The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER XXI.

When I awoke I seemed to have had an unpleasant dream. The bandit chief, Ti-Tsang, had prepared a scheme for the seizure of the Chinese treasure; he had attacked the train in the plains of Gobi; the car is assaulted, pillaged, ransacked; the gold and precious stones, to the value of fifteen millions, are torn from the grasp of the Celestials, who yield after a courageous defense. As to the passengers, another two minutes of sleep would have settled their fate—and mine.

But all that disappeared with the vapors of the night. Dreams are not fixed photographs; they fade in the sun, and end by effacing themselves.

In taking my stroll through the train as a good townsman takes his stroll through the town, I am joined by Major Noltitz. After shaking hands, he showed me a Mongol in the second-class car, and said to me, "That is not one of those we picked up at Dourbak when we picked up Faruskiar and Ghangir."

"That is so," said I; "I never saw that face in the train before."

Popof, to whom I applied for information, told me that the Mongol had got in at Tchertchen. "When he arrived," he said, "the manager spoke to him for a minute, from which I concluded that he also was one of the staff of the Grand Transasiatic."

I had not noticed Faruskiar during my walk. Had he alighted at one of the small stations between Tchertchen and Tcharkalyk, where we ought to have been about 1 o'clock in the afternoon?

No, he and Ghangir were on the gangway in front of our car. They seemed to be in an animated conversation, and only stopped to take a good look toward the northeastern horizon. Had the Mongol brought some news which had made them throw off their usual reserve and gravity? And I abandoned myself to my imagination, foreseeing adventures, attacks of bandits and so on, according to my dream.

I was recalled to reality by the Rev. Nathaniel Morse, who said to me: "It is fixed for to-day; do not forget."

That meant the marriage of Fulk Ephrinell and Horatia Bluett. Really, I was not thinking of it. It is time for me to go and dress for the occasion. All I can do will be to change my shirt. It is enough that one of the husband's witnesses should be presentable; the other, Caterna, will be sure to be magnificent.

It was at 9 o'clock that this marriage was to take place, announced by the bell of the tender, which was to sound full clang as if it were a chapel bell. With a little imagination we could believe we were in a village. But whither did this bell invite the witnesses and guests? Into the dining car, which had been conveniently arranged for the ceremony, as I had taken good care.

It was no longer a dining car; it was a hall car, if the expression is admissible. The big table had been taken away and replaced by a small table which served as a desk. A few flowers bought at Tchertchen had been arranged in the corners of the car, which was large enough to hold nearly all who wished to be present—and those who could not get inside could look on from the gangways.

A quarter to nine. No one has yet seen the happy couple. Miss Bluett is in one of the toilet cabinets in the first van, where she is probably preparing herself. Fulk Ephrinell is perhaps struggling with his cravat and giving a last polish to his portable jewelry. I am not anxious. We shall see them as soon as the bell rings.

I have but one regret, and that is that Faruskiar and Ghangir should be too busy to join us. Why do they continue to look over the immense desert? Before their eyes there stretches not the cultivated steppe of the Lob-Nor region, but the Gobi, which is barren, desolate and gloomy. It may be asked why these people are keeping such an obstinate lookout.

"If my presentiments do not deceive me," said Major Noltitz, "there is some reason for it."

What does he mean? But the bell of the tender, the tender bell, begins its joyous appeal. Nine o'clock; it is time to go into the dining car.

The passengers move in a procession, the four witnesses first, then the guests from the end of the village—I mean of the train; Chinese, Turkomans, Tartars, men and women, all curious to assist at the ceremony. The four Mongols remain on the last gangway near the treasure, which the Chinese soldiers do not leave for an instant.

We reach the dining car. The clergyman is seated at the little table, on which is the certificate of marriage he has prepared according to the customary form. He looks as though he was accustomed to this sort of thing, which is as much commercial as matrimonial.

Here is Mr. Fulk Ephrinell, dressed this morning just as he was dressed yesterday, with a pencil behind the lobe of his left ear, for he has just been making out an account for his New York house.

Here is Miss Horatia Bluett, as thin, as dry, as plain as ever, her dust-cloak over her traveling gown, and in place of jewelry a noisy bunch of keys, which hangs from her belt.

