

AN OVERLAND ROUTE.

FROM PARIS TO NEW YORK BY RAIL.

A Railway Across Siberia, and a Tunnel Under Behring Sea—A Colossal Undertaking.

From New York to Paris by overland route; no change of cars necessary. It sounds absurd, but certain operations are in actual progress which bring such an achievement just within the range of future possibilities. The main factors towards this result are the Siberian Railway and a tunnel under the Behring Strait. The one is in steady progress of construction; the other has only been talked about.

The Timmen-Omsk section of the Siberian Railway, which has just been opened for passenger traffic, formed the first instalment of this colossal work which is to dwarf all the longest continental lines of the world. It is to be 6,700 miles in length, and as yet only 800 miles are in actual use. From Omsk, which is in the extreme west of Siberia, it is to extend in an eastward direction to Crasnoyarsk, a distance of nearly one thousand miles. The embankments and cuts forming this division are already made, and work is already being actively conducted towards completion. From this point the road will follow a more southerly course to Irkutsk, go along the southern shore of Lake Baikal and through the valley of the Seloung River, cross the valleys of the Lena and the Amur to Lake Colan, where excellent coal has been found. Thence it runs eastward to the steamboat station of Szejetinsk, on the Amur River, and follows the course of that stream southward to Khabarovka. There it will turn southward along the right bank of the Ussuri, run to Grefsky, and terminate at Vladivostok, on the Sea of Japan.

From this port operations have been commenced in a northwesterly direction for some two hundred miles, and the road is actually running to Grapska. Thus it will be seen that about one thousand miles, or nearly one-sixth of the entire distance, is virtually accomplished. But innumerable and almost insurmountable difficulties surround the bridging of the gap between these two extremities.

Siberia is a big country. It is twice as large as the whole of the United States. Nine-tenths of its territory has never been explored. The route of the railroad is near the fifty-fifth parallel, that is, as far north as southern Alaska, and consequently the climate is very cold. The difficulty of procuring and transporting men and material is considerable. The iron will come largely from the Ural Mountains, near the western terminus of the road.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered so far is the lack of building stone. In some places it has to be brought more than three hundred miles, and where the rivers do not serve the cost of carriage is enormous. Ballast is also very scarce on the western part of the line. The natives, at best not very numerous, will not go far from home to work; and the climate is such that operations are confined to a period between the middle of May and the end of September. Deducting the numerous Russian holidays and the rainy days, this leaves about one hundred days available for pushing on progress each year.

Rails are shipped from England through the Arctic to the mouth of the Yenisei, a somewhat venturesome undertaking, and from there they are carried up the river by two steamboats, one drawing eight feet of water, and the other six feet of water, and the latter for service on the Angara, which drains Lake Baikal, having a draught of only three feet six inches. These vessels are fitted as for an Arctic expedition.

On the eastern portion of the line the labor of convict exiles is being employed to a considerable extent, and 25,000 of these are said to be now at work upon the railway. The Russian engineers estimate that the cost of the line will vary from \$90,000 to \$67,000 a mile, according to the difficulties to be overcome, but the entire sum cannot be less than \$300,000,000. This enormous expense will be entirely defrayed by the imperial treasury.

It is not supposed that the road will pay for a great number of years, but the czar is fully aware of its strategic value. It will enable him to command the northern boundaries of his political neighbors with a very much smaller military force than is required to-day.

When this railway is completed, and official surmises fix the year 1901 for its opening, a journey about eight thousand miles long can be made from Paris to the Pacific at Vladivostok. It will probably require about three weeks of continuous travel to make it. The Behring Strait is only a few miles wide at its narrowest point, and the possibilities of a tunnel are now being seriously discussed.

Our ocean greyhounds may outdo their records and annihilate time as much as they will, they cannot stamp out sea-sickness. There seems to be a large possibility that the opening of the twentieth century may see timid old ladies to whom time is of no consequence, taking their annual trip to Europe over nearly fifteen thousand miles of ground instead of braving one-fifth that distance at sea.—[New York World.]

