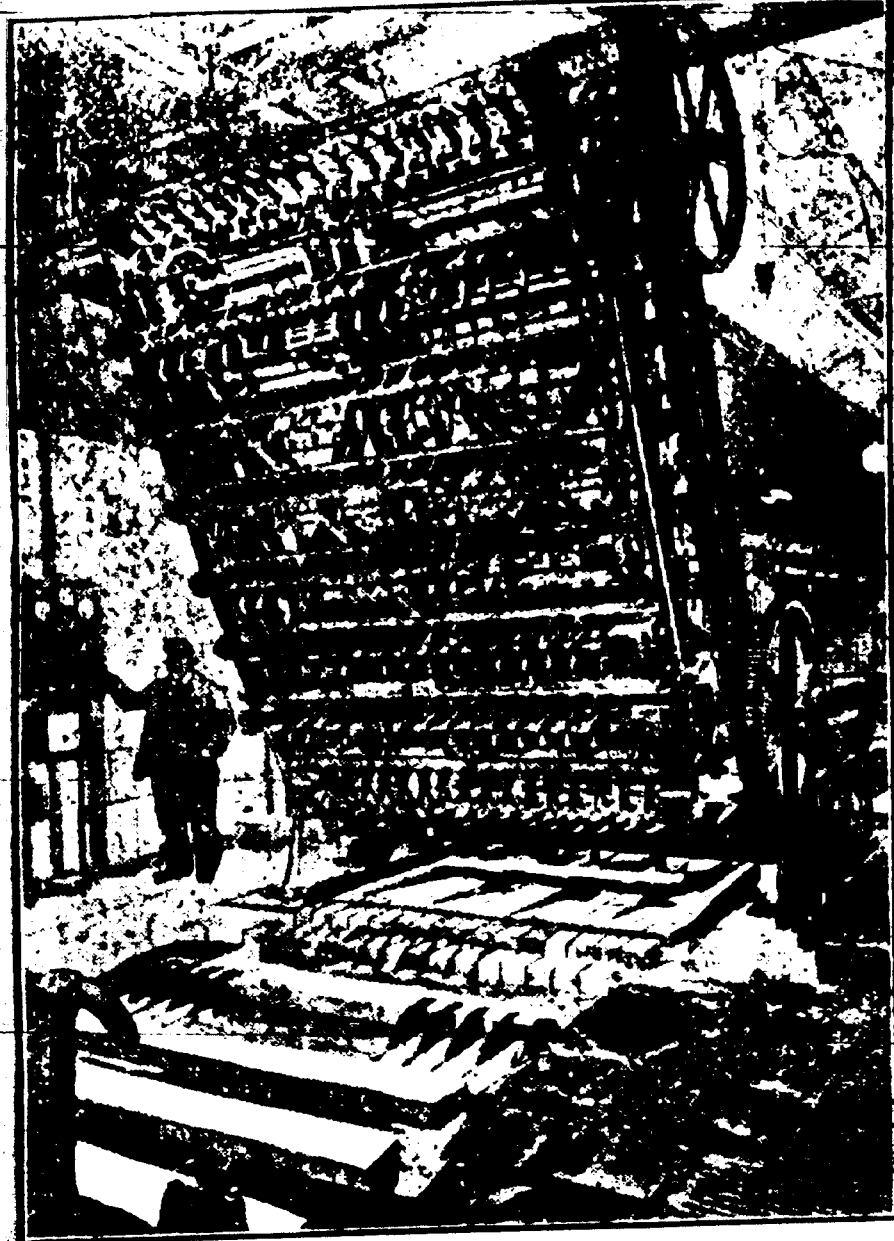


CUTTING UP PAVING BLOCKS



This invention of M. Jossé of France, consists of a series of circular saws, which are fed with wooden batters. These are kept in the right direction by the frame, which in the picture is raised in order to show the sawing apparatus. The batters move up an inclined plane towards the saws, and the finished blocks are delivered down a similar plane at the other end. The motive power is electricity. The machine can produce 25,000,000 blocks a year.

FAMOUS LIGHT TO GO

SANDY HOOK BEACON TO VANISH ON DECEMBER FIRST.

New Ship Will Take Place of One That for Half a Century Has Marked the Western End of Atlantic Trips.

