CAPTURED A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

THERE have lately been turned out of the Southern Pacific Railroad shops at one of the big terminals of that road on the Pacific Coast four of the largest consolidated pattern engines in use, designed especially for mountain work, whose plans and specifications were drawn by probably the only lady expert mechanical engineer in America, if not in the world. How she attained her present position is one of the railroad legends of the road for which she works, but I believe the story has never been in print.

A number of years ago, about fifteen I believe, some lucky prospectors "located" mining claims away up in the almost inaccessible fortresses of one of the mountain ranges of the West and the phenomenal riches of the lead amply repaid the heavy expense of the "mule train" that was used to "pack" the output to the railroad. Eventually the prosperity of the first proprietors brought other adventurous spirits to the lucky spot and later a rich syndicate bought out all the smaller claims on the ledge and established there the great mills and smelters of the Calumet Mining and Smelting Company.

Then the Southern Pacific people awakened to the importance of the enterprise, and after a series of consultations with the syndicate in the course of which a very handsome financial proposition was made by the miners, a branch road was surveyed up through the canons to the site of the now rapidly growing town. The difficulties were almost insurmountable, but at last the work was done and a very crooked and dangerous piece of track was the result. Its grades were precipitous in the extreme; its curves sharp to the last degree, and its road bed so narrow in some places that if a car became derailed it was either demolished against the rock wall on one side or went to the bottom of the gorge on the other, there to lie and rot and rust away. Once over the cliff the cost of raising an ore car would almost pay for a new one, and the company seldom made any effort to recover the wreckage.

One point on the short road had always been dreaded by the trainmen, and this was the sharp curve at the approach to what was called the second crossing. It had been a prolific source of wrecks and the rocks below the bridge were strewn with the broken timbers and bent and twisted iron work of dozens of ore cars that had plunged over the sheer sides of the deep gorge. This second crossing bridge was at the foot of the heaviest grade and from there the road wound through the beautiful Silver Creek Valley to the "Junction," where it joined the main line of the Southern Pacific.

At the point where the level track commenced, hardly a stone's throw from the second crossing bridge, the company had built a short siding for the use of the giant consolidated engine that was used to push the long trains of ore cars up the mountain, and just across the main track from the siding stood the little cottage where John Clarke, the engineer, and his daughter, Jessie, lived.

Miss Jessie at that time was nearly 16, and for the last three years had been her father's housekeeper. All her life she had been intimately associated with railroad men and for the three years that her father had been running the big "pusher" she had had no other companion than the old engineer, his fireman and a little brother, several years her junior.

All her spare time she spent with her father about the engine, and had made it an enthusiastic study until, at 16, she knew its mechanism about as thoroughly as did her gray-haired father; in fact, it was her boast that she could "run the consolidator as good as Daddy."

A short time before the incident happened of which I am about to tell you, a tourist delayed by a wreck at the bridge had spent the day at Clarke's cottage. The little housekeeper had made the day very pleasant for him by piloting him about the valley, and on leaving he had given her a pair of powerful field glasses. They were her dearest earthly possession, for with them she could see her father's engine as it crept down the mountain for nearly an hour before he would arrive at the siding.

The long stretches of road as it wound around the crags up the canon, now for a mile in sight, then disappearing among the rocks only to reappear still further up the mountain, were always an interesting study for the girl, and, but for those field glasses, the young lady's practical knowledge of railroading and her unparalleled nerve, the Southern Pacific would have had one wreck that would have cost many lives.

One August evening Miss Clarke was watching through the field glasses the effect of the sunlight on the brilliant quartz rock at the farthest point up the mountain, where the track could be seen from the valley and only a short distance from the big mills at the top of the hill. Her father and his fireman had gone to the junction for some supplies and were to return on the "mail," now nearly due. Her little brother was "playing fireman" and with a big bunch of waste was rubbing up the bright work about the big engine. The twilight silence in the valley was only broken by the occasional hiss of escaping steam and the steady, monotonous "pound" of the air pump on the engine, which her father had forgotten to shut off before he left. She had just noticed it and was about to go to the engine and shut off the steam, when, as she took one last look, she was almost paralyzed by the sight of a long train of ore cars creeping around the curve. Two or three of the laborers at the mines were still on them, but hand brakes would never stop that heavy train and as it slowly gained in speed she saw them leave the train. Then she thought of the little passenger train that would be there in a few minutes and in another moment she was climbing into the cab of the big engine and telling her little brother what to do.

