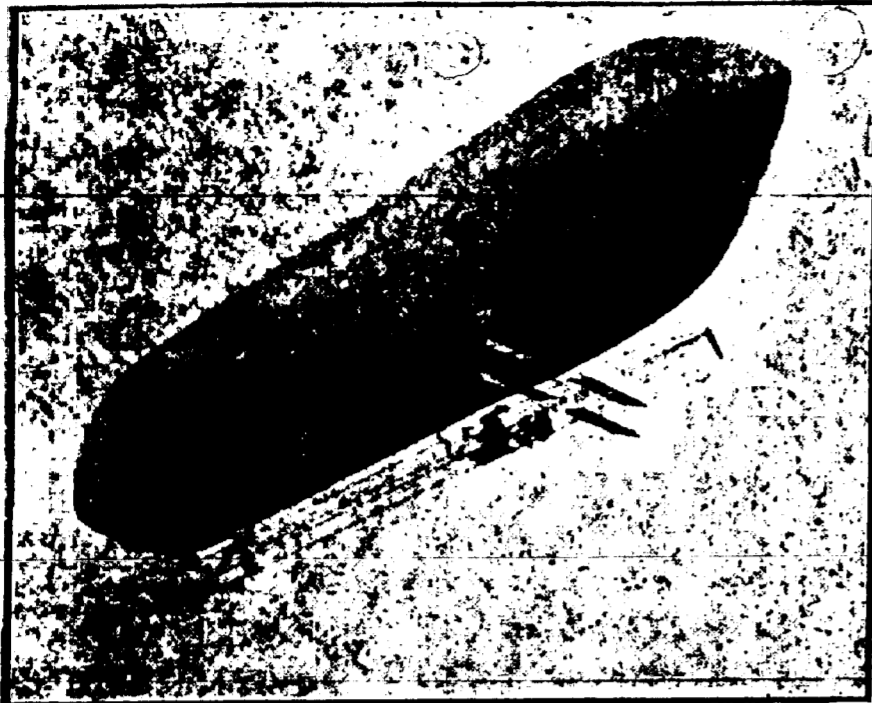


BALDWIN DIRIGIBLE BALLOON



Photograph of the Baldwin Dirigible Balloon recently purchased by the government for the signal service department of the army. The photograph was taken during the government speed test.

FAMOUS TREE DYING

EUROPEAN LINDEN POISONED BY SEWER GAS.

Planted in Pittsburg Park by Gen. Grant after he had been twice President—Only Skeleton of Former Beauty.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Devoid of most of its luxuriant foliage and shorn of many of its shapely limbs, the European linden tree planted by Gen. U. S. Grant after he had served two terms as president of the United States, is slowly dying in North park, North side. Owing to the sentiment clustered about the once beautiful linden the arboriculturists have done every thing known to science to save the tree, but all agree that their efforts have been in vain, and that it is only a matter of a few months until the sap shall have ceased to flow in the dead wood of the trunk and what is left of the limbs and branches.

That the tree is a victim of sewer gas is the opinion of the skilled arboriculturists called in consultation in a final effort to preserve the pretty Maiden. The tree is located almost directly over a sewer that runs through North park from Palo Alto street, and it is also within a few feet of a "drop" to the pipes beneath the ground. It is believed the fumes from the sewer have affected the tree for many years, and the death stroke is being given by the linden sending its roots into the sewer far beneath the surface, doubling the poisoning by breathing the gas that issues from the "drop" and the feeding of the roots upon the filth of the sewer being more than the tree can endure. The linden began to decline several years ago and as the ends of the branches died they were dropped, until now the tree noted for its symmetry is but a skeleton of its former self.

The tree was planted by Gen. Grant upon the occasion of his visit to Pittsburg December 14, 1879. He was invited by the members of the park commission of the then city of Allegheny to plant the tree, and willingly consented. Although an effort was made to keep the matter a secret it leaked out, and when the famous general-president stepped from his carriage at North avenue and Palo Alto street thousands of people were there to greet him and watch him plant the linden. A hole had already been excavated by James Hutchinson, who recently rounded out 40 years as forester of North side parks, and, as the latter held the tree in position, the silent man who led the union army to victory shoveled the dirt about the roots and trunk. The linden thrived in a satisfactory manner, and for years was looked upon as one of the interesting attractions in the parks by the people living on the North side and their friends.

