BOSTON WOMEN ASTRIDE.

They are gossiping in Gotham,
And the Quaker City, too;
All the ladies are exclaiming,
"Here's a pretty how de do!"
There is horror in Chicago,
They are shocked in Baltimore
And declaring that they never
Heard of such a thing before;
But the men are busy rushing
To the famed Back Bay

ly

brave- ride
ladies their
Boston steeds
the this
Since way.

Oh, we might have heard serenely
Of the overthrow of kings,
Of the flight of mighty comets
Or the fall of Saturn's rings!
We could still remain composed if
All the stars passed off in dust
Or if Morgan had decided
Not to form another trust;
But the world seems sadly muddled,
Things have surely gone amiss

ly

bold- ride
women their
Boston nags
the like
Since this

Men are crowding on the sidewalks
Up along old Beacon hill;
They are watching, they are waiting,
As the scoffers always will,
And the sacred codfish slyly
Peeps out every now and then
To discover what is holding
The attention of the men;
There is winking, there is blinking,
There is many a leer and smile,

matrons

and ride
maids in
Boston this
the here
Since style.

—Chicago Record-Herald

A Shot That Told.

Some years ago an eminent railroad man said: "They will build engines that will beat a mile a minute dash with a heavy train, but to operate them successfully you'll have to invent soemthing besides flesh and blood."

And the tender foot who has clung to a fireman's "seatbox" while the machine under him was spining out the miles at that rate will vigorously second the statement.

But that assertion was made back yonder in the 18th century. This is the 20th.

The Burlington had completed its eastern cut off to the Mississippi river, and one locomotive was covering the division between Brookfield and St. Louis, 175 miles.

The Northern Pacific express reached the mid-Missouri division 50 minutes late. The engine hauling it was sending aloft a geyser of steam from the safety valve and quivering all over as if enraged that in spite of its best exertions this dishonor had attached to it.

And the engine driver was mean enough to slander it by saying, "She just wouldn't make steam." If the machine could have talked it would have said something about "nerve."

A helper leaped into the cab as the engineer stepped off, and ran the engine down to the tracks leading to the round house. Then there was slowly backed up to the long line of vestibuled coaches that had come in from the Coast, a doubled compound, a type recently adopted by the road. The coupling was made so gently that the most sensitive passenger could not have told when the tender struck the front express car. The engineer "Australian Jack," as the boys called him, walked over to the fireman's side and looked down the depot platform, where trucks of baggage and express were being noisily wheeled about. A tall man with an iron gray mustache emerged from the crowd and walked up to No 850—Jack's. He was superintendent of the lines in Missouri.

'Jack,' he said, 'we're nearly an hour late. The president and two of the directors are along, and they want to catch the Iron Mountain at Union station in the morning. There's a big consolidation meeting of the Southern at Memphis tomorrow, and they have to be there. They won't wait for them if they're late. Blossom lost time out of the junction because he was afraid of the new track work, and the 'biguns' are 'most wild.' You understand what this means to me.'

Australian Jack touched his hat and inclined his head a little, but said nothing. As the superintendent turned away a messenger boy rushed up toward 850. The official stopped him and took the message from his hand. He said: "Never mind; Jack don't what that now, I'll give it to him at the station."

When 850 started there was no slipping of the drivers, no sudden jerk and shutting off the steam. The engineer clasped the lever with a velvet touch and the wheels began to move. The start was so gradual that the great men, who were smoking their cigars in the rear compartment of the president's car frowned and wondered if the man at the throttle was of the sort that could gather up that 50 minutes out of a schedule that called for nearly 60 miles an hour.

'I think Jack will make it all right,' said the superintendent; 'but I'm afraid I played him a scurvy trick to-night, and one for which he will never forgive me when he learns the truth.'

'What was that?' said the president.

