

Fastest Train on Earth.

Chicago and New York are about 1,000 miles apart, almost one-third of the way across the whole board United States, yet a man traveling in one of the two fastest long distance trains in the world may do half a day's business in New York, and still reach Chicago in time to see the office boys open the offices there. Never before have trains traveled so fast for so long a distance—980 miles at the rate of forty-nine miles an hour, including many stops and frequent delays.

If you will come along with me I will show you in the corner of the cab while we take a flying trip across part of the Illinois and Indiana on the locomotive of the fastest train.

An order from the superintendent of the road proved an open sesame to that much coveted seat in the locomotive cab, of the twenty-hour train out of Chicago.

"Want a ride in her, eh?" said the engineer, when the order was shown to him. "She's not so terrible easy, and you'll strike some cinders and smoke, but you'll think you're going—better tie down your hair."

The twinkle in his keen blue eye and the smile that twitched the corners of his mouth proclaimed him a good fellow, and made the passenger glad he had a chance to ride with him. Engineer Fish, grown gray in the service, was a mere pigmy compared to the giant machine he controlled—his head barely reached the top of the driving wheels as he stood on the ground beside them. The passenger did not know which to admire most, the mighty engine or the pigmy man that directed it as completely as a boy does his toy engine. The engine-runner was finishing his round of inspection, his final grooming of the iron horse, when p'sst, p'sst the hissing signal sounded.

In a second the engineer was in his seat on the right hand of the engine cab, watch in one hand, throttle lever in the other; the fireman stood below on the floor, within easy reach of the great heap of coal in the tender behind. The trembling finger of the steam gauge pointed at 200 pounds pressure, and the great locomotive seemed to hold its breath waiting for the signal to start, like a runner for the pistol shot.

"All aboard!" It was the last warning call, and the conductor waved "go ahead" almost the same instant to the waiting engineer.

Out came the throttle just a little, and over went the reversing lever a few notches. Slowly the great wheels began to turn and the stack to cough out thick columns of smoke; slowly but ever gaining the engine and train moved along. Ho! for the thousand-mile race against time! "We're off!" shouted the passenger.

The rails, shining from the friction of the many trains that passed over them daily, stretched out from the mouth of the depot and criss-crossed in such a tangle that the passenger wondered how the great blundering locomotive would ever be able to find its way through the maze. But everything straightened out after a while, and only the four lines of glistening rails stretched out straight ahead as far as the eye could reach.

Engineer Fish sat with his hand on the air brake valve and peered ahead through the puffing smoke, the red bandanna handkerchief tied about his throat, snapping in the strong wind made by the swift onward motion of the engine.

Soon the buildings of the great city that hedged in the tracks on both sides were left behind, and the flat open prairie lay before them. Straight and unobstructed for miles ahead the rails led off across the country.

The engineer opened the throttle slowly, letting the steam in gradually, and the train gained in speed steadily. The fireman shoveled in more coal—the flames leaping out through the furnace door hungry for their meal each time. The noise increased, and the telegraph poles along the track seemed to dash at the flying locomotive as if they were going to smash it to pieces. Faster and faster the steam in the smoke-stack puffed, swift and swifter the great driving wheels turned till the spokes were blurred and the great steel connecting rod was but a gleaming gray streak. Far away in the distance a train appeared coming towards them, traveling fast, quickly it grew from a small smoking speck to a tiny locomotive; then it enlarged until its whirring wheels could be seen—rushing towards them like a cyclone. Suppose it should be on the same track, as it appeared to be? The passenger's heart rose to his mouth at the thought, and he wondered if collisions were always fatal. The engineer, however, was smoking his pipe calmly, and when

the train went by with a roar that was deafening he waved a greeting to the passing engineer as easily as if they had met on the street.

The screaming of the whistle at the road crossings, the constant clang of the swinging bell, the roar of the steam in the stack, the ring and pound of the wheels on the tracks—the combined noises of this rushing demon were all so terrible, so new, so swift that it almost took the passenger's breath away. High up in the window of the cab, at times on a level with the telegraph wires, then shooting along the bare sides of a cut or skimming along by the green grass of the level prairie, swifter than the flight of a bird, it was exhilarating and made one's blood tingle. Better than coasting, faster than a slide down hill on a bicycle, more rapid even than the swoop of an ice boat—it made the passenger feel like shouting for pure joy of motion.

