

TALL CHIMNEYS OF EUROPE.

Two in Scotland Have an Altitude of 400 Feet.

The highest chimney in England is that at Harlow & Dobson's mill at Bolton, according to Harper's Weekly. It is 366 feet in height and the material used in its construction was 800,000 bricks and 128 tons of stone.

The big smokestack is excelled by at least two in Scotland—the St. Rollan chimney in Glasgow is 445 feet and the Townsend chimney in the same city is 468 feet high. But the smokestacks make no more of climbing such shafts than one a third of their height, though the vibration is much greater and more serious at times.

All chimneys vibrate, especially in a gale. It is a condition of their safety, but the oscillation at the top is a serious matter for any one at work there during a high wind and the job is postponed to a calmer day.

Lancashire also boasts one of the smokestack chimneys in the world, a shaft at Brook mill, Heywood, which is nearly 200 feet high and more than 2 1/2 feet out of plumb. It has been belted with iron bands and is considered safe.

WHEN HOGS WENT DOWN. Error That Made a Surprising Difference in the Load.

On "circus day," in a small Oklahoma city, a local hog buyer took advantage of the large crowds to manipulate the hog market by means of his scales and a large supply of "red eye."

It was the custom for a farmer with a load of hogs to drive on the scales, be weighed, unload and return to be weighed again with the wagon. The first to come was a farmer with a large load of hogs. The next wagon had only one small hog. When it had passed on to unload, the buyer "adjusted" the scales for farmer No. 1, but No. 2, having the smaller load, got back first, and, on being weighed empty, his wagon weighed 25 pounds more than with the hog. The farmer was somewhat perplexed and said:

"Mr. Buyer, it seems that I owe you 25 pounds of hog. I am sorry that I haven't another one with me, but if you can wait until next week I will bring one in."

The dealer settled the "difference" with due celerity.—Judge.

Too Lovingly. He was a solemn Scotchman with an equally solemn and somewhat down-trodden wife. The fact that they were receiving an excellent price for their "second pair front" from an American buyer did not blind them to her failings.

"Dear me, Mr. Macleod," said the buyer one Sunday afternoon when an errand took her to the parlor where the family sat, "I should think you and your wife would be stiff sitting indoors this hot day with the windows shut. If you'd just open one and get some fresh air I'm sure it would do Mrs. Macleod good; she looks pale."

Mr. Macleod looked at her with his usual stern and unbending gaze. "We can have fresh air any day," he said calmly. "We've no need to have it busting about the house on the Saw bath."—Youth's Companion.

When Brother Williams Weakened. "Yes, sir," said Brother Williams to the stranger, "de foot of a gravey'd rabbit, kitched in a gravey'd, in de dark er de moon, will sho' bring good luck ter you." On dar's de gravey'd, right over yander, on de rabbit—he sho' dar for de kitchin'."

"All right, catch him for me, and I'll give you ten dollars."

Brother Williams eyed the crisp new bill in the stranger's hand. "Hit sho' is a heap er money," he said. "en Lawd knows I needs it too bad ter talk bout, but, come ter study bout it, dar's so much dark er de moon in dat gravey'd, you can't see de kitch a rabbit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

All Red. A West Philadelphia youth was being taught the festive game of poker the other night, and after the relative value of pairs, threes, flushes and straights had been explained to him play was started. After half an hour or so he surprised the others in the game by asking: "What is it when all the cards are of the same color?"

"A flush," was the reply. "Then I'll bet six dollars," and, suiting the action to his words, he threw that amount into the pot. The others, frightened by the play, "wisely" laid down two pairs and threes, which were held against the novice, and he scooped in the pot, laying face up on the table three hearts and two diamonds. Dismay and further explanations from his instructors naturally followed.—Philadelphia Press.

Her Word of Honor. "Don't you love me?" "Yes, dear, but I'm already engaged."

TAKE UP AFRICAN FARMS.

