Wichita Eagle

## NEARLY 3,000 MILES AT A CLIP.

**Sleeping Car Porters Who Have the Longest Runs in the World.**

The only employees of the Canadian Pacific who are with the express trains all the time between Montreal and Vancouver are the sleeping car porters. They travel nearly 3,000 miles without a break, and are on the road for nearly six days. It is a pretty hard life, but at both ends of the route the porters have an opportunity to rest, though even then they hardly get sufficient recuperation. For two or three nights the porter is not likely to get over three or four hours' sleep a night, and he is lucky if he gets that. He is his own conductor, and collecting the sleeping car tickets and accounting for them adds considerably to his work.

Leaving Montreal at 8:40 p. m., he is certain to have a busy time at Ottawa shortly after midnight, and then he has his boots to black, and he is lucky if he gets a wink of sleep before 2 or 3 a. m. He takes a pillow and lies down in the smoking room when no passengers are there, and catches cat naps if he can. He is likely at any moment to be aroused by a bell, summoning him to one of the berths, and the bell is sure to be kept busy after daybreak.

After leaving Winnipeg he has a comparatively easy time across the plains, though he is compelled to be up after midnight both at Regina and at Calgary. At all important stations he has to go to the telegraph office with a statement of the accommodations unoccupied in his car, so that the station agents ahead may dispose of berths. He has a busy time through the mountains.

As a rule he loses nearly his entire carload at Winnipeg, and it fills up there at once with passengers from the south. He loses his passengers again at Banff, and their places are supplied by tourists who are going on from that pleasure resort; then many of his passengers get off at Glaziar, and others come on, so that nearly all the time he has much to do in the way of keeping his accounts, besides his duties as porter.

At Vancouver he lays over for two days, and as a rule he sleeps in the car, occupying it all the time for the round trip. When he returns to Montreal he has been away fourteen days. Then he has a longer rest. He is off duty for five days, except that he has to take his turn reporting at the depot at night to assist the outgoing porter in taking care of luggage. His five days' rest puts him in pretty good condition for another two weeks' siege.

The porters say the trip is rather trying, but that there is nothing like getting used to a thing. The company pays them forty dollars a month, and they expect to make at least as much more in fees. All of them are colored men from the States, and have served on some of our best lines. They say they like the service. Once in awhile a man is switched off his regular run, which does not please him very well. For instance, he may reach Winnipeg, going east with an empty car, and he is likely to be side tracked for further orders. He has plenty of leisure then, but the fees, which form so large a part of his income, are not forthcoming, and he prefers more profitable activity.—New York Sun.

**A Mystery Explained.**

A gentleman of this city who has taken some interest in mind reading, hypnotism, telepathy and the like, entered his office the other day, and just as he was sitting down thought of a friend whom he wanted very much to see on a matter of business. In less than a minute in walked the very person.

"Did you just arrive?" asked the gentleman.

"Drove up to the door about half a minute ago," said the visitor.

"Must send it to the Psychical Research society," said the gentleman, explaining what had happened.

After his visitor went away he began thinking it over. Then he suddenly recalled something he had overlooked. On passing his office through another room he had seen a gentleman reading a book with a peculiar binding. It reminded him of another book in similar binding he had been reading at a summer resort the week before. This reminded him that he thought of going back there for another week of recreation and that reminded him that his friend had been down there, too, and was expecting to go back with him. Then he wondered how many similar mysteries might be rationally explained if the connection between one's thoughts could only be re-established.—Detroit Free Press.

**The Wisest Man Contradicts Himself.**

Napoleon was a fool more than his just proportion of time, and he had a habit of sticking to decisions made in his off hours. You may bear this in mind, that the wisest man is he who most often and freely contradicts himself. To never veer in judgment, and never go back on yourself, is not a mark of genius. I asked my boy the other day what the phrase "go back on yourself" meant, and his answer gives me just the illustration I need. He was picking a row of raspberries; his answer was: "I have to go back every few feet and find berries I have missed. When Phil tells me I am not picking clean, I tell him to go back on himself."

