

CIRCUS MEN BEATEN.

BUT IT TOOK A KEEN RAILROAD MAN TO DO IT.

Some Two Hundred of Them Dickered For Cheap Fares, But the Railway Man Knew a Trick Worth Two of Theirs and the Official Helped Him.

'There are people who think you can't beat a circus man. But I want to tell you that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man.'

The old sawdust manager had tried it. He continued:

'Know where Purcell is in the Indian Territory? Away down at the jumping off place on the Santa Fe road. The show had been at Purcell, and we wanted to get out in the night for a long run. We were going to make a jump to Kansas City. Not far from Purcell is another town, Oklahoma City. At that point a competing road with the Santa Fe runs in. We had five hundred people, and of course the railroad men were after us. It was a big haul. Some of our people bought through tickets from Purcell, and they didn't worry. But about 200, maybe more, of the crowd, that always haggles over a 10 cent dicker, concluded to take the Santa Fe from Purcell to Oklahoma city, pay the short haul and then take the competing line at Oklahoma, the agents of which were active and full of promises.'

'Then the Santa Fe man fixed it so the dickers couldn't buy any tickets from Purcell to Oklahoma, for the train we were to go on was a special. The dickers said that was all right; that they would wait for the regular. In less than five minutes a bulletin was slapped on the board of the station to the effect that the regular Santa Fe was twelve hours late. That made the fellows who were dickering for a cheaper rate turn white around their gills.'

'In another five minutes I saw a man on a track velocipede scudding down the stretch. Every man to his business. So I thought the railroad people knew what they were doing, and they did. That chap on the velocipede was going down the track to flag the regular and hold it indefinitely. Smart trick wasn't it? Wait till I tell you. There was a smarter trick than that.'

'When the special got ready to pull out, the dickers asked the agent if they could pay on the train from Purcell to Oklahoma. And he said 'cert.' So they all boarded the train at Purcell, intending to get off at Oklahoma. Just before the train pulled out, the agent walks down to the engine and asks the old man at the throttle how long he had been on the road and about the capacity of his iron horse, and so forth.'

How many miles an hour can she go at her best?' asked the agent.

'On a good track, sixty-five miles.'

'Is it a good track through Oklahoma City?'

'Yes, pretty good.'

'All right. You've got no orders to stop there nor to slow up, have you?'

'Not yet.'

'Well, when you get to the edge of the town you let her go. Don't stop for anything—fl-gs, or teams, or cattle. Scoot through the town at a sixty-five-mile gait, or more if you like, and don't slow up until you strike that strip of desolation about eleven miles 'other side, and you smoke a box of the finest cigars in Chicago. Is it a go?'

'If I don't get no orders 'fore I start.'

'Well, you are five minutes late now.'

'In a minute, and I calculate it was less, the circus special was under way. It went around curves like a scared snake. It shot across straight lines like a gazelle that had been singed. It whirled the dust of that country into the sky. After a while we saw a town. Then we went through it like the woman that's shot from the catapult, only more so. One of the dickers, who was smiling to think the conductor had not yet come 'round, asked a brakeman as the train was going through the street, 'What town is this?' The brakeman said: 'Oklahoma City?'

The dickerer's smile faded as it came, as the poet says, and his hair stood up, and turning to the brakeman he says: 'Jes crimiini! Stop her! Here's where we get off?'

'She doesn't even hesitate at a town like this,' said the brakeman.

'Well, about eleven miles on this side, in a strip of country where a crow can't live and where an Indian wouldn't be caught dead, the old iron horse began to slow up. The conductor came through just then and said: 'Tickets?'

'Well, say, that was a funny sight. Them that had tickets showed up and then went to sleep. But the dickers began to kick. They said they should have been let off at Oklahoma City. The conductor said the train didn't stop at Oklahoma; that it wasn't scheduled to stop there, and that he wasn't going to go back that trip. The leader of the dickers for cheap fares wanted to know what was to be done.'

