Board Works
Jan 1 01

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MIRAMICHI ADVANCE

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BUSINESS NOTICE.

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Military Medals, Crosses and Pensions Awarded.

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In Italy a gold or silver medal for bravery was first introduced into the Sardinian army in 1833, and it carried with it a pension of 100 lire a year, equivalent to $20, payment of which passes to the widow of the veteran or his children under 15.

In France the Legion of Honor was instituted in 1837 with a pension to soldiers who suffered amputation in consequence of wounds received in action of 100 francs a year for life, in addition to their regular pay.

In Germany the Order of the Iron Cross was instituted March 10, 1813, by Frederick William III. The pension is 150 thalers to officers and 50 thalers to privates.

In Russia the military Order of St. George was instituted in 1807 as a reward for officers and men who distinguished themselves in battle. An additional pay of one-third is allowed to those who wear the cross.

In Austro-Hungary the military Order of Merit was founded by Emperor Joseph II. as a reward, and is divided into gold and silver medals. To the first is attached an increase of pay of 50 per cent. and to the latter 25 per cent.

Wise men are wrong more frequently than fools are right.

Father's Sweetheart

When Miss Morrell came to look at the house next to ours she seemed quite nice. She smiled very pleasantly when she asked for the key; and while she was down the garden she picked some apples and threw them over to Bob and Tommy. They were not her apples really, because she had not taken the house, but I thought it was kind of her. So I called when she moved in. Mother is dead, so I have to call. Father is Frank Marchant, the celebrated author, and I am Molly. I was fifteen in June, and Miss Morrell was thirty-one, she said. She must have meant forty-one, because she and father were boy and girl together, she told me, and he is forty-three.

"He was such a nice boy," she said. "He'd have done well if he hadn't been so clever, poor fellow!"

"If he wasn't clever he couldn't write his stories," I pointed out.

"What's the good of writing stories if you can't sell them? Clever men have no sense!"

I am afraid that is true, but of course I would not say so; and I got up to go. "Father is more than clever," I told her. "He is the best man that ever was, and the kindest. I will not listen to anything against him; and I think perhaps it would be better if you did not call."

I know it was not polite to say that, but even mother was not polite if anyone spoke against father.

Miss Morrell only laughed and took hold of my arm. "Tut-tut, child! I think well enough of your father. I fancy he has a very good little daughter, too. Now sit down and have another tea-cake."

They were very nice tea-cakes, and she made them herself. She gave me the recipe, but mine did not turn out the same.

She was watering her flowers when father walked down the garden after tea. He did not notice her, because he was worried about a plot. He had found a way of getting the hero and heroine off a precipice, but he could not think how to get them on! She came and watched him over the wall. She had the water-pot in one hand, and some weeds in the other, and she wore an old hat like a black basin.

"Still up in the clouds, Frank?" she called at last.

He stkrted and turned round; then he held out his hand and laughed. "Mary! Well, I never! It's good to look at you again."

I did not want to listen, of course, and Dick was whistling at the front gate, so I went out with him. (He is Carson Major, and we are chums. He is not silly, like other boys).

"I don't care for that woman," I told him; but he only laughed and said I needn't be jealous. He is an impudent boy.

We went round Love Lane, and came home across the brook. It was swollen with the rains, and I could not find a place to jump it. So Dick had to wade and carry me, and it was quite dark when we got in. Father was still talking to Miss Morrell over the wall, and hadn't made the boys do their home-lessons; and they were watching out of the window.

"Father's got a sweetheart, Molly," Tommy cried.

I do not often lose my temper with the boys, but I boxed his ears quite hard. I was sorry directly, but I could not say so, for fear I should cry. So I went upstairs to take off my hat. When I came down Dick had Tommy on his knee, doing his last sum. There were white smears on his face where he had cried, and I wiped him with my handkerchief.

"Dick's given me a penny, Molly," he said, and grinned at me. He is a kind little boy, and never bears malice.

Dick didn't look at me, and I thought he was cross. I did not get up to go to the door with him, but he tilted me out of my chair, so I had to go.

"Oh, Dick!" I told him, "I wish I hadn't."

"Nonsense," he said. "It will do him good, the little wretch. You didn't hurt him."

