

St. Tammany Farmer.

"The Blessings of Government, Like the Dew from Heaven, Should Descend Alike Upon the Rich and the Poor."

W. G. KENTZEL, Editor.

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GRANDMA'S GIRLISH GOWNS.

"Ailed and yellowed by time are they,
Even Love can not say Nay,
Old and faded, once new and gay,
Bright and gay in a far-off day,
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say,
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!
Sweet with accents of the damask rose,
Blossoms' fashion comes and goes,
And their perfume, now passed,
Was well liked in a far-off day,
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say,
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!
On the daintiest of them all,
I see a tear that she let fall;
Grandmamma kissed the real away,
Far away in a far-off day,
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say,
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!
But a trace to these musings vain;
In their cedar chest again,
All the dainty gowns I'll lay;
Memories of a far-off day,
When Grandmamma was a girl, they say,
Grandmamma now so worn and gray!"
—To Day.

THE MUIR GLACIER.

One of Far-Away Alaska's Most Majestic Wonders.

An Ice Torrent One Mile Wide and Eight Hundred Feet Deep, Moving Sixty Feet Per Day—A Weird, Wild Sight.

The most notable of the glaciers in Southeastern Alaska is the Muir, named from Prof. John Muir, a geologist of some reputation, since he gave the first uncolored description of it. It is forty miles long and back on the land in a basin of the mountains. Being reinforced by fifteen tributaries coming down the glens from different points of the compass, it swells to an icy sea twenty-five miles in diameter. Thence it moves with resistless power, bearing rocks and long lines of detritus on its billowy surface. Just before it reaches the bay it is compressed by two sentinel mountains into and is forced through a gorge one mile in width.

Emerging from this narrow gateway it moves on, at the rate of forty to sixty feet a day, to the waters whence it originally came, buttressing the bay with a perpendicular wall 800 feet high, 300 feet of ultramarine crystals tipped with purest white being above the surface, and being pushed beyond its support in the underlying rock, a battle begins between cohesion and gravity. The latter force always prevails, and vast masses break from the glacial torrent with the combined crash of falling walls and heavy thunder, a tumble into the bay with a dash and a shock that agitates the waters miles away, making navigation perilous to craft of all sizes. The almost deafening roar made when these masses are rent away, the splashing baptism they receive in their fall, and the leaping waters are lively witnesses to the birth of an iceberg which henceforth, as an independent existence, goes on its mission of grinding the shores, butting against its fellows, and of scaring navigators.

While the ship was resting unmolested near the front of this icy barrier we were startled by the sudden appearance of a mass of dark crystal, vastly larger than our ship, shooting up from the depths and tossing our steamer as if it were an eggshell. As the vessel careened the frightened passengers were sent whirling against her, over chairs or prostrate upon the deck. This strange visitor had doubtless broken off from the roots of the icy mountain hundreds of feet below the surface, and hence had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Had it struck the ship fairly nothing but a miracle could have saved us.

Having recovered somewhat from our dumb amazement, about twenty of us went ashore in the Captain's gig. Landing some distance below the glacier, we climbed seventy feet of a lateral moraine, scowled, shoe-deep in wet gravel, down into the vale of a glacial river, forded it, paddled through glacial mud covered with thin ice just deep enough to hide the creamy pools, slipped prostrate on the ice made treacherous by a thin disguise of detritus, and barked our shins and cut our shoes on the sharp angular blocks of granite and basalt strewn for two miles in great profusion, along our perilous route.

Blocks of the finest marble hedged our pathway; trod upon chips of Jasper and chalcocite, the product of different mountains far up on the peninsula, and we passed two exquisitely beautiful bowlders of refined porphyry, weighing two or three hundred pounds each, rounded and polished by centuries of attrition. They were of dark purple, streaked with quartz spotlessly white, desirable specimens for a cabinet, or for out-of-door ornamentation.