That is a wise man is one who reviews himself as often as once a day, and then perhaps again each week. If you have a possible controversy, and have written a letter, be sure not to send it for twenty-four hours, giving yourself time to reconsider it. Perhaps a good rule is to let all letters lay by for a day, if possible. You may have written one in your fool hour. You will be surprised at least that you could have said some things, or proposed others.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

**Where Scallops Are Found.**

Sixty years ago the presence of giant scallops was known in the vicinity of Castine, Me., but it is only within the last fifteen years that they have found a market. Everybody ought to learn that it is the "heart" (which is not the heart) of the scallop which is eaten. This so called "heart" is the strong abductor muscle of the mollusk. All the rest, or the mantle, is thrown away.

In all muscular tissue there is a sweet tasting substance, and probably in the scallop this is present in large quantity. The usual method of taking the scallop is by dredging. It is believed that there are undiscovered beds of these giant scallops yet to be found off the coast of Maine.

There used to be entertained the idea that since scallops were only found near the old French settlements, they were due to accidental planting by the first colonists, but such is not the case. The Pecten naturally belongs to the whole North American coast.—New York Times.

An ankle sprain is a stretching or tearing of the ligaments of the joint, caused by a sudden twist, the weight of the body being unexpectedly applied to the ligaments, as if by a lever. In most cases the foot is turned inward, and hence it is the external ligaments that suffer.

**Proved.**

Jim—Do you mean to say that that brutal father is a loyal subject of Queen Victoria?

Charles—He proved it to me. The marks on his poor boy's back showed that the father was a Welts-man, and the little fellow couldn't take off his shirt without bringing to mind the prints of wales.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

## OF THE LECTURE FIELD.

### IT'S AS RICH NOW, THEY SAY, AS IT EVER WAS.

**Conditions Have Changed Greatly, However—To Make Money Now You Must Have an Unusually Good Story to Tell or Be Somebody in Particular.**

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—It is more than twenty years—twenty-two, to be exact—since the business of lecturing grew to such dimensions that an agency or bureau for the convenience of lecturers and of the lyceums that wanted them became a necessity. James Redpath, the famous journalist and agitator, saw the necessity and established a bureau. Now there are several such institutions that do a business estimated at a million of dollars a year.

It is true that lecturing, as a business, was "played out" some ten years ago, excepting for a few of the greatest public favorites. Henry Ward Beecher, after he became famous, could always command $500 a night, even when men of less fame could get no engagements whatever, because the public were tired of lectures. And what was true of him was true of a few others.

If it were not for the gradual and remarkable revival of public interest in the old fashioned lecture it would be hardly worth while to recall the elder days, but it is true that the business today is as flourishing as it was in its best days, with a few important differences. It is not as easy today for men and women who have not achieved some sort of fame beforehand to get a hearing on the lecture platform, but for those in whom the public is interested personally there is more money in lecturing today than ever before.

The list of names in Redpath's first circular is interesting reading, especially in comparison with some of the equally interesting lists of the present season. Among the former were Professor Agassiz, George William Curtis, Bayard Taylor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frederick Douglass, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Sumner, Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, E. H. Chapin, Petroleum V. Nasby, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, P. T. Barnum, Anna Dickinson, Olive Logan, Paul Du Chaillu, Rev. G. H. Hepworth, George Francis Train, Hannibal Hamlin, Robert Collyer, Colonel Higginson, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, Theodore Tilton and many others. Soon afterward John B. Gough and Henry Ward Beecher were added to the list.

More than half of these, who were all at the zenith of their fame only a score of years ago and who were easily in the first rank, are now dead. Of the survivors, some have lost their prestige, and only three or four could now draw an audience.

Later lists contain the names of many foreigners, among whom were Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, George MacDonald, Wilkie Collins, Scott-Siddons, George Dawson, Emily Faithful, Thomas Hughes, M. P. (Tom Brown), Henry Vincent, Edward Jenkins (author of "Ginx's Baby"), Matthew Arnold, Canon Farrar and Justin McCarthy.