"No—o; but he was mother's baby, and—and——"

I think I should have cried, but Dick was so nice to me, and said I was good to the boys. I gave them four chocolates each, and read a chapter of the "Swiss Family Robinson" to them, when they were in bed; and Tommy said he hardly felt it, and only cried to frighten me. I don't think I did it very hard.

When I came downstairs father was sitting at his desk, but he was not writing. He did not speak till he caught me looking at him. Then he sighed.

"It has brought back the old times," he said. "We were boy and girl together. Some day you will look back to the times when you and Dick were boy and girl together."

I did not say anything, but went into the drawing-room. If it had not been father, I should have told him not to compare that woman with me.

At supper he talked about her again. "She was always bright," he said, "and very pretty when she was a girl."

"People alter a good deal as they grow older," I remarked. "I don't know if you noticed her hat?"

Father laughed. "That hat is not fascinating, certainly," he agreed.

I thought he laid too much emphasis on the "hat."

The next evening they talked over the wall again. The evening after he went in to see her. He took a shows his manuscripts. He never shows his manuscripts except to literary people or people he likes very much.

The next day she sent us a dozen teacakes. Father ate two, and the boys the rest. I offered Jane some, but she would not touch them.

"Not if I was starvin', and' a bite would save me!" she said. "I've got eyes in my 'ead, Miss Molly; she'll never do by 'im as you've done."

Jane forgets, and breaks things, but she is a good girl really.

The next afternoon Miss Morrell asked me to take the boys in to tea. I told her that I was too busy; but the boys wanted to bo, so I let them. They are not old enough to know better. She gave them three sorts of cake for tea, they said, and sixpence each. She helped them with their lessons, too, but I found a mistake in one of Bob's sums.

"Ah!" father said, when I showed it to him, "she never was good at arithmetic; but she had a wonderful head for business."

"I'd rather be good, than good at business," I told him.

Father smoked his pipe for two or three minutes, then he laid it down. "She is good, too, Molly," he said. "I could tell you something—I will tell you, because I want you to like her. She was in love with a man once—they were only boy and girl really—and he was in love with her. There was a misunderstanding, and he went away, and got engaged to someone else. One day he came back and found out what a foolish mistake he had made. He would have broken the engagement off, but she wouldn't let him. So he married—the other woman."

I could have screamed to hear him speak of mother like that; but I bit my lip instead. "If I had been the—the other woman, I wouldn't have wanted him, if he hadn't wanted me."

"She didn't know, dear. She never knew right up to the time that she died."

"You—he pretended he liked her all the time?"

"He did like her. She was a nice woman—a very nice woman, only—you will understand, dear, when you are older."

"I understand now," I said. "My—his wife is dead. So he will marry Miss Morrell."

"I don't know." Father filled his pipe slowly. "I hope so. If he does——"

"It will serve him right," I declared. Then I went down in the shrubbery and cried.

"If ever you like someone else better, Dick," I said when I told him, "you're to tell me. I wouldn't marry you for anything if you didn't want to. Promise me— No, no! It's no use saying you will always like me best, because you can't be sure. Promise me."

Dick looked very serious, and whistled to himself for a long time. He does that when he is thinking. "I believe you're right, kiddie," he said at last. "I promise."

"On your honor?"

He threw his head back a little. "All my promises are on honor," he said. I do like to hear him speak like that.

I did not say any more to father about Miss Morrell, but I made what we called "mother's cake" for tea, and put all her photos about the rooms to remind him of her. He took up the one where she is holding some music, and looked at it for a long time.

"She used to sing a great deal at the Morrells'," he said. "Mary used to accompany her. We must ask her in. She will like to hear you sing some of the old songs."

"I don't want to sing mother's old songs to anyone but you, daddy," I said. "Come and play for me, and I'll sing 'Afterwards.' You can put it down a note, and think it is mother singing."

People say that my deep notes are like mother's, but of course I do not sing so well as she did.

"You can sing that just like your mother, dear. Thank heaven, you can't feel it quite like she did—Ah!"

"I'll try to feel it as much as I can,—No, in E flat, dear——"

He nodded, and played the symphony softly. It is like a dream, and father plays so beautifully. I thought of mother, and took a deep breath, and began

Afterwards.

Beyond the bound of land and sea,
Beyond the touch of hand,
Beyond the memory of me—
I shall look down, dear love, and see
Your tears, and understand.

