

Never look a gift automobile—but automobiles still cost money to run...

Santos-Dumont distributed his flying machine prize money among the poor of Paris. This is the first time on record that a flying machine has developed any practical advantages.

There are in the United States 2000 lighthouses on the Atlantic, Pacific, Gulf of Mexico and the lakes, exclusive of beacons, whistling buoys, and fog signals operated either by steam or clockwork.

Greater guns will not make war impossible. War was to be made impossible when spears and arrows gave way to firearms; but there has been more or less killing right along, just the same.

Speaking of tunnels, the one which is to be put through the Sierra Nevada Mountains will be the largest one in the United States. It will be 27,000 feet long, and is estimated to cost from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000.

Women's clubs in Minnesota have undertaken the work of beautifying their home cities, by influencing the conversion of waste places into public parks and transforming unattractive and insanitary localities into healthful pleasure grounds.

A painter recently exhibited a picture in Worcester, Mass., and won a \$300 prize. Then he sent it to Pittsburg, where it won a \$1500 prize, after which it was sold for \$600. This is a rolling stone that gathered moss of the greenback variety.

Two warrant officers have recently been promoted to the rank of ensign, and the way is open to more promotions of the same sort. This is as it should be. The possibility of advancement for merit will attract young men to the Navy who otherwise would not enlist, says the Pittsburg Gazette.

The United States are undoubtedly approaching a time when the free delivery of mail will be extended to all parts of the country, as has been done in Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria and other parts of Europe, whose greater density of population suggested the system before it was tried in America.

While the movement against ragtime is commendable, it does not go far enough. The suppression of bad music should be followed by the substitution of good music. In this age, with the standard of general intelligence higher than ever before, the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Mozart should be as well known as the novel of Dickens, Scott and Thackeray.

According to the terms of the protocol, China agrees to furnish the importation of arms and ammunition, to pay the Powers an indemnity of \$333,000,000 in gold out of her revenues, to suppress the anti-foreign societies, and to do a lot of other things that are thought to tend toward the comfort of strangers in China and the peace of the world. The protocol recalls the familiar story of the man who had offered a great sum for a hotel. "But," said his friend, "you haven't the money." "I know," said the financier, "but wasn't it a fine offer?" Nothing can be said of this protocol except that as a promise it is most promising, comments Collier's Weekly.

In Europe the school garden has taken a special hold upon Austria. In 1869 an imperial law prescribed that a garden, with a place for agricultural experiments, should be connected with every rural school. There are 18,000 such garden schools at present in that empire. No school has been recently established in France without similar attachment. In Belgium, vegetable culture goes on in connection with book learning; and the examination of the teacher includes his capacity for gardening as well as for teaching. Sweden has over 4000 school gardens; while in Russia the children are taught the culture of grapes, orchard trees, silkworms, bees and grain. Normal schools in Germany include the training of teachers in industries as well as books.

Tests recently made in Milwaukee have demonstrated the value of music in the dentist's office. Some men, and more women, when they visit the dentist for the removal of a tooth, become strangely affected by the nitrous oxide that is administered to deaden the pain. They sing or laugh coherently, more unaccountably, and seem to dance. Others have vivid recollections come to them of a fishing excursion, or a football game, or in the case of women, of a ball or concert, and with the memory comes an uncontrollable desire to tell the doctor all about it. This is annoying to the physician. Most dentists, under such circumstances, turn on the nitrous oxide full strength and send the nervous person to complete unconsciousness. But with a music box in running order, and only a modicum of the gas is needed. The patient listens to the notes, his nervous system is calmed, and he sleeps.

THE OLD FERRY. Where the yellow rapids ran through the brake of red and brown, brightly ancient and old-fashioned, in the flush of early morn, and he watched his blue cork quiver across the misty river, came the mellow ferry horn.



When the first organization of counties was attempted in the Northwest a great deal of trouble was experienced between rival land companies as to the location of the county seats. Each company desired a county seat on its particular tract of land, but as there were not counties enough to go around this was impossible.

