GRESHAM AS HEIR

To the Democratic Throne Were It Not

For His Record on the Hawaiian Question.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

A Fairy Story About a Cabinet Disruption.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6.—[Special.]—For several months a most vigorous and persistent effort has been made to induce President Cleveland to appoint a civilian to the post of paymaster in the army. Though a large number of Democratic senators, innumerable congressmen and the governors of thirteen states have asked Mr. Cleveland to appoint a certain man to one of the vacant paymasterships the president still stands out, on the principle that none but army officers should be appointed to posts in the army. An exceedingly interesting story lies behind this matter. It runs back to the days when Mr. Cleveland was governor of New York. Among his boon companions at that time, a member of the Fort Orange club of Troy, N. Y., and a man who was famous for his devotion to the well known Fort Orange punch—with which beverage he was able to drink all comers under the table—was Mr. Abe Landis.

When Mr. Cleveland was promoted from the governorship of New York to the presidency he took occasion to remark to Mr. Landis: "Abe, old boy, if there is anything I can do for you do not hesitate to let me know what it is. Anything you ask will be granted for the sake of the good times we have had together." Mr. Cleveland did not anticipate the embarrassment this generous promise was to bring him. It happened that Mr. Landis had in the war department in this city a brother who had been a mere clerk for 27 years. It was his ambition to be promoted to a captaincy, and, of course, he wrote to his brother Abe to see what could be done in that line. Abe approached Mr. Cleveland and reminded him of his promise, and said his brother would make a very nice captain in the army.

A White House Tradition.

Mr. Cleveland thought it could be arranged without any trouble. But after he came to Washington and gave the matter a little attention he discovered there was in the army a deep seated antagonism to the appointment of civilians to army posts. Abe Landis' brother had been so long a clerk in the commissary department and had been ordered and cursed about by so many army officers—for it is the habit of the officers of the army to make life miserable for their inferiors—that it was a serious question if Mr. Landis could obtain any standing in the army, even if he were appointed a captain. Moreover, he was at that time 57 years old and would be entitled to retirement in eight years with ample pay and allowances.

This looked so much like a soft thing for the brother of Abe Landis that in the end Mr. Cleveland found it necessary to write to Abe and tell him the appointment could not be made. From that day to this the most strenuous efforts have been made to induce Mr. Cleveland to appoint a civilian to the one of the posts in the army. The paymasterships are always in demand, and men with the highest sort of indorsements and the most promising character of backing have appealed in vain for a breaking of the rule.

It is a tradition of the White House that till Abe Landis dies and the president is thus relieved of his promise no civilian will be appointed to a post in the army. In this instance Secretary Lamont is much grieved by the firm stand which the president takes. Mr. Lamont has a number of friends in the city of New York and elsewhere for whom he would like to obtain appointments as paymasters in the army, but until the president breaks his rule and violates the spirit of the answer given to Abe Landis, his old crony of the Fort Orange club, Dan Lamont's friends will wait in vain.

Thus it happens that Secretary Lamont has joined hands with the friends of the most prominent of the civilian candidates for appointment to army paymasterships, on the theory that if the rule can once be broken a large number of appointments in that direction will be sure to follow. It is safe to wager that Mr. Cleveland will have his way about the matter, and that no civilian, no matter how strong his political backing, will break in at the back door of the army.

All the Way From Wall Street.

One of the queer phases of life in Washington is the frequency with which the most startling stories come to this capital from Wall street. For instance, one day last week a story came over from the street to the effect that Mr. Cleveland was losing his mind. As the tale went, he had been invigled into a hunting trip by the members of his cabinet, who were anxious to conceal from the public the real condition of their chief. As the story continued, Mr. Cleveland was losing his mind, had, in fact, already lost it, and was sitting in the presidential chair as a mere wreck of his former self.

How such stories started in the first place or were set in circulation is not known. But there is no truth whatever in them. The president is not ill, mentally or physically. He has not lost his mind. It is not necessary for his friends of the cabinet to step in and protect him against discovery. It is true that the president is feeling the strain under which he has labored for a number of years, just as many business and professional men in time are made conscious of the fact that they have worked too hard and must have rest. But aside from a trifling weariness or lowering of the tone of his physical and nervous constitution, Mr. Cleveland is well and hearty. How Wall street ever got such ideas into its rattly head is one of the mysteries of the week.

Hair to the Throne.

