

EARLY RAILROADING.

When Twenty-Three Miles an Hour Was Feared to Bring on a Fatal Death.

From the diary of Thomas Creevey, who lived in England during the early part of last century, says the Chicago News, the following is quoted: "Lady Wilton sent over yesterday from Knowsley to say that the Loco Motive machine was to be upon the railway at such a place at 12 o'clock for the Knowsley party to ride in if they liked, and advising this house to be of the party. So, of course, we were at our post in three carriages, and some horsemen, at the hour appointed. I had the satisfaction, for I can't call it a pleasure, of taking a trip of five miles in it, which we did in just a quarter of an hour—that is, 20 miles an hour. As accuracy upon this subject was my great object, I held my watch in my hand at starting and all the time; and as it had a second hand I knew I could not be deceived; and it so turned out there was not the difference of a second between the coaches or conductor and myself. But observe, during these five miles the machine was occasionally made to put itself out or to it, and then we went at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and just with the same ease as to motion or absence of friction as the other normal pace. But the quickest motion is to me frightful; it is really flying, and it is impossible to divert yourself of the notion of instant death to all upon the least accident happening."

CAT FOUGHT AN EAGLE.

Fussy Was Pretty Severely Scared, But Put an End to the Warlike Bird.

A cat owned by the engineer of a freight train on a western road seemed to enjoy sitting on the pilot while the train was in motion, says a Chicago paper. A lively adventure befell this fearless pussy during one of his master's trips. As they were slowly rounding a curve one morning the engineer noticed an eagle sitting on a tall dead spruce. Just as the locomotive came abreast of the tree the eagle suddenly swooped downward and fiercely attacked the cat.

For several seconds there was a battle royal. The eagle made half a dozen attempts to carry away the cat bodily, but each time the cat would make a savage onslaught upon the bird with teeth and claws, and the air was full of feathers. As the train pushed ahead, the two men in the cab were filled with apprehension for the cat. The whistle was blown, but neither combatant paid the least attention to the sound.

Finally the engineer armed himself with a bar of iron and started out on the running board to aid his pet. But before he reached the scene of action the cat had torn a great hole in the eagle's throat, and the bird was in its death struggles. It was carried into the locomotive tender, where it died in a few minutes. The cat bore the scars of battle, but recovered.

HYDROPHOBIA REAL DISEASE.

Prominent Members of the Medical Profession Declare It to Be Such in Fact.

Despite the fact that denials have been made by various physicians of the existence of hydrophobia, several prominent members of the medical profession, at a meeting of the County Medical Society of the College of Physicians, declared that the disease has a "pathological entity" and should be so recognized, reports the Philadelphia Inquirer. Dr. G. Morton Lilman presented a paper entitled "A Report of a Case of Hydrophobia, with Autopsy." Dr. Lilman described the symptoms as exhibited in the case, and maintained that hydrophobia existed as a separate disease, with peculiar symptoms, and asserted that it is a grave error to call it excessive hysteria, as has frequently been done. Dr. M. P. Raveland, of the veterinary department of the university, said in discussing the subject: "I have personally experimented on 150 cases of animals which I have inoculated with the germs of rabies, and I found that the brain in each case showed the same symptoms, and those symptoms have been found in no other diseases."

FLATTENED CAR WHEELS.

Retired Conductor Tells How the Thing is Done by Experienced Brakemen.

"Flat wheel," growled the old retired conductor as the trolley car in which he sat went thumping along at 12 miles an hour, shaking the passengers uncomfortably at every revolution of the wheels.

"What makes flat wheels?" asked the man sitting next to the conductor.

"Darn fools," said the conductor. "It's this way: if a man doesn't know how to stop his car he makes a flat wheel. On the steam roads some brakemen flatten a wheel every time they put on a brake. When the wheel suddenly stops revolving and the momentum of the train carries it along the wheel slides along the track and a flat is started. Next stop makes it worse, and so it goes until the wheel is no good. If a brakeman knows his business he need never make a flat wheel unless he has to suddenly avoid an accident. If he keeps his wheels turning slowly they don't flatten. Now those fellows on the trolleys take no care at all, and every other car in some places has a flat wheel."

Repts and Notices.

