

TALES OF ADVENTURE

DANGER ON A LOCOMOTIVE.

"The 308 was a very fine locomotive," said the fat engineer. "She was the first of the large, battleship class of engines to make its appearance on our line; 'n' Murphy, my fireman, an' me were very proud indeed when she was allotted to us.

"She was a very smooth piece of machinery 'n' moved with the ease 'n' grace of a racehorse. Every time her big drivers revolved she brought you seven feet nearer your destination. The new machine was so high up in the air that the smaller locomotives looked like watch charms by her side. After we got her I didn't think Murphy was takin' the best of care 'n' doin' all he could to keep her neat. So I opened up on him.

"Now, Mike, old man," says I, "you want to be up an' doin' an' keep her tidy so's they won't take her away from us."

"Murphy he got sore 'n' observed as how, if I would confine myself to the runnin' of the train 'n' the workin' of the injectors 'n' other toys he could deliver the merchandise required of him by the book of rules.

"Mike," I replied, "it's only a bit of advice I'm givin' you. There's no use gettin' warm under the collar. In this railroadin' business many are called but few are chosen."

"Sure 'n' I noticed that you got called good 'n' hard last night by the master mechanic 'bout them oil cans," replied Mike.

"Yes, but Mike," says I, "see what a large bit of free advertisin' you git by bein' on with a man who breaks so many records."

"Indade, 'n' the only record I ever heard of yer breakin' was that time you tried to talk into the ponygraf 'n' the hot air melted the wax," says he.

"After this Murphy kept up a dignified silence 'n' I retired to my side of the cab, thinkin' the while of how hard it is to keep the Irish down. Sometimes I'm pretty sure that Jonah must have had some Irish in him, seen' as the whale had such poor success keepin' him down.

"Pretty soon I got the signal to go 'n' I pulled her wide open, the 308 movin' out of the station with her heavy train, her highsteppin' qualities showin' in every motion. She was of the stem winder type, with the boiler runnin' entirely through the cab, her furnace door protrudin' from the rear of the cab on the runnin' board of the tender.

"On each side of the boiler was the space for the engineer 'n' fireman. Her boiler was so big 'n' high that it was impossible for an ordinary sized man to see over the top, 'n' her lubricators 'n' other little toys on top of the boiler were so lofty that to reach 'em there was an iron step fastened to the boiler about half way up.

"We were soon clear of the yards 'n' movin' rapidly. The 308 was doin' her prettiest this evenin', 'n' she ate up mile after mile at a sixty mile 'n' hour clip, without so much as strainin' a spring. I only found one fault with her movements; there seemed to be some little bug in the lubricators on top of the boiler. They weren't feedin' properly. So I decided that when we got droppin' down the Hog Back grade 'n' I could shut her off I'd see what was doin'; I somehow had a hunch that somethin' was about to come off that wasn't down on the time card. The idea had been botherin' me all evenin', 'n' try as I would I couldn't lose it.

"Soon's I got 'em going down the Hog Back 'n' takin' care that I had a clear block I went aloft. I think if they keep on increasin' the size of engine boilers they better equip 'em with elevators 'n' fire escapes. Well, any way, I grabbed the hand rail runnin' along the top of the boiler 'n' put my foot on the step, holdin' myself up 'n' huggin' the boiler very close.

"If a man has any such thing as a guardian angel mine got very busy 'n' increased his battin' average with me about 300 per cent. then, for I no more'n hauled myself clear of my seat 'n' there was a deafenin' crashin' noise, 'n' poundin' up through the floor of the cab 'n' the seat where I had been sittin' came the end of the drivin' rod, swirlin' 'n' smashin' things in its wake. I don't like to think of what would 'a happened to me if the lubricators hadn't gone dippy. The 308 had stripped her side rods on the right side.

"Not only was I myself in danger, hangin' on to the boiler with only one hand 'n' foot, dodgin' the splinters 'n' flyin' nuts 'n' bolts, but the entire train behind, with its load of passengers, was doomed to destruction in a very few seconds, as that side rod flyin' rampant was sure to throw the locomotive from the rails unless somethin' was done to check her speed.

