

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1896.

BETWEEN TWO CYCLONES

THE EXCITING EXPERIENCE OF A PARLOR CAR PASSENGER.

The Engineer Feeling His Way—Plenty of Time to Hunt up Breakfast—A Raid on a Market—Waiting for Orders—News From the Storm Centre—Through a Last.

The man who passed safely through a cyclone is not likely to forget it. This is a true story of a man who was between two cyclones. If he did not see the terrors of the atmospheric terror of the West, he saw the effects of it, and in this way he saw what the actual witness of a cyclone sees—humorous phases as well as some of the serious sides of the effects.

He left St. Paul Sunday night at 8 o'clock on the night train of the Chicago Great Western railway—the old Maple Leaf line, so called because the main line and its southeastern and southwestern branches resemble the main stem and the branches of a maple leaf. The stem is the line from St. Paul to Oelwein to Chicago and from Oelwein to Kansas City. It is 140 miles from St. Paul to the junction at Oelwein, and 280 miles from the latter place to Chicago. The Chicago branch crosses the Mississippi river at Dubuque.

The man who travels much does not have to be told, as he is doubled up like a jack-knife in a sleeping car berth, that something is wrong on the road when there is a situation of that character. A man accustomed to a little travel is in close touch with the engineer, although they may never see one another. When an engineer knows that the roadbed ahead of him is uncertain, and he has no other orders than to run slow, he feels his way and this caution is recognized quickly by the man who has been on the road many times.

The man who left St. Paul that Sunday night ticketed to Chicago knew after he had retired that the engineer was feeling his way. The train at times moved with the sort of stealth that is characteristic of men and animals when they are uncertain. Then there would be a stop, not the sudden stop which trains often make, but the slow, almost imperceptible stop which the scout makes when he stops to listen. This caution and stop repeated by the engineer of a railroad train indicate danger ahead, but the fact that the engineer foresees danger rather tends to make the man who is much of a traveller feel easier.

This traveller from St. Paul dropped asleep, but he awoke at intervals, and particularly when the train had a slow stop. Those who travel much in sleeping cars say that this is invariably the case. Some time in the morning, before daylight, there was a quick flash of lightning, and one of those reports that seem always to stun. And at that the train again stood still. It did not move for thirty minutes. The sound of the voices of men was heard outside, as if the men were hurrying. A wave of wind struck the train and it quivered, heavy and vestibuled as it was. Soon after it resumed the cautious motion, and kept it up, with occasional stops, until 7 o'clock, when it reached Oelwein, where it stood as if it had come to stay. The rate of speed had been an average of less than thirteen miles an hour.

The colored porter of the Pullman in which the traveller from St. Paul had a "lower" parted the curtains, thrust in his face, and asked:

"Do you want any breakfast?"

The traveller said he was in that mood, and asked where the meal could be had. The porter replied:

"There's a hotel near the depot and a restaurant on the corner. You will have an hour."

In reply to the traveller's question as to what had occasioned the delay, for at that moment the train should have been within sixty miles of Chicago, the porter said:

"Cyclones. Two of 'em. One behind us and one ahead of us. We was between 'em all night. You ought to have seen some of the road we passed over. You wouldn't have slept much if you had. The station at Valeria on the Kansas City branch was torn to pieces and several people killed. The station at Durango, between here and Dubuque, is in ruins, and a lot of people killed there. And the track between here and Durango is all washed out."

During the delivery of the remarks of the porter all the occupants of other berths had appeared and within a few minutes were dressed and out, making their way to the hotel and restaurant. Wet-looking clouds hung low in the sky. They seemed threatening. The residents of the town gathered about the train, the travellers, the depot and the hotel. There was a sickening uncertainty in the atmosphere. Beyond the bare facts that there had been two cyclones, and that there had been a loss of life and property there was no information.

The telegraph office in the depot was in a confused state. Every device known to operators was brought to bear, but each time the effort was in vain. The town was cut off from communication with the world. There were men there, who, perhaps, had never sent a telegraphic message in

their lives, but when they realized that no communication could be had with the world without they looked as forlorn and pale as the people of Pompeii must have looked when they realized the situation which buried them alive. The division superintendent of the road tried in vain to get connections that he might know how to move a train. But he failed. There were men and women on the train who were awe-stricken at this information, because it meant that they could send no tidings of their condition.