"Open the switch, Johnnie, and when I get out on the main track shut it and run down the track and flag number one. Tell dad I'm up the hill to catch a runaway."

Johnnie did as he was told and the powerful engine rolled out of the siding, across the bridge and was soon tearing up the hill at full speed toward the now rapidly approaching train.

As she left the siding her one thought had been to save the passenger train from an awful collision, but as she crossed the bridge she thought of a little story her father had lately told of how he had once caught a runaway train with his engine and had stopped it before it could do any damage. She would try it now despite the awful danger. If "Daddy" could do it, she could.

For nearly four miles up the hill the big engine fairly flew, then, as she reached a long stretch of straight track where the view was clear for nearly a mile, she shut off the steam and gradually the locomotive stopped.

Jessie looked up at the steam gauge. The pointer indicated only 100 pounds pressure. Keeping a close watch on the track ahead, the intrepid girl left the throttle and, opening the fire-box door, replenished the fire. Just as the last scoopful of coal was thrown in and the door closed the runaway shot around the curve into view, and, starting the engine back, the girl watched closely for a chance to catch the now rapidly moving train.

Down the heavy grade went engine and cars, the distance between them rapidly growing shorter. On a little piece of straight track, a little over a mile from the dangerous bridge, Jessie decided to take the last desperate chance, and as the engine reached the

SHE COULD SEE HER FATHER'S ENGINE.

desired point, only a few feet ahead of the flying ore cars, the girl gave the engine a light touch of the airbrake and then, with mighty impact, the heavy train struck the engine, then the airbrake lever was sent to the "emergency notch," but so great was the speed of the train that even that did but little to slacken the speed and that awful curve at the bridge was almost in sight.

Jessie almost lost her nerve as she thought of that deadly place. She knew the big engine would never round it at its present rate of speed.

Suddenly the escape valve of the engine opened with a mighty roar, telling her the powerful machine was straining and quivering under the pressure of nearly 200 pounds of steam, and then a favorite axiom of her father's came to mind: "If air won't hold 'em, give 'em steam."

One supreme effort of the strong young arms and the reverse lever of the black giant was thrown over, the sand pipes were opened and with steady hand Jessie opened the throttle, throwing a mighty force against the heavy train.

Now the speed of the train materially decreased, but the big locomotive rolled and rocked like a ship at sea as she safely rounded the dangerous curve and shot out on the high bridge, and then came another shock for the sorely tried girl, for standing in front of the cottage, almost hidden by a dense cloud of black smoke, stood the little passenger train with its load of unsuspecting travelers.

Here again the girl's knowledge of railroad craft came to her, and she knew that no power on earth could stop that heavy train in time to avert a collision; but she could signal to them. A brown hand reached for the whistle cord, and in a second more the deep valley was resounding to the hoarse roar of the duplex whistle giving three loud blasts—the railroaders' signal; "Back up."

The signal was just in time, as the passenger train backed out of the way, the big consolidator and its string of ore cars rolled heavily by, the train now under control, but still moving with sufficient force to have done considerable damage.

As the train passed the siding, Clarke and his fireman climbed on the cars and soon stopped them; and as Jessie jumped to the ground she almost alighted on a tall, gray-mustached old gentleman. He was Charles Archer, Vice President and General Manager of the Southern Pacific, and a man who never failed to recognize and reward merit; and it was at his hands Miss Clarke received the education that fitted her for the position she now occupies, and who placed the lady's name on the "merit roll" of the Southern Pacific Railroad, at a salary of $1,500 per year, work or play, as long as she lives.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

KANSAS TWISTERS.

A Few Little Anecdotes Told by a Truthful Witness.

"I've heard so many incredible stories about the cyclone and its eccentricities," said the solemn looking man to a party of tourists he had joined in the sleeping car, "that I've been to Kansas making some personal investigations in the interest of science.

"I find that many reports from that section have been grossly exaggerated. Nothing occurs there that is not in accord with our understanding of these terrific outbursts of nature. For instance, the tornado, often mistaken for the cyclone, has a rotary motion. I have known it to dip low enough to bore a well and then bound once more to the region of the clouds. This wonderful phenomenon was an accomplished fact in far less time than it takes me to tell of it.

