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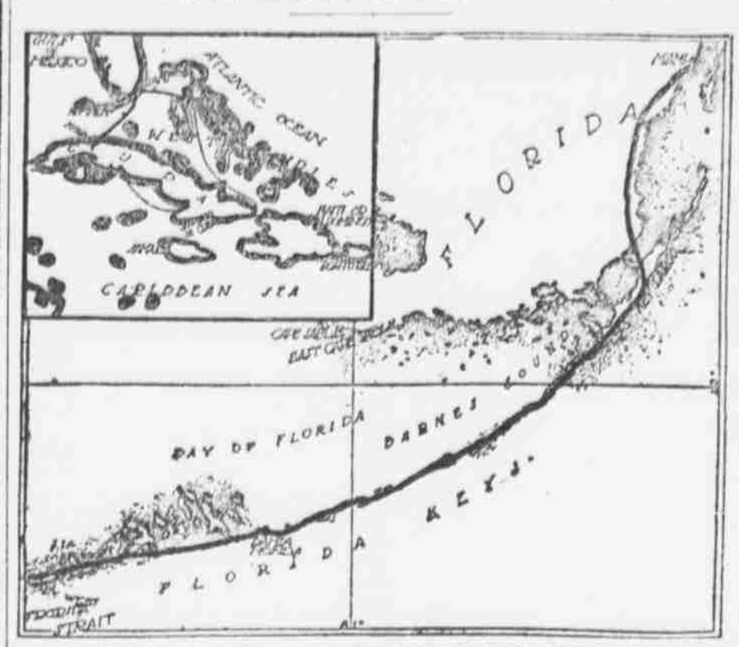
DARING RAILROAD PROPOSITION.



ROUTE OF THE RAILROAD TO KEY WEST.

The sort of railroading which appeals to the public mind, by reason of its daring and by the new problems which it often presents to the engineer, is that through mountain regions, but it has remained for Henry M. Flagler, who has been termed "The Wizard of Florida," to take in hand some railway construction which is not only unique, but daring to the last degree. This task is the extension of his Florida East Coast Railway, which has for some years been in operation between St. Augustine and Miami, 154 miles southwestward and northwestward from the latter point to the important island of Key West. The construction of the extension is proceeding rapidly.

The road will traverse for a considerable distance a ridge or slight elevation of salitic limestone, and passing beyond this will reach sand, the mangrove, that strange tree which reaches its roots downward into the water from the limbs above being for a long distance the principal vegetation. Then the road will strike considerable stretches of water, more or less shallow, but always the foundation will be one of the finest and most substantial imaginable, namely, coral rock.

The construction will be of the most expensive and durable character, and everything will make for absolute safety. The first survey was for a line to Cape Sable, but when this was made Mr. Flagler found that he was sixty miles from Key West and twelve miles from what is known as the three fathom line of the gulf. He therefore decided to undertake the greater proposition, and so changed the line from Homestead and is building more nearly along what may be called the general line of the coast.

In a scenic way this road will be notable. The views it will give of those beautiful southern waters, with all their tenderness of tint, with the scores of "keys" or islands and inlets, great and small, will make it like a voyage in wonderland. The line will pass from key to key, and the first deep water it will strike will be at what is known as Knight's Key, where there will be a channel thirteen feet in depth.

Several drawbridges will be constructed, some for the use of the small vessels which are engaged in the sponge fisheries, the seat of the sponge trade being Key West.

TACTFUL MR. TAKAHIRA.

Japanese Minister to America Rose from the Ranks.

The career and experience of Togoro Takahira embraces most of the varied changes in modern Japanese history, says the Review of Reviews. In his early youth he felt keenly and deeply the ancient feuded life of samurai and shogun, and when Japan abandoned the old order and set her face toward the new he swung into and developed with the new national life. Mr. Takahira is a fine example of the diplomat and gentleman of the Far East. His culture and training are many sided—he is learned in Chinese philosophy and literature, he is a thorough scholar in the intricate literature of his own country, and he speaks and writes fluently in several European languages.

TOGORO TAKAHIRA

Mr. Takahira is not of the titled class—he has risen from the ranks. Entering the imperial diplomatic service in 1876, after a thorough education at the Japanese capital, he was appointed attache to the Japanese legation in Washington, becoming secretary of that legation in 1881. Two years later he was appointed secretary of the Foreign office. Later, he held a number of important posts, including those of charge d'affaires in Corea (1885), consul general at New York (1891), minister resident to Holland (1892), minister to Italy (1894), minister to Austria (1896), vice minister for foreign affairs (1899) and vice minister to the United States (1900).