In the lists of the coming season, issued by different bureaus, we find Sir Edwin Arnold, George W. Cable, Will Carleton, Paul Du Chaillu, Henry George, Joseph Howard, Jr., George Kennan, Joaquin Miller, Max O'Rell, Carl Schurz, Garrett P. Serviss, F. Hopkinson Smith, T. DeWitt Talmage and his son Frank, Henry Watterson, Robert J. Burdette, Hon. Will Cumback, Kate Field, Robarts Harper, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Chaplain McCabe, Professor David Swing, Major Henry C. Dane, Corporal Tanner, Bishop Vincent, ex-Senator Ingalls and others too numerous to specify.

Many other prominent names are readily recalled; none more readily than Henry M. Stanley. Bob Ingersoll was another who drew enormous audiences for several years. Now he, like Daniel Dougherty, finds his legal practice more congenial and more profitable than lecturing.

It has yet to be recorded that a president or a monarch has taken to the lecture platform, but it is a fact that a lecturer is under engagement for forty nights in America in the coming season who is said to have more right to the throne of the czar of Russia than the czar has. He is Prince Peter Krapotkine, who is a descendant in right line from the old feudatory princes of the ancient royal house of Rurik.

His history is a wonderful one, for after graduating from the College of the Pages of the Russian court, he chose scientific pursuits and only entered court service on compulsion. Though he was the chamberlain of the empress, he joined the International society, and being discovered passed three years of imprisonment in the cells of the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, from which escape is said to be impossible. He was transferred to a hospital after his health had been broken, and there escaped.

The subjects on which he is to lecture have not been announced, but it is not hard to imagine what they will be.

It was under the management of Major J. P. Pond that Henry M. Stanley delivered 116 lectures in the United States last winter. The first of Stanley's lectures was the most noteworthy event of the kind in the lecture history. The major had engaged him outright for the season, buying his time for a fixed sum and running his chances of clearing money on the investment.

"I sold him to the Summit Convalescent hospital for $5,000 for the first lecture," he says, "and it was delivered in the Metropolitan opera house. The gross receipts of the house that night were $15,704.50.

"I should say, however, that taking everything into consideration the most popular and interesting speaker who ever lectured in this country is George Kennan. His articles in The Century Magazine not only roused interest in his subject, but inspired the readers with a strong desire to see the writer. Then his lectures themselves increased his popularity wonderfully. He speaks very simply, and yet eloquently, and confines himself to a description of what he actually saw in Russia."

Major Pond's theory about lecturing is a very simple one. "Any one can speak after a fashion," he says, "and after a few attempts lecturing comes quite easily to almost anybody. Stanley had quite exceptional difficulty at first in public speaking, but now he is one of the best lecturers in the world. What is necessary is for the lecturer to have something to tell which the people want to hear, or for him to be somebody whom the people are anxious to see. The latter qualification is the best. If I could get Gladstone or Lord Tennyson to come to America, I would not care a penny what either one would talk about. It would satisfy the public just to see them."

The pecuniary returns to the lecturer vary widely, of course. The "cross roads" speaker, who is happy to clear five dollars a night and pay his own expenses, seldom gets rich, but there are men who do. Ex-Senator Ingalls, for example, is now sure of about $30,000 before next spring, if he keeps the engagements already made for him. Stanley, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Dr. Joseph Parker, Canon Farrar, Matthew Arnold and Justin McCarthy cleared from $10,000 to $100,000 each in a single season by lecturing, and they are by no means the only ones who do so every year. The Rev. Dr. Talmage is in so great a demand that he is unable to answer the letters that come to him on the subject, but turns them over to his agents. He commands from $500 to $1,000 a night, but is able to give only a comparatively small portion of his time to the platform. His eldest son has entered the field as a lecturer this season, and will get a hearing on account of his name at first. What more he will do remains to be seen.