She is supposed to be dying. The first part is what he says to her, and the second part is what she says to him. Mother used to smile when she came to "understand," and father used to look over his shoulder, and smile at her.

Light of my life, if I should miss
The path your faith has shown?
My heart was heartened by your kiss,
But now—Dear love, be sure of this,
You will not walk alone.

He is in the minor, of course, and she answers in the major. It always sounded comforting, the way that mother sang it, and when I am worried about things I try to fancy I hear her. Then she used to draw herself up for the last verse.

I shall look down, my dear—my dear!
Only be true, and have no fear;
Only be true, and Heaven is near!
God judge me as I'm true.

I tried to steady myself and make my voice like mother's; and I seemed to see her standing there, with her hand on father's shoulder, and putting out her other hand to hold mine, when I was little and hung to her skirts. I took the now note in the last line quite full; and then something seemed to clutch at my throat; and the big photo of mother that I had put on the piano slipped right down on to father's hands, and I shrieked and shrieked, and laughed and cried, and father couldn't stop me anyhow. I suppose you would call it hysterics.

I was better next morning, but Jane made me have breakfast in bed. Father was very worried, because he was going to Scotland to do some descriptive articles for The Daily Lyre. He began to write out a telegram to say that he couldn't go; but I told him I was quite well really, and Jane promised to look after me "like a mother." So he went.

When he said good-bye he gave me a note for Miss Morrell. "Ask her to wire 'yes,' or 'no,' then I shall know what to do," he said. "Good-bye, dear old girl. Be sure to telegraph if you want me back."

It seems a dreadful thing to say, but I felt as if I never wanted father back again. If I hadn't loved him so, I believe I should have hated him. You would understand if you had known mother, or even if you knew what I think of her.

I told Jane about the letter, and she said anyone could tell it was a proposal; and if she was we she would turn it. I was a good mind to, but when I asked Dick he said, "it wouldn't be cricket." So I gave it to him to do what he liked with, and he took it in to Miss Morrell. She asked him to take a telegram to send off to father, but he told her that he would rather not have anything to do with it. He saw her write, and it was "yes." He wouldn't look at me when he told me, but he said a lot of nice things about me, and how good I was to father and the boys, and I shouldn't have to live with her very long, because he was growing up. I think anybody would like Dick. He is so kind. Jane was very kind, too, and didn't even grumble at Bob when he knocked over her pail of water.

"I'd have liked to box 'is ears," she said; "but I thought of you, you poor dear. More'n a mother you've been to them, an 'e ought 'o be ashamed of 'isself, the marster ought."

In the afternoon I sat down in the garden darning the boys' socks and Miss Morrell came and stared at me over the garden wall. "You don't look well, child," she said.

"I am quite well, thank you," I told her.

She put up her eyeglasses and looked at me. "You're too young to look after a house," she said abruptly.

"Anyhow," I said, "I have looked after it. I don't suppose I have done very well, but I have done my best. No doubt you could do better, but would find it very different to having only yourself." I thought I would let her see that I understood.

"I daresay I should." She sighed, but she did not seem cross. "Do you know, Molly, sometimes I wish I had others to work for. Don't you think I could help you?"

"I don't want any help," I said; "and if I did, I'd rather not have it. You see. I promised mother. She wouldn't want anybody else to do things for father and the boys—only me." I looked straight at her, and she shook her head.

"We were children together," she said, "she and your father and I. I don't think she would mind me."

I gathered the socks and angola together, and got up. "I think," I said, "she would mind you very much."

Miss Morrell looked surprised and hurt. "You don't like me, Molly?" she asked.

"No," I told her, "I don't. You have sent the telegram to father, I suppose?"

"Yes—your father has told you?"

"He has told me." It was not true, but I could not let her think that father did not trust me. "Good-afternoon."

I went indoors and gave the boys their tea. After tea I gave them two pennies each to spend. I thought I shouldn't have the housekeeping money for long, and she wouldn't do things for them like mother used to, and like I tried to do.

Father came home on Sunday night. He had only just taken his hat off, and sat down in the arm-chair, when she came in. He jumped up, and held out both hands, and she trembled, and half laughed and half cried. She looked quite young, and almost pretty, and I hated her.

"I am so glad, Mary," father said. "So glad, dear old Mary. God bless you."

