

THE FIRST CAT.

The Ark on the dark, multitudinous waters was tossed, the rain in a cataract poured.

A SPIRITED HOAX

THE old colonel was sitting with his legs spread out in front of the fire, and with carpet slippers on his feet was the picture of solid comfort.

"Howdy, son," he said, "I was just thinking of the time in the later '60s when I was a member of a club that had been organized here shortly before and known as 'The Knockers'."

"We had a great deal of fun out of our club and had many peculiar experiences. An old fellow named Brown worked here at a saddler's shop then and he believed that spirits could be prevailed on to come back to earth, and cited experiences of his in Cincinnati, New York, St. Louis and other cities."

"We rented a room at the hotel, and that night we held our first meeting. The old fellow called us to order and had us sing a little, and then ranged us around the table with the little fingers of each hand barely touching. Then the room was darkened and the fun was ready to begin. For a long half hour we sat there and nothing 'THANK YOU, WAS DOING, THEN, KIND SPIRIT,' was doing. Then, one of the boys lifted up his voice and asked Mr. Brown by what sign would the spirit manifest itself if by chance one did happen to come in to get a look at us. The old man answered that the spirit would give a loud rap on the table to signify that it was with us. Then, if we desired to ask questions, it would answer yes or no by means of raps. One rap signified 'no' and two raps said 'yes.' Well, it was not very long till a rap was heard. Mr. Brown said: 'Thank you, kind spirit, and every fellow followed suit. Then an interesting conversation took place. Old man Brown asked many questions as to

who the spirit was, and these were immediately answered by raps. Every time we heard a rap every fellow said: 'Thank you, kind spirit.'

"We kept this up for some time, and when at last we got ready to stop we were admonished by Brown to say nothing of the occurrences, which we all solemnly agreed to. You see, it is very easy to make the raps on the table, if you fix your fingers in the right position."

"We continued these meetings for several nights, and each time we would have surprising results. Spirits came to us galore, and we had the time of our lives. Finally Kennedy, one of the fellows, said he was going to have a picture of that ghost, or bust. We attempted to dissuade him, but old Brown just laughed and said to let him go on."

"One of the boys had a gutta serena skeleton that he had secured somewhere, and one day he took the skeleton up to the circle room, tied it in an upright position, and took a photo of it. That night, when the circle met, Kennedy told his camera up to the room, and when the raps began coming in he leveled his picture machine at the darkness under the table, and let 'er go. Next day Kennedy developed a really good likeness of the old skeleton. The whole gang of us then went running down to see Mr. Brown and show him the picture. The old fellow was overcome, and told us he recognized the skeleton as that of a very dear friend of his who had mysteriously disappeared some years before. Then somebody suggested that we hold another circle immediately to see if the spirit would tell us something of himself. That night we met. But we previously bored a hole through the wall and put a piece of garden hose through. At each end of the hose we placed a funnel, and at the end of it in another room we stationed one of our men. We had a little grudge against the newspaper correspondent of the town, and we told him that we were having an interesting time at our spiritualistic meetings and invited him to join that night. He grabbed at the chance and was badly excited when we got to the room. That day one of the boys had borrowed a skeleton from a doctor and carried it to an old straw stack about a mile from town and buried it in an old pine box."

"We held the circle and soon got the spirit on the line. After our usual questions in a rather loud voice, and which were easily overheard by our man in the next room, he immediately answered through the garden hose telephone and his voice sounded so unearthly that it made little skulls run up and down our backs. The spirit told us he had been murdered years before, and his body buried in the old straw stack. It said it recognized old man Brown as a former very dear friend, but knew none of the others. Well, sir, old Brown was just hopping. He wanted to hike out right away for the old straw stack, and the newspaper correspondent was just as bad. We got a lot of lanterns and started. We took the worst road we could find, and by the time we got there all were pretty muddy. Then we found that we had left town without a spade to dig with. The correspondent walked that long muddy mile back to town for the spade, and he certainly made record time. When he at last reappeared we voted to let him do the digging. He dug over the whole territory before he at last located the skeleton. Dragging it out, he looked at the innocent old thing and says: 'Boys, I've got a heat. Don't say a word.' We shouldered that old skeleton and waded back to town. It was placed in the window of an undertaker's shop, and people came from all over the country to see the remains of the victim of a horrible murder. The papers from one end of the country to the other were full of it."