Much might be said in addition to all this about the illustrated lecture. When the interest in mere speaking declined some fertile genius elaborated the old magic lantern show and added the lecture to it. From this idea sprung up a brisk business, and there were hundreds of speakers who embarked in it. The survival of the fittest, however, has left comparatively few who find it profitable, and it is still true that the greatest audiences are drawn by the individuals whom the public desires to see in the flesh.

Burdette and Bill Nye are almost the only men who remain on the platform as purely humorous lecturers. Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, Josh Billings, Miner Griswold, Doesticks and John Phœnix are remembered as men who reaped a rich harvest in this field. DAVID A. CURTIS.

## SOME AMPHIBIOUS FARMERS.

**They Can Catch Big Fish So Fast and Easily That They Don't Have to Lie.**

[Special Correspondence.]

NOYAC, L. I., Sept. 28.—There is perhaps no lovelier or more charming little out of the way place to be found anywhere than this settlement of six or eight farmhouses. And there is perhaps no other time of the year that it has so tender an influence on the eye and fancy as it has now. The mosquitoes have stopped biting and the bass have commenced; the scallops are ripe and the savory black duck is seen bobbing on the breeze rippled Peconic. The farmers down here are, so to speak, amphibious, inasmuch as they make their living by working both the land and the water.

A BOAT LOAD OF FISH.

When their backs almost break from dropping potatoes, they gracefully flit from the potato patch and straighten up and take the hard knots out of their spinal columns by treading clams, which is also a great natatorial luxury.

If they wax weary through their strenuous efforts in climbing up hill behind a plow they spend half a day sitting in a boat fishing to even matters. And the practice they enjoy in raking hay puts them in the primest kind of prime condition for raking clams at low tide. The very act of milking a cow brings their hands into exactly the same play that they practice while trolling for bluefish. They understand the management of a boat as well as they do that of a wagon; they can row as well as they can drive; they are adepts in the art of sailing, and they can spear eels and other fish at sight, with the aid of a lantern, with the skill of the Indian. Some of them do not even require a lantern, but with the aid of a good cigar can soon have numbers of fish flapping hysterically, if you will, all over the bottom of the boat. In this place no man ever fabricates on the subject of his piscatorial triumphs.

If he says he caught a bluefish weighing twelve pounds it simply means that that was almost the exact weight, and he is not put in the mortifying position of an old angler I once knew, who, upon stating that he had caught a five pound bass, had to undergo the humiliation of seeing it weighed before his eyes. But when he knew that it weighed only three pounds and a half he was not in the least disconcerted, although the subject of various jokes, but gave it as his opinion that either the scales were wrong or that the fish had shrunk a pound and a half since taken from the water. But the latter was a fresh water angler, and from what experience I have had, coupled with observation, it is my opinion that fresh water has a much more disastrous effect than salt water upon the veracity.

It is such a common thing about here for a man to catch a basketful of fish that nothing is thought of it. It would be a splendid thing for a fresh water fisher who loves the gentle art of lying to come down here for awhile. He could lie to his heart's content and every one would believe him. But the chances are that he would stop lying under the bracing influence of the salt air, and would develop into such a champion of truth that he would be stricken with cramps in his conscience to such an extent that he would soon write out a confession of all the angling lies he ever told—at least those touching on the fortunes of the angler.

There is one man down here, though, who tells a story that is not generally credited. Most people think he has been telling it so long that he really believes it to be strictly true. He says that in his younger days the crabs were so thick and had such a sharp scent that he used to set an old trunk on the shore of the creek and scatter some bullfrogs on its bottom. The crabs, he says, would swarm over the sides of the trunk until it was about full, at which time he would softly emerge from behind a bush, push the lid of the trunk quickly down, lock it and carry it home. Sometimes he says he would, upon opening the trunk, find a black duck or two among the crabs.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

**The Author of "Helen's Babies."**

NEW YORK, Sept. 28.—John Habberton may be found daily engaged in his editorial duties at the office of the New York Herald. The "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," from his pen, recently announced, is nothing more than a reissue of a book twelve years old in a new name and title. His last book was "All He Knew," which first appeared in Lippincott's Magazine. His latest novel, "Out at Twinnett's," has just been issued. Mr. Habberton has also several works "long in hand," but states that he is unable to say which of them he shall first complete.

