

RED SEA LIGHT HOUSES.

It is said the Sultan of Turkey Will Try to Mitigate the Dangers of Navigation.

About 14 years ago a small vessel, while sailing in the southern part of the Red sea, was injured by coming into contact with some hidden obstruction. As the sailors could not exactly locate the position...

The southern part of the Red sea, from the strait of Bab el Mandeb, which joins it with the Indian ocean, to about 16 degrees north latitude, a distance of over 200 miles, has always been regarded with some anxiety by navigators.

In order to render navigation more secure the Turkish government recently instructed the French officials who have charge of the Ottoman light-houses to construct four lightships. The lights on these ships, it is expected, shall be so strong as to project their illumination for a distance of 20 miles.

TRACING DANGERS OF LAMPS

Children Are Instructed in the Handling of Them in London Schools.

Authorities in control of the public schools of London have introduced as part of the system of instruction object lessons in the care and management of kerosene and other lamps. The idea is a good one.

To impress children with a wholesome respect for the incendiary character of a lamp is to impart useful knowledge and make them through their whole lives discreetly careful. Among the points emphasized in the London instruction on this point is the folly of placing lamps on chairs or rickety tables, or on narrow shelves; of the attempt to carry a lighted lamp and something else at the same time, and the general inadvisability of carrying lighted lamps at all.

Some clever apparatus has been arranged for illustrating the dangerous character of oil, and as children dearly love everything which savors of an "experiment" the method of objective instruction is remarkably effective. The children take home the ideas thus imparted and are constant monitors in the family circle to remind the careless adults of what is imprudent in lamp manipulation.

The Future of the Holy Land. Palestine is not destined to be simply a pastoral country. The suburbs of Jerusalem and Jaffa are increasing at such a rate that one almost foresees the time when jerry building will be traced to Jericho. The bulk of the Jews live in towns in Jerusalem, in Tiberias, in Safed, and for these Jewish urban industries must be created—olive wood carving, embroidery, ready-made clothes, straw plaiting, basket making, soap and glass manufacture, jam making, etc.

An Odd Instrument. In South Carolina there is an instrument called the fishing, a crude violin. The body is made of the half of a coconut shell. There are two strings and the instrument is played with a bow. The scale is from G to C above.

FOR THE SAKE OF DISCIPLINE.

The Railroad Man Won at Poker But He Played with the Wrong Man.

"In my young days," said the railroad man, with a touch of pathos in his voice, "I got a job as station agent at the most lonesome junction I ever ran across in the west. I had to board myself, and outside of the train hands and a stray cowboy there was no one to talk to. I was getting mighty tired of the job when a stranger stopped off one night to take the narrow gauge. He had three hours to wait, and as there was nothing doing with me I made bold to ask if he didn't want a little game of poker."

"I might take a hand for small stakes," he replied, after looking me over pretty carefully; and I got out an old pack of cards and at it we went. I never was a decent hand at the game, and at that time hardly knew the value of the cards. I further had only about 80 cents in cash, and you may well believe me that I did not sit down in a spirit of avarice. We played a five-cent ante and a ten-cent limit game for awhile, and I had the best of luck. I was about two dollars ahead when the stranger asked to raise the ante to 50 cents and the limit to a dollar. I didn't object, and my luck still followed me. I didn't have to do any bluffing. The poorest hands I got held two pairs, while he was in luck to get a pair of jacks. Before three hours were up I was \$30 ahead of him, and when the train whistled and I called his attention to it he replied: "Never mind the train. I'm going to sit here till my luck changes."

"After I had seen the train off and reported her we went at it again. This time it was a dollar ante and no limit to the game. The stranger had a big wad with him and could have raised me out, but he played fair. It was more than I would have done with luck dead against me. When it came six o'clock in the morning and the express was due I was \$180 ahead of the game. He didn't do any kicking, but went off good natured, though I was soon to hear from him again. That afternoon I got the news through the division superintendent, and when I asked the reason, he replied: "For playing poker." "But I neglected none of my duties," I replied. "But you played against our new superintendent."