A Vegetarian Dog.
Jim Boyes, a San Francisco gentleman, who keeps what is known as the Golden Shore butcher shop, has two vegetable-eating bull dogs, who have managed to live and thrive on potatoes, carrots, turnips, cabbage and other varieties of vegetables, together with a little fruit occasionally by way of dessert. Paddy, the male dog, six years of age, has been living on green goods for about five years, while Nellie, the mate, has eaten the food since her acquaintance with Paddy, which is of about two years' standing. Mr. Boyes recently fed the dogs in the presence of an Examiner reporter. He threw a big early rose potato down the sidewalk, and Paddy reached the prize first, and Nellie, which is in his mouth, bit it in two pieces, and dropped it again. Nellie took the largest piece and ate every fragment. Paddy then took the other half and gulped it down whole. "He don't care much for potatoes, but he will eat them if Nellie does," said Mr. Boyes. "You must not imagine that he broke the potato in two as an act of civility. He probably thought it was a turnip."

BERLIN FIRE APPARATUS.

"Smoke Helms" Enable Firemen to Work Amid the Flames.

In the domain of fire-fighting machinery Germany lays great stress on the perfecting of such appliances as will prevent the loss of life, and in the municipal fire ordinances of Berlin such laws are framed and enforced as will positively prevent extensive conflagrations.

In Chicago, and for that matter in most of the larger cities of the United States, the preventative methods have until recently received but lax attention. But the very best exponents of metropolitan fire extinction proper in Europe is but crude and primitive compared with the prompt, expeditious, and effective measures for extinction in operation in the Chicago Fire Department.

Not that this department lacks a supply of incognito contrivances for the saving of life and chattels, for Chief Swenke has on his hands a small-sized museum filled with apparatus of every description. The dashing, less-conservative spirit of the American fireman would render a drill with most of the articles useless, as in actual emergencies they will bravely forget their own safety.

It is otherwise with the plegmat's German. The Berlin firemen are all soldiers and brave fellows, but the liberality of spirit prevails, and consequently the loss of life among fire victims and themselves.

An excellent device in use in Berlin of late is a fire and smoke proof suit, most resembling a diver's outfit. The material is usually the best grade of asbestos. When adjusted to the body it is hermetically closed, while the head piece is supplied with two panes of mica in order to afford the extinguisher a good survey of the room. Standing in smothering smoke, close to the burning flames, he is breathing as pure an atmosphere as the air at the air-pump on the street below who keep up a supply of fresh air for him through an asbestos hose.

In Berlin, of course, there is no natural gas and the use of gasoline for illuminating purposes is forbidden. It would be criminal to compel firemen here to venture in smoke and flame of any place where these two combustibles are known to be used or stored, thus exposing them to explosions which might occur at any moment.

Since there is less risk for the Berlin fireman to venture into the thickest smoke, the smoke helmet is more in use there and undoubtedly is most perfect in its construction.

A great disadvantage, however, in Berlin is encountered in the hitching up and the start. There is a law in German cities which forbids the stabling of horses near the street fronts. The horses must be kept across the court-yard near the alley. Much valuable time is consumed in rushing across the yard with them and in attaching the harness. Here the horses are as well trained as the men. When the alarm sounds they run of their own accord in front of the engine under the harness, and it takes but a few seconds before they are on a gallop to the scene of the fire.

Too Honest.

Uncle D. P. Oliver, now a prosperous store keeper in a prosperous Iowa village, once practiced law in Ohio. Being met by an old acquaintance, he was asked for the particulars of his giving up the profession.

"Didn't it agree with your health?" "Oh, yes," answered Uncle David. "Didn't it pay?" "Few rate."

"Was it with sufficient favor from the courts?" "All I could ask."

"Then what was it compelled you to quit?" "Well, I'll tell you. I was too honest."

A loud laugh from the bystanders aroused Uncle David into earnestness, and he repeated the strange statement and nailed it to his shop counter with his huge fist. But his cross-questioner went on.

"When did you find this out?" "In my very last case."

"What was that?" "One in which I was retained to prosecute a neighbor for killing a dog."

"And he was acquitted? So you lost the case and gave up your profession discouraged?" "No; he was convicted."

"Then he was guilty?" "No; he was innocent."

"But didn't the evidence prove his guilt?" "Certainly it did."

AN UNCONSCIOUS ACT

Which Saved a Train From an Awful Fate.