**Malay Monkeys.**

I only once saw a specimen of the siamang in captivity, at the house of a Malay chief at Sirdang. It was about three feet high, but the stretch of its arms was over five feet. A sad looking, depressed creature it seemed as it moved awkwardly about the floor, tripping itself up with its own arms; but once among the rafters of the roof it moved with the agility of a spider. Of its gigantic relative, the orang-utan, I am able to give but few particulars.

But I may at least observe that it is rather ludicrous to any one who has a smattering of the Malay tongue to see him so frequently styled orang-utang, which signifies literally "a man in debt," utang being in Malay "debt," while "utan" is "forest" or jungle. But I always found this name incomprehensible to the Deli Malays, whose name for the animal is "mowas." The Sumatran species appears to be totally different in its habits from that of Borneo, which approaches human dwellings, and even plunders gardens. In Deli, at all events, it inhabits only the densest rattan swamps, of such a nature that any attempt at observation of its habits would be impossible, and it makes off instantly at the approach of man.—Chambers Journal.


# Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

**The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.**

*CHICAGO LUMBER CO.*
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
LUMBER DEALERS!
Corner First Street and Lawrence Avenue.
Chicago Yards, 26th and Iron streets, Chicago.
A. Smith, salesman. Geo. L. Pratt, and Geo. W. Cross, Resident Partners.

*F. P. MARTIN,*
Wholesale and Retail
Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames,
Mouldings, Picture Glass, Easels, Screens, Etc.
First quality French China for decorating. Everything in the line of Artists Materials at St. Louis or Chicago prices. The only exclusive Art Store in the state. Mail Orders promptly attended. Catalogue free. Telephone 326.
*114 NORTH MARKET ST.*

WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES.
THE GETTO-McCLUNG BOOT AND SHOE CO.,
135 and 137 N Market Street, Wichita, Kansas.
Are now in receipt of large consignments of Goods for the Spring Trade, to which they invite the attention of merchants. Orders by mail carefully filled. Send for price lists

BUTLER & GRALEY
Wholesale Dealers in
PIECED : & : PRESSED
TINWARE.
Job Work of all kinds promptly attended to.
*213 South Main, Wichita, Kan.*

SOLIDAY BROS.
Manufacturers of
High Grade Baking Powders, Fruit Extracts and Vinegars. Grinders of Pure Spices. Tea ImPorters.
127 & 129 N. Market St.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.,
WHOLESALE
Dry : Goods, : Notions : and : Furnishing : Goods.
Complete Stock in all the Departments.
119, 121 & 123 N Topeka Ave. - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

W. C. WILLIAMS,
Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in the California Powder Company's Sporting Powder.
Full line of guns, Fishing tackle, nets and Taxidermists Supplies. Shells loaded to order with either wood or black powder. Factory loaded shells kept in stock. GUNS TO RENT.
119 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita Kan. d30

M. DERMODY & CO.
PLUMBERS.
Steam and Hot Water Heating. Wholesale and Retail dealers in Pumps, Plumbers, Steam Fitters and Engineers Supplies. 110, 112, 114, S. Lawrence Ave. Telephone 81.

THOMAS SHAW
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Pianos and Organs
Sheet music and books. All kinds of music goods. Brass band and orchestra music. 125 Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.

