

A TALE OF THE RAIL.



PETER JONES was my engineer the last year I ran as fireman. Him and me used to take out the night express and bring in a way train next day. A whiter man than Pete never lived, which is more than most firemen will say about their mate. When I first went with him from a switchin' engine I was pretty green about keepin' up fires on a long run; but he never found fault or grumbled—just got down now and then for a minute, and showed me how to fix things. After I had been runnin' with him about six months he got to regardin' me as a good friend, and often would tell me about himself and his plans.

He used to go to church every Sunday night, bein' unable to attend in the mornin' because we did not get in till after service had begun. I don't think he was a member, but he took just as much interest as if he was. He got to know a young woman there named Lizzie Sparks and it wasn't long before I saw that he was badly smitten, as the sayin' is. Once, when he was particularly confidential, he told me he was goin' to take a house, furnish it by means of the money he had in the savin' bank, and surprise her when they were married.

Naturally I supposed he had asked her and that everything was fixed; but one night when he came on duty he was pale and tremblin' so that I thought he was sick, and I wanted him to lay off. "Taint what you think, Jack!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, as I tried to persuade him to go over to the drug store and get some medicine.

finned between the tank and the cab. There were lots of yells and screams and groans from the coaches, but I didn't need to be told to help Pete first. I crawled over, and by hard pullin' got him out onto the plank. He was senseless and like a log; but, grabbin' off my cap, I run it full of water from the tank and threw it on him. Then he came to. "What's the matter, Jack?" he mumbled. By and by he gazed around and the blaze from the coaches, which had took fire, caught his eye. "My God, Jack! where's Lizzie?" he shouted, and jumpin' up he started back to the sleeper.

The cars were all broke up, and, as I said, were on fire. It was an awful wreck—the worst I ever was in. The sleeper was smashed up, too, but not like the day coaches, the berths bein' down, which made it twice as bad.

When Pete and me got there the porter, who was nurnin' a broken arm, told us everybody was out exceptin' a man and a woman in the state room. Knowin' by instinct it was Lizzie and her husband, Pete made a dash through the fire, which was already eatin' away one end of the sleeper, and crawled through a broken window. Before I had time to follow him—and I confess I was most afraid to do so—he busted another window from the inside and commenced to push somebun' white through the openin'. It was Lizzie, but whether dead or senseless no one could tell then. Before we got her out the fire was ragin' all over the car, and even as it was, we were singed pretty bad.

After they carried Lizzie away I reached down to help Pete out, but he shouted: "Not yet, Jack; I must save her husband." I yelled in agony: "Come, for heaven's sake, Pete; you'll never get out if you don't come now." He looked at me and smiled in a pitiful way. "His life is worth more than mine to her,

THE MAN WHO COOKS.

He Is a Much More Contented Husband Than He Who Does Not.

Did you ever notice how conceited a man is about his knowledge of house-keeping in general and of cooking in particular? But of course you have, for that is the one spot that you can touch quickly. He may make no pretensions apparently of such knowledge, but it is there and will come out if at all encouraged. And I do not know that it is entirely a conceit of his make-up either. It would probably be a wise plan, especially for the young wife, to humor this soft spot. We are speaking now, of course, of this inclination to help in the cooking, for we can't see from our narrow view what particular advantage it would be for any man to bother about ordinary details about house-keeping.

But this acknowledged link to happy home life—interest in the table and in the preparation of things for the table—is in reality within the prospectus of man's life about the house. It will become almost a hobby of his after awhile to have something to say about the ingredients of the puddings or fixings for the salads; and you, busy little housewife, don't know how much pleasure you have robbed yourself of or how much keen enjoyment you have taken from your husband, if you have denied him of this association. A good man likes to be with his wife, and he'd rather be with her in the kitchen than anywhere else, even if he should get flour on his trousers or batter in his moustache. Of how much service you can make him you don't know until you have tried this plan of encouraging this particular weakness. Why, he'll do most anything you ask him, and although a little awkward about it what do you care for that? It is the delight with which he takes his part that will please you. What is a man anyway but a big overgrown boy, and if properly encouraged he'll be a good boy, too. And if this man should presume to give you instruction about some unheard-of pie or strange dish, just do what you can to follow his receipt and you will be surprised with what success it will sometimes "turn out."