The light, on paper, was a glorious one. It grew so warm that a man from Plainville or North Star dared not visit Sandberg, and when the one school teacher of the latter town chanced to enter Plainville he was immediately seized by the infuriated inhabitants, deprived of his horse and clothes, and compelled to walk forty miles of rich prairie land, naked, in the winter.



BOKER WAS OUT WITH HIS GUN. The morning and either Smith or I will be dead by night. If I fall, old man, make any explanation, but spare the girl, and give her all I leave.

Editor Boker of Plainville thought it his duty in the county seat fight to editorially castigate Editor Smith of Sandberg, with every issue. He did not suspect his cousin's affection for his enemy, and at that time, sent her out of the country. On her part, she did not dare plead with him to forgive and forget. Smith had not yet spoken to her, and while she felt that he would, if given opportunity, she realized that a prolongation of the war meant a further separation of them and perhaps a permanent end of the sentiments that once had dominated so well.

So matters stood until one spring day, in a particularly violent fit of temper, Miss Rogers whipped one of her boy pupils until the lad fell fainting at her feet. The news spread but slowly because Editor Harrison did not notice it in his own paper; Editor Boker thought it was none of his business, and the public in general heard of it only long after its occurrence. But when Editor Smith learned of it he penned these scorching lines in his editorial columns: "We have no cousin and we cannot fight a woman, but if we had a cross-eyed female cousin and she did all that we heard of somebody else's cousin doing—that somebody else being a mostly piratical editor of this county—we would either move her to a Rotterdam or send her back East. A word to the wise is sufficient."

think that something had gone wrong for sure. At her bidding he rode into town for help, and after while Boker and Smith were in bed and their wounds dressed.

How the Ninth's Heroes Fell. MONG the recent arrivals on the Empress of China from the Orient was Lieutenant F. P. Wilson, of the United States Navy, who was on his way home from Manila.

Late that night Miss Wilson, sitting with the injured men, heard Editor Boker harshly say to Editor Smith: "What did you attack my cousin for?" "I didn't," "You did, you lying—"

CATS AND COLORS. What Happened When Milk-White Pursued the Blazing Beauty. "I never knew until recently that cats knew so much about colors," said a bright little woman who lives in the city.

Manus Torn Apart. The attention of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture has been called to occurrences which are mystifying the alfalfa farmers of Jewell and Republic counties. It is reported that great cracks and sink holes are appearing in the alfalfa fields there.

An Hour's Struggle For Life. In 1818 Lord William Pitt Leacock sailed for Canada in the brig "Hull". Just before 8 o'clock one evening, under a freshening breeze, there came the cry, "Man overboard!"

When a Locomotive Blows Up. "I am one of the very few persons who ever saw a locomotive blow up," remarked an old railroad man the other day.

Young Man Held Up by a Bear. The story is being told in Malone, N. Y., that a young man of the name of Truesdell was cornered a few nights ago by a bear.

American Soldiers Great Gun Chewers. The American soldiers are, perhaps, the chewing gum manufacturers' best customers, and during the war with China the sales of gum were enormous.

When a Man is Angry. Every time a man gets mad, the ill temper passes from one to another of those around him until it finally reaches a boy who slaps his slacker, or kicks the dog.—Atchison Globe.

Water sufficient to cover one acre one inch deep will weigh 101 tons.



TALES OF PLUCK. "Where, sir, where?" came the voice. "Leeward!" I roared. "They backed down on us, and we were dragged in. It seemed as if we had been centuries away from the ship."

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SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL. The human system can endure heat of 212 degrees, the boiling point of water, because the skin is a bad conductor, and because of the perspiration which the body then has withdrawn without injury a heat of 300 degrees for several minutes.

A non-corrosive, non-poisonous alloy of aluminum has been discovered which may take the place of copper in the manufacture of nails, staples and tacks. The new material is not affected by the weather, and will not deteriorate; it is lighter than copper, and costs a pound cheaper.

Fall River, Mass., produces more than three-quarters of all the print cloths made in the United States, has one-seventh of all the spindles in the country, and about a fourth of those of New England, and more than twice as many as any city in the country. Its mills turn out more than 1500 million of cotton cloth every working day.

