

TRANSFORMATION OF THE GREAT WEST.

By General Nelson A. Miles.

It was my good fortune to witness the transformation of the mighty West. I have viewed much of it on horseback and have traversed the zones now occupied by the Canadian, the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, the Rio Grande and Oregon Short Line, the Union and Central Pacific, the Santa Fe route and the Southern Pacific. I have seen the pioneer and the home builder supplant the savage and the lawless. In my recent journeys across the continent I was more than ever impressed with the underlying wisdom and tranquil virility of the people. They do not want war; they want peace. I have traveled far in foreign lands and observed the people of many countries. I have had excellent opportunities to know the people of my own country and am gratified to say that a more intelligent, thoughtful, patriotic people cannot be found on the face of the globe than the people of our Western States and Territories. There you find the true American independence and enterprise. An American citizen with eighty or 100 acres of land is loyal to democratic government, and he is a very independent sovereign. The rough, wild, tough element has been replaced by the mine and mill owner, the herdman and the agriculturist.

While in thirty years the transformation of the great West has been marvelous, there is yet ample room for millions who may be seeking homes. There are nearly as many people crowded into the Philippine Islands, an area not as large as one of our Western territories as the number that are now living in nearly one-half of the western portion of the United States, while the State of Texas alone, richly stored with the products that have made this country great and prosperous, could accommodate all the people of the United States and ten millions more without being so much crowded as some of the Eastern States are now.

DISEASES OF THE STOMACH.

By Dr. E. C. Sweet, of Chicago.

The importance of a thorough knowledge of diseases of the stomach cannot be overestimated. Innumerable aches and pains, formications, tingling and numb sensations are caused by imperfect gastric digestion. The theory that the stomach is only a receptacle for the gista, and is not, strictly speaking, a digestive organ, has not been sustained by clinical and laboratory experience; while clinical experience and laboratory experiments and observation demonstrate that many digestive disturbances originate in the stomach and produce symptoms which frequently have been attributed to derangements of the nervous system. Many cases of headache, impaired memory and inaptitude for thought and work occurring in merchants and other business men, are not due to overwork and brain exhaustion, as is frequently supposed, but are caused by imperfect digestion, resulting from eating when the stomach is tired. When one is engaged in hard physical or mental labor the blood flow to the stomach is decreased, and a proper amount of gastric juice is not elaborated, and the functions of motility and absorption are diminished. Under such circumstances digestion must be changed. Such patients may be benefited by taking only soup, beef tea or milk for the noon meal. Sometimes biscuit or bread and butter may be allowed in

JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE HAS A RIVAL IN INDIA

Mrza, Ghulam Ahmad, of Qudiah, Punjab, India, insists that John Alexander Dowie, of Zion, Ill., U. S. A., is not up to date.

Allah is good and Mahomet is prophet truly, but Mrza Ghulam Ahmad is the Messiah! So claims Mrza Ghulam that each should pray that the other perish, and Mirza is lost in wonderment that the overseer of Zion has not toed the scratch. He expresses his amazement in an article just published in the Review of Religions, which is printed on occasions at Gurdaspur, India.

That the tempestuous Dr. Dowie shall know that Mrza Ghulam Ahmad is no common man, is not a frail human forsooth, the new Messiah writes: "Dr. Dowie should further bear in mind that this challenge does not proceed from an ordinary Mohammedan. I am the very Messiah, the promised one, for whom he is so anxiously waiting. Between Dr. Dowie's position and mine the difference is this, that Dowie fixes the appearance of the Messiah within the next twenty-five years, while I gave him the glad tidings that the Messiah has already appeared. I am that Messiah, and Almighty God has shown numerous signs from earth as well as from heaven in my support. My following, which already claims a hundred thousand souls, is making a rapid progress. The proof that Dr. Dowie furnishes in support of his extravagant claims is the very height of absurdity. He claims to have healed hundreds of sick men. But why did his healing power fail in the case of his own beloved daughter, where it should have been exercised in the highest degree?"

ROMANCE OF THE PAPACY.

Secrets of Vatican That Have Reached Public Knowledge.

As a rule the secrets of the vatican are well kept and most of the stories that are told apropos of the new Pope must be taken with a grain of salt. Now and again, however, something of the romance of the papacy really leaks out, though not through the Cardinals. There was, for example, the strange case of Pope Pius IX, pretty well known a generation ago, but now almost forgotten. In his younger days, when he was Count Mastai-Ferrati and a lawyerman, he met and fell in love with Miss Foster, daughter of the Irish Protestant Bishop of Kilmore, who was living in Italy with her sister, Mme. De Sails. Miss Foster favored the young count, but Mme. De Sails drove the lover away. Afterward she relented, the count returned

addition. The large meal, or dinner, should not be taken until the day's work is done. Thus severer forms of disease, as functional dyspepsia and chronic gastritis, may be prevented.