Repts are paid quarterly in Paris, and every quarter day is marked by a large number of suicides, the victims being poor wretches who cannot pay, and seek thus to escape eviction. On the first of the month no less than nine persons took their lives for this reason. The charcoal brazier was the favorite means adopted.

LITTLE NEED FOR LANTERNS.

Conductors Now Seldom Carry Their Lights in Taking Tickets Owing to Better-Lighted Cars.

Modern railroading has driven the passenger conductor's lantern almost out of use, says the New York Herald. Two decades ago or less the pride of a passenger conductor was his lantern. Then the cars were not so brilliantly illuminated as they are now and the ticket taker had to carry his light on his left arm in order to see the passenger boards as he passed through the dimly lighted car.

THE REAL LAND OF PEANUTS.

Senegal, Africa, Raises Over 125,000 Tons of Them Every Year—What Becomes of Them.

If you like peanuts, the place for you is Senegal, Africa.

Senegal is one of those places that is hard to remember, even after you have found it on the map, and many a "Failure" has old Senegal produced in school days past and present. But the peanut gives it a sort of lifelike look, and should make it easier to remember, says an exchange.

The peanuts raised in Senegal in one year weighed more than 125,000 tons. France takes most of them. But thousands of tons go also to Holland and Germany.

The little French and Dutch and German children do not, however, eat peanuts by the ton. Indeed, they hardly eat them at all. The peanut in those benighted lands is turned into oil instead of being turned into hungry children.

The only European country that treats the Senegal peanut with proper respect is England. It takes less than a hundred tons out of Senegal but the nuts are packed carefully in bags, and are sold to confectioners, as they should be, instead of to oil makers.

Senegal also raises great quantities of that typical Arabian Nights grain, sesame. Do you remember the "open sesame" of the 40 thieves?

POLITE DISMISSAL.

That is What an English Court Holds Requisite for Resignation of Bank Clerk to Be.

The true meaning and effect of the words, "you are required to resign your appointment in the bank forthwith," will never, we hope, have more than a speculative interest for our readers, but for the sake of gratifying natural curiosity on the point, it may be worth while to record a recent decision of the court of appeal as to the construction to be put upon the words, says the Bankers' Magazine. In Stephenson vs. the London Joint Stock bank, a clerk had been found to be concerned in a transaction in such a way as to meet with the bank's disapproval, and the secretary sent him a letter worded in the manner described, whereupon he sent in his resignation. By the regulations of the bank, subscribed to by every officer on admission to the service, pensions are granted on a certain scale, but no allowance whatever is made to any clerk dismissed from the service. The clerk in question sued the bank for his pension, contending he had not been dismissed, but that he had resigned. The court of appeal, however, affirming the judgment of the court below, held that the letter was a dismissal, and that the use of polite instead of peremptory language in no way altered the fact—a view which commends itself to common sense.

MONARCHS AS PATIENTS.

Servian Doctor Depicts Traits of Royal Patrons—William Likes to Display His Little Learning.

A distinguished Servian doctor who has had much experience with royal patients gives some of his impressions of crowned heads when suffering.

Emp'or William, he says, is docile, but has a mania for discussing with his doctors and likes to parade all the medical knowledge he has gained through well-known medical books.

King Edward VII. is the gentlest patient imaginable. He obeys without making the slightest observation.

The queen of Holland is a very unwell person. She does not like to have a physician touch her, even to feel her pulse.

The czar and the sultan are very difficult patients. The former is highly impressionable and has an instinctive fear of the most innocuous remedy. The latter mistrusts his doctor, and is always afraid of being poisoned. He wants every medicine prescribed analyzed by his special chemist before it is administered.

World's Longest Canal.

The longest canal in the world is that which extends from the frontier of China to St. Petersburg, 4,472 miles. In India there are 14,000 miles of canal, irrigating 8,000,000 acres of land.

EACH COLOR TO ITSELF.

How the Whites, the Reds and the Blacks Get Along in the Cherokee Nation.

The race problem in the Cherokee nation is solved to the general satisfaction of the three races concerned and the intermediary mixed blood, says the Kansas City Journal. In the location of homes the Cherokee fullbloods and negroes are mostly in settlements. The intermarried whites largely are in towns and territory contiguous to each other. The Cherokee speaking citizens much prefer to associate together.