"We let it run along about a week, and then let up. I was sending out a little stuff to newspapers once in awhile myself, and I wrote up the hoax. And all the papers printed that. None of the papers reached here then except what I received, and I kept them hidden so old man Brown would not see them. We were wondering how to put him on, when one of the boys saw him coming up the street. Grasping that little gutta-serena skeleton, he walked down the street swinging it between his fingers. The old man saw it and turned white. He came up to where we were, and I handed him a paper with the whole thing in it. He read the article through, and then turned around and looked at each of us individually and collectively. He walked away, and never spoke to one of us again."

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"Where is he now? Down in the Lexington asylum, where he ought to have been a long time before."—Kansas City Star.

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PECK'S BAD BOY

The Bad Boy and the Groceryman Illustrate the Russo-Japanese War by Exploding the Grocery—Dad's Experiment at Raising Hair on His Bald Head.

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK. Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, formerly publisher of "Peck's Sun," author of "Peck's Bad Boy," etc. Copyright, 1903, by Joseph B. Bowle.

The old groceryman had a war map spread out on the counter, and for an hour he had stood up in front of it, reading a morning paper, with his thumb on Port Arthur, his fingers covering the positions occupied by the Jap and Russian forces in Manchuria. There was a crash in front of the grocery and the old man jumped behind a barrel, thinking Port Arthur had been blown up, and the Russian fleet torpedoed.

"Hello, Maimusa, you young monkey," said the old man, as the bad boy burst the door open and rushed in with a shovel at shoulder arms, and came to "present arms" in front of the bar man, who came from behind the barrel and acknowledged the salute.

"Say, now, honest, did you put that clunk of ice in the stove the day you skipped out last?"

"Sure Mike!" said the boy, as he ran the shovel under the cat that was sleeping by the stove, and tossed her into a barrel of dried apples. What are you doing with the map of the seat of war?"

"Oh, I was only trying to figure out the plan of campaign, and find out where the Japanese would go to when they are licked," said the old man, "this thing is worrying me. I want to see Russia win, and I think our government ought to send them all the embalmed beef we had left from the war with Spain, but if we did you monkey Japanese would capture it, and have a military funeral over it, and go on eating fish and rice. When this country was in trouble, in 1864, the Russians sent a fleet of warships to New York and notified all Europe to stand back and look pleasant, and by the great horn spoons, I am going to stand by Russia or bust. I would like to be over there at Port Arthur and witness an explosion of a torpedo under something. Egad, but I glory in the smell of gunpowder. Now, say, here is Port Arthur, by this barrel of dried apples, and there is Moshapata, by the ax handle barrel, see?"

"Well, you and I are just alike," said the boy. "Let's have a sham battle, right here in the grocery. Get down that can of powder."

"Taint against the law, is it?" said the old man as he handed down a tin canister of powder. "I want excitement, and valuable information, but I don't want to unduly excite the neighbors."

"Oh, don't worry about the neighbors," said the boy, as he poured a little powder under the barrel of dried apples. "Now, as you say, this is Port Arthur. This chest of Colons tea represents a Japanese cruiser outside the harbor. This box of codfish represents a Russian fort, and the stove represents a Russian cruiser. This barrel of ax handles is the Russian army, entrenched behind the bag of coffee. Now, we put a little powder under all of them, and lay a train from one to the other, and now you get out a few of those giant firecrackers you had left over from last Fourth of July, and a

