

*GOES DOWN BEFORE  
AN AVALANCHE OF AXES.*

center of the theater district and Fifth, Fourth and Seventh avenues, all the way up to Central Park, were in almost Egyptian darkness that night, save for the feeble gas lights, but Mayor Grant had sounded the death knell of overhead wires in the metropolis for all time, and the Herald had won a victory for the achievement of which it had been arousing public sentiment for many years.

A Backward Glance at Some of the Interesting Articles Published in the Initial Number June 15, 1850.

They were all standing at the top of a grassy slope, William Fisher challenged Carnegie to a foot race. "Well," said Andrew, "you're a lot taller than I am, and your legs are longer, and I believe you can beat me, but I'll race you, just the same."

The two boys started, and, as Andrew had foreseen, the Fisher boy easily outdistanced the little Scotchman was by no means able to keep up with him. The chances seemed all against him, but kept running. About half way down the slope the Fisher boy stopped, considering it useless to run further. To his surprise Carnegie came out after him, and, arrived at the bottom, far ahead of him. "That's not fair," said Fisher, "because I stopped."

"Yes, I knew you'd stop," said Carnegie, in reply, "and that's the reason I kept running. Have you ever heard the fable of the turtle and the hare?"

Success.