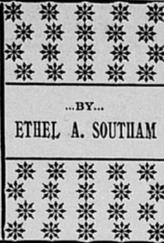


That Mysterious Major...



ETHEL A. SOUTHAM

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.) Great was his disappointment, however, as he laid the book on the table and opened it at the page at which it had begun to open naturally, to find that, instead of the stranger's eyes being riveted, as everybody's always were, to the bottom of the leaf, where the names of Lady Howard and Miss Evelyn Luttrell boldly confronted the reader, with the full address appended, they instantly wandered off to a few lines above, where, in easily decipherable letters, was written "Gilbert Falkland."

swered, with a vague sense of wonder. "I cannot think how I missed it." "Oh, easily, I should imagine," was the prompt reply. "Among so many, it is no difficult matter to miss one. Still, as this has come to light, had you not better see if there are any more?" "Perhaps I had," answered Evelyn, wrinkling up her forehead perplexedly. She was turning to the table once more, when a hand was laid with a somewhat familiar gesture upon her arm and a voice said: "Good morning, Miss Eve. Her ladyship has sent me to find you. What are you doing here?" "Only trying to sort these letters. Have you been for yours yet?" "No, I prefer my breakfast first. Letters are not always calculated to improve one's appetite. But come—Lady Howard wants to know what your opinion is of the weather. She thinks it is too hot for that drive which we were talking about."

the ill-luck to have occasion to speak this morning," protested Falkland, strolling up to the window and gazing out with all the air of a man who was at home in her ladyship's private sitting room. "To speak? My dear Eve, what have you been doing?" asked Lady Howard in alarm. "Nothing, Aunt Lydia," answered Miss Luttrell, with a decided little shake of her head. "Do not agitate yourself, please! It is only Mr. Falkland who is piling up the agony now. This poor innocent man who has such wicked designs on us only handed me this letter"—throwing down the hapless-looking note upon the table—"that is all."

GROWTH OF RAILROAD

UNITED STATES LEADS ALL OTHER COUNTRIES.

Civilization Follows the Locomotive and Vast Wildernesses Are Transformed Into Gardens, Villages and Cities by Its Influence.

At the recent International Commercial Congress, held in Philadelphia, George H. Daniels, general passenger agent of the New York Central and Hudson River railroad and president of the American Association of General Passenger Agents, delivered a notable address on our railroads and their relation to commercial, industrial and agricultural interests. Among other things he said: "One of our great writers has said of this closing period of the nineteenth century, that it is an age of transportation. Transportation underlies material prosperity in every department of commerce. Without transportation commerce would be impossible. Those states and nations are rich, powerful and enlightened whose transportation facilities are best and most extended. The dying nations are those with little or no transportation facilities."

fields for all kinds of enterprises, in an unexplored territory stretching over more than two thousand miles to the west, northwest and southwest of the Mississippi river, the products of which region were practically valueless until the means of transporting them were provided by the railroads. "The wheat crop of California this year is 37,000,000 bushels. The largest crop ever produced in California was in 1880, when owing to exceptionally favorable weather conditions that state produced 63,000,000 bushels. The gold output of California for the year 1899 is estimated at \$16,000,000. The vineyards and orange groves of California would be of practically little value were it not for the fact that the railroads, by their trains of refrigerator and ventilated fruit cars, make it possible to transport the products of her fertile valleys to all sections of the country. It seems but yesterday that the railroads were completed into Portland, Oregon, Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, and it is marvelous that for the year ended June 30, 1899, there was exported from the Columbia River valley 16,600,000 bushels of wheat and from the Puget Sound region, 10,000,000 bushels. Oregon and Washington form the northwest corner of the territory of the United States, south of the line of British Columbia, and are directly on the route to our extreme northwest possession, Alaska. The wheat crop of the states of Oregon and Washington for the year 1899 is 48,600,000 bushels. There was exported during the year ended June 30, 1899, from the Columbia river direct to foreign ports, 1,100,000 barrels of flour, and from Puget sound points 800,000 barrels, Colorado, which, with its inexhaustible mines of gold, silver, lead, iron and coal, forms almost an empire in itself, will produce this year of 1899 of gold, \$24,000,000; of silver, \$14,200,000; of lead, \$4,000,000, in addition to a magnificent crop of wheat, fruit, and vegetables. Thanks to her railroad facilities Montana is today the richest mineral region of its size in the world. The latest published statistics—those of 1897—give the mineral output of Montana as \$54,000,000. Without railroads, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Colorado, California, Oregon and Washington would still be the home of savages. "Our passenger service is the finest on earth. In the United States last year the first-class rates averaged 2.98 cents per mile, although on some large railroads the average was several mills less than two cents per mile; in England the first-class fare is four cents per mile; third-class fare for vastly inferior service is two cents per mile, but only on certain parliamentary trains. "In Prussia, the fare is three cents per mile; in Austria, 3.05 cents per mile, and in France, 3.36 cents per mile. "Our passenger cars excel those of foreign countries in all that goes to make up the comfort and convenience of a journey. Our sleeping and parlor car system is vastly superior to theirs; our baggage system is infinitely better than theirs and arranged upon a much more liberal basis. American railroads carry 150 pounds of baggage free, while the German railroads carry only 55 pounds free. The lighting of our trains is superb, while the lighting of trains on most foreign lines is wretched."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Fits and Jestman from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Man Who Told the Truth. There was a man who said, one day, unto himself: "Hereafter I shall not be base enough to say a single word that is a lie; the truth I'll tell to each and all, to high and low and great and small." And so he bravely started out. His heart was strong his spirit bold; Of all the things he talked about; The truth and nothing else was told; He scorned the tricks of speech through which Men make themselves adored and rich. He told the whole truth, nothing more. And when they bore him home that night, His face was battered up and sore. And he was what is called a sight. He'd lost his job, his friends were few, But he had learned a thing or two. —From the Chicago Times-Herald.