'The conductor was an old timer.' He

had a face on him like a woman who never loved anybody. He had just told them 'Pay or get off.' Then they asked him where they could pay for. And he said the train wouldn't stop any more until it got to Kansas City the next morning, unless it stopped to put them off. And he reached up and caught the bell cord. 'And every one of the dickers paid to Kansas City. And, of course, under the railroad law, they paid 'more than they would have paid if they had bought tickets at Purcell. And that's what I mean when I say that the hardest man to do is a live railroad man.'

GAINED 39 POUNDS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MISS FLORENCE FERGUSON OF SYDNEY, N. S.

For Five Years She was an Almost Helpless Invalid—Used Many Medicines Until She Found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Her Health.

Many of our Cape Breton readers, especially those residing in Sydney and vicinity, will remember the subject of this article, and also knew Miss Ferguson when residing at her home on Hardwood Hill, just on the borders of the town. From 1890 to 1895 sickness preyed upon Miss Ferguson, and from a bright and healthy girl she became an invalid, completely given up to weakness and despondency. In the spring of 1895 she left her home and went to the States, where she has a sister and other friends, thinking that a change of climate might benefit her. While there she was attended by medical men, but without any improvement, in fact she gradually grew worse, until she used to spend the greater part of every day on the lounge at her sister's. Friends came to see her, only to go away with the sympathetic remark, 'Poor Flora, she is not long for this world.' From the beginning of her sickness up to the time when the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was taken, she had tried upwards of twenty different kinds of medicine—some from doctors and some of the many patent drugs for sale at druggists. Hearing from a friend of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Miss Ferguson resolved to give them a trial, and requested her sister to get her a box. Following the directions carefully she began to take them. As day by day went by she began to feel better and her spirits to return, and in the course of a few weeks she walked a mile to the post office and home again. Miss Ferguson continued taking the pills until she had used eight boxes, when she was completely restored to health and happiness. She was again strong and healthy. While ill she had greatly run down in weight, and at the time she began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, was reduced to 102 pounds, and when she had completed the eighth box her weight had increased to 141 pounds—Only one month ago she called at the home of the editor of this paper to leave her address to have the Reporter forwarded to her at Arlington, Mass. During the moment's conversation with her the above facts were told to Mr. W. A. Richardson, the editor, and with beaming countenance Miss Ferguson willingly agreed to have him tell the people 'How Dr. Williams' Pink Pills brought her from the gates of death to the enjoyment of health.' He was astonished, as being well acquainted with her when in Sydney, knowing how ill she was and seeing her a physically changed person was enough to cause anyone to be amazed at the change.

The above facts can be verified by writing Miss Ferguson, at No. 16 Henderson street, Arlington, Mass.; the editor of the Island Reporter, Sydney, C. B., or any one of the intimate friends of Miss Ferguson, Hardwood Hill, Sydney.

SAGO PALM OF TUDOR PLACE.

THE ORIGIN OF ONE THAT WAS PART OF BOSTON'S FAMOUS TEA CARGO.

One of the most interesting homes in historic Georgetown is the Tudor place. The sago palm of revolutionary fame stands in the Tudor conservatory in winter and on the beautiful lawn in summer. It belongs to Martha Washington's granddaughter, who is the oldest living descendant of the family. Mrs. Britanna W. Kennon is the daughter of Col. Thomas Peter, who married Martha Custis, and is the widow of Commodore Beverly Kennon, who lost his life by the explosion of a gun upon the Princeton in 1844. The main body of the old house was built by Col. Peter in 1816. In this house Mrs. Kennon was born and has always lived.