"Already in one of its rapid revolutions the heavy piece of steel had struck the reverse lever a crushin' blow 'n' bent it so that it would be impossible to reverse the engine, even could I reach the lever. Any second I was likely to be hit by the rod 'n' dashed to death. But I grinnin' hugged the boiler, which was already beginnin' to burn my body terribly.

"Could I only by some means reach the airbrake valve in the forward part of the cab, I could set the brakes 'n' bring her up short. But it was sure

death to attempt it. When I had given up all hope, above the din of the crushin' timber 'n' flyin' metal, I heard a hearty Irish voice:

"Hang to her, Bill. I'll get you out." It was Murphy, 'n', turnin', I saw him tryin' hard to reach the air brake valve with one of the long iron hooks used to shake the clinkers out of the front end of the firebox. Could he reach it?

"It was a ticklish trick to watch his chance, 'n' make a quick grapple for the handle, keepin' an eye out that the side rod did not knock the poker from his hand. But he did it. By a quick, true thrust, he got the hook firmly gripped on the valve 'n' swung it 'round to the 'mergency 'n' the train was brought up as quickly as a lassoed bronco. How trimly I grasped Murphy's hand when I had dropped safely to the tank! I would never take him to task again.

"Bill," he said, as tears filled his eyes, "I thought you were a goner that time. I reckon it will be some time before I can wipe the 308 again."

"She was almost a hopeless wreck, an' it was Murphy's month before she came out of the shop."—New York Sun.

SAVED BY COURAGE.

Mr. Becke, the author of "Notes From My South Sea Log," tells of his tutor, who seemed to him the most heroic man in the world because he had been through the first Maori war, and because of an adventure which there befell him, and which is given as follows:

Poor Guy, such was the tutor's name, was a lieutenant, and he and two companions were captured by the Maoris. They were taken inside the stockade, and the chief, taking up one of the captured seamen's cutlasses, felt its edge, and then fixed his keen eyes on the young officer's face.

"I shall not harm these two men of yours," he said slowly. "They shall go safely back to your lines if—" He paused, and a grim smile distorted his tattooed face.

"If what?" asked Guy, calmly.

"If you will stretch out your right hand so that I may cut it off at the wrist, swiftly, no further harm shall come to you, and you, too, shall go free."

"Will you keep your word?"

"Aye, I, Te Atua Wera, am no liar."

Guy nodded, quietly took off his coat and held out his left hand.

"Strike," he said.

The chief again smiled. "Thou art as cunning as thou art brave. I said the right hand."

Guy let fall his left and extended his right arm. Te Atua Wera stepped back a pace, raised the cutlass—and struck the point of it into the ground. Then he bent forward and gravely rubbed noses with Guy.

"Go," he said, "but come back no more." So Guy and the two sailors were allowed to return to Despard's lines unharmed.

RAFTING ON THE WISCONSIN.

At the mills they made up the big rafts according to a certain system. A crib was made of boards, say, sixteen feet long, and was built in layers, cob-house fashion, until it was perhaps a couple of feet deep, all fastened by long hard wood pegs. Seven of these cribs made a "piece," and three pieces, side by side, lashed together by lines fastened to the boats, made what was called a "Wisconsin river raft." That was about as large as a raft could be and run safely the various dams and bars and rapids. After they got to the mouth of the Wisconsin the men would shift these pieces and bunch up a number of Wisconsin river rafts into one vast, slow-moving snake of sawn timbers, a thing of terror to all the steamboats on the river, until at last it found its destination, perhaps tying up at some bayou far down toward St. Louis. Once such a raft piled up on the middle pier of the Dubuque bridge, and ran up the abutment to the bridge floor, frightening half to death some 300 gaping folk who had come out to see the wild men go through. But that was merely an incident. It was merely an incident if at night the men, asleep and forgetful of the green lights which ought to show that they were running, awoke under a volley of profanity and saw looming before them the bow of some river steamer, whose captain and pilot objurgated them by all the saints of the river to have a better care for the observance of the law.

—Emerson Hough, in "On the Little Bull Rapids," in the *Outing Magazine*.

