JUST ONE WISH.

All our lives are some of longin'
Some are longin' for their youth,
Some for eyes that looked in their eyes,
Eyes alight with love and truth;
Some are longin' for the hilltops
That the sun of youth did gild;
But I'm longin' for a shortcake
Like Aunt Esther used to build!

For a great, big, thick, old shortcake,
Like what she knew how to do;
With the top crust brown an' flaky
An' the berries peekin' through
'Tween the upper crust and under—
Let them long for youth! I'll take
For myself another shortcake
Like Aunt Esther used to make!

It must be just inspiration
That helps people cook like that!
Helps them mix the dough and knead it,
An' to slide it with a pat
In the oven in the kitchen,
An' to know how long 'twill take—
Swear, I'm longin' for some shortcake
Like Aunt Esther used to make!

If a fairy'd sometime whisper:
"Here's three wishes, bud, fer you;
Wish fer three things you want hardest
An' they'll ev'ry one come true,"
I'd say: "You keep two, your own self;
One is all I care to take;
Just one wish; give me some shortcake
Like Aunt Esther used to make!"
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

HEROES OF THE ENGINE ROOM

"ONE of the real heroes of the sea," said the manager of a transatlantic line, as he nodded at the retreating figure of his visitor. "One of our engineers, and he and his kind save many a ship many a time at great personal risk, and are not even thanked for their efforts by the passengers.

"But that's because the latter don't know when or where or how the engineers preserve their lives, for their deeds are unheralded outside the engineers' mess and the captain's room. Yes, sir, it's true that

"They've words for every one but me—
shake hands with half the crew,
Except the dour Scots engineer, the men
they never knew."

The manger apondered a moment.

"I'll prove to you that these men are the real heroes of the ocean," he said, and these are the stories that he offered in proof:

A certain steamship in the Pacific trade had been sent out from her home port with the majority of her boilers out of commission. In midocean one of the few boilers capable of being fired got leaky tubes, and it became necessary, in order to keep the ship under headway in a hurricane-swept sea, to repair the boiler immediately.

The fire was pulled out from under it, the manhole lid was unscrewed and removed, and the first engineer, wrapped from head to foot in a thick coating of asbestos, crawled into the hot boiler, and with chisel and hammer began tearing out the defective tubes.

For two minutes he worked, and as he worked held his breath, for a single gasp of the fiery air in his lungs would have killed him. Then he crawled to the manhole and was pulled out by stokers.

Five minutes later he again went into the boiler. This time, after nearly two minutes' work, he succeeded in cutting away two tubes. On the third entry he removed three, and after that he spent another five minutes resting.

Then came the task of reaming in new tubes, and to do this he was compelled to enter the boiler five times. In each case he stayed inside nearly two minutes, and as he crawled out the last time he barely had breath and strength enough to say to his chief before he fainted dead away:

"It's done, sir."

As a result of his experience in that hell of heat, the man was laid up in the ship's hospital for over a week. And to this day his sleep is constantly disturbed by dreams in which he is roasted in red-hot furnaces.

This same engineer was in the boiler room one day when suddenly a valve, in among a great coil of pipes above the boilers, began leaking badly and filling the room with scalding steam. Instantly, and regardless of his own safety, he scrambled upon the pipes and breathlessly began making repairs.

He had almost finished when, as unexpectedly as the valve had got out of order, a pipe joint, below the one on which he was standing, broke, and a stream of hissing steam enveloped his foot. When he endeavored to pull it away, he found it to be tightly wedged in the joint.

He had on low shoes, and before his cries brought aid his shoe and sock were burned off and his foot and lower leg were parboiled. He was unable to resume work for three months, and today he walks with a perceptible limp. Yet he looked upon it all as a part of the day's work, and uttered no complaint.

Ten years ago, just around Christmas time, the Umbria broke her thrust shaft and floundered helplessly in midocean. The part that broke was 26 feet long and weighed tons.

Under the direction of the chief engineer, the pieces were secured and suspended by chains from the top of the shaft tunnel, and then, although the shaft threatened to fall on him at any moment, he crawled into the tunnel, found that the shaft was broken off square, so that it could not be riveted together, and spent hours in taking measurements for a collar to be fastened over the break.

