

BEATS JONAH'S GOURD

A TELEPHONIC FLIRTATION.

SNAPS OF THE SERVICE

THE AMERICAN MINISTERS FELT IT INCUMBERT UPON THEM TO HOLD ON TO THEIR GORGEOUSNESS FOR THE GOOD OF THE COUNTRY.

WAS COLD WATER JOHN

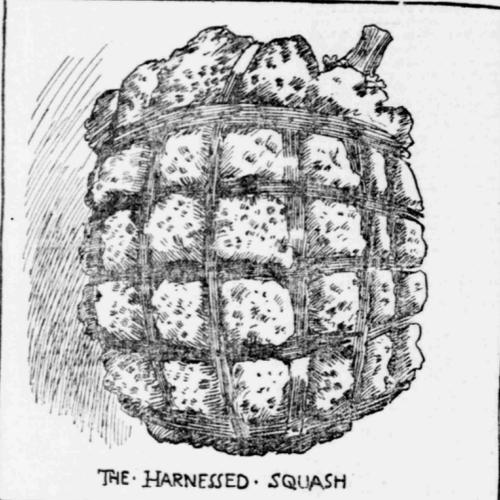
ONE DOLLAR

Common Squash Can Lift Five Thousand Pounds.

BURST STRONG BANDS ASUNDER

Scientific Experiments Demonstrate in Startling Form the Marvelous Growing Power of Plants—Harnessed to a Lever the Vegetable Carried Upward the Weights as It Grew and Might Have Done Better, but Harness Gave Way.

Experiments have just demonstrated that one of the most amazing things in nature is the lifting power possessed by a growing plant. Science, which thought it knew a few things about nature's forces, has been started to find that such an insignificant, common-place vegetable as a squash is capable of elevating a 5,000-pound weight by the mere force of its resistance living power of expansion.



THE HARNESSSED SQUASH

President of the College, W. S. Clark, was directed to the matter, and he, together with other gentlemen interested in opening up new pathways to knowledge, made further experiments. A squash was prepared and a harness constructed on such principles as would enable the plant to exert to the utmost its lifting powers.

The following considerations suggested the idea: "It is a well-known fact that beans, acorns, and other seeds often lift comparatively heavy masses of earth in forcing their way up to the light in the process of germination.

"We have all heard how common mushrooms have displaced flagging-stones, many years since in Basingstoke, and more recently in Worcester, England. In the latter case, only a few weeks ago, a gentleman, mowing that a stone in the walk near his residence had been disturbed, went for the police, under the impression that burglars were preparing some plot against him. He turned up the stone, which weighed eighty pounds, the rogues were discovered in the shape of three brick mushrooms.

"Bricks and stones are often displaced by the growth of the roots of shade trees in streets. Cellar and other walls are also frequently injured in a similar way.

"There is a common belief that the growing roots of trees frequently cut asunder rocks, on which they stand, by penetrating and expanding within their crevices.

"Having never heard of any attempt to measure the expansive force of a growing plant, we determined to experiment in this direction.

"At first we thought of trying the expansive force of some small, hard, green chili having been obtained from Mr. J. J. H. Gregory, of Marblehead, they were planted in the propagating pits of the Duffee Plant-house, where the temperature at night was kept at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. A rich bed of compost from a spent hot-bed was prepared, which was 4 feet wide, 50 feet long, and about 6 inches in depth. Here, under the fostering care of Fred Macquard, the seeds germinated, the vine grew vigorously, and the squash lifted in a most satisfactory manner."

The experiment was watched day and night by the scientists interested. An ingeniously constructed apparatus for testing the lifting power of the plant consisted of a frame of seven-inch boards, the framework being supported on a base of iron strips completely encircling the squash. To the harness was attached a lever on which were placed the weights to measure the lifting capacity of the vegetable. As the growing squash elevated the weights, others were added. A careful record kept shows that the lifting power was as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Pounds and corresponding lifting capacity over time.

Burst All Bands. When the squash had lifted this amazing weight the harness gave way under the great pressure and it had to be removed. The measuring of the strength of the sap by means of a mechanical gauge was a minor feature of the experiment that was watched with interest, but the enormous force developed by the squash itself was the chief point.