The company politely rise as the bride and bridegroom enter. They "mark time," as Caterna says. Then they advance toward the clergyman, who is standing with his hand resting on a Bible, open probably at the place where Isaac, the son of Abraham, espouses Rebecca, the daughter of Rachel.

We might fancy we were in a chapel if we only had a harmonium. And the music is here! If it is not a harmonium, it is the next thing to it. An accordion makes itself heard in Caterna's hands. As an ancient mariner he knows how to manipulate this instrument of torture, and here he is swinging out the andante from "Norma" with the most accordionesque expression.

It seems to give great pleasure to the natives of Central Asia. Never have their ears been charmed by the antiquated melody that the pneumatic apparatus was rendering so expressively.

But everything must end in this world, even the andante from "Norma," and the Rev. Nathaniel Morse began to favor the young couple with the speech which had done duty many times before under similar circumstances. "The two souls that blend together—flesh of my flesh—increase and multiply——"

In my opinion he had much better have got to work like a notary: "Before us there has been drawn up a deed of arrangement regarding Messrs. Ephrinell, Bluett & Co."

My thought remained unfinished. There are shouts from the engine. The brakes are suddenly applied with a scream and a grind. Successive shocks accompany the stoppage of the train. Then, with a violent bump, the cars pull up in a cloud of sand.

Everything is upset in the dining car, men, furniture, bride, bridegroom and witnesses. No one kept his equilibrium. It is an indescribable pell-mell, with cries of terror and prolonged groans. But I hasten to point out that there was nothing serious, for the stoppage was not all at once.

"Quick!" said the major. "Out of the train!"

CHAPTER XXII.

In a moment the passengers, more or less bruised and alarmed, were out on the track. Nothing but complaints and questions uttered in three or four different languages, amid general bewilderment.

Faruskiar, Ghangir and the four Mongols were the first to jump off the cars. They are out on the line, kandjiar in one hand, revolver in the other. No doubt an attack has been organized to pillage the train.

The rails have been taken up for about a hundred yards, and the engine, after bumping over the sleepers, has come to a standstill in a sand hill.

"What! The railroad not finished—and they sold me a through ticket from Tiflis to Pekin! And I come by this Transasiatic to save nine days in my trip round the world!" shouted the voice of the irascible baron.

"The baron is mistaken," said Popof, "the railway is completed, and if a hundred yards of rails have been lifted here, it has been with some criminal intention."

"To stop the train!" I exclaim.

"And steal the treasure they are sending to Pekin!" says Caterna.

"There is no doubt of that," says Popof. "Be ready to repulse an attack."

"It is Ki-Tsang and his gang that we have to do with?" I ask.

Ki-Tsang! The name spread among the passengers and caused inexpressible terror.

The major said to me in a low voice, "Why Ki-Tsang? Why not my lord Faruskiar?"

"He—the manager of the Transasiatic?"

"If it is true that the company had to take several of these robber chiefs into its confidence to assure the safety of the trains——"

"I will never believe that, major."

"As you please, Monsieur Bombarnac. But assuredly Faruskiar knew that this pretended mortuary van contained millions."

"Come, major, this is no time for joking."

No, it was the time for defending, and defending one's self courageously. The Chinese officer has placed his men around the treasure van. They are twenty in number, and the rest of the passengers, not counting the women, amount to thirty. Popof distributes the weapons, which are carried in case of attack. Major Noltitz, Caterna, Pan Chao, Ephrinell, driver and stoker, passengers, Asiatic and European, all resolve to fight for the common safety.

On the right of the line, about a hundred yards away, stretches a deep, gloomy thicket, a sort of jungle, in which doubtless are hidden the robbers, awaiting the signal to pounce upon us.

Suddenly there is a burst of shouting, the thicket has given passage to the gang in ambush—some sixty Mongols, nomads of the Gobi. If these rascals beat us, the train will be pillaged, the treasure of the Son of Heaven will be stolen, and, what concerns us more intimately, the passengers will be massacred without mercy.