fold he wanted to go fishing, and get fished up, so we hired a boat and I rowed while dad fished. I ast him why he didn't try that new prescription to raise hair on his bald head that I read of in a magazine, to go bareheaded in the sun. He ast me if any body ever raised any hair on a bald head that way, and I told him about Mr. Rockefeller, who had only one hair on his head, and he played golf bareheaded and in two weeks had to have his hair cut with a lawn mower, 'cause it made his brain ache. 'Dad said if Rockefeller could raise hair by the sunshine method he could, and he threw his straw hat overboard, and began to fish in the sun for fish and hair. Well, you'd a dide to see dad's head after the blisters began to raise. First, he thought the blisters was hair, but when we got back to the hotel and he looked in a glass, he see it wasn't hair worth a cent. His head and face looked like one of these hippopotamus, and dad was mad. If I could have got dad in a side show I could have made a barrel of money, but he won't never make a show of himself, not even to make money, he is so proud. There is more proud flesh on dad than there is on any man I ever nussed. Well, dad ast me what was good for blisters, and I told him lime juice was the best thing, so he sent me to get some limes. They are a little sour thing, like a lemon, and I told him to cut one in two and soak the juice on his head and face, and I went to supper, 'cause dad looked so disreputable he wouldn't go to the dining room. When I bought the limes the man gave me a green persimmon, and of course dad got the persimmon instead of the lime, and when I came back to our room after supper dad was in bed, yelling for a doctor. Say, you know how a persimmon puckers your mouth up when you eat it? Well, dad had just sopped himself with persimmon juice, and his head was puckered up like the hide of an elephant, and his face and cheeks were drawn around sideways, and wrinkled so I was scared. I gave him a mirror to look at himself, and when he got one look he said: 'Hennery, it is all over with your dad, you might just as well call in a lawyer to take my measure for a will, and an undertaker to fill me with stuff so I will keep till they get me home by express with handles on. What was that you called that fruit I sopped my head with?' and he groaned like he was at a revival. Well, I told him he had used the persimmon instead of the lime juice I told him to, and that I would cure him, so I got a cake of deo soap and lathered dad, and put on stuff to take the swelling out, and the next day he began to notice things."

When the fireworks went off in the grocery.

Roman candle, and we can illustrate the whole business so Alexovitch and I would take to the woods."

The boy lit the Roman candle, got behind a barrel of potatoes and turned the sputtering Roman candle on the giant firecracker under the stove, and when he saw the fuse of the firecracker was lighted, he turned the torch on the powder under the barrel of dried apples, and in a second everything went kiting; the barrel of dried apples with the cat in it went up to the ceiling, the stove was blown over the counter, the cheese box and the old groceryman went with a crash into the back end of the store, the front windows blew out on the sidewalk, the store was full of smoke, the old man rushed out the back door with his whiskers cinged and yelled "Fire!" while the bad boy fell out the front door with his eye winkers gone, and his hair singed, the cat got out with no hair to brag of, and before they could breathe twice the fire department

ELECTRIC TRUNK LINES.

It Has Been Shown That Electric Locomotives Are Capable of Heavy Work.

The big electrical locomotives under construction for the New York Central railway promise to equal steam locomotives as serviceable motors for suburban trains. One of them, reports the Baltimore Sun, was tested recently near Schenectady on a track equipped with the third rail and attained a speed of 55 miles an hour. The motor responded promptly to the current, increasing the speed of the train by five miles in every 30 seconds. There is every indication of success for the effort of the New York Central to get rid of the smoke and dangerous gases that make steam locomotives unsuitable for use on underground lines and in the congested terminals. The intention is to continue the use of steam on the Central's lines, substituting electricity with the third rail, only on the portion of its lines in and near the city of New York. There is objection made to the use of the third rail as a source of danger, but practical engineers think the danger is exaggerated. The advantage of freedom from smoke and gas in a subway to be obtained by the use of electricity was long ago demonstrated by the Baltimore & Ohio railway on its belt line in this city. In this, as in so many other cases, the Baltimore & Ohio has been a pioneer in applying and demonstrating the value of progressive ideas. It has been shown beyond question that the electric locomotive is capable of handling the heaviest freight trains. The chief obstacle to the exclusive use of electricity on trunk lines, apart from the question of economy, is not inability to develop power enough, but the practical difficulty of handling trains of different kinds with varying loads under the varying conditions that prevail on main lines at crossings and at terminals.