He spent other hours in making and putting on the collar, all the time either lying on the flat of his back or working in a squatting position, so small was the space. All told, he labored unceasingly for two full days.

After that he slept two hours, and the 22 hours following he worked without pause until at last he had bolted the jacket in place.

The job was finished late Monday night, and the ship was got under way. Early Tuesday morning the head of a bolt broke off, the jacket slipped, and once more Tomlinson had to crawl into the tunnel and make repairs.

Again the ship got under way and again after an hour of running, snap went two bolts. And once more Tomlinson risked life and limb in the shaft tunnel.

To make a long story short, Tomlinson was crawling into the tunel continually until the voyage ended, but while the passengers did not know of his heroism until they landed and read of it in the papers, Tomlinson had the satisfaction at least, of knowing that his work had prevented the shaft from knocking a hole into the ship's side and leaving the vessel helpless and in peril of a stormy sea until tow should chance along.

It was a Scotchman who pried open a safety valve and prevented a serious explosion on a liner that is sailing the seas to-day.

For some reason or other the donkey engine, used for hoisting cargo and luggage, had been started at sea and a fireman put in charge of it. An hour or so later the second engineer, whose watch it was, distinguished an unusual noise among the multitude of sounds of the big ship—so keen is an engineer's sense of hearing.

He located it as coming from the donkey engine, and rushed thither. As he got near he realized that the safety valve had stuck and after he had slid down the narrow, oily companionway, he found not only the safety valve stuck tight, but the fireman asleep at his post, and the boiler all but ready to explode.

In less time than it takes to tell it, he grabbed a crowbar and was up among the pipes, frantically trying to pry open the valve. How long he worked he does not know—"it seemed years," he said; but he finally got the valve open in the nick of time and prevented an explosion, which would surely have blown a big hole in the ship's bottom.

Not infrequently the engineers are compelled to work in water up to their knees. The plates of many a ship, when she straddles a sea, move and cut at their rivets and leak mightily. Then the engineer must wade around in an engine-room flooded from port to port and give heed to naught but the welfare of his engines.

He must not think about the manifold dangers of sailing in a "leaky old tub," or of rheumatism, or other ills that will come to him from working for hours in brine and bilge water. It is a trite saying of the sea that wherever there is a ship engineer there also is a bad case of rheumatism.

It is only when a cylinder head bursts or a large valve gives way, filling the engine-rooms with scalding steam before the opportunity can be seized upon to repair the damage, that an engineer is forced to leave his post. Then it is that he has to charge for dear life up steep, narrow companionways, made slippery by engine oil, to a place of safety. And all the time he climbs upward, the steam pursues him, for the companionways are in the only opening leading out of the engine-rooms.

But it is not often that escaping steam gets ahead of an engineer, for he is a man trained to act like a lightning flash in emergencies. The emergency is not always below decks.

An English tramp once came into New York harbor showing the queerest-looking funnel imaginable. While several days out a storm carried away the funnel, and to keep their ship from having to be towed in, the engineers rigged up a funnel out of pieces of old sails, twine, rope ends, flattened out tin cans, and all other kinds of junk that they could make to serve their purpose.

This wonderful work they held in position by lines made fast to the masts, and so well did it fulfil the duty for which it was constructed that the tramp made port only a day or so late under her own steam, refusing all offers of assistance and thus saving to her owners thousands of dollars in salvage money.

"And such instances," said the manager, are almost of everyday occurrence."—N. Y. Sun.

ARID ACRES RECLAIMED.

Vast Section of Idaho to Be Opened for Settlement Because of New Irrigation Canal.

Seventy-five thousand acres of arid land will be reclaimed and opened for settlemnet in Idaho as the result of a deal just made by an irrigation company. A big canal is to be constructed from the Snake river, about 12 miles above the town of Blackfoot, in Bingham county, and it will run southwest 58 miles. It terminates just below the American falls, Blaine county, where it discharges its surplus water back into the Snake river.

The country that will be traversed by the canal is considered one of the most fertile valleys along the river, and for years has been an object of envy to agriculturists. The canal will be 85 feet wide at the top, 60 feet wide at the bottom, and capable of carrying six feet of water, a river in itself. It will have the capacity of irrigating 75,000 acres of land.