And Faruskiar, whom Major Noltitz so unjustly suspected? I look at him. His face is no longer the same; his fine features have become pale, his height has increased, there is lightning in his eyes.

The bandits fire a volley, and begin brandishing their arms and shouting. Faruskiar, pistol in one hand, kandjiar in the other, has rushed on to them, his eyes gleaming, his lips covered with a light foam. Ghangir is at his side, followed by four Mongols whom he is exciting by word and gesture.

Major Noltitz and I throw ourselves into the midst of our assailants. Caterna is in front of us, his mouth open, his white teeth ready to bite, his eyes blinking, his revolver flourishing about. The actor has given place to the old sailor who has reappeared for the occasion.

"These beggars want to board us," said he. "Forward, forward, for the honor of the flag! To port, there, fire! To starboard, there, fire! All together, fire!"

And it was with no property daggers he was armed, nor dummy pistols loaded with inoffensive powder. No! A revolver in each hand, he was bounding along, firing right and left, and everywhere.

Pan Chao also exposed himself bravely, a smile on his lips, gallantly leading on the other Chinese passengers. Popof and the railway men did their duty bravely. Sir Francis Trevellyan, of Trevellyan Hall, took matters very coolly, but Ephrinell abandoned himself to true Yankee fury, being no less irritated at the interruption to his marriage than as to the danger run by his forty-two packages of artificial teeth.

Faruskiar, my hero—I cannot call him anything else—displays extraordinary intrepidity, bearing himself the boldest in the struggle, and when he had exhausted his revolver, using his kandjiar like a man who had often faced death and never feared it.

Already there were a few wounded on both sides, perhaps a few dead among the passengers, who lay on the line. I have had my shoulder grased by a bullet, a simple scratch I have hardly noticed. The Rev. Nathaniel Morse does not think that his sacred character compels him to cross his arms, and, from the way he works, one would not imagine that it was the first time he has handled firearms. Caterna has his hat shot through. He utters something about thunder and port hole, and then, taking a most deliberate aim, shoots stone dead the ruffian who has taken such a liberty with his best headgear.

For ten minutes or so the battle continues with most alarming alternations. The number of wounded on both sides increases, and the issue is still doubtful. Faruskiar and Ghangir and the Mongols have been driven back toward the precious van, which the Chinese guard have not left for an instant. But two or three of them have been mortally wounded, and their officer has just been killed by a bullet in the head. And my hero does all that the most ardent courage can do for the defense of the treasure of the Son of Heaven.

I am getting uneasy at the prolongation of the combat. It will continue evidently as long as the chief of the band—a tall man with a black beard—urges on his accomplices to the attack on the train. Up till now he has escaped unhurt, and, in spite of all we can do, he is gaining ground. Shall we be obliged to take refuge in the vans, as behind the walls of a fortress, to intrench ourselves, to fight until the last has succumbed? And that will not be long, if we cannot stop the retrograde movement which is beginning on our side.

To the reports of the guns there are now added the cries of the women, who in their terror are running about the gangways, although Miss Bluett and Madame Caterna are trying to keep them inside the cars. A few bullets have gone through the panels, and I am wondering if any of them have hit Kinko.

Major Noltitz comes near me and says, "This is not going well."

"No, it is not going well," I reply, "and I am afraid the ammunition will give out. We must settle their commander-in-chief. Come, major——"

But what we are about to do was done by another at that very instant. This other was Faruskiar. Bursting through the ranks of the assailants, he cleared them off the line, in spite of the blows they aimed at him. He is in front of the bandit chief, he raises his arms, he stabs him full in the chest.

Instantly the thieves beat a retreat, without even carrying off their dead and wounded. Some run across the plain, some disappear in the thickets. Why pursue them now that the battle has ended in our favor? And I must say that without the admirable valor of Faruskiar I do not expect any of us would have lived to tell the story.

But the chief of the bandits is not dead, although the blood flows abundantly from his chest. He has fallen with one knee on the ground, one hand up, with the other he is supporting himself. Faruskiar stands over him, towering above him. Suddenly he rises in a last effort, his arm threatens his adversary, he looks at him. A last thrust of the kandjiar is driven into his heart. Faruskiar returns, and in Russian, with perfect calmness, remarks:

"Ki-Tsang is dead! So perish all who bear weapons against the Son of Heaven!"

