

**THE FASTEST TRAIN IN THE WORLD.**

ACCORDING to an article by Mr H. G. Prout, editor of the 'Railroad Gazette,' in the *North American Review* (Brentano's), the train entitled to this distinction is engaged in the 20 hour service between New York and Chicago, established by the New York Central and Hudson River and the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroads.—

At three o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, May 28, I left New York for Chicago, and the next Tuesday, at 11.15 in the morning, I was again in New York. I had travelled 1,928 miles in 44 hours and 15 minutes, and out of that time had spent four busy and useful hours in Chicago. This was not done as a *coup de théâtre*, but as a simple matter of business. I slept in peace and dined in quietness, and that is more than one can often do in trains making but 30 miles an hour. It must be remembered that while the schedule time of 20 hours for 964 miles from New York to Chicago gives an average speed of 48.2 miles an hour, this includes nine stops, of which seven are long enough to change engines, and inspect the running gear. It includes also slackening of speed to take water or at grade crossings and through large towns. The average, therefore, of 48.2 miles an hour does not give the average speed in motion, nor does it give any measure of the maximum speed that must be made for short distances by a train making 964 miles in 20 hours. A great many miles must be run at over 60 miles an hour, and some miles are run considerably faster than that. In the west-bound journey, of which I am speaking, two of us timed 25 consecutive miles at an average speed of 70 miles an hour, and we timed one of those miles as having been run in 43 sec., or at the rate of 84 miles an hour.

This 20 hour service, the writer goes on to say, is a 'brilliant and unprecedented feat in railway operations,' and he compares it with 'the railway race to Scotland' which some of our own companies attempted a few years ago:—

In the summer of 1898 the two great lines from London to Edinburgh, the West Coast, 404½ miles, and the East Coast, 322½ miles, suddenly reduced the time to eight hours, making the speed over the longer route, including three stops, 50 miles an hour. This lasted one month, and the close of the month was marked by one run at 52.7 miles an hour, including five stops. Then, at the end of August, a treaty of peace was made, and the speed was dropped to 47 miles an hour, where it stands yet so far as I know. This 'race of the Scotch expresses' was much talked of on two continents. It certainly was an important step in the development of fast long distance running; but the trains weighed from 175,000 to 225,000lb against about 400,000lb (or 495,000lb with the dining car) for the 'Exposition Flyer.' All these weights are exclusive of the engines. The distance run, too, was only about 42 per cent. of the run of the new 20 hour train. But these trains were a demonstration and a stimulus. There was much outcry about the danger of such speeds, but there were no mishaps and few delays. The trials proved that with light trains, good tracks, adequate signals, and infrequent stops, a journey speed of over 50 miles an hour could be kept up for 400 miles without any revolution in machinery or methods.

**PAPERED WITH STAMPS.**

IN a certain old-fashioned house in London there is a room about twelve feet square, the walls of which are completely papered with postage stamps. It is estimated by Mr Palmer, who is the largest stamp dealer in the world, that these stamps would be worth \$5,000,000 but for the unfortunate circumstance that they are not genuine.

Mr Palmer extracted these forgeries from collections which he has bought from time to time. As a rule he says the people from whom he bought them did not know they were forgeries. No forged stamp, however, is likely to pass as genuine when it falls under his scrutiny.

This crazy patchwork shows a specimen of every known stamp in the world. There are 70,000 stamps on the walls of the room, and it took almost thirty years to collect them.

To make wall paper out of them kept four pairs of hands busy for three months. They are pasted upon canvas, so that it will not be necessary to remove the building in order to remove the stamps. Paste, not gum, was used, because gum discolours stamps. Having been fastened to the canvas, the stamps were treated to a coat of shellac and then varnished.

**ONE IN TEN THOUSAND.**

DURING the recent run on one of the banks in Australia, an event occurred which did not find its way into the papers, but which nevertheless ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed.

A line of men and women stretched from the doors of a bank for more than a block. Every face expressed anxiety. The line was made up for the most part of hard-working men and women whose savings, perhaps for years, might be swept away in a moment should the bank suspend payment before they could reach its doors. There was little, if any, conversation. Most of the faces were stern and forbidding. Some of the women were crying.

On the bottom step of the short flight leading from the sidewalk to the bank door stood a man who had been in the line since four o'clock that morning. He looked haggard and weary. Not more than a dozen men now stood between him and the teller's window, and he could catch a glimpse of money piled up behind the grating, and hear occasionally the pleasant clink of coin as it was passed out. Only a few more minutes, then his turn would come, and he would hold in his hand his hard-won earnings. His face lighted up a little in anticipation as he mounted the next step.

On either side of the line of depositors was a crowd of people, drawn to the spot by curiosity or sympathy. In many cases the families of the depositors stood by the side of the father as he moved slowly towards the open door, eager for his turn to come.

The man on the steps felt some one pulling at his coat, and looking around, recognized a workman, evidently an old acquaintance.

'Ah, Jim! That you? Didn't know you was about.'

'Just came to town last night. What's the chance? Will the bank hold out?'

'I don't know. Even if it'll hold out till I get my money, I've \$50 in there. It's all I've got, and it'll be mighty hard to lose it. You better be glad you're not like the rest of us.'

'But I am. \$75 of my money is in there.'

'Why don't you get in line, then? What you waiting there for?'

'There's no show. The line goes clear round to—Street, and my rheumatism cuts like a knife. I couldn't stand half an hour, and I'm 'most done up, anyhow. Mary here's takin' on pretty bad. She worries, and says there hard times are bad enough, and if we lose this money it'll be no bread and starvation for the young ones.'

Mary, the man's wife, stood by his side holding a little baby in her arms. Her face was drawn and anxious, and the tears would come in spite of her efforts to restrain them as her husband spoke.

The man on the bank steps looked at her as he moved up one more step.

There were a few moments of silence; then he who had moved up suddenly turned and called out softly: 'Jim, here! Come here into my place!'

'I won't do it. It ain't fair.'

He looked at his wife and baby. The lines of his face relaxed. The generous offer touched his heart, as the tears came to his eyes.

'It's all right, old boy. You've got Mary and the babies, and don't ye see, I've neither wife nor a chick in the world. Come, man. I'm strong, and it's little that ye can do. Creep in here. Do ye hear? Creep in here. It's all right, man. Come on.'

The line moved forward again, and he was forced up one more step.

'Jim' still hesitated.

His friend above reached down a stalwart arm and pulled him to his side, then cautiously drew himself out of the line, and as carefully wedged the other man into his place. After this he stepped quietly upon the sidewalk, walked back to the end of the line, and took up his position as the last man.

An hour later the bank suspended payment. Scores of waiting men were unable to draw their deposits, and among them the noble soul who had 'loved his neighbour as himself.'

Who will say that there are not some things in this world beside which money is valueless—some qualities in men that poor, untaught workman exemplified that day that are odlike!

**ORANGE CULTIVATION.**

The orange was originally a pear-shaped fruit about the size of a common wild cherry. Its evolution is due to 1,200 years of cultivation.

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