It is a wise provision that people are so constructed that when they come face to face with the inevitable they become braver. An hour after the first sickening sensation of the situation these people prepared to make the best of it. They went to the hotel and the restaurant, illy prepared as were those places to feed a multitude. When people can eat they are not very seriously frightened.

The capacity of the eating house was limited. There were 200 people at the door. There was room for less than sixty at the tables. The landlord, a man of physique and big, soft hat, in his shirt sleeves, acted as host, waiter, and steward. He had three women to assist, and they were more agitated than any of the travellers.

Two commercial gents, sometimes called drummers, gave the situation its first grotesque appearance.

"Bring us up a couple of those porter-house steaks," said one of them to a girl who found it difficult to pass the salt.

She hesitated, and then finally said she thought they had none. She said they had ham and eggs and steak. What sort of steak? Beefsteak. She was told to bring on what she had. There was a small plate of strawberries on the table, and one of the drummers said to his partner: "I'll throw you dice to see who has them." This caused other guests to look forth. The landlord came upon the scene at that moment and said he had just sent up town for some more strawberries, and there would be plenty in a few minutes.

There was a telephone in the dining room. One of the help gave the box the usual call and said: "Send down all the bread you have and ten pounds of butter."

Some one who heard it said it was good bluff. The proprietor jumped in a buggy and drove up town in a hurry for rations. The dining room help got rattled. Some of the guests had plates with no food; some had food and no plates; one man had all the butter, another had all the bread; a sickly looking woman with a young baby had the pepper and salt and nothing else. There was still a waiting crowd without, hungry and impatient.

Then someone said there was room and plenty at the restaurant on the corner. The card was a good one. Several left the hotel dining room and went to the restaurant on the corner. The proprietor of the restaurant stood on the steps of his place welcoming the overflow. He was a picturesque figure. He was an elderly man with a deformity, and he wore a long black sack coat of some light material, which was whipped about by his legs by the wind. He had the countenance of Mephisto. His room consisted of a counter and stools. There were four of the latter. Two women in the rear of the room had a coal oil stove, on which they prepared coffee. A boy waited on the counter. He cut bread and passed the salt and pepper. When the bread gave out the proprietor was given the tip, and he made a journey up town for more. Once he met the landlord of the hotel coming back with his buggy filled with food. They looked at each other.

The man who was walking glanced at the man who was riding. What was death and destruction to one section and what had crippled a railroad was an overflowing cornucopia for these two men, although the situation caused them to huddle.

Finally the travellers were fed. It was a struggle, but they had made it. They returned to the telegraph office and still there were no tidings. The division superintendent of the road knew nothing. That is, he said nothing. The passengers divided into groups, some going about town, some walking on the track and some back to the coaches. The various porters of the sleepers gathered under the water tank and related experiences. Some of the travellers sat in front of the hotel, on the veranda, waiting for dinner.

There were two men who took possession of a baggage truck on the platform, and they were soon surrounded by others, natives of the town. The two men had some walnut shells and some dice. They had put down the shells and manipulated them dexterously. But somehow there were no biters. The old game did not work. It is a mystery where these two men came from. But they are always around on such an occasion. The greater the calamity the bolder these men become.

At noon there was another gathering about the hotel. There was some excitement, too. The rumor had gotten out that there was a regular baseball team on the

train, and that it had come to the hotel to get dinner. The town of Oelwein is not much of a town for bicycles. There are only a few in the place, but everybody in Oelwein plays ball. The standing of every nine in action is kept in Oelwein. And when it was noised about that a regular nine was at the hotel on its way to Indianapolis, when it could get there, the town came down to look at it. Men and boys gathered around the nine, which had all the chairs of the hotel, and were holding them down on the veranda. They talked ball for the edification of the small boy, who gazed and listened with open mouth. It was the first real, live organized baseball team that had ever struck Oelwein. If there had been no cyclone there had been a ball nine, and the chances are, barring the disaster of death, Oelwein did not regret the cyclone.

Three of the real live nine got out in the street and pitched ball for exercise. The crowd of citizens stood and watched in rapt wonder. If a circus procession had passed by at that moment no one would have looked at it. The proprietor of the hotel came to the door in his shirt sleeves, and said "it" was ready. The baseball nine got in first and the breakfast scenes were repeated. Mephisto on the corner was again on his steps.