Fossilized tropical fruits have lately been found in coal mined in Spitzbergen. The discovery opens up a marvellous line of geological speculation. Spitzbergen is 400 miles northwest of the northernmost point of Norway, and is subject to extreme cold and lies for half the year in the shadow of the Arctic night. These conditions add to the mystery of the existence of tropical vegetation in the region.

Sawdust mortar—a mixture of sawdust and lime—has lately been patented a number of times as a good covering for steam pipes, with the virtue thrown in of affording a means of utilizing waste sawdust. Something like twenty years ago a covering of this general character, made up of sawdust and plaster of paris, was used to insulate in one large steam plant, not only for steam pipes, but for the boilers as well; but the development since then of specially manufactured non-conducting castings in the form of a coat about as low as that of the home-made product, long since led to the abandonment of the latter.

Professor Albert F. Wood, physiologist of the United States Bureau of Plant Industry, undertakes to explain how foliage is covered by frost. "Autumn leaves containing sugar," says the scientist, "are especially liable to succumb to frost, because the sugar, which is easily oxidized, and thus forms the rich reds, purples and violets so beautiful to the eye. That is why they turn red and purple in autumn. The most beautiful autumn leaves are produced by a long-drawn-out fall, when the days gradually cool from summer heat to winter snow."

Although the sale of arsenic is prohibited in that region white arsenic is eaten freely by the peasants of Styria and the Tyrol. Because of its efficiency in warding off fatigue and enabling the engaged in hard physical work to endure the strain it is an article of daily diet among the people of that region. A district physician states that the arsenic is usually taken before meals in a cup of coffee, and while the first dose is minute the amount taken daily is slowly increased until it reaches an average of fifteen grains. Those working in the arsenic factories are careful to eat only the most wholesome articles to avoid being overcome by the fumes of the drug. Immunity from infectious diseases, a fresh, youthful appearance, and longer life are some of the advantages the arsenic eaters usually enjoy, but there is always a danger of sudden death. Arsenic eating is indulged in by the women as well as by the men.

When a Locomotive Blows Up. "I am one of the very few persons who ever saw a locomotive blow up," remarked an old railroad man the other day. "I saw one blow up, and I witnessed the explosion of a steam engine as so dead when the smoke has cleared away that they are never able to give an account of the disaster. "I saw many other accidents, but one I saw was the result of carelessness—low water in the boiler, for the engine had just come from the shops and was in a complete repair. It was at the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in West Virginia a number of years ago. I was on a locomotive some distance behind the one which exploded, and was watching ahead out of the cab window, so that the ill-fated engine was immediately before my eyes. Suddenly I saw the machine rise in the air; it seemed to me to be about as high as the telegraph poles beside the track, which, as you doubtless know, are not so high as telegraph poles in the city. Then came a cloud of dense black smoke and dust, which hid the engine from view, and almost simultaneously I heard the roar of the explosion. "Both the engineer and the fireman were killed, and the locomotive was fit for nothing much but the scrap heap when it fell to the ground. The crown sheet over the firebox had blown out.

The strange thing about the explosion was that no white steam was seen. You know perfectly dry steam is invisible, being like the air, and before it had time to condense it was probably smothered by the cloud of smoke and dust raised by the bursting of the boiler."—Baltimore Sun.

Hotel Expense For Eleven. The advance in the price of linen adds heavily to the expense of maintaining the equipment of the big hotels. The manager in one of the big hotels said not long ago that he had \$200,000 a year for linen to keep up all the year round at Belfast for his hotel. The wear and tear and loss of hotel furnishings make it a more serious item in the expense account than the patron realizes.

Another Abduction. Help! Help! A prisoner an I! My fate is mighty, or to die! My captor is a mighty maid, Adept in crafty ambuscade.

She holds me girt with cunning wiles— With glances, blushes, pouts and smiles. Where'er I strive escape, alack! My circling footstep brings me back! Alas! No ransom can be sent— The wealth of all the Orient.

Could purchase not, I know, for me A single hour of liberty. A million steeds, a million men, Can take me not from her again. For, eye she has me prisoner— I die unless I marry her again. —Edwin L. Sabin, in Puck.