Last week a story went the rounds that the president and Secretary Gresham had had a quarrel, and that there was to be a disruption of the cabinet. As the tale ran, the secretary of state had come to the conclusion that his Hawaiian policy was not popular in the country, and that the best thing he could do would be to resign. It was said that he had been induced to take this course many especially by the fact that the president was inclined to blame him for the mistake which had been made by adoption of the policy of restoration of the queen.

This story, like many of its predecessors in the field of cabinet disruptions, proved to be without foundation. The relations existing between the president and secretary of state are of the warmest and most cordial sort. The president never goes off for a holiday without taking Mr. Gresham with him. The two men are inseparable companions. It is an open secret here that but for the unfavorable reception which the Hawaiian policy of the administration met with in the country Mr. Cleveland would now be pushing Judge Gresham as his heir to the throne.

AN ANOMALOUS YEAR.

Chancellor Snow's Report Shows the Weather as Capricious as Other Things.

LAWRENCE, Jan. 6.—Chancellor Snow's report gives the following account of the weather for the year:

The year 1893 was characterized by a cool summer, a warm spring and fall, and a low winter average temperature, with a notable absence of extremes. The number of very hot summer days and cool winter days was much below the average. Two of the hottest days were April 6 and September 13, and ten of the thirty-one hot days of the year were in September.

An anomaly in temperature was the month of December, in which the last half was 10 degrees warmer than the first half. With the exception of three days in the first week of December every day of that month was favorable for outdoor mason work.

After five successive years of rainfall above the average, the year 1893 afforded a total precipitation slightly below the average.

A marked percentage of the year was the low percentage of cloudiness. The skies were clearer than in any preceding year of our record.

The velocity of the wind was greater than in any year since 1883, but no damage was done by high winds at this station. A destructive tornado occurred on June 21st at Williamstown, only 10 miles distant, but the university anemometer indicated at that time a maximum velocity of only 50 miles an hour.

SMALLPOX SCARE.

Half a Million People Nursing Sore Arms—About 100 Cases.

CHICAGO, Jan. 6.—The smallpox scare has measurably subsided, although not less than a half million of the residents of the Windy City are nursing sore arms, and consequently anathematizing the prevalence of this dread disorder. More people have been vaccinated in Chicago in the past six weeks than in any single decade since it became an incorporated town.

The headquarters of this department in the city hall hall have been crowded from morning until dusk, while family physicians and surgeons have reaped a rich harvest in extending the benefits of Dr. Jenner's discovery to their clients.

A single physician boasts of the fact that he has vaccinated nine hundred persons within two months at the rate of two dollars to five dollars per vaccination, the rate being graded according to the wealth and social position of the patient. While there are less than a hundred cases of small-pox in the pest house, according to the official reports from the health department of last evening, yet it is not believed that the scare is entirely over.

No cases of what is known as malignant or black smallpox have so far developed, although the mortality from the disease in this city has been large in proportion to the actual cases. Reports to the board of health indicate that smallpox is more prevalent throughout the country at present than at any time in the last twenty years, and the same reports demonstrate that eighty per cent of those affected have never submitted themselves for vaccination.

BARON HIRSCH'S HEBREWS.

He Is Still Sending Russian Refugees to This Country.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—A special to the States Zeitung from Washington says:

The question of Russian Hebrew immigration has again forcibly presented itself and will doubtless give congress considerable occupation. The Baron Hirsch committee, in order to obviate the many difficulties attendant upon the importation of Russian refugees to America is now sending the Hebrews from the Russian port Libau to Hull, and thence by rail to London, and from there by Southampton on American liners to America.

The first detachment, 62 in number, arrived on the City of Paris, December 29, and were permitted to land without objection by the Ellis Island authorities. How many more are on the way cannot be ascertained, but the facts have lead Representative Gillette of New York, to prepare a resolution which will be offered to the house.

The secretary of the treasury will be required by this resolution to investigate the truth of the article mentioned.

Immigrant Commissioner Dr. Zennes, when interviewed today regarding the despatch said: "I gave strict orders for an investigation." He said: "If necessary, I can demonstrate to the secretary of the treasury that the Russian Hebrew immigration of the past 60 days was not excessive and was subject to the closest scrutiny."

SNEERING AT LOWELL.

Robert Buchanan Compares Him Unfavorably With Zola and Whitman.