In the nation there are 30 schools attended by fullblood Cherokee children and 17 by negro children. The negro blood schools are not so by legal requirement, but as a corollary of their preference to live near each other. The Cherokee and negro do not intermarry or socially mingle. Two seminaries and an orphan asylum are attended by fullbloods and mixed bloods only. The colored high school by negroes only.

In the incorporated school districts whites and Indians attend the same schools, and race prejudice and undue feeling on either side are being lost in fellowship and friendship cultivated in the class room and on the playground. Both sides are better satisfied in the combined schools than they were when they were kept separate. Fullbloods seem to mingle as freely with white renters and their families of good character as they do with mixed bloods.

Of the 35,500 citizens of the Cherokee nation the best statistical information gives about 8,500 fullbloods, 3,200 intermarried whites, 22,800 mixed bloods and 4,000 freedmen.

PAPER CORKS.

The Problem of Getting Suitable Stoppers for Bottles—New Type of Corker Used.

It would seem a difficult matter to provide an efficient substitute for cork as a stopper for bottles, so admirably does this description of bark fulfil the purpose, says Chambers' Journal. The glass marble which is kept in position by the pressure of the gas in mineral water bottles answers the purpose of a cork, but comes under a different category. It had not been invented if the demand for the natural product would have possibly been greater than the supply. India rubber corks are occasionally met with in bottles containing chemical preparations; but they are expensive luxuries. The only cheap substitute for cork as a bottle stopper is paper, but this has not come into extensive use. Paper corks are not new, the first ones manufactured having been made by running pulp into moulds and afterwards drying the "corks" so made, and dipping them into paraffin wax or some preparation of the kind to prevent absorption. A more recent method is to roll the paper on a rod, like a firework case, afterwards cutting it into lengths, press it to form in a mould, and finishing it with a wooden core. It is said that these paper corks are made in America, Japan and China in large quantities; but they are certainly seldom seen in Britain. They would evidently require a new type of corker to draw them from the neck of a bottle.

THE TIMEPIECE'S TALE.

Observations of the Clock That Hangs on the Wall of the Little Country Railway Station.

I have been in this little country station for a good many years, said the depot clock, according to the Four-Track News. World-wide travelers might think this a very dull, lonely place, but I have not found it so; quite exciting things happen here at times. I have been contented here. The station master and I are very good friends; many of them do not stop, but if they are a minute late in passing, I am anxious and quiet my own heart's beating to listen to the telegraph instrument in the office.

I know most of the people who go and come through this little room. Some people are always late, and though I count off the minutes as slowly as possible, I cannot hold the train until they reach the station; and then they look at me reproachfully, not knowing how sorry I am for their discomfort.

Now and then a stately stranger gets off the train, and glances curiously at me and my commonplace surroundings, but I do not mind, for I try to do my best, and am content with my work and station.

"Paleface."

Dr. Murray is now looking after his p's and q's, says the London Daily Chronicle. For the purposes of his monumental dictionary he wants to know the earliest use and accurate origin of the word "paleface," familiar to the countless readers of American Indian stories. It occurs frequently in Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," published in 1826, and that is the earliest reference with which Dr. Murray is at present acquainted.

Whether it is a translation of a genuine Indian word, or merely a convenient phrase invented by storytellers, and placed in the mouths of the red men, are points on which authoritative information will doubtless be forthcoming from the other side of the Atlantic. But at present we incline to the belief that "paleface" is an invention of the novelists.

Care of Peking's Streets.

In Peking the care of the streets is in charge of four mandarins and a number of soldiers, subject to their orders, but who hire coolies to do what little is done. This consists in sprinkling in dry weather and filling up puddles when it rains. All the rubbish not wanted in houses is thrown into the streets, and remains there.

THIS ONE WAS A WOMAN.

And She Held On to the End Seat in the Car, But Her Finish Came.