Titled Englishmen Settle on Ranches in Eastern Part.

East Africa is not only becoming a favorite resort for sportsmen in search of big game, but a place of settlement, rapidly growing in popularity. Lord Hindlip has recently purchased a large area in the neighborhood of Nairobi, on the line from Mombasa to the Victoria Nyanza lake, and is going in for breeding ostriches and stock raising, and Lord Delamere has also acquired a huge estate, and intends farming on a large scale. The latter is endeavoring to improve the native cattle by judicious interbreeding with Jerseys, and he proposes to breed sheep in an extensive way.

The climate in the high grounds is delightful for three parts of the year, and it is expected that example set by these two peers will be followed by several other Englishmen. Land is cheap—close to Nairobi it can be bought for 50 cents an acre, and it is suitable for most purposes.

ARSENIC AS A STIMULANT. Swiss Guides Have Great Faith in the Drug—Good for Horses.

"Horses and mountaineers," said a chemist, "consume arsenic as a college boy consumes Egyptian cigarettes. No particularly evil results, so far as I can make out, follow."

"During the Alpine season big consignments of arsenic go out regularly to the Swiss guides. These men claim that a lump of the drug, allowed to dissolve gradually in the mouth, helps one up a stiff grade as a rope would do."

"A pinch of arsenic is occasionally sprinkled over horses' oats, or a piece the size of a pea is fastened to their bits. The stuff puts fire and go into the animals. It rounds them out. It makes their coats glossy."

"But no one should take to arsenic. No one should take to any stimulant. We are better off without such things."

Automobile Escaped. Senator Flinn, the Republican leader of Pittsburg, smilingly denied the other day that he was a victim of automobile heart, the new disease.

"Here, though, is an automobile story just as good for you," said Senator Flinn to the reporter who was questioning him.

"A man in Altoona, the owner of a very fine 40 horse power Limousine motor car, failed last month, and while his affairs were being settled up the car disappeared. As soon as everything had been adjusted, though, the car reappeared in the Altoona man's garage again."

"This entered one of the creditors and the first time he saw the bankrupt he took him bitterly to task. "A nice bankrupt!" he said. "How does it happen if you are a bankrupt that you still have that automobile?"

"Well, you see," said the other smiling, "I went through the bankruptcy court, but the automobile went round."

Snow in the Sahara. Last winter was very severe in Sahara. The courier service was interrupted for many days after February 8 on account of bad weather. Snow fell on February 10 to the south and southwest of Warka and on February 5 it snowed at El Golea from 8 a. m. to 3 p. m. The depth of the snowfall was four or five centimeters (nearly two inches). The northern limit of this snowstorm was El Khoua, and it extended through the region occupied by Fort MacMahon to the Gurara group of oases, its southern limit being near Uakda. On the morning of February 6 the region around Timminum was covered with three to four centimeters of snow. The oldest inhabitants of El Golea say they never knew snow to fall there before.—Bulletin American Geographical Society.

New Name for Laziness. Perhaps some day a restrictive tariff will be imposed on imported words. From Russia, which gave us "pogrom," now comes obolomodom, to describe physical, moral and intellectual sloth carried to an extreme.

The sufferer is called on to move to a new house "feels as if the burden of the world were on his shoulders, but can not take the trouble to go and look after his farm; if he must write a letter the merest trifle, even a comma misplaced, is enough to make him give up the task. He passes his life in the house dozing on his bed or in an armchair bemoaning.

This is apparently uncharitatis or the ravages of the lazy worm in Russia.

Parliament of Men. "To be or not to be, that is the question," cried Hamlet in a loud voice, but it was destined that he should proceed no further.

"Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order," interrupted the Ghost, who had been sitting in one of the rear seats. "The motion to adjourn is not debatable."

Confronted thus by Robert's Rules of Order, the Noble Dane paled, muttered incoherently and sat down. Afterward he had his speech inserted in the Congressional Record.—Woman's Home Companion.