LONDON, Jan. 6.—Robert Buchanan, in a letter to the Chronicle in reference to Zola and Vizetelly, complains of the neglect of original men, who, he says, are seldom lucky enough to survive as Zola has done.

He concludes: Thus when great men like Walt Whitman die, it is only thought worthy of a passing paragraph, but when a tablet is placed in Westminster Abbey in memory of an American flaneur and diner-out, the newspapers overflow with enthusiasm.

The Chronicle in an editorial dissociates itself from Mr. Buchanan's unkind reference to Mr. Lowell.

H. G. and J. B. Larimer have moved their law office from the Columbian building to room 24 and 25 in the Bank of Topeka building.

Hood's and Only Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipissewa, Juniper Berries and other well known remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Hood's pills cure biliousness.

Neck bands put on by the Peerless.

Try the Topeka Steam Laundry.

ALWAYS ASK MORE.

Manufacturers Never Satisfied With the Tariff.

Senator Voorhees Gives Them a Scoring.

THEY ARE ASHAMED

To Ask, So They Make Employes Sign Petitions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—A delegation which called upon Senator Voorhees yesterday, chairman of the senate committee of finance, in the interest of higher duties on the metal schedule, received very little, or no encouragement and the senator took advantage of the opportunity to express himself freely and forcibly upon the subject of a tariff in a general way.

"If protection were a Chinese wall," said the senator, "you manufacturers who believe in it, would not be satisfied with any height to which it might be raised, but would keep up the demand for an increased elevation.

"Like Oliver Twist, you are constantly demanding 'more' from one congress to another, until you have got it so high that you are ashamed to ask it in your own name, but put it in the names of those whom you employ as laborers, when as a matter of fact, after the McKinley bill became a law wages of employes were reduced in manufacturing institutions in various parts of the country."

This and much more he said to callers, and after they had taken their departure he turned to an Associated Press reporter and said:

"This is only a specimen of importunities to which I am subjected. Many people who are engaged in manufacturing enterprises throughout the country and in other industries affected by the tariff, call upon me daily and many more write to me.

"What do I say to them? I tell them we are going to have the subject disposed of as soon as it can possibly be done. With the full hearings given by the house way and means committee and with replies in the finance committee and with replies in the finance committee circulars, which have been sent all over the country, there will be no necessity for prolonged hearings by this committee, and I think we will get the bill in the senate very shortly after it comes over from the house. I say this to my inquiries, because I think it is true."

"Do you tell them the bill will be materially changed by the finance committee?"

"I do not; I see there are reports current that the finance committee will report a substitute for the bill. I do not consider this probable. This committee may make changes in some of the schedules, but the Wilson bill will be the basis of the recommendation and will be the bill, which the senate will consider and pass.

"It is possible that we may change among others, the sugar schedule, as I look at the matter now. I think we shall, but I can not say in what respect. As to all raw materials, I believe in leaving them where the bill puts them. I do not give any encouragement to those seeking to restore the tariff on coal and iron ore. I do not believe it needs it, and I cannot see what further protection the manufacturers ought to have than they get by giving them free raw material."

The correspondent asked whether he endorsed the action of the ways and means committee in recommending the income tax. He replied that he did and said he believed that no political party could do a wiser thing than vote such a tax.

He thinks there is little doubt of the ultimate success of the bill, and says that its enactment into a law will prove the signal for the revival of business throughout the country.

LOCAL MENTION.

Charles S. Elliott has gone to Chicago.

H. K. Rowley's bicycle was stolen last night.

T. C. Eberly of Greensburg was yesterday appointed receiver of the Bank of Greensburg.

George Buckner, son-in-law of Ben Jordan, was fined $10 today for being drunk and disorderly.

The First Congregational and First Presbyterian churches will hold union meetings during the evenings of the week of prayer, which begins on Monday.

December's business at the postoffice department was a large one. The receipts from the sale of stamps and stamped envelopes amounted to $7,414.37.

The board of directors of the Gulf and Interstate railroad (the north and south road) meet in this city on Tuesday, to organize and take out a charter for the road.

It is reported that a suit of clothes and a diamond shirt stud were stolen last night from the room of Alfonza Van Laneys, at the Metropolitan restaurant in North Topeka.

Fannie Wright and Carrie Jordan were arrested last night on the complaint of Ella Buckner, for calling her names. They gave security, and will be tried Wednesday.

