carpets and bedding, together with gases and other volatile emanations from factories, rendering establishments, abattoirs, tanneries and compost heaps of all sorts, though not of the air, are in, in so much as to be in some degree almost everywhere present. Sanitarian.

Reignold and His Age.

On one occasion Blanchi, the noted teacher, went on the stage to see Reignold, the famous singer, whom he found pacing up and down like a madman, humming over his part.

"Why, Reignold, what is the matter with you? Are you nervous?" he asked.

"Yes, I am nervous," was the reply as he walked harder and faster than ever.

"But, Reignold, you ought not to be nervous. I've heard you sing the part 200 times. I heard you sing it thirty years ago."

"Thirty years ago? Who are you that should know so much?"

"Who am I? You know who I am, and I know who you are."

"Very well; you know what I am, but I am sure you do not know what you are, and if you wish I will tell you. You are a fool!"

Got Along Without It.

"Did you ever have mal de mer on your way over to Europe?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No. Josiah took a bottle or two of it along, but when I was sick some of them kind of things ever does me a bit of good."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WHAT IS WEALTH?

Health and Ability to Work Better Than Money and Worry.

Does wealth consist in money, houses, lands, bank stocks, railroad bonds, etc., alone? We think not. The young man starting in life with no money, but with good digestion, good sleep, good health and ability to work in some profitable employment, has what to exchange all his millions for.

What compensation for money for sleepless nights and painful days or the misadventure of dissipated children? Which brings the greater happiness, the glitter, show, jealousies and falsetty friendships which prevail so largely in the homes of the industrial poor? In how many of the palaces of our millionaires will you find greater happiness than in the parlor than in the kitchen? How many millionaires will tell you that they are happier now than when starting in life without a dollar?

On the top of mountains we find rocks and ice and snow. It is down in the valleys that we find the vineyards. Let no man envy those richer than himself until taking all things into account—age, health, wife, children, friends—he is sure he would be willing to exchange—George J. Angell in Our Dumb Animals.

The Evident Prisoner.

"The charge ag'in ye," the police justice said, "is burglary. What have ye got to say?"

"As to that," replied the prisoner, "a sassy looking man who appeared to have seen better days, 'if by the term of 'burglary' you mean the offense which, according to English law and practice for centuries has been clearly defined as 'house breaking by night,' the charge is palpably ridiculous. The policeman alleges that he detected me in the act of breaking into a house yesterday afternoon in broad daylight. If, on the other hand, the term is made to cover the same offense when committed by day, which, I believe, is your absurd American understanding of the word, in a legal sense, I shall have to concede the correctness of the charge, your honor, reserving, however, the right to bring with a species of contempt the crude jurisprudence of this country."

"Take 'im back to 'is cell," gasped the police justice, "an' let 'im sober up."—Chicago Tribune.

To Be Healthy Be Frugal.

Theoretically, every adult person of any intelligence wishes to be strong and healthy. Practically, a majority of them wish nothing of the sort. They would like to be well enough, but are not willing to pay the price, though it really costs nothing. When a man gets out of health he usually wants to get something to "patch him up" so that he can continue the foolish things which have caused his bad condition; hence the almost universal resort to drug treatment instead of the natural means of restoring and maintaining health and strength. If a man is really desirous of being naturally sound and healthy he will try to study out the means of becoming so. These means are all included in the seven foundation principles of practical hygiene—namely, exercise, rest, air, light, food, drink and bathing.—Cooking Club.

When You Buy Cheese.

When you buy cheese bear in mind that all good cheese will be mellow to the touch, yet firm. The rind will be of an even, tight, elastic and free from puffs, and a simple will reveal a firm, close, buttery grain of a nutty flavor. Cheese which feels so hard that you cannot dent it with your finger tips on the rind is either sour, salted too heavily, skimmed or cooked too much. On the other hand, if the rind breaks upon pressure or does not spring back readily when the finger is withdrawn this indicates an oversoft article, caused by the slack cooling of the curd or a want of acid. At best it will have an insipid flavor and will "go off" as it ages.

An Unappreciative Listener.

A well known lawyer whose first name is James has a brother whom he visited lately. His brother has a daughter, aged four years, whose mother had lectured her a few days before for telling "stories." The lawyer, thinking to entertain the little one, took her on his knee and told her two of his best folkloric tales. Instead of being charmed, as he expected, "she never smiled, but when he had finished said from his knee, with a solemn face, and going to her mother, said: 'Mamma, Uncle Jim will go to the bad place sure. He has just told me two big stories.'"—Kansas City Journal.

Men Who "Were Literature."