INDIA'S GREAT SUN DIAL.

That at Delhi One of the World's Remarkable Antiquities.

Among the remarkable antiquities of India is the great sundial at Delhi. It is 58 feet high, the length of the oblique edges being 116 feet and the radius of the circle about 19 feet. Its construction is unique. A narrow flight of stone steps, parallel to the axis of the earth, towers upward. The walls which support it are of marble.

The shadow falls upon huge marble arcs, built out to the right and left, and accurately indicates the time. Broad galleries and steps are constructed on all sides. The platform of the structure were once used, it is supposed, for smaller astromical instruments, which have crumbled away with the passing years. Before the year 1800 English tourists found the building used for horse stalls.

The sun dial is the largest in the world and is supposed to have been erected by Jai Singh II, who built great observatories in many places in India, and their present massive ruins give silent testimony to an unsurpassed knowledge of the science of astronomy.

SETTLING A DAMAGE SUIT. Looked Suspicious When the "Snitch" Lawyer Showed a Quarter.

Among the damage suit lawyers—sometimes designated in derision "snitches"—at the Kansas City bar is one who has been particularly flagrant in his operations in time past. He has the reputation of bringing suits against corporations merely to harass, knowing that even if the foundation be ever so slight the corporation will usually settle for a small amount rather than go to the trouble to fight the case.

The other day this lawyer suddenly burst in at the door of the working room of the clerk of the court and shouted as he held up a small coin: "Oh, Dave, have you got change for a quarter?"

David McClanahan, the chief clerk, glanced up from his work and saw who it was and saw the quarter in his upraised hand.

"Hot hot!" yelled "Dave," "you must have been settling another damage suit."—Kansas City Star.

Sleeplessness. Before having recourse to drugs because a child lies awake one that the body linen is comfortable, the bed free from knobs, and not too hard. See that the bed coverings are sufficient, and not excessive, and that the child's feet are not cold.

Make yourself sure that the pillow affords ease, and try to make it as high as is compatible with that ease. Let the child retire with hands and face quite clean. Study whether the condition of the hair causes discomfort by tickling the face or getting in the eyes. Ascertain whether any neglect of natural functions is responsible. Revise the latest meal; possibly the child goes to bed hungry, or thirsty, or too soon after eating. Possibly the brain is too excited for sleep to follow retirement. In such a case it will be well to make the child study a rather dry lesson book or read a rather dull story for half an hour before retiring.

Thatched Roofs in England. "The thatched roof, which makes the English cottage picturesque, is doomed," said an architect. "For some years it has been going gradually. Soon it will be altogether a thing of the past. Fire insurance is the cause of the thatched roof's disappearance. No company will insure a cottage or its contents if the roof is thatched. They who want insurance must substitute for the roof of thatch a tiled one. As long as the English cottager remains very poor so that his house and furniture are not worth insuring he keeps a thatched roof over his head. As soon as he begins to prosper and lays in household goods of value he takes out a fire policy and away then goes his thatched roof."

His Day Off. A postmaster posted the following notice on his shutter, recently: "All parties expecting mail are hereby notified to get all that's comin' to 'em in advance—any time before next Thursday, that bein' the day we have appointed to go huntin'—not havin' had a holiday from the government since July 4, and the said government seemin' to forget that bein' only human, we need rest and recreation occasionally. There's some little mail here for the Joneses and the Tompkinses—but it don't amount to much, as it's all got one-cent stamps on it. There ain't nutthin' much in the business nohow!"

Polite Ceylonese. William Jennings Bryan, describing his world tour in New York, praised the Ceylonese.

"The Ceylonese," said Mr. Bryan, "are the politest, the urbanest, the most tactful people you can imagine. They have a proverb that gives some idea of their delicacy. This proverb says:

"It is safer to pull the tail of a tiger than to call a lady's attention to her flat gray hair."