If a man is interested in anything it is the good things of life, and by close attention you will find that he has learned some things about cooking that do him honor.

R. J. M.

He Was Cutting the Grass.

Johnes' house is so situated that his back yard is completely hemmed in by the back yards of neighbors with whom he is upon speaking terms. As Johnes is one of the most sociable fellows in the world he rather likes this arrangement, and form his hammock he every pleasant evening carries on a lively conversation with these neighbors to the satisfaction of all concerned. But it has its inconvenience side, as Johnes realized the other night when, sickle in hand, he started to trim the grass. Smith was the first neighbor to discover Johnes at work, and he opened the ball with: "Ah, there, old man, cutting the grass, eh?" Johnes allowed that he was cutting grass and incidentally remarked that unless Smith called his pet cat over into his own yard the chances were good for puss finishing her existence on wooden legs. The cat came back.

Then Johnson came out, filled his pipe, strolled up to the fence and inquired:

"What are you up to now, Johnes—cutting your grass?"

Johnes replied that it ought to be evident to a man possessed of good eyesight that he was doing something of the kind.

"Well, there's no use in getting up-pish about it, is there?" queried Johnson.

Before Johnes could reply Neighbor Allen had come upon the scene.

"Well, well, well," said he, "I'm glad to see you working. Cutting the grass, eh?"

"No, sir," shouted Johnes, "I'm white-washing the fence a deep crimson," and throwing the sickle into the middle of a bed of pansies that his wife had set out that afternoon, he walked into the house.

The neighbors looked at each other in astonishment for a moment and then there came to them upon the evening air the melody, as jerkily played upon the piano with one finger, "There Are Moments When One Wants to Be Alone."—Boston Record.

QERMS OF THOUGHT.

Modesty, or rather fear, is one of the first virtues of love.—Balzac.

It many times fails out that we deem ourselves much deceived in others, because we first deceived ourselves.—Sir Phillip Sidney.

Oh, what a curious place the world is, and what a number of things are found out a fresh in it! What faded old facts stand forth in startling colors as wonderful and new when youthful genius gets a chance of sitting still while it passes, and making unnoticed studies of it.—Jean Ingelow.

There is this difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money: Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.—Colton.

How easily, if fate would suffer it, we might keep forever those beautiful limits, and adjust ourselves, once for all, to the perfect calculation of the kingdom of known cause and effect. In the street, and in the newspapers, life appears as plain a business, that nearly resolution and adherence to the multiplication table through all weathers will insure success. But, ah! presently comes a day, or is it only a half hour, with its angel whispering—which discomfits the conclusions of nations and of ages.—Boswell.

The Negro Exhibit at the Fair. The unique feature of the Atlanta show is the negroes' building, designed by a negro, built by negroes, filled with the product of negro industry and dedicated by negro eloquence. That can scarcely be matched, even up North.

The highest chimney in the world is at Glasgow, height, 474 feet.

CLEVER AND ASTUTE.

FOREIGN DIPLOMATS IN WASHINGTON.

Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British Minister, and His Interesting Family—Senior Romero of Mexico and Others of Note.

Washington Correspondence.

INCE the ministers of the great powers were promoted to the rank of ambassadors, about two years ago, Sir Julian Pauncefote, the first to have this honor conferred upon him, has been the dean of the diplomatic corps. The other ambassadors rank after him in the order their credentials were presented. Besides Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany are the only countries that are represented by envoys of this grade.