'Well, his mother, who lived down the road a piece, had been unwell for several days, and just before starting, the telegraph boy went toward the engine with a telegram. I knew it wasn't a train order because they were all in. It struck me that Jack had better not get the message just then, and I took it. It was from his sister and simply said, 'Mother is dead.' concluded the superintendent with a sigh. 'It was too late to get another man, and I didn't tell him.'

'And he is ignorant of his misfortune?' said one of the directors.

'Of course,' answered the superintendent. 'It might be dangerous to let him know while making the sort of run he has to make tonight.' The speaker judged from sharp experience.

The men smoked their cigars in silence. The smooth rolling cars began to gather momentum, but there was no jerking, no swinging of the solid train—just an easy slipping along as a pneumatic tired buggy might run over a velvet carpet.

The superintendent explained the distances between the stations and the men who had thousands at stake on the success of the run got out paper and figured the rate at which the miles were thrown behind. The 34 miles to Macon were made in 39 minutes—the numerous coal switches in Macon county being responsible for the loss of five minutes. This made 55 minutes behind, and the railway magnates gloomily shook their heads.

'Boys,' said the president, 'I'm afraid the jig is up. He'll never make it. It's queer they refused to postpone that meeting; guess they don't want us there.'

The superintendent looked at the floor and said nothing. It seemed to the impatient man in the rear car that the express and baggage men at Macon would never get through. At last the signal was given, and the train started out on the new St. Louis cut off. After creeping through the yards, it came into the open and plunged through the rich farming lands, where the early pioneers of the middle west had fought Indians, levelled the great forest, and made history. The rock ballast road bed was as level as a billiard table, and Australian Jack had struck the schedule gait before the officers realized it. At a tiny station, 10 miles northwest of Paris, the superintendent noted his watch. Within 10 minutes the roar of the rushing express train started the echoes in the drowsy county seat of Missouri's Democratic Gibraltar, Monroe county, a minute afterwards the red lights on the rear car were disappearing in the direction of Mississippi. There was but one more stop until the Missouri was reached, and the superintendent knew Jack would make the run of his life to old Monroe.

The next ten miles was made in eight and one-half minutes. Then the engine settled down to work. The rate was increased to 10 in eight minutes; then in seven; then in six, which was the limit and which was held without deviation. The president dropped back in his chair. He knew the man in front was doing everything humanity could accomplish. Out of every ten miles traversed he was placing four minutes against the 55 on the debit side, and if the gate was kept up to the city limits the train would back into Union station exactly on time.

As the early dawn of the June morning crept over the Mississippi the limited crossed the line of Audrian and invaded the soil of old Pike, the starting point of so many of Missouri's worthy sons. Some of the passengers scenting the approach of the river, walked out into the vestibules to look at the scenery in the twilight. Then they noticed something of which they had been unaware while lying in their chairs—that the mile posts and other objects were whizzing past them at a rate they had never before experienced in all their lives. It was hard to believe that gently rocking train was annihilating distance at the rate of 80 miles an hour, but that is the story the mileposts told.

At old Monroe there was a wait. The dispatcher had calculated on a run of only 60 miles an hour out of Macon, and had permitted a north bound train to leave West Alton on the limited's supposed lost time. The president and directors frowned and began to look anxious again. Ten minutes were placed on the wrong side of the ledger. The officials from their observatory glared at the innocent freight engineer and the president said something the Sunday school books don't approve of.

It seemed so long this time before 850 struck the maxium that the president thought the engineer must have abandoned the task. He suggested the superintendent go forward and see what the matter was, but that gentleman said:

"We are on a gradual grade, and have an unusually heavy train. He's doing the best he can. I think he'll make it."

Along the river before striking the bridge is a level stretch of road, about the best on the system. When 850 reached it she 'jumped' like a race horse. It was the first jar felt by the passengers during the trip from the central Missouri division. Along here the speed of the train was little short of a hurricane. The section was covered before the passengers hardly realized they were on it, and the train leaped over the bridge without diminution of speed. Then a smooth road, a few turns, and the heavy fog of the city obliterated the appearances of day. The officials looked at their watches.