Both Troubled by It. Inkwriter—What became of that queer patient you were telling me about last spring?

Dr. Price—O, he's got a complaint now that's giving me a great deal of trouble.

Inkwriter—Indeed! What is it?

Dr. Price—Why, a complaint about the amount of my bill.—Stray Stories.

TORPEDO BOATS BY POST.

Effective Little War Vessels Propelled Without the Aid of Steam.

A torpedo boat that can be sent on by rail to the port where it is most required opens up possibilities which naval experts have never contemplated, says the London Mail. The other morning the king witnessed a trial of the new motor Yarrow torpedo boat, one of the most extraordinary vessels that have ever been placed on the navy list.

The idea of a boat drawing little water and capable of being navigated in shallow waters originated with the admiral, who approved of the scheme to make vessels propelled by internal combustion in preference to steam. The result of the experiment was seen recently from the deck of the Victoria and Albert.

The new vessel carries two torpedoes, weighs eight tons and measures 60 feet in length and nine feet in breadth. Her horse power is 300 and the advantage the petroleum craft has over steam may be gauged from the fact that her range of effectiveness—i. e., the distance she can go without recharging—is 600 miles, as against a steam vessel's 100.

Apart from her enormous value as a method of river defense there is a novel interest in the possibility of "torpedo boats by post."

QUAINT IDEAS OF CHILDREN. Collection That Reveals Workings of the Youthful Mind.

The late Frederick R. Coudert, the noted lawyer and wit, had a great kindness for children. He collected indefatigably the quaint sayings of children, and one of the treasures of his library was a small manuscript volume filled with definitions that children had composed. This volume was called "A Child's Dictionary," and these are some of the definitions that Mr. Coudert would read from the book:

"Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out of it."

"Snoring—Letting off sleep."

"Backbiter—A mosquito."

"Fan—A thing to brush the warm off with."

"Ice—Water that went to sleep in the cold."

"Apples—The bubbles that apple trees blow."—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

Impossible Realism. A comedian was praising the art of Miss Julia Marlowe.

"And she is as brilliant as she is artistic," he said earnestly. "A wonderful young woman!"

"Do you remember her impersonation of Juliet?" A doctor saw her as Juliet one night in Pittsburg and was tremendously impressed. Only in the powerful death scene, there was one technical error.

"Miss Marlowe," the doctor said at a reception the next day, "I admired your Juliet profoundly. The impersonation was a work of art. But pardon me—don't you know that a corpse doesn't stiffen for at least six hours after death?"

"Miss Marlowe answered in the drawl that she reserves for such speeches: "Now, doctor, do you think I am going to keep my audience waiting six hours to see me stiffen?"

Misunderstood. He was in his first week at college, and when he went to the stationer's to buy a fountain pen, he felt desirous that the young woman who waited on him should know that in spite of his youth he was no high school boy.

When she handed him a sheet of paper he wrote on it, with many flourishes, in a large, bold hand: "Alma Mater, Alma Mater," eight or nine times.

The clerk watched him with a simper, and at last he spoke. "Why don't you let her try it herself," she suggested, "and then if it doesn't suit, of course we'll change it."—Youth's Companion.

The H. P. of the Auto. A couple of yaps were examining an automobile standing alongside the road. One was green and knew it, and the other was telling him things about the machine.

"What does the 'H. P.' mean?" asked the green one.

"That's what makes 'em go," explained the blue one.

"How makes 'em go?" "Well, 'H. P.' stands for horse power and 'H. P.' stands for the number of powders they have to give it to get it goin' the way they want it to go. See?"

TELL STORY OF CIVILIZATION.

This is Declared to Be the Function of the Museums.