New York—Sandy Hook light-ship, marking the location known for more than 50 years by that title, will go out of existence officially on December 1.

On that day a new light-ship will be anchored in the selfsame spot, marked in big black letters and figures on her straw-colored side—87 Ambrose Channel 87—and from that time "Sandy Hook Light-ship" will disappear from the logs of the ocean steamships.

The brick red steam light-ship that has become so familiar to hundreds of commanders of steam and sailing vessels will be withdrawn, and the expression "off the light-ship" as the end of a transatlantic trip will no longer mean Sandy Hook light-ship.

Although a small wooden light-ship with lights of minor power was anchored more than 50 years ago five miles from the entrance to Godfrey channel, in nearly the same location as the present guide, it was not until 24 years ago that a suitable craft was put there.

This light-ship, built in 1884, was replaced by the present craft in 1892, a steel vessel, with electric lamps and steam power to save her should she break from her moorings. As the vessel was slowly wearing away with age, it was decided two years ago to replace her with a modern craft, and with the new ship came a spirited discussion as to the change of name.

The matter was taken up at several meetings of the light-ship establishment bureau at Newington, and it was finally decided that the importance of the new deep waterway into New York harbor demanded that the marking ship should bear its name.

So strong was sentiment against the change that the new light-ship has lain for several months fully complete at the yard at Tompkinsville without the words Ambrose channel on the sides.

At last the name of the channel was declared to be more to the point than the words "Sandy Hook," especially as all of the big ships coming in by the lighted mark would steam fully three miles away from the Hook in their use of the new Ambrose channel. A week ago the big letters were painted on and the ship is now fitting up ready to go on the station.

Insets Parrot Plays Rag Time. Alton, Mo.—A parrot owned by Al-derman Jim Chessen, Jr., of this place is a musical marvel or else, well, Jim tells the story and he says it is true.

"That parrot of mine plays rag time tunes on the piano," Jim says. "He can rattle off 'Waltz Me Around Again, Willie,' just as well as a nickelodeon professor can do it, and he plays 'Fishing,' too. It's a fact. That parrot can make a piano talk."

Jim says that the bird makes the music by tripping from one key to the other. Jim says he does it when he came home from a political meeting the other night. The parrot has no Uncle Joe words in his vocabulary, but he says "Hello, Bill," and when you ask him which Bill he means he cries: "Go to Chicago."

FARMER TAUGHT TO LOVE

Weds Pretty Miss Who Gave Him Long Neglected Education.

Elyria, O.—"From Letters to Love" would be an appropriate title for the romance in which John Bauer, a Brownhelm farmer, and Miss Bertha Moorlan are the actors. They were married the other day.

Miss Moorlan formerly taught school in district No. 9, whose little red schoolhouse on the Jerusalem road is right across from the field where Bauer often worked. After Miss Moorlan came into the district he found it especially convenient to work in this field.

Bauer had long been anxious to complete the education which a busy youth had forced him to neglect. Across the fence he imparted this piece of news to the teacher one day, and she replied that she was at his service.

The first lessons were taught and learned across the fence, but often thereafter Bauer would trudge like a schoolboy, with books under his arm, to the place where she boarded, wrestling for hours at a time with propositions, mountain ranges and suns. It was in this latter branch that he made the discovery that 1 plus 1 equals 1 (sometimes).

Still there were no plans for a wedding until lately. The words that Bauer could not trust himself to speak were committed to paper and mailed to Louisville, Ind., where Miss Moorlan began teaching this fall. She looked the paper over for mistakes, and finally marked it 100 per cent.

COINING CENTS BY THE TON.

Philadelphia Mint Busy Turning Out Coins for Holiday Trade.

Philadelphia.—With the approach of the holidays the demand for cents increases, and accordingly the coining machines in the United States mint of this city have recently been very busy making these cents, sometimes called pennies. A round million were coined last year, and they were soon lost sight of after they passed into general circulation.

The "wee folk," whose tastes and desires do not run into extravagant ones, are able to get fully as much goodness and unadulterated pleasure out of a dozen or more bright shilling, brand new copper cents, which to them are just as attractive as gold coins, as they would from the higher denominations of money.