After more than an hour of plunging and sprawling, and of pulling each other out of gray mire, about half of our number reached the uncovered glacier, and at the first glance we felt that here we should stand with uncovered heads, for we were in the presence of the marvelous manifestations of superhuman power in action and looked with unavailing eyes upon the potent agencies by which much of this planet has been fashioned.

Away in the distance was the White lake fed by numerous frozen rivers, and these rivers were born of mountain snows fifty miles distant. The white-robed mountains themselves, zones in the past were smoothed and grooved far up their flinty sides when this same glacier was threefold deeper and many times more ponderous and mighty than it is to-day.

Stretched along the base of the mountains till they are only a line in the distance were the records of those

AN ACTRESS' STORY.

Personifying the Goddess of Liberty with a Chariot for a Stage.

"Before I made a hit," said an actress, who now need give no thought to the future. "I used to see some rainy days. At one time, a few years ago, I was without an engagement, and also without money, except a small hoard that I religiously parceled out into weekly amounts that should pay my board for six weeks. After that, the deluge, I thought, and in the meantime I needed a dress desperately. I was not presentable to go and see managers in my old clothes, but where the dress was coming from I could not guess. One morning I started out, feeling that something must be done, and wandered around among the dramatic agencies and theatrical intelligence offices all day without hearing of any thing. I was about to go back to my boarding place, discouraged, when I thought of one I had not visited. I went there, found the manager in all alone, twirling a telegram in his hand.

"Any thing for me?" I asked as gaily as I could.

"Nothing, I'm afraid—unless," he added suddenly, "you'd do this," and he indicated the telegram.

"What is it?"

"Some German festival out in Paterson, a procession, and they want a Goddess of Liberty for the dome of the chariot."

"I flushed with anger to have it offered me.

"Better take it, Kate," went on the manager. I think he had seen the despair in my face when I went in. "I'll give you a bit of pocket money. Twenty-five dollars for one day's work isn't bad."

"It tempted me. I hesitated.

"When?" I faltered.

"To-morrow. They have been disappointed, and dispatched to me just now. I was on the point of sending to a party who'll be only too glad to go as you came in. You'd suit better, though, than she; you're a large majestic figure, and your long hair will add to the imposing effect. Better go, Kate," he finished, persuasively; "no one will know."

"I'll go," I said defiantly, and I did. Took an early train, peering furtively everywhere for any chance acquaintance of whose presence I stood in mortal dread. Found the committee, got a long white dress draped with a flag, let my hair, put on a gold crown, set my face into a scowl, and mounted the dome. All day it seemed to me like that old chariot rumbled around the streets. I was in an agony lest some one should recognize me, but I don't believe my own brother, if I had one, would have known me.

"Two old German women followed me for some blocks. 'Oh, vat a cross lady!' said one referring to me.

"'Yah, said the other, she veel not laff,' and then, as they walked along, she veel not efen smile."

"The day came to an end at last. I got my money and hurried back to New York. The next day I read an account of the festival in the papers, in which the fact was chronicled that 'an extraordinarily ugly woman personated the Goddess of Liberty.' For once, though, my vanity was not wounded. I got the dress, and, whether it was that or not, the very first week I wore it to an engagement which turned out to be a very successful one—the beginning, indeed, of my prosperity. But I have never forgotten that dreadful day."—N. Y. Sun.

Women on the Wheel.

Washington is the banner city for lady bicycle riders. At the present time there are nearly two hundred. There is also a ladies' club composed of sixty riders, with a club-house of its own. Much attention is given to securing good roads, and the suburbs and picturesque spots near the capital make the rides delightful for ladies. In Philadelphia there are about fifty lady bicyclists and Chicago has about the same number. Buffalo started the season with several riders on the new machines. New York City has a riding school for ladies on the "Safety" bicycle on Fifty-second street and Broadway. There is a large force, 80 x100, and the lessons are private, with two pupils on the floor at a time. Boston has comparatively few lady riders, but their number is fast increasing, and Lynn and Salem each boast one who can ride any wheel. Rhode Island wheelman have an honorary membership composed of lady riders, and they are taking an active interest in the ladies' bicycles. They are all going to the Cottage City "meet," and Rhode Island will be represented by several lady riders.—Boston Herald.

