

SPECIMEN SLOW RAILWAY.

Train Was "Held Up" While a Hunter Went Out for a Little Game.

Speaking about rapid transit, I remember a few years ago traveling on a go-as-you-please train in Florida, and although it took the greater part of a day to travel 30 miles, I enjoyed the trip. The speaker was Jack Flannery, the crack trap shooter, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, the other day, relates the New York Times.

"It was in 1894; I went down to Florida on a hunting trip, intending to join a party at Leesburg. A steamboat carried us up the St. John's river to Astor, all right.

"A dinky-dink line called the St. John's & Lake Eustis railway runs between Astor and Leesburg, a distance of 30 miles, and the return trip takes from five o'clock in the morning until midnight. The conductors on trains down south are all called captain, and the particular 'genus homo' on this train was Capt. Tucker, and he was all right.

"We hadn't been out of Astor station three minutes before Capt. Tucker was taking the measure of my guns and dogs and wanted to know why I didn't stop off at Sellers Lake.

"If you'd like to get a shot at a deer," said he. "I'll hold her up (meaning the train) out at Bay Head." "Much game out here?" I inquired. "Some deer out with the cattle and plenty of quail and robins."

"Finally the train pulled up at a little station called Ravenswood, a decayed village with two or three inhabited houses, and Capt. Tucker pointed in the direction of the bay head and said he would hold her up for you, and I went in search of game.

"I was gone about an hour, and bagged seven or eight brace of quail, and, returning to the train, found trainmen and passengers (there were two besides myself) fast asleep under a shed, the engineer playing a game of solitaire in the baggage car. Capt. Tucker was absent, and, the engineer promising to whistle for me before the train started, I wandered off in the direction of a neat-looking house to get a glass of milk and something to eat.

"Here I found my conductor engaged in conversation with the lady of the house, who was apparently a widow, and on seeing me the 'genus homo' exclaimed: "I'll be starting her in about 20 minutes."

"What's keeping us?" I inquired. "A dratted turkey, has just gone on her nest, and she's pointing his thumb to the widow wants to send a dozen eggs to town, and she's just one shy."

"We reached Leesburg that night."

VOLCANOES IN KAMCHATKA.

A Number That Are Always in a State of Eruption Afford Grand Spectacles.

Kamchatka has many volcanoes, the only ones in Russian territory that are still active. They are unusually impressive. Their summits are always smoking and often glow with molten lava, though they are clad in eternal snow and are covered with glaciers. The volcanic eruptions are very grand, but being witnessed only by a few natives or Russian officials they attract but little attention in the west. About 40 of the mountains are of volcanic origin, but of these not more than 12 are still active, states the New York Sun.

One of these remarkable eruptions occurred last fall at the Avacha volcano, 8,210 feet high, on the southeast coast of Kamchatka. The eruptions were accompanied by subterranean rumblings that were audible for 60 miles. These phenomena were often attended by violent earthquakes which sometimes raise the waves to a great height, flooding the coast and sweeping away the tents of the natives. This was the case in the recent eruption.

The accounts that have been sent to St. Petersburg of this eruption say that a more magnificent and awful spectacle was probably never presented. Lava flowed in deep streams down the sides of the mountains. The streams looked like wide, molten rivers. From fissures in the earth noxious gases escaped, destroying animal and vegetable life near the mountain. Even fish were killed by thousands in the neighboring streams.

The volcanic eruptions in Kamchatka probably surpass those of any other part of the world in violence and duration. An eruption mentioned by Krashennnikov lasted four years, from 1727 to 1731, and that of 1737, which was far more violent, discharged vast lava streams, melting the glaciers and sweeping the glaciers and sweeping avalanches of ice and water into the surrounding valleys.

The Limit.
"She said he was inquisitive."
"Was he?"
"Well, he asked her the cost of her gown."
"I should call that very—"
"O, that's not what she objected to."
"Indeed!"
"Then he said: 'Are you engaged?'"
"By Jove. That was—"
"She didn't object to that."
"Didn't object?"
"No. Then he asked her what size of shoe she wore."
"Well, of all the—"
"That didn't disturb her."
"What did, then?"
"He finally asked her if she would mind telling him her age."
"Oh, I see."—Detroit Free Press.