From the official way of calculating one thousand of the United States bronze cents weigh seven pounds and a half avoirdupois. They contain about 90 per cent of pure copper. Where they all eventually get to is a mystery, for they never come back to the mint to be recoined, though year after year the coining of the lit- tle coppers goes on. This question is a puzzling one and in keeping with the inquiry frequently made and still unsatisfactorily answered: "Where do all the pins go to?"

Breaks Teeth on Pearl.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Lucky Lucien Lusk is trying to forget the local oyster mar- ket. While eating blue points he broke two front teeth when they came in contact with an unusually hard substance. Upon making an exam- ination Lucien found it to be a pearl, perfect in shape and color and of a size which makes it worth \$1,000.

SAVE THE PIGS TO BUY WIVES.

One Reason Why Cannibalism Flourishes in the New Hebrides.

The New Hebrides are still populated by hordes of man-killing and man-eating savages, precisely as they were in the days of Cook.

Owing to international jealousy, missionary enterprise has been able to accomplish little or nothing on the majority of the islands. Indeed, the interiors of most of them remain to this day unexplored and the tribesmen there have never seen a white face.

Nevertheless they all own firearms, which they have obtained from the coast dwellers, and labor-recruiting vessels. With these they go gunning for one another in order to replenish their herds, for they are cannibals to a man.

Not cannibals occasionally, and through stress of circumstance, as are some of the Central African negroes. The New Hebridean native eats human flesh habitually because he likes it, and because it costs nothing and is easily procurable.

This is shown by the fact that although pigs abound on most of the islands, they are rarely killed for food. Such a proceeding would be regarded as sinful extravagance. For, pigs constitute the currency of the country, and can be exchanged for tobacco and beads; or for wives, the greatest of all luxuries.

For 20 pigs one can buy a really good-looking girl-wife, who will delight her lord and master in her youth, and slave for him from daylight to dark in the yam plantations when she gets past her prime.

PRICE OF LAMARTINE'S POEM.

Pecuniary Value Which the French Post Put Upon His Work.

The Gaulois tells a good story of Lamartine's estimate of the pecuniary value of his poetry, says the Westminster Gazette.

It was in 1848, when he was at the acme of his glory and a cabinet minister. He had just contributed "La Marseille de la Paix" to the Revue des Deux Mondes and Buloz, the editor, called on him at the ministry. "I believe I owe you £30. Here is the money," said Lamartine, producing a bundle of bank notes.

"Pray deduct the amount of the Revue's indebtedness to you for your poem," said the editor.

"I meant to make you a present of it," rejoined the poet.

"Not at all; I insist on paying you."

"How much?"

"Your own price, whatever it may be."

"Ah, well; if you will have it so, I must oblige you," said Lamartine, and with a magnificent gesture he swept up the whole bundle of notes representing the £30, and restored them with solemn dignity to his pocket.

Good Bait.

"I got Cleveland's autograph," said the friend, "by addressing to him a little ode on his splendid work in the White House against the Russo-Japan-ese war—or was it something else? At any rate, I shall never forget my delight when, by return mail, Mr. Cleveland wrote:

"Dear Sir: I have read your verses with interest. They appear to me very deficient in sense and substance."

"I sent a sonnet of sympathy to Bernard Shaw on the failure of his play, 'His House in Order'—or some other such title. Mr. Shaw replied on a postcard as follows:

"Thank you very much for your sonnet, which seems at least sincere."

"I once ventured to address a ron- deau to Ellen Terry. In it I praised her beauty passionately. Miss Terry sent me a long and interesting note of acknowledgment. In the course of it she said:

"I noticed many faults and weak- nesses in your rondeau, which, how- ever, made me laugh heartily."

Moon Research.

After 15 years of labor, Prof. Brown of Yale university has completed a series of many thousands of minute ob- servations by means of which he hopes to determine the exact position of the moon. He is about to retire to his house in Maine to begin the work of calculation, which he estimates will occupy at least ten years.

Good Reason.

Mr. Mildev (the undertaker)—Ah, it give me a awful turn. Emery, when I went into the barn an' saw poor old Swilks hangin' there, I turned an' ran for the police like lightning.

Henry—But didn't you cut him down first?

Mr. M.—Course I didn't.

Henry—Why not?

Mr. M.—'Cos he war'n't dead.

Easier Process.

Nan—I believe I'll go and change this gown for another. It doesn't harmonize with my complexion.