"I saw something distinctly unique in the way of feminine—er—I was going to say swinishness, but I'll let it go as selfishness," said a Washingtonian who is notorious for the infrequency with which he emits sounds from his facial orifice unless he has occasion to say something, relates the Post. "I boarded an incoming F street car over in Georgetown, taking the outside position of the only vacant seat. A couple of squares later on an aquare-jawed woman with a tip-titled nose—I immediately recognized her as a skirted person whose portrait I had often seen printed in the newspapers in connection with the mothers' congresses and other outfits of that character—started to board the car at the spot where I was sitting. If I ever saw an end-seat bog I cut out being one a long time ago, and so I moved over and let her take the outside seat. She bestowed upon me a sort of smile of disdain, as much as to say: 'What a mark and a good thing you are, to be sure!' and I could observe how acutely she enjoyed the shadow of gloom which crossed the conductor's face when she gave him five pennies as fare."

"At the very next corner a very old, blind woman started to get into my seat—all of the others were nearly full, but as yet that seat of ours held only two. I moved over to the third place, and I naturally expected that the square-jawed woman to whom I had surrendered the outside seat would, in her turn, move over and make room on the outside for the old woman with crutches. Did she? Well, not any more than Helen of Troy ever took in washing or Cleopatra made a business of picking up carpet rags, did she. Worse than that, she barely scrooped in to let the old woman with her crutches on her map over the fact that the crippled old woman had had the nerve to want to get into the seat at all. Two corners farther on an old palsied man, dressed in the old style, with high collar and stock and all that, saw the vacant space in that seat of ours, and he, too, had to struggle as best he could past the square-jawed woman to whom I had so freely passed over the end seat. The old woman with crutches and I pushed over and made room for the old man next to the just natchally mean woman on the outside."

"But something always happens to give people of that sort a dent. When the car reached Fourteenth street and New York avenue, a robust, middle aged woman with a market basket saw that there were only four in our seat and that all of the rest of the seats held five. She swung herself on board with her basket over her arm. The woman on the outside glared at her."

"There's no room in this seat," she snapped, angrily, at the woman with the market basket.

"The latter regarded the mean woman with an expression of calm surprise for a moment. Then she said: 'They ain't, hey? Well, you don't never want to get no such idea as that—a-one in your pickabaw. Cynthia—there's room, right where you're sittin' this mornin', and that'll be good enough for me,' and she deliberately pushed the mean woman over and crushed herself into the outside position—and I never felt so much like applauding out of a theater as I did right then."

"It's easy to see what kind of training you have had," snarled the woman who had been so effectively displaced.

"You needn't lose no sleep botherin' 'bout my rearin'," was the calm reply of the woman with the market basket. "I know one place where I wasn't raised and that's a hopen, and that's a heap more'n can be said by a hutt' lot of sashayin' female critters what go a-flattin' up and down makin' holy shows of their manners."

"The mean woman left the car at Ninth street, with her tip-titled nose still in the air. But she was carrying the loser-out's pennant all the same."

Uncle Sam's Mail Bills.

We spend some ten millions of dollars a year more than any other country in the world in carrying our mails, and most of this excessive expenditure goes to pay for the unremunerative work of delivering mail on the outskirts of civilization. In spite of Russia's great size and England's remarkable efficiency in handling her mails, the mail routes of the United States are some \$15,000 miles longer than those of any other country, and we employ some 8,000 more workmen to handle them, and have fully 30,000 more post offices.—St. Nicholas.

Between Heat and Cold.

What a difference and yet what a similarity—between the balmy days of spring and the Indian summer of October or November! The first, a changing of cold to heat, Burroughs calls inspiration; and the second, heat to cold, expiration. He also calls attention to the fact that "the delicious Indian summer is sometimes the most marked in November. A truce is declared, and both forces, heat and cold, meet and mingle in friendly converse on the field."—St. Nicholas.

Over His Head.

Sarah (a country girl)—My father, what did that city chap mean by saying we had transformed the old elm grove into a peach orchard?

Father—Blamed if I know. I didn't see any peaches there. All I saw was you and the Tinker gals.—Boston Transcript.

An Unfailing Sign.

Margaret—I'm getting old. Gertrude—Oh, no. "Yes, I am; I no longer want to buy everything I lay my eyes on."—Detroit Free Press.

ODD PERVERSITIES OF CATS.

Zoo Animal Keeper Tells About Some Singular Traits of the Feline.

There is an ex-animal trainer who is one of the keepers at the "Zoo" who pays the common house cat a tribute that will not add to the general esteem in which she is held, states the Philadelphia Press.

