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TOBOGGAN IS DEAD.

SPORT WHICH HAS FALLEN INTO INNOCUOUS DESUETUDE.

Society Has Forsaken the Once Popular Amusement—Few Runnerless Sleds Now Seen—Once Great Cold Weather Recreation.

Reliable reports come from far north latitudes where they have hills and things that they can slide on when there is enough snow that the toboggan is a "dead one." The long flat board with the turned-up nose which used to fly down the steep frozen declivities with the speed of a cannon ball will fly no more, at least for the present. It has been relegated to the walls of dens and clubrooms, where it sticks silently, an alleged article of decoration of the idle pattern.

Society went back on the toboggan, and when society goes back on a bit of sporting goods the goods might as well hunt for its sarcophagus and crawl in and let society seal on the capstone. Time was when the erstwhile toboggan was the warmest winter favorite that ever cavorted among the frozen hills of the Northern States, but it has gone the way of all other favorites that have signed with too much popularity. But a few short years ago winter without the toboggan in the hilly country would have been like a Fourth of July without fireworks. The season would have been naught but a bitter patch of melancholy. In those days the young folks would have gone into spasms of indignation and vexation if they had been deprived of the privilege of tobogganing. But now the 'boggan has gone down the slide and there is no evidence that it is going to come back up.

Attracted Much Attention.

A few winters ago the toboggan furor that reigned in the parts where the sport had any show whatever attracted the attention of the entire country. The daily newspapers, the weeklies and the magazines displayed long profusely illustrated articles on the sport and the popular indulgence in it time and again and people who had no more prospect of ever seeing a toboggan than they have of seeing the north pole talked of the runnerless sleds and their awful flights with breathless interest. Stamped in the mind of every reader is the picture of the long snow and ice embankment with torches down the sides and in the middle of the slide the big toboggan filled with boys and girls flying down the declivity at the rate of a mile a minute. When the reader saw this time-honored old picture for the first time he always held his breath and ejaculated in low, smothered tones, "My, isn't that just awful?" and at the same time he had a secret longing to be on the spot and try one whirl down the chute.

It used to be said that it required long persuasion to induce the extremely timid to ever board a toboggan, but after they had once taken a trip they hungered for more of "the same" with greater avidity than anyone else in the hill. When the sport was at the height of its popularity in St. Paul and Minneapolis it was well worth a trip to the gopher cities to see the amusement in full blast on a cold winter's night. Everybody owned a toboggan or belonged to a toboggan club. At night the frozen hills and snow and ice-covered embankments, built somewhat especially for the sport, were lighted up with great torches until they were as bright as day and swarming about on every hand were men and women, young and middle aged, dressed in their fantastic red, white and blue blanket costumes and streaming from their heads were the long points of the knitted caps that were pulled down over their ears like nightcaps.

And the great slides prepared for the use of the tobogganers meant a mile a minute ride down a steep incline every foot of which was fraught with peril. Many wild tumbles ensued, many ears and noses were frozen in the pursuit of this captivating sport, and yet the toboggan dropped in popularity with as sudden and hard a thud as the roller skate. Just as in the case of the roller skates, when the toboggan was at its height, the sales made by sporting goods houses were enormous considering the size of the cities. One firm alone in the city of St. Paul sold in a few months in the neighborhood of $3,000 worth of toboggans.

FORM OF WINTER SPORT THAT IS BEING ABANDONED.

THE BLOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

The separate blouse continues to be evolved in all kinds of dainty shapes and styles suitable for formal afternoon or informal evening functions. No. 1 here pictured is of silk and lace, the silk forming the bolero over an underbodice of lace embroidered with black velvet spots. No. 2 is made of tucked cream chiffon with a bolero and sleeves of cream point d'esprit entirely overrun by cream baby satin ribbon and further adorned by embroidered stars of pale blue velvet and lace.

CHAPTER ON OLIVES.

They Are a Comparatively Recent Fruit in the United States.

Olives are a comparatively recent fruit in the United States, for, while they have been grown in California since the time of the early mission fathers, it is only within the last twenty years that they have become of commercial importance. The industry in America is still in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition, owing largely to confusion in regard to the selection of suitable soils and varieties and a knowledge of right methods of culture and manufacture. Competition with cottonseed oil and other oils sold as olive oil has harmed the industry. There is a good and growing demand all over the United States for olive products. The profits in the olive industry lie principally in the production of pickles, the larger fruit being used for this purpose and the small sized made into oil.

