

A SAFETY MACHINE.

Device for Locomotives to Prevent Jamming of Gages.

Automatic Contrivance Which Operates on a Heavy and Carries Out Electricity Train Orders Without Aid of Engineer.

The Hoeking Valley railroad has about completed a test of a device calculated to insure the proper execution of a train order, regardless of the jamming, sleeping or death of the engineer after having received his instructions. It has been tried for the past six weeks.

In that time it has traveled 10,000 miles, and not once has it failed to set properly. Within that time all the engineers on the north division have had a chance to see it and work it and try it for themselves.

The device itself is more simple than one would expect from the human-like intelligence it manifests. It consists of a large clock-like structure with a double dial. This is connected by a rod and by a belt to the truck under the pilot. This registers the mileage in the same manner that a cyclometer does on a bicycle.

The first service it does, then, is to inform the engineer of his distance from his starting point when it is dark and he cannot see the customary landmarks.

But the interesting feature is the inner or second dial. This is fitted up with a series of ten dogs or catches, and each of these catches can move over a period of ten notches. These catches and notches are used to set the dial for any given distance, much as an alarm clock is set, except that it can be set for ten different stops at the same time and the ten different orders will be executed in succession and without interference.

When the engine has run the distance set for the first order it sounds a warning whistle on the air brake. It then gives the engineer 1,000 feet in which to obey his summons. If he does not do this the action of the clock continues and the air brakes are applied automatically and the train comes to a full stop. If a slow down is all that is desired when the engineer gets the note of warning he can release steam, and then, pulling out a little plunger, prevent the train from stopping. Furthermore, should for any reason the machine get out of order and not register properly it will sound the warning.

This is running out of Columbus Ohio Toledo, the engineer, if he had a train to pass at every station, would set the dial for 4 at Acherman, 8 at Howard, 12 at Powell, 17 at Hyatt's, and so on to the tenth stop. By such an arrangement all the danger to a train of an engineer becoming mentally deranged, or being killed, would seem to be obviated. For on the first failure to obey orders the train would be brought to a full stop when in the nature of things an investigation would be made.

HAS A GREAT FUTURE.

Former United States Consul at Canton Predicts Great Development from China.

Hubbard T. Smith, vice and deputy consul general of the United States at Cairo, Egypt, has sailed for his new post. He was United States consul at Canton during the Boxer outbreak, and later accompanied Commissioner Blackhill to Peking. He has met the newly appointed Chinese minister, Liang Chen Tang. "He is thoroughly progressive, thoroughly American," said the consul. "Being of the progressive element, his fortunes fell during the Boxer uprising, both politically and materially, but with the restoration of peace his value was recognized."

China has a great future, a wonderful future, before her, if she can insure the world that her government is to be both stable and progressive, and it is just such men as Wu and Liang who will secure her this government, if she will let them, and bring in the capital which shall open up her vast resources."

A LIGHTNING CURE.

Rhode Island Man Free from Rheumatism on Coming to After Being Struck.

Jonathan W. James, of Queens River, R. I., has discovered a new and sure cure for rheumatism, but it is a heroic remedy, and he does not commend it to general use. The other day there was a terrific thunderstorm over his town, and as he was hobbling across a field he was struck by lightning. He was not killed, but rendered unconscious. When he came to he was astonished to discover that where he was formerly forced literally to hobble because of rheumatism in his legs he was now entirely free from pain and lameness. No sign of the disease has since returned, and James is certain he is cured.

Best Ventilation System. Naval Constructor H. G. Smith and Draughtsman H. S. Eps. of the navy department at Washington, have been in Detroit to examine the ventilating system on the Detroit & Buffalo steamship company's new steamer Eastern States. Their object was to see if it would be practical to equip the new protected cruiser St. Louis with the same system.

Or a Fitty. This "epigram" is found in one of the new books: "There's no friend in this world like a ten-dollar bill," and the Chicago Record-Herald says: "What's the matter with a \$20?"

STUDENTS ARE 'SPOONED.'

Lovemaking Said to Be Carried on in a Public Way at University of Chicago.