'There's only one way he can make it,' said the president. 'Will there be much travel over the streets this early do you think?' he asked the superintendent.

'There'll be some,' that officer replied, 'but they'll open the bell valve and take the chances. If we don't strike anything you'll reach the station to the second.'

Along the winding, wriggling track around the lumber yards, warehouses and glue works and factories the nerve racking rate was held with death like tenacity. At one crossing a team escaped annihilation by only a hair's breath, and the men who looked out of the glass windows in the rear could see the driver and several people gesticulating and shaking fists in their direction. A policeman standing in a saloon door scowled and wrote something in his note book. With a roar and a rush the train shot up on the elevated, flew past ancient levee warehouses, around the tenements in the southern district, and then took one stand of the web south of Union station and followed it to a given point, then stopped and slowly back into the sheds.

'Gentlemen,' said the superintendent, 'the iron mountain is over on the 10th track. You have three minutes to reach it.' He then hurried to the front of the train. Australian Jack leaped from his cab and waited. His face was as pale as death and his lips twitched. Soldiers tell us the bravest men lose their nerve after the battle.

'Jack, my boy,' said the superintendent, 'you've done me a good turn to-night and I fear I've done you an ill one. I got this message for you at Brookfield, and would not deliver it then because—because—because.'

'For fear I'd flunk,' said Jack. He took the paper melancholy. He didn't start, as the superintendent expected, but folded it and put it in his pocket.

'I saw the boy hand you the message,' said the engineer, 'and you read it and looked at me. That told me the story. I knew that my poor old mother was dead, because she had been very ill and my sister had agreed to tell me how she was just before we started. I knew the worst had happened when you did not give the message to me. And Jack sat down on the step of the tender and buried his face in his arms.

The superintendent reverentially took off his hat and looked across at the net work of tracks and moving switch engines. He appreciated his subordinate's devotion to duty because he himself had risen through efforts of a kindred nature.—The Criterion.

You Have Catarrh.

You have had it a long time. Probably it is getting worse, but still you neglect it. Neglect it despite the fact that this is the best season of the year to cure Catarrh. It's easily and permanently cured by the very pleasant, medicated air treatment, "Catarrhozone." You must know the name, for every body is talking of its wonderful cures. Catarrhozone is the only remedy that promptly, effectively, always cures Catarrh. Doctors recommend it, and druggists sell it in two sizes, 25c and $1.00. For sale at R. O'Leary's General Store, Richibucto.

"Here, son," you've studied French. What's this word here on the eatin list?'

"That's 'fillet.'"

"Fillie! Do they think I want horse meat?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

You'd be surprised if you used Magnetic Dyes to see what splendid results can be obtained, with slight effort and at a cost of ten cents.

Judge—Hem! Your verdict seems to be decidedly mixed.

Foreman of Jury—Yes, your honor. It's in accordance with the evidence.—Exchange.

THE NEWBORN BABE.

Wherein and Why It Is More Helpless Than a Young Brute.

The newborn child is even inferior to the lower animals of the same age in intelligence and helpfulness. A young ape, or, for that matter, a young dog, is far better fitted for his immediate environment than a week old infant. But while the latter struggles onward and upward through a helpless infancy and a weak youth to the perfect man the former never progresses beyond the perfect brute. As Professor J. W. Powell says:

"Every child is born destitute of things possessed in manhood which distinguish him from the lower animals. Of all industries he is artless, of all institutions he is lawless, of all languages he is speechless, of all philosophies he is opinionless, of all reasoning he is thoughtless, but arts, institutions, languages, opinions and mentations he acquires as the years go by from childhood to manhood.

"In all these respects the newborn babe is hardly the peer of the newborn beast, but as the years pass ever and ever he exhibits his superiority in all of the great classes of activities until the distance by which he is separated from the brute is so great that his realm of existence is another kingdom of nature."