The olive seems especially adapted to certain parts of California. For this reason the only State agricultural station which has done much work with the olive is that of California.

The olive tree is a slow-growing evergreen, of great longevity and productiveness. In some of the older countries about the Mediterranean trees hundreds of years old and sometimes twenty feet or more in circumference have been reported. When grown naturally the tree attains a height of forty feet or more, and has a somewhat rounded form. The leaves are small and lance shaped, dull green above and silvery beneath, and generally opposite. The flowers are small and white, with a four-cleft calyx and corolla. The fruit is a drupe, usually ovar or nearly globular.

Two food products of importance are made from olives, olive or salad oil, and pickle olives. A third product, little known in this country, is the dried olive, much eaten in Greece and some other neighboring countries. The ripe olive fruit is not unlike an oval damson plum in form and size. In color it ranges from various shades of purple to almost black. It has a sour and persistent bitter flavor. The oil, like all fats, has a high fuel value, and on this its value as a food depends. The California station insists that the pickled ripe olives are more than a relish; that they really possess a large food value, much more than the pickled green fruit.

The green olives are simply a relish and to be used in limited quantities in the same way as pickled walnuts or cucumbers. A meal of bread and ripe olives is not only palatable, but nutritious and sustaining, and the amount eaten is to be limited only by the same considerations as that of any other good, wholesome food. In Southern Europe and other regions the ripe olive is used as a staple article of diet.

THE OLIVE.
[A, the Flower; B, the Fruit.]

MISSISSIPPI RIVER CATFISH.

Sent to Chicago and Canned as a Substitute for Salmon.

"The story that Mississippi River catfish are being sent to California and canned as a substitute for salmon is incorrect only in a matter of detail," said a local dealer the other day. "They are not being sent to California, for the very good reason that the haul is too long and transportation charges would be prohibitive, but they are going to Chicago for the exact purpose named. At present the industry is in its experimental stage, but I have private information that it has proved a complete success, and the people behind it are going into the business on a huge scale next spring. It is quite a geographical joke when you come to think about it—a factory in Illinois for making California salmon out of Louisiana catfish; but that is exactly what they propose to establish. They will utilize the cats that are too large for the regular market and that are at present simply a nuisance to the fishermen. The canning process is, of course, a secret, but I understand that the meat is lightly smoked, and then put in a solution that gives it the characteristic salmon pink color. After treatment they say it is impossible to distinguish it from the real thing, and it is no doubt equally good, as the objections will be entirely of a moral and ethical character, which don't go very far in modern business.

"Canned salmon is one of the staple food products of the world, and there is no denying the fact that the Columbia River supply is beginning to run short. The catfish, on the other hand, are apparently inexhaustible, so there seems to be a big future for the industry. If it proves feasible, I shall look to see canned salmon factories established in the vicinity of New Orleans, for there is no logical reason why the fish should be sent so far away from home to be put up, and the transportation charges will add materially to the expense. Now that they are beginning to find out what a useful fish the Mississippi River cat really is, it wouldn't surprise me to see it figure among table delicacies in a number of different cities."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Americans Keeping the Lead.

British railway manufacturers are indignant at the manner in which they have lost the contracts for rebuilding the South African railways. It seems that America has ousted the British contractors. Major Girouard, an American, who has absolute charge of the reconstruction and direction of the Transvaal railways, is responsible for this, seeing that he has invited American firms only to submit estimates, etc., for the work. It was American firms also who supplied most of the material for the Soudan railway, which was also under the direction of Major Girouard, and built the Atbara bridge.

A Brutal Picture-taker.

The photographer had just completed all arrangements for the sale of his studio, when the pretty young miss of 17 summers tripped in.

"I want my picture taken," she simpered. "Do you think my face will break the camera?"

"Not this camera," said the photographer just as simperingly, "it is provided with double extra strong lenses."

Of course the miss of 17 summers immediately flounces out and goes to the rival photographer, who, when she springs the joke about her face and the camera, joins with her in a hearty laugh.—Indianapolis Sun.

Let a boy follow his natural business tendencies. So many plow horses are being worked in carriages.

It is an easy matter to distinguish friends from relatives at weddings and funerals.

"It is folly to meet Old Age half way." "I think so; I wouldn't meet him at all if I knew how to get out of it."

TRAIN ROBBING ART.

HOLD-UPS ON THE ROAD NOT NOW INFREQUENT.

Early-Day Operations Recalled—Reno Boys Were Pioneers in This Class of Lawlessness—Hanging of the Brothers Ended Their Career.