The result proves that what have been regarded as fairy tales were actual facts; that a growing plant can lift a tree, split asunder the solid granite, and move masses in a manner that prior to these experiments may well have been deemed incredible.

This is the story about Jones. You have all heard of Jones, even if you have never met him.

Now you know exactly the trouble with Jones and his telephone girl. The fact is that he was in love with her, as he himself confessed, desperately in love, but though he had dreamed of her for months, only her small voice, only the musical ring of her call for "number, please," lived in his memory. Her visual image had never found a place except in his imagination.

All the clerks in the big wholesale house knew that Jones was in love with the telephone girl; whereas they marveled not a little, for Jones had the reputation of being a very bashful young man. Very rarely did he venture to address any of the pretty girls that worked in the same store with him, and as for society—well, the very thought of it made him blush to the tips of his ears.

It was whispered that Jones had been sweet on more than one of the young ladies of the establishment, especially the gay young cashier, who always persisted in smiling at him when he passed, although she must have seen how greatly it embarrassed him. Jones was not a means a woman hater; bluish though he must be, he felt a sort of inward tickling of delight whenever some one teased him about alleged multiform flirtations.

With that pretty girl I saw you who was last evening? "One of the clerks asked him one day with an arch smile. The pretty girl was his sister, for he had never ventured to ask any other girl to take an evening stroll with him. But Jones did not care to explain these details, and so he winked mysteriously.

leaving his fellow-clerks to guess the rest. Many a time Jones had resolved to ask this or that girl, pretty girl, of course, to go to the theater with him, but every time his nerve failed him just as he prepared to speak to her.

That was the situation of affairs on the day when the manager asked Jones to call up the Weather Bureau. It happened to be a dreary, dismal day. Jones went to the telephone and rang.

"Hello!" came a sweet, as Jones thought, the sweetest kind of a voice, "number."

Jones asked for the Weather Bureau. "Oh, do tell them to make the sun come out," the pretty, sweet voice called back. Jones felt his heart flutter. "Oh, oh, yes, yes," he stammered, and hastily glanced about the office to see whether anybody was noticing him. Apparently all were intent on their work. "Oh, yes, dear," he added quite below his breath, for it scared him mightily.

Perhaps the telephone girl had not heard him, perhaps she had felt insulted, at any rate Jones' heart fluttered still more violently as he realized the rashness of his own conduct. He hurriedly picked up the receiver, and went back to his regular work. A few minutes later the sky cleared up, and the sun actually did come out.

"Hello, dear. You are the one who made the sun come out?" Alas! it was another Jones' sister who spoke, and each time Jones went into the telephone room and closed the door behind him. The other clerks began to get suspicious. They teased Jones. His heart fluttered, and he stammered, but at last he had made his reputation as a ladies' man.

"No, we go by numbers," the telephone girl replied. "I'm No. 12."

As a matter of fact, she was not No. 12, but it was the number that Jones had given her. However, Jones continued his flirtation—a very mild flirtation, it is true—with No. 12. He dreamed of her at night, and in lieu of her name, which she never revealed, he whispered her number, No. 12, to himself, and constructed love poems that rhymed with it. It made his heart flutter, but Jones had established his reputation as a ladies' man. He tried to measure the lifting capacity of the vegetable. As the growing squash elevated the weights, others were added.

One day the elderly bookkeeper, a man of fifty, happened to mention that his sister worked in the telephone exchange, and that she was a telephone girl. Jones was not a means a woman hater; bluish though he must be, he felt a sort of inward tickling of delight whenever some one teased him about alleged multiform flirtations.

Pennyroyal Pills advertisement with image of a woman's face.

Costumes and Naval Attaches Generally Enjoy Them.

MAJ. HEISTAND'S EASY BILLET

As Military Attache to the American Embassy at Paris He Will Enjoy Special Advantages During the Exposition—Matter of Uniform Does Not Trouble Our Fighting Representatives—American Diplomats Wore Motley Attire in Old Days.

The life of a military man isn't all beer and skittles, even in peace times, but the costumes and naval attaches that are highly attractive and agreeable. Such, for instance, is a berth at one of our foreign embassies or legations, when an officer may enjoy a sojourn abroad under exceptional social and official advantages.

Maj. Heistand is the lucky man selected as military attache at Paris, where, during the exposition, he will enjoy special advantages. The matter of uniform does not trouble our fighting representatives—American diplomats wore motley attire in old days.