"The dickens I did! Of course I didn't know him. Well, he might have won my money." "But you won his, you see, and we've got to keep up the discipline. Pack up and get!" "I got," sighed the story teller, relates the Detroit Free Press. "and I thought it was a mean trick for a year or so. Then I was offered a better job on the same line, and I got a call to the superintendent's office. He gave me some general talk, and we had finished our business when he suddenly said: "Oh, by the way, I believe you play poker?" "I haven't since that night," I replied.

HEADRESS EXTRAORDINARY.

African Savages Wear Headgear Made of Hair from the Scaples of Ancestors.

In the northwestern part of the Uganda protectorate, between Lake Barungo and Lake Rudolf, says Golden Penny, the population belongs mainly to a tribe called the Suk. The Suk are a very tall, fine-looking race of negroes, closely related, in fact, to the gigantic Turkana of the western coasts of Lake Rudolf.

The Suk are remarkable for going almost entirely without clothing. They wear wire bracelets round their wrists and a string of beads round the waist—that is all so far as men are concerned; and the women do not appear to wear in addition more than a little apron of dressed skin. But the men are remarkable for the extraordinary style of dressing the hair. Their wools are pulled out into long wisps, and are united by various means to hair which has been cut off the scaples of their dead fathers. The hair is plaited and matted (by the addition of clay and fat) into a huge bag, which is allowed to hang down the back. This bag has an opening behind, and it thus serves as a pocket in which the Suk carries all his worldly goods. Into this bag of hair are fastened ostrich plumes, and other gaudy odds and ends, while the bag itself terminates in an extraordinary tail of twisted wire or fiber, which curves upward and ends in a large, white powder puff made of the delicate plumes of the Marabou stork. The Suk man also is not content with wearing one earring, but fastens about a dozen into the cartilage of his ear.

Well-Founded Superstitions. "Superstitions," he exclaimed. "Of course I am a superstitious. I sat down to dinner as one of a party of 13 on the 14th of the month, and 13 courses were served." "And one of them died?" "Yes, sir. One of them died." "How soon after the dinner?" "Thirteen years after. Oh, I tell you, when I sit down to dinner it's a dead sure thing that somebody is going to die some time."—Stray Stories.

A LIZARD THAT FLIES.

Winged Reptile That Falls Through the Air After the Fashion of a Kite.

The name "flying dragon" has been bestowed, quite appropriately, upon a very peculiar reptile that was discovered recently in Borneo. It is a lizard, and has wings which it uses in flitting about from bough to bough of the trees in which it lives. The National museum has secured two specimens, but they are in alcohol, and afford no notion of the beauty of the creature in life, for these strange reptiles, which are about nine inches long, are adorned with all the colors of the rainbow. Naturalists who have seen them in their native habitat declare that no butterflies surpass them in gorgeoussness.

It was formerly supposed that the last of the flying reptiles had departed with the passing of the pterodactyls, which ruled the domain of the air during the mesozoic epoch, ages ago, and long before the first birds made their appearance on the earth. Some of those great winged lizards had a spread of 20 feet or more, though most of them were much smaller. Many scientists accept the opinion that the first attempts at flight made by animals on the earth were efforts, by certain reptiles, to leap from tree-branch to tree-branch. That birds are descended from reptiles is also believed by many; indeed, the anatomical likeness is so striking that the saying, "Pluck a bird and you have a reptile," has almost passed into a proverb, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

But it is certainly very curious to find, in these modern days, a winged reptile still surviving. In form, the flying dragon somewhat suggests the vanished pterodactyl, though it is really constructed on quite different principles. Its wings are spread on a frame that is made of the outwardly extended ribs of the animal—certainly a most curious arrangement—and they are not provided with any muscular apparatus for flapping. It is obvious that this strange lizard can use its wings only in kite fashion, as it were, spreading them out as it flits gracefully from bough to bough. In reality, it does not fly, but only soars, after a manner. When a number of living specimens are seen together they must, with their beautiful colors, produce a very pretty and striking effect.

