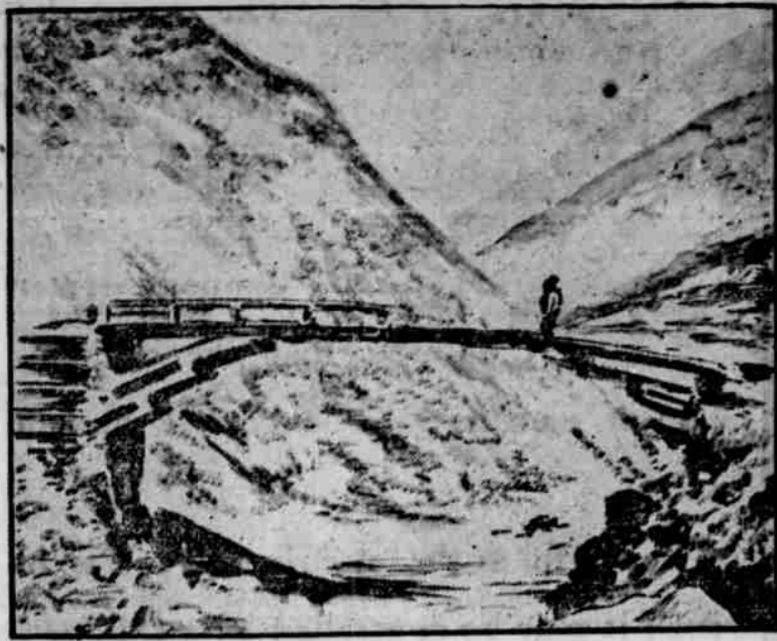


**BRIDGE OF LOGS IN REMOTE HIMALAYAN PASS,  
SUGGESTING THE ORIGINAL CANTILEVER.**



The above picture, which is reproduced from the Railroad Gazette, shows what was probably the first cantilever bridge. The photograph was taken in one of the remote passes of the Himalaya Mountains near Darjeeling, on the border land of Tibet. The bridge is built of logs and the mechanical principles used in its construction are seen to be quite correct. This design for bridges, it is understood, has been used in India from remote times, illustrating the truth of the proverb that nothing under the sun is new.

**UNCLE SAM AND BANK CASHIERS  
MAKE COUNTERFEITING DIFFICULT.**

CASHIERS and tellers in New York financial institutions, where thousands upon thousands of dollars are received and paid out daily, say that it is less difficult to detect counterfeit notes and spurious coins than formerly. This is due in part to the fact that in the clerks through whose hands these vast amounts of money pass the sense of touch and the sense of sight are becoming more acutely developed, more sensitive to the little differences in the appearance and feeling of money which would be undistinguished by the ordinary person, almost undistinguishable even if they were pointed out, but which enable those who are experienced to tell the good from the bad. Another assignable reason is the exceeding care which the government has been taking of late to render legally issued money imitable.

Referring to the latter, it is stated that Uncle Sam, after many years of rough and expensive experience, is taking great care to get paper manufactured expressly for the notes issued by the government. This particular and peculiar kind of paper is also used in the national banknotes, which are also issued by the government. It is thus possible to control the sources of supply of this kind of paper.

As soon as a counterfeit note makes its appearance a description of it is published and widely circulated. It is made a part of the business of those who handle notes to be constantly on the lookout for fraudulent ones, which are soon distinguishable by some easily discovered mark—that is, easily discovered by those who are experienced. The telltale marks are invariably present on counterfeit notes, and the teller, having been apprised of the denomination of the counterfeit notes and the nature of the marks of identification, knows just where to look for them.