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Maj. Heistand's Billet. Maj. H. O. Heistand is slated for the military berth in the Paris embassy, now on duty in the Adjutant General's office. He came to Washington with the McKinley administration, and his stay in Paris will accordingly be a military matter.

The trouble with Spain, however, brought annoyance to our attaches, both in that country and in England. In London, about a year ago, the Spanish Ambassador lodged with the British Foreign Office an official protest against the continuance of Lieut. Colwell, our naval attache, charging him with conducting a secret correspondence with the Spanish Minister of the Interior.

Our Minister at the court of Spain issued an order to the military attache, which the latter declined to obey. The whole controversy was officially reported to the Secretary of State, who decided in favor of the effect that military attaches at the legations of the United States abroad are required to comply with all the requests made of them by the host country.

Matter of Uniform. There is "balm in Gilead" for the military attache when it comes to the question of dress for the ceremonial. He doesn't have to keep awake nights thinking on a subject that has so often vexed the representatives of the United States abroad. He is to wear a uniform of his own hand, and it is the one prescribed by regulation.

The subject of dress has been a matter of harassing uncertainty to the chief of a foreign mission from the days of Franklin to the present. It is remembered that a special sort of millinery, a combination of gilt buttons and small clothes had to be contrived for Mr. Breckinridge, as ambassador, to wear at the coronation ceremonies of the "Car of Freedom."

Franklin's "simple black evening dress" is said to have been the result of an imperative summons to the French court, when he was acting as minister. He was to wear a uniform of his own hand, and it is the one prescribed by regulation.

Diplomats in Motley Attire. This is a precedent that was followed in the case of the late Secretary of State, who negotiated the treaty of Ghent arrayed himself with a distinctive gorging costume, each minister wearing a dress to suit his individual taste, until in some instances, considerable ridicule was excited at the "get-up" of the American envoys.

Secretary of State, in Pierce's administration, called a halt to all this by ordering the abandonment of all diplomatic uniforms by our representatives for an ordinary evening dress of plain black, the taste of the incumbent. This is shown by the following instructions from the Secretary of State, Van Buren, representative to the United States, representative at foreign courts: "It is to be understood, however, that the particular dress is not prescribed by the President. It is appropriately suggested by his direction as an abridgment and a convenience to our Ministers and other diplomatic agents of the United States."

The liberty given by Jackson subsequently led to a remarkable assortment of costumes, each minister wearing a dress to suit his individual taste, until in some instances, considerable ridicule was excited at the "get-up" of the American envoys.

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Mr. Buchanan, then our minister to England, was so greatly embarrassed by Secretary Marcy's order as to be compelled to absent himself from several court functions. Finally a costume was devised for him that became a model for all American Ministers. It consisted of black coat and pantaloons, white waistcoat and cravat, dress boots and a black-handled and black-billed dress sword.

DEWEY AND LEE

Editor Post: The effort of the Hon. Henry Watterson to yoke Admiral George Dewey and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee together as a Democratic Presidential team has kicked up quite a fuss, as every one knows regarding the Admiral's real political status. I can tell you something about it.

Admiral Dewey is a Republican of the straight-out cut. He belongs to the New England school of Republicans, whose abolition fanaticism was the immediate cause of the civil war, and dragged into conflict the conservative elements of the party. He is a man of high character, and his political status is a matter of public knowledge. I can tell you something about it.

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Famous Frontier Scout Now a Virginia Farmer.

ONCE SAVED UNCLE SAM SOME BEEF

Among His Many Desperate Adventures with the Old Pony Express, the Mormon Massacres, and the Indian Wars was the Forging to the Platte River in Winter to Give Warning to Government Cattle Herders of a Raid of the Redskins.

Over at Annandale, in Fairfax County, Va., lives a man whom his sedate Eastern friends respectfully call Mr. E. W. Wakefield. At another time in another part of the State he has had another name. He is the famous "Cold Water John" of the fifties. When the "Mormon" "border ruffians" roused men's blood to a feverish pitch, he was seen disappearing, slowly and sullenly retiring before the march of his white brother, left a crimson stain upon the trail, then the name of "Cold Water John" was a household word upon the frontier. He has saved the lives of over ten men, passed through many a drama of death, undergone hardships that would have killed ordinary men, yet, with the exception of one or two troublesome wounds, he is as young and strong as ever.