For a while the baseball population of Oelwein forgot the cyclone and talked about the "game" they had seen, and while the "real nine" were at dinner, the Oelwein nine got out in the street and gave an exhibition of its ability. It was only a pitching game, however, with an occasional bat. After some exercise the man with a bat, one of the favorites, hit the ball and a awful swipe and knocked it out of sight. He was a regular Casey. The ball fell somewhere in the weeds, and the cry of "lost ball" went up. A number of citizens turned out and hunted for it, but it was not recovered. Meanwhile the real live nine had fed and came out. They affected a lofty indifference for the presence of the Oelwein nine, and blasphemed about the improbability of reaching Indianapolis in time for Tuesday's game. The cyclone was forgotten, except as it stood in the way of the tarrying nine.

The telegraph office had a glimmer of information. It was given out that the train would not move out until morning, and the hotel and restaurants prepared for another feast. Meanwhile a train was made up to go west on a road which had had no cyclone, and there was one chance in forty that it might connect with some train going east. The baseball nine—the real one—boarded that train and left Oelwein. It was a sad blow to the town. The local nine, unable to find their tail, left the street.

Darkness fell upon Oelwein. Likewise, silence, for awhile. Then there was a noise up the street, which was finally construed as being music. The landlord said it was the Oelwein silver cornet band, and that the music was a complimentary tender on the part of the band to the strangers who were side-tracked on account of the cyclone. It was a soothing idea, but the cold fact came out and staggered the dream. It was the band's night to practise.

The travellers sought their coaches and bunks for the night. At 11 o'clock that night a man having authority passed through the coaches and informed the passengers that there was no probability that the train could get out to go east for two days. The company had, therefore, concluded to check back all who wished to return to St. Paul. And all, save an Englishman who had been saying all day that he wanted to see a cyclone, agreed to go back. Then the man in authority told them all to go to sleep, and they did. At 2 o'clock in the morning he returned and aroused every one with the information that those who wanted to return to St. Paul would have to get up and take another train. There was some emphatic talk, but all concluded to do it, including the Englishman, who said it was his "bloody, blooming luck."

The return train pulled out at 2.40 a. m. and arrived in St. Paul at 8 a. m. There they learned the extent of the cyclone. There they came in contact with the world once more. But they also learned that few of the roads running out of St. Paul were running trains to Chicago on time. The agent on one line said he would get the people into Chicago some time. That was all he could promise.

It takes a cyclone to bring out the resources of railroads. The man who had left St. Paul Sunday night for Chicago and had been turned back from Oelwein, started again Tuesday night. Wednesday he awoke somewhere in Wisconsin. The conductor said the train was getting toward Chicago, but that it was going over the lines of all the roads in two States to make it. He said wherever they could hire a piece of connecting road they did it, and that sometimes the train was going due west in order to make a connection with some road that would head the train east. The train reached its destination several hours late, but the agent at St. Paul had kept his word. To do it, however, the train had travelled over three States and had seen some new country. It was a triumph of railroad skill and pertinacity. The cyclone may do a lot of harm, but it can't thwart a railroad company very long in this age of the world.

The Roentgen Rays.

The electrical ether waves, which Herz and others have experimented with, are, as a rule, too large to demopose the salts of a photographic plate, but they can traverse opaque substances, such as the human body, without causing sensation, as Tesla's experiments showed. If they are too large to effect the sensitive plate and the eye, they are also too large to irritate the nerves. Roentgen and others have demonstrated, however, that certain of these electric rays or wave motions can affect the sensitive film indirectly by exciting phosphorescence in bodies on which they fall. Hence the Roentgen silhouettes and the cryptoscope of Salvioni are already familiar to the readers of this column.—London Globe.

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CARE OF WOMEN'S SHOES.

A Thorough Lesson in the Art by a Man Who Knows.

"Women don't know how to take care of their shoes," said the manager of a man's shoe store, where women get tree shoes.

"They don't have to when they can get somebody to take care of them, like Caesar Sambo here do," answered a stout man, as he seated himself on the stand for a shine. "Do they, boys?" he continued, addressing the two darkies who were about the same color as the blacking that they proceeded to apply.

"I dun know 'bout dat, boss," said Sambo glibly. "You see, ef de white ladies knowed a leetle spee' mo' 'bout takin' proper 'sponsibility wid dere shoes, den dey would 'preciate what we niggers does fur 'em better. Heap of 'em says we ain't no good when 'tain't us, but dem. Dey don't kno' how to manage shoe leather."