Balzac and Hugo were the last of the great men whose inspiration was unceasing and who did not "write literature," but who were literature. Balzac wrote a great story at a sitting—a sitting that lasted for eighteen hours. All that while he wrote, for no secretary could keep pace with him, and all that while he lived on black coffee. Then he slept for thirty hours. Hugo wrote "Hernani" in a month, and we can think of Balzac and Hugo as we think of the great Venetian living in the glory and exultation of constant creation. Veronese must have improvised "The Marriage Feast of Cana" with extraordinary ease, and I like to think he painted the immortal fiddler in a morning and went out in his gondola in the afternoon thinking he had done a fair day's work. That was how men wrote and painted in the great times before science beckoned them away from the beautiful.—George Moore in Lippincott's.

A Dog's Best Friend.

Sir Richard Owen, the eminent anatomist, often had his skill in identifying bones tested. On one occasion his friend and neighbor, Lord John Russell, sent him a specimen for this purpose, and the professor quickly pronounced it the thigh bone of a pig. This explanation of the query was subsequently offered by Lord John: "President Buchanan had sent from America to the English statesman the present of a choice bear's ham," and the family had breakfasted off it several times with much enjoyment. Somehow or other, however, suspicion was aroused, and the bone was sent to their scientific neighbor, with the result stated.—Pall Mall Gazette.

WOMAN AND FASHION

A Neat Get Up.

The illustration shows a dainty corset made of white satin and accordion plaited chiffon trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon. Flounces



The new hats are black. Le chapeau noir is the safe one to invest in between seasons. As a rule, one chooses a conservative shape, which must of course be becoming. The clever designer literally does the rest. At this season, with summer millinery decidedly in the rear and yellow leaf, the fresh piece of headgear becomes a necessity. Since one has not as yet decided upon one's winter attire, the hat cannot be made to harmonize with it. So about the only remaining course is to purchase the black hat which always finds a place in one's wardrobe. These new hats are delightfully modern and well made, says the Philadelphia Record.

New Braids For Trimming.

The shop counters are showing beautiful fancy braids for trimming straw hats.

A yard or two of these will make an old hat new.

Suppose you have a good straw, either a stunted toque or broad brimmed garden hat, which has faded trimming on it and seems useless.

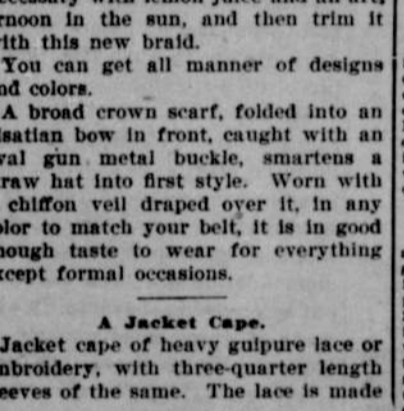
Take the trimming off, clean hat if necessary with lemon juice and an aftershave, and then trim it with this new braid.

You can get all manner of designs and colors.

A broad crown scarf, folded into an ovalatin bow in front, caught with an oval gun metal buckle, smartens a straw hat into first style. Worn with a chiffon veil draped over it, in any color to match your belt, it is in good enough taste to wear for everything except formal occasions.

A Jacket Cape.

Jacket cape of heavy gullure lace or embroidery, with three-quarter length sleeves of the same. The lace is made



A Pretty Gown of Crepe de Chine.

Crepe de chine and soft clinging materials very much gathered and trimmed with lace and narrow ribbon velvet are distinctive features in Paris modes. Some of the corages are veiled entirely with lace, while an exquisite visiting dress is of silvery gray crepe de chine, the skirt falling in graceful plaits from a plain hip piece and the hem finished with several graduated rows of velvet ribbon. The full bodice has a collar of point d'alencon. With this costume are worn a chiffon blouse and a large black picture hat.

Also, Too Late.

Kitty—What did you do when he threatened to kiss you?
Blanche—I didn't do anything. Why should I? I just waited until he had committed an overt act.

Kitty—And then?
Blanche—Why, then it was too late to punish him.—Boston Transcript.

She Struck True.

O'Toole—Muldoo struck his wife yesterday.
McKiek—Is he in jail?
O'Toole—Naw; he's in th' hospittee!

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A Great Agency

We Have Secured Control for This City of the Fulton Compound, the Only Thing Known to Medicine That Cures Kidney Diseases in Both the Primary and Secondary Stages.