The aim and the methods of art museums, as well as other phases of life, have felt the vitalizing touch of that spirit of human sympathy, of recognition of mutual responsibility and wish for human helpfulness, whose rapid growth and onward speed have been one of the marked features of the last quarter-century, says the Craftsman. It has not been so very long since a museum was something quite apart from the daily life of the people, a place in which were kept things beautiful or interesting, whither one might go on an idle half day, as upon a pilgrimage. But now the museums are being humanized, made a beneficent party of everyday life, so organized and related to man's activities that they not only recount a coherent story of his aspirations toward the beautiful in past ages, but also recognize his present efforts to achieve beauty and show him how he may make other ages and other nations give him aid.

And, aside from the advantages of the practical and aesthetic sides of life which are resulting from the new spirit in museum management, there is also an important ethical influence. For, as people realize through museum collections, so brought together and related as to make that realization easy, how the human race has always striven to give expression to its ideas of beauty and has made that expression a part of its daily life, they get a new sense of the universal brotherhood of humanity. And the world advances only as men feel and respond to the urge of that kinship.

"THE SPIRIT OF FLOWERS." Lavender in a Way Unique Among Pleasant Smelling Plants.

If, as the South Sea Islanders say, scent is the spirit of a flower—which is their reason for covering newly-made graves with flowers—then lavender must rank very high, spiritually, in flower circles, its scent being almost its whole claim to prominence. Though the grace of its coloring should count for something also. One utters the truism that the smell of lavender is unlike that of any other flower, forgetting more completely than usual that this is true of every flower in the world. Whether legendary or not, the theory that derives the name of lavender from its scent is a very pleasant one. The Welsh name for it, as far back as the thirteenth century, was certainly llyfart and llyfart, too, it is easy to believe that this, too, came from the Latin lavare, to wash, and therefore refers to the old Roman custom of putting the flowers in their baths for the sake of their fragrance. That laundry and lavender should have a common origin is more poetic than it may sound.

Girls Are So Queer. "No, I never did like him. Why, when he used to write me glowing love letters I would only glance over them once."

"Only once, dear?" "Well—er—something, when I couldn't make out his abominable scrawl I would glance over them the second time."

"Indeed! And that was all?" "Except sometimes at night I would take them from under my pillow and read them just to kill time."

"And that was the end?" "Yes, only on rainy days I used to look over them again just to see how silly a man can be when he starts writing love letters. But I only glanced over them, dear. I never did like him."

Politics in the Pulpit. The Rev. Nathaniel Howe of Hopkinton, who died in 1837, aged 72, was a Federalist in politics, and his political sermons stirred the wrath of his hearers, who were mostly Democrats. In the midst of one of these sermons the leader of the opposite party felt aggrieved, and called out:

"Why don't you call names, Mr. Howe?"

"I do not wish to be interrupted," said the pastor, solemnly, and went on.

In a little while the voice came more angrily than before: "Why don't you call names, Mr. Howe?"

"There is no need of it while conscience is doing her work so well," was the quiet response.

A Demonstration. Baumer was making a few purchases at the stores and while being served saw a silver dollar lying on the floor. Quivering with excitement and glancing to see that no one was observing him, he quite accidentally dropped one of his gloves on top of the coin and picked up the glove—but not the coin, which still remained on the floor. Just as he was in the act, however, an assistant approached and blandly said:

"Good evening, sir. Will you allow me to show you a bottle of our celebrated glue, which sticks—"

But Baumer had vanished.

A Frenchman's Dulness. Horace Grosley relates that while on a tour through the south of France he saw a farmer cut the grass with a small hand sickle.

"Why don't you get a scythe?" he asked. "Then you could cut twice as much."

The Frenchman deliberated for a few moments on this new idea. Then he said:

"I don't see how that could be possible, for I haven't got twice as much grass to cut."

PASSING OF THE DESERTS.

Waste Territories Rapidly Being Explored, Mapped and Described.