From the developments of the last few months or a year it would seem that train robbing is not yet to be classed among the lost arts. The fact that the robberies seem to be occurring once more with a very disagreeable frequency is all the more alarming in view of the fact that holding up of trains is supposed to be becoming more difficult as the years go by. The express cars of to-day are guarded more carefully than ever before. More men with better guns are behind the locked doors and the money and valuables stowed away in the strongest safes that can be manufactured. However, despite all the protection thrown about the treasure that is being transported and despite the great risk of losing life or liberty, which risk must be run by the robber, there are nevertheless men who are willing and ready to undertake the job of stopping the train, holding up the train crew and passengers, blowing open the express if necessary, overcoming the messenger and dynamiting the safe.

The number of bandits who have undertaken this job within a year or so is ample proof that the days of the desperado are not yet past by any means. A year ago a train was held up almost within the shadow of Chicago, the express car and safe blown open and somewhere between $20,000 and $100,000 stolen. A number of suspects were arrested, but to this day, so far as known, the guilty parties were never apprehended. Since that daring hold-up there have been a number of robberies of trains in various parts of the West and Southwest, with a few in the South and East. Some of these crimes have been accomplished with comparative ease, while others have resulted most disastrously to the perpetrators. Some of the robbers have been killed in the act or subsequently captured, while some of the attempts at hold-ups have been thwarted entirely.

One Hold-Up Spoiled.

Necessarily train robbers are men of considerable daring, but they vary in character as do other criminals. It is comparatively easy for the man who has the gun drawn on the unarmed fellow to look and act brave, but when the other man has a gun and displays an ability and inclination to use it with intelligence then the proposition is often quite different. But even under such circumstances the train robber very often shows his mettle by going in for a finish fight. In the last train hold-up and attempted robbery, however, the shooting of his pal convinced a bandit that he didn't care to stay and fight for the contents of the express safe. This happened when two men held up a Chicago, Burlington and Quincy train not far from Omaha. The two men boarded the train, it was not known exactly where, and crawling over the tender drew revolvers on the engineer and compelled him to stop the train. The robbers, after the engine crew uncoupled the train and drew part of it some distance away, marched the engineer and the fireman back to the express car and demanded admission. Messenger Baxter declined to comply with the request. When he heard the robbers begin their attack on the door he slipped out of the door on the other side of the car, but he didn't forget to take his rifle with him. After breaking in the door one robber entered the car while the other marched the crew back to the engine. Baxter was not idle all this time. He slipped along the side of the cars up to the engine, and peeking around the cow catcher he saw one lone bandit standing guard over the engine crew. Baxter raised his rifle. The next instant there was a sharp crack and the robber fell dead. The sound of the shot so frightened the other bandit that he jumped from the express car and fled without having reached the inside of the safe.

The express robbery which was perpetrated near Chicago had every characteristic of a wild Western hold-up. A little before 11 o'clock at night three men mounted the stairway up to tower W, forty-seven miles west of the city, between the towns of Melrose and De Kalb. The three masked men entered the tower-room and, overpowering the operator, bound and gagged him. They then threw down the red light to stop the 10 o'clock mail and express train from Chicago. As the train rounded a curve the red light came into view and the engineer quickly threw on the brakes, bringing the train to a dead stop. The three men rushed out of the bushes where they had concealed themselves after binding the tower operator and leveled their revolvers at the engineer and fireman. One robber was left to guard these two men, while the others turned their attention to the express car. Messenger Hobson declined to open the door and, placing a stick of dynamite against the sill, the robbers set it off, blowing the door to atoms. The explosion stunned the messenger, but he recovered in time to resist the entrance of the bandits into the car. They forced their way in, however, and beat the messenger savagely over the head with the butts of their revolvers, after which they bound and gagged him. Then they threw the treasure safe out of the car, and, with nitroglycerin or some other explosive, blew off the door and secured the contents.

Chicago Bandits Escape.

After securing the money packages and valuables the two robbers joined the first, who was guarding the engine crew. Entering the cab, they compelled the engineer to run the engine, which had been uncoupled, westward toward the town of Cortland. At the edge of the town the bandits halted the engine, bound the engineer and fireman hand and foot and, leaping to the ground, disappeared in the darkness, leaving the engine standing on the main track of the Northwestern. Great efforts were speedily made to capture the robbers. A brakeman of the train had run away from the scene under fire of the bandits and had carried the news of the hold-up to the town of Elburn. Posses were hurriedly organized at midnight, telegrams were sent to Chicago and in every other direction, to the Northwestern and to other neighboring railroads. Police and detectives were hurried to the spot on special trains and herculean efforts were put forth in scouring the country to get hold of the right men, but the results were of a most unsatisfactory nature.