"An extensive farmer here heard the roar of an approaching storm and just had time to get his team from his reaper to a place of safety. The wind caught the reaper and sent it round and round and round the immense tract, till the grain was all cut."

"But didn't it blow away?"

"Not at all. That would have destroyed our theory. The circular whirl of the irresistible power swept the grain to the center of the field and into an immense stack such as human hands could not have piled.

"One of the strangest and best authenticated incidents I learned of occurred where a cyclone struck the base of a mountain and went burrowing through it. A few feet in the twister encountered a solid granite formation. It was two weeks later when the tunnel was completed and the terrific wind resumed its devastating way on the other side. The tunnel was promptly appropriated by a railroad company."

"I had rather an unpleasant experience in that section," said one of the tourists. "I bought a little farm there, just to be a landholder. Everything in three counties was plastered thick with mortgages. A cyclone wound them all up into one great package and pasted them down on my little place. We drilled and blasted to get them off, but it was no go. My farm is mortgaged $40,000,000 deep."

The solemn man of science never turned a hair, but took notes.—Detroit Free Press.

A Base-Ball Duel.

The story is told by students in the German university city of Leipsic of a strange duel which once occurred there between an American and a young German student. The American was a graduate of Yale. He had a squabble with a law student and a challenge resulted. The Yale man knew nothing about weapons of the ordinary kind, but he had pitched in the Yale base-ball nine. So, to get his fun out of the affair, he named base-balls as the weapons—base-balls at ten paces. The German had never heard of a base-ball and none could be got in Leipsic to illustrate to him their deadly qualities. Eventually the Yale man said ordinary hard wood base-balls, three inches in diameter, would do him. Both principals accordingly were supplied with hard wood balls, and at 5 in the morning the procession moved out to the Rosenthal with surgeons, seconds and friendly advisers. The rest of the story is brief and painful. At the first exchange the Yale man sent an incurve into the native's jaw, just to the left of the mouth, and broke it. The native's second declared that honor had been satisfied and the procession moved back to the town for breakfast—all except the victim of the incurve, who was taken to a private clinic to be repaired.

Make Your Own Cook Book.

A most valuable cook book, which no printed volume can ever supersede, is the individual work of its owner. It is composed of recipes, tested and true, collected from various places, and containing directions which the owner understands and rules that suit her individual taste. This cook book may be written on tinted and glazed writing paper, leaving wide margins at the sides. It is a good plan to arrange it in sections, allowing one section for soups, one for fish and crustacea, one for meats and fowls, one for game and one for salads and desserts. A section might also be added for preserves, candies and valuable miscellaneous recipes, and the whole should be indexed in another final section. It will be found most convenient to have each of these sections in individual covers, as one can then be used without wear upon the others. These covers may be made of white oilcloth, celluloid or some glazed material, and may be decorated if the owner pleases.

It doesn't amount to much if a divorced man has a living wife, but it is mighty important if a divorced woman has a living husband.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Christmas Revels Before Her Majesty in Greenwich House.

In St. Nicholas there is an account of Christmas revels before Queen Elizabeth, the description occurring in John Bennet's serial, "Master Skylark." The following is the passage:

The palace corridors were lined with guards. Gentlemen pensioners under arms went flashing to and fro. Now and then through the inner throng some handsome page with wind-blown hair and rainbow-colored cloak pushed to the great door calling: "Way, sirs, way for my Lord!—way for my Lady of Alderstone!" and one by one, or in little groups, the courtiers, clad in silks and satins, velvets, jewels, and lace of gold came up through the lofty folding-doors to their place in the hall.

There, where the Usher of the Black Rod stood, and the gentlemen of the chamber came and went with golden chains about their necks, was bowing and scraping without stint, and reverent civility; for men that were wise and noble were passing by, men that were handsome and brave; and ladies sweet as a summer day, and as fair to see as spring, laughed by their sides and chatted behind their fans, or daintily nibbled comfits, lacking anything to say.

The windows were all curtained in, making a night-time in midday; and from the walls and galleries flaring links and great bouquets of candles threw an eddying flood of yellow light across the stirring scene. From clump to clump of banner-staves and burnished arms, soiled above the waistcoats, garlands of red-berried holly, spruce, and mistletoe were twined across the tapestry, till all the room was bound about with a chain of living green.

There were sweet odors floating through the air, and hazy threads of fragrant smoke from perfumes burning in rich braziers; and under foot was the crisp, clean rustle of new rushes.