Descriptive.
Bacon—Who is that short, thick man over there?
Egbert—Are you blind? That man is tall and slim.
"Oh, you haven't talked to him. He's short of money and thick in the head."—Yonkers Statesman.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"HELLO! HERE COMES THE RAM." WHERE?

HUMOROUS.

"Yes, everybody is willing to give Jinks a boost now." "Why now, especially?" "He is on his feet again."—Indianapolis News.

Flannery—"Shure, O! hown't been able to slape the lasht few noights, an' tis just worry that's doin' it." Flaherty—"Phwat are ye worryin' about?" Flannery—"Fur fear O'll git insomnia; tis hereditary in our family."—Philadelphia Record.

Huggard—"Miss Loveylyp and I had quite a warm discussion about matrimony last evening." Aseum—"And you got the better of it?" Huggard—"The matter isn't closed yet, but I'm hoping it will result in a tie."—Philadelphia Press.

Almost a Knockout.—Borem—"I'm something of a mind reader." Miss Hittm—"Indeed!" Borem—"Yes; I can usually tell at a glance what a person thinks of me." Miss Hittm—"Wonderful! But don't you find it awfully embarrassing?"—Chicago Daily News.

Unprofessional.—"What I say," said the speaker of the evening, in earnest accents, "is live and let live!" Whereupon the Amalgamated Order of International Undertakers arose in a body and chucked him hence for unprofessional conduct.—Baltimore News.

One Reason.—"Why do you not produce more of Shakespeare's plays instead of the frivolous form of drama you offer?" we ask of the great impressario. "I have noticed," he explains, "that the people who are always wanting Shakespearean productions are mostly the folks who think they cannot spare the money to go to the theater."—Baltimore American.

EPICUREAN CHINAMEN.

The Tables of Many in This Country Have the Best to Be Found in Market.

The food bought by the Chinese living in America is often quite as expensive as that of the whites. Instead of living altogether on rice and chop suey, as is the general impression, Chinamen, being quite as fond of meat as Americans, buy pork, beef and chickens. Chop suey is made to sell to curious white persons who visit Chinatown. In the vicinity of every large city where there is any considerable Chinese colony, there are truck gardens, devoted to raising vegetables exclusively for Chinamen from seed brought from their native land. These vegetables are unknown to Americans. But the Chinese also consume large quantities of the finer kinds of American vegetables, says Forum.

The Chinaman has a sweet tooth, also; and in the best Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, Chicago, New York and other large cities, the best of wines are served to Chinese as well as American customers, together with the finest and most expensive foods. In the average Chinese restaurants in those cities good board can be had by the Chinese for from \$15 to \$20 a month, and these restaurants are largely patronized. As a rule, the Chinamen are compelled to lodge in mean quarters, but in New York and San Francisco there are a number of well-appointed homes occupied by the families of the well-to-do Chinese merchants, which the American seldom or never sees. In New York there is an apartment house, up to date in every respect, occupied by Chinese families. The Chinaman sticks as closely as he can to the traditions and customs of his country, which are strange to the occidental, and, therefore, a subject for comment and often for derision.

First One to Complain.
Fair Patron—See here! You told me a horrid story about the way my husband was acting, and I've found, on investigation, that it is not true. He's just as good as I am.

Fortune Teller—Very remarkable, madam, very remarkable. I've told that same story to about 10,000 different women, and you are the first one who has made a complaint.—Stray Stories.

TROLLEY AGAINST HORSE.

The Bulky Animal Finds That the Power of Electricity is Too Much for Him.

People passing along the lower end of the Bowery the other day where one of the cross-town lines intersects the Third avenue tracks were treated to a rare and rather ludicrous spectacle. A white horse attached to a covered van was plodding thoughtfully along in the line of the car tracks. Behind it the motorman was clanging his gong for the passage to be cleared and the driver was urging his horse to move from the track to one side, says the New York Times.

Just as the horse reached the point where the lines intersect it stopped and became entirely lost in its train of thought. The driver pleaded, shouted, cursed, but the horse was oblivious alike to threats and entreaties. It stood quiet and patient, like David Harum's famous equine that "stood without hitching."