Spurious notes are almost uniformly of inferior quality. This is the principal protection of the public. The very best material is used by the government in the manufacture of genuine notes; the expense is disregarded. The best of workmen do the engraving and printing in the best-equipped establishment money can provide. Counterfeiters must work in secret and at a decided disadvantage. Their appliances for manufacture are usually limited and of crude and oftentimes imperfect pattern. In the making there is almost certain to be some palpable defect which the government agents, through banking institutions, soon learn. If any number of the counterfeit bills have been printed—and it would be profitless to issue them in small number, considering not only the cost but also the element of risk and liability which does not increase proportionately—they soon will be "spotted" and withdrawn.

The best experts, those who handle the largest sums and who often are held personally responsible for oversights and acceptance by the firm through them of spurious notes, seldom fail to detect the counterfeit. Exactly what it is that exposes the false it is difficult to tell. Sometimes the telltale marks are discovered by the eye, sometimes by the "feel"—by force of habit, by instinct. The experienced teller detects one counterfeit bill in his roll of several thousand as surely and oftentimes as quickly as a reader detects a misspelled word.

The public generally, says the New York Times, thinks little of the possibility of receiving a counterfeit bill. It is probable that many spurious notes pass from hand to hand, bringing in each instance their face value. But the teller in the large bank, into which the bills drift eventually, detects them and withdraws them from circulation.

**MEN IN PUBLIC SCHOOL.**

Adults Who Are Learning to Read and Write.

Visitors of the Jones public school, Harrison street, between State and Dearborn, are frequently astonished at sight of the large and eager groups of adult students at work in the second and third hall ways. Long tables have been placed in these hallways, and about them sit serious faced, determined youths of anywhere from seventeen to twenty-one or twenty-two, each busy with slate, primer, or some simple school problem.

Between seventy and eighty of these ambitious young students sit out in the hallways daily, and most of them are "studying in the first reader," or working at similarly simple and elementary problems. All are determined, however, to "know lots more" before the advent of the warm spring weather calls them away from scholastic labors and back to the workaday world.

Most of these young men are of Italian and Greek extraction, and nearly all are busy, during the more temperate seasons, at fruit selling or some kindred business efforts. No time for the securing of the education they are so desirous of attaining can be found from early spring until late autumn. But when Jack Frost sets them free from their ordinary labors, the Jones school claims interest and time. In order to facilitate their efforts and endeavors the boys and young men are placed by themselves in the hallways of the second and third floors, instead of in the rooms and classes where preliminary instructions are more normally carried on. Thus the adult students are spared the mortification and annoyance of receiving the instruction also imparted to the more youthful first grade pupils in company with these fellow workers of small size and fewer years.

Few of these students meet with any home encouragement or assistance toward studying, and their school work is necessarily of a fragmentary and intermittent nature. But Miss Cora Ca-

verno, the school principal, says that they make thoroughly good, earnest, and devoted students.—Chicago Tribune.

**He Knew Human Nature.**

The typical Irish carman is a person of much sagacity. One night a returned missionary took a car, in a dubious frame of mind. He had been invited to dine with some friends at the house of an acquaintance whose name he had forgotten. He only knew that his host lived on Harcourt street. "What am I to do?" he asked of his driver.

"Never mind, sor," was the reply. "I'll find him for you."

"But you can't. You don't know his name."

"Lave it to me, sor. Lave it to me entirely."

They drove to Harcourt street, and the man, beginning at the top, knocked at every door and made one inquiry. Halfway down the street, he gaily rejoined his employer, and said, "It's all right, sor. It's here."

"How do you know?"

"I asked, sor, 'Does the Riverend Misther Blank live here?' And the maid said, 'No, but he's dining here.'"

**No Extra Charge Made.**

"Wow!" yelled the victim. "See here, barber! You've cut off part of my ear."

"So I have," replied the barber coolly, "but calm yourself. We make no extra charge for correcting facial blemishes. I'll trim the other ear down to a decent size too."—Philadelphia Press.

**Taking Time by the Forelock.**

The Cook—Would you mind giving me a recommendation, ma'am?

The Mistress—Why, you have only just come.

The Cook—But ye may not want to give me wan when I do be leaving—Life.