WHAT THE RICH MAN CANNOT BUY.

By President Eliot of Harvard University.

We want more happiness, more real satisfaction, more joy, more enjoyment. It is said that we Americans are always trying to get more money—more pay, higher wages, higher salaries, more profit in our trade—and there is truth in that description of the American aim. Now, is that the ultimate end of life? Is that the way to win greater happiness, truer enjoyment, deeper satisfactions?

I think the first source, the greatest source in this world, is family life, the joys of father and mother and children and grandchildren and grandfathers and grandmothers and grandchildren, they last. In the natural course of life they last fifty, even sixty, years, and they grow as time passes by. They are always increasing; they are not diminishing satisfactions.

Does the rich man have any more of these true and high satisfactions than the poor man? Not one whit more! He cannot buy them. They are the result of natural affection and of disciplined character. They are absolutely unpurchaseable in this world.

THE ART OF MANAGING A MAN.

By Helen Oldfield.

A woman's privileges are more valuable than her rights; the best way in which to increase those privileges is to take them with great show of gratitude to the man who confers them. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," and no man ever lived who was not accessible to flattery in some form or other. To conquer, a woman must sometimes stoop. Gentle persuasion goes a mile often where aggressiveness cannot stir a foot. There are not many things in the world outside of matters of conscience, pure and simple, which are worth contention upon a woman's part, against the man whom she loves and who loves her; and for these few things the reward, gained through martyrdom, comes usually in the hereafter. Standing up for one's rights against one's husband is wearisome work; it is more comfortable to relinquish them; still they may be had, except in rare instances, by asking for them as a favor to be granted for love's sake. Deference to a husband is the drop of oil which keeps the wheels of the domestic machine running smoothly. There is much in mental suggestion. Take it for granted that a man will do a certain thing because it is the proper course, and in nine times out of ten he does it. The tactful person drops suggestions and leaves them to take root, just as the husbandman sows his seed upon fertile ground.

"There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak," and even though "a soft answer turneth away wrath," there are seasons when no answer is better, when the only fitting coin of conversation is the gold of silence. To argue with an angry man is worse than folly. When a man is hungry and tired, perhaps worried, and so inclined to be cross, is not a favorable time for any request, however reasonable. The wise woman who is versed in the ways of man will bide her time, will see that he has a well cooked dinner, and good coffee, and when he has been soothed into good humor with himself and all the world will broach the subject upon which she desires his approval. Smiles are more effective than tears to open a man's heart; gentle persuasion avails more than reproaches. It is the sunshine and dew which bring forth the foliage on the trees, the soft south breeze which unlocks the ice upon the streams.

HOW ANTI-ALCOHOL LECTURES ARE DELIVERED TO PRISONERS IN A FRENCH PENITENTIARY



A strange sight is presented when the periodical anti-alcohol lecture is delivered to the prisoners of the new French penitentiary at Fresnes, near Paris. The lectures are given in an immense hall, on one side of which, reaching almost to the roof, are what look like steps, but on closer inspection prove to be rows of boxes with openings about four inches high, through which can be seen the heads of the audience. In this strange manner the prisoners are enabled to see the lecturer, but prevented from holding any communication with one another. Mutual recognition on release is thus also rendered impossible. These lectures against drunkenness are believed to have had some influence on the diminution of crime, which has lately been marked in France, and in future they are to be given more frequently and in a larger number of prisons.

and the wedding day was fixed. On the appointed day the bride and her friends were at the church, but no bridegroom appeared, and Count Mastai-Ferrati was never seen again. Years afterward Miss Foster went to see Pope Pius IX and was astonished to recognize in the pontiff her old flame, the count.

The most sensational novelist could not have invented a plot more fascinating than the real story of Pope Leo's predecessor, Mme. De Sails had made an unhappy marriage with an Italian, and her parents, fearing a similar fate for the younger daughter, made her promise to guard Miss Foster against a union with a foreigner, hence her interference to separate the lovers; it was only when her sister pined away that Mme. De Sails relented. The dis-

GOOD Short Stories

James Cobb tells a curious story of a lady, a sister of Owen Tudor, who, like Henry VIII., was greatly given to marrying, and did not die until she had been led seven times to the altar. When she was following her fourth husband to the grave, the gentleman behind whom she rode on horseback ventured to urge his suit. "Unhappy," said the dame, "thou art too late, seeing that I am plighted already; yet do not lose heart, for, should it fall out that I have again to perform this melancholy office, I will bear thee in mind."