"Come in, Alexandrovski, and rub some of this sweet oil on your countenance, and put some kerosene on your head, where the hair was. Get but you are a sight. Don't you go out anywhere and let a horse see you, or he will run away."

"Have all the forts and war ships come down yet?" said the old man, looking up toward the ceiling, holding up his elbow to ward off any possible descending barrel or stove lid. "I now realize the truth of Gen. Sherman's remark that war is hell. Gosh! how it smarts where the skin is burnt off. Give me some of that salad oil," and the old man sopped the oil on his face and head, and the boy rubbed his lips and ears, and they looked at each other, and tried to smile too cracked, and wrinkled and scorched smiles, across the counter at each other. "Now, you little Japanese monkey, I hope you are satisfied, after you have wrecked my store, and fitted me for the hospital, and I want you to get out of here, and never come back."

"Say, you are unreasonable. Do you think I will go off and leave you to die here under the counter of blood-poisoning, like a dog that has eaten a loaded sausage? Never! I am going to nurse you through this thing, and bring you out as good as new. I know how you feel towards me. Dad felt the same way towards me, down in Florida, the time he got skunk. You old people don't seem to appreciate a boy that tries to teach you useful things."

"What about your dad getting skunk in Florida? I never heard about it," said the old groceryman, as he took a hand mirror and looked at his burned face.

"Why, that was when we first got down there," said the boy, looking at the old man and laughing. "Gee! but you would make a boy laugh if his lips were chapped. You look like a greased pig at a barbecue. Well, when we struck Florida, and dad got so, he could assimilate high balls, and eat oranges off the trees, like a giraf, he

fold he wanted to go fishing, and get fished up, so we hired a boat and I rowed while dad fished. I ast him why he didn't try that new prescription to raise hair on his bald head that I read of in a magazine, to go bareheaded in the sun. He ast me if any body ever raised any hair on a bald head that way, and I told him about Mr. Rockefeller, who had only one hair on his head, and he played golf bareheaded and in two weeks had to have his hair cut with a lawn mower, 'cause it made his brain ache. 'Dad said if Rockefeller could raise hair by the sunshine method he could, and he threw his straw hat overboard, and began to fish in the sun for fish and hair. Well, you'd a dide to see dad's head after the blisters began to raise. First, he thought the blisters was hair, but when we got back to the hotel and he looked in a glass, he see it wasn't hair worth a cent. His head and face looked like one of these hippopotamus, and dad was mad. If I could have got dad in a side show I could have made a barrel of money, but he won't never make a show of himself, not even to make money, he is so proud. There is more proud flesh on dad than there is on any man I ever nussed. Well, dad ast me what was good for blisters, and I told him lime juice was the best thing, so he sent me to get some limes. They are a little sour thing, like a lemon, and I told him to cut one in two and soak the juice on his head and face, and I went to supper, 'cause dad looked so disreputable he wouldn't go to the dining room. When I bought the limes the man gave me a green persimmon, and of course dad got the persimmon instead of the lime, and when I came back to our room after supper dad was in bed, yelling for a doctor. Say, you know how a persimmon puckers your mouth up when you eat it? Well, dad had just sopped himself with persimmon juice, and his head was puckered up like the hide of an elephant, and his face and cheeks were drawn around sideways, and wrinkled so I was scared. I gave him a mirror to look at himself, and when he got one look he said: 'Hennery, it is all over with your dad, you might just as well call in a lawyer to take my measure for a will, and an undertaker to fill me with stuff so I will keep till they get me home by express with handles on. What was that you called that fruit I sopped my head with?' and he groaned like he was at a revival. Well, I told him he had used the persimmon instead of the lime juice I told him to, and that I would cure him, so I got a cake of deo soap and lathered dad, and put on stuff to take the swelling out, and the next day he began to notice things."