The year following the planting an iron inclosure was erected about the linden in order to prevent relic hunters despoiling the tree. The fence is about five feet high, and a table on the south side bears this inscription:

European Linden, Planted by Gen. U. S. Grant, December 14, 1879.

The location selected for the linden was ideal, and the famous tree has become a familiar sight to every man, woman and child living on the North side, and to most residents of other portions of the greater city. The condition of the tree will be learned with much regret by thousands of people who have so often admired the graceful linden that Gen. Grant planted almost thirty years ago, with so many sentimental associations clustered about it.

Tramps Ran On with Soap. Bloomburg, Pa.—Unprecedented, perhaps, but nevertheless true, is the fact that tramps broke into a soap factory at Mifflinville and made off with some of the product. When workmen arrived the other morning they found a window broken open and soap and tools to the amount of \$50 stolen.

MAINE HAS A GIANT FAMILY.

One Brother Nearly Seven Feet Tall and All Others Huge Men.

Portland, Me.—Through the discovery of three brothers of Richard Carter, Maine is now claiming to have a family of giants. Richard Carter of South Portland is probably the tallest man in Maine, being six feet eight inches in height and as straight as an arrow. His shoulders are very broad, his arms unusually long, and his body is well proportioned. He hasn't an ounce of extra flesh, as shown by the fact that he weighs only 190 pounds.

Carter is 57 years old. His hair is dark brown as ever and only a few gray hairs are to be seen in his mustache. His father, who was a farmer, stood six feet three inches, while his mother was five feet ten inches, a rather unusual height for a woman. All of his three brothers who are now living are about six feet two inches, and his four living sisters are unusually tall women. The family originally numbered 11 children.

When he was 26 years old, in 1877, Mr. Carter went to Minnesota, where he was in the employ of a large lumber concern for 17 years. Returning to Maine, he worked several years in Bangor, where at one time he was offered quite a large weekly salary by a local showman to be exhibited as "the lone man," which offer he respectfully declined. He then entered the employ of the Boland Springs hotel.

Carter has the strength of two ordinary men. On one occasion in a lumber camp a man weighing more than 200 pounds, and unusually strong, forced a quarrel upon Carter, who has always been of the most kindly disposition and opposed to fighting. The bully made a rush at Carter, when the latter seized him in his long, sinewy arms, threw him to the floor of the camp, and then, lifting him as if he were a child, hung him up by the seat of his trousers on a couple of stout hooks that were at the end of chains hanging from the roof.

MILKING RULE LIFE RISK.

Woman-Hating Cow Kicks Man Wearing Apron.

Richmond Hill, L. I.—Because "Brindie," a long-horned cow owned by George Koch, will permit no one but a man to milk her, Koch, when he appeared at milking time attired in a long white apron, had his face cut open and bruised by a well-directed lick from the cow's hind leg. Koch wore an apron because the board of health has ordered all persons milking cows to wear them.

"Brindie," while she is a woman-hater, is easily deceived, and it is said that once a woman donned trousers and succeeded in milking the animal without trouble. When Koch came toward her wearing his apron tied around his neck and up under his chin the cow glanced over her shoulder, saw what appeared to be a peacock and gave a kick that upset milk pail and milker. Then she lashed out, cutting Koch's face above the left eye. Koch took to his heels.

Names on Pretty Ankles. Catskill, N. Y.—A new fad has started at Emboght lane. Misses Boardman, Sherman and Diamond, who are here on a vacation, while running through the woods near their boarding house, fell and each sustained a fractured ankle.

The three limbs were incased in plaster of paris. Shortly afterward the first sympathizer to call on Miss Boardman tenderly placed the injured leg in her lap and panted her name on the plaster casing.

The idea took, and the plaster cast bears many names. Young men are not permitted to sign.