"How's this for going, sonny?" the engineer yelled across the cab, making a megaphone of his hands. "Traveling a bit, eh? Did the last mile at a seventy-five-mile-an-hour gait."

But they went even faster, the engine traveling over the rails like a hounded thing, the white mile posts flashing by at forty-five-second intervals. Of a sudden the clouds that had been hanging back overhead opened, and a sharp shower dashed down, stinging the faces of the engineer and the passenger like hail; the lightning flashed, but the roar of the engine drowned the crash of the thunder. For perhaps five minutes they were pelted by the drops, then of a sudden, like passing through a curtain, they slipped out of the storm into the sunshine. Soon the first houses of a city appeared and flashed by in a twinkling, then factories stretched their long length by the tracks, and more houses lined the rails till the train was passing through the valley of a city street.

Gradually the throttle lever was pushed back and the air brake applied; the train began to slow up, and the houses, cars and advertising signs nearby could be seen more distinctly. The fireman opened the furnace door and put aside his shovel; the engineer put on more air, and the hot smell of heated metal could be noticed as the brake-shoes bore down on the wheel rims. Steadily and softly, as a mother stops a baby carriage the great engine and its trail of cars came to a standstill.

"Well, how did you like it, sonny?" said the engineer, as his grimy hand gripped the passenger's no less soiled one. "Go fast enough for you?"

He thought it was great, and said so, but after he bade his friend goodbye and went back into the Pullman, almost deaf from the noise and nervous from the strain of the swift traveling, he thought he had had enough; and was glad, too, that Engineer Fish and his hard-working firemen did not longer have to keep up the pace and bear the responsibility of the safety of the passengers.

A hundred miles in the locomotive of the fastest train in the world was enough.—Russell Doubleday.

Punishment of a School

When the John Worthy School of Chicago was created there was no law on the statute books prohibiting flogging, and so the institution flogged. Soon society heard of it, raved, fomented and sprinkled protests in the newspapers, and afternoon teas, appalled but not speechless, were agog with indignation, and the great city council, stirred by the feminine fluster, put, as it were, a gag on society's mouth by enacting an ordinance making corporal punishment unlawful. Then the solitary cell, known otherwise as the solitary, or vernacularly as "the hole," came into existence—solitary confinement for one, two or three days, according to the offense. But it was found that offenses were committed for which solitary confinement of any length of time would be too severe, but which still ought to be checked by proper reprimand. To supply this want a new and peculiarly punitive device was contrived. In course of time it became known as "ploughing," a term suggestive of anything but prison life. The new punishment consisted of continuous walking about the four sides of a large rectangular hall the walking being incessant under watch of a guard, and of duration sufficient in length to permit the sufferer to heat at least one meal gone to which he could not respond.—Thomas A. Steep, in Leslie's Monthly for August.

She—This paper tells of a peach that weighed nearly two pounds.

He—Nothing very remarkable about that. You must weigh about as much as sixty common peaches like that.

What's in a Name

"What does your husband call you?" suddenly asked the hostess after the Embroidery Club had exhausted its fund of gossip and was devoting itself to dillies, pillow covers and lace collars on a vine-covered porch.

Each woman looked up a little startled. There was a good deal more in the question than appeared on the surface, it all at once dawned upon them.

"Why," began the dimpled matron, "I believe I don't know. Come to think of it, my husband rarely calls me anything."

"That's just what I thought," declared the hostess, sticking her needle into the golden heart of a daisy with a flourish of triumph. "Do you realize that most men don't call their wives anything in particular? Now, what do you call your husband?"

"John, of course," replied the dimpled matron, promptly.

"And I call mine, Dannie—Daniel seems too formal, some way," volunteered the bride.

"I use Bobbie," confessed the young woman in the linen waist. "Of course, he was baptized Nathaniel, but I don't like it!"