J. A. BISHOP,
Wholesale and Retail
WALL PAPER
Paints, Oils and Glass.
*150 N Market St., Wichita, Kan*

Established in 1877.
Huse & Charlton Crockery Company,
Importers and Jobbers of
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, PLATED-WARE and CUTLERY.
220 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.
Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

CHAS. LAWRENCE,
—DEALER IN—
Photograhers . Supplies!
*102 E Douglas Avenue.*
Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection

J. P. ALLEN,
Druggist.
Everything Kept in a Firstclass Drug Store
108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.
*WICHITA, - - - KAN.*

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS,
OTTO ZIMMERMANN, Prop.
Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Lemp's Extra Pale.
Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

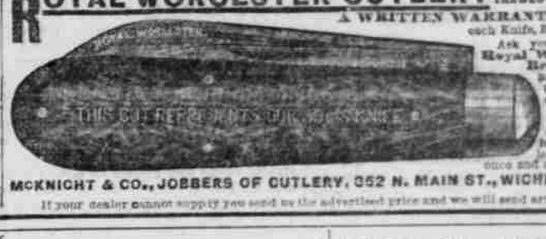
THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.
(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.
233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.,
Wholesale ·. Grocers,
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, Scales and grocers fixtures. Sole agents for the state for "Grand Republic" cigars, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Innocencia" brands. d3

—LEWIS B. SOLOMON—
Wholesale Cigars,
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WICHITA, KANSAS.
Our leading brands of 5 cent cigars are La Marca De Merito, La Flor De Stadley, La Perfecto, Key Stone, King Corn, Havanah Cigarettes. Merchants sending in orders will receive prompt attention, all goods guaranteed. We also carry a full line of Key West Imported and Domestic Goods.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET.
Sole Agents for the Celbrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF
Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottonade Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overshirts; Canton Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc.
Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita. Correspondence Solicited d 1f

ROYAL WORCESTER CUTLERY IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
A WRITTEN WARRANTY given with each Knife, Razor or Shear.
Ask your dealer for Royal Worcester Brand and take no other, as they are reliable. A Reliable Dealer wanted in every town to handle our cutlery. Write at once and secure agency.


MCKNIGHT & CO., JOBBERS OF CUTLERY, 352 N. MAIN ST., WICHITA, KANS.
If your dealer cannot supply you send us the advertised price and we will send article post paid.

Wholesale Notions.
We are Ready for the Fall Business.
Our stock of Dry Goods Notions, Fancy Goods, Furnishing Goods, Stationery, School Supplies, Druggist and Grocery Sundries is as complete in variety as will be found any place in the west, and at prices to merit the attention of the closest Cash Buyers. 73-1m
MAXWELL & McCLURE, - 237 and 239 South Main Street

GEO. L. PRATT, Pres. A. T. BUCKBINDER, Mgr.
WICHITA PLUMBING AND PUMP CO.
Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in All Kinds of
Wood, Iron and Chain Pumps,
Either for Driven or Open Wells.
Pipes, Fittings and Plumbers Supplies.
Telephone 115. Office 151 N. Market, Wichita, Kan.


**The Planet Jupiter.**

A radiant star will adorn the sky for several months to come. It is Jupiter, the largest and grandest planet of the solar system.

He is now in opposition with the sun, rising at sunset, reaching the meridian at midnight and setting at sunrise, being visible through the whole night.

Jupiter in opposition, or opposite the sun, as the word implies, is at his greatest distance from the sun and nearest to the earth, which accounts for his superb appearance.

This majestic planet is equal in volume to 1,300 worlds like ours, and casts a shadow that extends 50,000,000 of miles in space. He is called a planet, but is more like a sun, and probably gives out some light and heat. The rapid changes visible on his surface through the telescope indicate the action of mighty forces, and a possible condition approaching incandescence.

Countless ages must pass before the planet's fires grow low, and are succeeded by periods of development, perfection and decay, the three processes that rule the material universe.

Observers, therefore, may watch the progress of world making on this stately member of the sun's family, as the telescope reveals the varying belts, the rifts, the bright spots, and especially the famous red spot, showing that fierce forces are raging within and beneath the cloud atmosphere that envelops the planet.

Those who are familiar with the planet's story w take a deeper interest in watching the course of the bright star that reigns supreme, and that may be recognized at a glance as, looming abo the southeastern horizon like a young moon, he makes his way toward the zenith.—Youth's Companion.