NEW YORK'S SOILED FLAGS.

A Western Man's Comment on the Discreditible Appearance of Many Displayed.

"There are a good many people in this town who ought to lay in a new edition of Old Glory," said a western man who was visiting in New York during the recent period of national mourning, reports the Times. "I was surprised to see so many soiled and tattered flags unfurled from metropolitan windows."

"Some of them look as if they had been in use for 50 years. Of course, they had not been used so long, for they had the proper number of stars, but no matter how long their time on earth, they had a most disreputable appearance. It is surprising that the banners should be in such a discreditible condition in this city, where the atmosphere is clear and free from smoke. Now, you might reasonably expect to find such a state of affairs in our town, for the air is so thick with coal soot that you could cut it with a knife, and we are turned inside out every little while by a hurricane that breaks over us before we have time to haul in our decorations. But notwithstanding these adverse conditions, our flags are all right. The citizens on our residence streets would be ashamed to fly such stained banners as those that I saw fluttering from many a brown-stone New York house. And it is the same way in all our western towns, large and small. The inhabitants thereof may not really be a whit more patriotic than New Yorkers, but they certainly do have the knack of manifesting their devotion to country by means of bright, clean flags."

Beans and Typewriters.

"Typewriter brains," said the downtown business man, speaking of the gray matter of the young woman who operates the type machine and not the machine itself, "are developed largely by a diet of beans. Beans, judging from the quantity of them used in the cheaper restaurants, may be called a national article of diet. I have been investigating the downtown restaurants lately, and I find that the young women in the offices live largely upon this nutritious food. In one restaurant alone, which the office girls frequent, they use every week in summer nine barrels of dried beans—that means an enormous quantity when cooked—and 11 barrels in winter. The relation of diet to conditions of life is interesting, and the next thing to do is to learn the quality of the brain tissue, to discover if the food is a satisfactory one."—N. Y. Times.

No Danger.

Tinty Cannon: Sufferin' bulidgods! Tatteredd Ragges: Wot's de matter? "The paper says dat even when we're asleep our brains is workin' cosselessly!" "Be calm, ole friend! Our's is on a potential strike!"—San Francisco Bulletin.

Tubs and Kettles of Glass.

By using compressed air in the blowing of glass a British inventor has discovered a method of manufacturing glass vessels of unusually large size, such as bath tubs and kettles.—Industry.

PITH AND POINT.

So few of us realize our own folly. But we all recognize it too promptly in others.—Acheson Globe.

Respectability may be contagious, but folk can't always catch it when they want it.—Chicago Daily News. Kate—"Well, I got my revenge on Laura, after all." Alice—"How so?" Kate—"She let me trim a hat for her."—Somerville Journal. Tess—"How do you know Bea is going to marry Mr. Hoosling for his money?" Jess—"She told me so, herself." Jess—"What! Did she really say that?" Jess—"Same thing. She said she was going to marry him."—Philadelphia Press.

Old Mr. Silnboy (very fond of kids)—"Goo-goo, and where was ums tekke popay pinklumwopsy going? Goo-goo! pitty iekle sing." Modern Youngster—"What do you think is the exact nature of the old gentleman's complaint, mother?"—Boston Globe. Mr. Buggins (reading account of football game)—"In the second half the quarterback lost his head and—" Mrs. Buggins (interrupting)—"Goodness me! I've heard of them losing their arms and legs, but to lose their head! What an awful game it must be."—Philadelphia Record. Proficiency—"Does she know enough French to enable her to carry on a conversation in it?" "Oh, yes. But she is not content with that. She intends continuing the study of the language until she shall be able to eat what she likes at a fashionable restaurant."—Lives Topics. "I hope," said the drummer, "you were quite satisfied with my report for the past month." "Well," replied the head of the firm, "there was one part of it that really exceeded our expectations." "And what was that?" "Your expense bill."—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

REDEEMING WORN-OUT MONEY

Clipped or Mutilated Coins Are Not Received at Their Face Value.