A MIGHTY LION HUNTER.

Among the passengers on board the steamship Koenig Albert, which arrived at Hoboken to-day, were Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Doucet, of Montreal, Canada, who have just returned from Central and Eastern Africa, where they have been for the past seven years. They made their headquarters in Mombassa, South Africa. They brought with them a number of curios which had been given them by the natives, including an African war gun.

Just before leaving for this country they met Captain Stedand, of the King's African Rifles. Just before the train left Mombassa, four lions made their appearance, and Mr. Doucet says that Captain Stedand shot them, but not until his right arm and shoulder had been so badly lacerated that it had to be amputated later in the day. The officer shot the four beasts, but one of them was not seriously injured and again attacked him, succeeding in badly injuring him before the last shot was fired. Surgeons were summoned and did what they could for the wounded man, but later in the day it was found necessary to amputate the wounded arm.—New York Post.

Last year there were 39,211 millions matches sold in France, bringing into that nation's treasury \$5,216,950, this being a State monopoly.

POPULAR SCIENCE

The Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson says the country is going insane because it refuses to take sufficient rest.

An expert manicurist says that the manicure habit will cure children of the stubborn habit of biting their nails.

An eminent bacteriologist has a theory that trypanosomes in fish are responsible for the sleeping sickness in Uganda.

The highest recorded velocity of underground water is said to be 144 feet in twenty-four hours. The new record is for water flowing through gravel near Tucson, Arizona. The observations were made during the last Christmas holidays by Mr. H. C. Wolff, of the Department of Mathematics of the University of Wisconsin.

In heated rooms we often perceive an unpleasant tickling odor, which irritates the mucous membrane of the larynx and causes coughing. It comes from burnt and decomposed dust, from which ammonia and other harmful substances arise. This decomposition, which occurs only when the dust is damp, is most frequently found with the usual iron stoves whose sides easily become red hot, in consequence of which the particles of dust lodging on the stove burn and vitiate the air. But the hot air flues of furnaces also easily become overheated, in consequence of which dust lodging burns and the products of the burning mingle in the air.

At the summer solstice at Paris, France, the sun descends only eighteen degrees below the horizon, and twilight continues from the setting of the sun in the northwest until its rising in the northeast. At midnight a luminous arc several degrees high can be observed in the North. This faint light was first photographed by Pouchet and Quisset from the top of the Eiffel tower, and it was conclusively proven to be from the sun. Photometric study was urged by the late M. Cornu. A special photometer has now been constructed by M. Touchet, and with this apparatus the varying intensities of the twilight arc will be accurately measured from the Eiffel tower observatory.

The authorities of Birmingham University, England, have recently opened on the university grounds an experimental coal mine, occupying nearly a acre of ground. The purpose is to give practical instruction to students in all the problems and operations of coal mining. They are exercised in underground surveying, the connection of surface with underground surveys, the testing of ventilation, the measurement of air volumes and velocities, the friction of air currents, the various methods of breaking coal, and the management of different kinds of drills and cutting machines. The completion of this artificial mine has been awaited with interest, and it is expected to prove very valuable in teaching the science of mining.

ARBOREAL DENTISTRY.

Cement Fillings Protect Giant Oaks From Ravages of Decay.

Considerable interest, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat, attaches to the cement filling in the trunks of the great oaks near St. Charles avenue, and many questions have been asked about this method of arresting the decay of trees.

Horticulturists have found that they have been able to prevent limbs from decaying by wrapping them in cloth. This helps to exclude the dampness. Carrying their experiments one point further, it was found that cement would preserve the trunks of trees from rotting, just as a filling in a tooth prevents further decay.

The question arose last year as to what would be done to preserve the great oaks at Audubon park, which were losing their growth and verdure by reason of big holes in their trunks, and it was accordingly decided to fill the apertures with cement. Several cartloads of sand, mortar and brick were used in the operation, which has been attended with great success. Old oaks regained their strength, new branches began to grow, and altogether they put on signs of renewed life.