In 1775, when the historic cargo of tea was dumped into Boston harbor, there were on board three small palms. The largest

was carefully sent to Mount Vernon, another to the home of Gov. Morris of Morrisania, while the third was taken to the Pratt gardens, near Philadelphia. Ten years later the conservatory at Mount Vernon was burned and the palm lost. Thirty-six years later, in 1813, Mrs. Kennon's mother drove in her carriage (a journey of four days) to Philadelphia, visited the Pratt gardens, bought several little palms, and carried them in a basket to her own greenhouse. One of them was an offshoot of the original sago palm, and today is a veritable Colonel Dame or Daughter of the Revolution.

It is now almost a century old, and has never known another home. Its fruit is not abundant, like the coconut or date palm. It bears a small apricot-shaped fruit only once in several years. Its terminal budding at the end of the stem is like a crown. Some years it unfolds long, slender spikes, or palm branches, but several years during Mrs. Kennon's life there has been a wonderful growth of fern-shaped, delicate leaves, soft and spongy in texture and color. When left on the tree until the sap is pretty well down in the trunk, they retain their shape and color many years. Botanists have examined them with keen interest. It appears like a cabbage, and slowly unfolds its yellowish brown fern leaves, under the fashion of our house ferns. It left on the tree they die.

Mrs. Kennon remembers well Lafayette's visit to Tudor place, when she was a little Virginia made of 9 years, and the sago palm was only eleven years old.

Almost a Mile-a-Minute Elevator.

Ed. H. Benjamin returned the other day from a visit to the big mines on the mother lode in Amador county.

'I took a fast ride,' he said, 'in the Oneida mine. This company has just put in a new hoisting gear which beats anything on the Pacific coast, and there are only one or two mines in the country which have machinery to equal it. I came up 1,500 feet in the shaft in twenty seconds. This is at the rate of almost a mile a minute, and by comparison the swiftest elevators in the tall buildings in San Francisco are slow coaches. When the mine is in regular operation the cage will be run at the speed of thirty miles an hour in lifting ore. This remarkable hoist was manufactured in San Francisco, and seems to embrace no new principle—just a very large drum and the usual cable.'

—Oakland (Cal.) Times.

Hundreds do not know that we are ready to get property for them—if they are entitled to it. Not otherwise. We have a new list of 600 persons advertised for to claim money. 10 CTS.

McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each insertion. Five cents extra for every additional line.

A GENUINE FOUNTAIN PEN FOR 35c. Includes hard rubber barrel with gold-plated pen. Satisfaction guaranteed. Postpaid 35 cents. BUNSWICK NOVELTY CO., Boston, Mass.

FREE To any lady sending us the names and addresses of five other ladies, we will send you a box of our Electric Soothe Antiseptic Tablets worth \$1 by mail, prepaid—No lady can afford to be without them. LUTHER BARNBY CO., 260 N. 1st Building, Dayton, Ohio.

FREE 75 Complete Stories! Each worth \$1. A Big 1000 Picture Book that will surely put you on the road to a handsome fortune. Send 25c. silver to my postbox.

A. W. KENNEY, 5 J. Yarmouth, N.S.

A GOOD ACTIVE AGENT WANTED in every locality to introduce our "Miltum" "Trotter" iron. Big money for the right man on salary or commission. Only those who mean business need apply. CLARK & BROWN, Sole Agents for the Maritime Provinces, St. John's, Kings County, N. B.

WANTED By an Old Established House—High Grade Man or Woman, good Church standing, willing to learn our business then to act as Manager and State Correspondent here. Salary \$800. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope to A. T. Elder, Manager, 278 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

STAMPS COLLECTIONS and old stamps bought for cash. State size of collection or send list. For particulars address Box 588 St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE IN THE growing town of Berwick, N. S., known as "Brown's block" and contains three stores all rented, also two tenements which can be easily converted into a Hotel. Orchard and stable in rear. Berwick is a noted health resort and is one of the most growing and prosperous towns in Nova Scotia. There is an excellent opening here for a Hotel. Terms \$400 down remainder on mortgage. Would exchange for good farming property. Apply to H. E. Jefferson or W. V. Brown, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

RESIDENCE at Robbessay for sale or to rent for the Summer months. That pleasantly situated house known as the Titus property about one and a half miles from Robbessay Station and within two minutes walk of the Kennecott-Canada Hotel. Reasonable. Apply to H. G. Fenney, Barrister-at-Law, Pugsey Building, 24 6 1/2

"WHOSOEVER HATH, TO HIM SHALL BE GIVEN."