He says: "I have trained most kinds of animals, from a 'hippo' to a porpoise, but for perverseness and general cunningness I cheerfully give the palm to the ordinary, everyday house cat."

"Not that I have not had success with her, for I have had, and there are two or three of my trained cat companions on the road that would astonish you with their tricks."

"I've managed to make them ride bicycles, do the cakewalk, make love on the back fence while the surrounding neighborhood (on the stage) aimed rubber ginger beer bottles and soap dishes at them, but still I'd rather teach almost anything than a cat. She's spiteful, too, and if she doesn't want to do any particular trick she'll let out with her claws, and as likely as not you'll lose an inch or two of cuticle."

"I remember some time ago I had a cat I was training that was almost human in her determination to do exactly the opposite to what she was wanted. She was a beautiful Angora and cost a mint, but so lazy that she'd scarcely stand on her feet to eat her supper. Well, I'd succeeded in teaching her to do a few tricks, among them being the old tag of 'falling dead,' when a toy pistol was discharged, which she did so well that ten to one she'd be asleep before I could give the signal to 'rise.' She got so expert at this form that I had to finally knock it out of her programme, or I verily believe she'd have died in her sleep."

"Well, one day I thought I'd teach her to skip, so I tied the two ends of a small rope to her paws and gave her half an hour's instruction twice a day for a month, and at the end of that time she was no nearer accomplishing the feat than she was at the beginning. She knew what I wanted her to do, right enough, and I could have sworn one morning I saw a grin on her face that would have roused the ire of any trainer but myself. But I might as well have tried to teach a wooden monkey to play billiards; she simply wouldn't skip, and in despair I put her on a chair one day and began skipping myself, just to show her how it was done."

"After five minutes or so, during which time she had followed my antics with considerable interest, I coax her to have a try, and if you'll believe me she succeeded so well that I almost felt ashamed of my own performance. It was a curious thing, but ever after, I wanted her to do any new trick, I had to perform it myself first before she would try. Gave her confidence, I suppose, when she saw I didn't break my back. She afterward turned out a fine trick cat, and is now one of my star artists."

"You may be surprised to hear that the best cats for my purpose are not the valuable Angoras or Persians, but the common or garden tabby. I find I am not very successful with the ordinary house cat, who spends her time blinking before the fire and gets her meals regular. As a rule she's not intelligent. Not for the last ten years or so, I've been catching my own cats and haven't paid a cent for them. When I'm in want of some new cats, I go on a marmoset expedition and haul all the cats I find prowling round. The cat that goes on thieving expeditions and can catch a bird on the wing is the animal for my business."

"It's brainy and as sly as any fox. He knows his out on a wicked spree, and escapes as much as any human pointer. I've seen cats that have had their ears shot away by keepers, their tails clipped by rabbit gins, and half their fur ripped off by game dogs, and yet as soon as they can get about again they're off and away after further mischief. Well, those are the cats that I have the greatest success with. They are sharp, know that the quicker they learn their turns the pleasanter it will be for all parties, and, as they receive their rations according to their behavior, they do their best, and humans can't do more."

"It's a funny thing, but I've had to abandon teaching cats to turn somersaults. All the animals I've had who accomplished this feat and did the trick for any length of time invariably went mad. Whether it's on account of a sudden rush of blood to the head or indignation at being compelled to go through such an ungraceful act I don't know, but there it is: teach them somersaults and sooner or later they'll go off their chumps, if you'll excuse the expression."

"It is no good punishing cats for being clumsy or not knowing what you mean. They simply don't understand you, and turn sulky and decline to do anything but growl and swell their tails with indignation."

In Opposite Directions.

Boron—Hello, old man; what you goin' to do?

Gimm—Nothing.

"How about a walk? I think it would do us both good."

"So do I. Good-by."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

British Earthquakes.

During 1901 and 1902 the number of British earthquakes registered at the four stations were—at Slide, Hampshire, 168; at Kew, Surrey, 127; at Bidston, Cheshire, 228, and at Edinburgh, 155.

Large Owl Crop.

H. J. Carpenter, of Ferrisburg, Vt., had a field of 17 acres of white Russian oats and some of the head measure 16 inches. One head that was counted contained 140 kernels of large size.