(To be continued.)

A SANTA FE HOTEL.

Las Vegas Man Suggests Unique and Attractive Hostelry.

Apropos of a short article from the Kansas City Star which appeared in the Optic last Saturday, referring to the proposition to mark the old Santa Fe trail, an enterprising citizen suggests to the Optic a project that has attractive features.

The gentleman touched upon the proposition to establish a three-story hotel of native brown stone in Las Vegas, and said: "Why should not the hotel be called the 'Santa Fe Trail,' and the company be incorporated as 'The Santa Fe Trail Hotel Company?'

"I would suggest a big dining-room of 220 feet linear measurement and have portrayed on its walls the entire Santa Fe trail from Westport on the Missouri River to ancient Santa Fe, with a sketch of the modern scenic route in addition. On the walls of the reception-rooms and dining-room could be hung canvases representing the old prairie schooners, stage coaches, caravans, United States cavalry squads, the roaming buffalo and antelope and deer, the 'noble redman' as he then was, and pictures of Colonel Donlphan, 'Kit' Carson, F. O. Kihlberg, Colonel Brunswick, William Kroenig and other heroes of the picturesque way. Memorable scenes along the way could be depicted, and such places as Olathe, Kan., Council Grove, Bent's Fort, the Raton Mountains, Red River Station, Fort Union, Fort Craig, Las Vegas, Pigeon Roost, Santa Fe, all as they were in the brave old days.

"I tell you that the names and scenes and places which made famous the Santa Fe trail should be perpetuated. In what better way could the end be gained than according to the plan I have suggested. And, then, would not the name and fame of such a picturesque hostelry bring thousands of visitors? Would any tourist ever pass through this region without stopping to learn at a glance an important chapter of the history of this nation?

"I would further suggest that such a hotel have 60 rooms; that 45 of the rooms bear the names of the States of the Union, and be decorated in typical symbolism; that the 5 territories each be given a room, and that the foreign possessions be allowed a place. I propose my suggestions to the people of Las Vegas in the form of a resolution. Let us have the amendments offered promptly and begin work. I might add that such a hotel as I have proposed of native brown stone has been estimated to cost $80,000."—Las Vegas Optic.

The Paths of Peace.

It was toward nightfall on the third day after Mr. Hogan's departure for Boston that he returned to his family in Chetwick, with a bandage round his head which covered one eye, and with his left arm in a sling.

Mrs. Hogan looked at him in silence for some moments.

"Well," she said at last, in a tone of great chilliness, "you're a fine-looking man to be coming home from a visit to your uncle that's a priest;"

"It was the great crowd did it," said Mr. Hogan, meekly. "We were all striving to get into the building at the one time, and there was one man fell against me when I was holding my arm out to make room for uncle, he being undersized, and that broke a bone, or at any rate sprung it out o' place.

"And two minutes after, when uncle was trying to get me out of it, there was a man pushed us both flat, and then he and another one walked on me head."

"And what was all this great crowd?" asked Mrs. Hogan, suspiciously.

"It was the Peace Congress," said Mr. Hogan, calmly.—Youth's Companion.

Fully Explained.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—How long were you in your last place?

New Servant—Jist a month, ma'am.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Indeed? What was the trouble?

New Servant—The trouble was that I got sick an' couldn't l'ave sooner.—Philadelphia Press.

The recent census in Bengal reveals the fact that there are 4,000 baby girls in that province alone who have been married, and of this number 600, all less than a year old, are widows.

Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lines.—Wilkins.

OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY HOPS.

Acreage Has Been Doubled and Yield Promises Well.

Grants Pass—Hop prospects in the Rogue River valley are superb this year, and this district is rapidly getting to be one of the steadiest and best hop producers on the Pacific coast. It is too early yet to say what prices will be, but they stand at present at 24 to 25 cents, without buyers, and little or none offered by growers. The "English cluster" is a little "off" in some sections of the valley this year, but the natives are reported very strong. The crop of 1906 will nearly double the acreage of that of 1904, which was in the neighborhood of 300 acres, or about 300,000 pounds; the average yield being 1,000 pounds per acre.