Another feature of the storage room that attracts attention are boxes of old and mutilated coins. It matters not how thin a coin may be worn, how every letter and figure may be worn off, so long as it is not mutilated Uncle Sam stands ready to redeem it at the value its face, when it had one, called for, and issue in its stead a brand new one. Of course he loses on the transaction, for it is worth to him only its bullion value; but then he is rich and can afford to lose on a little transaction like that, although the aggregate of such losses may, and actually do, run well up into the thousands each year. But when it comes to clipped or mutilated coin the case is different, for while it is received it is never at a rate higher than a fraction less than its bullion value. In other words, it is bought as silver at its market value, for Uncle Sam does not propose to encourage dishonesty by redeeming punched money at a premium, writes London Knight, in Woman's Home Companion.

Kipling tells a funny story of an old expressman out west that reminds one of the status of copper coins in the redeeming department of the mint. Some one brought a turtle to be shipped east and wanted to prepay the charges. The expressman hunted repeatedly through his lists for the rate, but each time in vain; then, perceiving that the customer was growing impatient, he exclaimed, in despair: "Tats is dogs, and so is rabbits, but this here turtle is a insect, an' they ain't no charges, an' she goes free." Nickels are money, and so are dollars, but at this mint a penny is an "insect," and there is no redemption, not even if you had a barrel of them which had ground their faces down in the service of the country.

GIANT SNOW MUSHROOMS.

Description of Some Discovered in the Upper Valley of the Selkirk Mountains.

Vaughan Cornish, F. R. G. S., who has recently made a journey across Canada and British Columbia to study there the surface forms of snow, describes in Pearson's Magazine the great snow mushrooms that he discovered in the upper valleys of the Selkirk mountains. Mushrooms of great variety in shape and size, he says, are produced by the large flakes of sticky snow falling on the flat tops of tree stumps. Some of the mushrooms have long stems—I noticed one on a tree trunk 25 feet in height—others are little more than mosses showing above the snow on the ground. Mushrooms on short stalks always have hollows beneath them—into which one may easily fall—for their caps shelter the ground beneath from its proper share of snow. The mushroom that formed on the 25-foot trunk measured 12 feet six inches in diameter. The diameter of the tree itself at the top was but four feet, so that the snow projected beyond the trunk for four feet three inches. Its depth was about the same as the depth of the snow on the ground, some five feet. On a short tree trunk, having a diameter of two feet, the snow cap measured nine feet across and four feet in thickness. In years of exceptionally heavy snowfall, such as that of 1894-95, mushroom caps weighing as much as two tons would be found upon the largest stumps.

The Shape of Fez.

No census has ever been taken of the Fez, but the population is probably not far from 50,000. Centuries ago it is said to have had more than half a million citizens, 100,000 houses and 700 mosques. The shops are mere cells, elevated about four feet above the ground and so arranged that the merchant, sitting all day long with his legs curled under him, can reach anything in his stock without getting up. As may be imagined, he does not carry a heavy line of goods. Fine carpets, silken fabrics, woolen cloth, girdles, shoes, slippers, Moorish leather work, swords and daggers, wrought gold and jeweled ornaments are sold. All are made by skilled workmen, in cellars beneath the tiny shops, and brought up on demand. There are a great many of these shops, besides a multitude of bazars, and at least 200 caravanserais, or Arab hotels, wherein accommodations for man and beast are decidedly in favor of the latter.—Detroit Free Press.

Consolation.

A good thing about false teeth is they are easily cleaned. You can take them out to clean them.—Washington (La.) Democrat.

SPEAKING AMERICAN.

Expressions Used in This Country That Are Unknown in England.

"And we speak American," announced a little girl during her first lesson on the language divisions of the world. "I am afraid I do," said her older sister, ruefully, and thereupon she told of her recent experiences in England, says Youth's Companion. "Muss, muss! What does that mean?" an Englishwoman asked her in London. "Why, disorder," explained the American. "I never heard of it, never," and the next day the Englishwoman followed up her confession with the triumphant declaration: "That word 'muss' is not in the dictionary."