"Spoonng," it is declared, is going on freely at the University of Chicago. Students in turning corners in the hallways of Cobb hall, the main residential building, constantly stumble upon couples who are far away in thought, from Greek and history lessons, it is said. While professors are busy expounding the doctrine of universal love as portrayed by poets and philosophers, many students are indulging in a more personal kind of affection.

The last issue of the Weekly, the students' publication, called attention to the fact. The Weekly, under the new summer management, has several times expressed itself in plain terms about existing conditions.

The weekly item is as follows: "Some very vigorous spooning has gone on lately in the halls and on the landing of Cobb. Fortunately dry weather is in sight, and it may be carried on in less conspicuous places."

It is not out in the moonlight on the broad campus walks and on the benches under the trees that the practice is indulged in. The summer seclusion after knowledge whispers sweet nothings to his bodylove right on the steps, "in the halls and on the landing of Cobb hall," it is asserted, where 1,500 students daily pass in and out.

The present state of affairs, according to one student, bears out the recent statement of Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, who said that the campus of the university is full of trying places and that segregation would not accomplish the purpose for which it is intended since a "brick wall 14 feet high would not keep the young men and women apart."

The university campus is becoming a veritable picnic ground, and every day little groups of "co-eds," and, in some instances, their men friends, find shady spots under the oak trees, where they spread feasts from lunch baskets. This is pointed to as another instance of the tendencies of the summer co-ed and her beau.

There is a rule at the university which prevents marrying between students while they are doing work at the university, but the authorities are powerless to prevent lovemaking.

WANTS TO HIRE HIM.

Official of Geological Survey at Washington Makes Request on the Government.

An official of the geological survey has written to the civil-service commission requesting authority to hire, under the 30-day emergency clause of the civil-service regulation, "one hen; must be a good layer." The writer, in suggesting this course, says: "For use in making albumen coating in our photo-lithographic work we are in need of an occasional egg. I have frequently advanced the money for this purpose, but, seeing no good reason for assuming such expenditures, I have of late compelled the man who uses the egg to go and buy his egg. Quite a little objection has been made by the public lithographic expert against depleting his purse for this purpose."

"In making a requisition on the interior department for an egg, we always experience much delay in getting authority to purchase from the lowest bidder, and the goods, owing to the methods of purchasing, are not always in prime condition. I would respectfully ask, therefore, that the question of employing a hen for the purpose set forth be now taken up for consideration. "I would ask, therefore, that I be allowed to employ a hen under the 30-day emergency clause."

GERMAN MEAT EXCLUSION.

Regulations Which Will Go Into Effect in October Will Advise Freezes Considerably.

Consul General Frank Mason, at Berlin, has informed the state department that the code of regulations for carrying into effect on October 1 next the German meat inspection law has been issued by the imperial health office. Under paragraph 12 of the new law fresh meats can be imported only in whole carcasses. Carcasses of cattle and hogs, but not of calves, may be split in half, but the halves are to be left together and accompanied in all cases by the head, heart, lungs and kidneys. Cow beef must have the udder attached, and carcasses of pork must include the tongue. Except hams, bacon and intestines, no pieces of pickled, smoked or otherwise preserved meat weighing less than four kilograms (8.8 pounds) may be imported into Germany.

The consul general says that when to all this is added the prohibition under paragraph 21 of the law of meats preserved with borax and boric acid, or any of several other antiseptic salts, it will be evident that the net effect of the new system will be to diminish the supply more or less and to increase the cost of meats for consumption in Germany.

Killed Man But Not a Fly. Said one Brooklyn man to another: "You haven't got nerve enough to kill a fly." Thereupon the second Brooklyn man produced a pistol and shot the first Brooklyn man full of holes. The proceeding indicates, says the Chicago Chronicle, that the Brooklyn mind is not logical. The shooter has yet to demonstrate that he would kill a fly.

Appendicitis Now Unfashionable. Few people are dying of appendicitis now. King Edward deserves praise, declares the Chicago Record-Herald, for establishing a fine precedent.

INFLUENCE OF NAMES.

Illustrations from Fact and Fiction Which Show What Naming They Have on Character.

"We're going to name our newly arrived boy Reginald," remarked Phillips, at the club the other evening, according to the New York Tribune.