The story is told of a kindly Massachusetts man who chanced in a restaurant in one of the frontier towns, where he met a waiter armed with a sorrowful towel tied about his waist, a dented tin tray, and a couple of guns. The Easterner looked him over in a gentle way, and asked him if he had any breakfast food. "I guess yes," responded the cowboy waiter; "we got ham and eggs, fried sausage, chuck steak, spare ribs, mutton chops, corned beef, hash, hog and hominy, light bread, heavy bread, toast butter, coffee, tea, buttermilk, and beer. Breakfast food? Well, that's our winner. Name your grub."

Frederick III. of Prussia, who delighted in his reputation as the most laconic man in Europe, once met a Hungarian nobleman, taking the waters at Carlsbad, who had also acquired fame for abruptness of speech. This tempted the Prussian monarch to meet him and try him in the arts of brevity. The magnum was pointed out to Frederick as he stood in the hall of his hotel. The king went up to him, and the following conversation was the result: Frederick—Bathing? Hungarian—Drinking. Frederick—Officer? Hungarian—Magnate. Frederick—So! Hungarian (taking the initiative)—Detective? Frederick—King! Hungarian—Congratulate!

Like many Frenchmen, especially those hailing from the south of France, President Loubet is very fond of those national dishes in which garlic forms an important ingredient. Once, in his lawyer days, when he was pleading in court after having partaken of some such dish, his democratic tastes in this respect placed him in a somewhat embarrassing position. The presiding judge happened to be a man of aristocratic origin and breeding, to whom the odor of garlic was absolutely intolerable. M. Loubet rose and began his argument. He had not proceeded very far when the judge was observed to sniff rather uncomfortably and to take out a perfumed handkerchief, re-enforcing it a few moments later with a smelling-bottle. These measures, however, proved, of no avail as a protection from the pungent and penetrating effluvia which emanated from the future president of the republic. At last, his olfactory sense rising in open rebellion, the indignant judge shouted: "Usher, open the windows; open the doors. For heaven's sake let out this abominable smell." Since then M. Loubet, it is said, though he still preserves his simplicity of life, has eliminated garlic from his articles of diet.

KING PETER I.

Still Simple and Democratic—His Daily Routine.

The private life of Peter I. has hardly undergone any change since his accession to the throne. The king lives to-day as simple and democratic a life as did the exiled Karageorgevitch at Geneva. He observes court etiquette so long as it does not conflict with his democratic convictions.

He rises every morning at 5 o'clock, and takes a drive round the neighborhood of Belgrade, accompanied only by one aide-de-camp. At 7 he returns and is shaved; at 8 he begins his daily work. First of all he receives his private secretary, who has to submit to the king his letters and other mail matter. Next the police prefect of Belgrade makes his report to his majesty. That official has to inform the king of all occurrences of importance or interest within the limits of the city of Belgrade. Next the first aide-de-camp, who at present also acts as court marshal, and finally the chief of the royal household, are received. The latter has to submit a daily account of all the money expended on account of the civil list. The king checks every item most minutely. At his suggestion book-keeping by double entry has been introduced in the royal household.

At 10 o'clock the king is generally visited by his life-long friend, Colonel the Marquis de Rose, with whom he discusses private affairs. The marquis, who is at present the king's guest, was his schoolmate and his comrade in war. Since the colonel retired from the French service six years ago he has been almost constantly with Peter Karageorgevitch.

After this visit the king receives his ministers and other persons who have requested an audience, or he reads the newspapers—nearly all those published in the Serbian language and some German and French journals.

At 12:30 lunch is served for the king, a meal in which the Marquis de Rose and two of the officers of the household participate. This meal is a most simple affair, and consists mainly of Serbian and French dishes. The king drinks nothing but mineral water on account of an old internal malady, which, however, is now gradually disappearing. At 1 o'clock the king returns to his private rooms, where he remains until 3, when he again receives his private secretary and disposes of his correspondence.

Before dinner his majesty sometimes takes another drive round the city. Dinner is served at 7, and seldom occupies more than one hour. After that the king is usually occupied with literature. He reads mostly books on military or financial subjects. In industrial matters, too, he shows a lively interest, and does his best to induce foreign capitalists to invest money in Serbia. He has no particular leaning

toward any sport except shooting, in which he is quite an expert.