The art of "arboreal dentistry" has since then been perfected to such an extent that even a new bark can be given to a tree. It is proposed at some future date to cover the filling with a layer of cement the color of the oak's bark, which can be so worked as to resemble a natural covering. It is said that this will preserve the tree even better than will ordinary cement, while at the same time it will add to its beauty by hiding the mortar.

The Finest Swords.

"Japanese swords are the finest," said a swordmaker. "They are finer than the blades of Ferrara, of Toledo or of Damascus. The blades of Ferrara, of Toledo and of Damascus must bend into a perfect circle without breaking, and a pillow of down being thrown in the air they must cut it in two with the clean stroke.

"But the Japanese blade must do all that and more. The final test of a Japanese blade is its suspension; edge upward, beneath a tree. It must hang beneath the tree for twenty-four hours, and every lightest leaf that falls upon its edge must be severed neatly. One failure, and back to the forger goes the Japanese blade again."—Denver Times.

Indiana's steam railroads were assessed at \$165,873,308 in 1905.

Humor of Today

On Life's Highway.
Sons of rich men leave behind them, As they zipp past those who drive, Dust and odors to remind them That it's lucky they're alive.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

During Devotions.
Stella—"How do you know she is old fashioned?"
Bella—"She occupies the sermon in planning a gown instead of an auto."—New York Sun.

Eighteen Holes.
First Microbe—"Having a good time?"
Second Microbe—"Yes; I found a perfectly splendid golf course in a Swiss cheese."—New York Sun.

The Place For Him.
"Notwithstanding what you say about Krafte," said Goodart, "he seems to be a loyal fellow. He appears to keep in with his friends."
"He should be kept in with them," replied Crabbe. "Most of his friends are in jail."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Cynical Bachelor.
"I think," said the strong-minded female, "that women should be permitted to whistle, don't you?"
"Certainly," replied the cynical bachelor. "There is no earthly reason why women should be denied the privilege accorded to locomotives and tugboats."—Chicago News.

Misjudged.
"That Bilgins is the worst fool I ever saw."
"You misjudged him. He's not as much of a fool as he seems. He has succeeded in making his wife think his senseless performances are manifestations of the eccentricities of genius."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In 1925.
The grand stand as well as the bleachers was filled to overflowing and it was time there was something doing.
"How many of you are there on the grounds?" asked the umpire of a policeman.
"About 500," was the reply.
"All right," said the umpire. "Play ball!"

Destitute.
"You look sad," said Mrs. Muchwedd.
"I feel sad," responded Mrs. Tenthine.
"Why so?"
"You'd feel sad, too, if you didn't know where your next husband was coming from."—Louisville Courier Journal.

His Utter.
Tess—"Isn't your new gown finished yet?"
Jess—"Gracious! No. The dressmaker's work on it was only completed last Saturday."
Tess—"But if the dressmaker's through what else?"
Jess—"O! all my friends have to criticize it yet."—Philadelphia Press.

In a Bad Way.
"Yes, poor pap's been shut up in the house so long. The doctor says if he could only get out to take a little exercise he would be very much better."
"Is he too weak to go out?"
"Oh, no, but there's process servers all around the house, even down to the back gate."—Baltimore American.

A Special Make.
"What's this peculiar instrument?" inquired the visitor.
"That," replied the manufacturer, "is a table knife. We've just filled a large order for a Chicago firm."
"But what's the idea in the raised rim all around the blade?"
"That's to keep peas and things from rolling off."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Point Not Well Taken.
Mrs. Jenner Lee Ondego—"I don't see why they call it 'grand opera' when it's in English. It isn't grand opera when you can understand what the singers are saying."
Mrs. Seldom-Holme—"Why, bless you, you can't understand them any better when they sing in English than when they sing in Italian."—Chicago Tribune.

Amusing.
Mr. Gardner—"Well, dear, how are the tomatoes you planted?"
Mrs. Gardner—"Oh, John! I'm afraid we'll have to buy what we need this year."
Mr. Gardner—"Why, how's that, Mary?"
Mrs. Gardner—"I recollected to-day that when I did the planting I forgot to open the cans."—Puck.