The Japanese minister is a man of middle age, of a strong, well-built frame, but broken somewhat from his experience of last winter, when he was operated on for appendicitis. Tactful and diplomatic, a dignified diplomat through and through, Mr. Takahira has creditably represented Japanese interests throughout the present difficult period of the war. He has only courageous expressions of appreciation for the admirable qualities of the Russian people, whom he understands thoroughly. He does not look for peace in the near future, but says that Japan is quite ready and prepared to continue the conflict as long as may be necessary. As to the possibility which has been suggested of a Russo-Japanese alliance after peace has been concluded, Mr. Takahira declares this can never be. The Japanese people, he points out, have been educated, politically, along Anglo-Saxon lines, and it would be very difficult to change this national bent. A Franco-Russian alliance might be possible, but a Russo-Japanese alliance never.

Teeth Not Bones at All.

Professor E. Symes Thompson, Gresham professor of medicine, in the course of an address at the Polytechnic, Regent street, London, on "The Evolution and Degeneration of the Teeth," remarked that while the bones of man and animals had decayed greatly during the last 6,000 or 7,000 years, the teeth had been preserved in a much better condition.

Teeth were not part of bones, but part of the skin—they were, in fact, dermal appendages. Old people were surprised to find that when the teeth of the lower jaw departed there was very little of the jaw left. This produced what was called the nut-cracker physiognomy. Referring to the fact that the crocodile had an animated toothpick in the form of a bird, which removed foreign matter, the lecturer enforced the lesson of the necessity of attending carefully to the cleansing of the teeth and recommended attention to them at night as being more important than in the morning.

"No News to Speak Of."

A country correspondent of the Adams Enterprise sends in these interesting items:

"There is no news to speak of in this here settlement. Bud Spurlin was bit by one rattlesnake and two moccasins yesterday and is feeling unwell at this writing.

"The supper for the benefit of the new church bell was largely attended. (That is the hungriest bell in this neighborhood.)

"Maj. Jones happened to the accident of havin' his head blowed off Tuesday. Don't know how high it was blowed, as it hasn't come down yet.

"The jug-train with ninety gallons of spirits aboard, was wrecked by unknown miscreants Saturday night, and in consequence Sunday in town was dry enough to burn.

"I will close as there is no news to speak of, as I said before, wishing success to the paper and all good citizens."—Atlanta Constitution.

No Reason for Two Trips

Patrick's wife was "ailing," and Patrick put on his Sunday best and walked four miles to the doctor's house to tell him about her.

"Now," said the doctor, when he had heard all Patrick had to say, and had prepared some medicine, "here is something for your wife. I've written the directions on the bottle, and I want her to try it faithfully for a fortnight. Then, if it doesn't relieve her, come to me again, and I will give you another prescription."

"Now, docther, see here," said Patrick, standing straight and looking grimly at the physician. "If you have your doubts o' this curin' Mary, as it's ividen you have by the way you spake, why don't you give me first what you're goin' to give me last?"

When Expense Did Not Count.

Mamma—Have some more sugar, Willie?

Willie—Why, you always tell me that more than one spoonful is bad for my health?

Mamma—That's at home. You're at a hotel now—take all you want.—Cleveland Leader.

The average father talks so much about his "assessments" that the children know about them. His "assessments" go to his lodge, and are really premiums on his life insurance.

Be careful what you say to some people. (N. B.—On second thought we have decided not to use that word "some.")

Humorous

Cannibalism in Scotland.—Lady in Sandyford district would like two gentlemen for dinner daily. — Glasgow Herald.

Lady—Can that parrot talk? Dealer—Talk? Why, say, lady, you'd t'ink he wuz brought in a box at de opery.—Puck.

Miss Pweet — Excuse me, but where did you learn to dance? Mr. Splay—In a correspondence school.—Chicago News.

Farmer Blake (at New York restaurant)—Waal, Miranda, here's spinach sixty cents. I wonder if that's a peck or bushel.—Life.

"What's Stevens doing now?" "Nothing." "But I was told he was holding a government position." "He is."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"You say his course was not quite satisfactory to the labor unions?" "Why, no. He worked ten hours a day to secure the passage of an eight-hour law."—Ex.

"I might have known better than to trust my money to that broker." "Why so? Are appearances against him?" "No, confound him! It's his disappearance."—Town and Country.

Nordy—Insure in your company? With your highest officials fighting the way they are? Butts—Sure thing. You can see for yourself that we must have assets worth fighting over.—Ex.

Edwin—I have to go to Scotland next week. You will be true to me while I am gone, won't you? Angelina—Of course. But—er—don't be gone long, will you dear?—Pick-Me-Up.

"Johnny, who was Peter and who was Paul?" "Them was the guys wat robbed each other to pay each other without lettin' their left hands get wise." — Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

"It's curious," said Uncle Eben, "to hear tell 'bout how many geniuses has been allowed to starve an' how many lazy folks manages to git a livin' by pretendin' to be geniuses."—Washington Star.