Sir Julian Pauncefote succeeded Lord Sackville, whose unfortunate letter on national politics to a naturalized Englishman in California caused the United States to ask for his recall. At the time of his appointment Sir Julian was one of the under secretaries in the foreign office. He doubtless owed his promotion, which was an unusually great one,

have ably kept up. Lady Pauncefote is a pleasant, kindly faced woman, past middle age, with simple and direct manners, and is a most gracious and cordial hostess. Miss Pauncefote and her three sisters, who have euphonious old English names—Sybil, Lillian and Aubrey—are fresh, bright, fun-loving young women, and go in for all sorts of outdoor sports. They have a tennis court back of the legation, where they play with enthusiasm, are members of the local golf club and ride bicycles.

The English government owns its legation, a solid, substantial structure of brick and stone, built in the style of architecture in vogue twenty years ago. The imperial coat of arms surmounts the porte cochere, and there is a picture of the queen in her coronation robes in the main hall of the embassy. The ball room is spacious and the interior of the building is admirably arranged.

The United States is naturally to Mexico the most important of all diplomatic posts. It is so important that President Diaz has spared his cleverest statesman to represent the republic's interests here. There is no one who stands higher with his government than Senior Romero, and at any crisis, especially a crisis in financial affairs, he is temporarily recalled, so that his experience may be taken advantage of. Senior Romero is a man of intellectuality, a careful thinker, a conscientious student and an indefatigable worker. It seems, indeed, scarcely possible that

King Humbert's Little Joke.
An amusing story comes from the court of Italy. For some time past Queen Marguerite has been very much concerned at the extraordinary rapidity with which the hair of King Humbert has been whitening. What could she do? Womanlike, she saw only one remedy—hair dye—and she suggested the idea to the king. But his majesty objected to being rejuvenated by any such process. One of her relatives, a young prince, suggested strategy. He knew, he said, of a splendid colorless dye which she could place on the dressing table of the king, and he would use it without thinking as an ordinary hair wash. But his majesty got wind of the affair and laid a counterplot. The queen had a little white dog with long hair. He inveigled it into his dressing room, applied the famous hair dye, and turned the dog into her majesty's apartments in a coat of splendid jet black—Tid-Bits.

Fixing Geographical Names.

The United States board on geographic names has decided that Korea and Chemulpo is the proper spelling, and that Bluefields, not Blewfields, is the title of the Nicaragua town. The edict of the board that Havana must be changed to Habana is slightly revolutionary. But all departments of the United States government must accept the amendment.

Your Happiness

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind.

Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.

cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches, etc.

Hood's Pills

is Uric Acid is Poison.

The Kidneys are supposed to filter the uric acid out of the blood. When they are sick they forget it. Uric acid is the cause of Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney Troubles and other dangerous diseases. The only way to cure these diseases is to cure the Kidneys.

Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills

cure the Kidneys and help them to filter the uric acid out of the blood.

All druggists, or mail order prepared for 50c. per box.

Write for pamphlet.

HOOD'S MEDICAL CO., Chicago, San Francisco, N. Y., & S. A.

SWAMP ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

"JONES HE FATH THE FREIGHT."

Farm and Wagon SCALES.

United States Standard. All Sizes and All Kinds. Not made by a trust or controlled by a combination. For Free Book and Price List, address

JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.

WANTED

WANTED: we furnish working capital, experience, etc. You cannot fail if you sell for the great **W. & J. L. STARK NURSERY**, etc. year. 1,000 acres Nurseries, 40,000 acres Orchard. Write quick, giving age, references, etc. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Keeps the hair from falling out. Cleanses and nourishes the scalp. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair. Cures itching scalp, dandruff, itching humors, and all scalp diseases. Price 25c. per bottle.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS

Successor to Prothonotary Clairin, Late Principal Examiner U. S. Courts, 1872 in last year, is adjusting claims, 1874 since.

WANTED—Any lady wishing to make some money quickly and needing steady employment should work for me selling medicated waters.