Boy Swallows \$10 Gold Coin. White Pigeon, Mich.—Robert Swartz, ten-year-old son of Edward Swartz, the other evening swallowed a ten-dollar gold piece. His father, an employee of a railroad, received his monthly pay in gold. The son was curious to examine the coin and after doing so, playfully flipped it and caught it in his mouth. It went down his throat. Alarmed, his parents called a doctor, who assures them he does not anticipate serious trouble.

FASTING AS A RELIGIOUS RITE.

Ceremonial Observed by the Japanese Twice a Year.

From time out of mind, says the Japan Times, certain devotees of that country have visited a celebrated temple at Narita twice a year to perform the pious act of fasting within its sacred precincts. A "fasting hall" has been specially erected for their accommodation and the number entering this hall is on the increase. Those who have already fasted in the fasting chamber this year number 226 men and 32 women. Of the whole number 59 fasted less than a week, 174 fasted one week, ten continued fasting two weeks, 14 fasted three weeks and one went without food for five weeks.

Inquiry as to the motives of the fasters showed that 109 men and 25 women desired to rise in the world, 13 men and two women wanted to increase their business profits, 16 men prayed for the safety of their families, 13 men and four women sought cures of diseases and ten men wanted general good luck.

Only three persons, two men and one woman, fasted in gratitude for the fulfillment of former prayers. "It need scarcely be said," remarks the Japan Times, "that the period of their fasting was the shortest."

WANTED: ANSWERS TO THESE.

Can You Reply to Queries of Young Readers?

The editor of the Children's Encyclopedia hit on a happy idea the other week when he invited his young readers to send him questions that they would like answered. The questions sent in have proved a veritable revelation of the strange paths into which the juvenile mind wanders.

"What color was Adam?" is a problem that will puzzle the anthropologist; while the Psychological Research society may be interested in the question, "Where do our spirits go when we go to sleep?" In the latter connection comes the startling query, "Why have I dreamed the same thing every night for two years?" Among genuine puzzles, which will be read sympathetically by every worried father, we may mention: "Why does time never stop?" "What is the correct age of the sky?" "Why don't spiders get caught in their own webs?" "Why does white smoke make the tunnels black?" "What is the use of fleas?"

As a final query for our readers to puzzle over come the questions: "Why have Max cats no tails?" and "Why do the hens cackle when they have laid an egg?"

Hunter's Tussle with a Deer. James Snook of this city had an exciting experience with a buck deer at Occidental, in Marin county, recently. Snook was out hunting alone and sighting the animal fired two shots. The deer fell, and thinking it was dead, Snook ran up to his prize. To his surprise the apparently dead animal jumped up and rushed at him viciously.

Before he could protect himself Snook was knocked down and trampled into insensibility. He finally recovered and upon staggering to his feet, discovered the deer lying dead not more than 200 yards away. Snook sustained a fracture of two ribs by being struck by the deer's horns when he was first thrown to the ground. In addition he was considerably bruised by the animal's hoofs.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Fiddle Church Vans.

One of the most curious vanes to be seen on any church in Great Britain is at Great Gonerby, a parish adjoining Grantham.

It is in the form of a fiddle and a bow and is unusually large. Its history is curious. Many years ago a peasant resided in Great Gonerby who eked out a modest livelihood by performing on an old violin which was almost a part of his life. At last he decided to emigrate, and out in the far west prospered and became a rich man.

One day he sent to the clergyman at Great Gonerby a sum sufficient to build a church, and attached to the gift the curious condition that a metal replica of his old fiddle and bow should be on the summit of the edifice. The gift was accepted and the vane may still be seen on the church.

The Magic Tomato.

Don't give a week's salary to the ticket agent to send you back to the old farm. Get a ripe tomato, dip it in salt, close your eyes and take a bite—and in a twinkling you will be standing in the dewy old garden between the house and the orchard, with the trumpet vines climbing over the fence and the hollyhocks rising at the far end, and the dry, sweet, grassy, minty-tomato-viney smell of perfect summer in your nostrils, and a voice will be calling to you from the kitchen door: "You let those tomatoes alone, do you hear?"

A ripe tomato, dipped in salt, can outfly the strongest magic carpet in Arabia.—Newark News.

Strange Marriages.