Several of the train robberies that followed shortly after this will be recalled. Six masked men flagged an Illinois Central train bound from New Orleans to Chicago, near Wickliffe, Ky. The fireman, who attempted resistance at first, was beaten over the head and the engineer was threatened with similar treatment. The express car, which was attached next the engine was cut from the rest of the train and, under cover of revolvers, the engineer was compelled to pull off a distance of a mile and a half to a point near the river and the Missouri shore. Here the safe was blown open and $10,000 or $15,000 secured. In their haste the robbers overlooked a package of $700. The men escaped in a skiff to the Missouri line, where they carelessly dropped a package of $500 soon after landing.

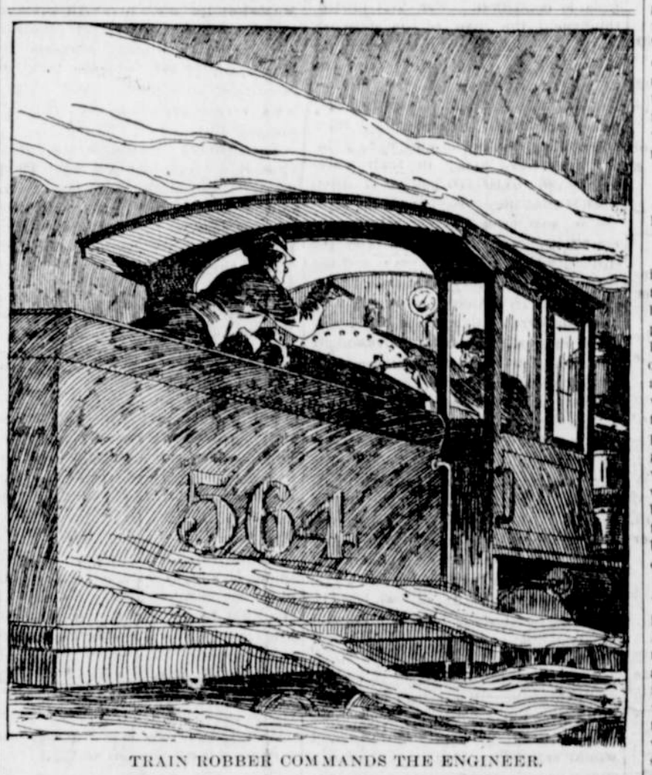
Train hold-ups came thick and fast for awhile. Two masked men robbed all of the passengers on a fast eastbound Union Pacific train near Hugo, Col., without going through the usual routine of stopping the train. The robbers boarded the train at some little station on the plains and stationed themselves at the sides of one of the doors of a coach and awaited the appearance of the conductor on his regular trip through the train. When the conductor came through the door he was covered by two revolvers in the hands of the men and ordered to throw up his hands, which he did without argument. He was then made to carry a bag, while one robber kept him under his gun, and a trip was made through the sleeping cars, the passengers being awakened one at a time and compelled at the point of the revolver in the hands of the other robber to pour their valuables into the bag in the hands of the conductor.

Passenger Shot to Death.

One old man on the train made a move to get his revolver out of his satchel and he was shot dead by the robber. After the trip had been finished the masked men made the conductor pull the bell cord signaling the engineer to stop the train. A few days after the robbery the two bandits were located in hiding in a farmhouse near Goodland, Kan. One of the men was shot to death and the other cremated in the house, which was burned to the ground.

Then came the sensational Columbus, Ohio, express robbery and murder. R. H. Ferrell, an ex-employe of the Adams Express Company, a young man 22 years of age, was engaged to be married to a young lady of Columbus, and it was said that he was very ambitious to provide well for her, but had not the funds, for he had been out of work for some months, having been discharged by the Adams company. He went down to Urbana, Ohio, to await the arrival of a Panhandle express train running from St. Louis to Columbus. He well knew that the express car on this train would carry considerable money. When the train arrived he went to the express train and told Messenger Lane, whom he knew, that he had no money and asked if he might ride with him to Columbus. Lane never suspected treachery on the part of his supposed friend and told, of course, he could ride in the car with him. Farrell felt the pistol in his pocket to be sure it was still there and climbed into the car. As the train left Urbana the two old friends chatted pleasantly. Lane sat with his back slightly turned to Ferrell not far from the end of the car. Finally Ferrell had nerved himself for the despicable deed, and, stepping behind Lane, he fired three shots in quick succession into the messenger's back. Then the murderer took Lane's revolver and fired two more shots into the dying man. After he was satisfied that Lane was dead he took the key from the messenger's pocket and opened the express safe and abstracted all of the money which he put in a valise. The murderer dropped from the train without being noticed at Plain City, where he spent the night. Ferrell fell under suspicion and after his whereabouts before and near the time of the tragedy had been traced enough was discovered to cause his arrest, when he confessed the whole crime.