Bill Higgins was in police court today. He was charged with being disorderly. Officer Jenkins arrested him for being noisy. He was discharged. This Bill Higgins is a hostler, and not the ex-secretary of state.

Secretary J. B. French, of the State Farmers Alliance, has been notified that the National Farmers Alliance will meet in Topeka February 6th, at Representative hall. Thirty-five states will be represented, and each state is entitled to three delegates.

Dick Colver, formerly of this city, now an editorial writer on the Oakland, (Cal.) Tribune, is the father of a boy. The birth notice reads: Born, Colver—To the wife of Richard J. Colver, at 722 Seventeenth street, Friday, December 29, a son. Mother and child doing fine.

The annual business meeting of the Madison street Baptist church was held Friday evening. The following were chosen to office for the ensuing year: L. C. Baxter, trustee; W. F. File, Superintendent of the Sunday school; William Allaway, assistant; Annie Purl, secretary; Mrs. Stone, organist.

AN UNGRATEFUL LISTENER.

He Wore a Wig Himself, but He Wasn't Interested In Wigs.

A cheerful looking citizen who had a firm grip on a strap in a State street cable car the other morning leaned down to speak to a seated but restless passenger wedged in between two larger men.

"That's a pretty good wig you're wearing, mister," he said, in a confidential tone, "but anybody can see that it's a wig"——

"Sir!"

"I say it's a pretty good wig, as wigs go, and I'm a judge of wigs. I've tried at least a dozen of them"——

"Sir, when I need any of your"——

"Not on my own head, of course. I never had occasion to use anything of the kind. But my grandmother"——

"Confound your grandmother, sir!"

"That's what I always used to say. She was rather hard to get along with. Nobody could please her. She didn't seem to appreciate kindness. You'd never get any thanks from her. She took everything as a matter of course. When she was about 60 years old, she took a notion her hair was too thin and she must have a wig. I argued with her, but it didn't do any good. She must have her hair trimmed short, and I must get her a wig"——

"I'd like to know, sir, what difference all this makes"——

"What difference? Bless your soul, it made a difference to me of $265, first and last. I had to buy her ever so many wigs in trying to suit her, and when you've worn a wig awhile it's dead stock. Wigs ain't returnable, you know. Finally she took a notion she'd be more comfortable if the hair that grew on her head was cut clear off. To humor her, I lathered her head all over and shaved it as clean and slick as a billiard ball. She seemed to like the feeling of it, and I had to shave her head regularly once a week for a month or two and then twice a week. It only made the hair grow faster and thicker. I had to keep buying new wigs for her all the time, too, mind you. This went on for a year or two.

"One day I had a fall and broke my right arm. I couldn't shave her head for six weeks, and she wouldn't let anybody else do it. At the end of that time she had a crop of hair as thick and abundant as Paderewski's, only it wasn't as long, you know, and it stuck straight up as stiff as a prize fighter's. She couldn't wear any of her wigs. The bristles stuck up through them like a porcupine's quills. I only mention this to show what can be done with soap and a razor. If you would just throw that wig of yours into the back alley and get some friend with a good razor to"——

With a snort of rage the other passenger tore himself loose from his environment and rushed from the car.

"That's all the thanks a man gets for trying to do some fellow being a good turn," said the cheerful looking citizen, straightening himself up and grabbing another strap.—Chicago Tribune.

Easily Arranged.

Mohammed—I should like greatly to play checkers with you, but we have no board.

Mahdi—I think here comes just what we want.

Mohammed—Your move, Mahdi!—Truth.

Ostracized.

Her despairing glance rested upon the limitless sea that compassed her about.

"Oh, cruel fate!" she moaned.

She drew her garments more closely about her and shivered.

"Alone, what have I to live for?"

Woe was in every accent of her voice.

"No more may I know human society."

Her glances rested, as has been stated, upon the limitless sea, but her thoughts were elsewhere.

In bitterness she was wondering what on earth possessed her to be vaccinated on the arm anyway.

Remarking to herself that it made her mad enough to eat shingle nails, she wended her way homeward.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Just the Same.

First Actor (pulling the trigger of a revolver six times)—Die, you miserable villain!

Second Actor—Your pistol has missed fire, Sir Rudolph, but I am smitten with remorse for my many crimes and will die according to your wish.

Then he rolled on the stage in agony and kicked like a boy steer, while the curtain slowly descended amid the cheers and laughter of the audience.—Texas Siftings.