**Snow That Did Not Reach the Ground.**

Possibly the most novel feature of two balloon voyages near Denver, and the one mostly commented upon, was the experience of the Eagle Eyrie and its occupants in the snowstorm. Not a flake of the "beautiful" dropped in Denver or on the crowds of people who gazed on the air ship directly above them. The sun shone brightly and oppressively hot, and yet in five minutes after the great gas bag had left the earth it was in a raging snowstorm, almost directly over the point where the balloon was cut from its moorings.

It was blowing a perfect fury, the great flakes swirling and flying in blinding profusion into the faces of the voyagers, filling the basket and covering the top with a sheet fully three inches thick. No such occurence has ever been recorded in the history of ballooning, and the chances are not favorable to its ever occurring again. But the space of 100 feet and the occupants of the car vanished from the glowing sunshine into the freezing snow.—Denver Republican.

A clever Australian has invented an automatic pacemaker which is attached to the handle bar of a wheel and shows the rider his speed.

**By the Sad Sea Waves.**

Boys—An did yer ever see a whale?

Old Timer—A whale, is it? Why, when I was in the Mediterranean, in '65, aboard the Whopper, our lookout cried land ahead! an sure enough, right over on our larboard side, there was an island as no one ever seed afore, an which our skipper said warn't down on none o' his charts. We hove to right in the eye of a bitin wind an six of us was sent out in the skipper's gig to make observations. We made direck for the island an landed an wandered about for an entire morning without diskiverin no signs o' hanimal life or wegetation. We got chilled through an purceeded to build a fire, which we had scarcely lighted when the island begun to squirm an to sink as if by magic. To make a long story short what we took for an island was a whale. I guess he couldn't stand the hot fire in the small of his back, so he sank to the bottom of the ocean. We all escaped exceptin our cox'n, poor Tommy Bilge; he fell into the hole the fire made into the whale's back an was drowned. (Contemptuously) Have I seen whales?—Life.

**The Victoria Cross.**

The question has been asked, How many officers are entitled to wear the Victoria cross? I am able to answer the question. The mere statement of number reveals at once the exclusive character of this reward for valor. No less, however, than thirty nine general officers are entitled to wear it—an indication of the fact that promotion to exalted military rank in England has in a great many cases been the reward of heroic merit. Thirty colonels and lieutenant colonels are entitled to wear the decoration; twenty-two majors, eleven captains eight lieutenants and five quartermasters possess the same privilege.

Fifty-nine of the medals, however, are held by noncommissioned officers and privates, thirty-four being in possession of privates, five of lance corporals, three of corporals, seven of sergeants, six of color sergeants, two of quartermaster sergeants and two sergeant majors. One clergyman possesses the medal, the Rev. J. W. Adams who was formerly attached to the Bengal ecclesiastical establishment.—Manchester Examiner.

**The Captain's Trials.**

Pretty Passenger—Captain, did the ship really make twenty knots every hour last night?

The Captain—Yes, miss.

P. P.—And what do you do with so many knots?

The Captain (gruffly)—Toss 'em over board.

P. P.—Oh, how queer! I thought the sailors had to untie them during the day.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Winter forcing of tomatoes is very profitable, especially near large cities. A high temperature, plenty of sunlight and great care in the growing are all that is required to produce good results.

## AND NOW SHE IS COMFORTABLE.

**Devices of a Typewriter Girl for Making Life Better Worth Living.**

She is a brisk little typewriter in a down town office. Her hours are long and she is far from strong, yet she seems to stand her work much better than many more robust girls. The other day a woman asked her how she managed to keep so rosy and cheerful.

"Why, I think," she said, "the secret of it is that I humor my little wants. I keep a regular storeroom of things in the office to coddle myself with. I find it is the trifles of life that tell on me, so I am particularly careful about trifles. If it is winter time, I keep a soft woolen cape to throw about my shoulders if I feel chilly. I wear thick soled, common sense shoes in the street, but it takes too much vitality to wear them in the house all day, so I change them for slippers as soon as I reach my desk. I never take cold, for I am used to the change. If it is summer, I keep a comfortable house waist to wear at my work instead of a tight fitting sack.