Peter I. is generally regarded as a good-natured and energetic man of strong ruling capacity and admirable tenacity. It will readily be seen that he combines all the essential qualities of a good monarch; but his people are not what he could wish them to be, and they will yet provide him with many a difficult problem to solve.—London Leader.

A Young Commander.

The story of a boy of 12 years acting as commander of a ship seems rather wonderful, yet Farragut was but 12 years and 4 days old when he was put in command of the Barclay, a prize ship taken by Captain Porter. In consideration of his tender years, says the author of "Twenty-six Historic Ships," the former English master of the vessel was sent in her for the possible benefit the young prize-master might find in his advice. Farragut tells the story of the queer division of authority in his journal as follows: "I considered that the day of trial had arrived, for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was. But the time had come for me at least to play the man; so I mustered up courage and informed the captain that I desired the maintopmast filled away in order that we might close up with the Essex Junior. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared to touch a rope without his orders. He would go his own course, and had no idea of trusting himself with a 'blasted nuteshell,' and then he went below for his pistols.

"I called my right-hand man of the crew and told him my situation; I also informed him that I wanted the maintopmast filled. He answered with a clear 'Aye, aye, sir,' in a manner that was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored. "From that moment I became master of the vessel, and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the captain not to come on with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard; for I really would have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed."

Cheated the Youngsters.

In certain parts of New Guinea wallaby, a species of kangaroo, are very plentiful, and the traveler in search of sport finds the pursuit of them an exciting occupation. Wallaby steak is a refreshing change from canned meats, and the natives are only too glad to have the remnants of the carcass. A writer in the Badminton tells an amusing incident connected with the animal.

He had been ashore in one of the sparsely populated regions of the coast, and secured four wallaby, an ample supply for the whole party, native guides and servants included. But he found that although wallaby is regarded as such a delicacy that no trouble is considered too great to obtain it, none of the native boys in the party would touch it.

This was a mystery until one of them explained that they had been trained in childhood in the belief that if they ate wallaby, before reaching a certain age, it would stop their growth.

These boys all belonged to the part of the country where wallaby are few, and one can imagine the crafty old folks seated round the festive pot and winking at one another as the young people declined the succulent dainty.

Those who see an unwarrantable deception in the fostering of such a belief on the part of the young people must ask themselves if they have never told a child that "two pieces of pie will make little folks sick."

Every-Day Heroes.

When the cloudburst wiped the town of Heppner, Ore., off the map, man seemed powerless before nature. Yet the news of the next day contained two stories which show that brave men did what they could.

The people of two neighboring towns, Lexington and Ione, escaped without loss of life. They owe their safety to the heroism of two men. When the flood swept the town, Kernan, the station agent at Heppner, stuck to his post long enough to telegraph warning to Lexington. Then he tried to escape with his wife and two children and a friend. The friend succeeded in reaching safety with the children, but Kernan and his wife were swept to death.

Another hero was Leslie Matlock, who, like Paul Revere, jumped on his horse and spread the alarm. He reached Lexington in time to confirm Kernan's warning, and the people fled to the hills. Over a hundred people in Lexington would have lost their lives but for these two men.

Matlock continued down the valley, carrying the alarm to every farm house. His horse gave out soon after he left Lexington, but he got another, and galloped through the darkness and the rain to Ione. Here he telegraphed down the valley to the ranchers, who passed the word on. His long journey had been a race with the flood, which poured after him almost at his horse's heels.

Gen. Clay's Courage.

General Cassius M. Clay fought many duels in his day, usually with his long-bladed knife, meeting pistol or rifle equally with that trusty weapon. His physical strength was gigantic. He was accustomed to the use of weapons, and he was always cool and never lost his judgment. For example, when an adversary shot him, and he supposed he was done for, he inflated his lungs to the full, conscious that he would live as long as he could hold his breath. Then he drew his knife and did his bloody work. That was when he killed Turner. After all, speaking musically, reviewing his life, he confessed to a reporter, when he was about 84, that he was opposed on principle to the duel, thinking it a savage way to settle a difficulty, "but there are some cases for which it seems to be the only remedy."—New York Tribune.

Science AND INVENTION

In the electric furnace of H. Goldschmidt, a ton of steel is made from the ore by 4,000 horse-power hours of energy, and from scrap iron by 1,300 horse-power hours.