Friend of the Family—You are very lucky, my boy, to be the seventh son. It will bring you everlasting fortune. Son No. 7—It hasn't so far. All it's brought yet is the old clothes of my six brothers.—Detroit Free Press.

"And did you tell God about it, and ask His forgiveness?" inquired her mother of the little daughter whom at last she had let out of the closet. "Why, no. I was so bad I didn't think you'd want it known outside the family."—Ex.

"My!" exclaimed the good old soul, looking up from her paper, "these college games are getting to be horribly rough." "What's the matter now?" asked her husband. "Here's a report in the paper about a Yarvard man beating all his rivals with the hammer."—Philadelphia Press.

Bishop Goodman (impressively)—Only think, children! In Africa there are ten million square miles of territory without a single Sunday school where little boys and girls can spend their Sundays. Now, what should we all try and save up our money to do? Class (in ecstatic union)—Go to Africa!—Judge.

The young woman in the stern of the little boat had whispered softly the word "yes." "But stay right where you are, Jack," she added, hastily; "if you try to kiss me you'll upset the boat." "How do you know?" hoarsely demanded Jack, a horrible suspicion already taking possession of him.—Chicago Tribune.

Visitor—Quite a neat little place, that one with the green shutters. Who lives there? Host—That's Cooper's house. He had a rich uncle, who left him all his money. Visitor—Oh! And whose is that magnificent mansion over there? Host—That belongs to the lawyer who settled up Cooper's uncle's affairs.—Cassell's.

Judge Phillips' Big Fish.

"There is no fishing in the world like the sport in the Gulf of Mexico, where they catch tarpon," said Judge John F. Phillips, recently in the Kansas City Star. Judge Phillips, looking tanned and thoroughly rested, has just returned from a fishing trip to the coast of Texas. "I surprised the natives by catching six of those big fellows. The largest weighed 135 pounds and measured 6 feet 10 inches in length. It took me an hour to land him after I had made the strike.

"The tarpon is caught on a heavy line and a specially strong rod and reel. I had just told my boatman that I would go in for dinner and we had just started to put back to the shore from where we had been fishing, perhaps a mile out to sea, when I hooked the big fish. By playing with him, reeling him in and maneuvering back and forth for an hour I finally pulled him into shallow water. The boatman then leaped out in water up to his waist and, striking the fish with a gaff hook, hauled him up on the beach. Catching tarpon is strenuous exercise," added Judge Phillips, "but as a sport it is not equaled."

High Toned.

"Maudie says her steady is a high-toned young feller."

"Gee! That's a good name for it, all right. He's one of these squeaky-voiced sissies."—Cleveland Leader.

There are not many people whose visits are as interesting as a continued story in a ten-cent magazine.

SKIN DISEASES SPEAK FOR THE BLOOD

Skin Diseases speak for the blood and tell of the acid-laden, poisonous condition of that vital fluid, and of its effort to throw off and rid the system of the poisons and waste matters that have accumulated in it. Eczema, Tetter, Acne, Salt Rheum, Psoriasis, Boils and diseases of this type are all caused by a weakened and polluted blood circulation, and though they may have lain dormant in the system during the cold weather, at the coming of Spring and Summer, when the blood is reacting and making extra efforts to expel all morbid and poisonous matter, they make their appearance. External remedies cannot cure; they soothe and give temporary relief, but often clog the pores and glands, and the poison causing the trouble is thus shut up in the system to break out afresh later on. S. S. S., a purely vegetable blood remedy, cures all skin diseases by going down into the circulation, driving out all poisons and waste matters, strengthening the blood, leaving the skin soft and smooth, and building up the entire system by its tonic effect. S. S. S. cures Nettle Rash, Poison Oak and all skin diseases that enter the system through the pores and glands, as well as those that have their origin in the blood. Book on Skin Diseases and any advice wished, without charge.

In 1896 I experienced at times patches on the inside of my hands that itched and burned, causing much discomfort. I was convinced I was afflicted with a type of Eczema. I consulted several physicians, and used several external applications, receiving but slight temporary relief. I decided to try S. S. S., and soon I found myself entirely cured.
Station A., Kansas City, Mo. W. P. Brush.

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BIGGEST WINDMILL OF ALL.

Pumps Water Into Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.

The largest windmill in the United States, if, indeed, not the largest in the whole world, has recently been constructed near San Francisco. This gigantic mill is located directly on the ocean beach, near the famous seal rocks. It is used for pumping water up into Golden Gate Park.

The huge, strong wooden tower supporting the wind arms rises 150 feet. It is 40 feet square at the base, securely anchored and gradually tapers upward, assuming a round shape.