Lady-Like.
"Pop!"
"Yes, my son."
"You know those little firecrackers that make so much noise are called lady crackers?"
"So I believe."
"Why do they call 'em lady crackers, pop?"
"Because they make so much noise I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

An Abiding Faith.
"I don't see why there should be any difficulty about settling these life insurance complications," remarked the patient looking man.
"The subject has commanded the attention of some of our most eminent men."
"Yes. But they ought to send for the agent who got me to take out my policy. There isn't anything that man couldn't explain."—Washington Star.

SOUTHERN FARM NOTES

TOPICS OF INTEREST TO THE PLANTER, STOCKMAN AND TRUCK GROWER

Manuring Cotton.
At this season of the year many of us are considering methods of fertilizing our various field crops, and cotton largely enters into this discussion and thought. While a great deal of experimental work has been done looking to mastering some of these fertilizing problems, it still remains a fact that we are very largely in the dark about fundamental principles of manuring.

As a rule our cotton lands require phosphoric acid, nitrogen and potash. Neither phosphoric acid nor potash gives as good results when used alone as when combined with each other. Phosphoric acid alone largely surpasses no manure; but it is doubtful if potash alone is of any value. Nitrogen when combined with phosphoric acid and potash shows marked effects, but small favorable results when used alone. While it is true that nitrogen in some soils shows good results, yet phosphoric acid on the whole seems to be the controlling ingredient in increasing the yield. So far as fertilizing goes, kainit and muriate seem to be about equal, while cottonseed meal and nitrate of soda are, in proportion to content, popular forms of nitrogen because of their value.

Now, how much manure shall we add? That depends. Fertilizers pay best on lands in good mechanical condition and well improved. Just as you cannot fatten a very lean animal in a few weeks by large quantities of food, so you cannot in a very short while force land into immediate fertility by any unusual quantity of chemical manures. For that reason, then, we must keep within moderate extremes if our land is not under a high state of cultivation.

A second question is, "Does double dosings of fertilizers pay?" We have experiments both in favor of and against double dosings. While nitrate of soda may be applied in July, the results of tests show "that it may be applied as effectively and certainly more economically with the other fertilizers than it can be in one or more top dressings." In general, it may be stated that where quantities up to 500 pounds are used, it is wise to apply the same in the drill, incorporating the same with the soil thoroughly before planting. When as much as 1000 pounds are used per acre, side-listing of one-half the quantity, or its application broadcast, the remaining half applied in the drill, is more satisfactory. Of course, let it be understood that the writer feels that this large quantity should be used only on soil that has been well prepared and well taken care of in previous years.—C. W. Burkett, in *Progressive Farmer*.

Plant Cow-Peas.

We often talk of our natural advantages, and yet these very best "gifts of the gods" are the very ones most ignored and least appreciated. We do not fully appreciate health until its blessings are gone. Pure water and air are taken as a matter of no consequence until the fearful results of their being violated come upon us. Heaven has indeed been generous to the South. All men speak eloquently of our "great monopoly of cotton," and it is indeed a wondrous money-maker. Yet we have but recently seen our whole people groan under this very monopoly; and on account of receiving only half pay for its production, many of our farmers driven either into bankruptcy or to the cities. Then cotton, on account of the clean culture necessary to its production, is an exhaustive crop, to our soil. In consequence, many a Southern hill, that should be robed in verdure, is now seamed with gullies and millions of galled spots are left as a blot upon our landscape, to tell the tale. That portion of our Southland that still responds to culture, is taxed more than a tithe to pay the enormous fertilizer bills we are annually forced to make, that we may enjoy growing our "monopoly." This is all our work—it was never Heaven's plan. Nature, in her kindness, would have foretold such results, had her children been attentive to her teachings. She gave us a twin monopoly, and intended that the wondrous, easy growing, nitrogen-gathering, soil-restoring, animal-feeding legume, the cowpea, should receive equally the attention devoted to cotton. It was her plan that the cowpea should produce the fertility necessary to the best production of her sister, cotton. For over 100 years we have known something of the value of the cowpea, but we are too busy in our active pursuit of the neezy staple to give the cowpea the consideration it deserved, and which would have resulted in an untold blessing to our soil and to ourselves. Like the children of Israel, we have gone astray after false gods; we preferred to listen to the oily talks of the cotton speculator and guano dealer, who were laying heavy tribute upon the labor of our lands; to the "still small voice" of nature, who would have wooed us