"God bless you, Frank—kind old Frank!" she said.

Then she began crying softly, and he bent down and kissed her. I was in the dark corner by the screen, and they did not seem to notice me. I felt my heart thump, and my breath come and go, and I looked at them, and looked at the big photo of mother on the mantel-piece. It was just beside them, as if she was watching them; and I rushed between them, and snatched it away.

"Mother!" I cried. "Oh, mother!"

Then I seemed dizzy, and tripped over something; and Miss Morrell caught me, and I didn't remember anything more till I found her bathing my forehead with eau de Cologne and I was too weak to push her away.

"My poor child," she sobbed, "my poor child!"

Her tears fell all over me, she was crying so. "We ought to have understood. It isn't your father, darling. It's my old lover that he has found for me in Scotland, and that was what I telegraphed about. Now, we'll see if you can't like me a little. No, no! You mustn't move yet."

But I sat up somehow, and held out my arms to father, and he picked me up, and nursed me like a baby.

"I've only two sweethearts, darling," he said, and wiped his hand across his eyes. "Your mother—and you!"

I shall never quite forgive myself for thinking of him like I did; but it was only because I was so fond of mother.—Owen Oliver, in Pall Mall Magazine.

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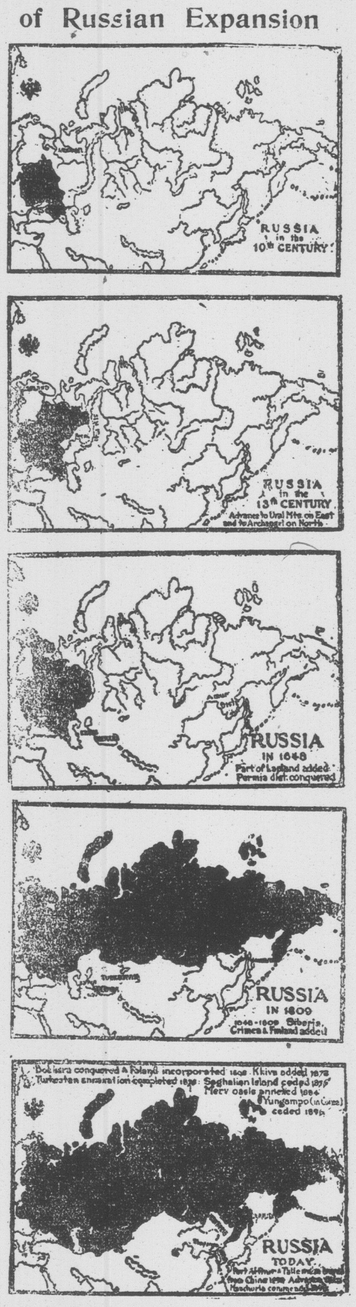
Maps Illustrating Nine Centuries of Russian Expansion



The space enclosing a number in each map represents the area of Russia in the former one.

UNEEK.

We spell some words in a manner
unique,
But that is no reason why we should
spique
Of the eagle who, from the mountain-
pique,
Swoops down to the valley, there to
sique
Some venturesome youngster beside a
crique,
And carries him, kicking, away in his
bique.
Would the youngster let out an unearthly shrique,
Or would he just venture a querulous squique,
When carried aloft, with the speed
of a strique
Of light, to the crag so dear and
blique?
Would he be so calm, demure, and
mique
That he'd not even open his eyes to
sique
When the eagle says, 'Here enough to
ique
Out food for the crowd at least a
wique?"
All of which is simply to show the
chique
Of him who started a frivolous frique
By spelling the word uneek unique.

GIGANTIC SCREW.

A gigantic screw, 85ft. in length and weighing nearly eighteen tons, has just been completed at Haywood Forge, Halesowen, England, it being a world's record and a triumph of English engineering skill. The screw has been forged from one ingot of steel.

Tess—"Miss Nuritch talks so much about her mother's social position before she was married." Jess—"Well?" Tess—"Did she really have any position in Society?" Jess—"Oh, lots of them. She never accepted a place as cook, except in very swell families."

Physician—"What is your profession, sir?" Patient (pompously)—"I'm a gentleman." Physician—"Well, you'll have to try something else; it doesn't agree with you."