A Serpentine Problem.

An astronomer from Harvard Observatory some time ago proposed this problem to a number of fellow-savants: Suppose that three snakes, each two feet in length, should snake each other by the tip of the tail, thus making a circle six feet in circumference. Suppose that each snake should begin to swallow the one in front of him. In what way would the resultant figure, after each snake had swallowed the one in front of him, differ from the original circle? There were many diverse opinions upon the subject, some of them entering the consideration of the fourth dimension of space, because any one of the snakes would have swallowed the two in front of him and yet have been swallowed by the two in back of him, and therefore, would be both inside and outside of his two fellows.—Notes and Queries.

TRASHY STORY WRITERS.

Remarkable Confession of a Man Who Has Accumulated a Fortune.

I was talking a few days ago with a man who has perhaps written more trashy stories for the cheap weeklies than any single writer. For twenty-seven years he has done nothing else. He is now comfortably off from the returns which his work has brought him. I asked him how he looked back upon his career and work, and his answer was interesting.

"I count my life almost a failure," said he. "This trash which I have been writing has brought me returns upon which I can live comfortably, but look on the other side! I have no peace of mind when I think of the havoc I have undoubtedly wrought upon young and innocent minds. I can point to nothing with any pride of authorship. I am ashamed of it all. Even my children would hang their heads in shame did they know their father was the author of this trashy stuff. Do they know it? Bless your soul, no! and God forbid they ever discover it—at least during my lifetime. You saw my eldest daughter at the table. Would I wish her, so beautiful and pure a girl, or her sisters, to know? Oh, no, no, sir! My daily prayer is that I may never live to see the flush that will kindle on their beautiful cheeks if ever they learn the truth. Why, there are only five persons, I think, that know of my authorship of the fifth I have put out. No one would certainly suspect it from my non de plume, and I never write any thing else for print, so there can be no comparison of style. Those who know it are, as you are, pledged to secrecy by their friendship for me. I am never suspected of having more than an ordinary passing interest in literature of any sort, and am careful never to start books, authors or periodicals as a topic of conversation. But, it doesn't pay! Why did I start, in it? Because it paid me better to write a murderous story than a clean one, and once begun, I have kept right on. My first proved so appetizing to its readers that the editor offered me almost double the price he paid me for the first, if I would write a second one. Encouraged, I kept right on, until now I hate to think of the number I have written. I have published my stories under fifteen or twenty different names, male and female, and if I have written one, I suppose I have written two hundred of these beastly serial novels. They're all in the same vein, and there isn't one which hasn't a lot of robberies, murders or seductions in them. How people can read them I can not tell. If they despised their reading as I do their writing, I would be a poor man now I suppose. But with me it is now a thing of the past. I have laid aside enough to keep my family in comfort, and there is no longer any necessity for me to keep up my fiendish work. My girls will soon marry, and my two sons are already in business. Does my wife know of it? Yes, the only woman in the world who does, and God bless her! she has never chided me for it, although tears of joy stood in her eyes when I dropped the pen for the last time." I am not exaggerating facts when I say that this gentleman's total income from his twenty-seven years' work has been fully \$250,000. Yet, what a lesson is contained in his words for many a young writer of the present day!—W. S. Bok, in N. Y. Graphic.

ARTILLERY TACTICS.

The Place of Batteries in the Warfare of the Future.