A Poser.

Patrick McQuinn was brought up before the justice in the morning, and when asked his occupation by the clerk said he was a sailor.

"A sailor!" retorted the judge. "I don't believe you ever were at sea in your life."

"Will," replied the disgusted Irishman, "how does yer honor think I came over from Oireland—in a wagon?"—Harper's Bazar.

A Saving Clause.

Mrs. Unsophisticus—My husband may be a gambler, but he is very kind to dumb animals.

Mrs. Rightuptodate—What makes you think so?

Mrs. Unsophisticus—I overheard him tell the doctor that he sat eight hours in the club fattening up the kitty.—Life.

Plenty of Time.

Nodd—I met your wife down town this morning. She said she was going to look into one more dry goods store before she went home.

Todd—Then I needn't be in a hurry. I was afraid she might get there tonight before I did.—Cloak Review.

Asking Too Much.

"What will you give me to fast 30 days in your show?" said a professional faster to the proprietor of a circus.

"I'll give you 30 bob a week."

"Make it 30 bob a week and board and I'm with you."—Tit-Bits.

A FOG CRYSTALLIZED

HIGH IN THE AIR IT SAILED, AND MEN CALLED IT A CLOUD.

When the North Wind Breathed on It, It Resolved Itself Into Snowflakes, Which Descended Earthward to Affect Humanity In Divers Ways.

One day the north wind breathed on a fog bank that was so high in the skies as to be called a cloud by the human mites that pattered far below on the surface of the earth, and straightway the fog shaped itself into dainty crystals, and these massed themselves into flakes and began to sail jauntily down to the earth.

Some of these flakes were seen by a lot of flannel shirted, heavy booted lumbermen who were waiting for the snowfall to go into logging camp, and when they saw the fleecy things descend one

THEY CHOPPED AND TRIMMED AND HAULED,

after the other till the earth was covered as with a blanket, while yet uncounted myriads were following in their wake, the loggers cheered and recked not that as it snowed the wind rose, for the snow was heavy, and its coming meant the beginning of their season of industry. And the next morning when the sun shone again out of the frosty blue winter sky, tipping hill tops and bare, gaunt tree branches with gold, the loggers began their three months' toil with gleaming axes and ringing saws and iron pointed handspikes.

Day after day they chopped and trimmed and hauled the monster logs into which they transformed the mammoth forest trees, and night after night they sang songs and told stories in their rude woodland huts after their work was done and their supper of pork and beans was eaten. In the spring, when the breakup came and they floated the logs they had got out during the winter and counted the products of their toil, they smiled and said the season had been good. But if the north wind had not breathed on the cloud that day early in the winter and it had rained instead of snowed, their labors would have been much shorter and their season only ordinary.

Some of the flakes from that same cloud were whirled by the north wind, after it had crystallized them, over the streets of a city, and when they fell there joy and dismay were mingled. The children danced with glee—that is, those who lived near the parks and were possessors of sleds and skates and comfortable clothing and warm mittens. To them the snow meant frolics and fun unlimited, but to some others, who had poor shoes and thin, tattered clothing, it meant chattering teeth and stiffened fingers and blue noses and watery eyes. But the north wind cared not.

It was dull that winter among those who labor for wages, and to men who were out of work the whirling, falling flakes gave grateful promise of employment upon the streets, of shoveling tons and tons of snow, and wages from the city's till. But in his office in the city hall the official who was responsible for the condition of the streets and had already used up most of his appropriation the snow was hateful, and he walked up and down in despair as he thought how the newspapers would "jump upon him" the next morning and ask sarcastically if the slush would ever be removed from the pavements, if the gutters would ever be free of muddy ice water and if street traffic would ever be free again. And in every city in the land where snow fell that day there was a distracted official. But they all lived through it.

Some of the flakes were sifted over the pleasant valley, at the foot of which stands the little old red schoolhouse some of you know and cherish blessed memories of, and one driven crystal planted a cold but gentle kiss on the

SHE WAS NOT SORRY.

rosy cheek of the little schoolma'am who wielded the ruler and rang the bell in the little schoolhouse and was "boarding round" that winter. And she was filled with dismay, for some of her pupils' parents lived two miles away from the foot of the valley, and she thought, as the flake that had chastely saluted her was followed by countless thousands of others, that she would have to wade through snow the remainder of the winter.