to the ways of wisdom and innocence. Farmers, wake up and do! The cowpea is the easiest to grow that you can plant, and of the very best. The pea is fit for man and all your farm at the vines make one of the very best ways for all your stock; and the roots form one of the finest and the cheapest fertilizer can return to your soil. Our aim to grow peas; feed your stock with peas and vines and return the to your soil. We figure it in the one ton of peavine hay fed to a cow, as food and manure, at \$15. A farmer should want all product which he raises, that in it for him, and hence should his peavines. But if he does not to keep so many cattle, the peavine roots, after the peas are for reseeded, are worth \$7.50 as manure to the land when plowed. While it is better to have \$15, it is worse than folly to have \$7.50. Any farmer can grow a peavine cheaper than he can a 200-pound sack of guano. We men every day, who tell us how can tell to the very row, in their leg crops, where their peas were ed last year. We know labor is a but this is all the greater reason planting peas, so as to increase yield of cotton and corn upon the you do cultivate. So, whatever nature or extent of your farm—peas, plant peas. The peas them are as saleable as cotton. Every sized farm should have a pea third and twenty-five or fifty extra bush of peas, over your demands for sowing, will bring more than many dollars to buy some household goods or your family suit around. If you are a stock plant peas—if you are a cotton farmer plant peas—if you are a fruit grower, plant peas—if you are in Syria with the best interest of the South have any regard for the fertility your soil, plant peas. This is a non-grower, where we all can should meet, and as the cowpea planted any time from the first of to the first of August, we call upon to remember to plant as many peas possible—sow them after your get them in your corn; plant them between your trees; sow them in melon patches, and plant them every available space you can fit them upon. Then will our soil improved, our stock better fed, fertilizer bills reduced and we will much better off in every respect.

Feeding Young Chickens.

Let's begin with the chickens hatching. We will leave them in nest until the last one out of the is fully twenty-four hours old, and are all bright and active. They should take the hen and her brood coop with double apartments, the a place snug and warm for the hover the chicks in, and a box tension with but a small entrance from the coop proper.

The first thing in the way of feed should be to give the mother all grain she will eat, and water her. Then scatter a little feed in the apartment for the chickens, so that they may help in learning them to Their first feed should be of hard-boiled egg, cooked potato and corn, or oat mixed up in a crumbly state.

Then, after the chicks are a day two old, open the passway to the coop, which should be well lighted and feed the little chickens in the coop. After the chickens are two or three days old, the egg food may be dropped and a mixture of cornmeal, sliced parched, boiled potato and pure bran, may be given them. And at the end of a week or less time, meal may be parched and fed to the chickens with millet seed. If cracked wheat, etc., scattered in the hulls, or other fine litter in the coop. They will take it to nature and will scratch like beavers for it.

In the meanwhile, after being fed the nest a few days, a runway should be made for the hen and her brood so that they may get out into the light and air and exercise naturally. If this system is followed, there will be but very little loss of the chick hatched.—H. B. Geer, in *Southern Cultivator*.

A Warning.

In this State, where there is so much clearing going on at all times, following warning from the Rural New Yorker is specially needed: Do not carry an ax on your shoulder when walking with others. We have seen men slip and in trying to get from falling strike a horrible blow with the ax. Carry it under the arm.—Florida Agriculturist.

A dispatch from St. John's states that the sealers' harvest in the Azores this year amounts to 337,000 seals.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

A girl will never believe you love her if you tell her in plain, sane language.

When a man knows how to earn his living it's a sign he doesn't try to write poetry.

If women could vote you could never get them to elect a curly-headed one to anything.

News Items.

The special session of the United States legislature to elect a United States Senator met last Wednesday.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs began its annual session at St. Paul.

The twelfth peace conference, opened at Lake Mohonk, the purpose of armaments and the formation of an international congress being principal subjects discussed.