Fan—You foolish thing! Go and change your complexion. That won't take you half as long.

Not His Ambition.

"I see they are experimenting with a machine for laying the dust."

"Humph! I would rather experiment with one for raising it."—Baltimore American.

Man's Hard Lot.

Man born of woman is of few days and full of pathogenic germs.—Louis- ville Courier-Journal.

GIRL DEFIED A WHOLE ARMY.

Feminine Toll-Gate Keeper Paid by Government.

It is related that the army, headed by Sheridan and his staff, left Winchester by the valley pike early in the morning, the column moving toward Stephens City. Just as day was breaking the staff reached the toll-gate and was much disconcerted to find the toll-pole down and guarded by a young and beautiful girl, Charlotte Hillman, famed locally for her girlish charms. Even the war-hardened Sheridan seems not to have been proof against the persuasion of a pair of black eyes and a pretty face, and when toll was demanded, straightway produced the title, setting an example that was fol- lowed by his staff.

"But," said Sheridan, as he passed through the gate, "I cannot vouch for my army."

When the common soldiery came the girl again lowered the toll-bar and demanded toll. This was met by jeers from the soldiers, where- upon she wisely raised the guard. All day the dusty troopers passed through and all day Charlotte Hillman stood at her post. For every ten soldiers who passed the gate she cut a notch in the toll-pole. Early fled beyond the Blue Ridge with the remnants of his disorganized army, in the Valley of Virginia, Lee, beaten back by Grant's overwhelming numbers, gave up the fight; in the southeast Joe Johnston fired the last, burlesque shots and peace came again over the north and south. Then, when relations with Washington had been re-established and the administration's policy was one of magnanimity, Charlotte Hillman counted the notches in the toll-pole and sent her bill to Washington. And the bill was paid.—Metropolitan Magazine.

MILLIONS OF TELEGRAMS A YEAR

England Sends Almost 94,000,000 in Twelve Months.

According to the figures published by the German imperial post office, the record of sending the most tele- grams in a year belongs to the people of England, who dispatched almost 94,000,000 during the year 1907. The United States came next, with 63,500,000, and then France with 58,000,000. Germany occupied fourth place, with 52,500,000 telegrams. The Japanese figures are 24,500,000, and those for Russia are 23,000,000, including all the country's Asiatic possessions. But Russia paid for them the large sum of \$20,675,000, while Germany's outlay was only \$8,750,000. During the same period the American com- panies took in roughly \$29,000,000. Of the European countries Spain, for its size, has the smallest telegraphic traffic, the smallest number of miles of wire and the smallest income pro- portionately to her population. So far as mileage is concerned, the United States leads all the other nations, but no one who has resided abroad ever fails to note how much more frequent- ly English and German use the tele- graph for short distance communica- tions than is the case here, says the New York Post. Of course, the devel- opment of the telephone in this coun- try, also far ahead of anything similar in Europe, accounts in large measure for this state of affairs.

Trouble a Bird's Nest Caused.

A hapless bird, in a pair of swallows as the foundation for their nest, built between two wires, put the entire public alarm system of the suburbs of Ballard out of business. The public alarm wires from Ballard to headquarters at the city hall were tested by box until the trouble was located. It was discovered that difficulty lay between the box at Fremont and the one next south. The electricians could find nothing more serious than a swallow's nest. Investigation showed that the nest, which stretched from one wire to another, a distance of about eight inches, was built on a hairpin, which touched both wires and short-circuited the whole system.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

An Earnest Purpose Finds Time.

It is asked, how can the laboring man find time for self-culture? I an- swer, that an earnest purpose finds time, or makes it. It seizes on spare moments, and turns fragments to golden account. A man who follows his calling with industry and spirit and uses his earnings economically will always have some portion of the day at command. And it is astonish- ing how fruitful of improvement a short season becomes when eagerly seized and faithfully used. A single hour in the day, steadily given to the study of some interesting subjects brings unexpected accumulations of knowledge.—William Ellery Channing.

Let Us Hope So.

"William," she said, "means good; James means beloved. I wonder—" A flush mantled her cheek. "I wonder," she softly murmured, "what George means?"

"George means business, I hope," said mother, looking up from the wed- ding announcements in the evening paper.—Illustrated Bits.