Ten thousand acres of school land will be watered under contracts made by the company with the state of Idaho.

The Snake river has a watershed of over 10,000 square miles. At the time when the greatest amount of water is required for irrigation purposes there is the greatest amount of water available. When the river is the lowest there is five times more water available at the point of diversion than can be carried in the canal. The amount of water appropriated, if placed upon the land at one time, is sufficient in quantity to cover the entire tract to a depth of over six feet.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Tennis experts have been playing a more or less prominent part in the public prints of the east, and the preliminary practice for the international matches have caused considerable interest. American players have, as a rule, been playing an unsteady game and their real form not shown. H. L. Doherty, the British champion, who with his brother, R. F. Doherty, and H. F. Mahoney, recently arrived to take part in the matches, has perhaps displayed the best tennis shown yet in the east, and that only when forced out of his easy-going stride to prevent the loss of a set. Doherty goes at the game much like a man playing for the pure animal enjoyment of it, leisurely making his strokes and at peace with himself and the world. Once aroused, though, his speed and steadiness are something remarkable and are some indication of the style of game the Americans are up against. His cross-court drives and smashes, beautifully and fiercely placed, are decidedly depressing to his opponents. If in the international matches he has the ability to so vary his style from the easy strength-saving game to the fierce, fast play there is no doubt he could win the series, strength conditions being equal.


H. T. Doherty.

In the tournaments so far played on the Metropolitan tennis courts this season little attention has been given the new service rule, more familiarly known as the foot-fault rule which was made by the United States National Lawn Tennis association. Where the average American player is at variance with those who advocated the change is in that part of the rule which says: "It is not a fault if one only of the server's feet does not touch the ground at the moment at which the service is delivered. He shall place both feet on the ground immediately before serving, and not take a running or walking start." This will make it a difficult matter for those players who were so fast at getting to the net behind their service to attain that position of vantage. It has been the force of these aggressive tactics that has beaten the Englishmen from the old days of Goodbody down to the time of the great competitions of last year, which witnessed the overthrow of the Doherty brothers.

Speed and ability to break world's records do not always win middle-distance bicycle races, as was shown recently at Boston, when Bobby Walthour defeated George Leander, of Chicago, and Basil de Guichard, the Frenchman. The distance was 15 miles from a standing start and Walthour won in 18:11. De Guichard is the chap who recently reeled off a mile at Pittsburg in 1:08, creating a new mark, while Leander came into prominence recently by breaking all world's records from one to 15 miles.


George Leander.

Middle distance pace-following nowadays is a much more dangerous proposition than it used to be in the days of the triples and quads propelled by leg-power. Since the introduction of mechanical pace there have been several fatalities and now every precaution is taken to guard against such accidents as resulted in the deaths of Johnny Nelson, Harry Elkes and others. The pacemaker, too, comes in for a great deal of consideration and the man over the motor now presents a strange sight to eyes accustomed to the scanty attire of the old days. In the first place the pacemaker is provided with a solid leather cap, such as is used by football players. This fits snugly on his head and also protects his ears, so in case of a fall he has a chance to escape fracture of the skull. He is dressed as warmly as if going on an arctic expedition—a leather suit and rubber overshoes being designed to protect him. The clothes are all heavily padded and this saves him some when an accident results in a fall. The pace-follower has to take more chances. He cannot handicap himself with heavy clothing and a headgear and has to take his chance in a mix-up. About the only safeguard he has is an iron attachment on the rear of the pacing machine which prevents him from touching wheels with the motor. This in itself, however, saves many falls, although in the old days Jimmy Michael used to nonchalantly rub wheels while going at top speed without coming the cropper that usually results.

The grand old game of yachting has been revived on the Oconomowoc lakes in Wisconsin. The twenty-fifth annual regatta of the Oconomowoc Yacht club was sailed on La Belle lake recently. Boats from half a dozen lakes were entered. The event was the most interesting regatta that has taken place on the lake in years and as a social affair it surpassed all expectations.

Hughey Duffy, manager of the Milwaukee Western League club, has announced that there was no truth in the report that the Milwaukee club was to be transferred to Peoria and the latter club shifted here for the balance of the season.

HARRY MARTIN.

ACCORDING TO CABBY.

The Trips of a Woman Philanthropist Must Be Arranged with the Deity.