As the range of guns in the field is augmented, battles will more than ever be prepared by cannon, batteries will open fire at distances of miles, and the adversary's batteries must, at least, be weakened before infantry can venture to advance, except under very peculiar circumstances. The power of modern cannon is so tremendous that when hostile batteries come into conflict at any thing like reasonably near distances—viz., from 1,500 to 2,500 yards—the duel can scarcely last long. We shall see no cannonades like that directed against La Haye Sainte, which lasted for hours, and the victory will belong to the artillery chiefs who, with any thing like an equality of force, lay their guns best, take most accurate aim, avoid salvoes and wild discharges, take care that their men are not hurried, and, above all, can entangle their enemy—a process now more than ever destructive. For the reasons to which we have referred before the system of artillery reserves should be given up as completely obsolete; no efforts should be spared to bring forward every available gun as quickly as possible, and the organization of the three arms should be so arranged as to secure this object, the pieces and their trains being always kept in close contact with the rest of the army, and capable of rapid movement to the front. For the rest, artillery should be always ready, and equal to contend in the field with infantry; it should consider itself a more powerful arm in any thing like an equal struggle, and once it has been placed in its true position it should, if possible, never "fall back." At the same time, in our judgment, at least, artillery, owing to the vast spaces of battle-fields in modern war, may on many occasions be greatly imperiled.—Academy.

Imagination in Disease.

A story has been told at times during the past ten years in this city of a resident who, imagining he was ill, went to bed, and when told by the physician who had been summoned to attend him that nothing was the matter with him replied that he was sick, he knew he was sick, and would be dead in less than a week. He fulfilled his prediction by dying. Another case, somewhat similar, was told on Friday. A young man residing in the Ninth ward has the measles, and "caught it by imagination." His home is in the country, where he went a fortnight ago. A brother at that time told him how he had been exposed to measles over a month before, and of his luck in escaping contagion, and when the young man, who boards in this city, returned he told his shop-mates about his brother, adding that he felt sure he would take the disease. Every day he brooded over the matter, saying he knew he would get it, as it was just his luck, and sure enough, he did get it, and is now ill at his boarding-house with the old-fashioned measles, good and hard.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Running a Locomotive.

Fleets of Nerve Needed by the Engineers of Limited Express Trains.

"Engineers at rest, sitting in the narrow cabs of their engines, lying in the depot waiting for the signal to start, often look to be a sleepy set of fellows," said the man, the other night, who runs the limited to Alliance. "Do you know," he continued, addressing a reporter, "that engineers are always wide awake when they seem to be indifferent to events happening around them. There are few things that escape their vigilant eyes. Many people have an idea that engineers 'go it blind,' and trust entirely to the block system, and the acuteness of good telegraph operators; but if they did this there would be wrecks and lives lost every day.

"A good engineer is always on the lookout. We see plenty of things ahead of us that harrow our nerves and make the hair stand up straight; but, as long as the passengers behind us don't know it, and all we escape uninjured, we heave a sigh of relief and say nothing. I tell you, it is no easy matter to hold a throttle, shoot around sharp curves and watch for obstructions. An engineer looks down for a moment at the connecting-rods of the locomotive, moving backward and forward with lightning-like rapidity. He doesn't know at what minute a pin may break and one of the rods knock his brains out as he leans out of the cab.

"Some freight men are very reckless, and they take desperate chances. They know a fast passenger train is chasing them, and due in a few minutes, yet they remain on the main track to the last moment, and often the rushing train just grazes the freight cars as they move to a side track. Often these freight men try to make another station a few miles ahead before they get off the track, and the result is usually a collision. Well, it always makes me nervous when I know freight trains are running a short distance before my train. An inch is as good as a mile when a man misses; but I would rather have a bullet pass a mile from my head than within an inch of it. Just so in passing other trains. We have to make schedule time; the road is full of curves, and we are just as likely to bang into some of these trains as pass them. Little do people know how rasping it is on the nerves to be continually making narrow escapes, and yet one invariably feels that some day he is bound to 'get it in the neck.' It is the uncertainty of the business that is so trying.

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"Keeping up steam is one of the difficult things to contend with. Sometimes the fires draw all right, and the fireman has no trouble in raising the necessary supply. Such an event always occurs when one is on time and there is no need to hurry along; but, almost invariably, it is an engineer's tough luck to lack the steam when he is anxious to make a fast run. I am an hour late to-night, but I can make up the time if nothing happens."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Southern Agricultural.