A man is a woman's natural protector: By marrying her, he protects her from the title of "old maid."



**Little Stories and Incidents that Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers**

**How to Make a Wheelbarrow.**

There is a good way, as described by the American Boy, to make a wheelbarrow that will be of real use to carry loads of considerable weight.

Take the two heads out of a barrel, so that the wood shall not split. Now, lay these two heads on top of each other, so that the cracks in the upper one will be at right angles to the cracks in the lower one, as shown in figure 1.

Nail the two heads to each other with short nails, driving some in one side and some in the other. Carefully smooth off the edges of the wheel that has been thus made, so that it will be perfectly round. Be careful to plane only a very little at a time.

Now, get the two pieces of wood about 4 inches wide three-quarters of an inch thick and 4 feet long and shape the ends into neat, comfortable handles, as shown in C in figure 1. To the square end of each handle (at K, in figure 2) nail a wedge-shaped block. This block should be made of a piece of wood about 4 inches square on the sides. One edge should be pointed, just like the wedge. The other end

player, who instantly proceeds with another description of a hero or heroine.

**The Fairy's Gift.**

The butterflies in cloth of gold arrayed Were once as white as snow; By magic was the transformation made Long centuries ago.

The fairy queen, whose jeweled cloak and crown Were dim beside her eyes, One summer's day her chariot car drove down Whose steeds were butterflies.

Some birds, her white-winged subjects to devour, Pursued in rapid flight. Each butterfly reposed upon a flower, And thus escaped their sight.

"Oh, blossoms pale," inquired the grateful queen, "What can I do for you? Would you be like the rose on yonder green Or like the violet blue?"

"Oh, make us like your yellow locks," they said, And blushed at speech so bold. The fairy stooped and kissed them where they swayed, And lo! they all were gold!

—Boston Herald.

**Most Costly Pun on Record.**

A stage coach full of passengers was held up by robbers in the Indian Territory. Everyone was required to leave the vehicle, and stand with their hands above their heads. A boy among the number laughingly said to the man who was relieving the others of their valuables: "This is a mighty high-handed piece of business. I'm getting tired."

The robber laughed and did not investigate the little man's garments, where there was \$5,000 hidden away.

**A Musical Hero.**

Little Daniel was visiting at his grandfather's in the country for a few days, and on going to the barn to see the animals he heard cows lowing, and said to his grandpa: "Hear the cows howling."

"That is not what they are doing," said grandpa. "They are lowing."

"Oh," said little Dan, "I thought they were blowing their horns."

**In the Imperative.**

While the boys of a classroom were having a grammar lesson, the teacher said: "John, give me a passive verb."

"Whoa!" answered John. "Now make it active," said the teacher.

"Back up," replied John.

**Only a Difference in Degree.**

One morning four-year-old Rex said in his quaint, quiet way: "The fool telleth all his mind; the wise man keepeth it in till afterward." Mother, I don't see any difference between 'em; the wise man just waits awhile."

**A Ferocious Equator.**

A small boy was asked by the teacher what the equator was. He thought a moment and replied: "The equator is an imaginary lion running around the earth."

**GOT WHAT THEY WANTED.**

Mongoose's Prescription Pleased the Suffering Pig.

The pig, suffering from overassimilation, went to the mongoose, who is esteemed to have the gift of healing above all animals. In his mouth he carried two fat snakes as an offering to that sagacious creature.

"I'm feeling dreadfully ill," groaned the pig. "I can't think what's the matter with me."

The mongoose saw what it was at a glance. But he knew better than to offend the pig by telling him. So he remarked, with an assumption of solemn sympathy:

"Tut, tut, you do look bad, and no mistake. I see what it is. You are run down. We must do something to pick you up."

"I felt as if a little hange to, say, the truffle grounds of Perigord would do me good," suggested the pig.

"The very thing," replied the mongoose. "You could not have mentioned a more suitable resort. I recommend you to go there at once."