NOTABLE SILVER ANNIVERSARY

With the close of the present year Mr. David C. Cook, of Chicago, will celebrate his first quarter-centennial as editor and publisher of Sunday-school literature. Starting twenty-five years ago, without reputation or assurance of support, he has become one of the most widely and favorably known publishers in this line. Beginning in 1875 with two small publications, his periodicals have grown in number and favor until there are few schools in this country that do not find it to their interest to use some of his pure and helpful publications, while many in distant lands pay tribute to their merits. The past quarter of a century has witnessed many changes among Sunday-school publishers, and much less time than this has sufficed for some to outlive their usefulness. On the contrary, Mr. Cook is preparing to celebrate the beginning of another quarter-century with additional improvements and new publications. Among these may be mentioned The New Century Sunday-School Teacher's Monthly, a large and thoroughly up-to-date magazine for superintendents and teachers, the first issue of which will appear in December. Among the most remarkable of his publications is the Young People's Weekly, which has attained a circulation of nearly a quarter of a million; being a successful attempt to furnish a high grade of religious story reading for boys and girls. To avoid the "gooey-gooey" story of the Sunday school, such as we remember in our childhood days, and furnish something natural, interesting and ennobling, has been its aim, and we are not at all surprised at its popularity. The restraining influence of the Christian home and the Sunday school on our growing community of young people, some of us may not appreciate as we should—perhaps because these sometimes fail to restrain. This paper should be a most welcome accessory in this work, and one which all should appreciate. Boys and girls will read, and the story book and paper are their first choice. There seems a plentiful supply of religious papers for older people, but this is the first successful attempt to furnish a non-sectarian religious story paper for young people. The paper is profusely illustrated, beautifully printed, and contains as much or more reading matter than the most expensive of secular young people's story papers. The price, 75 cents per year, should bring it within the reach of every home. Mr. Cook is now making a special effort to give the paper a wider circulation, and all who send 75 cents for a year's subscription before Jan. 1 will receive a beautiful premium picture entitled "The Soul's Awakening." It is exactly the same size (10x18 inches) and style as those on sale at art stores for \$1. Orders should be addressed to David C. Cook Publishing Company, 36 Washington street, Chicago. Probably no man living has done so much to improve and cheapen Sunday-school literature as has Mr. David C. Cook. Through his aid thousands of schools have been encouraged, improved and made self-sustaining. Mr. Cook is yet a comparatively young man, and it does not appear at all improbable that his field of usefulness may extend over yet another quarter-century. Marshal Lances was a carpenter's son and himself an apprentice. For 47 Years a Railroad Conductor. Early this fall the management of the B. & O. R. R. decided that the uniform force should be provided with service stripes, and on the winter uniforms each man has one or more gold stripes on his right sleeve if he has been in the service for five or more years. The gold stripe stands for five years continuous employment by the company and a glance over the list develops an interesting and instructive condition of affairs. The ordinary man, in a peaceful and uneventful vocation, is seldom in continuous service for forty years, yet on the B. & O. R. R. there is a hale and hearty old man, with keen, undimmed eyes, and a springy step that has been in the continuous employ of the company for 50 years and is still better than many men half his age. W. H. Green is his name, but everybody on the line calls him "Captain Harry" and he has a record that any man, in any station in life, would be proud to stand on. Captain Green is probably the oldest passenger conductor in the world. If he is not he has the best record, for not once has he been suspended from duty for any cause whatsoever. And then, too, he has never been injured. Green was born on September 12, 1827, in Cockeysville, Baltimore county, Md., and entered the B. & O. service March 3, 1850, as a freight brakeman. He was promoted in two years to freight conductor and in 1857 was given a passenger train and has served in that capacity ever since. He is now running through trains between Baltimore and Cumberland, Md., and wears ten service stripes on his right arm. For many years B. & O. train employes have had an enviable reputation for politeness to passengers and attention to duty, and the adoption of the service stripe system will give the traveling public an opportunity to recognize long and faithful service. In the new Telephone Company's Exchange of Indianapolis is a large tank filled with sand. It is so arranged that the sand can be sifted to any part of the building to effectually smother a fire. Paris is to have automatic fire-engines and hose.