Marriages are sometimes solemnized in strange places. In Christchurch, England, a wedding took place not a year ago in a church which was already partially demolished to make way for a new building. More recently still, a church in which a marriage was about to take place in England was burned down, and the firemen were still pouring water upon the smoking ruins when a wedding party made their way over the debris.—Woman's Life.

USED CHURCH AS SCHOOLROOM.

Proceedings That Somewhat Astonished the Sexton.

The sexton of one church that keeps open doors all day long didn't know whether to regard the matter in the light of a desecration or a devotional exercise. He paid no attention when the three women, watched by a man who stood at the lower end of the aisle, walked the length of the church and back again. Even when they made the trip a second time he scarcely gave them a thought, but when the trio started around the church a third time and the man called out, "Step a little more briskly, please," he began to wonder, and presently made inquiry.

"I hope you won't be offended," the man replied, "I am a physical culture instructor. I am teaching these young ladies to walk. I have already taught them to walk in the street. In the drawing room, in the theater and every place else they are likely to find themselves. I am now teaching them to walk in church. Very few women can walk there properly. Some lops, some swagger, some skip, others adopt a mincing gait. All these styles are very inappropriate for church. A dignified, subdued gait alone is suitable for devotional purposes. Church is the best place for pupils in walking to receive practical instruction, therefore I have brought them here."

"Great fathers!" gasped the sexton. "What next?"

But he said no more till the walking exercise was ended. Then he followed the class to the door.

"I hope," he said, "you will practice the lesson learned to-day by coming here to church once in a while."

REFUSED TO GIVE TESTIMONY.

Youngster's Attitude Put Mother in Something of a Dilemma.

On Frank's fifth birthday his mother told him solemnly that henceforward he must be a man. He must be kind and gentle, and above all, must be perfectly truthful, etc. A few days later on entering the children's playground she caught her younger son, Robert, in the act of striking Frank a blow in the face.

"Why do you strike Frank, Robert?" the mother asked.

"He hit me first," answered Robert boldly.

"Did you, Frank?" she inquired.

"No, I didn't," asserted Frank.

"See here, Frank," said she sorrowfully, "don't you remember what I told you—now you are five years old—that you must be a man, and must never tell a lie—tell me—did you strike him? Now remember, the Lord sees and hears everything you do and say—and—"

"Does He know?" interrupted Frank, "whether I struck Robert or not, mother?"

"Yes, my son, He knows."

"Well, you just ask the Lord if I did, will you?"

Lie Discreetly About Your Age.

I know a young woman who told me she was 25 years old, although I had never spoken about her age. A quarter of a century ago I witnessed a lynching. I happened to refer to it once in talking to this young woman, and she immediately became excited. She knew all about that lynching, she said, and had with other schoolchildren seen the mob rushing through the streets. I said that the lynching occurred in 1882, and the young woman colored a little, became thoughtful and then slightly hysterical. If a man tells you he is 40 years old and then, to illustrate the patriotism of his family and himself, tells how he helped drag their home in black the day after Lincoln's death, you can afford to smile at him. If you really are careful not to give yourself away.—New York Morning Telegraph.

A Steel Gray Man.

A stern visaged man, with his steel-gray whiskers cut to make him look like a captain of industry, was walking briskly down Superior avenue recently past the city hall. Near the entrance he saw a little dead sparrow that had fallen to the sidewalk. He paused and picked up the dead bird. "Makes me think of when I was a kid," he muttered. "We always used to have a regular funeral and bury 'em when they died. Well, I'll put 'em over here where it won't be all ground to pieces by people walking by, anyway." He placed the feathered little body on a ledge of the building and then hurried on down street.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mending Rubbers.

We have found that this spots in our rubbers can be mended at home by applying a cement made from five cents worth of real rubber dissolved in chloroform. Keep the bottle containing the cement tightly corked and apply with a mullage brush as quickly as possible that it may not harden. We used rubber darn for an actual hole. Cut a piece of the rubber the right size, fasten it with a few stitches over the hole, and brush with the cement. Both kinds of rubber may be obtained from a dealer in dentists' supplies.—Harper's Bazar.

Emeralds.

