

PUSHING PROGRESS THROUGH MOUNTAINS FEATS OF AMERICAN DRILLMEN.

They Solved Railroad Building Problems That Puzzled Engineers by Tunnelling the Cordilleras.

The names of several Americans are written in honorable achievement in the records of South American progress, and on the west coast those of Wheeler, who installed the first telegraph line in Chile, and Meigs, who built the spectacular Orroya Railroad in Peru, stand out in bold relief...

Ten years ago the rails of the Transandine Railway had threaded the seventy miles of the rock-walled canyon of the Mendoza River on the Argentine side, to be brought to a halt at Las Cuevas...

HAD NO ENGINEERING TRAINING. None of the eight Americans had had anything in the way of engineering training, yet from two of them within six months of the time of their arrival emanated suggestions which were responsible for surmounting two of the most baffling difficulties the builders were called on to meet...

The question of how to protect the road from snow slides had given the engineers more worry than any other connected with the construction, for the conditions to be met with on the last dozen miles of the Chilean Transandine were the severest of the kind known.

The trouble is partly the result of natural precipitation, and partly of the fact that the steep slopes of the sides of the 20,000-foot mountains which hem in the pass...

ROBBED OF REWARD BY DEATH. The narrow canyon of rock through which runs the Salto del Soldado presented a most perplexing problem to the engineers.

The narrow canyon of rock through which runs the Salto del Soldado presented a most perplexing problem to the engineers. It seemed that the simplest plan would be some kind of a tunnel, but the difficulty was that from above it was only practicable for the track to approach a tunnel on the right side of the river...

The two Americans whose keen minds had seen the way through to light when the best engineering talent available had groped in darkness, and who were to have been rewarded for their services by being made superintendents of tunnel construction on the Chilean and Argentine side when the time came for rushing work on the great bore at the summit...

So satisfactory had proved the experiment with American drillmen that, when the most of the original eight were killed in the explosion alluded to, no time was lost in seeking for others from the same section—Colorado—to take their places.

had time left to run back around the next curve and stop the freight. He explained with won words Hall his promotion to the specially created position of general superintendent of tunnel construction and gave full scope to the exercise of his ready resourcefulness...

Disappointed, the youthful foreman began a search for a substitute, to find among the Las Cuevas freight which was held up at El Portillo several tanks of liquid carbon dioxide gas for charging soda water.

With the Channel fleet at anchor in Portland Roads, there is a wonderful spectacle from the rocky spine of the convicts' island. Within the mighty girle of breakwater constructed by prisoners twenty-four vessels of war are lying in one of the safest harbors of the south coast.

With nearly two miles of massive masonry, an engineering operation barely completed in a quarter of a century, there is an anchorage and a spare for all the British squadrons between the island and the open roadstead of Weymouth Bay.

It is the last appearance of a famous fleet under its most popular admiral, and all Weymouth has been looking on from the crest of the island and from the Nothe, with its gardens, fortresses and jetties.

If I were writing a letter solely on a naval theme I would have to refer to Nelson's Hardy, the maritime hero of Dorset. As one stands on the rocky ridge overlooking the fleet and Portland Roads he has only to turn his eyes from northward to northwest in order to follow the curving line of the chest bank, a natural breakwater...

FLEET IN WESSEX Portland Roads and a Fighting Admiral.

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With blue, before he can appreciate a stupendous natural phenomenon. One thinks of the later Hardy, not only as the chest beach gleams in the sunlight, but also as the downs loom up beyond Portland Roads with its fleet, and Weymouth with its hotels and shops bordering upon the esplanade.

Yet there is nothing in this rock-hewn peninsula, with its fleet, fortresses, quarries, embattled cliffs, villages swarming with workmen and the massive causeway of Portland Bill, so picturesque as the curving sweep of pebbles stretching for sixteen miles along the mainland.

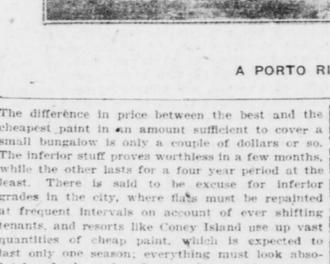


JOHN HALL (AT LEFT) AND AMERICAN CO-WORKERS. They are pushing a tunnel through the Andes, ten thousand feet above the sea.

thrown into a panic by rumors of the landing of "Boney's" men, is a landmark even from the "Isle of Slingers." Nor has Britain wholly recovered its nerves in the course of a century.