The kidneys are not sensitive and the disease is sometimes fastened and already chronic with the very first symptoms. If it has hung on eight to ten months it is surely chronic. In either case why postpone? Why not take at first the only thing known that cures kidney disease in the chronic as well as the primary stages. The Fulton Compound is a scientific preparation, especially valuable for its insurability as it is doubly fortified by scientific analysis and after recovery under the Fulton Compound the recovery was also doubly attended.

In May 1902, the son of E. C. Fell, the manager of the Pacific Coast Circuit Company of Seattle and Dulson, great-grandson of the inventor of the Fulton Compound, was declared by the family physician to have chronic kidney disease and neuritis. Another physician was called in and examined the patient. The whole body was swollen with dropsy, and a fatal termination seemed inevitable. The Fulton Compound was then turned to as the only hope. On September 19th the dropsy disappeared and the boy was well, and after double examinations the physician declared the recovery complete and gave the following report which he now has:

Judge G. A. Callahan, the Police Judge of San Francisco, also attests the recovery under his own observation of a friend of his who had recovered from the case (chronic Bright's Disease of the kidneys) was well known to be incurable according to all medical reports.

Up to the advent of the Fulton Compound medicine had been tried which would cure kidney troubles after they became chronic, but not more than ten per cent of all cases are now curable, even after the case has become chronic. Another chronic form of Bright's Disease and diabetes, known as chronic cases that, like the above, are curable by all other known medicines. If your kidney trouble is recent, the Fulton Compound will cure it quickly. If it is of over eight or ten months standing it is the only thing known that will save your life. John J. Fulton Co., 204 Washington Street, San Francisco, sole agents for the Pacific Coast, for Bright's and Kidney Diseases, Diabetes, and all other ailments of the urinary tract, and for pamphlet. We are the exclusive agents in this city.

Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three teething years is something frightful. The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the contents forming in the skull closing up and its teeth coming, all these coming at once create a condition of the material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is weakness, nervousness, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The deaths in 1901 under three years were 20,000, and this in the vast number outside the big cities that are reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, warty or erythema in sleep do not wait for the teething medicine nor narcotics. What the little system is crying out for is more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

204 Washington St., San Francisco, June 2, 1902.

Gentlemen—I am practicing with the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. A large percentage of infants die and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands, and I have had surprising results with it. In several cases this diet, given with your "regular food," has not failed to check the teething fever. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1902.

Dear Sirs—I have just tried the teething food in two cases and in both it was a success. One was a very serious case, so critical that it was brought to me from another city. I gave your teething food, and in three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. Its action in this case was remarkable. I would advise you to put it in every drug store in this city. Yours,

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders languishing of the gums unnecessary, the safest plan and a blessing to the baby to not wait for symptoms but to commence with the fourth or fifth month. Then all the teeth will come healthfully, without pain, distress or lameness, and an auxiliary in that regular diet and easily taken. Price 10c per tin (though for price), sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agents, Dulson Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

PHIL MAY'S BARGAIN.

An Experience the Artist Had With a Moving Conjurer.

An amusing story is told of the artist Phil May's experience with a conjuring act at Stratford-on-Avon. Phil was in the crowd which had gathered to watch a very clever gentleman who was wrapping up sovereigns and half crowns in pieces of paper and selling them for 2 shillings. The "sharp" had a beautiful face—such a face as Phil May loved to draw. So he sketched him furtively. But the gentleman saw him and made a speech forthwith.

If that there celebrated portrait painter with the tight breeches on will stand up the plecter, the equally celebrated benefactor to 'omanity wot is givin' away quids for coppers will reward 'im accordingly," he shouted.

"Phil, with a twinkle in his eye, handed up the drawing. The conjurer was delighted with the sketch and pinned it to the tailboard of his cart. With another preliminary speech, he threw three sovereigns, three half sovereigns and several half crowns into a piece of paper, screwed it up and handed it to the artist. "You'll be president of the bloomin' Ryal academy some day, young man," said he. "Here, catch!"

"A bargain's a bargain," said Phil, walking off with the packet of gold and silver.

He confessed afterward when he opened the packet and found two pennies and a halfpenny in that it was the most entertaining commission he had ever been paid for.

Marrying For Money.

"I married for lub de rust time," said Ebenezer Snow, "but dis time I married for money, an' don't you forget it."

"Your bride elect has money, has she?"

"Yes, sah. Dat girl has no less dan \$34.78 in de savin' bank, for she showed me de book."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Attack of Paralysis.

Gentlemen—You can't work on account of paralysis? Nonsense! You look as strong as I do.

Tramp—Well, ye see, boss, it's paralysis de will dat I'm troubled wit.—Exchange.

There is no place quite as dry as that where a river used to be.