"I will," answered the pig, delighted thus to have his suggestion confirmed by so wise an animal as the mongoose.

So he departed, leaving behind him the two fat snakes, outside of which the mongoose promptly placed himself.

But the mongoose's son, who had happened to witness the above interview, exclaimed, in great surprise:

"But, papa, why did you tell the pig that he was run down and recommend him to go to the truffle grounds of Perigord, when all that was needed to cure him is that he should swear off pig wash for a bit?"

"My son," smiled the sagacious mongoose, according to the London Truth, "you know nothing. The pig wanted me to send him to the truffle grounds of Perigord, and I wanted the pig's snakes. He has got what he wants, so have I."

**Moral: Ask your doctor.**

Valuable Collection of Stamps. A collection of stamps formed by G. Owen Wheeler of the London Philatelic Society was sold by auction recently for \$5,575.



**Women Taking Men's Places.**

Woman's progress toward other functions than the domestic and social is marked again by some new steps of importance, conspicuous among which is the selection of three women associates by the chief of sculpture of the St. Louis Exposition. The appointees are Janet Scudder and Evelyn B. Longman, of New York, and Julia Bracken, of Chicago. Each has accomplished work of distinction, the first being the only American woman sculptor who is represented in the Luxembourg in Paris. Miss Bracken designed the decorative work for the woman's building at the Chicago Exposition, while Miss Longman gained some eminence for work at Buffalo: Within the same high field of art, but more on its material side, is the development in the vicinity of New York of a considerable attention on the part of women to the making of violins. A Brooklyn manufacturer, moved by the desire for greater sensitiveness in the manipulation of this very delicate work, led in an experiment of training women to it. The results being satisfactory, his plan has spread until there is prospect that it may grow even into a fad. Enthusiasts look upon the occupation as one that might fit quite well the fancies of the well-to-do, and presently take its place with painting, embroidery or sculpture. Somewhat far away from art, and perhaps with tendency to impel womanhood in general away from the idyllic field, is a notable reaction against school teaching, recent reports indicating that dozens of women, tiring of the small pay and non-continuous employment of the schools, have taken to stenography and the business offices. The movement has been observable for a long period, but it has been gaining force distinctly within the past few months. The fact that it involves a greater inter-association of women with men in the active affairs of every day may place it in somewhat the same group of events with the very interesting incident of the appointment of the long-wished-for women inspectors in the custom house service at New York. In place of being worried now with the examination of their trunks and private belongings by the masculine sex, incoming tourists and immigrants at Manhattan enjoy the courtesies and graces of their own sex. The inspectors clamber up the sides of the vessels with their male associates, and submit to the usual inconveniences and limited joys of the life of the customs inspector.—Collier's Weekly.

no valid objection to it, and gave their consent. Therefore, Miss Nettie C. Peterson broke the record when she started on an examination tour, including St. Louis, Kansas City, Topeka, Denver, San Francisco and points in Arizona and New Mexico.



It sometimes happens that a fool girl will throw a millionaire overboard for a man who cannot borrow 30 cents.

Helen I. Grenfell, superintendent of public instruction in Colorado, in her late biennial report, says there is an alarming shortage of teachers, notably of competent instructors.

Susan B. Anthony has decided to give all her fine collection of books to the United States and they will be placed in an alcove of the congressional library dedicated to her.

The Rev. Father Coffey, of St. Louis, says that women should not be relegated to the kitchen and nursery as their sphere, but, on the contrary, they should take part in public affairs generally.

Women prompters have been tried with success in Berlin theaters. It is found that their voices are heard much better across the stage than those of men, and are less audible in the auditorium.

Women have not as yet invaded the ranks of the city fire departments, still not less than 879 women in the United States are returned in the same general class of "watchmen, policemen and detectives."

The ordinary, everyday cook, who never burns the beefsteak and who always has meals ready on time deserves as many medals as the one who can juggle aspic jelly and caper sauce before a cooking class.