"Charles," replied the quiet little woman in the corner, when her turn came.

"All of which goes to prove," resumed the hostess with increasing elation, "the second of my theories—that a woman never lacks a name for her husband. Sometimes she has several. For instance, I've heard that some wives call their six-foot husbands by even so diminutive a title as 'Tippy.'"

Thereupon the black-haired young woman turned pink and cried: "Well, what if I do? Do you suppose it is in any woman's power to live forever up to the stern standard of 'Caleb'?"

"Don't get excited, dear," said the dimpled matron, turning "to the tempting frappe on the rustic table at her elbow. "Let's let Virginia explain her theory further."

"You see," began the hostess, "I've been studying this thing till it is almost a mania with me. I can't see a man and a woman together without being consumed with a desire to know what he calls her. I've kept count for a month and what do you suppose is the usual salutation a man gives his wife?"

"My dear," guessed the bride, quickly.

"Old woman," suggested the slender young matron, defiantly.

"Little girl," volunteered the woman in the linen waist.

"Not at all. Just plain 'Say.' Out of thirty-seven cases noted I've heard 'Say' nine times, 'My dear' three times, 'mother' (he walked with a cane and her hair was white) once and 'Mary' once. Leaving twenty-three cases where the poor woman got absolutely no name at all. On the other hand, in only five out of the cases studied did the wife fail to give her husband some familiar name.

"It works just as well," went on the hostess, "where the two are not married. Men go days without using a woman's name, while her conversation is about half made up with 'Mr. Jones,' 'Why, Thomas Smith,' or 'Benjamin.' To go further, 'I've been taking notes of the way men and women speak of each other to third persons. A man says 'my wife' in nine cases out of ten, while a woman says 'Tom' or 'Mr. Smith' almost invariably. Even in introductions a man generally presents his better half with a wave of his hand and a timid 'My wife.' A woman, on the contrary, rarely fails to pronounce 'Mr. Smith' with extreme formality. Moreover, a wife isn't half so afraid of using a pet name for her husband as he is of using his pet name for her. She may be 'Dot' or even 'Darling' when they are alone, but he'll shrivel up with mortification if the tender appellation slips from his lips while a third person is present.

"Men are awfully clumsy, too, in using pet names," interrupted the dimpled matron. "For instance—"

"You're mistaken there," cried the bride. "If you could hear Dannie say 'sweetheart'—"

But then the others laughed.

How It Happened

There is no doubt about the cause of the accident to the battleship Illinois. The only wonder is that she didn't at once prove a complete loss. It appears that while steaming slowly into Christiania harbor her steering gear failed.

Then her rudder was jammed. And she headed for shore. And her port anchor chain parted. And there was nothing doing with the other anchor.

And her engines failed to back her. And she struck an obstruction. And perforated her hull. And there you are.—Ex.

New Cases Filed

Two new actions have recently been begun in the gold commissioner's court. One is styled Frank J. McDougal vs. Thomas McRae. Each owns a half interest in a bench opposite the upper hall, left limit, of 1 below on Bonanza. The plaintiff alleges he has performed the representation work required by the regulations during the past two years at a cost of \$1400, no part of which had been paid by his co-owner. It is also alleged that McRae has allowed his free miner's certificate to expire and plaintiff asks that the interest so forfeited be vested in him.

O. J. Serebo et al have filed a protest against the application of John Anderson et al for 200 inches of water out of the pup that enters Bonanza at 17 below on the right limit. They allege they need the water for the proper working of their hillside claims located at that point.

Biggs—I don't see what benefit all this athletic business is to college students.

Diggs—It's the most important branch of their education. If they succeed in passing the insignificant mental examinations they are eligible for positions as motormen and policemen.

Smith—Women are rapidly assuming all the positions formerly occupied by men.

Jones—Yes, but there is one vocation in which they fail to score.

Smith—What is that?

Jones—Soliciting life insurance. They invariably talk a man to death before getting him insured.

Comfortable rooms, rates reasonable. Rainier House, King street, near post office.

\$50 Reward.

Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.

Answers to name of Prince. F. J. HEMEN. Klondike Nugget.

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