The cross-town car was blocked—so was the Third avenue car in the rear. The passengers were growing impatient and some of the irritable ones were beginning to alight, but the horse still maintained its statuesque attitude.

A policeman who appeared tried coaxing, then violently tugged at the bridle, but the horse was calmly superior to being either led or driven. It was the Third avenue motorman whose mental activities helped to solve the difficulty just as plans were being formulated for blindfolding the beast. He turned on his power and the car slowly began to move; so did the covered van, right up against the horse, pushing him along, willy-nilly. The horse held to the fight bravely, however, and the Bowery was treated to the rare sight of seeing an actual demonstration of the superiority of electric over horse power. It was not long before the strain began to tell. The horse snorted and moved grudgingly to one side. Then the car sped on its way, bearing the triumphant motorman.

DANDY DOGS IN PARIS.

Leaders of Fashion Have Their Canine Pets Clad in the Height of Fashion.

There appears to be as much care spent upon the dresses of dogs as upon those of the ladies who own them. No leader of fashion in Paris is now seen without her doggie curled and scented, with jeweled collar, leash and bracelets. His outdoor garments are made to match his mistress' toilet, the silken coats being ornamented with frills, and bunches of flowers artistically placed in the ruffles round his neck. For wintry weather he has a warm coat with a huge storm collar, lined and edged with expensive fur, and fastened with a jeweled clasp, says a London paper. No coat is complete without a pocket into which is jauntily stuck the daintiest of small lace handkerchiefs. Nor are his boots forgotten. Unlike puss in boots, however, he has two pairs made of soft black India rubber, and usually buttoned up the sides. If he should prefer lace-up boots he can have them. Collars are many and varied. Thus, a bulldog who is somewhat bare about the neck has a plain collar of dark leather, with bars of brass or steel, and a thick fur ruff at each side to set off his head. A long-haired dog, such as the Yorkshire or Blenheim, has a collar of great suppleness, so as to catch in his hair. Some of his make of blue suede, set with real gold studs, fligree gold balls, and a gold bell. As much as \$24 has been paid for such a collar.

Die Violent Deaths.
Of the latest 200 grand viziers of the sultan of Turkey not more than 24 have died naturally. One hundred of them were poisoned, and 36 of the others were either beheaded or drowned in the Bosphorus. Of the remaining 40 the cause of death cannot be traced. One of the viziers was only four hours in office, and another occupied the position for only ten minutes, being strangled at the end of that time.—London Mail.

AN AMATEUR DETECTIVE.

A Knight of the Razor Who Showed Qualifications for the Sleuth Profession.

Sherlock Holmes has a promising rival in a barber known to the Philadelphia Record. He astonished one of his customers the other day by asking him if he were not left-handed. The man admitted that he was, and suggested that the barber had probably seen him hang up his hat.

"No," said the barber; "I have other ways of finding out such things. 'I see, too, that you are a bookkeeper.'"

"Yes," admitted the customer, "your guesses are correct. How do you know?" "It's easy," said the barber. "In shampooing your head I noticed ink on your hair at the left temple. This ink, I concluded, must have got there from a pen resting on your left ear, which indicated that you were a person who used a pen a great deal, as only such persons use their ears as pen-racks."

"That didn't convince me that you were a bookkeeper, however, because a literary man might stick his pen behind his ear for convenience. I learned of your profession when I applied the lather. This made the ink on your hair wash out, and I discovered two shades of ink—red and black. Nobody but a bookkeeper uses red and black ink, so it was easy to class you as a bookkeeper."

"I knew you were left-handed because the ink was on the left side—the side that a left-handed writer would involuntarily use when sticking his pen back of his ear."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said the customer. "Now suppose you stop talking for awhile, and finish shaving me."

Water Does It.
A Minnesota woman has recently discovered a powder that perfectly cleans silver, and, in fact, everything that shines. The striking feature of it is that it makes water do all the work, requiring absolutely no effort on your part. This simple, easy, perfect cleaner is called Silver Salt, and if you send 25c to the Silver Salt Co., St. Paul, Minn., they will send a large package by return mail, and also return your money if you are not pleased in every respect after trying it.