"Do you want him to be that kind of person?" asked Jones, in a tone that he hoped would create skepticism.

"What are you springing on us now?" asked several of the group, a little wearily.

"It is a great truth, my boy," continued Jones, aiming his remarks at Phillips, who looked a trifle worried about Jones' question. "The application of name to character is an unexplored but most fertile region. Look up your fiction and you will find that every great novelist has unconsciously obeyed the law. A man and his name gradually grow toward each other. He may fight his name for a long time, but by some long road at last he must bend to the significance of what he is called. I consider that parents have a sacred duty upon them in choosing out of all the surmises of history that name which they elect their child shall be. The name which he receives at baptism is the character part, up to which he must always live."

"Really, I don't follow you," interposed Clemmons, of Harvard, with his drawl. "Think back over your reading," went on Jones. "When Sheridan names a character Lady Snecrowell, it is obvious that his conception is of a character proud and cynical. Such a method of dubbing limits the character drawing to a few bold strokes. A frank avowal of love from her lips, a free handed generosity would not be tolerated. She must remain cold and hard till the play ends. Bunyan was fond of a name that lapsed. Surely you remember Mr. Backbite and Bossful? In the literature of the last century such cheap and easy naming is rare and confined to the minor characters. Thackeray uses it for the peevish alone—Lady Baccara. It survives in our comic weeklies, with their 'Wandering Willy' and 'Alkali Ike.'"

"But there is a rarer and finer use of names that is at the command of the big fellows in romance. The skilful novelist baptizes his creation with a certain name because he realizes its connotation. Annie is known of old for a good housewife and a true sister. She is pretty and social, but is not a society woman. Annie of 'Lorna Doone' is rightfully called. Adam implies faithfulness a quality of high conscientiousness; and Adam of 'As You Like It' and Adam Bede share the trait. "Tom is mischievous and fast, strongly social with most of the vices. Even his friends are forced to admit that he drinks but his severest critics will concede him generous. Such is Tom once—splendid and strong, shaggy rough. Tom Brown is not cast in a like epic mould, but yet is justified of his name. Tom Sawyer is a Tom in the making. Joseph, of Genesis, has a deservedly high reputation for chastity, and this implication of the name has been remembered. Joseph Andrews is an apt name for Fielding's hero. Jack is a gay blade. Dorothy is sprightly, but warm hearted. Dick is merry and out at heels."

"Authors have spilt on Rebecca. Scott makes her a faithful soul with a hopeless love. Thackeray gives us an adventurous, heartless, brilliant and detestable. A character of history often makes the atmosphere of a name. Bonnie Prince Charlie is perhaps responsible for a succession of prodigals who are permitted to bear no other name. "You see that the novelists, who have looked truth in the face, have always done their naming in line with law. Is it any wonder, when once you realize the influence of a name on a person, that savages, ignorant persons and children have felt that one who knew their name had power over them? Religion and chivalry have been in the right of it, when they make the act of naming the most sacred ceremony in a man's life. Rightly they felt that baptism and knighting determine the direction of character development and soul growth."

Fishing in City Streets. In the town of Winchester, England, people may be seen in the public streets fishing for trout. Several minor streams feed the river Itchen, which flows so calmly and clear through the city. These streams often run open down a Winchester street here and there, or they flow through a certain distance and then are conducted through underground passages for a fair length, after which they emerge once more to the light of day. Where they run underground there are in many places gratings that cover them from the street and lead the rain into them, but which are not sufficiently inclined to prevent the keen fisherman from dropping his baited line through the grating and patiently waiting for a bite. He often gets such a bite, too, from a trout of good size, and he finds his line carried away some distance.—N. Y. Sun.

Idle O. Not Mrs. Watterknow—I should like to know, Mr. W., why you are so cross when I ask questions? Surely, you don't think I have idle curiosity? Mr. Watterknow (savagely)—Idle curiosity! Great Scott, no! Yours is the most pernicious, active, wide-awake, sleepless, energetic curiosity I see ever my fate to encounter.—Stray Stories.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Greater London embraces now about 600,000 acres.