Unnecessary.

Mary—Do you think it would be conceded for me to tell my friends that I made this dress myself?

Edith—Not conceded, my dear—su- perfluous.

Soot 34 a Ton.

The sweepings of London's chimneys make annually 50,000 tons of soot, which sells, as fertilizer, for \$200,000.

SPEAKER SHIFTED HIS QUID.

This was Done So That No Partiality Could Be Shown.

Doctor Hildreth, in his "Memoirs of the Early Settlers of Ohio," devotes a chapter to Abraham Whipple of Rhode Island. He was born in 1733, and was one of the first to take a hand in the revolutionary war. In 1786 he was elected a representative to the legislature from the town of Cranston.

The advocates of the paper-money system were then in power, and had chosen Othiel Gorton, a clumsy old man, for speaker.

Gorton was in the habit of keeping a large quid of tobacco in one side of his mouth, which pressed out one of his cheeks. Most of the debates were on the opposite side of the hall from that on which Commodore Whipple sat, and the speaker's face was com- monly turned that way.

Once in the course of the debate Whipple had occasioned a speech, which he waited for an opportunity to de- liver. At last, out of patience, he rose and called, "Mr. Speaker!" The speak- er, whose face was turned the other way, did not hear him. He raised his voice to its utmost, "Mr. Speaker!" Gorton started, and turning to the commodore, said, "I hear you!" There- upon Whipple began:

"I wish, Mr. Speaker, you would shift your quid of tobacco from your starboard to your larboard jaw, that it might give your head a cant this way, so that you could sometimes hear something from this side of the house."

Then he went on with his speech.

POSTMEN'S WALKING FEATS.

One in English Service Holds Record with 440,000 Miles in 58 Years.

There must be few, even among "men of letters," who, like Joseph Hunt, a Lincolnshire, England, post- man, can claim to have tramped a dis- tance of, roughly, 240,000 miles, not much less than the equivalent of ten journeys around the earth.

Not long ago George Thompson, re- tired from service as postman in the Langrick district of Yorkshire, after covering on foot 125,000 miles in 26 years of letter carrying, a service 14 years shorter than that of the Lincoln- shire rival.

In 54 years Orme M. Brown walked 11,000 miles as postman between Cup- ar and Kilmay and Logie—a dis- tance, as was stated in the appropri- ate presentation to him of an easy chair, nearly equal to half that which separates the moon from the earth.

John Simmonds of Henley-on- Thames retired with a record of 181,000 miles of fair "heel and toe," the result of 10 years' tramping; while most amazing of all, Thomas Phipps, a postman in the Chipping Norton dis- trict, was credited with an aggregate journey of 140,000 miles between the years 1810 and 1838.

Passing the Time.

"From an eastern city comes a sad story of a pawnbroker. He was en- joying a beauty sleep when a furious knocking at the street door brought him to the window with a jerk.

"What's the matter?" he shouted. "Come down," demanded the knock- er.

"Down?"

"The man of many newbies hastened downstairs and peeped around the door.

"Now, sir?" he demanded. "I wan'tah know the time," said the reviever.

"Do you mean to say you knocked me up for that? How dare you?"

The midnight visitor looked injured. "Well, you've got my watch," he said. —Anon.

Singing Mice of China.

No one has ever accused the China- man of being songful. Nevertheless he has a peculiar musical taste of his own. He is charmed by the sing- ing of a peculiar breed of mice, which he has especially culti- vated, and which a German scientist, Dr. Eichelberg, who spent a term in a Chinese prison, declares capable of producing vocal harmonies quite equal to those of the canary. The structure of a mouse's throat is shown, more- over, not to be much different from that of the little yellow bird, there being likewise a distinct physical anal- ogy between the two, even to the pe- culiar, nibbling manner in which they take their food.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Kaiser's Rhenish Castle.

A couple of days ago it was an- nounced that the administration of the German domain had decided to put the royal castles of Benrath and Jagerhof, on the Rhine, near Dussel- dorf, up for sale, as their upkeep en- tailed too great an outlay.

It is now stated that it has been de- cided to undertake the restoration of the royal castle of Bruehl, on the Rhine. This castle, which stands near Cologne, is very rich in sculpture and fresco paintings, and its restoration will be a long and costly affair. It will be carried out by Herr Wittig, the architect of the royal court, at the expense of the kaiser's privy purse.