"Mamma, the right way to spell 'high' is h-i-g-h, isn't it?" "Yes, dear. Why do you wish to know?" "'Cause I'm writin' a composition about the highena."

About the ....House

SHORT CUTS.

There are no short cuts to good housekeeping—except for the women with plenty of money and a husband willing she should spend it for labor-saving appliances and a good, stout girl to wield them, writes a correspondent. They say the time is coming when Milady can sit in her easy chair and press a button and the work will be done for her. But for the woman of moderate means there are a great many little things, costing but a trifle that will help to make housework a great deal easier. Many of us go without such things rather than ask for them, or under the mistaken notion that we are saving something. Well, perhaps we are saving a little in dollars and cents, but how about the wife's and mother's time and strength? It seems to me they are worth more, to her family, than the small sums she saves by going without things she needs. For instance, I turned pancakes for years with a knife until I was just going to have a pancake turner. I got it—cost 10 cents, and find it a labor-saver.

One short cut is to begin the day right by having breakfast on time, which means whenever the men are ready for it. A man doesn't care whether the sweeping and dusting are done or not if he has meals on time. I prefer to get breakfast the night before—that is, have everything ready. I need not mention the different things we can do, but one thing I want to lay particular emphasis on. See that there is plenty of hot water in the teakettle. Then, after everybody is ready for breakfast, all hands will not have to wait for water to heat to fill up the coffee-pot—such things have happened! Before sitting down to any meal, be sure there is water in reservoir or teakettle to heat for dishwater. That is a decided short cut.

I do not pretend to be a model housekeeper—far from it—but I always have plenty of dishwater. When ready to wash the dishes, take plenty of hot soap suds, set the pan on a chair near the dining-room table, put cups, saucers, spoons, knives and forks, yes, and plates, too, if there are not too many, and they are not too greasy—into the pan, get another chair, sit down, have plenty of good clean wiping towels (another one of the little helps women are inclined to do without), have your dishcloth in the pan so if any dish needs a little washing you can use it. Now, wipe out the dishes.

Lazy? No—just an easier way of doing, that's all. Not neat! I used to think so; thought my dishes must be washed in soap suds and scalded in plenty of hot water, but I wash them this way now and my dishes always shine and are never sticky. It takes more dish towels, but I'd rather wash towels than stand and wash dishes in the old way.

One most important thing is have "a place for everything and everything in its place." Ever hear that before? It's old, but it's true. I find it takes more time to hunt for things laid down where one used them last than it does to go and put them where they belong when one is through using them. Those who do their own work find it very necessary to have things just as handy as possible.

Have plenty of the little things, such as dippers, pans, basins, etc., that we are so apt not to have. I knew a woman once who lived in a nice brick house, but for months had no dishpan or large dipper. Her husband grumbled when asked to buy any thing for the house (by the way, he was not a farmer, but a city merchant, though I've heard that there have been farmers who did the same thing), so rather than ask she went without until she had to have a hired girl, and the girl promptly informed Mr. Man that she wouldn't wash dishes in a milk pan or dip water with a little cup, and the dipper and dishpan were forthcoming next time he went uptown.

Another thing is, have your wits about you. Don't make two trips down cellar when one will do. "Let your head save your heels."

"I'll confess one can slight things and make short cuts in housekeeping, but it isn't good housekeeping. One can slight the ironing. I do it—but it goes awfully against the grain, for if there is one thing I like to see it is the bars full of white, nicely ironed clothes. There is one short cut I do not approve of—and that is, the use of gray cotton blankets as sheets to save washing. It is not very sanitary to say the least. They're all right if washed often enough, but I heard a girl say, "Why—they save so much washing! We didn't have to wash them last winter, and haven't washed them this." (It was March). I said: "Didn't you wash them last spring?" She said: "No, we hung them on the line and aired them good." I should think they needed it. I may be an old fogy—not up-to-date—but I want my sheets washed every week.

One day, when I was almost tired to death (or thought I was), I said to my husband: "Oh, dear I wish some one would tell me some short cuts to housekeeping."

Man like, he answered, "I can tell you—do less work."

"I don't see how you would manage that. The work is here to do; it must be done, and only one pair of hands to do it." There were some pies on the table I had made that day and he said:

"Quit making pies. We can get along without them." Was that man like? I think, perhaps, less pie-making would be quite a short cut in some homes.

