

THE ROAMER.

Swift to its close
Ebb the long summer day,
Spirits of gold
Each passing ray.

Little, Old Miss Lavender

By ETHEL M. BRIBBLE.

Our verdict at first was that she was one of the most uninteresting, colorless sort of nonentities we had ever had the misfortune to come across.

BOA STOPPED RAILROAD

SEIZED TWO LABORERS AND THE OTHERS WENT ON STRIKE.

Funny Experience of a Civil Engineer in Brazil—Anacosta So Frightened Fifteen Hundred Men That the Building of a Road Ceased Forever.

"Railroad building in Brazil some years ago was primarily a fight against rank vegetation and labor troubles," said Thomas E. Cassidy, who was formerly an engineer there, and he told a strenuous story of how an anaconda killed two men and frightened fifteen hundred others to such an extent that the building of the road ceased forever.

"I was born in England, and was there educated as an engineer," he said. "Way back in '87, nearly 20 years ago, I went to Argentina, and after remaining there a short time, went on to Brazil, where the incident of which I have been reminiscing occurred. My memory is fading now, for none of us can remember very distinctly the happening of the time so long ago, but as I look back across the years I can still see the horrible sight of those two men being ground to jelly by the great anaconda of the forest. I can still see the rioting of fifteen hundred hungry men and the burning of the Brazilian underground as it made impossible the extension of the railroad.

"I remember a funny experience when I landed at Buenos Ayres. From there I went to work as a professional with our baggage, to a tugboat in the middle of the river, because of its shallowness; from there to carts pulled by horses in the water, and for the rest of the way, were compelled to get wet feet by walking ashore. But one gets used to that sort of thing down there—or used to anyway.

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON BY DR. M. E. HARLAN.

Subject: Moral Amusement. Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Rev. Dr. M. E. Harlan, pastor of the First Church of Christ, Sunday morning gave another of his series of sermons on "Problems of Power for Plain People," the special subject being "The Problem of Morally Healthful Amusements."

AIDS TO LITERARY WORK.

Shorthand, Typewriting and Phonograph Cylinders. Literary men and newspaper reporters are coming to discard the pen, as business men do, in the interest of speed. The Medical Times remarked the other day that the pen belonged to the era "of the stagecoach and the buggy."

Another resource, the phonograph, once promised to be a great convenience to writers. That instrument seemed to be admirably adapted to record speech with accuracy and speed. It has been something of a disappointment, though, because it is harder work to learn just how to use it than is commonly supposed.

After the recording cylinder is put in place in the machine and started on its revolutions, ready for operation, there appears at once in the operator a sense of hurry, similar to that experienced in dictating to a stenographer, but much more intense. Until he can feel his brain cells that no space is being wasted when he is not dictating, for the machine can be easily controlled in its revolutions. The operator loses the thread of his discourse in his desire to keep up, apparently, with the rapidly revolving cylinder. It takes time and training to learn to keep one's wits from being distracted by gazing at the revolving wheels. Then it is humiliating to discover how indistinctly one seems to talk; the knack of speaking into the tube must be learned.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In 1834 one of the leading railroads of the United States printed on its time table: "The locomotive will leave the depot every day at 10 o'clock, if the weather is fair."

There are several species of fish, reptiles and insects which never sleep in the whole of their existence. Among fish it is positively known that pike, salmon and goldfish never sleep at all, also that there are several others in the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes a month.

REVENGE.

The great trust magnate who owned the United States was on his deathbed, dictating his will.

WASTED ENERGY.

Sometimes head and heels work together, but it was not so in the case of the Yonkers Statesman.

A CRITICAL TIME.

When man is clean'st house, you bet we ain't got much to say. The baby that would waltz on a fret without his breast out for the day. Now does just what man wants him do—He's about as a mouse. An' all us other youngsters, too, When man is clean'st house.

When man is clean'st house, then pop he wears a solemn frown. Most anywhere you go 'till he hop 'n' get his meals down town. 'Cause he might we'll hear him swear. From some old pal left standin' there. When man is clean'st house.

When man is clean'st house, you goth, When he scowls high an' low; An' water round you comes, ker-sloob. Most anywhere you go, 'till he hop 'n' get his meals down town. 'Cause he might we'll hear him swear. From some old pal left standin' there. When man is clean'st house.

JUST FOR FUN.

"In our amateur theatricals, I carried off the honors." "I was wondering what had become of them."—Cleveland Leader.

"He-But what does your father see in me to object to? She—He doesn't see anything in my living day. The room is cold, the meals is bad. An' we will all be more than glad. When man is clean'st house.

"So you took an ocean voyage for your health?" "Yes." "How did it work?" "I got seasick and never felt so miserable in my life."—Washington Star.

"Is that John givin' the college yell inside?" "That ain't the college yell; the old man's flailin' him out with a hickory, an' he's givin' the home yell."—Atlanta Constitution.

"Edith—Are you going to Niagara Falls on your wedding trip? Bubbets—No; I went there on my two previous ones. I tried and I believe it's worth a try."—Houston Post.

"No," said Mrs. Housekeep, "my husband is not at home. He's out hunting, as usual." "Hunting? Why, this is the close season." "He's hunting a cook. That season is always open."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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