I was running an engine on the Nashville and Chattanooga road and we left Chattanooga at 1 o'clock in the morning, a little late, says an old engineer. It was an awful night; the rain fell in torrents, while the wind moaned and whistled through the pines along the road. A good many mountain streams cross that road, and just on the other side of Whiteside is a long trestle over 100 feet high. Not a great distance beyond this dangerous trestle is a smaller one, under which a mountain stream runs. Before we reached this second trestle I became perfectly numb, paralyzed with fear. I reversed the engine and stopped it. It was an unconscious act, and why I did it I will never know. The conductor came running through the rain with his lantern.

"What's the matter, Jim, he asked. "Blamed if I know," I answered. "I couldn't help it, and that's all I know about it."

"Well, pull her wide open," and with a muttered oath he started back. I grasped the lever, and my hand seemed paralyzed. I could not start up.

"Why don't you start?" the conductor called. "I can't; there's danger just ahead."

I could not see ten feet in the darkness and rain, but I knew that there was danger, and I was not going to try again to budge the train.

The conductor was the maddest man I ever saw, but I paid no attention to him, and, taking a lantern, walked ahead. I had not gone fifty yards before I found that the bridge was gone—swept into the Tennessee River by the flood.

I went back and told the conductor, and then we went together to see the extent of the trouble. When he looked at the raging torrent from which we had so narrowly escaped he broke down and cried like a child.

Bravely Done.

The long and trying siege of Acre by the French under Napoleon, at the beginning of this century, was one prolonged battle for almost two months, and acts of heroism were many. In the "Memoirs of Sir Sidney Smith" is the story of one performed by an English sailor. During his turn on the walls he had observed the body of a French general lying in the ditch. The sad spectacle and the uniform man in a deep impression on the seaman, and when the body had lain unburied for twenty-four hours Jack could endure the sight no longer.

Nothing divided the hostile entrepreneurs but the ditch wherein lay the body of the unburied Frenchman, and so close together were the besieged and the besiegers that a whisper could be heard from either side. Above the embankments was a line of marching bayonets, and if a hat or a head appeared over the wall it was greeted with a volley of bullets.

Our brave sailor, Jack Bowman, who had provided himself with a spade and pickax, suddenly broke the silence by shouting:

"Mounseers, ahoy! vast heaving there a bit, will ye? and bring over all with your poppers for a jell!"

With that he raised his head over the line. Two hundred muskets were at once pointed at him, but seeing his implements of digging and his peaceful manner, the French forbore to fire, although his demand for a parley had not been understood.

Jack scrambled over the entrenchment into the ditch, while the muzzles of the enemy's muskets followed his every motion. He took the measure of the dead general, dug a grave, reverently placed the body in it, shovelled back the earth and levelled and mended all smoothly.

Then he made a bow to the French for their consideration in refraining from shooting him, and returned to his own entrenchment followed by the cheers of both parties. He did not appear to think he had done anything remarkable, but observed simply, "I'll sleep better now that poor Frenchman's under."

A few days later a French officer came on board the Tigre to attend to certain matters of negotiation, and expressed a wish to meet the hero of the burial. He praised Jack highly for his heroism, and offered him a present in money. At first the sailor did not like to accept the gift, but at length he satisfied his scruples by telling the Frenchman he should be happy to do the same thing for him that he had done for the General—for nothing.

The Newspaper Proprietor.

The proprietor's main business does not much concern you, for it is the drawing of profits. These are very big in most cases, and it is not well to let your fancy dwell on them. As however, this is not quite sufficient to employ all the energies of an able-bodied man, the proprietor has generally a good deal of time to devote to interfering with the editor. He usually does this very successfully, and it is not for us to grudge him this amusement.

It is generally understood that there is not much fun in paying people if you cannot make it clear to them that they are your inferiors. Editors are often quite well educated men, and these, of course, make the sport much more fascinating for the proprietor and the rest of the staff. He is not, however, brought, as a rule, in close contact with the leader writer; you will find if it interests you to do so that he generally grumbles at your work or praises it accordingly as the editor is pleased with it. This, we need hardly say, has no connection at all with the value of your writing or with his real estimate of it; it is part of the game.

Sometimes he may deign to converse with you. In that case you had better treat him with cold civility, and teach him his right place; once he will think much better of you for doing so. However, if he has occasion to suspect in you a tendency to be late, that is a very different matter. With the extra sense which all good men of business have, he rapidly perceives that you may be a tually occasion him the loss of a few pennies some day, and that, of course, is serious. You are a marked man, and the next time the printer grumbles much more than usual, you depart.—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Idea.
Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Dufferin, once displeased his lady, who, remonstrating with him, exclaimed:

"Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!"