HER FIRST RAILROAD RIDE. Old Lady Follows Instructions of Mischievous Boy and Makes Trouble.

An old lady from Beaver county lately took her first railroad trip, relates the Kansas City Journal. She noticed the bell cord overhead and, turning to a boy, she said: "Sonny, what's that for?" "That, marm," he said, "is a mischievous twinkie in his eye, 'is to ring the bell when you want something to eat." Shortly afterward the old lady reached her marmalade up to the cord and gave it a vigorous pull. The whistle sounded, the brakes were pulled on the train began to slacken its speed, windows were thrown up, questions asked, and confusion reigned among the passengers. The old lady sat calmly through it all, little dreaming that she was the cause of the excitement. Presently the conductor came running through the train and asked: "Who pulled the bell?" "I did," replied the old lady, meekly. "What do you want?" asked the conductor, impatiently. "Well," said the old lady, meditatively, "you may bring me some ham sandwiches and a cup of tea, if you will."

"Dare-Devil Train." One of the big railroad companies in the west is testing its tracks by sending a "dare devil" train over its lines. This train is run by a crew which has instructions to "turn" the wheels as fast as steam and power will permit. The idea being to find any weak spots that may exist. This may be an effective way of discovering defects, but what is likely to happen to the train and crew in a smash-up?

Demand for Machines. Because of the enlistment of large numbers of Japanese workmen in the armies operating in Manchuria many women are forced to sustain themselves by means of industrial work in their homes. This has created a large demand for the lighter kind of machines which produce salable commodities and can be manipulated by women. Sewing machines, knitting machines and hand looms are reported to be in great demand.

Trolley Invasion. Another invasion of the steam road's business has been made by one of the interurban trolley lines of the middle west in effecting arrangements for an interchange of freight. The innovation was brought about by the Illinois Central and the Aurora, Elgin & Chicago Electric line.

AN OLD-TIME RAILROAD.

The Old Portage Road in Pennsylvania and Its Picturesque Equipment.

For some time prior to 1870 travel across Pennsylvania had been in canoes and in river barges propelled by horses or along the shores of rivers by poles and foot and by intervening portages on Indian trails, connecting points on the different rivers. The Philadelphia-Pittsburg national pike was built upon such a substantial basis that wherever undisturbed one finds the gracefully modeled arches of solid masonry almost intact, after more than a century has passed. The completion of the Old Portage railroad by the state of Pennsylvania in 1874 put an end to the "time-honored 'gnash and snarl'" with many picturesque and comical incidents and taverns along the line of this road macadamized toll road, which with its substantial construction was, in point of endurance, second only to the Roman military roads of Great Britain, says the Chicago Daily News.

This Old Portage road was constructed from material brought from England. The British government sent over experienced engineers to instruct the Americans in the running of the stationary steam engines used upon the inclined planes of the road in the Allegheny mountains. The railroad's highest point was about 2,700 feet above sea level; being only 200 feet lower than the neighboring hills, which is the highest point of the Allegheny mountains in Pennsylvania. The road consisted of ten planes, five of which were on either side of the mountain and intervening levels. In 1835 the canal boats were so constructed that they could be taken in sections and hauled over the mountains on flat cars, without disturbing their cargoes. The rails were secured to stone sleepers 20 inches square, which were sunk in the ground.

On the Old Portage road the best time for the 40 miles between Hollidaysburg and Johnstown is 12 hours. Express trains on the Pennsylvania railroad now run a closely parallel distance over the Allegheny mountains in a trifle over one hour. The passenger traffic on the road in those days was usually limited to one car each way a day, with a capacity of 30 passengers.

In 1851 the Pennsylvania Railroad company bought the Portage road from the state of Pennsylvania. Common rumor says that at this time the state legislature was "greased" and that not a cent of the \$47,000,000 which was to have been paid for the road was ever received into the treasury of Pennsylvania.

HIRE THE PRIVATE CAR. Easier and Quite as Satisfactory for Man of Means as to Be the Owner.