Corn Culture.

Corn is essentially a surface-rooted plant, and is more liable to injury from too deep plowing than cotton and other cultivated plants. In its early stages it may be plowed close and deep, cutting and tearing away most of the roots that extend towards the middles and across the path of the plow, without fatal results. But even while quite small we have always believed that the destruction of the roots involved in such plowing as may be necessary on account of imperfect preparation, or recent baking rains, is but a choice of evils at least. Even at a still further advanced stage of growth—up to knee high—deep cultivation, though cutting the roots more or less, may be justifiable. The conditions, however, that will justify deep plowing at such stage of the crop, are generally the result of neglect or improper management—where the ground is so infested with weeds of such size and strength, or has been left unbroken as all, that the harrow, sweep or cultivator will not do effective work. The stage soon arrives when the "remedy is as bad as the disease;" when to "plow, or 'turn out,'" is the question. We utterly scout the idea, recently advocated by some writers, that corn is ever benefited by root-pruning per se. Assuming that the corn-field was well broken before planting, or deeply plowed the first time, we would discard the scoter, shovel and other root-breakers and use the surface cultivator thenceforward. A safe rule is to use the plow or implement, whatever its name or construction, that will thoroughly stir the surface and go over the greatest area in a day. A broadcast harrow can be used until the corn is ten inches high; then an expanding cultivator, or cultivating harrow is in order.

We are aware that these "thoughts" are not new, and possibly we may be wearying the patience of some of our readers in "re-vamping" them for this occasion. Our plea is that of all trades or professions that of farming most needs the "line upon line, precept upon precept" style of writing.

The cost of a bushel of corn or a pound of cotton is directly and largely dependent on the number of furrows laid in each row cultivated—the number of times a man and horse travels the length of each row. We can not afford to apply to an acre of land an amount of labor equal to the value of the crop, as is annually done on thousands of acres in the South. A farmer can not afford to hire and maintain a stout negro man and strong mule to over-trip a plow that would not manipulate a twelve-year-old boy and a yearling calf.

In many parts of the South the corn crop will be ready to "lay by" from the middle to the last of the month. Let the last working be thorough but shallow. All things considered, the best time to sow peas in corn is at the last plowing. They shade the ground more effectively and yield a much larger crop of roots and vines, and often as much or even more peas. One bushel of seed peas to each acre is usually recommended, but we would be governed by the quantity of seed available. Better sow one-half bushel, or even less, per acre, and sow the whole crop, than to sow thicker and cover a less area. We believe a crop of peas sown broadcast in corn, will, under ordinary conditions, pay all the expenses of the corn crop, counting the benefit to the land as well as the value of peas or vines gathered for forage.—Southern Cultivator.

Forage Crops.

Farmers at the South rely too much upon grain for stock food; such diet is concentrated, and gives in abundance is not healthful. Furthermore, it is expensive, and the policy, no doubt, explains in some degree the large expense account among farmers. Especially is this true of corn. Farm teams would be in much better condition as to health and efficiency if they were given much less corn and more oats. Oats are not so heating as corn, and they furnish more of the flesh-making elements.

Farmers will do well to hunt out cheaper food products, especially if the general conditions of the farm stock are to be improved thereby. Oats can be grown at very little cost, under favorable circumstances, and they furnish an abundant grain and forage crop. I must believe farmers are making a mistake to abandon fall sowing. I have never yet in the severest winter had oats killed below a fair stand, if sown by the middle of September and well put in, in good soil. Sheaf oats, cut into short length by a good Ross machine, will make excellent food for farm teams at much less cost than corn, with the limited amount of forage it furnishes. For the purposes we are now discussing, oats should not be allowed to become fully mature, as much of the value will be wasted by scattering and the deadness of the straw. The amount of oat straw to be seen trodden under foot during the season of feeding is astonishing. I have, oftentimes, found it in barns two feet deep and almost a complete loss. It furnishes some thing of an absorbent, it is true, but outside of that, it is a perfect waste of a fair forage crop. As an absorbent it would be much better, if run through a machine. It is, however, altogether out of place under foot, until it has been fed and through the lungs. Cut at the proper stage, wheat straw, mixed up and mixed with other food, will furnish a good degree of nourishment.