At the present day most of the emeralds that come into the market are obtained from the famous mines of Muso, in the Columbian province of Boyaca. These workings are situated on the eastern slope of the Andes, about 70 miles to the north-northwest of the town of Santa Fe de Bogota. There is another mine, called Lincez, two days' journey by muleback from Muso.

ALL BORE THEIR TRADEMARKS.

Occupations of Vagabonds in an Open Book to This Man.

Sherlock Holmes, seated on the boardwalk, languidly rejected a plate of cocaine into his sunburnt arm. "My dear Watson," said the detective, "let us beguile an hour by picking out the occupations of these vagabonds. In their cheap white handkerchiefs they all think they look like millionaires, but—ha, ha—what a delusion!"

"There goes a waiter. Waiters are to be told by the size of their feet and the soft, careful way they set them down."

"The man in the imitation Panama hat is a tanner. His clear and ruddy complexion gives him away. The tanning trade imparts to the face a peculiarly healthy look. Why shouldn't it? What is good for dead skins must be good for live ones."

"She is a cook, the stout, scarlet lady getting weighed. Her fire, of course, gave her that unmistakable color, but it was not the eating of food that made her so fat. No; cooks have notoriously poor appetites. It was the inhalation of the rich fumes of food in her kitchen that filled her out. Cooks inhale their fat. That is cheaper for the mistress, isn't it?"

"The little, thin chap in the large bathing suit is a grover. All grovers are small and bow-legged, and they all wear tight trousers and are partial to brown."

"Do you see, my dear Watson, the stately man whose overtures the girl in white just repulsed? Well, he is an actor. The muscles of his face show it. Actors, you know, by the continual practice of expression, develop face muscles as marked as the arm muscles of a baseball pitcher."

HURRYING COURSE OF NATURE.

Farm Life Brought into Union of Cities and Towns.

The social conditions of farm life undoubtedly are deplorable in certain parts of the country, and in other parts far from ideal, and yet there can be no doubt that in a considerable section there has been a notable improvement. This has been the result in the main of three things, first, of the telephone, second, of the trolley, and third, of good roads. All three are tending to make farm life less solitary and to bring it into closer union with the cities and towns. In other words, some of the advantages of town life are being brought to the farms, and this is tending mightily to give to farm life more refinement and comfort and communication with the outer world. This improvement which has taken place in a part of the country ought to extend to all parts, and, while in general it may be said that it must inevitably come about as a result of a natural economic progress, yet much may be gained by the appointment of the commission which President Roosevelt has named.—Wall Street Journal.

Thought Mail Was White Man's Food.

Rev. Hiram Bingham, who arrived here the other day from Honolulu on the liner Alameda, is one of the most picturesque figures in the modern history of the South Seas. His life has been devoted to work in aid for the Gilbert Islands, which he first visited in 1857. When he first visited the Gilbert islands the natives had no knowledge of writing and had never seen paper. The first mail that arrived for the missionaries was stolen by the native carrier to whom it was intrusted and distributed in particles to the other natives, who ate the scraps under the impression that they were some kind of white man's food.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Her Objection.

Many Americans of a certain class would endorse the view of an applicant who appeared in a London court recently, according to the Pall Mall Gazette, and complained that a man had given her a black eye. In middle class circles the mere fact would suffice as an obvious grievance. But this woman felt that something more was necessary to constitute a genuine case of magisterial notice. "I am a lone woman," she explained, "if I had a husband to give it to me I wouldn't mind—I'd put up with it; but I don't like other men to give it to me." And so she asked for, and got, her summons.

The Mother's Criticism.

Possibly not every one has heard the anecdote about a dear old mother whose son had been promoted to be a commissioned officer, says Army and Navy Life. He sent her a box of navel oranges from the south, and this brief note: "Dear Mother: Just a handful of navel oranges, something you will find especially choice. Devotedly, Jack." The mother said to visitors: "Just the very best boy in all the world. But he never could learn to spell. Just think of a lieutenant spelling 'naval' with an 'e' instead of an 'a'. And a small 'n'! Isn't it embarrassing to a mother? Still it sounds the same when you speak it."

Few Doubles of Thin People.