Her Strong Point.
"Can you sing?" said the theatrical manager.
"Not the least in the world," replied the applicant for a job.
"Can you dance?"
"Not a bit."

"Then what use do you suppose, young lady, we could make of you as a member of our company?"
"You ought to see me try to do a song and dance. It's the funniest thing in the world."—Chicago Tribune.

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An Unfavorable Symptom.
"You have what I call a quinine cough," said the doctor, proceeding to mix a dose of medicine for his caller.
"And a quinine cough, I suppose," wheezed the patient, "is a sort of Peruvian bark."—Youth's Companion.

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An Estimate of Art.
"Have you ever written anything that you were ashamed of?" inquired the severe relative.
"No," answered the author. "But I hope to some day. I need the money."—Washington Star.

Henry A. Salzer, the well-known La Crosse, Wis., seedsmen, has given the last thousand dollars to wipe out the debt on the La Crosse Y. M. C. A. Mr. Salzer, though an extremely busy man, finds time to encourage and assist educational and philanthropic enterprises frequently.

"So you're not working for Mr. Stockton-Bonds any more, Uncle Eph?" "No, sah, Ie in de minn' business mahse'f now." "In the minn' business, eh?" "Yes, sah, Kalsominin'."—Philadelphia Press.

Fits Permanently Cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free \$2.00 trial bottle. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is impossible that a man who is false to his friends should be true to his country.—Bishop Berkeley.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 322 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

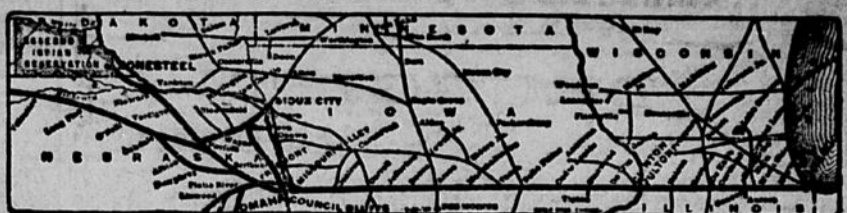
Never put off 'till to-morrow what you can get some one else to do to-day.—Ohio State Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some men are known by the friends they fail to make.—Chicago Daily News.

Audacity is the stepfather of success.—Chicago Daily News.

THE ROSEBUD INDIAN RESERVATION TO BE OPENED FOR SETTLEMENT.



A HALF MILLION ACRES OF RICH LANDS TO BE THROWN OPEN.

FINEST GRAZING AND FARMING LANDS. DIRECT RAILROAD NOW BUILDING.

The new extension now being built by the North-Western Line to Bonesteel, S. D., brings to mind the treaty recently made with the chiefs of the warlike Sioux by which part of the famous Rosebud Reservation is to be turned over to the government and one more of the few choice tracts of public lands now remaining, be thus opened to settlement.

The land in question lies between the Missouri and Niobrara rivers and is well watered and fertile. Farm lands near the Reservation are selling at from \$20 to \$35 an acre, grazing lands at from \$6 to \$15.

The country is level or slightly rolling, consisting of black loam with clay subsoil, making the very best of farming land. It seems to suffer exceptionally little from drought.

Another Step Forward.
The manager of our bureau has thought out a splendid scheme for the children's supplement.

"What! What is it?"
"He has had one of the artists draw a full page picture of Mont Pelée in action, and then, right on the summit, he has rubbed a lot of explosive chemicals. When a match is touched to the stuff the eruption occurs. The child under five years whose photograph shows the smallest amount of hair and eyebrows after the explosion gets the first prize. Great idea, isn't it?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

None in Stock.
"I observe," said the literary customer, "that 'concealment, like a woman's hair, hath preserved on the damask cheek' of some of these apples. That is a poetical quotation. I presume you have read Shakespeare?"

"Red Shakespeare?" echoed the apple dealer. "No, sir. That's a variety I've never heard of."—Chicago Tribune.

A Hard One.
The eminent Boston professor who declares that there can be no more languages invented has probably not heard of the Georgetown man with a hare lip who is teaching a parrot to talk.—Washington Post.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control; these three alone lead life to sovereign power.—Tennyson.

The inaccessibility of opportunity growth alone for the resolute and spry.—Town Topics.

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