Anaemic persons and convalescents seeking strength find great benefit in the grape cure, which is an autumn attraction at Wiesbaden. The effects are explained by the sugar, which forms 25 to 50 per cent of the grapes.

The hot springs that contain living bacteria are much below boiling point in temperature, but J. Adams, of Dublin, reports having observed eggs of a certain mite (Tyroglyphus histostoma) that survived boiling for five minutes.

Traction tests with electric automobiles in London have shown a surprising increase of the starting pull on oiled pavements. A pull of thirty-nine pounds per ton was needed to start on dry asphalt, forty-nine and a half pounds on wood pavement and 104 pounds on dry macadam. On greasy asphalt a pull of nearly seven-and-a-half pounds per ton was necessary.

The wireless system of telegraphy has been tested successfully in the Coast Survey. Last summer, as an experiment, one of the surveying vessels, using short-distance apparatus, transmitted the half-second beats of its chronometer to a shore station more than sixty miles away, where they were automatically recorded on a moving tape. It is anticipated that for the determination of longitude the wireless system will eventually take the place of cable and telegraph lines.

Human life is possible under varied conditions, and, if a recent report is correct, British New Guinea has a tribe whose environment has made them incapable of walking. These people live in a swampy region, and, as walking and canoeing are alike impracticable, they remain constantly in their dwellings, which are built in the trees just above the marshes. Disuse has caused their limbs to shrink, giving them an ape-like appearance and gait.

German experts say that wood which has been floated in rafts, or otherwise, gives a more trustworthy material for joinery and building purposes than does that which has been carted, or otherwise carried dry, to the sawmill and workshop. The reason is that while the wood is lying in the water its sap and albuminous and salty materials are dissolved out. If these substances remain in the wood they readily absorb moisture from the atmosphere, after coming out of the drying rooms, and the wood swells. Artificial processes of washing out the hygroscopic substances from wood which has not been floated are practiced in Germany.

In describing experiments made for the Department of Agriculture on the effects of lime and magnesia upon animal production, D. W. May of the Kentucky Experiment Station remarks that it is a well-known fact that the greatest development in live stock has been attained in limestone regions. He adds that in the blue-grass region of Kentucky, long noted for the beauty and quality of its live stock, and especially of its thoroughbred horses, the soil has been formed largely by the disintegration of a limestone very rich in phosphates. But even in that favored region experiments are under way to determine whether the quality of the animals may not be improved by the addition of certain mineral elements to the food.

INCIDENTAL EDUCATION.

Acquirements That Contributed Toward Success of Louis Agassiz.

It does not appear that Louis Agassiz, the great naturalist, had as a child any precocious predilection for study, but his love of natural history showed itself almost from infancy. In "Life and Correspondence of Agassiz," by Elizabeth Cary Agassiz, his childish amusements are described. When a very little fellow he had, besides his collection of fishes, all sorts of pets: birds, field-mice, hares, rabbits and guinea pigs, whose families he reared with the greatest care. Guided by his knowledge of the habits and habits of fishes, he and his brother Auguste became the most adroit of young fishermen, using processes all their own, and quite independent of hook, line or net.

Their hunting grounds were the holes and crevices beneath the stones or in the water-washed walls of the lake shore. No such shelter was safe from their curious fingers, and they acquired such dexterity that when bathing they could seize the fish even in the open water, attracting them by little arts to which the fish submitted as to a kind of fascination.

Such amusements are no doubt the delight of many a lad who lives in the country, but they illustrate the unity of Agassiz' intellectual development from beginning to end: His pet animals suggested questions, to answer which was the task of his life; and his intimate study of the fresh-water fishes of Europe, later the subject of one of his important works, began with his first collection from the Lake of Morat.

As a boy he amused himself also with all kinds of handicrafts on a small scale. The carpenter, the cobbler, the tailor were then as much developed in him as the naturalist. In Swiss villages it was the habit in those days for the tradespeople to go from house to house in their different vocations. The shoemaker came two or three times a year with all his materials, and made shoes for the whole family by the day; the tailor came to fit them for garments which he made in the house; the cooper arrived before the vintage to repair old barrels and hogsheads or to make new ones, and to replace worn-out hoops; in short, to fit up the cellar for the coming season.

Agassiz seems to have profited by these lessons as much as by those he learned from his father; and when a

little fellow he could cut and put together a well-fitting pair of shoes for his sisters' dolls, was no bad tailor, and could make a miniature barrel that was perfectly water-tight.

He remembered these trivial facts as a valuable part of his incidental education. He said he owed much of his dexterity in manipulation to the training of eye and hand gained in these childish plays.