Less than one per cent. of the land of Norway is in use for grain fields.

Of the 1,000,000 domestic servants in the United Kingdom only 100,730 are men.

Only 44 persons took out papers of naturalization in the whole of the French colonies last year.

A child is born every three minutes and a death is recorded every five minutes in London, England.

"Very first class" is how a hotel at Munich is advertised in a paper printed in English on the continent.

A document relating to the sale of land, dated 1880, and signed by Guy Pawley, was recently sold in London for \$505.

County Wexford (Ireland) police carry revolvers, but are not allowed to load them until they are ready to use them.

Swiss ornithologists declare that cats have become so numerous in Switzerland as to threaten the extermination of all birds of the country.

Leaving her baby asleep in its cradle in a field, a peasant mother went to work on her mountain farm near Trieste. On her return she found that the infant had been carried off by an eagle. The little one was afterward found dead in the eagle's eyrie.

Seeing a man jump into the Seine, one of the life saving dogs kept by the Parisian police jumped in after him, and, seizing the would-be suicide by his clothes, brought him safely ashore. Some of the spectators of the incident were so affected by the dog's bravery that they wanted to embrace it.

NEW ENGLAND FACTORY LIFE.

A Half Century's Changes in the Operatives and Methods Employed in the Mills.

When the New England factories were established the operatives were drawn from the families of the farmers in the immediate vicinity. These operatives felt an unusual degree of pride in their labor and resented the employment of any foreigners in the mills, to such an extent that a strike was started in one of the Lowell mills owing to the employment of an Irish woman as scrub woman.

The operatives at first were of a very intelligent class was evidenced by their conducting a newspaper called the Offering, of which Lucy Larcom was at one time the editor, says the New York Sun.

The advent of the civil war caused an overturn of conditions, and many foreigners entered into mill life to stay. The immigrants from England first secured a foothold in the textile establishments, and were followed by Irish, Germans and French. Practically all the unskilled labor to-day in cotton and woolen mills is being performed by Armenian and Greek laborers.

In the past no attention was given to the question of ventilation, and when the air became vitiated, which was practically its normal condition, a broken pane of glass was a godsend in the winter time. The operative would drink in through the opening some fresh air and return to his work refreshed.

At the present time the question of ventilation is one of the important matters of mill management, as the operative will turn out more and better work if the air in the room is pure.

In many factories it was the custom for the proprietor to go among the male help and sell them a drink of rum, deducting the cost from their pay. Such a course would be regarded as suicidal by modern manufacturers, who are ever on the alert to secure as employees temperate people.

The hours of labor, then 13 or 14, have been reduced gradually to ten or less by legislation.

Many of the employees walked three or four miles each day to work. Now the trolley lines cover about all the manufacturing districts of New England, and the operatives can live at a great distance from the mills and still be carried almost to the mill door for a five-cent fare.

The looms were clumsy affairs, slow running, and one loom required all the attention of the weaver. Now by improvements in cotton looms one weaver can run 28 or 30 high-speed looms, and go home to dinner leaving the looms all running. If a thread breaks, or any accident occurs, a patent stop motion stops the loom before any damage is done.

The skilled operatives of the textile mills are very intelligent, and furnish many of the legislators for the city and state.

Trees as Cooling Agents.

We are in the habit of seeking the shade of a tree as a means of getting cool, but that is not the only power it has of reducing the temperature. On the same principle that a lump of ice will cool the air around it, because its own temperature is uniformly about 45 degrees; that is to say, the temperature of the tree as a body. This is little understood, perhaps, but it is a recognized scientific fact, and it adds much force to the argument in favor of planting trees in cities. A clump of trees is capable of making a material reduction in temperature. The woods, therefore, are cool, not only because they are shady, but because the trees are constantly fighting off the heat.—Science.

An Amazing Tribute.

A noted Missourian scrapper died recently, and his admirers raised a monument over his grave bearing these words: "He was always looking for a fight with a man of his size."—Atchison Globe.

EARLS WITHOUT ESTATES.

One a Cottager, One a Cowboy and Another a Farmer in New Zealand Among the Lot.