Hop growers have at last been aroused from their long sleep, and many of them have given their yards splendid fertilization and cultivation this year. John Ranazan, who has the largest yards in the county, comprising 87 acres, and several others in his vicinity, whose yards lie along the bank of Rogue river, have installed splendid gasoline engines and pumps, so that their yards will be finely irrigated.

The total acreage of yards in the county at the present time is 708 acres, of which the new yards planted this year and which will not be in full bearing until next year, comprise 160 acres, leaving 548 acres of yards which will be in full bearing the present year. A great many parties have purchased land in the far famed Rogue river valley with a view to putting in yards next year, and should the price of hops go up, the Rogue river valley will become one of the big hop districts of the coast.

Get Rival Phone Line.

Albany—The city council of Albany has granted the oft requested franchise to the independent telephone people, and in the near future construction will be commenced on the exchange of the independent people in Albany. All the independent lines in Linn and Benton counties are included in the company that has secured the franchise in Albany, and when the system is completed there will be a free exchange between the principal towns of these counties. It is expected that spirited competition will secure a needed better service in Albany.

File Petitions Wrongly.

Salem—Unless the friends of the woman suffrage amendment exercise more care than they have been doing, their initiative petitions for the submission of the proposed amendment will be fatally defective. Secretary of State Dunbar has received several petitions on the blanks prepared by the advocates of woman suffrage, but in his opinion the signatures on these petitions cannot be counted in making up the total number of signatures for the iniative. He holds that the separate sheets upon which the signatures are written should be gathered together and filed at one time.

Road May Go Into the Nehalem.

Rainier—A logging railroad into Rainier is practically assured. The Hammond interests have secured a right of way from Dean Blanchard, the Deerdorf estate, and the Western Cedar company. W. E. Newsome has proven the only obstacle so far. The company owns 1,200 acres of heavily timbered land about three miles from this place. It is surmised that it is the intention to push on to the Nehalem, as the same parties were negotiating with S. Berman for his Clatskanie road. It is possible that Mr. Rockie's railroad will be absorbed by the new company.

Big Canal at Gold Hill.

Salem—The largest private water filings that have been made under the new water right law, were received by State Engineer Lewis when the Gold Hill Canal company filed on seven streams to secure feeders for their immense canal system leading from the mountains to the town of Gold Hill, in Jackson county. The filing notices and the accompanying notices show that the company will have 76 miles of main canals, besides several miles of feeders. The notices are signed by Daniel Lesley.

Pays for Teeth Made in 1870.

La Grande—William Proebstel received this week a remittanace of $30 in payment of a debt that has been due 35 years. Mr. Proebstel was formerly a dentist and in 1870 he made a set of teeth for a young woman who married and moved away without settling the bill, and in the course of time the matter was forgotten as far as Mr. Proebstel was concerned. The missive came from a town on Puget sound, inclosing a draft for $30 and explaining what it was for. The writer stated that she now felt able to pay the bill.

Music at Chautauqua.

Oregon City—Professor Frederick W. Goodrich, of Portland, who has been engaged as instructor and musical conductor for the Willamette Valley Chautauqua association, reports that there will be 100 voices in the large chorus, which will include Mrs. Rose Bloch-Bauer and many other prominent Portland singers. This chorus will be augumented by between 50 and 75 voices from this city. Two cantatas will be presented during the session.

Wool-Clipping Delayed.

Enterprise—Sheep shearing in this county has been greatly handicapped by the heavy rains of the past week. Unless better weather prevails the wool clip of this county will not be disposed of until the latter part of July.

Refuse to Sign Lands.

Klamath Falls—The Shook brothers, of Dairy, B. B. Beekman, of Jacksonville, and Mrs. D. E. Ralston, of Ashland, are holding up government irrigation by refusing to sign their lands.

HOP GROWERS IN POOL.

Lane County Lines Up Under Krebs' Management.

Eugene—A large number of hop growers of Lane county met in Eugene last week to take preliminary steps to help form a gignatic corporation to handle the crop of the Pacific coast and to control prices. Conrad Krebs, of Salem, president of the Krebs Hop company, which has 624 acres of hops at Independence and Brooks, is at the head of this big movement.