Business contains no element of hilarity in which the cackle and laugh habit is required and it is this fault that brings so many women to misfortune in business. Why will folks giggle and slipper over serious matters?

A daughter of Geronimo, the famous old Apache war chief, now a prisoner at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, is a pupil at the Mesquero Indian school in New Mexico. Her name is Lena Geronimo, she is 13 years old and is quite a handsome girl of the Indian type.

At the recent German medical congress a grave discussion on the admission of women practitioners was brought to a negative conclusion with the unanimous decision that "medicine would suffer in the public esteem" if the great step should be taken. The delegates also protested against "any attempts to make the conditions of study or entrance less onerous to suit female capacity." Nevertheless, there are many women physicians in Germany.

Women of Waterbury, Conn., at least those who have attained a height of prosperity listed as "well-to-do," have no choice about doing their own housework. They must do it themselves or leave it undone. Maids are at a premium and nurse girls are unknown. Since the opening of the big factories, which employ thousands of young girls and keep crying for more, the buxom young country maiden, who used to escape from the drudgery of arm life to be somebody's "hired girl," now looks upon housework with haughty disdain. Rather than serve the rich they turn to the toll of the shop.

Gladstone's Daughter. Miss Helen Gladstone, the fourth daughter of the man who was England's premier and a leader of thought, is said to look so much like Mrs. Bramwell Booth, especially since she has taken up philanthropic work in the university settlements, as to be called her double.

Miss Gladstone is now 53 years old, and after a long career as an educator she suddenly took to working for the poor. She was her father's chief reliance in his old age and after his death had charge of the voluminous correspondence which the family was compelled to carry on for awhile.

Merits of To-Day's Dress. It is the detail just now that is absorbing, as the main plan of costume remains the same, and it is perhaps for this very reason that decoration is worked up to such a high point of taste. The status quo in the world of dress at present is this—that fashion has arrived at what may be called perfection in cut and design and fabric. The word "perfection" is used advisedly, because dress is now as graceful and simple and elegant as it can be, and is at the same time absolutely comfortable and hygienic and, above all, really artistic and fundamentally right.

Gets Exalted Position. Miss Josephine Carey, of Duluth, Minn., has assumed the chair of musical history in the English department of Sterns conservatory of music in Berlin, the largest in that city. Miss Carey has lived most of her life in Duluth, and there developed much of the ability which has raised her to this high position. Last fall she traveled to Germany, and entered the Sterns conservatory, where she expected to remain as a student for two years. Being particularly interested in musical history, and noting the little attention paid to it, she spoke to the director concerning it. A short time later Miss Carey was astonished to find herself requested to take the chair in musical history.

Womankind's Inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn.—Modern Version.

If language was given to conceal thought, as somebody asserted, some women conceal an awful lot of it.

Naming the baby is always a puzzler. You see, none of the names it's called at 3 a. m., when it won't go asleep, will do.

The greatest exasperation a woman has to put up with is a husband who talks in his sleep, and talks so indistinctly that she can't make out what he's saying.

"What I'd like to know is whether the new styles in sleeves are to be too tight or too loose," I remarked, jocosely, at dinner last evening. "And what we'd like to know is whether the new styles in purse strings are to be tight or loose," responded my wife's mother. Estimated cost of jocose remark, \$75.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Woman for Field Examiner. The "new woman" has broken out in a fresh spot. From the foundation of the Civil Service Commission till now, it has been the practice of that body to send a male employe to distant cities to hold the examination of candidates for the eligible lists. The appointment of Mr. Foulke, one of the most active leaders of the woman's rights' movement in the United States in the office, and one of them suddenly approached the commission the other day with a request to be assigned to responsible duty in the field.

The male employes were thunderstruck at this bold intrusion upon their immemorial privilege, but the commission, after careful consideration of the application, concluded that there was



MISS CAREY.



MISS GLADSTONE.