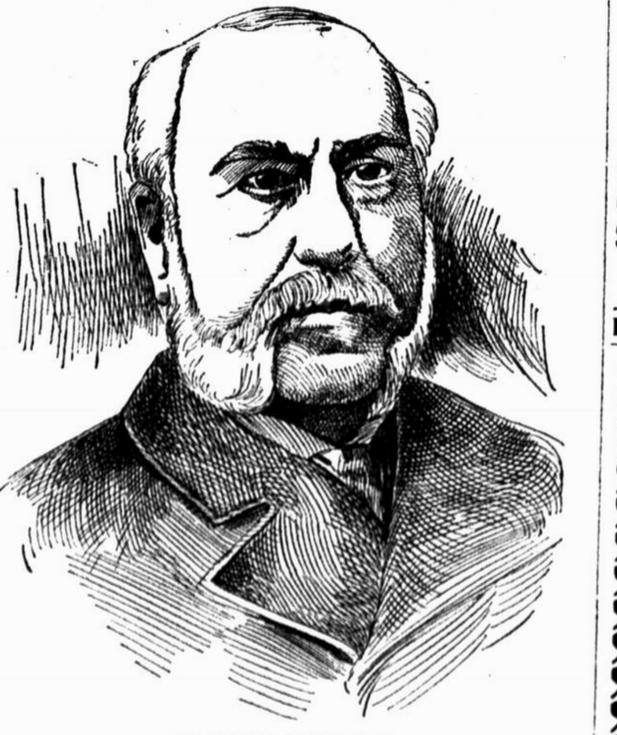
Address A. E. DAN, R. D., 413 Columbia ave., Boston.

WOMEN'S CURE FOR BLOOD POISON

WOMEN'S CURE FOR BLOOD POISON. It is the only medicine that cures all the diseases of the blood. It is the only medicine that cures all the diseases of the blood. It is the only medicine that cures all the diseases of the blood.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary, Tertiary, Quaternary, and all other forms of blood poisoning. You can be cured in 10 to 15 days. You can be cured in 10 to 15 days. You can be cured in 10 to 15 days.



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

to his faithful service in that office, and his known conservatism and wisdom in dealing with delicate questions. During the years he has been in Washington, Sir Julian has proved himself a clever and astute diplomat. The diplomatic questions of the last few years have been of such importance as to try his mettle, and his handling of many vexing controversies has won the praise of his own government and the general good will of state department officials here.

Lacking the brilliancy and cosmopolitan polish of some of his predecessors, Sir Julian is a deep thinker, an excellent judge of men, and possesses a thorough knowledge of American affairs. While in the foreign office he was sent on several important missions, but Washington was his first regular diplomatic post. In manner, appearance, methods of thought and traditions Sir Julian is a typical Englishman. He is large and stout of figure, with a dignified carriage. His head is bald, and his

man of so frail a body can accomplish so great an amount of work. His large head, with deep-set eyes and strong, prominent features, is set on slender shoulders, but although not robust, Senior Romero has the wiry frame which can endure much.

His official life here dates back to the '50's, and for nearly half a century he has known all the prominent men who have been history at this capital. Between Gen. Grant and Senior Romero there existed a warm friendship, and the Mexican minister was among the first to go to Gen. Grant's aid when financial trouble overtook him. Senior Romero, in fact, is one of the kindest of men, and instead of being impatient at demands on his purse and sympathies, he is the most willing of listeners and the most gracious of givers. Instead, in every way he is an unusual and interesting man.

Senora Romero is a worthy coadjutor to her husband, and her one ambition seems to be properly to administer the social affairs of the legation over which she presides. She is an American by birth, but is thoroughly in love with her adopted country, and has all the grace of a Spaniard, all the tact of her countrywomen. She speaks Spanish fluently, and it is the tongue used in the family.

Mexico has built a handsome legation in I street, near Fifteenth street, and during the season its doors are hospitably open. It is the policy of the Mexican minister to entertain liberally.