A general convention will be held at Salem some time in July attended by delegted elected from the several hop districts. At this convention the corporation will be formed. After its formation the crop of each grower will be transferred to the corporation, which will do all the selling. A board of directors will be elected and the directors will appoint a selling committee which will meet in Salem every Saturday for the purpose of making sales and report on the condition of the marketts, etc. Hop experts will be called in to ascertain the quality of each crop and keep it in its proper grade.

Mr. Krebs is encouraged over his project, and stated that he believes that 90 per cent of the 1905 crop will be turned into this corporation. After he gets Oregon thoroughly organized he will go to Washington, and then to New York state, and expects to have the entire crop of the United States under control of the corporation.

BANKS COME TO AID.

Take Up Asylum Employes' Certificates of Allowance.

Salem — Arrangements have been made by which all employes of state institutions at Salem will receive the face value of their salary claims each month. Portland banks have agreed to take up the certificates of allowance issued by Secretary of State Dunbar for the amount of the pay-roll of each institution, and hold these certificates until an appropriation becomes available. They will depend upon the next legislature to allow interest on the money, and Governor Chamberlain has said that he will recommend that interest be allowed. The amount of the salary claims will probably be $180,000 up to the adjournment of the next legislature. There will be no more discounting of salary claims, but claims for supplies will be shaved as heretofore.

Land Office in Portland.

Oregon City—At the close of business June 30 the business, together with the records and archives of the Oregon City Land office, were transferred to Portland and installed in the Blazier building, corner of West Park and Washington streets. Simultaneous with the removal of the land office from this city, takes place a change in the name of the office, which will now be officially designated as the Portland Land office. Register Dresser and Receiver Bibee will remove with their families to Portland this summer.

Slow to File Reports.

Salem—The last day for the filing of annual reports of corporations has passed and half the 3,000 corporations are delinquent. The penalty of $100 is not incurred by this delinquency until July 20. Three-fourths of the mining companies that have filed reports thus far have taken advantage of the act of the legislature of 1905 by certifying that the output of their mines for one year has not amounted to $1,000. By making this statement they avoid the payment of the graduated license tax and pay a flat rate of $10 per year.

Plant Rainbow Trout.

Cottage Grove — Thirty thousand rainbow trout have arrived here, shipped by the governmnet bureau of Fisheries. Twenty thousand came to D. T. Awbrey and 10,000 to the Oregon & Southeastern railroad company. These trout are to be distributed in branches tributary to the Willamette river. They will be placed in small clearwater streams and will be held there until old enough to breed, and then turned loose.

Fields Lie Flat.

Enterprise—Recent heavy rains in this section have caused much of the heavy grain and first crop of hay to fall. The grain which has fallen will necessarily have to be cut for hay, as it cannot be harvested with a binder or header.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat — Club, 82@83c per bushel; bluestem, 89@90; valley, nominal.

Barley—Feed, $22@22.50 per ton; rolled, $23.50.

Oats—No. 1 white, feed, $30 per ton; gray, $30.

Hay—Timothy, $14@16 per ton; clover, $11@12; grain, $11@12.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 20@21c per dozen.

Butter—Fancy creamery, 17½@21½c.

Poultry — Fancy hens, 12½@13c; mixed chickens, 11@12c; turkeys, live, 18@19c per lb.

Fruits — Strawberries, $2@2.25 per crate; apples, table, $1.50@2.50 per box; apricots, 85c@$1 per crate; peaches, 75 @ 85c; plums, 60c@$1; Logan berries, $1.25; blackberries, 75c; cherries, 5@8c per lb; prunes, 90c@$1 per crate; raspberries, $1.75.

Fresh Vegetables — Corn, 30 @ 40c per dozen; cucumbers, 40c@$1; lettuce, head, 10c; parsley, 25c; peas, 2@5c per lb; radishes, 10@12c per dozen; tomatoes, $1.75@3 per crate; turnips, $1.25@1.40 per sack; carrots, $1.25@1.50; beets, $1@1.25.