Mester Gyles went to and fro, twisting the manuscript of the Revel in his hands, or pousing kindly to pat some faltering lad upon the back. Nick and Colley were peeping by turns through a hole in the screen at the throng in the audience-chamber.

They could see a confusion of fans, jewels, and faces, and now and again could hear a burst of subdued laughter over the steadily increasing buzz of voices. Then from the gallery above, all at once there came a murmur of instruments tuning together; a voice in the corridor was heard calling, "Way here, way here!" in masterful tones; the tall folding doors at the side of the hall swung wide, and eight dapper pages in white and gold came in with the Masters of Revels. After them came fifty ladies and noblemen clad in white and gold, and a guard of gentlemen pensioners with glittering halberds.

There was a sharp rustle. Every head in the audience-chamber bouted low. Nick's heart gave a great jump—for the Queen was there!

She came with an air that was at once serious and royal, bearing herself haughtily, yet with a certain grace and sprightliness that became her very well. She was quite tall and well made, and her quickly changing face was long and fair, though wrinkled and no longer young. Her complexion was clear and of an olive hue; her nose was a little hooked; her firm lips were thin; and her small black eyes, though keen and bright, were pleasant and merry withal. Her hair was a coppery, tawny red, and false, moreover. In her ears hung two great pearls; and there was a fine small crown studded with diamonds upon her head, besides a necklace of exceeding fine gold and jewels about her neck. She was attired in a white silk gown bordered with pearls the size of beans, and over it wore a mantle of black silk, cunningly slot with silver threads. Her ruff was vast, her farthingale vaster; and her train, which was very long, was borne by a marchioness who made more ado about it than Elizabeth did of ruling her realm.

Great Ingenuity.

A mechanic who constructed a watch for the Czar of Russia from apparently hopeless rubbish proved himself a master of his art, and fairly won the reward he received. His name was Jules Curzon, and he was a Pole who had made his home in Chicago. Some years ago he received a gold medal for his inventions.

The Czar, hearing of his marvellous inventive genius, determined to put him to the test, and accordingly forwarded to him a box containing a few copper nails, some wood clippings, a piece of broken glass, an old cracked china cup, some wire, and a few cribbage-board pegs. The box was accompanied by the extraordinary request that Curzon should transform these unpromising articles into a timepiece.

It was a challenge, and one that few watchmakers would have cared to take up. But it would have taken a harder task than this to daunt Jules Curzon. He set to work on the unpromising materials, and out of them fashioned a watch that was quickly dispatched to the Czar.

Just eight hours after he began his work of transformation the watch started on its journey to Russia, where it arrived safely, to the great delight of the Czar. It was a most unique timepiece, its case being made of china, and its works composed of the material that had accompanied the old cup. Yet it kept good time, and had to be wound up only once in three or four days.

So pleased was the Czar that he sent for Curzon, and conferred upon him several distinctions, beside granting him a pension.

Everything Else.

Bacon—I hear your friend has been very unfortunate.

Egbert—Yes; he failed in business.

"What was the cause?"

"Expensive wife."

"And did he lose everything?"

"Everything but the wife."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Justification.

Mother (coming swiftly)—Why, Willie! Striking your little sister?

Willie (doggedly)—Aunt Frostface made me!

Aunt Frostface—Why, Willie! I said if you did strike her I would never kiss you again.

Willie (still dogged)—Well, I couldn't let no chance like dat slip.—Judge.

Building Up Oscar Wilde.

The friends of Oscar Wilde, who was recently released from Holloway prison, have subscribed $2,500 to enable him to make a fresh start in life. It is said that his wife will make him a small allowance from her private income. Mr. Wilde has decided to write under his own name.

The reason doctors charge so much is that only one patient in ten pays anything.

No man is really smart until he has invented a plan of getting rid of bores.

Wood-Stone.

From a mixture of magnesia and sawdust, subjected to a high temperature and great pressure, Dr. Otto Lehnig has produced a substance which he calls "xylolith," or "wood-stone." It can be cut with tools, but, it is said, does not burn, and does not absorb moisture. The inventor thinks it should prove useful as a building material.

Swift-Flying Clouds.

Mr. Clayton, of the Blue Hill Observatory, near Boston, reports that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high, move is sixty miles an hour in midsummer, and one hundred and ten miles an hour in midwinter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour.

A Pigeon Race.