It is now a spectre with a spiked helmet, not the portly Little Corporal, with folded arms and inscrutable eyes, that haunts the bedrooms of British despatches and gives them a prickly scare, and "old women of both sexes," as the Prime Minister happily describes them, find recreation in discrediting the strongest navy in the world and in laughing at the territorial home guards.

It is estimated that a gallon of good paint will cover 200 square feet of surface, two coats, but the kind and condition of wood, as well as the method of application, will modify this estimate.



A PORTO RICO BUNGALOW

The difference in price between the best and the cheapest paint in an amount sufficient to cover a small bungalow is only a couple of dollars or so. The inferior stuff proves worthless in a few months, while the other lasts for a four year period at the least.

Nothing is new. Even the "tag day," which has swept through the land, gathering in its hosts contributions from the marks of the old "montem" of Eton fame. This time-honored custom of the great English public school died out...

On Whitson Tuesday the boys of the school, dressed in picturesque costumes, formed a procession to escort the heroes of the day. The chief hero was of course the captain of the school...

AN ANCIENT "TAG DAY."

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It was in the gathering of these funds that we can see the trace of resemblance to the modern tag day. Certain boys were chosen as collectors, two of these were called "salt bearers" and commanded a force of twelve boys called "runners."

The two salt bearers had the more dignified duty of collecting from the college authorities and guests. Each of the twelve runners was accompanied by his post by a hired attendant who was armed with a pocket watch.

A Great Distinction. "See," said Mrs. Duhley, of Jefferson City, "I reckon that fellow that wrote out the Declaration of Independence deserved the honor."

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It overlooks the beach of Melcombe Regis, where fussy old George III used to take his dip in the sea with U. O. in an ecstasy of loyal affection and dutiful reverence; and if the chalk silhouette of him on the white horse cannot be identified from the island, it can be found after a breezy ramble among the breezy downs.

Yet numerous and attractive as are the diversions in this picturesque corner of Wessex, the most inspiring memories are of the Siege of Calais and the Spanish Armada. Weymouth has always stood for sea power.

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ABSENT TREATMENT WORKED WRONG WAY EFFECTED CURE THAT WASN'T DESIRED.

Still It Had Its Compensations, According to a New Hampshire Farmer's Narration.

No, I don't say there's nawthin' in this absent treatment like. My criticism is that there's liable to be too much in it and that you'd lose something you wish you had let alone, if you get to foolin' with it.

Bill Curlew is a mean, low-down cuss, if he does live on a tolerable high hill. He's worried and persecuted the whole neighborhood for twenty years. Brown's girl, Maud, was a year ahead of Eddie Curlew, same age. Brown ordered Maud to shove back. "To make it interesting for Eddie," who was all alone, our school been small, Mrs. Brown said raised a holler and went to the school committee members of the rest of the town, and Maud wasn't put back.

Out in an uncivilized state like Indiana they take a man like Bill Curlew an' cure him, or notify him to either get or take the consequences of stayin'. But in New England we're too law-abidin' to do anything to folks that ain't law-abidin'. Of course, we neighbors sometimes talked over these things, and that is how Slack's summer boarder got into it.

"Who's keepin' lip of 'em," says Slack's summer boarder, "you men, or Bill Curlew?" "Well, one thing about it is," said Henry Dorr, "Curlew is a sort of meanly fellow, not regular sickly, neither, but sorta crotchety, and he ain't livin' but death, sometimes, but the Old Thirteen has traditions that has to be kept up."

"Suppose we should happen to kill him," said Henry Dorr, kinder anxious. "What's the hurt to the community?" says Slack's summer boarder, strollin' away.

"Well," says I, "he's sick, and if he should die we'd never know but he'd died anyway, and he'd be no guilt attachin' to us, and if he should be killed along, and a natural part of some of his in, his constitution got weakened and consequently he couldn't resist sickness very well after awhile, and so kicked the bucket, that ain't hardly our fault."

"We argued awhile, and finally Henry Dorr says: 'More to gratify scientific curiosity I'll vote to try it.'"

"Might discover something of benefit to humanity," said George Goss, "experimentin' with that miserable critter."