Science is one great, unending question. First, "Is this so?" then, "Why is it so?" are the words forever on the tongues of her votaries. And so we find Professor Alexander Chamberlain in his book, "The Child, a Study In the Evolution of Man," asking, "What is the meaning of the prolonged helplessness of human infancy?" He finds his answer in the following words of the late John Fiske, to whom he frankly gives full "credit for the scientific interpretation of the prolongation of infancy:"

"The prolonged helplessness of the offspring must keep the parents together for longer and longer periods in successive epochs, and when at last the association is so long kept up that the older children are growing mature while the younger ones still need protection the family relations begin to become permanent.

"The parents have lived so long in company that to seek new companionships involves some disturbance of ingrained habits, and meanwhile the older sons are more likely to continue their original association than to establish associations with strangers since they have common objects to achieve and common enmities bequeathed and acquired with neighboring families.

"As the parent dies the headship of the family thus established devolves upon the oldest or bravest or most sagacious male remaining. Thus the little group gradually becomes a clan, the members of which are united by ties considerably stronger than those which ally them to members of adjacent clans, with whom they may indeed combine to resist the aggressions of yet further outlying clans or of formidable beasts, but toward whom their feelings are usually those of hostile rivalry."

Ancient Ship Timber.

An English paper says: "Noah's ark is generally supposed to be the earliest ship of which we have record: but, says Engineering, there exist paintings of Egyptian vessels immensely older than the date of 2840 B. C., usually assigned to the ark, being, indeed, probably 70 and 80 centuries old.

"Moreover, there are now in existence in Egypt boats which were built about the period the ark was constructed. They are, however, small craft, about 35 feet long, 7 or 8 feet wide and 2½ to 3 feet deep. They were discovered years ago by the eminent French Egyptologist, M. J. de Morgan, in brick vaults near Cairo and were probably funeral boats. They are constructed of three inch acacia and sycamore planks, dovetailed together and fastened with trenails. They have floors, but no ribs, and, though nearly 5,000 years old, they held rigidly together after their supports had been removed.

"These may be considered side by side with the better known but much more modern viking ship which is now to be seen in a shed at Christiania. This craft was discovered in 1880 and in a funeral mound, so that we owe both these existing examples of extremely ancient ships to funeral customs of countries so dissimilar as Egypt and Norway."

As a Last Resort.

The new minister of a small town in Inverness-shire was walking home from morning service recently when he chanced to overtake one of his parishioners, an old shoemaker. "Good morning, Mr. Bain," said the minister. "How is it your good wife is not out today?"

"She's no' but poorly," was the reply. "It's nae wink of sleep she's had for the lost three nichts."

The minister was sorry to hear such a poor account of Mrs. Bain's health and expressed a wish for a speedy improvement.

"I'm thinking if she could get a guid sleep," said the shoemaker, "she'd soon be on the mend. Maybe if ye're passing the hoose tomorrow ye'll no' object to ca' in an just give her frae 'lastly' to the end of your discoorse this morning. I'm no' saying it wadna be very helpful."—Scottish American.

Startling Equine Sagacity.

A startling story of equine sagacity comes from the provinces. A horse was standing in the shafts of a carriage just outside the local theater. It had a weary look, as of one that desired repose. Suddenly it brightened up, and before it could be stopped it made a dash for the box office. The reasons for this unexpected behavior gave rise to much discussion till at last one of the crowd, more observant than the others, pointed out that the legend "To the Stalls" was written in large letters over the box office window.

The Wrong Horn.

Colonel Corktight—The blamed bellboy in this hotel is enough to give a man a spasm. Guess what he did when I told him to bring me a "horn" before I dressed.

Major Nash—What, sub?

Colonel Corktight—He brought me a shoe horn.

So Say We All.

McJigger—You don't mean to say you believe in divorce?

Thingumbob—Well, I do in the case of the man who is wedded to his opinions.

Lots of men who preach charity wait for other men to practice it.

People as a rule hear better with their right ear than with their left ear.