In France pigeons are regarded as valuable messengers in case of war, and recently the French Minister of War offered a prize for the winner of a pigeon race from Perigueux to Paris, 300 miles. No less than 2,746 birds were entered in the contest. The winner made the distance in seven hours thirty-four minutes, an average of over thirty-four miles an hour.

Ice-Breaking Ships.

Vice Admiral Makarow, of the Russian navy, has been studying the construction and use of powerful ice-breaking ships. At a recent meeting of the Imperial Geographical Society at St. Petersburg, he expressed his belief that with two such ships, each of ten thousand horse-power, acting together, a line of free water communication could be kept open in winter to the port of St. Petersburg, and he added that they could even force their way through the glacial ocean if the thickness of the ice did not exceed twelve feet.

The Flight of the Sun.

Astronomers know that the sun, accompanied by the earth and the other planets, is moving toward a point in the northern heavens with great speed. Just what the velocity is, however, cannot yet be told with certainty. Prof. Simon Newcomb, in a recent lecture, said that it was probably between five miles and nine miles per second. The bright star Alpha Lyrae lies not far from the point toward which the sun is moving. Every moment we are getting nearer to the place where that star now is. "When shall we get there? Probably in less than a million years; perhaps in half a million."

A Short-Lived Island.

In 1867 a new shoal was discovered in the group of the Tonga, or Friendly Islands. In 1877 smoke was seen over the shoal. In 1885 the shoal had become a volcanic island, more than two miles long and 240 feet high, and a fierce eruption was taking place within it. In 1886 the island had begun to shrink in dimensions, although the next year its highest point was 325 feet above sea level. In 1889 its height had diminished one-half, and the ocean close around it was more than a mile deep. In 1892 the island rose only about twenty six feet above sea level. According to the latest information, its complete disappearance, under the action of the waves, will not be long delayed.

High-Priced Bumblebees.

Many years ago the farmers of Australia imported bumblebees from England and set them free in their clover fields. Before the arrival of the bees clover did not flourish in Australia, but after their coming the farmers had no more difficulty on that score. Mr. Darwin had shown that bumblebees were the only insects fond of clover nectar which possessed a proboscis sufficiently long to reach the bottom of the long, tube-like flowers, and, at the same time, a body heavy enough to bend down the clover-head so that the pollen would fall on the insect's back, and thus be carried off to fertilize other flowers of the same species. According to a writer in Popular Science News, the bumblebees sent to Australia cost the farmers there about half a dollar apiece, but they proved to be worth the price.

A Sparrow Prima Donna.

Monsieur Mingaud, a naturalist of Nimes, France, gives, in La Revue Scientifique, an interesting account of the musical accomplishments of a sparrow in his collection of living birds. He captured the sparrow soon after it had been hatched, and fed it by hand until it could care for itself. Then he placed it in a cage containing a chaffinch, a gold finch and two canaries. After a time the sparrow learned to warble like the finches and to trill like the canaries, the imitations being so perfect as to deceive the ear. In spring Monsieur Mingaud is accustomed to keep a box of crickets near his bird-cages. Two days after the crickets had been placed near the cage containing the sparrow the latter began to imitate their cry, intermingling it with its songs. Even after the crickets had long been dead the sparrow remembered its lesson, and continued to repeat their cry. None of the other birds attempted to imitate the crickets. Singularly enough, the sparrow never utters the peculiar squalling cry of its own species, having been removed from its nest too early, apparently, to have learned it.

Cause and Effect.

"Never tell your dreams" is an oft-repeated bit of advice, yet it is probable that few persons do things in their dreams that are more foolish than some things they do when they are wide-awake.

"I had a very singular dream last night," said a boarder, as he came down to breakfast one morning. "I dreamed I was a spectator at one of those peculiar institutions known as 'cake-walks.' I was the only white man present, and was enjoying the novel sensation of watching for the first time a procession of gorgeously arrayed coupels making the circuit of a large room in the most stately and imposing style imaginable, when suddenly the master of ceremonies saw me, took me by the arm, led me to the center of the hall, called a halt, and the entire assembly gathered about me, and began to jabber in an unknown language.

"All at once I began to grow tall. I felt myself rapidly expanding in an upward direction. The crowd at my feet seemed to dwindle. My head pushed its way up through the ceiling, then through the roof, and probably it would have bumped against the moon in another minute if I hadn't waked up. It was a narrow escape."