There are four immense wooden arms, or vanes. Each arm measures 80 feet from the center or hub—thus making a diameter of 160 feet in describing the circle. The wind vanes are 6 feet wide and extend nearly the entire length of the huge arms.

This windmill is located upon a prominent elevation, so that it may catch every available wind arising in that section.

This colossal windmill is capable of developing 50-horse power. Its pumping capacity is 200,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours.

The water is taken from the wells and forced through a large iron main sixteen inches in diameter, for nearly four miles up into an immense reservoir several hundred feet higher than the ocean beach. From this reservoir the water is distributed in all directions through the park.

During the dry, hot season the arms of this giant windmill are kept whirling day and night to supply the thirsty demand. As the mill stands on the wide, open beach, there is rarely, if ever, any lack of wind; in fact, the winds ocasionally blow with such violence that the mill is compelled to be shut down, as it would be risky to attempt to run it during a fierce gale.

The Sorrow of It.

"Somehow," remarked young De Borem, "I am awfuly stupid to-night."

"Indeed you are," retorted Miss Costique, somewhat impulsively.

"Do you really mean that?" asked the young man, in surprise.

"I merely indorsed your statement. Didn't you just now assert that you were awfully stupid?" she asked.

"Y—es," he admitted, "but I merely said so without thinking."

"And up to the time you spoke of it," rejoined the matter-of-fact maid, "I only thought so without saying it."

Sympathetic.

Mrs. Brown—Have you heard from your son since he got that newspaper job in the city?

Mrs. Green (proudly)—Yes, indeed; and he writes me that he is going to try his hand at poetry. Ah! who would have thought that I should ever be known as the mother of a poet!

Mrs. Brown—Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about it if I were you. Remember, he is young yet, and he'll probably have better sense when he's older.

Grounds for Divorce.

Newed—Alas! I am a disappointed man. My wife cannot sing.

Oldwed—Can't sing! Why, man, that ought to be a cause for rejoicing. You are to be congratulated.

Newed—Yes, but the trouble is she thinks she can.

Almost Satisfied.

Congressman Broussard, of Louisiana, says that at New Iberia, his State, in the early '90s, when that district was visited by a severe flood, one of the expeditions for relief organized by the government one day encountered an old negro who, in a dilapidated dugout, was having considerable trouble in keeping afloat. The old fellow was busy paddling with one hand, while he bailed out his craft with the other.

At this juncture the relief boat came within hailing distance, and the captain called out:

"Hello, there, uncle! Anything you want?"

"Nothin' 'cept wings, boss," was the grim reply.

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

Bury Your Troubles.

Train yourself to keep your troubles to yourself. Don't pour them out upon acquaintances or strangers. It isn't their fault if you have troubles, and they don't want to hear of yours, because they have so many of their own. And besides—here is a point to consider—if you insist on telling other people of your grievances they will at length come to dislike and shun you, because thereby you prevent them from telling their troubles.

Natural Deduction.

City Editor—Well, did you get an interview from Mrs. Blank on the subject?

New Reporter—No, sir. I saw the lady, but she refused to talk.

City Editor—Indeed! When did she die?

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Trees in Springtime

The awakening of the trees, and the rapidity with which they array themselves in the new foliage of spring, always fill us with wonder. Each year they reveal anew their richness of life, but we are never quite prepared for the phenomenon, for in all their moods and aspects, save this one, the trees suggest to us the spirit of calmness, of deliberation, of repose.

We revisit the familiar forest of childhood with certain feelings of hesitation and doubt, fearing it may be so changed that we cannot renew the old intimacy. We examine the sugar-maples, and find upon their trunks but slight traces of the auger-holes which we bored in sapping-time long ago. They have done their best to conceal these old wounds with fresh bark. A few dead branches above, however, gave mute evidence of the robbery of sap; otherwise they are unchanged. The oaks which were young when we were boys are still young. The beeches, upon which we carved our initials in boyhood, stand with the firmness of Doric columns, still displaying our signatures in their bark, as though striving by these tokens to keep our memory green.—Scribner's.

P. N. U. No. 33—1905

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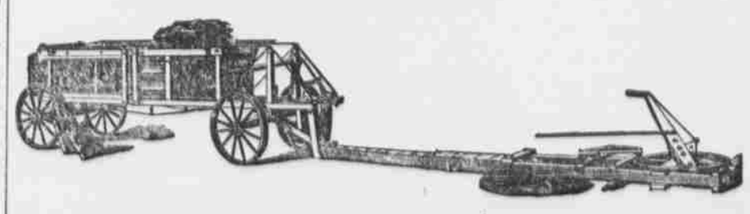

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