So accustomed is the British mind to associating a title with a vast real-estate and extensive ancestral estates that it seems almost impossible to grasp the fact that there are to-day noble earls and other lights of the peerage of our land who cannot lay claim to any rent-roll or ownership of the wide acres at all.

The question came prominently into notice with the death of the recent earl of Perth at that unimposing house by the side of New green. Here he had lived for many years, humble and unknown to the man in the street, says Stray Stories.

How many of the thousands who trooped past his house in New gardens every holiday ever thought for a minute that the solitary elderly man standing watching them at that little gate was no other than the representative of that great race of Scotch earls who had stuck manfully and bravely to the cause of the Stuarts, and lost their all in land and money by so doing?

Wide lands and noble estates had been the heritage of the Drummonds in centuries onward from the conquest; this earl—recently dead—never held any of them. They had all been confiscated by Hanoverian kings.

The earl of Cathness now lives in the far west, where he has built himself a wood house, which he has named after his ancestral seat in Scotland—Berridale farm.

The earl of Cathness in the older days used to live at Berridale, in Cathness; but this estate now has passed to the duke of Portland, and the present earl of Cathness now finds himself, if he lands in Scotland, without a single acre of land in the country!

He went to America to seek his fortune and has settled there. He works his farm and makes an honest and good living by it; but as for his rent-roll and ancestral acres—they are totally minus.

He has been a cowboy, has had bush experiences for ten years, and is yet only 45 years old. It is hardly likely that he will figure in the coronation procession, though if he cares to do so he certainly can.

The earl of Seafield is scarcely likely to journey from his chosen home in New Zealand in order to take part in the coming events of the year where his peers will make such an important show.

His father went out to New Zealand in long years past to seek his fortune, before he ever dreamed of coming into the earldom of Seafield. The present lord was born in the colony, and knows very little about England from his own experience.

He has a good business out there—in the land of the Maoris—and, according to his own account, does not intend to return to the country whence he derives his title, being far more comfortable and happy where he is.

He is the head of the great family of the Ogilvies, renowned in history and story, and is yet quite a young man, being but 24 years of age. At a meeting of the Universalist Benevolent society in Soho square, some time ago, it was stated that one of the chief cases of hardship dealt with by the society during the year was that of a viscountess who, at the time of applying for assistance, was trying to earn her living by making shirts at four cents apiece, and was in receipt of parish relief.

Her husband was dead, and had left her nothing to live on; he had himself for years had terrible hard work to support the two of them.

Books by the Pound.

Thousands of families all over the country treasure old Bibles, hymn books, and volumes of sermons published in the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries, fondly believing that any of these works may be sold some day, if necessary, for a sufficient sum to pay off the household mortgage. Requests like these are being received constantly by newspaper editors: "Please let me know the value of a Bible published by Smith & Jones, London, in 1745. I am informed that \$5 is worth a large sum." In almost every case the reply must be given that old religious books and Bibles are worth only so much per pound as the old paper junk man is willing to give. This seems like a reflection on public taste in book collecting, but it is true, nevertheless. There still is a popular impression that age alone gives value to a book, but a wheelbarrow full of theological treatises issued previous to 1600 may be bought for a few shillings apiece.—Detroit Free Press.

Italy's Pensioners.

A curious discovery has been made in connection with the veterans of the Italian war of independence. Instead of dying off gradually, as might be expected, they are actually increasing; Forty-two years ago Garibaldi sailed with 1,000 men from Quarto. Of this gallant band there are to-day 1,200 survivors. Again, Italy is paying \$40,000 a year to 18,481 pensioners of the 1866 campaign. According to the average rate of mortality four-fifths of them ought to be dead.—London Mail.

Troubles Enough.

Having once lost a case in New York "Counselor" Nolan sadly remarked: "My poor client is little likely to get justice done here until the judgment day."

"Well, counselor," said the court, "if I have an opportunity, I'll plead for the poor woman myself on that day."

"Your honor," replied Nolan, "will have troubles of your own upon that day."—Argonaut.

MID ANGRY WATERS.

An Exciting Trip Through Canadian Rapids in a Woodman's Bark Canoe.