I haven't said a word about system. By all means have a system. Wash on Monday; iron on Tuesday; bake on Wednesday; do odd jobs Thursday; sweep and dust on Friday; bake and clean up on Saturday; go to church on Sunday. Sounds nice, doesn't it? As a friend said: "If my lamps don't get cleaned in the forenoon, they wait until next day, for I will not work in the kitchen in the afternoon." I'm thinking if she had some families to work for she would be glad to get her work done in time to crawl into bed at night.

There are so many things coming up in housekeeping one can't have an iron-clad rule to work by—at least I can't. "The well laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and I find that women's plans are quite apt to do the same thing. How often we think at night: "Now, tomorrow I'll do such and such a piece of work," and when tomorrow comes other things come up to do that must be done and our plans and our system, where are they?

There is so much to do—in housework—and so few short cuts, that it is as hard to write on the subject as it is to do the work and have it all come in where it belongs. Things must all be done in just about such a way. If one could always stay young, one could get work out of the way, so much quicker. I used to wash, mop, churn, bake and iron all in one day—twenty years ago—but, alas! I can't do it any more; and if some one could tell me some short cuts to housekeeping—that would not slight the work too much I would be very thankful.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Yeast Cake—Four cups light bread sponge; three eggs; three cups brown sugar; one cup shortening; one and one-half teaspoonful soda; one teaspoonful baking powder add fruit spices to taste, and flour to stir as stiff as ordinary cake. Try in small patty tin. This keeps moist long time. Half the recipe makes two small bars.

Omelet.—Yolks of two eggs beaten until light colored and thick; two tablespoonfuls of milk; one salt spoonful each of salt, and pepper. Beat the whites until stiff, cut and fold them lightly into the yolks until just covered. Put a teaspoonful of butter into the frying-pan, pour in the mixture. When brown set in the oven a moment to let the top dry.

Tapioca Pudding.—Put into one quart of milk two-thirds of a cup of tapioca that has been soaked over right. One salt spoonful of salt. Set on back of the stove until the tapioca becomes clear. Beat the yolks of four eggs with one cup of sugar and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Stir this into the tapioca (boiling). Beat the whites very stiff, adding a table spoonful of powdered sugar to each white, and place on the pudding shortly before serving.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

When the white of an egg is used, the yolk is often left to harden and is then thrown out. A teaspoonful of cold water poured into the egg-shell will keep it soft. If hardened, heat in a little milk and the yolk may be made usable again. Whites of eggs must be kept covered if not used at once.

In making gingerbread, if the molasses and butter are heated together before the other ingredients are added the cake will be nicer.

Except where otherwise specified, a coffee cup is the usual size intended in recipes. Measure everything in the same sized cup. A salt-spoonful is one-fourth of a teaspoonful; two teaspoonfuls are equivalent to a tablespoonful. Two cupfuls make a pint. About sixty drops equal a teaspoonful.

FIGHT FIRES WITH FLOODS

PHILADELPHIA'S NEW PUMPING STATION.

System Just Completed Is Being Watched By Fire Experts.

Fire fighting has been revolutionized in Philadelphia. Fire engines have been rendered obsolete and useless there by a plain, massive-looking brick building upon which the eyes of the world are fixed. This building guards all the central district of Philadelphia. In any part of the central district, at a second's notice, it can discharge unheard-of streams of water to unheard-of heights.

Suppose a twenty-one-storey office building in Philadelphia should take fire. Six lines of hose—hose twice the size of any used elsewhere—could be attached to the nearest fire plug, and from this one fire plug six great streams could be hurled simultaneously over the office building's roof. Such a miracle has never been seen before. Hose is fixed to an ordinary fire plug, and instantly power enough is developed to send vast columns of water over the roofs of the tallest skyscrapers.

The building responsible for this miracle is the new pumping station, with its special pipe line eight miles long that Philadelphia has just completed after three years' work. The station stands at the corner of Delaware avenue and Race street. It contains nine pumps, and these pumps are able to discharge, at a pressure of 300 pounds, 16,000,000 gallons of water a day. Before it was complete the station had reduced the Philadelphia insurance rate 15 cents on the $100, and now that rate is to be reduced 10 cents more.

VAST QUANTITY OF WATER.