"I like to wear a nice dress, and I dislike to see the elbows look threadbare so I wear some black silk sleeves that reach to the elbows. A black alpaca apron protects the front of my gown.

"I am never worried if a sudden storm comes up, for it cannot take me unprepared. I always keep a rubber cloak, umbrella and rubbers on hand. It doesn't cost a great deal to buy the two sets, and I can't express the peace of mind it gives to have them ready.

"For toilet purposes I have a couple of clean towels, comb, soap, nailbrush, little mirror and a whisk broom. Besides these, I have a bottle of witch hazel and a pot of vaseline for an accident.

"One is always liable to tear or rip one's clothes, so I keep a little basket with thimble, needle and several color of thread, if I want to take a 'stitch in time,' and so save taking nine at home at night.

"There is one thing more, and don't you laugh at it. I have a wee alcohol lamp and a jar of beef extract. I get faint sometimes in the middle of the forenoon, and then it takes only a minute to make a cup of hot beef tea, and I am fresh and ready for work again."

"But where do you keep all these things—the work basket and the beef extract and the looking glass?" asked the woman.

"There is a little closet in the office where I hang my coat and hat. I bought two iron brackets and coaxed the office boy to put up a shelf for me. I hung my mirror on the inside of the door, put my traps on the shelf, and am 'as snug as a bug in a rug.' The closet is just big enough to hold a chair for me to sit on while I take off or put on my shoes. There was only a little forethought needed, and now I am altogether comfortable," the little typewriter added as she waved her parasol at a down town car.—Chicago Tribune.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

**Baily Equal to the Task.**

The young man felt that he was in love, and like a wise young man had decided to consult his father in the matter.

"She's beautiful, of course," said the old gentleman, after hearing the confession.

"Oh, father, she's"——

"Never mind that," interrupted the old gentleman. I know it all. Good family!"

"One of the best in the city," exclaimed the young man. "Why, her father, when he was alive, was"——

"Father dead!" interrupted the old gentleman again.

"Yes. She's an orphan."

"Um—well, that's no fault of hers. Have you stopped to think how you will take care of her?"

"Oh! but she's rich, father!" exclaimed the young man, joyfully. "She's worth $200,000 in her own right."

The old gentleman shook his head doubtfully.

"Never marry a girl for money, my boy," he said. "Never marry a girl for money. You'll regret it if you do."

"But, father"——

"Never marry a girl for money," repeated the old gentleman meditatively. "It makes more trouble in this world than any other one thing. But," he added, suddenly straightening up, "if you can love a girl who has money for heaven's sake do it."

"I can, father! I can!" exclaimed the young man.

"My blessing, my boy. I am proud of you."—Chicago Tribune.

**Didn't Come Around.**

"See here, waiter," said a guest at a hotel in a new and struggling town, "haven't you got any milk for this coffee?"

"No, sir," replied the waiter affably, "the milkman didn't come around this morning."

"I don't see any bread."

"No, the bread man didn't come around."

"Can't you give me some iced tea?"

"Well, no; the fact is the ice man didn't come around.

"I don't see any meat on the table; nothing but fried catfish."

"No; catfish is the best we can do. The meat man didn't come around."

"Well, who in thunder did come around? There isn't enough to eat on this table to banquet a squirrel."

"There was a cabbage man around yesterday, and if you can wait I'll try and fix you up some cold slaw, or if it isn't all gone there is some dried beef down in the cellar in a nail keg."—Texas Siftings.

**Physicians' Disinfectants.**

It is often a cause for wonder that physicians do not carry contagion from fever and other patients. Of course they prepare themselves against this. A favorite disinfectant is corrosive sublimate, a cake of which many doctors carry around with them in their pockets.—New York Recorder.

An automatic life saving belt that can be stowed into a ball, fired from a gun or thrown by hand, has been tried on the Thames. It rights itself upon contact with the water.