But young Jim Willis, the broad shouldered son of the trustee, twinkled his blue eyes as he noticed the descending snow, and thought how the next day he would pitch up to his father's big box sleigh, and on pretext of gathering the children up to take them to school would save the little schoolma'am who had been kissed by the flake from the struggles with the snow she dreaded so much. When the spring came, and the little schoolma'am realized because of that first storm she need no longer be a teacher, she was not sorry the snow came so early.

None of her pupils worried when the snow came, for it brought to them visions of coasting—"riding down hill" they called it—and snowballing and snow fort building and other sports of the season, and the girls wondered if the boys would "wash their faces" and begin to "dare" them to.

Still others of the flakes that fell that day whitened the buffalo robe that was wrapped about the legs of Andrew Stevens, the stage driver. And he knew that it meant that the period of his yearly fighting through the drifts was about to begin, and he drew his breath to through his tight shut teeth as he thought of the number of times his stage would probably be overturned, and the last but not until the spring sunshine had melted the drifts could he again venture out without a shovel. He also remembered, as he watched the white shower, that frozen fingers, frozen faces, frozen ears and a frozen nose fell to his portion the previous winter.

When the road overseers of the rather township saw the flakes, they thought, as did the city street superintendents, of the thoroughfares that must be kept open, and if their task, being confined to a few rods' shoveling here and there, was the shorter and less laborious, the correlative fact that their resources were also less more than offset their advantage. But as they broke out the rural roads after the storm was over these men, being good farmers, reflected that their winter wheat was now warmly blanketed by the snow and would not be likely to winter kill. And all our young folks whereon the snow fall rejoiced as they saw it and began to think of the sleigh bells' jingle and the delights of sleighlight gliding over smooth crusted snow.

Others there were watching the falling snowflakes on their earthward descent from speeding railroad trains. One of these persons, a philosophical passenger taker, whom you we'd get down to talk as a commercial man, turned in his seat in the smoking car to borrow a match from his neighbor and ask him if his trip was a long one. When the reply came, "Boston to Omaha," the first speaker chuckled:

"And we're not half way there yet, for I am going to Omaha also. This way the snow starts in today reminds me of the way the eastern blizzard of 1888 snowed up a trainload of us not 50 miles from New York."

And then the two seasoned travelers joined issue in a friendly contest as to who should spin the longest yarn concerning storm experiences, which was a draw when it came time, as they were grinding along in the teeth of the storm, to turn in and go to sleep. The next morning, when all who had stuck to the train found that a fresh snowbound experience was ahead of them, these travelers were the most philosophical of the lot, for they had learned by experience that nothing could be done but to wait, and that jack pots and smoking and songs and veracious recitations of personal annals are excellent things to fall back on when snow blocks the way.

MODERN ROTARY SNOWPLOW.

Some of the passengers grew restless, but none took things so much to heart as the superintendent of the division of the road on which they were imprisoned, for a heavy snowstorm meant almost superhuman exertions on his part and the part of his subordinates. It meant ceaseless vigils till the rails were clear again; it meant broken engines and cars derailed, demoralized schedules and blocking complaining passengers, and expenses without limit almost to be charged against the division in the main office of the great trunk line, where, it seemed to him, a lot of accountants were kept solely for the purpose of casting up just such unavoidable expenses.

The engineman and the fireman of the train, who found themselves snowed up near daylight stuck in the snow in the deep cut, were not so worried as the "super" was at the division headquarters, and they took turns keeping the engine alive and tramping through the snow with the train hands to the nearby farmhouses for supplies for the passengers. And between times they shared up this young conductor with stories of what the wonderful modern rotary snowplows can do, and related reminiscences of the other days before the invention of the rotaries, when they used to try to clear the tracks with pointed plows, behind which a procession of engines would sometimes push their way through.

"Do you remember, Jim," queried the engineer, "how in 187[illegible] we put 10 locomotives in a row, and how, when we were stuck in this very same cut, the head engine's whistle to 'back' was interpreted by the rear engineer to be 'go ahead,' and what a smashup followed? How thirteen middle engines were shut up like jack knives, and poor Bill Johnson was killed and some of the other boys were pretty badly hurt?"

The man of all men who looked upon the snow with most approval as it fell from the crystallized fog bank that day was Old Probabilities, and his smiles were shared by the signal officers in all the snow region, for it had been officially predicted that snow would come.

I. D. MARSHALL.