"Has a swell trade, eh?" "Swell? Say, he's just now collecting for goods he sold three years ago!"—Detroit Free Press.

Blinks—"I hear that Mr. Greatman will never run for another office." Jinks—"Goodness me! When did he die?"—New York Weekly.

He—"They say Colonel Dever is quite a soldier. In how many campaigns did he take part?" She—"Six before his wife got him."—Princeton Tiger.

Although in an unselfish tone, I can preach the golden rule anew. Each always tries to keep his own. And get the other fellow's too. —Washington Star.

"Chappie is making money at last." "In what way? I didn't know he could do anything." "He can't, but he has rented the back of his collar out for a signboard."—Chicago Post.

The Pretty Girl—"Miss Antique was named after her uncle George, wasn't she?" The Spiteful Girl—"I don't know; she looks as if she had been named before him."—Tit-Bits.

"Poh! My papa wears evening clothes every time he goes to parties." "That ain't anything." Our minister wears his night clothes every time he preaches."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He climbed the pinnacle of fame, The height of his career; And sadly then he exclaimed: "I'm a lonely man!"—Philadelphia Record.

Miss De Purgator—"Do you really think it is possible for us to love our enemies?" The Bishop—"Well, I think we could love some people more as enemies than we could as friends."—Puck.

Speaking of artists, it takes a rich man to draw a check, a pretty girl to draw attention, a horse to draw a cart, a porous plaster to draw the skin, and a free lunch to draw a crowd.—Harlem Life.

The breakfast didn't suit him. "What a pity it is," he said, "that love's young dream never can live to grow up." "Why can't it?" she asked. "It's killed off by acute dyspepsia," he answered.—Chicago Post.

He—"I must confess to a great deal of egotism." She—"Indeed? Ho—"Yes; I think about myself a great deal too much." She—"Oh, that isn't egotism! That's merely a healthy tendency to worry over trifles."—Glasgow Times.

"Death, you know," explained the doctor consolingly, "is like a thirty-day note. When it falls due, why that's the end of it." "But," doctor protested the business man faintly, "I am paying you to get me an extension of time, and I expect you to do it."—Chicago Post.

Little Jeannette's mother found her one day with her face covered with jam from ear to ear. "Oh, Jeannette," said her mother, "what would you think if you caught me looking at that some day?" "I should think you'd had a awful good time, mamma," said Jeannette, her face brightening.—Tit-Bits.

Hortense—"Tom Alley says he loves me better than anybody else in the world, and he says beside that he never loved anybody else in all his life." Flora—"And Charley Bliss tells me he has been in love with you, and he never loved me better than he ever did any of them."—Boston Transcript.

Peggy's Joke of an Indian. Bishop Whipple was especially fond of telling stories which illustrated the calmness and self-control that his Indian friends made it a point of honor to exhibit on all occasions. Some Indian chieftains were dining at a Washington hotel, and one of the number, seeing a white man using cayenne pepper, took the bottle and shaking it generously over his plate. After the next mouthful, though he kept a composed countenance, the fiery pepper caused tears to flow down his cheeks. His neighbor, noticing this, said: "Why do you weep?" The answer was, "I was thinking of my dead grandmother." The next moment the second Indian took the pepper-caster and used it with a like luxuriance result. The first man looked keenly at him and said, "What are you weeping for?" "I am weeping," was the answer, "because you didn't die when your grandmother did."—Mainly About People.

The Fry of the Dog Fiend. The Dog Fiend has come to London unannounced early this year, says the Westminster Gazette, and has been busy painting the town, not red, but drab. He carries neither canes nor a cane, and he never plays any guinea and needlework tricks in the streets. Last night, for instance, after sickening and half suffocating his victims during the day, deepening his anger to black evening came on, he suddenly wiped off the paint in one part of London and allowed people to see and breathe clearly for an hour, but only to deepen their disappointment when the sun came out and the effect of this trick was very singular; the fog suddenly rolled up like a credit, and for a short time, so a certain correspondent tells us, stars were actually visible. There are no words equal to the present occasion, so we must perforce be patient.