"Sir," said his son, in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"

A POLITICIAN is polite to the people for the same reason that people are good to a turkey just before Christmas.

How to Mend Porcelain.

To clean porcelain the best plan is to use soft soap with an old toothbrush. Should they be very dirty a little vitriol and water may be used, but not on those decorated over the glaze. The edges of a piece that has been broken and badly mended require greater care in cleaning, for if not thoroughly cleaned they cannot be made to properly adhere to one another. In this sort of work it is well to proceed in order with a first washing in soap and water and then one in vitriol and water, lastly a washing with alcohol. Whatever dirt, glue, grease, etc., may still remain must be removed by careful scratching with a penknife, says the Art Amateur.

To repair a piece of pottery or porcelain after it has been well cleaned is often a delicate task. When all the fragments have been saved and when the piece is of small size it is possible to succeed by simply sticking them together with a little silicate of potash alone or mixed with powdered plaster paris. The silicate can be had at any drugist's. But sometimes a piece is missing, and its place has to be filled with plaster of paris. Again, the silicate takes at least twelve hours to get hard, and meanwhile it is often necessary that the piece be supported in order that it may not become detached. It is sometimes, in the case of a very valuable specimen, better to replace a fragment that has been lost or that has been broken in pieces too small to be reset with an artistic mounting in metal.

What a Frenchman Believes.
The Frenchmen's belief in their superiority to the rest of the world in every branch of human activity almost amounts to a dogma. With the average Frenchman it is an article of faith that if France were blotted out, not merely the safety of nations, but civilization itself, would be imperiled. Every art and every science is supposed to take its fountainhead in France.

Countless Frenchmen, for example, and M. Thiers among the number, have believed that the discovery of the law of gravitation is due not to Newton, but to Pascal, and a French author of a treatise on the history of chemical theory begins it by declaring that chemistry is a French science and was founded by Lavoisier of immortal memory. Even M. Casimir-Frrier, in his message to the Chambers, could not refrain from declaring that France was "the center of intellectual light."

It would be a harmless trait of character if it was confined to the pursuits of peace and did not extend to an insatiable thirst for military glory.

M. Guizot, who knew his countrymen well, once said that there was no folly for which they were not ready, provided only that it was a military folly, and that it was almost impossible for a French statesman to pursue a policy of peace and not to be accused of unpatriotic motives. Here lies the danger of the present situation.—Macmillan's Magazine.

The Hat Gave Him Away.

Last year I was in the Midland Railway Station, London, and was wearing a peculiarly-shaped hat, which had taken my fancy a few days before, and which I had bought from a small store on a by-street, in spite of the evident objection of the seller. Putting my hand in my side coat pocket, as usual, I was surprised to find two pocket-books and some loose Bank of England notes. Picking them out and looking at them, I was astonished to see that they were evidently the result of promiscuous robbery, and hunting up one of the handsomely uniformed officials I turned the booty over to him and asked his advice. He told me he had been watching me for some time, because my hat was of a very suspicious shape and he was under the impression I was acting as a fence for stolen goods. It was evident that the light-fingered tribe had been equally misled and that they had dropped their treasure-trove in my pocket, thinking I was one of them. I was not particularly complimented by the discovery, but turned the money over to the police authorities, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the pocket-books were returned to their owners, although the ownership of the currency could never be ascertained.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Bill-Distributing as a Fine Art.

"No art in giving away handbills in the streets! Ain't there? I know better; and if you had been at the game as long as I have you would agree with me," declared a ragged, down-at-heel advertisement distributor recently, in tones of indignant dissent.

"You try it and see if, provided you simply shove the bill at them, four out of every six don't elbow past you without accepting it, but if, with a half bow and a graceful movement of the forearm you tender the paper, you'll plant it right enough in most cases."

"To a man as takes a pleasure in his business—no matter how humble it may be—it's very disheartening to see how most folks chuck 'em away as soon as they've glanced at them, and personally nothing makes me more disgusted than walking about seeing on all sides the bills as they've crumpled up and wasted."

"You're right, but some of the sandwich men, had by my usual pay; but the job ain't such a hard one, because the police don't mind your being on the pavement now and again, whereas, if you have got the boards on, they take good care as you stop in the gutter."