Senior Don Domingo Gana, the present Chilean minister, is a man who stands high in the councils of his own country. He is a scholar, a statesman, a diplomat in the broadest meaning of that term, whose popularity extends as far as his various appointments have taken him. Senora Gana and his children invariably accompany him to his posts and their home relations are charming. Senora Gana is a handsome woman of the Spanish type, but without the languidness which usually characterizes it. She has much vivacity of manner, is bright and clever in conversation, and is thoroughly posted in current affairs. Her six children are all promising musicians, and the members of the household form a small orchestra among themselves. Senora Gana was for a number of years stationed at Berlin, and there his children started their musical educations. The Ganas are neighbors of Senator Sherman on Franklin square, where they dispense a gracious hospitality.

Good Advice.

In pouring your troubles into a friend's ear, don't lose sight of his tongue.—Acheson Globe.



LADY PAUNCEFOTE.

hair, mustache and mutton-chop whiskers are white. He enjoys vigorous health and shows a marked fondness for out-of-door life. Sir Julian is an enthusiastic pedestrian, and is much in evidence in the streets of Washington and its northwestern suburbs. On these tramps Lady Pauncefote and one or two of his daughters usually accompany him.

The English government, besides the handsome salary of the ambassador, makes him an allowance of \$30,000 or \$40,000 annually for entertaining. The English legation, therefore, has always enjoyed a certain social prestige, which Lady Pauncefote and her daughters



HIS LIFE IS WORTH MORE THAN MINE TO HER.

"I spoke to Lizzie tonight, and—my God, Jack—she's engaged to Silas Hunter."

What can a man say in a case of that kind? I climbed up onto my box and pretended to be busy durin' the whole run, but I kept watchin' him, and all the time he never moved his eyes from straight ahead.

After that he was changed a great deal. He was just as fair and kind as ever, and nearly every day let me run the engine and explained things to me; but he never referred to his private affairs again but twice.

About three months after that night he handed me a paper, and pointed out a paragraph stating that Silas Hunter and Miss Sparks were to be married the next day, but he said never a word.

Next night was about as bad an evenin' as you ever saw. It was half rainin', half sleetin', and the track was as slippery as glass. Times like that, luck has more to do with gittin' through than skill or airbrakes. I don't know whether he suspected somebun' or not, but Pete hung back around the coaches watchin' the passengers get aboard until nearly the last moment, and then he came to the engine, got up on the box, and, with a ghastly smile, muttered: "Jack, the bride and groom are in the sleeper."

If you want to form a little idea of purgatory, just think of bein' in Pete's place that night.

We had a heavy train, and the engine didn't steam well. It was a long uphill pull, and then a heavy down grade. When we reached the summit we were twenty minutes late, but after the train got on the down slope we began to make up lost time. It was pitch dark, and we couldn't see fifty feet ahead. The wheels began to hum louder and louder, and it wasn't any time till we were clippin' off a mile every minute.

All at once a red light was waved right in front of us, and before we could wink we had passed it. In such cases a man can move by instinct than by reason, and the instant Pete saw the light he reversed the engine and put it on the up. We didn't have time to stop, and the engine was reduced even a little. There was a crash, three or four times, and the engine was derailed, and the train was derailed, and the train was derailed.

Jack, he said simply; then he disappeared.

The heat drove me back, but when I saw somebun' movin' inside the car again, I made a dash to the broken window and caught an outstretched arm. I gave a jerk and a pull, and then the blaze come in a big wave and I tumbled over. When I came to I found Pete had shoved out Lizzie's husband, and it was him I caught. We were both badly burned, but not fatally.

Poor Pete's body was found the next day, and the superintendent gave him a big funeral at the company's expense; but neither Lizzie or her husband ever showed by the smallest sign they appreciated what Pete had done for them. Maybe they mourned in secret, and maybe such love and bravery was beyond their ken. I don't know.