800 PHOTOGRAPHS AN HOUR.

Clever Invention of a St. Louis Man Which Prints Negatives at an Exceedingly Rapid Rate.

A machine which prints 800 photographs an hour is in use at St. Louis. The machine is a compact affair in the shape of a small table. Under the top is a small cabinet, containing a 600 candle power electric light. The rays of this light are concentrated upon a sheet of sensitized paper placed in a device on top.

The printing operation is performed by the manipulation of a treadle, which is moved back and forth under the table, and the prints are made almost as rapidly as this can be done. In fact, the speed of the machine is almost as great as a foot power printing press. The paper used is sensitive to artificial light.

The machine is fed by hand. The operator puts the sheets in place and drops the lid over it, insuring perfect contact of the paper with the negative. Pressure on the treadle opens a window shutter under the table-top which before protected the negative from the action of the light.

A second or two at the most is sufficient for the exposure, and as the treadle is allowed to fall back into normal position the shutter is again closed.

Upon raising the lid the paper is thrown out by a spring attachment, leaving all in readiness for the succeeding sheet.

The operators of this machine have become proficient with this clever bit of mechanism. Recently a record of 846 prints in an hour from the same negative was established. On another occasion, when it was necessary to make prints from 30 different negatives, 1,500 prints were made in three hours.

The latter task, under ordinary circumstances, would have required the services of six men. The machine is the invention of a local photographer.

MANCHURIAN TRADE FIGURES.

Statistics Regarding Importations from the United States for the Past Few Years.

The trade of the United States with Manchuria, China, shows no perceptible change in 1902 as compared with 1901. Figures just compiled by the department of commerce and labor through its bureau of statistics show that the total imports into the port of Newchwang, the principal doorway through which Manchuria is at present supplied, amounted in 1902 to 19,000,000 taels in value, against 17,000,000 in 1901 and 18,000,000 in 1900. The official report of the Chinese government does not specify all classes of merchandise received into Newchwang from the United States, but does specify the four principal articles—American jeans, drills, sheetings, and kerosene. The total value of these four articles of American production reported as brought into Newchwang in 1902, either coming direct from the United States or from other parts of China, was 6,115,320 taels in value, which at the official valuation of the tael in 1902 would make the total value in United States currency \$2,543,920. (The average value of the tael during 1902 is shown by the Chinese government in its report as 61 cents.) A comparison of these four articles from the United States imported into Newchwang in 1902 with the figures for the same articles in preceding years shows that the total for 1902 was practically the same as that of 1901 and 1900, and much greater than that of 1900 or of the years preceding the year 1900.

YOUTH EARNS A FORTUNE.

Starts with Small Capital in London and Now Makes \$100,000 a Year.

Ernest Wrench, whose coming of age was celebrated by a banquet in the Hotel Cecil at London recently, is a remarkable example of infant business initiative turned to profitable account. He is a son of Dr. Wrench, one of the commissioners under the Wyndham new Irish land act.

On leaving Irish school he went three years to complete his education in Germany. There he foresaw the future of the picture post-card craze. He returned in three months to London and opened a small shop on the Haymarket, with agencies in Germany and other countries for picture post cards, and less than three years' trading finds him with more than \$500,000. He began on \$250, and now is earning \$100,000 a year.

The business has been turned into a joint stock company, which is publishing 60,000,000 post cards per annum.

MAY KISS ON SCHOOL STEPS.

"Spooning" on Stairways of Buildings at Janesville, Wis., Sanctioned by the Council.

Lovers can do all the "spooning" they wish on the steps of the public schools at Janesville, Wis. The city council has so decided after a long discussion. Alderman Edward Connel, the only unmarried man in the council, championed the cause of the lovers as long as they care to occupy them. Alderman Connel said he was once a boy himself, and used to sit on these same steps. He did not favor kissing that was so loud it kept the neighbors awake, but within bounds it should be allowed without fear of the police.

A Peculiar Accident.

A woman named Keys, who carries on a dried-fish business at Nottingham, met with an extraordinary accident the other day. While frying fish the lid of the pan was fastened down too tightly, and sufficient steam was generated in the vessel to cause an explosion. The sides of the pan were blown out, and the boiling fat flew all over the shop. Mrs. Keys was severely burned.