INCONSIDERATE FRIENDS.

They Did Not Do Things Exactly to Suit the Borrower.

Eben Rawles was the town borrower. The position would seem to most persons to be one which would deprive the incumbent of the right to find fault, but Eben took a different view of it.

"It beats all how long it takes some folks to read the newspapers," he said discontentedly one day to an idle listener. "Now there are the John Potters; a well-meaning family as ever lived, but they're downright thoughtless. Why, again and again when I step in for their paper first thing in the morning, they won't know where it is. Oftentimes I've waited as much as half an hour while they hunted up that paper, and then very likely there'd be one page missing, and nobody'd know just where it was.

"They haven't got any system, that's the trouble with 'em. It's a large family of different ages, and I suspect they portion off the paper in the evening, 'stead of keeping it all together and reading it one at a time.

"I can manage better with their weeklies, for I told Miss Potter I'd go right over Friday mornings soon as it came, and read it out on the porch. Then they could do what they were a mind with it afterward.

"But I experience my greatest trouble with the magazines," said Mr. Rawles, sadly. "I pledge you my word it's been ten days after a magazine was out, time and again, before I've got a sight at it. They keep it to read about, the women folks do. It's a dreadful wasteful habit, but I can't make any impression on 'em. And when I get it, and Mr. Rawles assumed a stern expression. "It's ten to one if that youngest child hasn't been allowed to cut a picture out of it that just spoils some advertising article.

"To persons situated as I am all printed matter is valuable, and I hate to see such tampering with it; but we all have our trials, and I suppose discipline is what we need."

EUROPE'S HIGHEST RAILWAY.

Roadbed and Track a Fantastic Play of Turns and Loops.

The Albula-Engadine line, opened for traffic recently in Switzerland, is described by Emil Rueter, in Page's magazine, as the highest in Europe.

The line traverses scenery of great beauty. By turns and loops and by the steepest gradient the track leads now above and below the highway, through the Bergunstein, famous for its gullies and rocks, to Bergun, 4,500 feet.

Abruptly emerging from rocky defiles, the train passes Bergun, surrounded by the giant Albulas Dolomites, Piz Rognuz, Piz d'Aela and the Albulahorn. During the last part of the panorama the railway follows the slopes of the mountains. Between Muot and Naz parts of the railway may be seen above, below and on each side, with its chain of viaducts, galleries and bridges.

It is almost impossible to follow the convolutions of the line as by three-fold turns and loops it passes through tunnels suggestive of the St. Gothard and the Brenner Railways. After ascending more than 1,300 feet the line reaches the entrance to the main tunnel at Preda. The track is in its last part a fantastic play of turns and loops, from which, by an easy ascent, one reaches the pass of the Weissenberg and the Devil's valley, where the steep basin of rocks is crowned by the twin giants (Piz Giumells).

Here the Albula chain is pierced by a tunnel more than three miles long, 6,175 feet above the sea and 3,900 feet under the Piz Giumells, passing the dividing ridge between the waters of the Rhine and the Danube—the highest standard railway track in Europe.

Modest Request.

The wit of the Irish is proverbial, and instances are not wanting to show that they have all their wits about them in time of danger. An Irish switchman employed in the freight yards of a Western city was unlucky enough one day to get his left foot fastened in that death-trap known as a "frog." A vigorous effort to free himself failed. A freight-train was backing down upon him, not more than forty feet away.

Quick as thought he whipped his knife out of his pocket, opened it, cut the folds of his shoestring with one sweep of the blade, jerked his foot out of the shoe, leaving the latter in the frog, and jumped to one side. He escaped death by a margin of less than a second.

The freight superintendent, hearing of his narrow escape, called him into his office the next day.

"Larry," he said, "you showed wonderful presence of mind in an emergency yesterday. I should like to do something for you to show my appreciation of it. What shall it be?"

"Well, sor," responded Larry, scratching his head, "the shoe is as good as iver, but the string's no good at all now. Ye might give me an order for a new pair av shoesthrings, sor."

Moved by Inspiration.

President Remsen, of John Hopkins University, who is one of the City College alumni, tells this story of himself and of James Godwin, who was for many years a tutor at his Alma Mater. Mr. Godwin asked young Remsen at recreation a question in mathematics which the latter was unable for the moment to answer.

"Next," said the tutor, turning to the student who was to follow. Just then, however, the answer came to Remsen, who began to give it.

"You must be beside yourself," generally remarked Mr. Godwin.

There are a good many laughs in the personal column of the average newspaper.