"BUT, IS NOT THIS FOR YOU?"

CHAPTER III.

The sun was streaming with all the persistence of a hot July morning sun through the interstices of Venetian blinds into a large private sitting room on the ground floor of the "Royal George" as Evelyn Luttrell, looking delightfully cool in a pink cotton gown, put in her head at the open window and surveyed the scene in astonishment. "Nobody down? Are we really the first, after all?" she exclaimed, advancing to the middle of the room and glancing quickly from the table to the clock on the chimney-piece. "Well, Sambo, it is of no use waiting. We may as well go and see if there are any letters for us this morning."

strating look into Miss Luttrell's face. "What do you mean?" A faint flush deepened the color in Evelyn's cheeks. "I thanked him, of course. Whoever the man is, he is certainly a gentleman." "Oh, yes, most probably!" rejoined Falkland, ironically. "I know the stamp of fellow exactly. They always haunt places of this kind." A rather indignant little smile crossed Evelyn's face. "These fellows," he proceeded, "are the greatest humbugs imaginable. They do the polite to the ladies all day, play cards and billiards for the heaviest stakes at night and through the small hours of the morning, and then at the end of a fortnight they quietly disappear with quite a collection of jewelry, bank-notes and sundry loose coins stored away carefully in their portmanteaus. Oh, Miss Luttrell, you are sadly inexperienced in the ways of the wicked world. If you take my advice you will have nothing more to say to that irreproachable-looking individual."

ROMANCE OF THE SKIPPER.

He Tells Why It Was He Called His Boat Winifred.

Captain George Pruden of the oyster sloop Winifred sat in his hat at the Lewis Shorehouse dock at Bridgeport, Conn., the other day in a reminiscent mood. "Yes, it's a pretty name for a pretty boat," he said, "and it will do me good to tell my story to a friend. The name is that of a woman who changed my entire life for me. I once had a splendid home in the White Mountains, but I would not change back to the old life again. I had money then, you see, and I had this little boat built up at New London and kept her there so that I could come down in the summer and spend a month or so on the water. Winifred was my old sweetheart. That's how the name came to be painted on the little craft there. It was painted on there when we were sweethearts. She used to go to New London also to spend a part of the summer, and this little boat was named after her, and she used to sit in the stern there at the tiller, every inch a sailor, I tell you. We were going to be married when we returned to our mountain homes that last year about the first of the new year. A month before the marriage day she went away to visit an aunt, so she told me, and I never saw her afterward. While we were at New London that summer she met a young fellow who was on a yacht. He courted her and she encouraged him. I trusted her, and she proved false. My home up the mountains was not home after that, and I sold out all of my things and came down to New London and looked after this little boat. I live on the water now and earn my living with the other men of the sea. Here is her picture. You may have it. The boat is the only remembrance of her I care to have."

FOOD IS BETTER THAN TONICS

Depleted Energies Do Not Require the Stimulation of Drugs.

A professor in one of the many medical colleges of this city holds that there is no need of buying and swallowing advertised tonics, because they accomplish no more than a judiciously selected diet will. The professor says that spinach is richer in iron, which is the basis of most tonics, than even the yolk of an egg, while the latter contains more than beef. The ordinary dish of spinach and poached egg is a tonic as potent as one in which iron forms a part, without the harmful effect of other ingredients that enter into the medical compound. Plants imbibe iron, and it is through them that we should absorb it into our system. That mineral is present largely in apples, lentils, strawberries, white beans, peas, potatoes and most of the red fruits and vegetables. Stewed black currants if taken daily in their season will cure anaemia that has become chronic. It is the experience of mariners that while lime juice is a palliative of scurvy, potatoes are a specific. Nansen, in his voyage in the Fram, had no occasion to resort to the medicine chest. The concentrated form of all the fruits and vegetables that his men were accustomed to eat in Norway was worth a shipload of drugs. It is the first instance on record of the escape of Arctic explorers confined on shipboard from the ravages of scurvy and it was due entirely to the tonic effect of the food supplied. A Redent Wire-Walker. There is a rat in Memphis which gives a slack wire exhibition every evening. He gives his performance about the same time each evening and he generally has quite a crowd out to see him. The redent crosses Front street every evening about 7:30 walking on a telegraph wire. He has done this fifty times or more and seems

Is the Bee a Dipsomaniac?