"And you saw and did all this at a cake-walk, did you?" asked one of the regular boarders.

"Yes, that's what I said."

"H'mph! What have you eaten for supper?"

"Nothing but a plate of buckwheat cakes."

"That explains it. What you saw in your dream was a buckwheat cake-walk."

THE DRUM ON SHIPBOARD.

It Plays an Important Part in the Daily Routine of Duty.

"The Last of the Drums" is the title of an article written by Lieutenant Con Marrast Perkins for St. Nicholas. Lieutenant Perkins says:

In the navy as well as in the army the drum is hallowed and glorified by traditions of victory; and from the day Paul Jones ran up the first flag of our country, with its liberty-tree and its motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," down to the present, a man-of-war's drummer, though the smallest mite on board, has always played an important part in the daily routine of our nation's floating bulwarks.

From the rolling of "gun bright-work" in the morning, and the long-drawn, solemn beat to "quarters," to the last incident of the day—"taps," or "extinguish lights"—the drum retains its place here; and the little Marine-drummer, with his baby face and red coat, is the last to carry his drum proudly at the head of marching men, and to blend its martial rattle with the blare of the trumpet, which has usurped the place of the fife.

These boys are enlisted at Washington, and are taught in the music-school at Marine headquarters, after which they are drafted to the several Marine stations at navy-yards, or distributed to vessels in commission all over the world.

They are enlisted at from 14 to 16 years of age, and are bound over to serve in the Marine Corps until 21, when they are honorably discharged.

While serving on men-of-war, they swing in hammocks and mess with the Marine Guard, and in all respects are treated as if they are men; in action they serve at the great guns as powder-boys—"powder-monkeys" as they are sometimes called. The duty of a powder-boy is to pass charges from the magazine to the battery.

Drummers are distinguished from the private soldiers of the Marine Guard in full-dress uniform by a scarlet tunic with white facing and shoulder knots—the only dress in our service like the traditional red coat of "Tommy Atkins," the British soldier, which has been worn by the army for nearly 300 years. As a joke upon this distinctively un-American uniform, it is related that when the British were seen approaching Bladensburg, during the war of 1812, a wag in the American ranks shouted, "Great Scott! boys, here comes the music. I guess I won't wait for the army!"

The Growth of Language.

No committee can tell whether a word is a good word or a bad word, or whether it is wanted or not. Old fashioned people will always tell you that a new word is not wanted, and that there are plenty of exact equivalents for it already in the language. This seems conclusive, yet experience often proves that they were wrong, and that there was a shade of meaning which they did not perceive, but which was nevertheless pressing eagerly for expression. Thousands of words which we now consider absolutely essential to the language were, when they were first introduced, described as quite unnecessary, and the mere surplusage of pedantry or affectation. Let anyone turn to the most humorous of Elizabethan plays, "The Poetaster," and read the scene in which the poet (Marston is the subject of the satire) is given an emetic, and made to bring up all the new-fangled words which he has used in his works. The character who is watching the results keeps on calling out that such and such a monstrosity has "newly come up." This was thought a brilliant piece of satire at the time, and yet now half the condemned words are admitted by all readers and writers. In truth, there can be no censorship in literature. The only possible plan is to give every word its chance, and allow the fittest to survive. It was in this sense that Dryden declared that he proposed new words, and if the public approved "the bill passed," and the word became a law. Instead of a writer being on the lookout to throttle and destroy any and every new word or phrase that may be suggested, it ought to be his business to encourage all true and fitting developments of his native tongue. Dryden, in the admirable passage from which we have quoted already, uses the memorable phrase, "I trade both with the living and the dead for the enrichment of our tongue."—London Spectator.

"Three Cheers and a Tiger."

As to the origin of the use of the word "tiger" in the phrase "Three cheers and a tiger!" the following story is told: In 1822 the Boston Light Infantry visited Salem, Mass., and encamped in Washington square. They indulged in a good many rough-and-tumble sports, and one day a visitor exclaimed to one of them, "oh, you tiger!" The phrase became a sort of playful reproach, and on the way to Boston some musical member of the company sang a line, "Oh, you tigers, don't you know?" Thus they acquired the name, and they soon began to imitate the growl of that beast. Then at the end of three cheers a "tiger" was always called for. This company visited New York in 1826, and at a public festival they astonished the New Yorkers by giving the growl, which tickled the fancy of the hosts so much that the custom became fixed.