"Cos dey don't," put in Caesar. "What white ladies look las 'lin' dey own shoes? Sambo, you mout know in reason no white lady ain't gwine to her own shoes."

"That's about right," said the manager with a laugh to the man in the chair. "Women are not trained to take care of their shoes as men are, or to have it done for them. Before he is six or seven years old parents will begin to teach a boy that he must not put on his shoes in the morning until they have been shined for him, and after he gets old enough he is made to shine them himself, provided the family is not rich. Whoever heard tell of a girl not being allowed to put on her boots in the morning unless they had been cleaned, or one who was made to polish her own shoes before going to school. Habits of childhood stick to one in manhood and womanhood as a rule, and consequently men take much better care of their shoes than women. This is strange, too, for women's shoes need more attention than those of men for two reasons.

"In the first place it is very important that a woman's foot should be well shod, and no matter how handsome her shoes are and how well they fit they will look slovenly unless they are kept clean. Another thing, the constant friction going on between a woman's skirts and her boots is exceedingly hard on the latter, and it makes no difference whether a dress skirt is bound with coarse mohair braid or the finest silk velvet the result is the same sooner or later. In order to offset this wear and tear she should have her boots dressed every day, or at least every other day. It makes them last twice as long.

"This firm was the first in the city to issue tickets for a free shine to the women of this city, and we feel that it has helped our business wonderfully in two ways, and it surely has been of great benefit to the women who have patronized the stand. Women will go where they can get anything that is free, from a glass of soda up to a sample bottle of patent medicine. This isn't because they are close-fisted or stingy. It's just one of their little feminine weakness that makes them so charming. Well, they began to flock in here to get their shoes shined, and the first thing that we knew our sales in were increasing enormously. The constant dressing made our shoes wear much longer than a shoe which was probably just as good, but which never received a good blacking or oiling. Here comes one now to get a shine. Listen to what she has to say."

A little woman with dark eyes and hair mounted the stand next to the man.

"You've got a hard job before you this time, Sambo," she said.

"Fo de Lawd, I is, Miss," the boy agreed cordially. "You ain't been in no time."

"No. I've been up among the Berkshires for two weeks, and that's the reason these tan boots are such shines."

Buckshires, Bucksbires," repeated Sambo in a puzzled tone. "Dem ain't de same as de rezor back hogs dat we has in Gorgia, is dey, Miss? Hogs is bad on shoes, I should say."

"Hogs!" the girl exclaimed. "Who said anything about hogs? Oh, I see. I

didn't mean Berkshire pigs. I meant hills, mountains, by that name you know. I climbed to the top of one of the highest one afternoon and ruined these boots. The shade is so dense that much of the earth about half way up is marshy. It is really black mud, and that's what stained my shoes. I tried every way I could to get it out. All the women up there are complaining, as they are all real country resorts where there are no professional bootblacks, that their shoes are going to rack and ruin."

"There's no reason why they should, if the ladies would only learn to take care of their own boots," said the manager. "I suppose nine out of ten pair of tan boots owned by women who are roughing it at this season are in just as bad shape as those you have on. Of course, Sambo can improve the appearance of those greatly, but but if you had known what to do with them immediately on coming in from a long tramp they wouldn't look so out of trim now."

"In the first place all shoes, slippers, or boots should be cleaned on the foot, unless a person has a pair of trees, and comparatively few have. Take tan shoes first. When they get dusty or muddy and become water stained, as yours are, the best thing to do, if they are very dirty, is to take a soft rag, some water and soap, and wash them thoroughly. Don't let the water soak in. Wring the rag out until it is rather dry, rub on a little soap and wipe the shoes thoroughly. Take another cloth and wipe them as dry as possible and then apply some russet shoe polish lightly and evenly with a sponge. As soon as this dries shine the shoes by quickly drawing a dry cloth over them. There are many makes of russet shoe polish, and one is about as good as another, for they are all made of gum and acid. The acid is what removes the stains and the gum gives the shine and also counteracts the bad effect that acid would have on leather. Every woman who affects tan footwear should provide herself with a supply of russet shoe polish, but women haven't learned yet to think of these things because, as I was saying before you came in, they have never been trained to take care of their shoes."

"Isn't there any substitute in case one doesn't have the polish?" asked the young woman. "I'm sure there wasn't a drop at the place where I've been."