Potatoes — Oregon fancy, old, $1@1.10; Oregon, new, $1@1.25.

Beef — Dressed bulls, 1@2c per lb; cows, 3½@4½c.

Mutton—Dressed, fancy, 5c per lb.

Hops—Choice, 1904, 19@21c per lb. Wool—Eastern Oregon, best, 19@23c; valley, 26@27c; mohair, choice, 31@32½c per lb.

Is Nation of Chauffeurs.

The French nation so closely guards her supremacy in the motor world that plans are being made so that every French boy will be made familiar with the operation and the principles involved in the construction of the automobile, says the Philadelphia Record. A course of instruction is being arranged for introduction into the public schools. There are a number of technical schools where the details of automobile instructions are imparted to those who desire such knowledge.

It is said that no city in the world gives the same encouragement to automobiling as Paris. It has been decided that all the public hospitals shall be equipped with self-propelled ambulances and a very speedy car has been ordered to be attached to the municipal laboratory, where all the bombs found on the streets of that city shall be taken for investigation and destruction.

A Jealous Elephant.

A large elephant, formerly the center of attraction in a certain Zoo, found itself supplanted in public favor by a new arrival—a young camel. This camel was the latest acquisition, and very naturally engaged the attention of visitors.

The elephant for a long time showed signs of dissatisfaction, and at last his jealousy reached a point where it must find expression. When the usual crowd gathered about the camel the elephant prepared for action. He filled his trunk with water, and with deliberate aim discharged the water all over the people who stood looking at the baby camel.

Different Views of It.

(Nellie Munson Holman in "Success Magazine.")

"What is the secret of success?" asked the magazine.

"Do write," said the pen.

"Be progressive," said the euchre pack.

"Be exact and on time," said the clock.

"Be careful not to break your word," said the typewriter.

"Don't be afraid to strike when you find your match," said the lamp.

"Push and pull," said the door.

"Stand firm and unyielding," said the flagstaff.

"Don't change with every wind that blows," said the weather vane.

"Never become dull and rusty," said the hoe.

"Climb steadily up," said the hill.

"Keep bright and don't mind the clouds," said the sun.

"Cultivate a calm exterior, but be ready for emergencies," said the innocent flower; "even I always carry a pistil."

Just Discrimination in Railway Rates.

All railroad men qualified to speak on the subject in a responsible way are likely to agree with President Samuel Spencer of the Southern railway when he says: "There is no division of opinion as to the desirability of stopping all secret or unjustly discriminatory devices and practices of whatsoever character."

Mr. Spencer, in speaking of "unjustly discriminatory" rates and devices, makes a distinction which is at once apparent to common sense. There may be discrimination in freight rates which is just, reasonable and imperatively required by the complex commercial and geographical conditions with which expert rate makers have to deal. To abolish such open and honest discrimination might paralyze the industries of cities, states and whole sections of our national territory.

This distinction between just and unjust discrimination is clearly recognized in the conclusions of the international Railway congress, published yesterday:

"Tariffs should be based on commercial principles, taking into account the special conditions which bear upon the commercial value of the services rendered. With the reservation that rates shall be charged without arbitrary discrimination to all shippers alike under like conditions, the making of rates should as far as possible have all the elasticity necessary to permit the development of the traffic and to produce the greatest results to the public and to the railroads themselves."

The present proposal is, as Mr. Walker D. Hines, of Louisville, showed in his remarkable testimony the other day before the senate committee at Washington, to crystallize flexible and justly discriminatory rates into fixed government rates which cannot be changed except by the intervention of some government tribunal, and by this very process to increase "the temptation to depart from the published rate and the lawful rate in order to meet some overpowering and urgent commercial condition"—New York Sun.

Not a Favorite Breed.

Lovers of good, plain dogs, which have been allowed to grow naturally, will appreciate the story of the English peddler who went to a dealer in dogs and thus described what he wanted:

"Hi wants a kind of dog about so 'igh an' so long. Hit's a kind of gry'ound, an' yet it ain't a gry'ound, because 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'ere gry'ounds an' 'is nose is shorter, an' 'e ain't so slim round the body. But still 'e's a kind o' gry'ound. Do you keep such dogs?"

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