That is Scripture, and its truthfulness is verified by every-day experience. It is as true of those having a thorough business training as of those holding any other position. This is proved by the fact that our graduates hold almost every leading position in Saint John, and comprises a large percentage of our most capable business men.

THE BERTH (20) Students already (March 20th) in good situations this year.

Catalogues of our Business Course and of the Isaac Pitman shorthand method mailed to any address. S. KERR & SON,

100 Water Street, Saint John, N. B.

For 10 cents

In cash or stamps, we will mail you, all charges prepaid, a handsome metal box, size 5 1/4 inches long, 3 1/4 inches wide and 1 inch deep, filled with TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CYCLON TEA, 50 cents per lb. quality. The box alone is worth the money—the Tea it contains is worth more than the money.

It's offered as an inducement to make you acquainted with the delicious Elephant Brand Teas, and incidentally to see where our advertising is best read—and so kindly mention the paper.

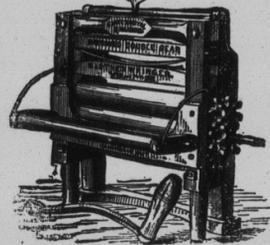
TETLEY'S ELEPHANT BRAND INDO-CYCLON Teas are sold only in 1/2 and 1 lb. lead packets, never in bulk and can be had from most dealers in good groceries in Canada. At the price printed on each packet (25 cents to \$1.00 per lb.) they are considered to be the

Best of Tea Values.

JOSEPH TETLEY & CO.

14 LEMOINE STREET, MONTREAL

WRINGERS = =



A big stock to select from Prices from \$2 up. We have one fitted with ball bearings It runs as easy as a bicycle. A wonderful saving of strength Then, again, the work is well done and so easy that there is little or no wear to the clothes. See this Wringer.

WASHING MACHINES. Several Good Kinds. Prices from 50c. to 5.50 each.

EMERSON & FISHER. 75 Prince Wm. Street.

For House Cleaning we have Window Brushes, Self-Wringing Mops, Brooms, Pails, etc. Also Butcher's Wax Polish and Heavy-Weighted Brushes for Hardwood Floors.

NOW WE HAVE IT!

FREE GLEASON'S HORSE BOOK FREE

The Only Complete Authorized Work By America's KING OF HORSE TRAINERS, PROFESSOR OSCAR R. GLEASON,

Renowned throughout America and recognized by the United States Government as the most expert and successful horseman of the age, The Whole Work, comprising History, Breeding, Training, Breaking, Buying, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, Doctoring, Telling Age, and General Care of the Horse.



You will know all about a horse after you have read it. No one can fool you on the age of a horse after you have read it. Prof. Gleason has drawn larger crowds than the great P. T. Barnum, with his big show, ever did.

416 Octavo Pages. 173 Striking Illustrations! Produced under the direction of the U. S. Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his most wonderful methods of training and tresting horses.

10,000 SOLD AT \$3.00 EACH. But we have arranged to supply a limited number of copies to our subscribers ABSOLUTELY FREE. First come, first served.

OUR Offer

Regardless of the fact that thousands upon thousands of these books have been sold at \$3.00 each, we have by a lucky hit arranged to send you a limited period send a copy free, post paid, together with The Free Teas for one year, on receipt of \$2.00 the regular yearly subscription rate. Old subscribers can also receive a copy of the book by sending \$2.00 and have their subscription advanced one year.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.

The Business School. Catalogues of our Business Course and of the Isaac Pitman shorthand method mailed to any address. S. KERR & SON, 100 Water Street, Saint John, N. B.