Taking 1,000 pounds.

The comparative value of good hay, oat straw and wheat straw can be determined from the following table:

	Mineral Substances	Nitrogen	Phosphoric Acid	Loss
Hay.....	82.33	11.57	2.32	30.04
Oat straw.....	2.70	2.00	1.07	2.97
Wheat straw.....	61.93	2.01	1.61	4.43

With a view to supplementing grain crops, and, indeed, to displacing them, somewhat, it is more my purpose in this article to call attention to the better class of forage crops. Drilled corn, known as corn fodder, German millet, Kaffir corn and the different kinds of sorghum make excellent forage, and some of them, on light work, complete substitutes for grain food.

I have found especial advantage in the cultivation of early amber for forage. To feed green, to best advantage, it should be planted every two or three weeks convenient to the barn. It will be ready for use about the time it is seeding, and can be fed to great profit through the entire season. I feel that I can not too earnestly commend early amber, not only as an excellent forage crop, but a partial substitute for grain as well.

As dry forage, farmers must be a little cautious about curing. One season I lost sixty wagon-loads by allowing it to stand too long before cutting. Possibly each man had best experiment for himself on this point, taking advantage of my mistake in waiting until the seed had well formed. I would suggest as, probably, the best time for curing, just as it gets into full bloom. Fodder corn and Kaffir corn can doubtless wait until further advanced.

These crops should be drilled in rows about three feet apart, with the seed near enough to each other to prevent large growth of stalk. The distance must be determined by the character of the land. The object is to minimize the stalk, as large growth becomes too fibrous and hard.

The main objection urged by farmers to the crops I am advocating is the amount of waste, as in the case of oat straw. Farmers who do not intend to supply themselves with a good cutting machine ought not to expect any thing but manure from such crops. A good straw and forage cutter will pay for itself on an ordinary farm in one season. It is much better to invest a little money in a machine than a great deal in constant waste. On the larger farms a power machine can be attached to the same engine that runs the gin, and enough forage cut on rainy days to supply the farm without apparent loss of time.

On smaller farms any of the improved machines will do rapid and good work, run by hand, and save largely in preparing food rations for the farm teams. Forage crops and hay will greatly help the matter of cheap, nutritious stock food.—W. J. Northern, in Southern Cultivator.

HERE AND THERE.

It is very important in giving an application to destroy pests to repeat sufficiently often to make sure of the desired results.

Buttermilk is a healthful drink for most people, though it does not agree with all. To many the acid is just what the system needs.

Leave the tobacco pipe outside of the milk room. Better leave the man who has been smoking it outside too. His absence will not injure the flavor of the butter a bit.

Because the grass can be procured by the cows now is no reason for omitting any portion of the food at the barn. The cow is a producer, and the better she is fed the larger her yield of milk and butter.

Loss of rest at night is as trying to animals as to humans, and especially to horses that have worked during the day. The windows should have mosquito-netting to protect against insects in the stables.

Thinning with grapes can be nearly always be made beneficial, as it is not a good plan to allow the vines to mature too large a crop, while by thinning the quality may be gradually improved.

In watering plants, many times it will increase the growth materially if liquid manure is applied. One advantage with manure in this condition is that more or less of it is soluble.

If, in setting out the apple trees, the mistake has been made of setting the trees too thick, care should be taken to thin out, as this is one variety of fruit, at least, that will not bear crowding.

Even in summer bedding should be provided in the stalls for all classes of stock that are confined at night, as cleanliness is very important in the summer season. The less manure in the stall and stables the fewer flies and insects.

Watch all young and tender plants for cutworms and potato beetles. The former works best on cool nights and the latter during the day. The white will eat young tomato and egg plants and destroy them in a short time.