A Stroke of Diplomacy.

Applicant—I have called to ask you, madam, to use your influence in my behalf. I am an applicant for a position in your husband's private office, but I have one dangerous rival. He seems to prefer——

Madame (interrupting)—I'm sorry, sir, but I never interfere with my husband's business.

Applicant—If I were as pretty as she is I might——

Madame—She?

Applicant—Yes, madam; my competitor is a most bewitching girl.

Madame—Just call to-morrow, sir, and I may have the position for you.—Washington Times.

Worried.

Wimbledon—What's on your mind, old man? Is your wife or any of your children sick?

Hankins—Heavens, it's a more serious matter than that! I'm afraid we're not going to have a base-ball team here this season.—Cleveland Leader.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which ***even he*** does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Poultry, Farm, Garden, Cemetery, Lawn, Railroad and Rabbit Fencing.

Thousands of Miles in use. Catalogue Free Freight Paid. Prices Low.

The McMULLEN WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO.
114, 116, 118 and 120 Orleans St., CHICAGO, ILL.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain, free, whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Oldest agency for securing patents in America. We have a Washington office. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN,

beautifully illustrated, largest circulation of any scientific journal, weekly, terms $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Specimen copies and HAND BOOK ON PATENTS sent free. Address

MUNN & CO.,
361 Broadway, New York.

THE OBSERVER

...AND...

WEEKLY OREGONIAN

One Year $2.50.

The New York Weekly Tribune

FOR....

EVERY member of
EVERY family on
EVERY farm in
EVERY village, in
EVERY State or Territory.

FOR....

EDUCATION,
NOBLE MANHOOD,
TRUE WOMANHOOD.

IT GIVES all important news of the Nation.
IT GIVES all important news of the World.
IT GIVES the most reliable market reports.
IT GIVES brilliant and instructive editorials.
IT GIVES fascinating short stories.
IT GIVES an unexcelled agricultural department.
IT GIVES scientific and mechanical information.
IT GIVES illustrated fashion articles.
IT GIVES humorous illustrations.
IT GIVES entertainment to young and old.
IT GIVES SATISFACTION everywhere to everybody.

We furnish THE OBSERVER and N. Y. WEEKLY TRIBUNE One Year, Cash in Advance, for $1.50.

Address all Orders to

D. C. Ireland & Sons, Moro, Or.

Ancient Egyptian

methods of agriculture are not applicable to the work of the American farmer of today. If you wish to keep fully informed of the best ways and means of successfully growing both farm and orchard crops by the aid of irrigation you must read a journal devoted to this particular subject. Do you wish to profit by what others have learned at the expense of an immense outlay of time and money? 10c a number or $1 a year is the cost of the only magazine which will give you the desired information. It is handsome, practical and instructive.

THE IRRIGATION AGE, CHICAGO.
Published by G. E. GIRLING.
A SAMPLE COPY

PATENTS

QUICKLY SECURED. Trade-marks and Copyrights registered and patent business of every description promptly and skillfully conducted at lowest rates. Inventions introduced, companies formed, and PATENTS SOLD ON COMMISSION. 25 years' experience. Highest references. Send us model, sketch or Photo. of invention, with explanation, and we will report whether patentable or not, free of charge. OUR FEE PAYABLE WHEN PATENT IS ALLOWED. When patent is secured we will conduct its sale for you without extra charge. 32-PAGE HAND-BOOK and list of 200 inventions wanted mailed to inventors free upon request. This is the most complete little patent book published and every inventor should WRITE FOR ONE.

H. B. WILLSON & CO., Patent Solicitors,
Le Droit Bldg. WASHINGTON, D. C.

Three Opinions:

"The CHICAGO RECORD is a model newspaper in every sense of the word."—Harrisburg (Pa.) Call.

"There is no paper published in America that so nearly approaches the true journalistic ideal as The CHICAGO RECORD."—From "Newspaperdom" (New York).

"I have come to the firm conclusion, after a long test and after a wide comparison with the journals of many cities and countries, that The CHICAGO RECORD comes as near being the ideal daily journal as we are for some time likely to find on these mortal shores."—Prof. J. T. Hatfield in The Evanston (Ill.) Index.

Sold by newsdealers everywhere and subscriptions received by all postmasters. Address THE CHICAGO RECORD, 181 Madison-st.