He walks from his home to Washington and returns, a distance of at least twenty-five miles, several times a week and is not in the least tired by it.

McClure, as he is picturesque. His keen, bright eye, long, wavy hair, and dith, straight figure bespeak a man who has paid more homage to nature than to an enervating civilization. In character he is a simple, unassuming, and in spite of the fact that his life has been largely spent among the roughest characters he is profoundly religious. His nickname was given because he was absolutely abstemious when it came to liquor. He is as temperate as a child, and as a child yet there are men still alive who can tell how his rifle has sung the death song of many a painted warrior and sent its message of destruction to the still more dread and desolate shores of the West.

In conversation Mr. Wakefield is modest and simple, yet the poetry in his nature tinges his language at times with an eloquence that cannot fail to thrill his hearers.

"A man whose life has been eventful cannot tell what is the most exciting adventure he has had," he said the last time he was in Washington. "To some it will be the time he spent in the game, the most thrilling, to others another will appeal most strongly. A brave man doesn't often think of danger till he has passed through it."

How He Saved Uncle Sam's Beef. "This discussion about army beef reminds me of the time I saved some hundred head of cattle for Uncle Sam in '57, and incidentally the lives of three men. I was then employed on the pony express route between Fort Leavenworth and Fort Kearney. The morning the Mormons had not then died out, and we heard from them through occasional Indian outbreaks which were the work of Joe Smith. It was in the month of August, 1857, that I was sent to Fort Kearney, as was saying at the latter place three or four days before riding back. Fort Kearney, as you know, was situated on the north side of the Platte, and the north side of the river was a herd of about eighteen hundred head of cattle, tended by three men, a Mexican, a half-breed, and an Indian. It was in the early spring, and the ice was breaking up, and the water in the river was rising, the current was strong, and you could hear the crash and grind of the ice cakes as they were whirled by the rapids. The morning the Mormons were coming from the north side of the river, and the water was rising, the current was strong, and you could hear the crash and grind of the ice cakes as they were whirled by the rapids. The morning the Mormons were coming from the north side of the river, and the water was rising, the current was strong, and you could hear the crash and grind of the ice cakes as they were whirled by the rapids.

The river at that point was about three-quarters of a mile wide, and about two hundred yards from the northern shore was a small island, a wooded bit of land about forty acres in extent. It was the duty of the messengers to help take care of the cattle over to St. John's Island, and I was out there one morning, changing stream had three channels at the time. You know how unsafe the Platte is. The quicksands along its course have engulfed many a luckless forty-two, and I have seen many a man and horse perish. The river at that point was about three-quarters of a mile wide, and about two hundred yards from the northern shore was a small island, a wooded bit of land about forty acres in extent. It was the duty of the messengers to help take care of the cattle over to St. John's Island, and I was out there one morning, changing stream had three channels at the time. You know how unsafe the Platte is. The quicksands along its course have engulfed many a luckless forty-two, and I have seen many a man and horse perish. The river at that point was about three-quarters of a mile wide, and about two hundred yards from the northern shore was a small island, a wooded bit of land about forty acres in extent. It was the duty of the messengers to help take care of the cattle over to St. John's Island, and I was out there one morning, changing stream had three channels at the time. You know how unsafe the Platte is. The quicksands along its course have engulfed many a luckless forty-two, and I have seen many a man and horse perish.

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The Weekly Post, Farm and Home, Handy Atlas of the World. The Weekly Post will send all three papers and the Atlas to old and new subscribers for \$1.00, postage paid.

This is a clubbing offer which will interest you. The Gentleman is a high-class monthly devoted to literature, art and fashions. Printed on fine paper and illustrated throughout with half-tone reproductions of photographs. A periodical for women and the home.

The Farm and Home is a farm and family semi-monthly, pure in tone and treating a diversity of subjects, it meets the wants of every person actively engaged, or at all interested, in agricultural pursuits and family life. The Handy Atlas of the World contains 230 pages and nearly 300 Colored Maps and Views, with a complete index.

Special Clubbing Prices for 1899. The Weekly Post, Farm and Home, and Handy Atlas, 30 cents. The Weekly Post and Farm and Home one year, without the Atlas, 75 cents. The Weekly Post, Farm and Home, and Handy Atlas, one year, 1.25 cents. The Weekly Post, Gentleman, and Ohio Farmer, \$1.00.