Green ducks are now in demand, and sell well. They should not weigh over seven pounds per pair, and should not be over ten weeks old. To bring the best prices they should be made very fat, and sold in the dressed condition.

Because fruits get low it is not a sure indication that fruit is not profitable. With proper care fruit can be grown at comparatively a small expense, and while it is an item to secure the best prices, yet often fruit can be sold very low and give the grower a fair profit.

GRAPE CULTURE.

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"Keeping up steam is one of the difficult things to contend with. Sometimes the fires draw all right, and the fireman has no trouble in raising the necessary supply. Such an event always occurs when one is on time and there is no need to hurry along; but, almost invariably, it is an engineer's tough luck to lack the steam when he is anxious to make a fast run. I am an hour late to-night, but I can make up the time if nothing happens."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Imagination in Disease.

A story has been told at times during the past ten years in this city of a resident who, imagining he was ill, went to bed, and when told by the physician who had been summoned to attend him that nothing was the matter with him replied that he was sick, he knew he was sick, and would be dead in less than a week. He fulfilled his prediction by dying. Another case, somewhat similar, was told on Friday. A young man residing in the Ninth ward has the measles, and "caught it by imagination." His home is in the country, where he went a fortnight ago. A brother at that time told him how he had been exposed to measles over a month before, and of his luck in escaping contagion, and when the young man, who boards in this city, returned he told his shop-mates about his brother, adding that he felt sure he would take the disease. Every day he brooded over the matter, saying he knew he would get it, as it was just his luck, and sure enough, he did get it, and is now ill at his boarding-house with the old-fashioned measles, good and hard.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Running a Locomotive.

Fleets of Nerve Needed by the Engineers of Limited Express Trains.

"Engineers at rest, sitting in the narrow cabs of their engines, lying in the depot waiting for the signal to start, often look to be a sleepy set of fellows," said the man, the other night, who runs the limited to Alliance. "Do you know," he continued, addressing a reporter, "that engineers are always wide awake when they seem to be indifferent to events happening around them. There are few things that escape their vigilant eyes. Many people have an idea that engineers 'go it blind,' and trust entirely to the block system, and the acuteness of good telegraph operators; but if they did this there would be wrecks and lives lost every day.

"A good engineer is always on the lookout. We see plenty of things ahead of us that harrow our nerves and make the hair stand up straight; but, as long as the passengers behind us don't know it, and all we escape uninjured, we heave a sigh of relief and say nothing. I tell you, it is no easy matter to hold a throttle, shoot around sharp curves and watch for obstructions. An engineer looks down for a moment at the connecting-rods of the locomotive, moving backward and forward with lightning-like rapidity. He doesn't know at what minute a pin may break and one of the rods knock his brains out as he leans out of the cab.

"Some freight men are very reckless, and they take desperate chances. They know a fast passenger train is chasing them, and due in a few minutes, yet they remain on the main track to the last moment, and often the rushing train just grazes the freight cars as they move to a side track. Often these freight men try to make another station a few miles ahead before they get off the track, and the result is usually a collision. Well, it always makes me nervous when I know freight trains are running a short distance before my train. An inch is as good as a mile when a man misses; but I would rather have a bullet pass a mile from my head than within an inch of it. Just so in passing other trains. We have to make schedule time; the road is full of curves, and we are just as likely to bang into some of these trains as pass them. Little do people know how rasping it is on the nerves to be continually making narrow escapes, and yet one invariably feels that some day he is bound to 'get it in the neck.' It is the uncertainty of the business that is so trying.

"Now here is the limited, one of the fastest trains on the road. Between Pittsburgh and Alliance there are a number of heavy grades. I usually, at the top of one of these grades, open the throttle wide and let the engine go. After I have had a good start, minute after minute, I run a mile a minute, I shut off the steam and leave the rest to gravity and trust in luck. The result is that the train attains a fearful velocity, and the impetus is sufficient to carry it half way the next grade. This plan helps the fireman, and we make time.