The Idea.

Thomas Sheridan, the father of Lady Dufferin, once displeased his lady, who, remonstrating with him, exclaimed:

"Why, Tom, my father would never have permitted me to do such a thing!"

"Sir," said his son, in a tone of the greatest indignation, "do you presume to compare your father to my father?"

A POLITICIAN is polite to the people for the same reason that people are good to a turkey just before Christmas.

Illinois School of Agriculture AND MANUAL TRAINING FOR BOYS.

GLENWOOD, ILLINOIS.

OSCAR L. DUDLEY, Secretary and General Manager, OFFICE, ROOMS 27 AND 28, 136 ADAMS STREET, CHICAGO.

President..... J. T. Chumstead | Chairman Executive Com..... Andrew Crawford
Vice President..... E. B. Butler | Chairman Building Com..... F. H. Follansbee
Treasurer..... F. T. Haskell | Attorney..... William R. Paul
Superintendent..... Mrs. Ursula L. Harrison.

Telephone 2243. — Send for Catalogue. — Telephone 2249

THE RITCHIE CARPET CO.,

347 E. Division St., Opp. Market St., Chicago.

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves and Bedding

SOLD ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS

At the Lowest Cash Prices.

D. ACKERMAN & SON,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Hard and Soft Coal

Cor. 39th Street and Ward Avenue.

Metropolitan Theater.

HYMAN RUBENSTEIN, Proprietor.

493-501 South Jefferson-st.,

(NEAR TWELFTH-ST.), CHICAGO.

JOHN F. ALLES PLUMBING CO.

233 and 235 Lincoln Avenue.

Sanitary Plumbing, Gas Fitting and Sewerage. Manufacturers of Gas, Electric and Combination Fixtures.

"JEWEL" GAS STOVES AND RANGES.

Charles J. Byrne. Timothy F. Byrne.

BYRNE BROTHERS,

Coal and Wood

532 WEST TWELFTH STREET.

Best Quality. Lowest Market Price. Prompt Delivery.

Goodrich Line.

PLEASANT, HEALTHFUL TOURS

On the Magnificent New Steamships of the Goodrich Transportation Company, Running to All the Principal Ports and Summer Resorts on Lake Michigan and Green Bay.

Parties laying out their plans for a summer outing will do well to look over our list of routes and rates. No more desirable trip can be taken than that on the Green Bay Route. A thousand-mile ride along the beautiful coasts of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan and Green Bay. Fare for the trip only \$10, meals and berth included.

Pleasant tours to the celebrated Magnetic Mineral Springs at Grand Haven and Spring Lake, costing only \$5 for the round trip, berth included. The splendid new fast steamships "ATLANTA" and "CITY OF RAGINE" on this route.

Our magnificent new twin-screw steel steamship "VIRGINIA" will take her place on the day run between Chicago and Milwaukee, leaving Chicago daily at 9 a. m. We take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to this magnificent steamship as being the finest passenger steamship carrying the American flag anywhere. Fare on the day trip only \$11, Chicago to Milwaukee. The new steamship "INDIANA" is the night boat for Milwaukee. Rate on night trip \$5, berth included.

The "VIRGINIA" makes the round trip to Milwaukee every Sunday, leaving Chicago at 9 a. m. Returning, leaves Milwaukee at 5 p. m., and arrives back in Chicago at 8:30 p. m. Fare for this trip only \$11.

SAILINGS—LEAVE CHICAGO AS FOLLOWS:

Three times daily for Milwaukee, at..... 9 a. m., 1 p. m. and 5 p. m.
Daily for Ludington and Manistowic at..... 9 a. m. Saturday boats leave at 6 p. m.
Every day for Racine, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Manitowic, Keweenaw, Ahapee, Sturgeon Bay, Menominee, etc., at..... 7:30 p. m.

Every day for Grand Haven, Muskegon, Grand Rapids, at..... 7:30 p. m.
Daily for Petoskey, Traverse City and Mackinac Island, via Grand Haven..... 7:30 p. m.
For Green Bay, Keweenaw, Manitowic and other ports, Wednesday and Saturday 6:30 p. m.
*Sunday excepted. For further information regarding routes and rates of fare, call on our address (Office and Docks) 601 Michigan avenue, Chicago.

J. W. GILMAN, Supt. JOHN SINGLETON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