"Thin people very seldom have doubles," says a photographer. "In my business I meet many pairs of people who look alike. In every case the most extraordinary resemblances are between persons who are stout. Scientifically I cannot explain the likelihood of heavyweights possessing the same chin, eyes, nose and expression. Maybe it is because the flesh fills up all angles and hollows and destroys individuality of outline."

WHERE SHE MADE THE MISTAKE.

Mrs. Jack Frost's Experience as a Chicken Raiser.

"Yes, farming is all very easy," the farmer said. "Any city person could make a success of it at the first go-off."

He sneered at his three girl boarders from Chicago in order to show that he had spoken in bitter irony. "Mrs. Jack Frost," he resumed, "took the farm next to mine one year. Being from the city, she thought she would show us country people a thing or two about real farming. She began on a chicken yard."

"It was a fine yard. Pretty soon a hundred eggs hatched out. There was half hens and half roosters. Mrs. Jack Frost, before sailing for Europe, separated the two sexes, and, killing all the roosters, she sent them to her friends. A fine lot of spring brills they made—they were no bigger than squabs."

"But when Mrs. Jack Frost got back from Europe, a strange sight her chicken yard presented. It was nothing but young roosters—young roosters crowing, young roosters swaggering about, while here, with flying feathers and squawks and blood, a terrible fight went on, and there, disregarded by all, lay the corpses of brave brills slain in single combat. At sunrise you could hear the crowing of those roosters all over the county."

"Poor Mrs. Jack Frost understood the theory of chicken raising all right; only, in separating the young birds, she mistook the males for the females and vice versa."

OCULIST A MAN OF RESOURCE.

Has a Blind Beggar Woman to Advertise His Business.

Enterprise takes various forms, even in Warsaw. A young oculist, finding that patients were few and far between, hit upon an original means of advertising.

He engaged a blind woman who sits and begs by the Church of the Holy Cross to hold a light board whereon are written his name, address, professional qualifications and consultation hours.

As the church is in the busiest thoroughfare of the town the notice attracts a good deal of attention. The beggar herself says she is quite satisfied with the results, as many people notice her who would otherwise pass by, and as the doctor has added his assurance that she is hopelessly blind, benevolent old ladies throw copers into her tin mug, sure that their money is not wasted on an impostor. It is not yet known whether the number of patients has increased.

Why She Could Not Tell.

"What was the text, Jane?" asked Mr. Tribbles, as his wife came home from church.

"Mrs. Tribbles had to confess that she had forgotten it. 'Or, rather,' she added, 'I lost it. In fact, I didn't get it!'"

"When I fail to remember the text you always want to know why. What was the reason that you didn't get it?"

"Something happened that drove it from my mind."

"What was it that happened?"

"Well, if you must know," said his wife, rubbing her nose, "just as the preacher was about to give out the text a moth flew along right in front of me. You know well enough what a woman does when she sees a moth. Of course, I couldn't clap my hands there in church and crush it between them, but I spread out my handkerchief, made a quick motion, and tumbled it together. Then I pressed it tightly. 'I got the moth, but I lost the text.'—Youth's Companion.

No Satisfaction.

The Editor—Eh, what's wrong? The Correspondent—in that letter of mine that you printed this morning several gross errors were permitted to appear. Look at this: I wrote 'Nobody has any desire to impeach the rugged quality of Mr. Skimmerhorn's honesty,' and you turned 'honesty' into 'holier.' Look at it! The Editor—I see it. And what's more, I see nothing wrong about it. Anything else?

"Yes, here's another. This is what I wrote: 'Mr. Skimmerhorn's ripe experience and his respect for honor must not be forgotten.' And you speak here of his 'tripe experience' and his respect for Homer." "Yes, that's so. And they're both highly commendable virtues. Good morning, sir."

On Good Breeding.

The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who, by his ill manners, invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished from society. Mutual complaints, attentions and sacrifices of little conveniences, are natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact justly forfeits all advantages arising from it.—Lord Chesterfield.

The Future of Cooking.

Women of the next generation will regard cooking as a chemical process, certain fixed laws governing it, and there will be less attention paid to the recipe and luck will have nothing to do with it. It is to be hoped the results will be as good as those of our grandmothers, who put in a pinch of salt, and believed in the luck of the oven above everything else.