The station can thrown upon a fire 10,000 gallons of water a minute, 600,000 gallons an hour, 16,000,000 gallons a day. In a minute there can be hurled upon a burning building the contents of a tank 11 feet long, eleven feet wide, 711 feet deep; in an hour the contents of a tank 66 ft. long, 66 ft. wide, and 66 ft. deep; in a day the contents of a tank 200 ft. long, 200 ft. wide, and 55 feet deep.

And all this water would have a pressure of from 200 to 250 pounds, sufficient to raise it to the top of a column from 575 to 700 feet high. At a point nearest to the station the water would rise 700 feet; at no most distant point would it fail to rise the 575 feet.

To be compared with this is the fire engine. A fire engine pumps 250 gallons of water a minute against the station's 10,500 gallons, and the pressure of the fire engine's discharge is in the same ratio small. Furthermore, the fire engine's pressure cannot be regulated like the pumping station's; it can, in fact, scarcely be regulated at all. But the pumping station can discharge simultaneously from the same fire plug, through a three and one-half inch hose, one stream powerful enough to tear the iron shutters from the top storey of a sky scraper, and another stream, through a half-inch hose, gentle enough to bathe a baby.

ENGINES ARE POWERFUL.

John W. Weaver, engineer of the city's high pressure service, superintended the construction of the pumping station. The building is of steel and brick. Its dimensions are 72 by 140 feet. Its total cost was $250,000. With its walls of white enameled brick, it is light, airy, and spacious within. It has nine gas units, or pumps, of the total capacity of 2,400 horse-power, and these great engines which weigh from twenty-four to thirty-five tons apiece can be started from a state of absolute immobility into full speed in eighteen seconds. Running, pumping 16,000,000 gallons of water a day, they make no more noise than as many sewing machines.

Two of the engines, or units, are small; they are each of 150 horse-power, and they have each a pumping capacity of 250 gallons of water a minute under a 300-pound pressure. The remaining seven units are large, and their pumps will each deliver 1,400 gallons of water at 300-pound pressure per minute. Each small engine consumes, in operation, 1,500 feet of gas per hour, and each large engine consumes 5,000 feet, but they will never need to run an hour continuously, for no fire in the world could withstand so long the Niagara of water they will throw.

These great pumps are started electrically, and the pressure they put upon the water can be regulated to a hair. Gas is used rather than steam in this huge pumping station for economy's sake—economy in time in men, in space, in cost, in everything. For with steam the fires would need to be kept going all the time, and full speed could not be attained quickly, while great coal sheds would be required, with tracks for coal cars, and the force of men would have to be doubled or tripled. But now its power comes to the station through one single pipe—a gas pipe thirty inches in diameter, and with this pipe each of the nine engines has its separate connection. To show the unusual size of a 30-inch main, it may be pointed out that the mains used by private houses are only one inch.

AIR MIXED WITH GAS.

The fuel is composed of six parts of air to one of gas. The sparks for the engines are obtained with electricity, and there are four ways to get a current. The first current that may be used is the Edison. The second is the station's own, from its dynamotor. The third is the emergency—a current that the city supplies. The fourth is from the station's battery—a little group of white jars that are capable, without any renewal, of keeping the engines going for four months.

One of the small engines, while it is pumping water, will, without a cent's worth of additional expense, run the air compressor and the generator of the station, thus keeping up always the supply of compressed air and electricity. The air, compressed to 200 pounds, is stored in great tanks.

The gas engines are of the four-cycle pattern. They go through four movements to make one completed movement. The first movement, or cycle, is the descent of the piston, drawing in air and gas. The second cycle is the piston's ascent, comprising the mixture. The third cycle descending, ignites the air and gas, and the fourth, ascending, discharges the ignited mixture into the exhaust pipes. To run steam engines like these gas ones would cost $50 for fuel alone for each engine, where it now costs with gas but $39.50.

It takes a smart man to write an unimportant letter.

"Rather a clever poem," said the editor, handing back the manuscript; "do you know who is the author of those lines?" "Of course," replied the proud father; "didn't I tell you my son wrote 'em?" "But are you sure he did?" "Sure! Don't you suppose I know his handwriting?"

"Isn't it odd that pretty women always marry plain men?" "They don't always." "Tell me one instance." "If you can, where a pretty woman has a handsome husband." "Certainly. My wife is one of the prettiest women in the district."