The bee's alleged perfection of policy and government has been the theme of laudation for centuries, said a well-known California apiarist, "but truth compels me to say that this insect is not the paragon of virtue and industry she is universally supposed to be, and many are her vices from the lofty moral perch. The drone is the male of the bee tribe. The favorite relaxation of the bee is to abandon her moral attitude altogether and go off on a spree. I have been so drunk that they could not fly, and in a condition of mental and physical paralysis due to their copious imbibing which would have killed any toper with envy. It is a very common thing on a California bee farm to find the transgressing honey-makers staggering about on the tops of flowers or writhing about in the dust of roads and performing all the absurd antics of a rum-dazed man."—New York Journal.

What She Must Know.

In a little book of social chatter, comment and advice, which can hardly be called a book of etiquette, says the New York Commercial Advertiser, but contains many self reproaches and admonitions to those who consider themselves "the elect," the author says of the modern girl: "What about accomplishments? Well, thank goodness, the piano is going out of fashion for girls in the best circles. They are taught just enough of it to let them find out whether or not they have a taste for it; if not, it is given up, to the great ease of humanity. In the same way drawing and painting are no longer considered indispensable to the equipment of a girl living her life. Her chief accomplishments are walking and tennis playing. To speak French is not exactly regarded as an accomplishment nowadays any more than gloves are considered a luxury. Fluent French has become a necessity in social life of any status."

An Active Youngster.

The moment that a young crocodile breaks its shell it is to all intents and purposes as active as at any time during its life. It will make straight for the water, even if it be out of sight and a good distance off, and it will pursue its prey with eagerness and agility during the first hour of its free existence.

Evidently a Liar.

Wearily Willie—He says he was once an actor and got fifty a week! Do you believe it? Frosted Peeter—Naw! If he'd ever been an actor he'd have said he got two hundred and fifty per!—Puck.

Six Feet of Debutante.

Miss Mercedes De Laski, one of the latest London debutantes, is six feet tall.

Polite Attention.

Prospective Boarder—Do I get all the comforts of home? Mrs. Hammond—Yes, sir. Home-made food and an experienced physician always on hand.

Hard Work.

"I want something ter eat werry badly, sir," whined the grimy tramp to the gentleman. "I don't know about that," said the gentleman, eyeing the tramp with disgust; "but you want a wash werry badly. Why don't you wash yourself?" "Well," growled the tramp, "if I washes meself, wot'll yer gimme?" "I ain't a-goin' ter wosh 'ard fer nothin'!"—Nuggets.

He Knew It Meant Business.

"Did you ever meet a woman whose very voice thrilled you with unspeakable emotion?" "Yes; that's the way my mother used to make me rise in the morning."—Stray Stories.

Poor Consolation.

New York Journal: "Stone walls do not a prison make," quote the prison visitor. "Maybe not," said the convict, "but they make it darned hard for a feller to get out."

Kind Old Man—Ah, going to school, boys?

Duet—Huh, do we look like we wuz off to de circus?

Inhuman Nature.

Chicago News: Mrs. Neighbors—I was very sorry, indeed, to learn of your sad loss, Mr. Hayrix. You have my deepest sympathy. Mr. Hayrix—Well, I calculate it wasn't purty sadlike. I had ten uv 't finest hogs in this yer hull township, an' eight uv 'em's deader'n a door nail. Mrs. Neighbors (horrified)—But I was referring to the loss of your wife. Mr. Hayrix—Yaas, mistur'n never dew 'pear to come sengerly. An' I could 'a' sold them thar hogs for \$20 a head, tew.

How It Happened.

"Shure, Judge, Ol mates Finnigan on th' shtirre, an', sez Ol to him, sez Ol, 'Finnigan, does yez moind th' carriage ferminst us?' "Ol do thot,' sez he. "Toime was, Finnigan,' sez Ol, 'whin Ol rode in me own car-'ridge,' sez Ol. "Wid yer miltir pushin' it,' sez Finnigan sarcastic loike. An' wid thot Ol oop an' pushed me fish into his face, plaze th' coort."—Baltimore American.

Better Left Unsaid.

After he had kissed her and pressed her rosy cheek and his hand patted her soft, round chin, she drew back and asked: "George, do you shave yourself?" "Yes," he replied. "I thought so," she said. "Your face is the roughest I ever—"

Not What She Meant.

Philadelphia Bulletin: "So you have given up your music since you got married, Mrs. Mango?" "Oh, yes; I seem to have forgotten all I ever knew about harmony."

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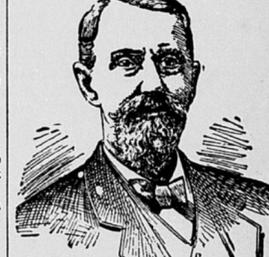
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