"I am sure it ought to be; I have heard it used very often," affirmed the American, stoutly. A little later she did, indeed, find "muss" in her own dictionary, but with the word "American" in italics after it. "Will you kindly tell me when a bus passes for the South Kensington museum?" this same American asked a policeman in a London street. Then, as he designated a coming vehicle, she shook her head. "Thank you, but not that one; there are no seats on top." "Oh, yes, mum, there are seats on top, but they are all filled," politely retorted the guardian not only of the English public, but also of the English language.

Arrived at the museum the visitor wandered about through the rooms filled with storied treasures. She lifted her eyes from the red-bound Bader to find the reported "Gallery of British Art." At one end of a long room filled with rare specimens of porcelain and pottery, she asked the uniformed guard, with a new timidity in her independent American accent: "Will you please direct me to the art gallery?" "This is hall a hart gallery, mum, but if you're looking for the 'oll (with indescribable accent) of 'pint'ing, it's just above."

A FORTUNE IN BEETLES.

Western University Professor Who Has a Corner on Valuable Specimens.

When legislators are stingy, and the cause of higher education is threatened by reason of financial depression, all the chancellor of a certain western university has to do is to swap beetles for dollars. He, says a correspondent of the Kansas City Star, is the only man who ever "cornered" a natural product and made the corner hold good for a decade. It was in the spring of 1873 that the professor and two of his students went in search of tiger beetles, known to entomologists as *Amblychila cylindrica*. At this particular time specimens of this species of beetles had a ready sale at \$25 each, and there was a enormous demand from Berlin, Heidelberg, Edinburgh, Paris, London and New York which no one could supply.

THE CRANBERRY INDUSTRY.

Interesting Particulars of a Business That Has Grown to Great Volume.

One of the notable successes of 1901 is the cranberry industry; for when the last of the yield was picked, an aggregate of 1,000,000 bushels was reached. By comparing this with the yield of 1900, 569,000 bushels, the success stands revealed, says Success. The cranberry is as closely allied to the Christmas dinner as holly to the Christmas tree; but, of the millions who enjoy the tart berry, few know how it is cultivated. The berries are grown in bogs that cost from \$300 to \$500 an acre. The soil in which they flourish is composed of peat and clean, sharp sand; the latter being absolutely essential to healthy growth. This growth is accentuated by a system of irrigation that keeps the bog water-soaked, though not to such a degree as to cause anything like a liquid state. The irrigating plan is most useful as a protection against frost; for, when the grower believes a frosty night at hand, he opens the flood gate and allows the water to overflow his bog, until it is from 18 to 24 inches over bush and berry. The next morning the bog is drained, and the fruit picked. The picking process is a simple one. It consists of placing the fingers, slightly spread, beneath a bush, and then, by an upward movement, raking the bush clean of its fruit. By means of a winnowing machine, the berries are freed from dirt and leaves. New York city, alone, consumes 250,000 bushels of cranberries every Christmas season.

The Far East.

Nothing is more amusing than to watch two acquaintances saluting in the streets of a Japanese town. As they come in sight of each other they slacken their pace and approach with downcast eyes and averted faces, as if neither was worthy of beholding the other; when they bow low, so as to bring the face, still averted, on a level with the knees, on which palms of the hands are pressed. A succession of hissing sounds is next made, by drawing in the breath between the closed teeth, interspersed with a series of complimentary phrases, a sort of undertoned falsetto, in a sort of out-of-his-time rapidity and extravagance of his language, while the palms are diligently rubbed against each other.—Penny Magazine.

The Real Thing.

She—You don't mean to say, professor, that you have given up all your studies in the higher mathematics in order to play golf? The Professor—Yes, I have. I wanted something to discipline my mind.—Judge.

The Boy and the Man.

The first thing a boy child is scolded for is not dividing with his company, and he is rebuked along the same line for the rest of his life.—Acheson Globe.