As a rule, the very rich men do not find it expedient to own their cars, unless they happen to be railway presidents. It is easier, and quite as satisfactory, to hire them, inasmuch as such vehicles, luxurious enough to satisfy the most exacting taste, may always be rented at a very reasonable price, they do the Saturday Evening Post. Fifty dollars a day is all that the millionaire will have to pay for a small palace on wheels, with an "observation room" in front, a couple of beautifully furnished drawing-rooms, a dining-room, berths for 17 persons (convertible into comfortable sofas in the daytime), a bathroom and a kitchen, with china closet, pantry and cold-storage closet.

In addition to the \$50 a day, the millionaire pays the price of 15 fares for the distances he travels—which is very reasonable, considering the fact that nothing is charged for heating and lights, that all tableware and linen are furnished, and that the company provides three trained servants without cost to the lessee of the house on wheels. The porter, waiter and cook are under his orders, and the last-named servant, being provided with a schedule of the journey contemplated, telegraphs ahead to the places where the car will stop for supplies of fresh fruits, vegetables and other provisions. Of course, the millionaire liquidates the food bills, but he is not bothered with any of the little details, and ends the bouquet of flowers which he finds on his table every morning is produced by means agreeably mysterious. When he chooses to pause for any length of time on the trip the car is sidetracked and continues to be available as headquarters, so that he and his family are not obliged to go to a hotel. It is the most convenient arrangement imaginable, and, if the jaunt happens to be for sporting purposes, a whole pack of dogs may be taken along, the vehicle appropriately selected for the object in view, being equipped with kennels, racks for guns and fishing tackle.

Best Position for Sleep. According to Dr. Fischer, of Berlin, the most effective position for sleep for obtaining intellectual rest is to keep the head low and the feet slightly elevated. Failing this the body should, at any rate, be horizontal, so as to relieve the brain well. The habit of sleeping with head low and feet high, is, according to the doctor, a remedy for brain troubles and some internal maladies. It can be adopted gradually.

Demand for Machines. Because of the enlistment of large numbers of Japanese workmen in the armies operating in Manchuria many women are forced to sustain themselves by means of industrial work in their homes. This has created a large demand for the lighter kind of machines which produce salable commodities and can be manipulated by women. Sewing machines, knitting machines and hand looms are reported to be in great demand.

Trolley Invasion. Another invasion of the steam road's business has been made by one of the interurban trolley lines of the middle west in effecting arrangements for an interchange of freight. The innovation was brought about by the Illinois Central and the Aurora, Elgin & Chicago Electric line.

Queer Decision. In a lawsuit in Aberdeen, Wash., over a horse, the death of which in a flood the owner attributed to the carelessness of a man who had hired it, the court decided that the animal, which had suffered from melancholia for some time, committed suicide.

NOTES FOR THE SICKROOM.

The Invalid Has Need That Those in Charge Look After Smallest Details Conducive to Health.

Keep all medicine bottles out of the room, or at least where the invalid cannot see them. Tea and coffee, where a patient is allowed to have them, should always be taken immediately after they are made. Food for the sick should be of the best quality, neatly and delicately prepared. Every meal should be a surprise, and it is a good plan to leave the patient alone while eating, and never bring him more than he will probably want.

Of course, every one knows that plenty of ventilation is necessary, though there should be no draughts of air directly blowing on the patient. Each individual disease should have a peculiar diet of its own. It is well not to heap much bedclothing over an invalid. Down comforters are desirable, because they are so light, and at the same time so warm. There are not many things more annoying than to lie under the weight of heavy blankets and comforters. It is a good plan to wrap an old baby blanket or shawl around the feet to keep them warm. Another small blanket to lay against the back will be appreciated.

No food or drinks should be allowed to remain in the sickroom. They should be kept in an adjoining room or on the outside of a window, carefully covered, and where they may be kept perfectly cool.

