
RAILROAD TIME CARDS

MPLE, RED LAKE & MAN.
1 North Bound Leaves..... 1:30 pm
2 South Bound Arrives..... 9:45 am
SOO RAILROAD
162 East Bound Leaves..... 9:54 am
163 West Bound Leaves..... 4:37 pm
166 East Bound Leaves..... 2:45 pm
167 West Bound Leaves..... 9:54 am
GREAT NORTHERN
33 West Bound Leaves..... 3:30 pm
34 East Bound Leaves..... 12:08 pm
35 West Bound Leaves..... 3:23 am
36 East Bound Leaves..... 2:33 am
165 North Bound Arrives..... 7:40 pm
166 South Bound Leaves..... 6:30 am
Freight West Leaves at..... 9:00 am
Freight East Leaves at..... 5:00 pm
MINNESOTA & INTERNATIONAL
82 South Bound Leaves..... 8:15 am
81 North Bound Leaves..... 6:15 pm
84 South Bound Leaves..... 11:45 pm
83 North Bound Leaves..... 4:25 pm
Freight South Leaves at..... 7:00 am
Freight North Leaves at..... 6:00 am

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HAVE NO NEED OF THOUGHT

All That Troubles Eskimo Is That They Shall Be Sure of Getting Enough to Eat.

Where the physical struggle for life is at its keenest, as it is among the Eskimos, the years glide by free from the more subtle cares and worries of the civilized man. The Eskimo does not count the days and keeps no record of time. All his thoughts are centered on hunting.

Once I asked an Eskimo who seemed to be plunged in reflection, "What are you thinking about?"

He laughed at my question, and said, "Oh, it is only you white men who go in so much for thinking! Up here we only think of our flesh-pits, and whether we have enough for the long dark of the winter. If we have meat enough, then there is no need to think. I have meat and to spare!"

I saw that I had insulted him by crediting him with thought.

On another occasion I asked an unusually intelligent Eskimo, Panigpak, who had taken part in Peary's last North Polar expedition:

"Tell me, what did you suppose was the object of all your exertions? What did you think when you saw the land disappear behind you and you found yourself out on the drifting ice-floes?"

"Think?" said Panigpak, astonished. "I did not need to think. Peary did that!"

Eating becomes the great thing with the Eskimos. I once excused myself, when paying a visit, with the plea that I had already eaten and had had enough. I was laughed at, and the answer I received was:

"There thou talkest like a dog! Dogs can be stuffed till they are satisfied and can eat no more; but people—people can always eat!"—Knuud Rasmussen, in *The People of the Polar North*.

MEETING WITH ROBERT BARR

Journey of a Couple to Cologne Was Materially Enlivened by the Novelist.

I have a pleasant recollection of Robert Barr, the popular novelist, whose death was recently announced, writes a woman correspondent of the London Chronicle. A relative and I were traveling some years since in Germany, and took the water way to Cologne. Among the numbers of brotchen devouring and beer drinking passengers on the little steamer I noticed one, a man with an eager expression, who was distinguished by his abstinence and by his absorption in the passing scenery of the Rhine. I got into conversation by chance with the observer, and the whole route to Cologne was from that moment made a living reality to me by the man's comment.

The following day we decided to continue our journey, and again we chose the transit steamer, and again we met the man of recollection and observation. I tried, by conversational openings, to discover his identity, but he heeded none, continuing to pour out a flood of history and legend of the Rhine. At length the time of parting came. With a sweep of the arm, which included my companion and myself, he said: "I shall hope to see you when you return from this, the journey of your lives," and handed me a card, on which was inscribed the name of Robert Barr. "I don't think we can call together," I replied, "for while I live in London, my brother's home is in the north, and I seldom catch sight of him on his day trips to town." "Your brother," replied the editor of the *Idler*, "then why the deuce do you both have new luggage?"

Ninety Miles Somewhat.

A traveler waiting for a train in Greenville, S. C., observed a venerable, white bearded gentleman sauntering along the platform, whose appearance invited conversation. He approached the dignified, kind faced southerner with the customary salutation of "Good morning, colonel, do you live here?" "Yes, sah." "Engaged in growing cotton?" "No, sah, I am a statistician." After harvesting his crop of local statistics, I asked him how far it was to Atlanta. He replied that it was about ninety miles, when a young man who was standing near interposed: "Oh, no, uncle, it is more 'an ninety miles." The old gentleman stroked his beard meditatively for a moment, shifted his quid and said: "Waal, Jack, it's ninety miles somewhat—whar's that place anyway, Jack?"

English "Society."

There are three classes of society in England—the aristocrats, who are barbarians; the middle class, who are philistines, and the dregs of society, who are nothing at all. It is a funny thing that the late King Edward, who had all the vices of the aristocrats, was beloved by the middle class, and that his son, King George, who has all the virtues of the middle class, is despised by the aristocrats. He and the queen are always spoken of as George and the Dragon.

His Chops.

"Here, waiter, I ordered two lamb chops and can't find but one."
"Let me see, sir. Quite true. Ah, I remember now. I passed the open door an' th' drawft must have blowed it away, sir."
"Bring me another waiter, and this time don't forget the windshield and the safety net."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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