"Yes, there is a good substitute: fruit. That seems queer, doesn't it? One can always get tropical fruits at almost every resort. Lemon is excellent for removing stains from tan leather, and after doing this it can be beautifully polished with a banana skin. Rub the skin all over the shoe, then polish with a strip of cloth just as these boys do. Dressing tan shoes every day will make them a much darker, richer color, and it preserves the leather by making it dust and water proof after a time. Dust is really worse on shoes than water. I think, and should be carefully removed at every opportunity. I don't mean by that that a woman must pull out a dainty lace handkerchief in the street car and wipe off her boots, as I saw one do the other day."

"What about patent leathers?" asked the interested young woman. "My patent leathers give me more trouble than my tan shoes, although I must confess I've learned a great deal from what you have told me. Now, I have a lovely pair of patent leather boots, and I wish you could see how they are beginning to crack. Dust is at the bottom of the trouble, I think. Some one told me to rub them with table oil, and I must have put on too much, for the oil and dust are gummed together and I'm afraid to try to get it off. The shoes cost me \$11 made to order."

"Patent leather reminds me of the opal in one respect," answered the manager. "Nobody will guarantee it, for nobody can tell from its appearance what it will do. Patent leather is made by a peculiar process. To begin with every particle of oil is eliminated from the skin, it is scraped, and a coating of varnish, I shall call it applied. It is scraped again and the same process repeated three or four times. Finally the enamel is applied, just as it is to any other substance, the leather having been subjected to great heat. It is impossible to tell whether the temperature has been exactly right or not, and for that reason no man will guarantee the leather."

"There was a time when patent leather was used only for full dress by men and women. Now they wear it on almost any occasion. It should always be warmed before being worn in cold weather. There is a mistaken idea prevalent that water hurts patent leather. This is not true to

any great extent than it is of any other kind. Dust, however, is harder on it than on other varieties of leather. If it is inclined to break, the dust gets in and plays havoc with the most expensive of shoes."

"Dust should be removed by wiping the shoes with a wet sponge while they are still on the feet, and then they should be briskly rubbed with a dry cloth. Some people use olive oil, others vaseline, for polishing patent leather. Vaseline preserves the enamel, but it dulls it, and cottonseed or olive oil is not as good as common kerosene oil is the best thing yet discovered for keeping patent leather clean, and only a few drops on a soft clean rag are required to clean a pair of boots."

"That's a move in the right direction," said the young woman, as she put the heels of her freshly polished boots together and held them up for a close inspection. "Teach the woman how to care for their shoes and they will do it. I didn't dream that those water stains would come out. A little soap and water, a little russet polish, and a good deal of elbow grease expended on the shoes by means of a dry rag—I must remember that, and hereafter when I'm roughing it I'll know how to treat my own shoes."—N. Y. Dispatch.

A WONDERFUL WEDDING.

Ten Thousand Couples Were United in Marriage at One Time.

The largest and most remarkable wedding since the world began took place at Susa. When the great Alexander had conquered Persia, wishing to unite victors and vanquished by the strongest ties possible, he decreed a wedding festival. Now guess how many people he ordered to be married. You could never do it. Well, Alexander himself was to marry Statira, the daughter of Darius; 100 of his chief officers were to be united to ladies from the noblest Persian and Median families, and 10,000 of his Greek soldiers were to marry 10,000 Asiatic women—20,000 people married at once.

I don't see how they managed to get up a feast for so many, but they did, and for a vast multitude of guests besides. They had the most splendid arrangements. On a plain near the city a vast pavilion was erected on pillars sixty feet high. It was hung and spread with the richest tissues, while the gold and precious stones that ornamented it would have made your eyes blink.

Adjoining the building were 100 gorgeous chambers for the 100 bridegrooms, while for the remaining 10,000 an outer court was inclosed and hung with costly tapestry, and tables were spread outside for the multitude. A separate seat was assigned each pair, and all were arranged in a semi-circle on either hand of the royal throne. Each bridegroom had received a golden vessel for his libation, and when the last of these had been announced by trumpets to the multitudes without the brides entered the banquet hall and took their places.

And now don't you think each bridegroom stood up separately and vowed: "With this ring I now thee wed," and so on. No, the ceremony was very simple; the king gave his hand to Statira and kissed her as his wife, and the other bridegrooms followed his example.—Cincinnati Tribune.

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