"The crime of train robbing is not a very old one, by any means," said William A. Pinkerton. "The pioneers in this work were the notorious Reno boys of Seymour, Ind. These bandits began their work not very long after the close of the Civil War, and they kept up their career of crime until the most of them were choked off in a very summary manner. After the Reno boys came the James brothers, the Younger brothers, the Basses and the train robbers who are still well remembered to-day. Early train robbing was carried on in the same way that it is to-day as far as regards stopping the trains and the treatment of the train people are concerned. The only difference is in the use of dynamite on the car doors and the safes—this being a modern introduction. Sledge hammers used to serve for those purposes. The safes then were only sheet-iron affairs and were not hard to batter apart."



TRAIN ROBBER COMMANDS THE ENGINEER.

DALY DUG POTATOES.

How the Late Montana Millionaire Laid Foundation of His Fortune.

One of the most striking characters in Montana was the late Marcus Daly, the Anaconda millionaire, the celebrated horse owner and one of the copper kings of the United States. No one knew how much Daly was worth. He owned a bank or so, an electric railroad, a big hotel, something like $1,000,000 worth of horses and lands and one-fourth interest in the Anaconda copper mines, which are among the biggest and best paying of any in the world. The army of employes who worked under him was as large in number as that which Xenophon led in the famous retreat described in the Anabasis, and his pay-roll ran into the tens of thousands per day.

Still, he came from Ireland, where he was born, to the United States as a poor boy, and when he landed at San Francisco at the age of thirteen he had not a cent in his pocket and trotted up and down the board walks for three or four days seeking a job. He looked in vain, until at about the end of the fourth day he saw an old farmer in a wagon driving through the streets. He stopped him and said: "Haven't you got something out at your place that I can do?"

"Well, I don't know, young man. What can you do?"

"I can do anything," replied young Daly.

"Can you dig taters?"

"Yes, I can," said Daly, and the man thereupon told him to get into the wagon, and he took the boy home to his ranch. This was some place east of Oakland, and Daly dug potatoes for the old rancher for three weeks. He said it nearly broke his back, but he stuck to it until he got a little money, and then, boy as he was, he started for the mines. There he laid the foundation of the great fortune that he accumulated in after life.

Made Him Hear.

A certain Market street merchant has his telephone near the front door. Not long ago the bell rang, and the merchant stepped to the 'phone and took down the transmitter.

Just at that moment a farmer man came into the place and inquired:

"Wan ter buy any aigs?" The merchant, intent upon getting the message, said to the 'phone: "I can't hear you," and gazed abstractedly at the countryman.

Raising his voice, the granger shouted: "Want ter buy any aigs?" Still intent upon the man at the other end of the wire, the merchant said, petulantly: "Oh, I can't hear a word you say."

The man from North Georgia inflated his chest and lifted up his voice, fairly raising the roof, while everybody within a block thought the riot alarm had been run. "Do you want ter buy any a-i-gs?" he shouted.

"No, confound you, no!" shouted the merchant, dropping the telephone and clapping his hands to his outraged ears.

"You bet that raised him," remarked the egg man to his partner as he walked out and climbed into his wagon. "I never seed a deaf man yet what I couldn't make hear when I put on all my steam."—Chattanooga News.

Dreadful Accident.

Ethel—Oh, Emily, I had such a dreadful accident the other day. I broke two of my front teeth.

Emily—How painful. How did it happen?

Ethel (thoughtlessly)—They fell off the sideboard, and I accidentally trod on them.—London Pick-Me-Up.

Odd Rule.

The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, in Siam must always be odd.

We would hate to give a reception and make the terrible blunder of putting a young girl of forty in the hour assigned to the old married women of forty.

A MECHANICAL GENIUS.

San Francisco Lad Who Makes Models of Battleships.