Table listing various magazines and their prices.

Address all orders. The Washington Weekly Post, Washington, D. C.

WOOD'S SEEDS

Twenty years' experience enables us to offer the best of everything in SEEDS for the Southern States. Wood's Seed Book gives the most complete ways of growing all crops. T. W. WOOD & SONS, Richmond, Va.

The Weekly Post, Farm and Home Handy Atlas for 90c.

This is a clubbing offer which will interest you. THE FARM AND HOME is a farm and family semi-monthly, pure in tone, and treating a diversity of subjects, it meets the wants of every person actively engaged, or at all interested, in agricultural pursuits and family life.

CONTEST OVER A WILL. In a contest over a will, Judge J. P. West, of Beverly, Va., was here to-day taking the case of the late Wm. C. Carpenter, of Chesterfield County, left a will bequeathing an endowment to Franklinton Christian College, an institution at Franklinton, Va., for the education of colored youth and for the support of the trustees of the American Christian Association. Carpenter's heirs are contesting the will on the ground that the testament names a college named "Franklin" instead of Franklinton. Two prominent lawyers were examined to-day, Rev. W. W. Staley, D. D., President of Elon College, and Rev. G. A. Post, of Franklinton, N. C. The remains of the late Wm. C. Carpenter arrived here to-day from Las Vegas, N. M., where he died January 23.

SHOT TWICE IN THE DARK. Lexington, Va., Feb. 3.—Gives Drummond, a negro, was shot last night by some one standing in an alley at the Lexington Hotel. A pistol was discharged from the darkness, and one ball struck Drummond in the arm, while the other passed by his head, breaking a pane of glass in the window across the street. A man was seen to step into the dark barroom. The proprietor, W. H. Tomney, was charged by the other man with doing the shooting. He denied it. He was placed under arrest for his appearance in the Mayor's court this morning, when the case was held for decision was reserved.

Negro the Victim of a Saloon-keeper's Alleged Malice. Lexington, Va., Feb. 3.—Andrew Brumby, aged sixty-eight, for many years postmaster of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, while supervising the shifting of a freight train this afternoon, stepped on one track, his attention being engaged by a car on another track. Before he could escape one loaded car rolled down the grade and mangled an arm, leg, and the abdomen. In a few minutes Mr. Smith was dead. He leaves a widow and four children. He was a respected and valued employe.

Aged Employe Crushed by Car. Staunton, Va., Feb. 3.—Andrew Brumby, aged sixty-eight, for many years postmaster of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, while supervising the shifting of a freight train this afternoon, stepped on one track, his attention being engaged by a car on another track. Before he could escape one loaded car rolled down the grade and mangled an arm, leg, and the abdomen. In a few minutes Mr. Smith was dead. He leaves a widow and four children. He was a respected and valued employe.

Southern Postmasters Appointed. The following fourth-class postmasters were appointed yesterday: Virginia—Buckner's Station, Ross H. Moucher. North Carolina—Bloomington, Aaron Perry; Blue Ridge, R. C. McDaniel; Guller's Mill, J. J. Jordan; Statesboro, Joseph B. Webb; South Low, Mezzard; Canada; Thurman, G. L. Hardison; T. J. C. Allen; Watts, T. W. Edwards.

Death of George L. Bennett at Roanoke. Roanoke, Va., Feb. 3.—George L. Bennett died last night at 6 o'clock at his home on Church avenue, after an illness of about four weeks, at the age of thirty-two years. His affliction was cancer of the stomach. He held for some time the position of City Auditor and City Engineer. He was the manager of the Roanoke Railroad.

Evaded of His Class. Sunday-school Teacher—Now, Joshua, did you learn the forty-second verse of the thirty-fourth chapter of the sixteenth epistle of St. John to the Philipians, as I told you last Sunday? Small Boy—Yes, sir, pressing out autumn leaves in that chapter, and I don't monkey with it, at all.

To be entirely relieved of the aches and pains of rheumatism means a great deal and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it.

THE DIAGNOSTICIAN; OR, KNOW THYSELF MANUAL. A thirty-four page pamphlet by a Humanitarian and eminent Medical Author.