Where one is just recovering from a long illness or is a chronic invalid, it is often a good plan, if permissible, to move him from one bedroom to another, a week perhaps in one and then a week in another. This will give variety for an invalid tired of seeing the same furnishings and bric-a-brac in the same place day after day and week after week. It has been suggested that an invalid or a patient who is convalescing and can be moved, might sleep in one bedroom and spend the daytime in another.

Never tell horrifying stories or anything unpleasant to an invalid. This would seem like an unnecessary injunction, but it is a common thing done by many well-meaning, thoughtless people. Talk to the patient only about agreeable, cheerful or uplifting topics.—Boston Herald.

QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE. First Duty of Parent to Child Is to Teach It Obedience to Law and Order.

The writer has read with great personal interest every line on the description of children by the different members of this column and everything else she could find. She has earnestly and prayerfully, to the best of her ability, for 12 years brought her children up under the law of love. Personal convenience and perhaps the anticipated pleasure of a week have been cheerfully given up if a child could be brought to do the right thing because it was right, but the law of love has not produced the result so earnestly sought for.

Brought up in a family of eight children, evenly divided as to sex, where father and mother believed that a child, boy or girl, who was willfully disobedient or knowingly impertinent deserved corporal punishment, she has seen those children all turn out well both temporally and spiritually. The other brothers and sisters who are now bringing up their children in the same way are apparently getting the same result; but the one who thought that by love and kindness, with time and patience to do better, has come very near failure.

It is not too late now to change the treatment, but she hesitates. L. Am.

THE SPICE OF VARIETY. There Comes a Time in All Households When the Housewife Grows Weary of Unchanged Surroundings.

When things get monotonous in the house, try changing them around. Put the furniture in different positions, change the bric-a-brac from one room to another, or, better still, give some of the ornaments a rest from duty and have on view just enough to lend a note of distinctive simplicity. If not in the habit of using flowers for everyday decoration of the dining table, try the effect of a few bright blossoms and feathery ferns. Then vary the menu and send the ordinary dishes to the table in a more attractive form than usual. Have bread and butter sandwiches instead of plain bread for dinner and try some of the varieties of breakfast biscuits instead of rolls and muffins for the first meal of the day. Serve croissants in the soup, utilizing stale bread for this purpose, and serve the pudding or jellies for dessert in individual molds instead of portions from one large dish, and try new combinations in desserts. This apparent touch of novelty is effective oftentimes in stimulating a jaded appetite or silencing the oft heard criticism of "same old thing" not unusual in the average household.

Baked White Fish. Clean fish, bone, sprinkle with half teaspoonful salt inside, stuff and sew. Shape with skewers. Place on greased fish sheet in dripping pan. Sprinkle with half-teaspoonful salt and dash of pepper and brush over with melted butter; dredge with flour. For dressing use cup cracker crumbs, one-quarter teaspoonful salt, one-eighth spoon pepper. Serve with olive sauce made of two tablespoons butter, three tablespoons flour, one and one-half cups water, one tablespoon lemon juice, a dash of salt and pepper, few drops kitchen bouquet, ten olives, diced or grated. Melt butter, add flour and seasoning and lemon juice, then water. Stir until thickened and add olives.

Pretty Floor Coverings. Denim is popular material for floor coverings. It comes either plain or figured, the latter being in the form of plaids and squares. The plaid designs are very smart, especially in the greens, blues and reds. Grandma's Rye Pancakes. A cup of sweet milk, two tablespoons molasses, one-half teaspoon of soda, one-half teaspoon of salt. Mix with rye flour as thick as you would for cake and break in one egg and beat well for a few minutes.

THE "BONEYARD EDITOR."

Staff Attache Who Stores Away Current Matter of Value for Future Use.

What the exchange editor is to the printer, the man in charge of the obituary department is to the editorial department, says Pearson's Magazine. His duty is practically to maintain an up-to-date library of clippings taken from the publications of the wide world and to maintain these clippings so that any subject may be looked up without a minute's loss. All the famous happenings of the world, everything concerning noted persons, in fact, every single subject of any sort of interest is kept on file in this department.