A Life Job.

"I want to put an ad in your paper," said the weary looking man. "Make it." "Wanted—A situation, any old job."

"Shall I say 'wages no object?'" suggested the clerk.

"No, make it 'object matrimony.' If I could get acquainted with a decent job I'd be willing to marry it for life."—Catholic Standard.

WHO BURNED CITY OF MOSCOW?

Confession of the Incendiary as Bequel to a Story of Love and Hate.

Historians of Napoleon's invasion of Russia have for more than a century been trying to discover whose hand it was which applied the torch to Mos- cow or gave the order for the conflag- ration which precipitated the French emperor's retreat, says the Washington Post. At the time Count Theodore Rostopchine was said to have been the incendiary. In 1823, however, he pub- lished a pamphlet, "The Truth Con- cerning the Great Fire of Moscow," in which the blame was laid at the door of French soldiers made mad with vod- ka. Now, however, the granddaughter of the governor-general, Countess Lydie Rostopchine, in a biography of her grandfather, substantiates the original charge against him and says his denial was due to influence exert- ed over him by his beautiful wife.

Just before the city was taken he had sent her to a distant province for safety and on the evacuation by the French he had implored her to come back to a husband who worships you and who respects you beyond all oth- ers." At the time the count was 47 and the countess 25. In his letters to her he had frankly admitted that he had given orders to fire the city. When he was accused of the deed by the French officers she implored him to deny the accusation. The secret might have been buried with him but for a subsequent discovery that his wife had repudiated the orthodox re- ligion and had become a Roman Cath- olic. He became embittered and morose under the shock, cut her off in his will and left a sealed package con- taining the truth about the Moscow fire only to be opened and made public a century after the date of his mar- riage. This duty has fallen to Count- ess Lydie Rostopchine to carry out.

HICKORY TREE HIS MONUMENT.

It Marks the Grave of an Ardent Ad- mirer of Andrew Jackson.

In the Baptist graveyard at Canton lies the body of an old revolutionary soldier named James Sayres. A rude, unlettered sandstone marks his grave, but a more conspicuous monument is a hickory tree from the trunk of which three feet from the ground, measures 5 1/4 inches in circumfer- ence.

James Sayres was an ardent ad- mirer of Andrew Jackson, so often called "Old Hickory" from the character of being so unbending in any cause which he believed to be right.

Mr. Sayres always wore a sprig of hickory on his breast on "trading days," and before he died directed that a hickory tree be planted on his grave. This was done, and after the tree attained proportions deemed un- suitable to adorn a grave it was dug up. Another tree sprang from the roots left in, and this in time was also dug up.

When a third tree appeared, with a persistency in a good cause worthy of emulation, relatives of the deceased directed that it be not disturbed. Hence the tree of large proportions that annually shows its nuts over the grave of the admirer of "Old Hic- kory."—Philadelphia Record.

If It Were.

"Walker L. Travis, getting at Rec- samphized with a friend's story of a drunken caddy.

"It is amazing," said Mr. Travis, how people with serious responsibil- ity on their shoulders—butlers, an- cients, caddies and so on—will get drunk."

"The butler, with a silly smile, said, soothingly:

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am. It ain't kep'rin'."

Recording Millions of a Second.

According to one of the government scientists, in experimenting with high- power explosives used in guns, a chronoscope has been employed which registered the velocity of the pro- jectile at 16 successive points before it left the bore. It was possible with this apparatus to register time to the millionth of a second.

In former experiments, where the velocity did not exceed 1500 or 1600 feet a second, the projectile recorded its time by knocking down a series of steel triggers projecting into the bore. But with velocities of 2500 feet and more to the second, the trigger, in- stead of dropping, frequently plowed a groove in the projectile, and another device was necessary.

A Suggested Revision.

"Richly endowed, we are gathered together here in the sight of the illie, and on the face of this company, to join together this man and this wom- an in holy Patrimony, which is com- mended of Saint Bradstreet to be en- viable among all men, and, therefore, not to be entered into rashly or un- securely, but discreetly, carefully and in the fear of bankruptcy. For the sake of this town and country estate these two persons come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why these interests may not be lawfully merged, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever accept their invitations."—Puck.