Eddie Von Geldern, a 13-year-old boy, one year ago, after a single hour's inspection of the United States battleship Iowa, went off and executed a remarkable model of the ship, accurate in proportion and delicate in detail, composed of odd scraps and waste picked up about his own home and in his neighbors' back yards. He has now, unaided and untaught, constructed out of odds and ends of materials, with a few odd tools, partly of his own manufacture and contrivance, models of a steam engine and electric car good enough to be exhibited before the Technical Society of the Pacific at its last meeting in Academy of Sciences building, and which commanded the respectful attention of the members of that grave and dignified body.

The steam engine is an elaborate piece of work, perfected, as a model or a sketch, to use the boy's own term, down to some of its finest details. The boiler is made of strips of tin, neatly turned and riveted together, then nailed down to a foundation board, so that they appear, together with a similar strip of zinc at the front, to consist, of a series of castings. The sandbrake consists of a metallic tip taken from the end of a discarded curtain pole, and a circular tin can forms the smokestack. The headlight is set in a little box constructed by the boy's deft hands, but for the ornament which caps it he is indebted to his mother's discarded curtain poles. There are steam cylinders with eccentric movements, symmetrical and accurately proportioned, and a whole system of running gear and mechanism beneath, down to the compressed airbrake and hose, all as conscientiously executed as if the lives of human passengers depended upon their being carried out to the finest detail.

In the engine cab the boy has accomplished some of his most patient imitative work, for it is rigged with a throttle and steam gauge, the doors to the boiler and furnace being carefully defined. On one side the engineer's raised seat is carefully padded, and he is even furnished with the usual padded arm-rest on the window, while the bell rope dangles above the fireman's seat opposite. All of the other windows in the cabs are glazed with discarded camera plates. The engine is about three and one-half feet long and of proportionate breadth and height.

The trolley car, four feet long or more, is a less complex structure, but shows the same fidelity, patience and accuracy, and is one of the most honest make-believe cars possible, from the stout wheels beneath, taken out of cord and tackle pulleys, to the trolley, which reaches up to draw power from an invisible wire.

"That trolley was an old bamboo fishing rod once upon a time," explains the young builder gravely. "I had to buy the glass for the windows, for there weren't any dry plates the right size, you see. I've got the advertisements along the top of the wall above them. If you'll look in you can see."

The seats, simulated to represent the rolling curves of the slatted benches extending along the sides of the car, were hacked out with the aid of an old jackknife, and beneath the car, at each end, the boy has built that absolute essential to street cars in every civilized community, safety fenders of as ingenious a pattern as he could devise.—San Francisco Chronicle.

What Frightened Him.

While crossing the Isthmus of Panama by rail, some years ago, the conductor obligingly stopped the train for Mr. Campion to gather some beautiful crimson flowers by the roadside. It was midday and intensely hot. In his "On the Frontier" Mr. Campion tells a peculiar story of this flower-picking experience.

I refused offers of assistance, and went alone to pluck the flowers. After gathering a handful I noticed a large bed of plants, knee-high, and of delicate form and a beautiful green shade. I walked to them, broke off a fine spray and placed it with my flowers.

To my amazement I saw that I had gathered a withered, shriveled, brownish weed. I threw it away, carefully selected a large, bright green plant and plucked it. Again I had in my hand a bunch of withered leaves.

It flashed through my mind that a sudden attack of Panama fever, which was very prevalent and much talked of, had struck me delirious.

I went "off my head" from fright. In a panic I threw the flowers down, and was about to run to the train. I looked around; nothing seemed strange. I felt my pulse—all right. I was in a perspiration, but the heat would have made a lizard perspire.

Then I noticed that the plants where I stood seemed shrunken and wilted. Carefully I put my finger on a fresh branch. Instantly the leaves shrunk and began to change color. I had been frightened by sensitive plants.

Equine Inequality.

The work horse and the carriage horse stood side by side on the street. "I see you take your meals a la cart," sniffed the latter, looking disdainfully at the other's canvas feed bag.

"Yes," replied the equine toiler. "Don't you?"

"Neigh, neigh, Pauline!" and the proud aristocratic mare rattled the silver chains upon her harness. "I prefer mine stable d'oat."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Go Wrong.

"My boy," said the great man, "I used to shine shoes myself."

"Well," replied the bootblack, "dey's a hull lot of de guys what is led astray."—Philadelphia North American.

Silk Dresses in China.

Silk dresses were worn in China 4,500 years ago.

Finland Wolves.

Finland loses $27,500 worth of cattle a year by wolves.

It is one of the wonders of childhood that grown people can get up without calling.

Occasionally the people have a right to abuse you; if you make a mistake, abuse causes you to be more careful.