Before long there will be left but few regions of mystery in which imagination can travel. The great deserts are being explored, mapped and described. The "Great American Desert" has disappeared from the geography books, and the French are rapidly opening up the Sahara. For several years past they have sent exploring expeditions into it which have worked respectively with Algeria and the Niger as bases. In the course of last summer a camel corps, commanded by Col. Laperrine, after great hardships penetrated to the salt mines of Taoudeni, where they found negroes at work quarrying the salt, which is spread all over the regions of Nigeria as a marketable product. This salt region ought to furnish a good deal of freight to the Sahara railroad system which the French expect to piece together connecting Algeria with the Niger. The rail head now at Figa, at no great distance from the oasis of Tawat, from Tawat to Timbuktu is about 700 miles, and this is the great work for which the French are striving. The entire system from Algeria to Timbuktu will have a length of 1,000 miles. When it is opened it will be an easy journey from Paris to Timbuktu. The latter city was long one of the world's mysterious places, the first European to visit it getting there, in disguise, in 1526. Twelve years later a dashing French commander in a light-draught gunboat appeared off Timbuktu and the veil of mystery was rent forever. Now the "sacred city" is but a French colonial administrative center.—Boston Transcript.

HARVEST THE YEAR ROUND. Fruits of the Earth are Being Garnered Continually.

"Our Thanksgiving celebrates the garnering of the harvest," said a clergyman, "and a fine poetic festival it is. But did it ever occur to you how various are the harvest times of the different nations of the world?"

January is the harvest month of the Chileans, of the Australians, the Argentine folks and the New Zealanders.

February is the harvest of India—February and a part of March. The Egyptians, the Persians and the Syrians harvest in April, while the Chinese, the Japanese, the Moroccans and the Algerians harvest in May.

The Spanish, Greek and Italian harvest time is June. The Russian and Austrian is July, the English, German, Dutch and Canadian is August, the Scandinavian, Scottish and Welsh is September, while the northwesternmost part of Russia, Norway and Sweden do not gather their harvest until October.

As to Uses of Soap. Can soap be done without? According to a member of the English public, it is quite an unnecessary article and man may as well keep clean with plain water. Various have risen to great heights without soap. Ancient Rome, our old familiar companion, Rome knew nothing of soap until she came in contact with the Germans and the Gauls, who used it to brighten the color of the hair. Once or twice soap is mentioned in the Old Testament, but it doesn't mean the oily substance that it is today. Painful as it is for Americans who have lived in England to admit it, it would be better for general comfort if more soap was used there. Thus, instead of advancing its cost, let it be lessened and so place the cleansing article within the reach of all. But the new soap combine doesn't view the situation in that light precisely. It takes the cake and the public pays.

Makes Celluloid Fireproof. M. Gervain, a French chemist, has patented a process for rendering the deadly celluloid hair brush and comb safe from explosion when it comes accidentally in contact with the gas flame by the dresser. According to a consular report, this result is obtained by adding to a celluloid mass in course of preparation, just at the moment when it is most liquid, a certain quantity of salts—phosphates, bicarbonate of ammonia, or magnesia. Celluloid, thus prepared, when touched by fire or a flame, gives out a gas that checks combustion. In fact, immersion of articles made of celluloid in solutions of any of these salts reduces its inflammability.

Oregon Game Warden Wax Fat. The only man in the country who can have all the game he can eat in open or closed season is the game warden. When the season is closed and while he is snooping around, if he happens to run across a milk can full of China peasants they are his meat. If he is industrious and catches a boy coming home with a Chinaman in his pocket, but no hunter's license alongside of it, he has tried peasant for his next meal, while the poor boy pays the freight. Now, if you see a fellow looking cheerful and fat, that's the game warden.—Jefferson Review.

No Poetry in His Business. "Does it not throw a shade of bitterness into your heart," said the poetic youth, "to see the trees all leafless and to hear the wind sighing in mournful monotony? Does it not make you feel that there is too much that is bleak in the world?"

"No," answered the practical youth, "it does not."

"Because my father is in the coal business."—Stray Stories.