Now before us ran a strange, wild river of seething white, lashing among great, gray-capped, dark-greenish bowlders that blocked the way. High, rocky banks standing close together squeezed the mighty river into a tumult of fury. Swiftly we glide down the racing torrent and plunge through the boiling waters, says a writer in Scribner's Magazine. Sharp rocks rear above the flying spray, while others are barely covered by the foaming flood. It is dangerous work. We mid-men paddle hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. The steersmen in bow and stern ply and bend their great seven-foot paddles. The bowman with eyes alert keenly watches the whirling waters and signs of hidden rocks below. The roar of seething waters drowns the bowman's orders. The steersman closely watches and follows every move his companion makes. Down we go, riding upon the very back of the river; for here the water forms a gray ridge, rising four or five feet above the waterline on either shore. To swerve to either side means sure destruction. With terrific speed we reach the brink of a violent descent. For a moment the canoe pauses, steadies herself, then dips her head as the stern upheaves, and down we plunge among more rocks than ever. Right in our path the angry stream is waging battle with a hoary bowlder that disputes the way. With all its might and fury the frantic river hisses and roars and lashes it. Yet it never moves—it only frowns destruction upon all that dares approach it. How the bowman is working! See his paddle bend! With lightning movements he jabs his great paddle deep into the water and close under the left side of the bow; then with a mighty heave he lifts her head around. The great canoe swings as though upon a pivot; for is not the steersman doing exactly the very opposite at this precise moment? We sheer off. But the next instant the paddles are working in the opposite sides of the bowman see signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the very bow. With a wild lunge he strives to lift the bow around; but the paddle snaps like a rotten twig. Instantly he grabs for another and a grating sound runs the length of the hearing bottom. The next moment he is working the new paddle. A little water is coming in, but she is running true.

BEFORE WHEAT BLADES RIPEN

That is the Time to Prepare the Most Excellent of Salves for Healing.

A little, bent old woman out in a wheat field gathering the green heads of the fully formed but unripened wheat excited the curiosity of a party of pleasure seekers on a country ramble the other day, says the Detroit Free Press. On questioning her concerning the use of the green wheat heads it was found that her basket also contained barks, and during the chat that followed the little old woman imparted some valuable knowledge concerning the preparations of homemade salves—warranted to cure every possible sprain or strain or open sore. But she claimed that best of all the good old salves, "better than all the doctors' medicines for stopping pains and aches," is the "wheat salve," for which she was gathering the green wheat heads. Just why she should call it "wheat salve" (when the preparation is composed more largely of barks than wheat) is not known. This is her recipe for preparing the excellent and very healing compound renowned in the little village where the salve maker lives:

Strip the green inside bark from the sweet elder and take a quart of this bark and mix it with the same quantity of the bark of bitter-sweet roots. Add to the barks a generous handful of green wheat blades and one quart of thick sweet cream. Stew all together over the fire until you can pour off the clear oil, which should be kept in large-mouthed bottles. This healing salve will keep indefinitely, and is believed by the old residents of the little village to possess a potent charm for healing all the pains of bruised flesh, broken skin and the pains and aches of sprains and strains.

A Musician's Face.

In certain musicians one observes facial trademarks. Flutists and clarinetists may be recognized by the position of their lips and their puffed cheeks. Violinists who hold their instruments in place with their chin hang their heads and incline them to one side. As to special senses and occupations, they are improved by use. One argument for child labor in the old days dwelt upon the fact that in certain forms of work unless the laborers were trained at an early age the necessary skill would never be attained. Twelve precision, sight, hearing and taste are among these. The excessive use, however, to which after life subject the senses brings about the trademark abnormalities. The shortightedness of scholars and teachers is a case in point. The sense of hearing is dimmed, sometimes lost, for those who are constantly subjected to excessive noise such as boiler-makers.—Chicago Tribune.

One Way to Avoid It.

"Dearie," said Mrs. Lovedovey, "I see in the papers that a man out west has had his stomach removed. I wonder why?"

"I suppose," said Mr. Lovedovey, "that his wife persists in trying to cook all the new-fangled things she reads about in the recipe department of the Ladies' Home Weekly.—Judge.