A Brooklyn woman whose philanthropic efforts are mainly directed toward making life happier and better for the little folks of the crowded sections of the borough tells a good story on herself, says the Eagle, of that city. As her field of endeavor is not confined to one section of that borough, she generally travels around from settlement to mission or recreation ground in a cab. One day she was on her way to a gathering of her proteges when she espied a masculine acquaintance who had, on a previous occasion, manifested some interest in her work, and invited him to accompany her. He accepted, and they traveled down lanes and through byways heretofore unknown to him. In one of the narrowest and most crowded streets in a down-town quarter the fair philanthropist stopped to pay a visit. When she entered the cab again the man said:

"You have an arrangement with the Deity as well as the cabman when you come on one of these expeditions, haven't you?"

"What do you mean?" was the astonished reply.

"Well, your cab driver says that only the Lord knows where you good ladies are going when you start on trips of this sort."

She Didn't Care.

Maplehill, Ia., Aug. 10th.—"I felt as though I didn't care whether I lived or died, I was so miserable all the time."

In these words does Miss Nellie Barfoot, of this place, describe her condition. Every woman who is, or has been, sick and suffering will understand and appreciate just how Miss Barfoot felt, and there are no doubt many thousands of similar cases.

It is truly an awful thing when a woman gets so low that she can say "I don't care whether I live or die."

But Miss Barfoot tells a different story today, and her words should guide every suffering woman to the path of health and happiness.

"I used Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I am cured. I feel like a new person, and I would say to every woman suffering as I did, give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial, and you will not be disappointed. They are worthy of the highest praise."

What She Thought.

A freshly made bride and bridegroom sauntered down Broadway, and the bride became angry because they attracted so much attention. The bridegroom suggested that she carry the suit case and the satchel, explaining that this was a sure way of averting suspicion. The bride figured awhile, and, after consulting the thermometer, came to the conclusion that she preferred the publicity.—N. Y. Letter.

Get What You Ask For.

When you see an article well-advertised in the newspapers, you may be sure it's a good article, for advertising only pays if the goods are honest and possess merit. The people who make a specialty of one advertised article, like Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, for example, stake their whole business existence on its doing what they say it will. They must "make good," as the saying is. Readers of this paper are urged to be sure that they get what they ask for, when they ask for an advertised article, for it's the good thing that is imitated and counterfeited. Don't accept substitutes! Insist on getting the genuine!

Didn't Like to Boast.

"How are you getting on with your music, my dear?" inquired a lady of her niece.

"Well, of course," replied the niece, diffidently, "it wouldn't be proper for me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me they have staid awake at night for hours, listening to my playing."—Stray Stories.

Radisson on the Chippewa.

A new town in Sawyer county, Wis., on the Omaha Road. Located on both the Chippewa and Couderay rivers, in center of a most fertile and promising hardwood district. Good muscallonge, bass and pike fishing in both rivers. Exceptional opportunities for landseekers. If looking for a new location don't fail to see this new country. For map and full particulars write to Postmaster, Radisson, Sawyer Co., Wis., or to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, C. St. P. M. & O. R'y, St. Paul.

Kept a Secret.

Wife—Think I can't keep a secret, do you?

Husband—Yes, I do.

"Well, I've worn an old hat trimmed over for the past two months, and I haven't told a soul yet, so there."—N. Y. Weekly.

The House That Jack Built

finds greater appreciation when one reads of "The Town That Jack Built" and the money-making possibilities in the district contiguous thereto. Send two-cent stamp for copy of this pamphlet and other Katy publications equally as attractive and interesting. Address "KATY," Suite A, St. Louis, Mo.

In the Family.

She—And are you a descendant of the old family of the van Bibbers?

He—No, not exactly; but my brother is.—Judge.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The reason some men seem to have such ready answers is because they are wrong.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Unless a man has scored at least one failure, he is unable to appreciate success.—Chicago Daily News.

Stops the Cough

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Time spent in courtesy is never wasted.—Ram's Horn.

Opium and Liquor Habits Cured.

Book free. B. M. Woolley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

Keep out of the ruts of prejudice.—Farm and Home.

Carpets can be colored on the floor with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

The indolent know nothing of rest.—Ram's Horn.